

# **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 661 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 661**

## **Chapter 661**

But I never expected that it wouldn't just happen naturally and that we'd need a professional's help. And that pain, it was beyond anything, even birthing a child.

"Is this person even a pro?" Gregory lingered at the door, itching to go in but held back by Lucius.

When my mom saw Lucius couldn't keep him at bay, she handed the baby over to him.

Sure enough, that calmed him down.

"Pain's normal, I know you're worried about Jane, but this is something that just has to be done," Lucius tried to reassure him. Gregory tried to pass the baby back to my mom, but she wouldn't take her, "Walk the baby around a bit."

Standing here, he was just scaring the professionals inside.

"Chris, come with me to grab some stuff."

Bella took Christine away, calling Lucius along too.

Dailey was busy with a meeting for Gregory today, couldn't make it.

So there stood Gregory at the door, staring down at his daughter, who was just blowing bubbles at him, not crying a tear.

He was a complete softie for her.

"Your mom's been through a lot, be good for her, okay? If anything comes up, just come to dad."

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When I finally relaxed, even in the air-conditioned room, I was drenched in sweat.

The professional wiped me down, saying, "You can start breastfeeding now. I'll go get Mr. Ford."

I nodded, "Thank you so much."

"It's my job," the professional went to call Gregory in.

Gregory habitually called for Lucius to settle the bill, then remembered he'd been taken away by Bella.

He handed the baby to me before going to pay.

When he came back, I was breastfeeding, turning away slightly at his entrance.

Gregory chuckled, "What are you hiding for? It's not like I haven't seen it all."

I shot him a glare, "Don't corrupt our daughter."

Gregory sat down, amused at how happily our daughter was feeding, poking her cheek with his finger.

She even locked eyes with him, enjoying herself even more.

"Show off."

Gregory looked at me, "I think she's bragging to me."

I was speechless, "Maybe you should just go to work."

Too much free time could lead to trouble.

Gregory stared at me, his gaze dropping then back up, heating up noticeably.

Holding the baby, I couldn't just cover his eyes, so I turned my back to him.

He wrapped his arms around me from behind, his chin on my shoulder.

His hot breath was in my ear as he spoke, "Jane...I,"

I quickly cut him off, "Behave yourself."

Gregory retorted, "Don't want to."

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What could I say?

During the pregnancy, after the first trimester, it was supposedly safe.

But my condition wasn't great.

Given his physique, it was remarkable he abstained for nine months.

Not even asking for my help, just dealing with it himself.

And now, with a month of postpartum care ahead, his longing was understandable. But in front of the baby!

My ears

look, "If you can't behave, at least be

to nove nere burning, I shot him a dad, okay?" Content

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Gregory let go and stood up, "Fine, I'll be a good dad."

He settled on the couch, picking up a parenting guide to read.

I smiled, got him there.

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Christine and Bella returned, loaded with shopping bags, almost filling up the room.

Christine waved a set of baby

clothes at "Look

me, proud as punch,

Pat I picked out, cute

Content

Baby stuff's always so tiny and adorable.

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I chuckled, kids grow up so fast, al this not even get used.

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## Chapter 662

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Christine seemed to possess a boundless fortune, waving her hand dismissively as she said, "Splurging on my baby girl? Please, it's not a waste." "And besides, your husband Greg isn't exactly short on cash."

As she slipped tiny sneakers onto the child's feet, she added, "Mr. Ford said he'd reimburse me anyway, so why not be happy about it?" Me: "..."

Everyone's just throwing money around like it's nothing.

"Ah, she's too cute for words!!"

Unable to resist, Christine planted a kiss on the baby, asking, "Have you decided on a name for her yet? You can't keep calling her 'baby' forever."

"When I visit friends, even their pets have nicknames. If we're not doing nicknames, we should at least settle on a proper name."

Naming? That, I could handle. Names are easy as long as they roll off the tongue.

But Greg? He wanted something unique.

Every day he's flipping through a dictionary, but it seems like he's getting nowhere fast.

"You pick the nickname; I can't make a call on the full name."

Initially, I thought, let's just stick with 'baby' until Greg comes up with a name.

I hadn't considered a nickname, thinking we'd just adapt one from her full name in due time.

But now, it seems like a good idea to choose one.

Christine was thrilled, "Really?"

"Can I really pick it?"

I smiled, "She's your goddaughter, of course, you can."

Suddenly serious, Christine even started researching online for names that would bring good fortune.

I couldn't help but laugh, "You know nicknames don't have to be that deep, right?"

"No, we have to consider this carefully."

Christine sighed, "It's not easy for us."

I looked down at my daughter blowing bubbles.

My heart melted.

After everything, she deserved a name that promised fortune.

"But the inte also says the name shouldn't be too complex. Simple names tend to bring easier lives." "Like 'Buddy.'"

"

I facepalmed, "Are you serious?"

Christine quickly shook her head, "I'm just giving an example. Don't you dare tell Greg."

If Greg found out she wanted to nickname his princess 'Puppy,' he'd have her head.

"How about 'Daisy'? Sounds cute and easy to live with."

Before I could respond, she shot I down her own idea, "No, it sounds too plain, not fitting for our little

Pri`

My mistake.

I thought Christine could come up with a name on the spot, but she's even more indecisive than Greg.

But seeing her take this more

Saved

seriously than a final exam, I bear to take this Content

her

Bella suddenly spoke up, "How about 'Mira'?"

"Mira, as in part of 'miracle', resilient and prosperous, also sounds like 'peace'."

Christine slapped her thigh, "Bella, you're a genius with names."

Bella pinched the baby's cheek, "Mira."

Mira giggled.

Christine raised an eyebrow, "Looks like the little one approves, and the meaning is perfect."

I liked it too. After calling her 'Mira' a few times, she smiled at me each time.

"What's all this excitement about?"

Greg walked in just as we were all laughing.

He approached, "What's got my little girl so happy?"

I explained the naming situation to Greg.

His smile faded, "Mira?"

Shoot.

I had forgotten about his painstaking efforts to name our daughter.

This was going to make him rack his brain even more.

I tugged at him, "It's just a nickname..."

He raised his hand to stop me, turning to grab the dictionary once more.

Bella found the situation amusing, commenting, "Naming a child s

harder

than closing a multi Seems

dollar deal." Content

I had to laugh too, but I understood.

"After all, she's our only daughter, and it's his first time being a dad."

## **Chapter 663**

When Gregory announced he was visiting a church for a special reason, I couldn't help but burst into laughter. My mom shook her head in resignation, "It's all my fault as a mother-in-law. I've put too much pressure on him." Christine, hands tucked in her pockets, teased, "Looks like you've got competition for Gregory's love now."

"And to think he was such a firm believer in science over faith," I mused.

"Don't you start causing trouble," she chided.

I scoffed, "He's doing it all for our daughter. I couldn't be happier."

But I'll admit, Gregory's actions seemed a bit over the top.

Sure, a name is important, but did it warrant such a grand gesture?

I planned to have a heart-to-heart with him when he got back.

Instead, he slipped a bracelet onto my wrist.

"This is more than just a charm, Edith. It's protection against all calamities."

I was speechless.

Touched, I let my guard down.

The man who once thought he was above it all was now seeking divine protection.

Quite the turnaround.

"Lucius told me you went to pick a name for the baby, and you come back with a bracelet for me?"

Gregory pulled out a piece of paper, carefully unfolding it and handing it to me.

There, in neat letters, was the name Fidelia.

Simple, easy to remember, and would surely save her time on tests at school.

I actually liked it.

"Fidelia," I waved the paper in front of our little one, "Daddy picked this out for us. Do you like it?"

She reached for the paper, smiling sweetly at me.

Gregory wrapped his arms around us, "I want her to speak her mind freely, without fear. As long as she follows her heart, I'll always be there to support her." Content

I laughed, "You're spoiling her already. What if she becomes a little tyrant?"

Gregory kissed my forehead, "Then

it's up

o you to keep us grounded, to

a Fidelia and I don't f

away."

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A month later, I returned from the maternity center to Elmwood Villas.

The place was transformed.

My mom and Christine had redecorated, adding all sorts of children's items.

Stepping inside, I barely knew where to put my foot.

"Surprise?" Christine handed me flowers, "You've done amazing, supermom."

I rolled my eyes at her, then turned to my mom, "Isn't this a bit much?"

It was like a mini amusement park inside. Who keeps slides in their house?

Mom just smiled, "Nothing's too much for Mira. I'd pluck stars from the sky for her."

I sighed, "Loving Mira is one thing, but spoiling her is another."

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Christine disagreed, "Our Mira is a princess. With her parents, godmother, grandparents, and all us being so well off, we can't skimp on material things. But don't worry, we leave the educating to you. We'll just provide love." Content



With so many people adoring Mira, I couldn't dampen their spirits. "You're too clever."

Christine beamed, "Of course."

As she cuddled Mira, checking if the new crib was comfy, I turned to Gregory, who had been silent at the doorway.

"Do you think we've gone overboard?"

He shook his head, "This house is too small."

I was puzzled.

Gregory added, "We need something bigger."

And there I was, speechless again.

## **Chapter 664**

Greg didn't make it home for dinner that evening, and since Dailey had been handling a lot of his issues, he felt it was only right to check in. He couldn't always be hands-off about these things.

After feeding the baby, I sat down at the dinner table and noticed Christine scrolling through her phone, absentmindedly moving her fork towards her mouth but not actually picking up any food.

"Are you caught up with work stuff? Because I can start helping out now," I offered.

Christine shook her head, "It's nothing."

She put her phone down and added, "Just personal stuff."

We rarely kept secrets from each other, and Christine wasn't one to hide things well. Something was off.

I remembered that things had been a bit tense between her and Dailey recently.

"Have you finally given up on chasing after Dailey?"

Christine hummed a response, "Let's not talk about him. Eat some more, you need to keep your strength up."

She kept piling food onto my plate until it was almost a small mountain. I had to put my hand up to stop her.

"Is it because of the legendary first love?"

Christine put her fork down, "Even if I still had feelings, I wouldn't do anything to hurt someone else's relationship."

Relationships were a tricky subject, and not one I usually stepped into.

"It's not always logical."

"Did you get it straight, though? Is there really a first love?"

Christine pointed to her eyes, "I'm not blind."

I said, "Seeing isn't always believing."

Christine clearly didn't want to dwell on the topic, "You're engaged now, what about your dress?"

"The year of mourning is almost up, you might not have time to get it made."

Christine usually didn't dodge relationship talks.

She was all for doing whatever she felt like.

-Grown adults, what's with the obsession with pure love?

That was her motto.

But now, she seemed to be caught up in the very thing she usually scoffed at.

"Do you have any ideas?" I decided not to linger on the subject either.

Christine wrapped an arm around me, laughing, "You know, I might actually have a solution."

At the bar.

Clarence raised his glass first, "Cheers to Greg, for the new addition to the family."

"And here's to you and your fiancée, may your lives be smooth sailing, healthy, and happy."

Greg clinked glasses with him, smirking, "You're sounding like a dad, man. What, getting jealous? Wanting to be a father yourself?"

Clarence sighed, "I'd like to, but the lady's not responding."

Greg's gaze slid over to Dailey, asking, "Got serious feelings?"

Clarence leaned in closer, "Greg, you know Christine and your fiancée are close. Could you put in a good word for me? I know I've been a bit of a player, but this time, I swear I'm serious." Content

Greg narrowed his eyes, "She's already turned you down, why keep chasing? There are plenty of fish in the sea."

"She hasn't turned me down."

"Not turned you down?"

Greg glanced at Dailey, asking, "How so?"

Clarence explained, "She just says she's busy, which I get. After all, she's your fiancée's best friend, and with all that's been going on, she's obviously got a lot on her plate."

"I don't want to bother her too much, just waiting till she's less busy." "Greg, maybe you could also put in a word for me when the time's right."

Greg's smile held a hint of something more as he kicked Dailey lightly.

"Here I am, sacrificing time with my wife and daughter to have drinks with you, and you're making me watch you play the brooding boy?"

"If you're not up for a drink, I can leave."

"Don't, man."

Clarence stopped him, "He's been like this, zoning out. Don't let it bother you, I'll keep Greg company."

"Zoning out?"

Greg knew the score but pretended to inquire.

Clarence was the first to speak up,

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"I've been wondering too. The ex-girlfriend he's been hung up on finally comes back, and they're trying to make things work again. What's he got to be brooding

about?"

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## Chapter 665

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"I'm practically a nobody still."

Ex-girlfriend...

The corners of Gregory's lips deepened as he looked at Dailey, casually saying, "Well, looks like our bet still has some suspense."

Clarence chimed in, "I bet Greg's gonna win. His family would never easily agree to him getting back with an ex."

"Plus, with his personality, sneaking off to elope isn't something he'd do."

Dailey glanced at Clarence before finally addressing Gregory, "Why didn't the expected visitor show up when I was in the hospital last time?"

Gregory raised an eyebrow, replying leisurely, "Oh, my wife told me to keep mum about it."

"But someone unexpected did show up, which was a surprise to me."

Dailey hadn't heard a peep, waiting for Christine, but to his surprise, someone else came.

"Let's drink."

Without saying much, Gregory took a sip from his glass, placed it down, and stood up, "It's about time I head back."

Clarence hurried to stop him, "It's barely late."

Gregory adjusting his cuffs, "You wouldn't understand. Wait till you have a wife and kids, you'd rush home too."

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His bragging seemed never-ending.

Clarence only dared to grumble in his mind, saying, "Could you at least give a hand?"

Gregory neither agreed nor declined, "Heading home."

Clarence walked him to the door, and just as he was about to turn back to Dailey, Dailey had also left.

As Gregory settled into the backseat, the other car door opened.

Seeing Dailey enter, he wasn't surprised and instructed Lucius to drive.

Dailey went straight to the point, "Did she say anything?"

"What?"

Gregory pretended to be confused, "Which 'she'?"

Dailey frowned, "I've been busting my ass off for you lately, and you can't even show gratitude, now you're stabbing me in the back?"

Gregory snorted, "You chased her away yourself, why are you lashing out at me?"

Dailey was filled with regret.

That's why he had pretended to be seriously injured, to bring this up.

But then, one thing after another caught him off guard.

He never found the right moment to talk.

Now, they were worse than strangers.

She would at least smile at strangers asking for directions.

But not at him.

"You're not helping, just kicking me while I'm down."

Gregory couldn't help but laugh, "Nice, taking your anger out on me."

Dailey reached for a cigarette, but before he could light it, Gregory reached away and threw it

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trash can. Content Belongs

He clapped his hands, his voice relaxed, "Sorry, can't have the wife and kids smelling smoke."

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Didn't feel like you were sorry at all.

Dailey massaged his throbbing temples, asking, "So, you're really not gonna help a brother out?"

Gregory leaned back in his seat,

arms

the

Cessed, "Let's hear it, whate

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As I saw Christine out, Gregory's car just happened to pull up.

Christine glanced at her watch, "Back so early? You really have turned into a family man."

"Jane, to be honest, I never saw it coming."

I patted her arm, smiling, "You'll find a good man who loves you too."

But I never expected Dailey would be in Gregory's car.

My words went straight to his ears.

gave Gregory a look, why didn't you give me a heads up?

Gregory came over, took my hand, and told Christine, "No need to see you out."

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Christine jingled her car keys, "No trouble, Mr. Ford, I'll drive myself."

"Drive safe then "

Gregory dragged out the words, his gaze on  
for

Dailey, but the words weret

Totine, "Take it easy on the  
road." Content

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Yet, I could hear the amusement in his deep voice, clearly enjoying the drama.

I sneakily elbowed his waist.

## **Chapter 666**

"Huh?"

I should have remembered that Gregory never beats around the bush. I tried to cover his mouth, but it was too late.

"Babe, are you dropping hints?"

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I glared at him, exchanged a few hurried words with Christine, and quickly dragged Gregory into the elevator.

Once we got home, Gregory raised an eyebrow with a mischievous grin, "In a hurry?"

It took me a moment to catch on.

Then, I poked him hard in the cheek, "Why did you have to say that?"

Gregory sounded genuinely puzzled, "Say what?"

I withdrew my hand, "The thing with Christine and Dailey. She is Mira's godmother, after all. You figure it out."

Gregory pulled me into his arms and kissed me softly, "Nope, I'm just here for the drama."

Before I could respond, he swept me off my feet.

"Besides, I've got more pressing matters at hand."

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Gregory's urgency was palpable.

He was so eager that we ended up showering together.

But just as we were about to undress, there was a knock on the bedroom door.

"Mrs. Ferguson..."

Zoe's voice was cautious, "Um...Mira's awake. It's feeding time."

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Zoe didn't want to interrupt us and even took the baby to her room to soothe her back to sleep.

Who would have thought she'd wake up just then?

I quickly wrapped myself in a bathrobe, tying it loosely, and hurried to the guest bedroom.

Zoe seemed embarrassed, "Actually, the baby's feeding schedule is quite consistent..."

Mira was indeed well-behaved, quietly waiting for me to feed her without making a fuss. Such timing.

As I was feeding her, Gregory walked in wearing navy-blue pajamas, pinched Mira's

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said, "Eating like a champ.



I detected a hint of jealousy and slapped his hand away, "Are y regetting jealous of your  
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"Wouldn't dare."

Gregory played with Mira, "She's the only one allowed to bully me."

I couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same time.

In the parking garage.

Christine didn't even glance at Dailey, heading straight for her car.

Lucius saw Dailey approach Christine and just turned around to leave.

They weren't tired, but he had been struggling to get a full eight hours of sleep lately.

No time to waste with them here.

Christine was about to unlock her car when she saw Gregory's car speed away and stopped.

Dailey had already made it to the passenger side but didn't open the door.

"Are we not leaving?"

Lately, Christine had been unable to figure Dailey out.

His words had been so harsh before, clearly indicating he didn't want to pursue anything with her.

Now, with his first love back, he definitely wouldn't want to take things further with her.

She had stepped back to just being friends, but he kept showing up.

During busy times, they had worked side by side, and he had always been there to offer warmth amidst the chaos.

Back then, she hadn't had the heart to focus on this, and later felt it unnecessary to bring up.

Things cooled off, and knowing Dailey's personality, he wasn't one to chase after anyone.

It was always the other way around.

"Mr. Clarkson, I'm not comfortable letting a drunk adult man into my car."

Dailey, having drunk too quickly and feeling frustrated, was now dizzy and irritated.

He felt that those words shouldn't

have come from her but didn't think

it through and blurted out, "But you said before, if I ever got drunk, to call you to pick me up, and then we could..." Content

"Mr. Clarkson." Christine cut him off coldly.

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## **Chapter 667**

"Look, if you're expecting a ride from me, I'm sorry, but I'm swamped. I can, however, hail you a cab," said Christine, pressing her throbbing forehead, tired from the day's hassle.

"Why must it be like this?" Dailey murmured, more to himself than to her.

Christine couldn't help but laugh, not really in the mood to entertain the man's drunken babble. "So, Mr. Clarkson, do you wanna call the Uber yourself, or should I do the honors?"

For reasons unknown, Dailey, whose head was surely not screwed on right at that moment, asked, "Are you still in touch with Clarence?" Christine, ready to pick up her kid and hence her hair tied up for convenience, felt a rush of irritation and let her hair down with a flick. She glanced towards Jane's house, wondering if she should interrupt whatever was brewing there and have Gregory deal with Dailey. But then, considering Gregory's methods, she quickly dismissed that idea.

Pulling out her phone, she was about to order a cab when Clarence called. Talk about timing! She thought of letting Clarence take Dailey away. But before she could answer, her phone was snatched from her hand, and a shadow loomed over her.

Before she could react, she felt a soft, cool pressure on her lips.

Without a second thought, Christine slapped him hard across the face.

In the past, she had flirted with him, and if he had shown even a sliver of interest in her, she would have been open to a casual fling. But he remained cold and distant, never

reciprocating her advances. Even at the airport, he had made his lack of interest crystal clear.

And she, knowing about his first love, had wisely shifted their relationship back to just friends.

So, this sudden kiss from him felt like an outright violation.

"If Mr. Clarkson is going to continue throwing a drunk tantrum around here, don't blame me for making you lose face."

Dailey had never been slapped before. Even though his family was strict, they never resorted to physical reprimand when he erred. He had his pride. Had it been from a woman he loved, maybe he could have accepted it. But between him and Christine, their relationship wasn't of that nature. Angered, he tossed Christine's phone onto the roof of the car and stormed off.

Christine grabbed her phone, unlocked her car, and drove off with the pedal to the metal.

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Up on the balcony, I asked Gregory, "Aren't you going to have someone drive Dailey home?"

Gregory, wrapping an arm around me and leading me inside, closed the balcony door and drew the curtains. "The guy's a grown man, he'll manage. Let's get some sleep."

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But I couldn't sleep, concerned about Christine and curious about what was going on, "What's up with Dailey?"

Gregory, pinching my cheek, said, "You're still worried about Christine? Dailey getting slapped is a first. I reckon your friend won't come off worse in

this."

I rolled over, propped up on my elbows, and gazed at him.

Gregory sighed, amused, and gently pushed my head down, laying on his side to face me, "On that trip abroad, Dailey was too harsh. He's probably just looking for a chance to O apologize." Content

I huffed, "Is forcefully kissing how you guys apologize?"

Gregory didn't really want to delve into the matter of Dailey kissing Christine; it was unexpected yet not surprising.

If

f you like someone and don't say it, you deserve a slap, he thought.

"Are you fishing for info to give to Christine?"

I shook my head, "Chris said she wouldn't do anything to mess up a relationship. She's decided to move on, and I'm not going to play matchmaker." "Our Chris is stunning and doesn't lack for suitors, Dailey's just another guy."

Gregory could hear the unsaid words.

Clearly, I was pushing him to spill about the first love.

"The Clarkson family has its fingers in both politics and business, mainly politics, which means they have high expectations for Dailey's partner."

I blinked, guessing, "So, the first love comes from an ordinary background?"

Gregory nodded, "Yeah, she's the

daughter of the Clarkson family's chauffeur Interestingly, Dailey's mom really adored her, treated her like her own daughter, gave her everything she needed, except for one thing she couldn't have feelings for Dailey." Content

## **Chapter 668**

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When Dailey's grandfather, old man Caldwell Clarkson, found out about the situation, he decided to send the boy abroad, claiming it was to broaden his horizons and learn a thing or two.

"Actually..." Greg patted my head, "You get it, right?"

"So,"

I reached out and tapped Greg's chiseled jaw, "It's this kind of story that sticks with you, huh?"

Greg gave me a sideways glance, "So, what? You've figured Dailey and his first love are a lost cause, and now you plan to play matchmaker with him and Christine?"

"Not exactly. It's all up to Chris."

I pulled my hand back, "I just think it's a shame to miss out on something good over a misunderstanding."

"Playing word games with me, huh?"

Greg leaned in and brushed his nose against mine, "I've spilled the beans. What's my reward?"

I pushed him back before he could get any closer, "I haven't finished asking my questions."

Greg let out a hum, his hands not stopping, "Ask away."

I held his hand, speaking seriously, "Doesn't this mean Chris isn't 'worthy' of entering the Clarkson's grand doors either?"

Nowadays, Janedream, as a company Chris co-founded, was thriving, making money hand over fist.

But for a family like Dailey's, it wasn't just about the money. And to them, Janedream might as well be small fry.

Greg pondered, "Whether she can enter or not, that's for Dailey to decide."

Saying so, he pinned me down, "We've finally got some time alone. Let's not talk about them."

"Stop it..."

I resisted, but my efforts were futile against his strength.

He held down my hands with just one of his.

I blushed, "Greg!"

Greg moved closer, his voice a low chuckle in my ear, "Keep going, I love hearing you."

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Christine was driving like a bat out of hell, fuming more with every mile.

Seriously, what was the deal?

Losing her mind, maybe!

When she tried flirting with him, he gave her the cold shoulder, as stoic as a monk. And now, why did he kiss her?!

Christine was choked up with frustration and couldn't vent to Jane at this ungodly hour. So, she ended up turning her car towards a bar.

Clarence, bored and alone after Christine didn't pick up his calls, decided to head home. But fate had other plans when they bumped into each other right outside the bar.

"Hey, Ms. Jackson, out for some fun?" Clarence greeted.

Christine, struggling to keep her composure, managed a polite smile.

"Did you think I came here to take an exam?"

"How about joining me?" Clarence suggested, as they both entered, "I've got a booth upstairs."

Christine waved him off, taking a seat at the bar and signaling the bartender, "The usual."

Clarence settled next to her, "Ms. Jackson likes the lively scene?"

Christine was in no mood for

"Since we've bumped into

Company buys"

swno

drink." Content

Clarence grinned, "I never let a lady pay, especially not for tonight's fun. This one's on me."

Despite her irritation, Christine was principled.

If there was no potential for something more, she wouldn't accept gifts or favors.

"Your generosity is appreciated, Mr. Clarence, but save it for someone who needs it more." Clarence missed the hint, "No need for formality between us. It's fate we met tonight." Christine initially came to unwind, to shake off the annoyance from her encounter with Dailey. She aimed to return to her cheerful, radiant self the next day.

But Clarence's presence only added to her irritation.

Yet, considering he was a friend of Greg's and somewhat of a

Ja scene wasn't wontet

Content

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"Generous of you, Mr. Clarence. Thanks for the heart of gold and a hand of silver."

"Don't mention it."

After a couple of drinks with

Clarence,

Christine still felt off andet d to hit the dance floor e

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However, spotting a couple kissing, something that wouldn't usually bother her, irked her tonight.

Cursing under her breath, she decided to call it a night.

"Leaving already?"

Clarence caught up with her, "The night's still young."

Chapter 669

Christine halted, leaning back against her car, suddenly asking, "Has something been bothering Mr. Clarkson lately?"

"Huh?"

Clarence was caught off guard by the abrupt shift in conversation, but he didn't overthink it, replying, "Ah, his ex-girlfriend showed up again, right? It's normal to be a bit off. He almost cut ties with his family over her before."

Seriously?

That much love.

Then why the hell did he kiss her!

Shameless.

Christine spun around and delivered a frustrated kick to the tire, wincing from the recoil, tears springing to her eyes out of sheer frustration.

Clarence, noticing her distress, finally realized something was amiss. "Feeling down? Who's been giving you a hard time? I can go sort them out for you."

Christine wished she could say it was Dailey, but alas, they were friends.

She'd have to deal with this herself.

"It's nothing, just worried Mr. Clarkson might hike my rent if he's in a bad mood."

"Or not lease me that prime spot anymore."

Clarence chuckled, "Don't worry about it, Ms. Jackson. I've got your back."

Christine really wasn't in the mood today, managing a couple of insincere remarks was already pushing it.

"I think I left the gas on at home, I need to hurry back."

Clarence panicked as if it was his house that had the gas leak, "Perfect, use my ride-share. Let me know when you get home."

Christine nodded and took her seat in the back.

As Clarence's gaze followed the car until it turned the corner, he pulled out his phone to message their small group chat, adopting a tone of regret. 【Ran into Ms. Jackson, had her gas not been leaking, we might have had a wonderful evening】

Gregory was up feeding the baby.

Jane was too tired tonight to breastfeed, so he warmed up some milk that was stored in the fridge.



He usually ignored the group messages, but feeling good tonight, he even replied.

【Didn't you drive her home? Could've lent a hand.】

Gas leak?

Sounded like an excuse Christine would come up with.

Clarence: [ 【I've had a few drinks, couldn't drive her myself, got her a ride-share. Told her to message me when she's home... what do you need help with? I'm no good with gas repairs.】

Gregory felt it was pointless to reply.

At this rate, chasing her would take an eternity.

It's only because he's a friend that he put it nicely, naive and sweet.

But let's leave it at that.

Now a father, he needed to set a good example for his daughter, so he held back any harsh words.

【Better head home and get some rest.】

Dreams have it all, including a chance at winning someone over.

But Clarence was excited: 【Christine was feeling down, and I cheered her up a bit, I think we have a chance.】

Gregory had no desire to respond anymore.

Yet Clarence didn't stop: "They say if you're there for a girl when she's most vulnerable, she'll fall for you.

Gregory squinted, pausing before typing: 【Who says?】

Clarence sent over an image.

Gregory opened it.

<<108 Moves to Win a Girl's Heart)

After a moment of silence, he simply muted the group chat.

Little did he know, Dailey was peeking over his shoulder.

He guessed Christine's bad mood must be because of his impulsive kiss.

Having been slapped earlier, he felt her anger on the ride back, but now that he had calmed down after some iced water, he started to ponder how to mend their relationship.

His eyes lingered on the image.

"108 Moves to Win a Girl's Heart..."

He muttered to himself.

...

The next day, after dropping Gregory off at work, I saw Christine storming out of the elevator, fury written all over her.

My gaze fell on the dark circles under her eyes, and I asked, "Didn't sleep all night?"

Christine, who had been too anxious to wait, had come over first thing in the morning.

"Let's talk inside."

I poured her a glass of ice water.

I had an idea of what she wanted to rant about, having seen it all unfold last night.

## **Chapter 670**

Debating whether to speak up first, Christine downed a glass of ice water and, clenching her teeth, burst out, "Dailey's out of his mind, you know!" I nodded in agreement.

If you like someone, just say it, right? Get it out in the open, start dating, and do all that couple stuff. What's happening now is just out of line, almost like he's acting like some sort of thug.

Anyone would be upset in this situation.

"Maybe we should call the cops on him."

"I want him to learn his lesson the hard way," Christine said, then paused, realizing something. "Wait, I didn't even tell you what he did. Why would you suggest calling the cops?"

"Ah, I get it."

She leaned back on the couch, arms crossed, looking at me with an inquisitive stare. "Were you spying on us from upstairs last night?"

""

I felt guilty; I had intended to go downstairs, but Gregory stopped me. I figured it was their issue, and as a friend, I shouldn't interfere too much.

"I messed up, so let me help you. I'll have a word with Gregory, maybe sway him a bit to take your side."

"But let's not go overboard. After all, Dailey has been a major help to us in the past."

Christine gave a sarcastic laugh. "You're sounding like Gregory's fiancée now, not the unconditional ally you used to be."

I touched my nose, feeling a bit awkward. "I'm just trying to be fair. We can't be too harsh, right? Wouldn't be right."

Christine was just blowing off steam.

After all, Dailey was a major client and Gregory's friend.

She didn't want to put her best friend in a difficult position.

"This time, I'll let it slide, as if I've been bitten by a dog. But if there's a next time, I'll make sure he loses face completely!"

I thought it over and decided to share a bit about Gregory's first love with her.

"Last night, I asked Gregory about it. He said it wasn't really love, just a teenage crush that got nipped in the bud by Dailey's grandfather." Christine shook her head.

"Gregory's just pacifying you. Clarence told me last night that Gregory was so into his first love that he almost broke ties with his family over it."

"

I frowned. I was sure Gregory wouldn't lie to me; I had seen how hard our journey had been, every step of the way.

"Clarence's words aren't reliable, you know? Remember what he told you at Gregory's birthday last year? He tends to miss the mark on things."

Christine smiled. "You have a way with words. Been hanging around me too long, huh?"

I playfully slapped her arm. "I'm serious, though. It's your call. If you don't want anything to do with Dailey, I've got your back."

Christine grabbed a bunch of

grapes, spitting out the seeds as she

talked. Even if I wanted something,

he'd have to chase after me. I won't make the first move again, no more warm face to cold butt." Content

It was hard to picture Dailey chasing anyone. With his background, he was more the type to have people lining up for him. Christine was no slouch either, but Dailey was wealthy and not bad-looking. Content

"You might want to think about the class difference. We're doing okay, but would you be able to love him enough to take on the world? If not, it's not worth complicating your comfortable life." Content

Just then, Christine was about to get married when her phone rang with an unfamiliar number. Thinking it might be a client, she answered.

A familiar male voice, albeit a bit weak, came through.

"Christine..."

"I've got a fever."

Christine: ?

Christine, after a brief silence and with a formulaic coldness, replied, "Need me to call you an ambulance, Mr. Clarkson?"

Dailey: "..."

