

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 671 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 671

Chapter 671

Dailey flipped through his copy of "108 Moves to Win Her Heart," and mused aloud, "No need to hog the healthcare resources, could you ask Ms. Jackson to drop off some meds?"

Christine responded with a simple "Okay," and added, "Getting meds? Easy."

"Hang tight, Mr. Clarkson."

Dailey couldn't help but smile slightly. It seemed that this "108 Moves" book was quite effective after all.

Christine then made a call to arrange a delivery.

Dailey waited in the living room on purpose, and as soon as the doorbell rang, he rushed to open the door.

There stood a lean, dark-skinned man, flashing a bright smile, "Good day, sir. Here are the fever reducers you requested." "That'll be \$249.99."

Dailey paid, returned to his couch, and stared at the "108 Moves to Win Her Heart," his thoughts adrift.

Why hadn't it worked?

Over at Elmwood Villas.

Seeing Christine's bubbling joy, I couldn't help but ask, "Feeling better now?"

Christine had the delivery person take a photo of her, intending to capture Dailey's bewildered face.

The more she looked at it, the harder she laughed, enjoying the rare sight of Dailey being caught off guard. "Halfway there," she admitted.

She waved off the gloomy topic, "Let's not dwell on that. Did you have your birthday celebration this year?"

Last year, my birthday coincided closely with my grandmother's passing, leaving me in no mood to celebrate. The following months were spent in mourning, and with the arrival of my late pregnancy, Gregory and I had a low-key celebration in the hospital.

I wasn't usually keen on birthday festivities, unlike Christine who thrived in lively gatherings.

But with the little one's arrival, it felt like a celebration was warranted.

"Actually, we're planning to combine Mira's 100th-day celebration with my birthday."

"Consider it done. I'll take care of it,"

Christine declared, standing up to

leave, then pausing to add in a hushed tone, "I've sorted out the gown for you, but you'll need to try it on for size. Gregory should fit the measurements you gave, no problem."

Pregnancy hadn't changed my weight much, but my body shape had shifted.

Even after childbirth, I was undergoing postpartum recovery. The wedding gown needed to be perfect; any mishap would be regrettable.

"Bring it over when Gregory's at work, and I'll try it on then."

Christine shook her head, "It's a vintage piece; you have to come in to try it on. It wasn't easy securing this appointment, so please make the effort."

I rolled my eyes playfully, "Making it sound like I'm some big shot. Just tell me when to go, and I'll be there."

Christine grinned, "I just didn't want to impose, knowing you'd hate to leave the little one behind."

"Let me know the time, then."

"Will do."

After seeing her out, I went back to feeding Mira. My mom suggested, "I can watch her while you go. Getting the dress right is important. If Christine's option doesn't work out, we can look into alternatives Content

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Traditional Western wedding dresses were plentiful.

However, everyone seemed to prefer modern takes on classic styles these days.

The kind I wanted was rare in the market, and there was no time left to design and tailor one myself.

"Let's see how Christine's option pans out first. If it doesn't work, I'll let you know, but she's usually very reliable."

My mom nodded, "Alright then."

After a pause, I asked, "Mom, have you really given up on acting?"

My mom had retired from acting years ago, only to decide on a comeback last year before a tragic accident halted all her plans.

Fortunately, her financial stability

allowed her to afford the breach of

contract fees. Plus, she had recommended suitable replacements to the brands and directors involved, so the financial blow wasn't as harsh as it could have been. Content

Chapter 672

But, there were plenty who felt a pang of regret.

My mom was famously blessed by the heavens with acting talent, known far and wide for her role as a supporting actress back in the day.

She garnered a lot of goodwill.

Many fans had waited years for news of her comeback, only to be disappointed by her decision to step away from the limelight again. They'd always hoped she'd return to the screen.

And it wasn't as if she couldn't. Her injuries had healed well enough; nothing that would hinder her acting or making public appearances.

But she just didn't want to be in the public eye anymore.

"I'm looking for a change of pace. I've been handing off business matters to Ivy, looking to spend more time with you and Mira," she told me.

...

Christine was busy booking a venue for Jane's birthday and Mira's christening.

The place she found had a unique feature a main hall connected to a smaller one.

Perfect for a big crowd, with everyone able to see the proceedings from the smaller room as well.

Just as she was about to put down a deposit, her phone rang. It was Gregory.

"What?! Okay, scratch that plan. How about we find a nice patch of grass instead? We can invite as many people as we want then."

"An outdoor bash would be perfect, especially since it's not too hot out."

"A bit chilly, maybe, but that's nothing a few drinks can't fix," she mused.

Gregory trusted Christine to handle the venue. His only request was, "Don't spill the beans."

Christine quickly assured him, "I might be quick to speak, but I can keep a secret when it counts. I love a good surprise."

After hanging up, Gregory turned to Lucius, "Has the ring arrived?"

Dinner had just been served when I heard someone at the elevator. I got up to open the door for Gregory and fetched him his slippers.

His eyebrow quirked up. "You being this attentive is kind of scary."

I shot him a look. "Then don't wear them."

Gregory chuckled, slipping into the slippers and wrapping an arm around me as we walked back in. "What's got you in such a good mood?" "Can't I just be nice to you?"

I retorted, "Or would you prefer I always greet you with a cold shoulder?"

Gregory "Either

away works for me. You're too

even a cold look suits

Content

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My cheeks warmed at his words, and I wriggled free from his embrace.

After washing up, Gregory came out to hold Mira.

"Missed daddy?"

Mira reached out, slapping her hand on his face before breaking into a grin.

Gregory bounced her gently. "Looks like you're just like your mom-a little troublemaker."

I glared at him.

He just smiled, sitting next to me and started peeling shrimp for me.

"Jealous? Have some shrimp instead."

I was about to respond when he leaned in, his voice a seductive whisper.

"I know, my darling wife missed me too."

I couldn't compete with his shamelessness. To avoid blushing, I quickly changed the subject.

"This year we're doing Jane's

birthday and Mira's christening together. Christine said she'd handle it, and I agreed. Just thought I'd let you know." Content

Gregory nodded. "Whatever makes you happy."

Speaking of Christine, I mentioned Dailey faking an illness.

Gregory placed a shrimp in my bowl, wiping his hands. "He wasn't faking."

"What?"

I was confused. "But with this

weather, and given his constitution,

it's

d to catch a cold, right? eet

swnovelet

Even though it was post-summer, the temperatures were still around the high 90s.

Then it hit me. "Faking your own sickness still counts as faking."

Gregory laughed. "I can tell, you've got a bone to pick with him."

I shook my head. "Not really. I mean, he's been a big help to us, but..."

Chapter 673

"No buts," Greg says, ruffling my hair. "A favor is a favor. He helped us out, and I won't forget that. But it doesn't give him a free pass to hurt your bestie."

I'm not that mad at Dailey.

I just wanna know what his deal is with Christine.

He was so cold before, his words could cut glass. And now, he's pulling these childish stunts?

"Why can't he just say it straight?"

Greg pulls out his phone and shows me a meme.

"The 1808 Guide to Wooing a Lady"

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I smirk, "What's this?"

"Just what it says," he shrugs.

I ponder for a sec, "So he's into Chris?"

"That's one way to put it."

I roll my eyes, "Why can't he just say it first, then act on it?"

"Playing sick, seriously, it's just not cute."

Greg serves me some ribs, "Eat up. You need energy to be mad."

I bite into a rib, skeptical, "He actually made himself sick?"

Greg nods, "Checked on him after work. It's legit."

"Last night he was so mad, stormed off to hail a cab by himself. With the weather like this, he's not used to it. Came home drenched, took an ice-cold shower, then chugged some ice water to cool off, and bam, got sick."

"He even missed a meeting today."

I almost forget to chew.

It's not shock, just... resignation.

"He's never been slapping, but

out. Being mad is one thing, but forcing a kiss isn't right. If he

Chris, he should've just said Content

so"

"It'd be better than waiting for the 'right moment' to explain away that airport mess."

"Once that's out, there's plenty of chances to explain his past actions, even apologize."

Greg serves me more food, "My advice? Don't meddle. Let them figure it out on their own. What you need to do is eat."

"I guess it's true, love makes you blind."

Mom joins in, "Letting things be

doesn't always lead to the best

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Outes. Sometimes, a little nudge

can help fan the flames."

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I look at her, she's smiling, "Just a suggestion. You don't have to take it."

"She cares about her best friend,"

Greg speaks up for me: "She's unsure if Christine wants to continue, but she won't interfere, won't fuel their relationship."

That's exactly what I'm thinking, but coming from Greg, it sounds a bit sarcastic.

"Mom, your idea's fine, but if Chris isn't into Dailey, I shouldn't push it. I might end up doing more harm than good."

But Mom cuts to the chase, "I don't see her wanting to cut ties with Dailey for good."

Dee've noticed too, but Christine and Dailey, with t

love's irrational, especially between

me caught in the middle.

and

wontent

If things go south, Greg and I would be stuck in an awkward spot, making even a simple greeting tough.

"Stop worrying."

Greg replaces the cold dishes in my bowl with hot ones, pours me a warm soup, "When it's time to add fuel, I'll let you know."

I focus on my meal, finally at ease.

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Chapter 674

Christine had been on the hunt all day.

Finally, she found a place that ticked all her boxes.

If only it wouldn't rain, then it would be absolutely perfect.

"Oh, my back..."

Exhausted, she collapsed onto the couch as soon as she got home, too tired to move or think about doing anything.

But after a while, she forced herself up to remove her makeup.

While she was putting on a face mask, her phone on the coffee table wouldn't stop buzzing.

Picking it up, she saw the caller ID and let out a scoff.

Nope, not answering that.

And straight to the block list it went.

Meanwhile, Dailey was left hanging.

He had waited all day, and Christine hadn't sent even a single message his way.

Did she really not care about him anymore?

Was she really ready to reduce him to less than a stranger in her life?

Rubbing his aching forehead, he sent her a message.

"Tomorrow, 4 PM, at the Hillside Café. We need to talk."

Christine never got the message.

Blocking someone meant no notifications, no hints.

Dailey didn't check to see if she'd received it. He assumed she had.

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The wind picked up in the evening, sneaking through the slightly ajar balcony door and causing the curtains to flutter.

Moonlight illuminated the entwined figures on the bed.

I pushed against Gregory, "We agreed, just this once."

Bare-chested, Gregory's body radiated heat, making my cheeks flush. His deep brown eyes were filled with a hidden depth, clearly not satisfied.

But I wanted to try on my dress early in the morning, to sort any issues in good time.

If we let this drag on, I wouldn't sleep till the early hours.

And then, waking up early would be a struggle.

"I'm just thinking of your health. Studies show, at a certain age, too much of this can be harmful."

Gregory smirked, his voice husky and enticing.

"Did I do something to make you think I'm past my prime?"

That was a trap, I could tell.

"It's me who's getting on, I can't overdo it. Shouldn't you, as my boyfriend, be understanding?"

Gregory chuckled, a sound that resonated from deep within, "And shouldn't you, as my girlfriend, help me out?"

...

That conversation went nowhere.

I opened my mouth to respond but couldn't find the words.

Gregory leaned in closer, his voice persuasive and dizzying.

"Baby, I've been patient, haven't I? Now, can't you be a little patient with me?"

Somehow, I found myself nodding.

When I finally closed my eyes in the early morning, I was filled with regret.

But I was too drained to even be angry.

And the next day, as expected, I didn't wake up until noon.

Thank goodness I had prepared milk for the baby in advance; otherwise, he'd have gone hungry.

"I'll ask Mr. Abdul for a tonic," I mumbled to myself.

Stepping out of the bedroom, my

mom noticed my lackluster

appearance, "You were always at risk during your pregnancy, and it took a toll on your health. See i there's something you can take that

won't affect breastfeeding Content

My cheeks burned with embarrassment.

Even though she didn't spell it out, at her age, and having had me, she knew exactly why I was so out of sorts.

"Um, Mom,"

I touched my nose, trying to change

the subject, "I'm running late. I've made plans with Chris. Could you please take care of the baby?" Content

Seeing my embarrassment, my mom didn't press further.

"Go ahead, but don't be late. The baby needs fresh milk."

"I won't be long, I promise!"

I assured her, then quickly made my escape.

Little did I know, my mom was thinking we needed to find a

solution. Living under the same

was becoming inconvenient for everyone involved. Content

Chapter 675

Stepping out the door, I immediately spotted Christine's car.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

I flashed a bright smile as I hopped in.

With a mysterious grin, Christine started the engine. "I understand."

Buckling up, I felt a slight blush creeping up my face at the topic, especially since I was the subject of the discussion.

Eager to change the subject, I asked, "Tell me the truth, have you really given up on Dailey?"

Raising her hand as if taking an oath, Christine replied, "As true as it gets, truer than the most genuine pearls."

That settled it for me.

I'd wait to see what Dailey's intentions were before bringing up anything.

...

Dailey had been waiting at the hillside café all day.

But Christine never showed.

He thought the tea would calm his nerves, but it only seemed to fuel his frustration further.

He should've just picked a bar for the meeting.

Yet, he felt that a bar wasn't the right place for serious conversations.

Now, he found himself in a rather embarrassing state.

"Drinking tea all by yourself?"

Just by the tone, Dailey knew who it was without even looking up.

Gregory sat across him, pouring himself a cup of tea with a smirk, "Looks like someone's got a temper these days."

With a cold glance, Dailey asked, "What do you want?"

Gregory leaned back, amused, "Just noticing that your temper hasn't cooled down yet."

Knowing exactly why Dailey was on edge but refusing to bring it up directly, Gregory's presence only agitated Dailey further, prompting him to stand up to leave.

Gregory tapped the table, "Come on, don't be like that. My wife's birthday and my daughter's 100th-day celebration are coming up in a few months. Could you do me a favor?"

Dailey instantly refused, "I'm busy."

Then realizing something odd, "You're not planning to..."

With a calm nod, Gregory confirmed, "Yep."

Dailey was left speechless.

...

Christine took me out towards the suburbs.

Surprised, I asked, "We're going to try on the dress here?"

Nodding, Christine explained, "This dress is from the war era, witnessing the love of a devoted couple during a time when love was often a luxury. Despite the turmoil, they chose each other freely and made it to the altar, living happily ever after with their family around them. I think this dress is perfect for you, resembling the initial sketch you had in mind." Content

"The lovely couple has passed away, and now one of their great-grandchildren takes care of the dress. This place used to be their home."

I wondered, "Such a meaningful dress must have strict rules against alterations, right?"

With a snap of her fingers, Christine

clarified, "Not exactly. They

mentioned minor alterations are

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permissible, but nothing that would

drastically change its original

design." Content

Understanding, I asked, "So, how did Mr. Taylor manage to convince them to lend us the dress?"

Laughing, Christine revealed, "Initially, they were hesitant because they feared the dress might be damaged by significant changes. But after seeing your photo, they agreed."

"Why?" I was puzzled.

Christine pulled me inside as the homeowner greeted us warmly,

"Seeing your photo, Miss, you reminded me a bit of my ancestors. Now, meeting you in person, the resemblance is uncanny. This dress will surely suit you well." Content

With a wink at me, Christine suggested, "Shall we try the dress on then?"

"Right this way," directed the homeowner.

Christine led me through the door, closing it behind us.

I was immediately drawn to the dress hanging in the center of the room.

"It's exactly what I envisioned." I couldn't hide my excitement.

Christine smiled, "I knew you'd love it. Let's try it on."

Chapter 676

I slipped into the gown layer by layer, following the sequence meticulously.

I was bracing myself for a tight squeeze around the waistline, ready to suck in my breath so Christine could fasten the buttons. I figured, once I return the dress, I'd slim down a bit, and by the wedding day, it would fit just right.

But to my surprise, I felt no pinch.

"It fits quite well, actually. Looks like we won't need to alter it, though we might loosen it around the bust a bit."

Christine spun me towards the mirror, clearly impressed. "It's absolutely stunning on you! Gorgeous!"

I admired my reflection, pleased. This was exactly the gown I had envisioned.

For the tuxedo, I didn't even need to see Gregory try it on to know he'd look dashing.

"I think it's fine as is. The bust might seem a tad snug now, but it'll fit better in time."

Christine nodded in understanding. She opened the door to call in the owner.

The moment the owner stepped in, their eyes lit up. "It's as if it was tailor-made for you."

Then, they added, "I can't lend this dress out..."

"Eh, why not? I thought we had an agreement," Christine was puzzled.

The owner hurried to explain, "I'd rather gift it to you."

"When my ancestors passed, they left a word about finding the rightful person. But all these years, we didn't know who that would be. Seeing this lady today made it clear."

"Yes, yes, this is destiny."

Christine was overjoyed, but after exchanging a glance with me, she added, "But we can't accept such a generous gift without offering something in return..."

The owner waved off the concern, "It's just two pieces of clothing. They might seem valuable because they're old, but that's about it."

As if it were that simple.

The craftsmanship was impeccable, the silk and fabric exquisite.

Clearly, this was from a wealthy household of yore.

"Some things can't be measured in value. The fact that this dress is still in pristine condition and retains its elegance shows how much you've cherished it."

"Even though its value might be immeasurable, I still can't accept it without giving something in return..."

The owner insisted, "If I say it's a gift,

then please accept it as such. If

really feel uneasy, then grant me

request."

"Please," I urged.

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"Take good care of this dress, and hopefully, it will find another deserving owner through you." "Agreed."

I didn't push back any further and accepted the offer.

On the way back, I held the two gowns close, reluctant to let them go.

Christine chuckled at me, "You owe me big time for this."

I nodded, "Of course."

...

Back at Elmwood Villas, stepping out of the elevator, we were greeted by the sound of renovations next door.

Christine heard it too, "Had I known the place next door was for sale, I'd have bitten the bullet and bought it.

Could've been your now

"Welcome back."

No sooner had Christine and I settled down than my mom walked in with Mira in her arms, all smiles.

"Did you guys hear the renovation noise from next door?"

I chuckled, "Mom, were you taking Mira to check out the commotion?"

My mom shook her head, "No, I was checking out our new place." "What?"

Christine and I were both taken aback.

My mom explained, "I was thinking of getting you to move to Cloud Villas, but Gregory wouldn't like it. So, I thought of buying a place nearby to help with the kids while giving you and Gregory some space. Turns out, Gregory thinks our current place is too small, so he bought the unit next door. Plans to

knock through to create more space. This way, we all have our

areas, it's easier to look after the kids, and they get a bigger play area." Content

It always seemed excessive to me, cramming all those entertainment options into a home.

Chapter 677

The news that the property next door was purchased with plans to turn it into a playground had been the talk of the neighborhood, but that wasn't what was preoccupying my mind.

It was my mom's decision to move out, giving me and Gregory some space.

I remembered leaving earlier today, noticing something off about my mom's expression. I had been too rushed to dive deeper into it, and now, it felt even more awkward to bring up.

Christine came to my rescue, "Having your own space is crucial, regardless of the relationship. It's important."

"And with the property next door now ours, I can swing by with the kids. If it gets late, I can just crash there, catch up with Bella on the latest gossip, living the dream."

My mom chuckled, "You can't survive on gossip alone, I don't know why you're so fond of it."

Christine raised an eyebrow, "It's the perfect side dish."

My mom, with a loving shake of her head, replied, "Alright, I'll serve you two more dishes of gossip tonight to satisfy your appetite."

Christine, linking her arm with mine, whispered reassuringly, "Don't take this too much to heart."

"People have their habits. Sharing space because of the kids is one thing, but even the best of relationships need a bit of breathing room. This solution is perfect, the best of both worlds."

"I wish I could find someone as thoughtful as your Gregory."

Her words did put me at ease.

My mom had initially wanted to spend more time with us, but the need to give me and Gregory our space had driven her to decide on living alone. It didn't sit well with me.

Now, with her just next door, the physical distance was there without the emotional distance. It felt right.

However, the idea of building a playground in our backyard seemed a bit over the top.

The community's amenities were top-notch, with plenty of play areas for kids. We didn't really need one at home.

After dinner, I brought this up with Gregory.

Wrapping his arms around me as we headed to our room, he said, "This is mom's way of showing she cares. We shouldn't stop her."

"You wouldn't want to upset her, right?"

I was speechless at his reasoning.

Gregory, ever the moral compass, added, "Seeing mom happy, doing these things, forgetting the mishap from before, and truly relaxing isn't that what you wanted for her? She's content now." Content

"...Always the empathetic one," I teased, pinching him playfully only to be swiftly pinned down on the bed.

"Is this a hint?" he teased back, sealing my protest with a kiss.

Meanwhile, Christine was in high spirits, hitting a local bar for some drinks.

When Clarence heard Dailey was in town, he immediately showed up spotting Christine and assuming she was there for the same reason. "Why not head straight up? Dailey's already in the private room. Content

Christine was puzzled, "Why would I go up there just because Mr. Clarkson is in the private room?"

Clarence scratched his head, "Isn't

day

this meet-up your doing? With your sister's birthday and the kids' around the corner, not to Greg's proposal plans.

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be discussing the arrangements?" Content

Christine was at a loss for words at Clarence's misunderstanding, "How did you even find out?"

"It's no secret, a happy occasion," Clarence said, "I'm here to help out. I might talk a lot, but I know better than to spill everything."

What else could Christine say but, "Mr. Clarence, please go ahead and discuss with Mr. Clarkson. I'm family; the proposal isn't for me to meddle in."

Clarence, still confused, asked, "Are you and Dailey not on speaking terms?"

"We have nothing to fight about," Christine quickly denied.

Chapter 678

Clarence slid into the seat next to Christine with a casual flair, signaling the bartender for another round. "Honestly, chatting with him is a drag. Sharing a drink with a beautiful lady like you is way more interesting."

Christine, however, wished she was alone, specifically without Clarence for company.

How utterly boring.

Clarence, oblivious to her disinterest, even went as far as to share a moment in their group chat.

"Running into each other two days in a row, if that's not fate, what is?" he typed, adding a photo of Christine sipping her drink.

Gregory was too busy to glance at his phone at that moment.

But Dailey took a quick look.

Recognizing the background in Christine's photo, he stood up, made his way towards the door but then, with a heavy heart, turned back around. Christine had made it clear she wanted nothing to do with him. Why chase after rejection?

Feeling uncomfortable with her drink, Christine found an excuse to slip away.

Once home, sleep eluded her, so she opened another bottle of wine.

Browsing through social media out of sheer boredom, she stumbled upon Clarence's recent post.

"Cephalosporin with alcohol, straight to heaven. Big thanks to the bro for the eye-opener."

Anyone familiar with their circle could tell he was referring to Dailey.

At that moment, Christine wondered if the medication she had someone run to get included cephalosporin. She hoped not to be blamed for any mishaps!

Little did she know, Clarence's post was just a jest.

Despite his fury, Dailey wouldn't be foolish enough to end his life over it. He hadn't taken his medication and passed out from mixing it with alcohol.

Clarence had to take him to the hospital to get him on an IV, after which he posted a photo with Dailey.

Christine clicked on the image. Seeing Dailey's pale face and even paler lips on the hospital bed stirred something in her.

On impulse, she changed clothes and took a cab to the hospital.

Half an hour later, she arrived at Dailey's room, only to hear a soft, tender voice inside.

Peeking through the slightly ajar door, she saw Dailey's first love feeding him porridge.

Christine scoffed at herself and threw the porridge she brought into the trash.

Back home, she collapsed on the sofa.

She felt cheap.

He had kissed her forcefully, and while she was angry, part of her wondered if it meant he cared about her in some way.

He had called her when he was sick, asking her to buy medication. Perhaps, he was interested in more.

But then...

What a hypocrite.

Damn playboy.

Vista Town had been drenched in rain for three days straight, finally bringing an end to the scorching heat.

After the White Dew season, it had cooled down significantly.

My birthday and my child's hundred-day celebration were approaching.

Christine had planned the party in a grassy outdoor area.

Luckily, the weather was perfect that day.

"Auntie!"

Ike came running over. "Where's Mira?"

Ever since he met Mira, he's been asking about her. But with school and extracurricular classes, he's been quite busy. It had been a while since they last saw each other.

I pointed towards the back. "Go find your aunt."

Ike immediately scampered off towards my mother with his little short legs.

Edith approached with a gift in hand.

"Gregory could probably get his hands on all kinds of rare treasures from around the world, so I opted for something more practical. I went to the church to get this for you; it's supposed to keep you safe. Also, here's a check, buy whatever you want with it."
Content

I accepted it, feeling the check and knowing something was off.

"It's a blank check," Edith explained. "Don't worry, it's on your uncle."

I couldn't help but laugh, thrilled. "Then I'm definitely writing a big number!"

"As long as you're happy," she said

Seriously, her attention shifting to

"Oh, this is going to be

Following the direction of Edith's gaze, my mood instantly soured.

Chapter 679

Not far from the bustling crowd, there was Dailey... and, as rumors had it, his first love.

I frowned slightly, "Edith, can you go keep Christine company for a bit? I've got something to handle over here..."

Edith gave me a thumbs up and made her way to Christine, cleverly blocking her line of sight to the unfolding drama.

I quickly sought out Gregory.

Gregory had already spotted the situation and was moving towards Dailey.

"Look who decided to crash the party," he said with a sarcastic tone, "On such a joyous occasion for our family, no less." Before Dailey could respond, Clarence chimed in, "Hey, it's not like that. It's not like there are any of Dailey's exes here." Dailey shot him a glare, "Shut it."

Clarence looked genuinely hurt, "I was speaking up for you."

Dailey ignored him, his gaze attempting to find Christine beyond Gregory.

Gregory sidestepped, effectively blocking his view.

Dailey knew what Gregory meant by 'joyous occasion' - it wasn't just a birthday or a milestone celebration, but also a proposal.

"I'm not here to cause trouble," Dailey finally said.

"Nelly isn't a stranger either, and I've brought a gift," he added, handing over an envelope to me, "Happy Birthday, and congratulations, Mrs. Ford." I offered a polite smile and looked up at Gregory.

Gregory accepted the envelope, weighing it in his hand, "This from both of you?"

Nelly's smile was meticulously perfect, her dark hair cascading down her back, contrasting her simple white dress. She was the epitome of elegance. "Not as stunning as Christine's vibrant beauty, but captivating in her own right," I thought. If Dailey was into Nelly, Christine wouldn't stand a chance. "Just me. Dailey, as your best friend, couldn't possibly be as modest in his gifting as I," Nelly responded, her smile unwavering. The envelope was indeed thick.

"Alright," Gregory nodded, "Find a seat. I've got other guests to attend to. Dailey will keep you company."

"Sure, go ahead," I said, letting them leave.

Once they were out of earshot, I pulled Gregory aside, "How did this happen?"

Gregory shrugged, "I had no idea. Don't blame me."

"He might have helped us, but this... this isn't helping his case."

"Yeah, so don't feel indebted for his help. That's on me. You decide how to deal with him."

I frowned slightly, "I'll keep an eye on Christine. Just make sure Dailey doesn't stir up trouble." Gregory patted my head, "Guaranteed."

Clarence, still confused, asked, "What are you guys talking about? I didn't catch any of that."

Gregory brushed him off, "Can't you see we're busy here? Go help out."

Clarence had no choice but to curb his curiosity and leave.

Once he was gone, I whispered to Gregory, "Aren't you going to fill him in?" "On what?"

Gregory glanced towards where

Dailey and Nelly had headed, "They're not together, no

ove Met

confession's made. Christine was chasing Dailey, and now it seems to be ending. Better not to say

anything; less trouble that

way,"

concluded, giving me a knowing

look. Content

I sighed, "Alright then."

he

...

Christine had seen everything.

Edith's attempt at making

conversation was clearly just a distraction, likely Jane's idea

her from witnessing the scokeep

Content

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"Enough, Edith Have some water and relax. There's nothing between him and me. Whoever he brings has nothing to do with me. It's Jane's birthday party; I won't be the one to ruin it. Stop worrying about Content

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Chapter 680

Edith took a sip of her water, letting out a satisfied sigh, "Jane's just looking out for you, you know." "It's a messy kind of care, though."

Christine nodded, "Go take a seat and relax. I've got to wrap up a few things with a client."

"Sure thing, you do what you gotta do."

I couldn't shake off my unease about Christine, even zoning out while slicing the birthday cake.

Gregory was there to steady my hand, thankfully.

But my worries proved to be unfounded.

Christine and Dailey were seated worlds apart, with a sea of people and an aisle between them, each engaged in their own conversations.

Just as the cake was being served, Christine stood up suddenly, catching me off guard.

Dailey followed suit, both heading my way.

I frantically reached for Gregory, only to find him gone from my side.

"Chris..."

I feared Christine might do something rash. Just as I opened my mouth, she pressed a microphone to my lips, silencing me.

Dailey, too, stationed himself by my side.

Confused, I reached to pull Christine's hand away but stopped when I heard her speak: "Thanks, everyone, for joining us at Jane's birthday bash and Mira's hundred-day celebration. It's a joyous day, and I'm thrilled to present a performance for y'all."

Me: "?"

It wasn't the fact that Christine was performing that puzzled me; she was always the life of the party, outgoing, and multi-talented. Her performing wasn't out of the ordinary.

But why was Dailey up there?

Were they performing together?

"Today's act is quite special; it's a comedy duo."

"And my partner is none other than Mr. Clarkson."

Me: "???"

I blinked at Christine, mouthing, "What are you doing?"

Christine grinned, "This one's especially for you. Take a seat and enjoy."

"

And just like that, I was gently pushed off the stage by Christine.

Edith pulled me to a seat.

While I was still dazed and confused, something felt off.

The duo began their act.

I watched intently, half-expecting a brawl to break out.

But it didn't happen.

Their act was surprisingly good, mimicking a famous comedy show, though they hadn't rehearsed together.

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It was all impromptu - Christine

with her punchlines and Dailey with

his

Petups, a prelude to

proposal, nothing fancy. Content

belongs to en.kikistorie with

"Alright, that's it from Mr. Clarkson and me. Let's welcome the next performer with a big round of applause."

As Christine descended the stage,

petals fell from the sky, and the soft melody of a piano filled the air to my surprise, the stage began to rotate, revealing a figure I knew all too well. Content

He rarely wore all white.

Sitting at the piano, he sang, his deep voice blending perfectly the melody,

, more like storyteller

than singing. Content

The room fell silent, captivated by the enchanting performance.

I was unaware of this segment, and I'd never seen Gregory play the piano before.

Despite being swamped with work, Gregory had this innate talent that made everything seem effortless.

"Would my lady join me onstage for a duet?"

Caught off-guard, I was suddenly ushered on stage by Gregory.

"What are we playing?"

Gregory whispered the name of the piece into my ear.