

# **Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 681 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 681**

## **Chapter 681**

I'm a bit rusty with the guitar, haven't played in ages.

"You're taking me?" I asked, puzzled yet intrigued.

Gregory gazed at me with such passion, "Of course."

I was still trying to wrap my head around it all, just going with the flow.

Somehow, Gregory suddenly stopped playing, and my mind wandered off, hitting a wrong note.

Before I could even utter an apology, fireworks suddenly erupted around the stage, lighting up the night sky.

Gregory knelt on one knee before me, lifting a ring, "Jane, even though you've proposed to me before, I still want to do this the right way."

"Some things are just meant for a man to do."

"Thank you for falling in love with me again, for being by my side through thick and thin, and for the hard work of bringing our daughter into this world."

"So, please, let me take care of you for the rest of our lives."

"Jane, will you marry me?"

Marriage was already a foregone conclusion.

I had planned to celebrate my birthday and our daughter's first birthday, then visit my grandmother to share the news of our wedding.

I never expected Gregory to plan a proposal.

Even though we were so familiar with each other, knowing we were meant to be together forever, his proposal still moved me to tears.

I was speechless, just extending my hand and nodding vigorously.

Gregory slipped the ring on my finger, stood up, and pulled me into his arms. His warm kiss sealed our promise.

Boom-

The fireworks exploded above us.

Cheers and applause followed.

Knowing I'm not fond of public displays of affection, Gregory kept the kiss simple, a gentle brush of lips.

He released me, our foreheads touching softly.

"We'll talk more tonight."

"

"Big sis!"

Ike ran up, showering me with petals, calling out, "Big sis, big sis."

His excitement made me want to laugh despite my confusion.

Gregory grabbed him by the collar, as if he had Ike's life in his hands, silencing him instantly.

"When did you start calling her 'big sis'?"

"Weren't you supposed to call her aunt?"

Trying to escape and failing, Ike looked to me for help.

I tapped Gregory's hand.

her

He let go, and Ike hid behind me, clutching my legs and bravely said to Gregory, just decided to call big sis. I want to be part of her family. From now on, I'm your little brother-in-law. If you ever make my big sis unhappy, I'll come after you.' Content

Gregory raised an eyebrow, "Oh, you're going to take me on?"

He could easily hold this little spitfire back with one hand, yet here he was, boldly claiming he'd protect me.

"What's the matter? You think you

won't grow up and I won't get old? If you upset my big sis, when you're old and frail, I'll take her away to find some fun old man to enjoy life with!"

UMS

Gregory clicked his tongue, pressing his lips in a half-smile, half-frown "Looks like you're asking for trouble." Content

"Big sis, save me!"

swnow

Ike pleaded from behind me, "Big sis, take off the ring. We can't marry a bully."

Gregory couldn't help but laugh.

I was torn between laughter and tears, "Greg, stop teasing him. It's about time we sent the guests home." After seeing off our guests, only close friends and family remained.

Oh, and Nelly.

I had planned to invite everyone for dinner since they had all helped so much with today's celebration. Now, I wasn't sure how to bring it up.

"I'm tired," Gregory finally said, seeing everyone's exhaustion. "You all should head home and rest."

With that, he didn't leave room for anyone to argue, wrapping an arm around me and carrying Mira as we headed off.

## **Chapter 682**

I quickly called out to Christine.

She linked arms with my mom, hurrying to keep up with my pace.

Herbert came looking for Edith, but ended up asking Ike if he wanted to hang out.

Of course, Ike was all in for some fun, dragging his mom and dad along, and the three of them left together.

That left just the three of us.

Clarence scratched his head, "Well, I guess I'll head off then. You see, my grandma just called, said she missed me."

"Later, then."

Eventually, the place emptied out, leaving only the staff cleaning up.

And Dailey and Nelly.

Dailey stared in the direction Christine had left, lost in thought.

Nelly sensed something, "Dai, heading home or...?"

The man beside her seemed not to hear, prompting her to glance in the same direction Christine had gone.

Her face maintained its gentle curve, and she softly asked again.

This time, Dailey responded, "I'll take you home."

...

After resting for a couple of days, Gregory, Mira, and I decided to visit grandma.

Mom volunteered to join us, which caught me by surprise.

She had always avoided discussing this matter.

"Mom, if you're still not over it, we can wait. Grandma would understand."

Mom shook her head, "We need to face what needs to be faced to truly move on."

So, all four of us went to visit grandma.

We had planned to go yesterday but were deterred by the rain.

With a child in tow, we didn't want to risk a cold.

Today, though the roads were still damp.

I walked behind Gregory, who carried the child to prevent any slips.

Gregory looked back at me, "You go ahead."

I refused, "No, I'll watch from behind."

Gregory handed the child to me, insisting I go first, "If you fall, I won't see you."

I chuckled, carefully climbing the steps with the child in my arms.

At the gravesite, Gregory laid down flowers and grandma's favorite treats.

He knelt first, then reached out for the

Ko Child, but I shook my head,

with the child in my

Content

swno

Mom and grandma hadn't been close in-laws, but she knelt too.

I clasped one of her hands, our eyes meeting briefly, no words needed.

Turning to the gravestone, Gregory wiped away the water droplets from the photo.

I smiled at him, adjusting the child so her face was towards grandma.

"Grandma, I've brought your great-granddaughter to see you," I began.

"I haven't dreamt of you lately and wonder how you're doing. If you hear me today, come see me, and if there's anything you need me to do, just tell me." Content

"And,"

I lifted my left hand, the pear-shaped diamond ring sparkling under the sunlight.

"Gregory proposed, and we're planning to get married."

"We'll come back to celebrate with you, but today, we're celebrating the baby's hundred days."

With that, I raised a glass towards grandma's photo, then poured it onto the ground.

Gregory followed, his voice deep and sincere like never before.

"Grandma thank you for your trust and

assured, from now on, I

Praying Jane to me. Rest

her

è any hardship."""met

## Chapter 683

Gregory gently wiped away my tears, helped me to my feet, and took the baby from my arms. "You've got two minutes for tears, any more than that is bad for the eyes."

I reached out and hugged him, rubbing my face against his shoulder, "No more crying.'

Gregory patted my back and whispered in my ear, "Help your mom up, will you?"

I let go of him and turned around. As I bent down, my mom was turning her wine glass upside down.

The liquid inside traced a wet line across the floor.

My mom opened her mouth but didn't say anything.

Seeing her trying to get up, I reached out to help her.

She waved me off, "Go talk to your grandma some more, I'll head downstairs."

I still held onto her, "I'm done talking. Let's go home together."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips as we slowly made our way downstairs, arm in arm.

Gregory, holding the baby, followed behind us.

Back at Elmwood Villas, he skipped the office to cook dinner instead.

"Jane, keep your mom company."

I knew Gregory stayed to cook as a way to ease the tension between my mom and me.

He was always aware that my mom and I blamed ourselves.

Even when it seemed like we had moved on, the guilt resurfaced every time grandma was mentioned, reaching its peak.

We always wondered if the accident could have been avoided if we hadn't thrown that party, giving Summer an opportunity to cause trouble.

"Mom..."

I sat next to her, and without planning, we both ended up watching baby Mira in her crib, silent for a long time.

When Gregory came out with the dishes, he glanced our way.

Our eyes met, and he subtly raised his eyebrows at me, magically lifting much of my gloom.

I turned to my mom, "Mom, let's break free from the chains we've put on ourselves."

My mom poked Mira's cheek, and the baby, not understanding much yet, just smiled back, drooling.

She laughed too, gripping my hand,

"Okay. I want to live healthily, to see you Mira grow up." Content Watch

and Gregory happy, to waste

"And maybe, to see Mira find her own happiness."

to

At that moment, a wild idea struck me, "Mom, you're free now, why not try falling in love?"

My mom flicked my forehead, "What

are you thinking? Do you think I'm

like you kids, talking about falling in

love?"

who

"Why not?" I argued. "Any age is right for love."

My mom shook her head, "I've been alone for so many years, I don't want someone disrupting my routine now."

I wouldn't press her, but maybe I could still do something.

After dinner, as my mom took Mira for a stroll, Gregory and I cleared the table.

While loading the dishwasher, I mentioned my idea to him.

Gregory closed the dishwasher, hit the start button, and wrapped his arms around me as we left the kitchen.

It wasn't until we reached the

bedroom that he finally said, "Your idea might work. If your mom starts dating, it could shift her focus so she doesn't trap herself in her thoughts."

UMS

"But it's going to be challenging to put into action."

"We can't just force her into dating."

"In all these years, there haven't even been rumors, let alone any hint of a romantic link."

That's when I remembered someone, "You know Mr. Shaw, right?"

Gregory nodded, "I've heard of him. Hasn't he been collaborating with mom for half their lives?"

Chapter 684

"Yeah, and he never comments on the rumors about him and my mom, but he's clarified every other scandal. Being single and childless at his age, it's either he's got issues, or he's waiting for someone to open up to."

Gregory pinched my cheek, "You know, I didn't realize you were such an expert."

All this gossip came from Christine.

Back then, we had no idea my mom was actually my biological mom.



Christine was all about celebrity crushes and gossip, always filling me in.

When we talked about my mom and Mr. Shaw, we never imagined they'd actually become a part of our lives.

"I think it's worth a shot."

Gregory hummed in agreement, "Alright, you go plan with Christine. I'm sitting this one out. If you hit a real snag, then tell me."

I hugged him, "Thanks, Gregory."

I knew he just wanted me to not box myself in.

Gregory wrapped his arms around me as we lay down, a smirk on his lips, "Show me some real gratitude."

The next day, I arranged to meet Christine.

Of course, I didn't roll out of bed until noon.

After telling my mom I wouldn't be home for lunch, I rushed out the door.

Christine was leaning against her car when I came downstairs.

She saw me and opened the passenger door.

"What's up?" I asked, confused.

She nudged me into the car, and that's when I noticed someone else in the driver's seat.

The guy greeted me warmly, "Hey there."

"..."

I turned to Christine, confused.

Christine flipped her hair, introducing him, "Meet Merritt."

I smiled and nodded as a greeting, then whispered to Christine, "New friend?"

Christine's smile was radiant, "My latest cute catch."

At the end of the birthday party, I had asked Christine about it.

She said if it wasn't for helping

Gregory with his proposal plan for me, she wouldn't even glance at Dailey.

But Christine and I have been friends for years; I could tell she wasn't over it yet.

Still, I wasn't planning to clear up their misunderstanding.

After all, Dailey hadn't exactly endeared himself to anyone.

"As long as you're happy."

Christine winked at me, "Funny coincidence, you mentioned setting up Bella with Mr. Shaw, and guess what? He's in the same production as Mr. Shaw."

I was surprised, "He's an actor?"

"Still in school."

Christine explained, "Just got a chance to join the production, kind of like an internship."

It's a small world, indeed.

I chuckled, "That is quite the coincidence."

On our way, we stopped by a boutique.

Indeed, the world is terrifyingly small.

That was my silent thought as I saw Dailey at the store's entrance.

Coincidentally, Merritt was getting Christine her favorite iced coffee.

Christine was busy texting, thumbs flying over her screen.

Merritt opened the coffee for her and held it up for her to drink.

Christine took a sip and smiled at him, "Good boy."

Christine might ignore Dailey, but seeing him, I still had to greet him.

Disliking what he had done was one thing, but acknowledging the help he offered was another.

"Mr. Clarkson."

Dailey shifted his gaze from Christine to me, responding politely.

Though his voice was subdued, it carried a note of courtesy.

"Yeah, just out shopping with a friend?"

I kept up a polite smile, "Just checking out the shop, doing a bit of shopping."

As I finished speaking, a gentle female voice chimed in.

## **Chapter 685**

"Hey there."

"

"I

When Abby saw me, she flashed a warm, gentle smile my way. "Big sis, we meet again."

She was indeed slightly younger than me, so the "big sis" term wasn't entirely out of place.

But we weren't close, only having met once before.

I had no clue where she got the idea to call me big sis.

Since she was all smiles, I could only respond politely, "Hi there."

Just as Abby was about to say something, Emily tugged me away.

"We've got things to do, no time to waste here."

I nodded at Abby, letting Emily pull me along.

Luke looked at me with those puppy dog eyes, so wide and bright, filled with the innocence of just starting out in the world. "Big sis, was that your friend just now?"

Before I could reply, Emily wrapped an arm around his neck and said, "Why so curious? She's nobody important to you, no need to know too much." Luke obediently nodded, "I'll listen to big sis. If big sis says not to bother, then I won't."

My head felt itchy.

Feels like I'm growing smarter by the second.

This puppy dog brother and Abby are like two different species.

Emily's tastes might vary, but she wouldn't swing this wildly.

Probably, it's her unresolved issues still nagging at her.

Abby stood there, only turning away when Emily was out of sight.

"Dai, you look a bit pale. Still not feeling well? Maybe you should see a doctor?"

Abby's concern was palpable, her soft tone seemingly capable of soothing all woes.

But it didn't work on Abby.

The memory of her arm around that guy's neck, looking so close, made her feel suffocated. Loosening her tie, she felt an itch in her throat, clenched her fist, and coughed vigorously. Abby quickly offered some water, "Dai, have some warm water."

Abby waved her off, "Have the driver take you home. I've got things to handle."

Abby didn't show any emotion, still

speaking with gentle concern, "If you really feel unwell, don't push

yourself. Go to the hospital. Call me if you need care; I'm always available." Content

Abby waved again and strode off.

Abby's grip on the cup tightened, her fingertips turning white.

Silently, she ground out two words.

River, Lee.

Emily and I did a round of shopping, and she ended up buying loads of stuff for Mira.

I couldn't stop her; all I could do was sigh in resignation.

Emily draped an arm around my shoulders, "Don't be jealous, you're still my number one."

"Cut it out."

I pushed her away, advising, "Kids grow up, you know. These won't fit in a few days."

"As long as she's worn them."

Emily disagreed, "It's about the experience. Our Mira has to look pretty every single minute."

I was at a loss for words, just

dragging

her away, "I can't be

too long, got serious stuff to

Content

"Ok, ok."

swno

Emily paid up, and Luke, ever the gentleman, carried all the bags.

I wanted to help, but he wouldn't have it.

"Big sis,

handle

w Fohis strong young man

è heavy lifting. Consider it a

. You know how us actors

to stay in shape." Content

Before I could object, Emily said, "The reason he's here, besides Mr. Shaw, is to help carry bags."

After telling me, she winked at Luke, "I'll treat you to a feast later, to make up for it."

Luke's smile was bright, "Thanks, big sis."

## Chapter 686

"Much appreciated."

We came to a halt in front of the elevator.

I felt a gaze upon us.

Glancing over, I saw Dailey standing next to me.

Silence fell for a moment, but given he wasn't a stranger, I felt compelled to break it.

"Headed downstairs, Mr. Clarkson?"

Dailey's eyes briefly swept over Christine before he responded, "Yeah, wrapping up. Off to the parking garage."

Got it, he was leaving.

I mentioned, "We're also headed to the parking garage. Might as well share the ride."

No sooner had I finished than Merritt suddenly piped up, "Chris, my back's suddenly itchy. Can you scratch it for me? My hands are full."

A simple request, and Christine was quick to help out.

"Chris, it won't work through the coat."

Merritt's voice, laden with a hint of whine and those puppy-dog eyes, really did make him seem like a big, playful pup.

Impossible not to feel a bit soft-hearted.

I've never been one for younger guys, totally not my thing.

But Christine seemed to be enjoying herself.

She reached right into his collar, "Here?"

Merritt chuckled, "A bit lower."

Was it just me, or did it seem like he was trying to rile Dailey up?

But he probably didn't know about Dailey and Christine's past.

And Christine was unlikely to bring up an ex with someone new.

Maybe it was just that male territorial instinct kicking in?

Ding-

The elevator doors slid open.

"Alright, Chris, let's head in," Merritt said.

He stretched out an arm to hold the elevator doors, ushering Christine and then me inside, offering a protective gesture. After I entered, he followed suit.

The three of us were inside, Dailey outside.

As the elevator doors began to close, I wondered if Dailey would opt not to join us.

But just as they were nearly shut, he suddenly reached out, stopping them.

It was a heart-stopping moment.

Yet Dailey entered with a calm demeanor and pressed for the basement level.

The air suddenly filled with an almost tangible tension.

I cleared my throat and busied myself with my phone.

Christine and Merritt stood in one corner, clearly distancing themselves from Dailey.

Dailey positioned himself near the elevator controls, back straight, eyes fixed ahead.

Tucked in the corner behind him, I

sneakily snapped a photo and texted Gregory "SOS, I think I've stumbled

into a love triangle s

Gregory should be free, and he texted back instantly: "Is that Christine's new... boyfriend?"

Me: "Potential love interest, but it's still up in the air."

Gregory: "Got it, the backup boyfriend."

He sure knows his stuff.

I

I explained, "He's working on a movie set with Mr. Shaw. Thought it'd be a good chance to get some

intel on Mr. Shaw's situation

Gregory: "You handle it. Remember, if you're in a bind, call your husband. I've got your back."

I responded with a "Roger that" emoji.

Just then, the elevator reached the basement, and I quickly pocketed my phone.

The doors slid open slowly.

But Dailey didn't move.

Merritt turned, blocking Dailey with

his

body and propping the door open

with his foot, telling Christine, "Sis,

let's go." Content

Christine stepped over his foot, unavoidably brushing against him due to the tight space.

Merritt was already out but kept the door from closing with his foot, waiting for me to exit.

I smiled politely, "Thank you."

"Anytime, sis."

Dailey, his finger hovering over his phone, finally let go, sending off a swift voice message.

**Chapter 687**



I glanced back, noticing Dailey steadily trailing behind us, his demeanor the epitome of calm and collected. It wasn't until we reached our destination that I realized his car was parked in the same area.

"Why do you keep looking at him? Afraid Greg will get jealous?" Christine whispered mischievously in my ear.

I chuckled softly. "Greg's not the type to get jealous over nothing."

Just as I spoke, my phone rang. I had barely answered when a sudden crash echoed nearby. Startled, I turned towards the noise, momentarily forgetting to speak into the phone.

Regaining my composure, I hurried towards Dailey's car, but Christine grabbed my arm. "Don't go, it's too dangerous. I'll call 911."

I was worried. "We should try to help him out first. What if the car explodes?"

"Don't worry, sis," Merritt said, placing his shopping bags in the car. "I'll check it out. The crash doesn't seem bad enough for an explosion, but you and Chris should stay back to avoid getting hurt. Besides, you wouldn't be able to move a big guy like him anyway."

Though I was concerned for Merritt's safety as well, Greg's anxious voice suddenly filled my ear. "Jane, what's happening? Are you okay?"

I then realized the call was still ongoing. "I'm fine. It's Dailey; he hit a pillar in the parking garage. The front of the car looks pretty bad, but I'm not sure about him."

"Stay where you are," Greg immediately instructed. "I'll handle this."

He then quickly spoke to Lucius, who was with him. It turned out Greg had received a voice message from Dailey, who was playfully referring to a girl as his "sister" in a way that was a bit too flirty.

Unexpectedly, this call had led to quite the situation.

Not far away, Merritt had already opened the driver's door and didn't seem surprised by what he saw. Instead of showing his usual sweetness to Christine, he looked mockingly at Dailey. "Mr. Clarkson, playing the martyr won't work."

Dailey, slumped in his seat, knew the

car wasn't in a fatal condition. Despite the fever and a severe headache making him look pale, he coldly met Merritt's gaze. "And pretending to be the innocent one

works for you?"

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Merritt simply smiled. "Apparently, it works better than your plan, seeing as Chris didn't even come over."

Dailey felt a surge of anger. Ever since he hadn't seen Christine at the coffee shop, his frustration had been mounting. Seeing her close with Merritt today only added fuel to the fire.

He had intended to leave, to show he was stepping back after making his interest known once. He wasn't

going to chase her anymore. Yeet

somehow, he found himself at their location, contemplating his next move without a clear plan Content

His tactic was desperate, inspired by some "108 moves to win her heart" shared by Clarence, which now seemed more like "108 foolish moves."

"She's just playing around, and you're taking it seriously," Dailey scoffed. "Talk to me when you're actually getting married."

Merritt wasn't offended. "And how do you know we won't get married? When the time comes," he retorted sharply, "make sure you're there when we send out the invitations."

Dailey's day was clearly off. With a splitting headache and eyelids heavy as lead, he felt as if he were being roasted over an open flame.

...

Watching Merritt open the car door without moving further, I was puzzled. "What are they doing?"

Chapter 688

Leaning against the car, Christine folded her arms across her chest, the picture of indifference.

Men. She had seen her fair share of them.

And she knew exactly what those two were up to.

Dogs, all of them, always keen on marking their territory.

But regardless of whatever Dailey thought or felt about her, she wasn't about to entertain it.

She had given him a chance before, and now here he was, parading his first love around her like it was some grand gesture.

Idiot.

With an air of nonchalance, she remarked, "Don't worry about it. When your Greg shows up, he'll handle it."

"Mrs. Ford."

As soon as she finished speaking, a middle-aged man hurried over, giving me a slight bow. "I'm terribly sorry for any disturbance. I'll take care of it right away. Please, feel free to relax upstairs; we've prepared some refreshments for you."

I nodded politely, "No need, I've got things to attend to. Please, go ahead."

Turning to Christine, I said, "Let's get going."

Christine called out, "Merritt!"

Merritt hurried over, all innocence and obedience.

But just as we were about to leave, we heard the middle-aged man frantically making a phone call behind us.

"Yes, in the basement, someone's passed out! Hurry!"

I frowned slightly, looking at Merritt, "Is he hurt?"

Merritt shook his head, "No, I checked."

"But he seems to have a fever. No wonder he crashed."

"Driving in that condition is irresponsible towards himself and others."

"Chris, you should stay away from guys like that. Save yourself the trouble."

Christine smiled, a far cry from the innocent and obedient little brother act.

The kind of innocence found in bars was never what it seemed, especially not at his age.

But that was their unspoken agreement, just everyday fun, nothing serious, and she was fine with whatever facade he chose to wear.

She wasn't about to fall for it.

"You're right, I'll listen to you. Let's head out."

Merritt took the driver's seat, and Christine leaned in the car window to ask me, "You waiting for Greg?"

"Yeah, I'll catch up with him."

He must be on his way already.

Hearing this, Christine said, "Then we'll head to the set first. You can join us there after you're done."

I was about to agree when a familiar voice called out to me.

"Jane."

Before I could even see him clearly, I was wrapped in a tight embrace.

I patted Gregory on the back, "I told you, I'm fine. I wouldn't lie to you."

The incident at the banquet seemed minor on the surface, Gregory always appeared nonchalant about everything.

But I knew it had left its mark on him, mostly because of me.

I expressed my concern for Dailey's condition, "You should check on him. I heard he has a high fever."

Gregory was aware of Dailey's fever.

Clarence had posted on social media about taking him to get IV fluids.

But he hadn't taken proper care of himself and went home as soon as he woke up.

He had called Dailey that night to ask if he could still help with the proposal.

The guy said it was no big deal.

Seeing Dailey looking pale on the day of the proposal, I thought it was because of Christine, not realizing the fever hadn't subsided and had actually gotten worse.

It figured.

Seeing Christine getting cozy with another guy would make anyone's temperature rise.

Plus, Dailey was the type who hardly got sick, but when he did, it was serious, and he tended to neglect his health.

Gregory looked at me, "So, what are you planning now?"

I leaned in and whispered, "Mr. Shaw."

Patting my head, Gregory said, "Alright, you go with Christine. I'll handle things here."

"Okay!"

I smiled brightly, "Thanks, fiancé."

With that, I tiptoed to kiss him on the cheek, "See you tonight."

## **Chapter 689**

"Sure," Gregory flashed a smile, "See you tonight."

After Christine's car drove away, Gregory headed towards Dailey.

The middle-aged man quickly bowed, "Mr. Ford."

Gregory leaned on the car, glancing inside with a slight bow of his head.

Seeing no reaction from the man inside, he kicked the car, "Stop playing dead."

Dailey lifted his heavy eyelids, his voice hoarse, "I'm not pretending."

Gregory was unsympathetic, "Wasting medical resources."

Right on cue, the ambulance arrived.

In the VIP hospital room, Gregory casually watched Dailey getting an IV.

Leaning back in his chair, arms crossed, he remarked, "This little act of yours is pretty amateur."

Dailey frowned, not wanting to hear the words "little act."

"It was just a headache, got hit by a car, no big deal. I'm not short on cash."

Gregory chuckled, "Ignoring messages now, are we?"

Dailey: ""

Taking a deep breath, "My head really hurts, and my vision's blurry."

"Serves you right."

Gregory was relentless, "Your own fault for not getting treated."

Dailey was annoyed, "Did you enjoy the voicemail I sent? Happy?"

"You should've been there, listening to how sweetly that kid was calling your wife 'sister.'"

Gregory's smile vanished instantly.

True to form, brothers know exactly where to strike to hurt the most.

He scoffed, "Seeing Christine with another man must've really got to you, huh?"

"Must be infuriating, watching the one you like, liking someone else."

Dailey didn't want to talk, but staying silent was even more infuriating.

His heart ached with anger.

"How did I end up being brothers with you."

"Feeling's mutual."

Suddenly, their argument turned childish, like kids bickering in school.

Gregory wasn't about to waste more time on this.

He knew Dailey wouldn't die from this, so he got up to leave.

But then he heard Dailey's hoarse voice.

"Aren't you going to help?"

"No."

"Please."

Gregory raised an eyebrow.

This was rare.

He sat back down.

Dailey: "..."

When Christine and I met Mr. Shaw, Raleigh Shaw, under Merritt's guidance, I could feel a warmth from him towards me that he didn't show to others.

But his next words chilled me to the bone.

"I know you're Bella's daughter."

He personally handed me a cup of hot chocolate.

Whereas Christine and Merritt got theirs from an assistant.

I accepted it, thanking him politely, "Sorry for the intrusion."

Raleigh sat across from me, getting straight to the point, "I know why you're here."

"I was at the party too, but because Bella had invited journalists, wanting the whole world to know you're her daughter, I kept my attendance a secret to avoid overshadowing the event." Content

"I was there to rescue Bella, but to avoid media attention, I was positioned far from the stage. L

could only watch as she was hit by the debris from the explosion."

He paused, a flash of pain in his eyes, then continued, "Later, she went abroad for treatment. I went too, offering to look after her, but she refused."

"She felt guilty because I got injured while saving her, meaning I'd have to use stunt doubles for action scenes from now on. She pushed me away even more." Content

He sounded somewhat helpless, "So, Jane, there's no future between your mother and me."

...

The chaos of that day, along with being kidnapped, left me unaware of these details.

I stood up, bowing slightly, "I'm sorry for imposing on you."

"But all I want is for my mother to love herself, not to be forever haunted by that explosion."

## **Chapter 690**

"Mr. Shaw, if you truly hold a place for my mom in your heart, just say the word, and I'll do whatever it takes to help you out."

"And on the flip side, I want to apologize again for the intrusion today."

Raleigh's grip on his coffee mug tightened, a visible tremor running through his hand.

But his response wasn't clouded by emotion; he remained composed.

"Jane, I wouldn't dream of imposing on Bella. If she has affection for me, I'll cherish her for a lifetime. But if not, I'm fully prepared to be by her side as a friend, forever."

Hearing this, a lightbulb went off in my head, and I couldn't help but try to reason with him. "If, like you said, my mom's refusal stems from guilt, then she must have feelings for you."

"If she didn't, a straightforward apology and a clean break would have sufficed, right?"

Raleigh had entertained such thoughts before; he and Bella had shared a lifetime's worth of moments.

Their companionship even outlasted many marriages, fostering a deep understanding between them.

He believed that her lack of outright rejection meant there might be room to advance...

But he later abandoned that hope, not because of her gentle refusal.

Rather, he knew Bella well enough to understand that if she had any interest, she would have made a move. Her inaction spoke volumes.

...

"Have you ever asked your mom if there's someone she likes?" Raleigh queried, looking at me.

I had asked.

But my mom denied it, claiming she preferred to be alone, to enjoy her freedom.



Yet, to those around her, she seemed anything but free.

This was a far cry from the radiant superstar she once was.

The guilt from that accident at the gala weighed heavily on her, despite her claims of moving on.

That's why I sought out Raleigh today.

Desperation sometimes leads to bold moves.

"Are you sure you don't want to give it a try?"

Raleigh smiled, a gesture that didn't quite

I might not even regret Frick his eyes, "If I try and f

friends." Content

A tentative approach allows for a return to the status quo, as if nothing had changed.

But a full-on confrontation could push her away for good, given Bella's nature.

He couldn't risk it, nor could he afford to.

"Jane, I'm sorry."

Hearing this, I bowed slightly, "No, the apology is mine. I've intruded. I'll leave you to it."

Raleigh saw us to our car.

Merritt didn't leave with us; he had scenes to shoot.

"Chris, Jane, drive safe. Text me when you get home."

Christine winked at him before taking the driver's seat.

She turned to see me sulking and declared with confidence, "Trust me, with all the drama I've seen, I can't tell. Bella's not indifferent to Mr. Shaw." Content

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Her assurance prompted me to delve deeper into their past.

I consumed all the old gossip I could find.

My mom and Raleigh, just as Christine said, shared a profound connection.

Even as her daughter, the clips pieced together by their fans had me secretly cheering for them.

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But my mom's feelings for Raleigh... they were unmistakably real.