

Lost Me Gained Regret #Chapter 691 - Read Lost Me Gained Regret Chapter 691

Chapter 691

I sauntered back home, casually steering the conversation towards Raleigh through chatting about Christine and Merritt. I wanted to subtly probe my mom's current sentiments towards him.

My mom caught on quickly, "So, you want me to give Raleigh a little nudge, help him out as the younger generation?"

"Is Christine serious about him? Has she completely broken it off with Dailey?"

Despite her age, my mom was surprisingly up-to-date with the latest gossip.

I couldn't help but chuckle, shaking my head. "Not exactly, and I'm not sure."

I shifted the topic, "Gregory and I were thinking, why not keep the wedding low-key like our engagement? Just close friends and family, what do you think?"

She nodded in agreement, "It's your wedding. Whatever you want, I'm on board."

"Can we invite Mr. Shaw? I remember you two collaborated on a single, really sweet, perfect for a wedding."

My mom, having navigated the tricky waters of showbiz for years, initially thought our chat was just heart-to-heart. But as soon as I mentioned Raleigh, she got the hint.

"So, after asking about whether I have someone I like, you bring up Raleigh. Trying to play matchmaker?"

I cleared my throat, "Not exactly. Just thought, since he was there for you at that party, and since there's a bit of a bond, why not invite him? Could be lucky for his love life."

Raleigh was a rare breed in the industry-single, clean reputation despite numerous rumors, a real catch that many women tried to get close to. "So, you're looking to set him up?"

My mom playfully tapped my forehead, "Alright then, invite him."

"I'll see if I can find someone age-appropriate to liven things up for you."

"

That wasn't my intention, but I knew my mom was just playing dumb to skirt around the issue.

I laughed, "Mom, how about you and Mr. Shaw recreate that iconic dance from your movie at my wedding? It'd be a highlight." Outsmarting the trickster.

My mom's smile vanished, raising an eyebrow, "Oh, so you're trying to outsmart me?"

I linked my arm through hers, "Just tell me the truth, okay? Do you like him?"

My mom sighed, "Would you believe me if I said no?"

I immediately responded, "Of course,

I'll believe whatever you say. If youet

say you don't like him, I'll drop the matchmaking." Content

"Bella," my mom chuckled in resignation, "you clearly don't believe that."

I insisted, "Really, just say the word, and I'll believe you. If you're not into him, I'll stop."

After a moment, she spoke slowly, "Sometimes, I think we're better off as friends. Becoming lovers, if we don't mesh well, could end decades of friendship, which would be a shame."

I was surprised, "You and Mr. Shaw said the same thing. Seems like he understands you pretty well."

"Enough," my mom surrendered. "You're determined. Invite him to your wedding, you arrange it, and I'll go along."

"Seeing is believing, right? If it doesn't work out, we'll drop it, deal?"

I extended my hand in promise, "Deal."

Later that night, after feeding the baby, I shared the news with

Gregory. He casually dried his

hair

and settled on the sofa, stretching an arm to pull me close. Content

"Happy?"

Chapter 692

I nodded, "Yeah, it's pretty exciting."

If my mom's got a thing for Raleigh and it could lead to something more, that'd be pretty cool.

Missing out on love would be the real tragedy.

Gregory ruffled my hair, "Got something I wanna talk to you about."

"Dailey, right?"

I stepped back from Gregory's embrace, folding my arms as my expression turned serious. "You're not trying to turn me against him, are you?"

Gregory chuckled, "Of course not, I'm firmly on your side."

But then he shifted gears, adding, "But Dailey did ask me for help."

"

"1 "

I asked, "And how did he ask you?"

Gregory replied, "Pleaded with me, verbally."

I gave him a look, "Nice try with the wordplay."

Gregory laughed, wrapping his arms around me again.

"You don't get it. For him to actually say 'please', it means he's genuinely asking for my help."

I poked Gregory's chest, "Instead of begging you, he should go make things right with Christine. Apologize sincerely, spill his guts."

"Christine's the forgiving type if he's honest with her."

It's not like they're archenemies or anything.

Wait a minute!

I pushed Gregory away, "If Dailey can't sort out his first love mess, I'm not gonna vouch for him."

Gregory scooped me up in a sideways hug, tossing me onto the bed before leaning over me.

"He did ask, but I didn't say I'd help."

"Just giving you a heads up."

"They can sort their own mess. They're not kids."

"Our time's better spent on things that matter."

"Let's not waste time on this drama."

I opened my mouth to respond, but that just gave him an opportunity.

Whatever I managed to say next came out in bits and pieces.

Christine was busy scouting locations for a traditional Western-style wedding.

During a break, she noticed a post from Clarence's social media feed.

"Our always healthy Dailey has been sick for almost half a month now, definitely noteworthy."

The photo

but Chewed him and Dailey,

s sharp eyes caught

glimpse of a white dress in background. Content

Hmph.

She immediately blocked Clarence's feed.

Getting up, she opened a bottle of wine and took it to the balcony to enjoy the night view.

She didn't even notice her phone ringing until after she'd finished her drink and saw there had been a call. Checking the caller ID, she called back.

"Big sis..."

Merritt's pitiful voice came through

comfort, softening her tone, "Who's been bullying my little brother, then? Big sis will take care of it." Content

and Christine found the paWho? "o

Merritt sniffled, "You didn't answer my calls."

"Got caught up in something."

Christine slumped into the couch, "So, what's up? Why the barrage of calls?"

"I was worried you might be hungry. Brought you some food, but I didn't know exactly where you live..."

Christine got up from the couch, dressing quickly as she asked, "Where are you now?"

Merritt replied, "Right outside your apartment complex."

"I'll be right there."

Christine ditched her slippers for some sneakers and hurried to the apartment complex entrance.

There she saw Merritt, hands full,

shivering in the cold, looking as forlorn as a puppy left by its owner but still loyally waiting to be taken home. Content

""

Even though Christine knew Merritt wasn't as innocent as he seemed.

And understood his actions were a way to slowly infiltrate her life.

It was also a sign he had plans to move things forward.

Not just a casual fling.

Chapter 693

Christine wasn't one to beat around the bush. She believed in being forthright.

"If you can't handle the game, best not play," she thought, not wanting any future misunderstandings.

Yet she didn't speak her mind. Instead, she suggested, "There's this indie cinema nearby. Let's check it out."

Merritt trailed behind Christine as they crossed the street, his eyes downturned, "Sorry, Chris. I just wanted to bring you some snacks, didn't mean to intrude."

"If I've taken up your time, I'll make it up to you," he offered.

Christine laughed, feeling the evening's chill. She had thrown on a casual jacket and pulled it closer, asking, "And how would you do that?" "I..."

Merritt moved closer, "Whatever you want, I'm here for it."

Christine looped her arm through his, "Next time, just call before doing these surprise visits."

Merritt suppressed his joy, looking a bit hurt, "I thought you'd find it bothersome, that's why I didn't call. If you don't like it, I won't do it again. Just don't hate me, please."

Christine knew his words were more about tactics than feelings.

But she loved hearing them all the same.

Sweet nothings were intoxicating, indeed.

Far better than the blunt, harsh words of some jerk that made her skin crawl.

Whether he was genuine or not didn't matter. She had no interest in cold, hard truths.

"Don't worry, just give me a call next time. I won't say no."

Merritt finally smiled, "Your wish is my command."

"As long as you're happy, that's all that matters to me."

"I'll do anything to keep you smiling, to ensure you never shed a tear..."

Dailey detested hospital stays.

Feeling a bit better after some IV fluids, he insisted on going home.

Clarence couldn't stop him, so he called Nelly for help.

"Dai, how did you get so sick?" she asked, her voice quivering, tears welling up but not falling, "It's my fault. should've seen something was wrong and accompanied you here, not let you go alone." Content

As she spoke, she dabbed at a tear that threatened to fall, gently blowing on the cotton ball still on his arm from the IV.

"It's bleeding, Dai. I'll get a nurse to look at it."

Dailey pulled his arm away, his voice soft and slightly hoarse from illness, "It's nothing."

He turned to Clarence, "Make sure she gets home safe."

"Dai, you can't leave the hospital yet. You still have a fever. If you insist on leaving then I have to come with you. I won't be able to sleep otherwise, worrying about you."

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Dailey just wanted some peace and quiet, "I'll be fine. I have medication

at home. And you, stoppering

swnow

around at night. It's not safe Content

"I can take care of myself. You don't need to worry about me."

Nelly didn't argue, just nodded softly, "Dai, you always look out for me, but you need to take care of yourself too."

Her voice was gentle yet firm, "If you keep neglecting your health, I'll have no choice but to tell your mother."

Dailey definitely didn't want his mom involved; he preferred quiet over nagging.

"Fine, have Clarence take you home."

Nelly offered to help him up, "If you're set on going home, let me at least help you there."

"No need."

Dailey sidestepped her attempt, "Regarding the shop, just coordinate with Clarence. Everything's arranged. Just follow the process."

Nelly kept her emotions in check, maintaining a gentle smile, "Thanks, Dai. Sorry for the trouble."

Chapter 694

Dailey waved it off, "No big deal."

Nelly turned to Clarence, "Would you mind giving me a ride home?"

It wasn't really an inconvenience, but Clarence couldn't quite grasp the situation.

Why was Dailey acting so cool towards his ex?

Especially considering he almost cut ties with his family over her.

But then it clicked.

Dailey was naturally reserved, and he had his pride.

Unless he was sure his ex had come back for him, he probably wouldn't make the first move towards reconciliation.

No matter, Nelly wasn't going anywhere soon; there was plenty of time to rekindle old flames.

Besides, Dailey was under the weather, probably not in the mood for matters of the heart.

Once he was back on his feet, he'd surely be ready to talk romance.

"Dailey, come on, give us a smile."

Hearing this, Dailey looked up, his illness making him a bit slow on the uptake.

Clarence snapped a picture, satisfied, and posted it to his social feed.

"I'll drop her off, you just wait here at the hospital."

"I've got other plans. Head home after you're done."

The noise was too much; Dailey didn't feel like talking to Clarence these days.

Clarence, clueless about Dailey's reluctance, waved goodbye, and took Nelly with him.

On the way, Nelly asked with a soft smile, "I noticed Dai seems a bit down lately. I just got back; did something happen?"

Clarence snorted, "It's all because of you."

A true friend always helps out.

He hit the brakes at a red light and continued, "He feels guilty for not being able to protect you back in the day."

Nelly didn't blame him, "How could we blame Dai for what happened? We were just kids, at the mercy of our parents' decisions."

Clarence added, "That's just how he is. You coming back definitely made him happy. It's just bad timing with his injuries and sickness making him moody. But it's not about you. Don't overthink it. Once he's better he'll surely want to pick things back up."

"Then, you'll owe me a toast," he joked.

Nelly inwardly called Clarence

foolish, but she smiled in agreement, "Of course, not just because of my relationship with Dai, but also having known you for years, I'll definitely toast to that."

She smoothly changed the subject, "We ran into Greg's fiancée and her friend at the mall today."

"Christine, right?"

Clarence's voice lifted at the mention of Christine, "They rented a shop space, probably checking on their business."

Nelly nodded, "I heard they're launching their own clothing brand. They're quite impressive."

"They are, but you're not far behind

With your i

international

success. Don't worry

Su resources,)

for

Nelly wasn't really in the mood to chat with Clarence, but she still wanted to learn more.

Dailey was too reserved, offering no information.

"Speaking of which, there was this tall, handsome guy with them today, looked like a college student."

"He kept calling them 'sis', but they didn't seem related. I didn't want to ask and be intrusive."

Neither of them had a brother.

Greg wouldn't stand a young man hanging around Jane.

So, that guy must be connected to Christine.

"Did you catch how he addressed Christine and Jane?"

Chapter 695

Clarence had just dropped Nelly off and was now driving over to Christine's place.

Reaching the building, he called Christine, but she didn't pick up. Instead, she texted him back.

["Big bro, I'm asleep."]

However, the doorman told him that she had just left with a young guy, heading into the alley across the street.

Christine wasn't a celebrity by any means, but her outgoing nature and stunning looks meant she could strike up a conversation with anyone and definitely turned heads.

Having lived there for a while, she had become friendly with the doorman, often giving him small gifts or local delicacies during the holidays.

So, whenever a guy came looking for her, the doorman would inform her first instead of just letting him through.

Thinking Clarence was just another lovestruck guy who couldn't take a hint, the doorman mentioned that Christine had a boyfriend now - a younger, more handsome one at that.

It was no surprise someone as gorgeous as Christine had plenty of admirers.

"You shouldn't be out here in the cold," the doorman said, noting Clarence's luxury car and speaking with a polite tone. "Ms. Jackson isn't the type to be swayed by money alone, and she's doing quite well for herself. Love can't be forced, after all."

Taking the doorman's words to heart, Clarence sullenly returned to his car and pulled out his phone to message his friends in their group chat. ["I've been dumped."]

Without waiting for a reply, he continued to vent.

["I can't stand how that guy keeps calling her 'Chris.' It's so cheesy. Knowing guys, he's definitely not good news - probably just after her good looks and her money."]

["And Christine is falling for it.

Clearly, I'm the better catch in every

way. What does that college kid

have over me besides being younger

and able to call her 'big sis'?"

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["The guy's barely started acting and hasn't even finished college. Does he think he can make it big? He's only cozying up to Christine for her wealth and connections. Heck, she's tight with Bella, so throwing him a bone or two wouldn't be hard."]

["Ugh, they even went to a private cinema. What good can come of that, especially this late at night?"]

["Guys, I'm heartbroken... this really sucks..."]

Clarence wasn't new to airing his grievances in the group chat.

Gregory would respond when he had the patience, and Dailey would chip in when he felt like it.

But today, Gregory was busy.

Dailey, however, did notice the message his attention caught not by Clarence's heartbreak but by the mention of a private cinema. He was nearly home but decided to have his driver turn around... Content

Clarence waited for a response from his friends but got none. Restless, he couldn't help but send Christine another message.

["He's bad news, trust me. Men know these things. We've known each other too long for me not to warn you. If you're just looking for fun, he's the worst choice."]

When Christine first met Clarence, she knew he was interested in her. But to her, he was just another guy charmed by her looks, nothing serious. She wasn't overly conservative by any means, but at the time, her eyes were set on Dailey.

And lately, even though Clarence seemed to still be interested, she didn't want anything to do with someone close to Dailey.

Besides, Clarence lacked the charm that made Merritt so appealing to her.

Chapter 696

She was simply craving a change of pace.

When she received a text from Clarence, she felt it was high time to set the record straight.

"Hey Clarence, given you're buds with Ford and I'm Jane's bestie, I don't wanna sound too harsh. I appreciate the gesture, really, but I can't reciprocate, sorry. You'll find your right match, no doubt. As for me, I've got a thing for this younger guy. Please, let's not make a big deal out of it. We're just friends, nothing more."

Even her dad couldn't sway her decisions, let alone Clarence.

The only voice she might consider was Jane's. Jane had always been her ride-or-die, sharing every high and weathering every low together.

Sure, she cared, but she wasn't the type to mother her, to control every move she made.

Life, with its ups and downs, was for living firsthand.

If she could have chosen, she'd rather have been born a stray dog than their daughter.

"Still, thanks for your concern, Clarence. Let's just stay casual friends, okay? If not, no hard feelings."

Initially, Clarence was attracted to Christine for shallow reasons.

But over time, he genuinely wanted to get serious.

Christine wasn't like the others he'd met before.

He thought not being outright rejected meant there was still a chance.

Yet, this time, she had turned him down completely.

"I'm done with love," he declared to his group chat before heading out to drown his sorrows.

He summoned a couple of drinking buddies.

Gregory was tied up with work, and Dailey had already reached the doors of the private cinema.

The driver was worried, "Sir, you're still feverish..."

Dailey waved him off, "I'm fine, had an IV and all."

The driver, merely an employee, couldn't overstep, "I'll wait here then."

But concerned for Dailey's well-being and his job with the Clarkson family, he pretended to leave only to come back and wait. Content

Upon entering the private cinema, Dailey's headache worsened.

The dim, sultry lighting and the indescribable scent in the air made him grimace.

Clearly, a rich heir's idea of a private screening differed vastly from the average Joe's.

"Are you alone?" the attendant asked.

Struggling with the air's aroma,

making his head spin and stu

churn, Dailey inquired about

Christine, showing her picture along with one of Merritt. Content

Though the cinema was bustling, the attendant remembered the striking girl, calling her 'sister' fondly The allure of a possible

May-December romance was hard to forget, especially when

confronted with Dailey's imposing yet pale figure. Content

"Screen three, you can pay by scanning here," the attendant directed.

After paying, Dailey made his way down, the darkness of screen three engulfing him.

It took a moment to adjust, but he was soon scanning for that familiar silhouette.

Christine arrived at the cinema a tad late, the best spots already taken.

Unexpected Merritt's company and too indifferent to seek elsewhere, she settled for a quiet corner nearby.

Chapter 697

In places like this, the back rows are usually packed.

But the front? It's a different story. Plenty of empty seats.

At first, Christine didn't even notice when someone took the seat next to her. The movie playing was right up her alley, and with snacks and drinks being passed around, she was all in.

Merritt was the first to catch on to Dailey's presence, but he wasn't about to make it known.

"Hey sis, want some jelly?" he whispered.

"Sure," Christine replied, always up for a snack while binge-watching her favorite shows. She'd skipped dinner, so the snacks were a welcome fill-in before hitting the gym to burn off the extra calories. No need to let the evening go to waste over a little indulgence.

But then, an unexpected spoiler showed up.

The jelly Merritt was handing over was snatched right from in front of her. Turning to see who would dare rob a stranger of their jelly in a private cinema late at night, Christine was momentarily taken aback by Dailey's almost-smirking expression.

Seeing Dailey in such a place was beyond her imagination.

"Ms. Jackson, staying up late and in good spirits, I see. Came all this way for some jelly?" Dailey quipped.

Christine, never one to let an annoyance slide without a comeback, had once restrained herself during her brief pursuit of Dailey. Even after his harsh words, she hadn't let their interactions escalate into full-blown arguments. After all, she was the one who approached him, so being cold-shouldered was expected.

But times had changed. She had made it clear that whatever was between them was over. If it weren't for mutual friends like Gregory and Jane, she'd rather not even share the same air with him.

Yet here he was, making snide remarks.

Was she supposed to just take it? Clearly not.

"Mr. Clarkson also seems to be enjoying himself, coming here alone to watch couples cuddle up."

"Could it be... Oh, I get it. It's that age-old problem, isn't it? Losing steam with the years," she teased, mimicking Nelly's tone, "Dai~"

Dailey knew he shouldn't have come.

He had avoided the tea house, accepting that was the end of whatever was between him and

Christine. Even their last friendly

exchange was just for Gregor

sake, not a means to clear up misunderstandings. Content

He had foolishly hoped, on bringing Nelly along, that Christine might confront him, giving him a chance to explain. Instead, they hadn't spoken, and soon after, she was getting cozy with someone else.

"Is there a rule that says you need a partner to come here?" Dailey retorted.

Coming from a family involved in both business and politics, Dailey was well-prepared for anything. He was known for his cool demeanor always having a plan or solution ready before a problem even arose. He knew what he wanted, in Both business and personal matters.

When Christine first made her move, he saw it as a fleeting flirtation. Not interested in playing games, he kept his distance. Now that she was clearly over him, it was exactly what he wanted-or so he thought. Yet, it left him feeling unexpectedly unsettled. Content

"I've never been here. Just curious. Is that a problem?" he asked.

Christine laughed, "Of course not, Mr. Clarkson. You're free to go wherever you please. No one's going to stop you."

But sharing the same space with Dailey was the last thing she wanted. With a smile, she left that parting shot and stood to leave with Merritt, who was collecting their uneaten snacks.

As Christine walked past him, Dailey, acting on impulse he didn't understand, grabbed her wrist and pulled her close into his embrace.

Chapter 698

Christine was taken aback, scrambling to get up, but found herself pinned down firmly.

"Get your filthy hands off me."

Instead of complying, Dailey pressed her even closer to him.

With only one hand free, Christine couldn't push him away and resorted to covering his mouth, her tone dripping with sarcasm, "So, Mr. Clarkson enjoys playing the aggressor, huh?"

"Let go of Chris!"

Merritt dropped his bag of chips and grabbed Christine's arm, attempting to pull her away from Dailey.

But Dailey, despite being unwell, had his skills honed from a young age and Merritt couldn't free Christine. Seeing Christine wince, Merritt accused, "You're hurting her, look, her wrist is turning red."

The commotion had already drawn the attention of everyone in the room.

Merritt tried to pry Dailey's grip open but it was as if his hand was clamped down by a vise, unmoving.

"I'm sorry, Chris..." Merritt looked at her with puppy-dog eyes, filled with guilt, "I'm useless, I can't help you."

"I'm afraid to use too much force, I don't want to hurt you."

"I'll... I'll think of something else..."

From the onlookers, a young girl spoke up, "Dude, can't you see you're hurting her? Her eyes are red from pain. Just let her go."

Some agreed, "Exactly, just because you're strong doesn't give you the right to bully people."

"Not necessarily," another voiced a different opinion, "What if she moved on before breaking up with him? It's understandable he's upset."

"Don't talk nonsense, how do you know he's not just a suitor? It's normal for a beautiful woman like her to have admirers."

"Don't get dazzled by his looks; what's the use if he's violent? I support her choice not to pick him."

While the crowd was buzzing with discussions, Christine had no interest in being the center of attention.

She looked into Dailey's angry

feeling the force in his grip,

indicating his anger. Yet, pet

in in his eyes. Content

no emotion in his eyes. Content

What used to intrigue her now only annoyed her.

"Dailey, if you don't let go of me today, you're going to regret it."

Dailey couldn't stand those words, removing her hand from his mouth, "Let him go, I need to talk to you."

Christine scoffed, "Mr. Clarkson is

used to calling the shots, but I met neither your employee nor

contractor. Why should I listen to you?" Content

Dailey retorted, "Aren't you renting my shop? Doesn't that make you a contractor?"

With her free hand, Christine casually flipped her hair, a smirk on her face, "You can take your shop back. I'll have Jane look for another space." Content Would Gregory be okay with that?

He'd definitely cause a fuss.

Though they call each other brothers, everyone knows Jane matters more to Gregory.

Anyone who crosses Jane would see Gregory turn on them in an instant.

But Dailey didn't want to miss tonight's opportunity. Having her pinned down meant he had to clear the air.

Otherwise, he might not get another chance.

And she surely wouldn't give him one.

"I have something serious to discuss."

He softened his tone, glancing at Merritt, "I'll have the room cleared. Let him go."

Chapter 699

Christine was sharp as a tack, immediately catching on to Dailey's game.

This guy, all high and mighty on the surface, was actually testing her.

If she asked Merritt to leave, it would play right into his hands.

Clearing the field, letting Merritt go - it was all just a sideways confirmation that she hadn't truly moved on from him.

In her heart, he still held a place more significant than any new flame.

Christine's smile was tinged with irony. "I refuse, Mr. Clarkson. If you don't let go of me right now, I'll have my little brother call Jane."

"Imagine, a young man calling Jane at this hour. What do you think, Gregory would do?"

Silence fell.

Who knew Gregory's temperament better than Dailey?

And Christine was indeed someone who would follow through with such a threat.

Finally, his grip on her loosened and she swiftly moved away from him, arm in arm with Merritt.

Even the autumn chill that necessitated a trench coat over her slip dress couldn't hide her allure. The glimpse of her elegantly slender legs as they moved was a sight to behold.

As they approached the exit, Merritt couldn't resist throwing a taunting smile back at Dailey.

Dailey, however, felt it beneath him to spar with such a young lad.

Aside from his youth, Merritt had no other advantages.

After their first encounter, Dailey had someone dig into Merritt's background.

A broken family, a sick grandmother relying on him, a life buoyed by scholarships and offers of financial "sponsorship."

Entering the entertainment world was just a quick way to earn money for Merritt.

To Dailey, he was hardly worth noticing.

Christine was probably just using the situation to play games.

"Big sis, he's been following you. I'm worried. Let me walk you upstairs," Merritt offered.

Christine was well aware of Dailey's presence. She wasn't scared, just didn't want to deal with him in the middle of the night.

Even if Merritt didn't escort her, Dailey couldn't enter her home.

Yet, she didn't refuse Merritt's offer to accompany her.

Dailey followed at a leisurely pace, watching as Christine and Merritt reached the automatic doors. Merritt didn't stop.

Dailey hastened his steps, pulling Christine aside.

Merritt grabbed Christine's other hand, neither side willing to back down.

The air was thick with unspoken tension.

The night watchman, initially

intending to inform Christine about a man in a fancy car looking for her, ended up watching the drama unfold, munching on sunflower seeds. Content

Another suitor, it seemed.

Quite the lively night.

Beauty, it appeared, came with its own set of troubles.

"Let go."

Dailey's skill forced Merritt to release his grip.

Merritt's voice was filled with pitiful tone, "I'm sorry, Chris. I'm not strong enough. He's about to break my wrist. I can't help you. I'm useless." Content

Dailey's expression darkened.

Christine, attempting to pull away, found Dasley unyielding. In a burst of frustration, she bit down on his

wrist, drawing blood, yet het

go. Content

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Her temper flared. "Dailey, if you're sick, go see a doctor. Don't take it out on me!"

Dailey pulled her aside. "Did Clarence tell you this kid's no good? That playing around is one thing, but bringing him home is another?"

"Do you understand what could happen if you bring a man home? He might look weak, but against a man's strength, you're still at a disadvantage." "And then what?"

Christine cut him off with a cold voice, "I'm an adult, Mr. Clarkson. Do you think I don't know what happens when you bring someone home?" "Are you so out of touch that you see me as some naïve girl, fresh to the world and clueless?"

Chapter 700

Dailey's head was pounding, a sharp contrast to how he felt after chugging a bottle of water earlier, thinking it would help. Now, his blood pressure seemed to skyrocket with frustration, blurring his vision slightly.

He was about to say something when Christine yanked her hand away from his grip.

He reached for her again, only to grasp at thin air.

Then, suddenly, the world went dark, and he collapsed straight to the ground.

Instinctively, Christine reached out to catch him!

It wasn't because he was Dailey; she would've done the same for anyone collapsing in front of her.

"Quit playing, get up or I'm letting go. You'll face-plant right into the dirt, and don't you dare blame me for it!"

Christine threatened to release her hold, sensing Dailey was genuinely about to fall.

Gritting her teeth, she managed to support him, despite her strength being limited. She called out to Merritt, "Lend me a hand here."

Merritt was reluctant but took Dailey from Christine's arms, tempted for a moment to just drop him.

But he couldn't ruin his image in front of Christine.

"Chris, what's wrong with him?"

Christine touched Dailey's forehead.

Wow!

He was burning up.

How long has it been, and he's still running a fever?

And he hasn't been treated at a hospital yet? Does he want to end up with pneumonia or something worse? "Merritt, looks like we need to get him to the hospital."

Just as Merritt was about to agree, the Clarkson family's driver rushed over, "Ms. Jackson, let me take him."

Christine was more than happy to pass the hot potato, "Take him straight to the hospital."

The driver took Dailey, not having the time to ponder what had transpired between Dailey and Christine.

The immediate priority was to get him to the hospital before the Clarkson family caught wind of the situation, risking his job. "Thank you, Ms. Jackson."

Christine felt awkward accepting thanks but didn't dwell on it, simply responding in kind.

Once the driver had left, she turned to Merritt, "You should head back too. Let me know when you're home."

Merritt felt it was a shame. If he

could stayed the night, he

would only have been able to make a small dent in his pursuit of

Christine.

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But he wasn't in a rush; he planned to show Christine his best side, making her fall for him eventually.

"I'll wait till you're inside before I catch a cab."

Christine had never felt this way before.

Up until now, she'd been on her own, fighting to crawl out of the darkness.

But emerging only to find herself still enveloped in it, she had considered giving up, thinking death might be easier than enduring such torment.

UMS

Perhaps in her next life, she'd be born into a happy family.

It was

livine Who had pulled her from

the

guiding her back to

gher the courage

Over the years, whenever Christine looked back, Jane was there.

But Jane had her own life to live now, and Christine couldn't keep her in the shadows forever.

Today, Merritt seemed to have stepped into Jane's shoes, ensuring Christine's path was always safe and illuminated.

She would never have to walk alone in the dark again.

Yet, she wasn't fooled by appearances.

She knew there could be others like Merritt out there.

Their relationship began on a casual note, and Christine understood she might never fall for Merritt because...

At that thought, she chuckled self-deprecatingly.

Such is human nature.

Always desiring the one who shows no interest, enduring endless pain for an unreciprocated love.

How absurd.

Still, Christine waved goodbye to Merritt.

She hurried home and texted him.

"Head back, it's getting cold out."

"Let me know when you're home."

Merritt replied with a cute emoji, then hailed a cab.

Upon reaching home, he didn't even bother changing his shoes before rushing to message Christine.

"Chris, I'm home. Please go to sleep, goodnight."