

Lost Me Gained Regret

Chapter 701

Christine texted back instantly: "Goodnight."

Merritt leaned against the foyer wall, grinning like a three-year-old who'd just snagged a handful of candy.

...

When Dailey woke up in the hospital, he was still groggy.

Seeing the driver by his bed, he frowned, "Why are you here?"

Wasn't it supposed to be Christine?

The driver poured him some water, "I was worried about you."

Dailey was indeed thirsty. After taking a sip, his mind slowly started to kick into gear.

"You brought me to the hospital?"

The driver nodded.

Dailey scowled, "What exactly did you see?"

The driver gave it to him straight: "I saw you talking to Ms. Jackson, then suddenly you passed out. Ms. Jackson couldn't hold you up, but luckily her boyfriend was there to lend a hand. I rushed over and brought you here."

Hearing the word "boyfriend" made Dailey's brows furrow even deeper.

"She said that herself?"

"What?"

The driver was momentarily confused.

Dailey pressed on, "Did you see them go home together?"

The driver shook his head, "I was too worried about getting you..."

He stopped mid-sentence upon seeing Dailey suddenly trying to remove his IV.

The driver, startled, quickly stood up to intervene, "Sir, pardon my frankness, but you're already admitted. This fever isn't going down; you could end up delirious. If that happens, Ms. Jackson will definitely not choose you!"

...

Dailey sent him an icy glare.

The driver shivered but didn't let go of his hand.

Being a driver for their family required a security clearance, reviewed annually to ensure reliability.

Having been with Dailey for many years without issue, it was clear he truly cared.

However, his blunt words were harsh to hear.

As if Dailey wasn't good enough?

But thinking back to how he'd acted, Dailey could see why Christine was so angry with him.

He genuinely wanted to apologize to her.

She just wasn't giving him a chance.

He'd never had to humble himself like this before, nor been in such a sorry state.

"Let go, I'm staying hospitalized."

The driver was skeptical, "For real?"

Dailey looked at him coolly, silent.

The driver withdrew his hand, staying by his side, "I haven't informed your parents yet, but if you continue to neglect your health, I'll have to report everything as it is."

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Dailey, pressing on his swollen temples, grunted in acknowledgment, which seemed to reassure the driver.

Dailey then said, "Find out where Merritt is."

The driver promptly went to work, and his contacts quickly reported back.

Relaying the information, the driver said, "He's in his own apartment. Don't worry; he's not at Ms. Jackson's place."

Dailey's mood slightly improved

upon hearing this, and he instructed,

"Go bring her here tomorrow. Tell

her she nearly drove me to my death, and she needs to take responsibility."

Content

The driver thought to himself, Can you really win someone over like this, sir?

But he went to carry out the orders anyway.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out.

Christine didn't make things difficult for the driver; instead, she called Jane directly.

After a good night's rest, Dailey woke up feeling much refreshed and eagerly awaited Christine. However, to his dismay, Gregory showed up.

"Why are you here?"

"You think I wanted to come?"

Gregory pulled up a chair and sat

down, "You've really outdone

yourself, huh? Coming up with a

lousy excuse like being 'driven to death to get her to take

responsibility." Content

Dailey immediately understood.

Christine didn't want to come, complained to Jane, and Jane sent Gregory instead.

"Weren't you supposed to help me?"

Gregory casually crossed his legs, expressionless, "My wife said no."

Dailey felt a headache coming on again, "I'm begging you here."

Gregory just hummed in response, "I said I'd help you, but my wife said no."

Dailey clenched his teeth, "Are you playing dirty?"

Gregory countered, "Aren't you?"

Indeed, Dailey realized his approach was somewhat underhanded.

Chapter 702

But he was out of options.

Approaching Christine directly was a lost cause; she wouldn't even give him the time of day.

He needed an opportunity to sit down and really talk things through.

Clearing his throat, he asked, "So, got any bright ideas?"

"Get over this damn cold first."

Gregory stood up, adjusting his cuffs as he spoke: "You'll still have to help with my wedding, you know."

Dailey opened his mouth to refuse but then thought better of it.

"You're something else, always plotting."

Gregory shot him a look and strode off.

After days of endless searching, Christine finally found a venue that was perfect for a classic-style wedding, sealing the deal after lengthy negotiations.

"Chris, have some water."

Merritt had been by her side these past few days, his show having just wrapped up and now waiting on news from other production teams.

Christine took the warm water he offered, "Where'd you get this?"

"Sweet-talked the lady at the front desk, she helped me out."

She drank half the cup, feeling a warmth spread through her.

Merritt had a way of taking care of people. Their time together had been smooth sailing in every aspect.

Sometimes she caught herself thinking, maybe she should give it a shot with him.

If it didn't work out, they could always go their separate ways.

But she quickly dismissed the thought.

Such a good guy, she couldn't bear to break his heart.

As long as they didn't cross that line, parting ways would be much simpler.

"Hungry? I'm in a good mood today, my treat, no budget limit."

Merritt's puppy-dog eyes lit up, his smile radiant, "You work hard for your money, Chris. Besides, I'm not picky. Whatever you feel like eating, I'm in."
"Then I've got just the place."

...

Dailey checked into the hospital, waiting for his recovery and also for Gregory and Jane's wedding.

But he couldn't completely ignore what was happening with Christine.

His people reported back on her movements, always mentioning Merritt's presence.

Today, the two had even dined at Vista Town's most iconic Western restaurant.

A hotspot for the town's wealthy youth chasing romance.

You'd need a reservation to dine there; hoping for a table on the day itself was a pipe dream.

But Gregory had connections.

Christine reached out to Jane, who was more than happy to help.

By now, the duo was already seated by a window.

Dailey nearly smashed his tablet upon seeing the photos.

A voice stopped him.

"Dai!"

Nelly rushed in, circling Dailey, inspecting him thoroughly.

"How are you back in the hospital? Weren't you fine after the last treatment?"

"It's partly my fault."

Her voice softened, almost pleading, "I should've insisted on taking care of you, not left you alone."

Before Dailey could respond, she continued, "Dai, don't send me away this time. I worry sick when I can't see you. Alone at home, I can't eat or sleep. Please, let me stay and take care of you, will you?" Content

His mom adored Nelly. If it hadn't been for his grandfather...

Dailey craved some peace of mind. Given Nelly's persistence, she'd likely spill the beans to his mom.

And that would be the end of any quiet days ahead.

"Alright, thanks for the help."

"You're being formal with me? We grew up together, practically family. It's other." Content

os y right to look out for each

Dailey hardly absorbed a word she said, his mind stuck on that photo infuriated. Tossing the tablet to his aide he lay back on the hospital bed, fuming. Content

Yet, he couldn't help but send Gregory a message in his frustration.

【Can you just get your wedding over with already?】