

100 Days 291

Chapter 291 The Man Behind Veronica

Day Thirty-Three...

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[At Syphiruz Mafia's Medical Facility...]

Veronica created a mess in her office as early this morning. She had never imagined that coming to Stephen's place last night would ruin her mood. This happened because of Abigail's warning.

At that moment, she had the urge to slap and pull Abigail's hair. But Abigail was stronger than her. Nathan wouldn't want her to create another scene. After her conversation with Abigail, Veronica marched out of the house and headed to a club.

She stayed in the club, drinking while venting out her anger and frustration. When she got drunk, she contacted her most loyal servant, bringing her back to the Medical Facility. She ended up falling asleep inside her office.

The moment she woke up, she threw all her things on the floor as she reminisced how Abigail dominated her last night. She felt humiliated as she wasn't able to fight back. And the thing that made her explode further was the last words she heard from Abigail.

["Nathan and I already kissed several times... He is a great kisser. So I made up my mind... Nathan will be mine. Not Yours!"]

["I have seen him naked... and I already touched him... his most precious thing..."]

Those words made her enraged. Abigail succeeded in provoking her. With her rage, she couldn't afford to stay there, otherwise, she would make another scene. As much as possible, she didn't want to anger or disappoint Nathan. In the end, she chose to leave the house without saying goodbye to Nathan and others.

Veronica went to her bathroom to wash and cool her head down. She also had a hangover and her head was throbbing. Veronica gasped as soon as she saw her face in the mirror. Part of her cheek was swollen. She got some bruises. Her eyes set ablaze as she recalled that her face hit the wall when Abigail pushed her.

"Fuck that Bitch!" Veronica had lost count of how many times she cursed Abigail since last night.

Leaving with no choice, Veronica picked up her phone and called someone. It was the same guy whom she contacted to hire a man who would deal with Abigail in Country F.

"This unreliable and useless guy! He told me that I wouldn't be implicated even if the culprit would be caught. But how come Abigail knew that I am the real mastermind?" Veronica lamented as she waited for the man to answer her call.

After a few rings, the call finally got connected.

"Marco! Where the hell are you?!" Veronica didn't let the man greet her first. She immediately asked about his whereabouts.

"I'm at home. Why? Do you miss me, My Lady?" Marco ignored Veronica's grumpy mood. He even teased her over the phone. He was already used to her rude attitude. For him, she looked hotter and sexier when angry.

"Shut up! I'm not in the mood for some jokes. Just tell me where are you? You have so many houses!" Veronica complained.

"You know where to find me, Babe. In our secret love nest... Come here and you can find me. I will be waiting for you," Marco spoke sensually on the other line, pissing Veronica off further.

"Damn you!" Veronica cursed under her breath and hang up.

Without further ado, she took a quick shower and changed her clothes. Before leaving the facility, Veronica drank medicine for her hangover and headed to where Marco was staying. It was a Condo Unit near the SYP Twilight Corporation Main Building.

When she reached his place, she rang the doorbell several times. After a few seconds, a half-naked man opened the door for her. It looked like he had just come out of the bathroom.

"So impatient as always my dear," Marco said, extending his hand to caress her face. But Veronica hit his hand even before he could touch her.

"Move away!" Veronica ordered him.

Marco just let out a husky laugh before stepping to the side, inviting her in.

Bam!

Slap!

As soon as the door was closed behind them, a smacking sound was heard as Veronica slapped Marco in the face. Marco stood frozen in his spot. He faced Veronica with a questioning look on his face. He rubbed the cheek that was slapped by his beautiful guest.

"Explain to me... why do I deserve that slap?" Marco frowned and pursed his lips, trying to be patient with her. He wanted to give her a chance to explain and justify her action. He was a gentleman after all. Well, only a gentleman in front of this woman.

"You lied to me! You told me that no one would know that I was involved in the incident at Country F! How come that crazy bitch found out that I was the real mastermind?!"

Marco was taken aback for a moment. Even Nathan didn't find out about it. How would a mere actress learn the truth?

"Are you sure about it?" he asked her in puzzlement.

"Yes! She knew it! She confronted me... but she made a deal with me. She told me that she would keep her silence." Veronica kept pacing back and forth across his room. She was still anxious.

"Calm down. She might be bluffing. I think that woman is playing a mind game with you," Marco said, trying to comfort Veronica. He could tell that she was nervous.

"How can I calm down?! I think she knew something about me and Monica! She told me that my sister shared so many secrets with her! Do you think... she knows what we've done to Monica?!"

Marco closed their gaps and held her shoulders thus stopping her from walking back and forth.

"Look at me, Veronica! You have to pull yourself together! If she knew something then she should have told Nathan about it! Besides, Nathan was still focused on Phantomflake. Just remember... everyone knows that it was Phantomflake who killed Monica. We had nothing to do with that. Keep that in your mind and just relax."

When she heard those words, Veronica pounced on him, wrapping her arms around Marco's body. "I want you to do something for me, Marco. Kill that woman. Kill that bitch for me."

A gleam flashed through his eyes when he heard that. He could feel her desperation. This was the second time Veronica asked him to do something personally.

"Nica... You know that I'm already a retired assassin. I don't kill people anymore," Marco mumbled.

"I can pay you... just name the price!" Veronica insisted on it.

"But I don't need your money... What I want is... YOU... just like how you paid me after giving me a special mission." Marco whispered, nudging his nose on the nook of her neck, smelling her scent.

Veronica closed her eyes and bobbed her head. "Fine! Let's do it. Just promise me that you will eliminate that woman, getting her out of my life!"

Getting her approval, Marco smirked triumphantly, his eyes burning with lust. Marco immediately pushed her into the closed door then they kissed. He captured her lips in a savage manner as if he had missed her for so long.

Marco started wrenching at the top buttons of Veronica's shirt to get into her bra... to her breast. Veronica moaned in between their kisses as Marco continued to touch and fondle her breast and bottom.

He grabbed on her right breast and pulled it out of her bra. Veronica didn't mind it at all. She just imagined that Nathan was the one doing this to her. Meanwhile, Marco, who was dying to touch and have sex with her once more, began to kiss and bite her breast quite savagely.

Veronica's back was leaning against the wall and Marco was trapping her. He became more forceful, pulling her clothes off. He tugged at her skirt until it rode over her butt and up around her waist. He quickly ripped her underwear as he continued biting her nipple, sucking it hard.

"Ahh... Ooh," Veronica moaned loudly when Marco put his two fingers inside her... his middle and index fingers thrusting in and out of her.

Not able to control his eagerness and desire, Marco lifted her up against the door, letting his towel fall into the floor. Then he shoved his cock inside her and kept going. He pounded on her over and over again, thrusting deeper... faster, and harder.

"Aaah... Oh Yeahh! Harder... go harder... Nate."

Marco stopped the moment he heard Nathan's name.

Chapter 292 ****Hot****

Day Thirty-Three...

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[At Marco's Condo Unit...]

Marco's hard cock was still inside her. He stopped moving at the mention of Nathan's name. Veronica's body stiffened when she realized her mistake.

She was lost in pleasure. She didn't have control over her tongue. And she mistakenly mentioned Nathan's name. She glanced at him anxiously.

Then she saw his grim expression, staring at her with his penetrating gaze. His lips were pressed together in a thin line, a clear indication that he wasn't happy with what he heard coming from her mouth.

'Damn it! I am the one fucking her but she is thinking about another man!' Marco gnashed his teeth in a raging fury. He hated the way Veronica moaned Nathan's name as she urged him to fuck her harder.

Her words were like a hard slap on his face. It completely ruined the mood. He felt like his arousal was slowly disappearing. The flame of desire suddenly got extinguished.

"Go and fuck your Nathan, Nica!" Marco uttered through his gritted teeth.

Marco was about to pull his cock out of her pussy and bring her down when suddenly Veronica moved her hips forward, taking him deep inside her. She wrapped her legs around his hips and anchored her arms around his neck.

Marco let out a surprised groan when Veronica continued to rock her hips, thrusting back and forth. She initiated the move. She was so aroused right now. It had been so long since the last time she had sex. Having Marco's cock penetrate her felt so good.

She had to bring him back to the right mood. Not letting go of Marco, Veronica crushed her lips against his mouth, kissing him hungrily. Marco pushed her hard against the door further, his body pressing hers.

Because of Veronica's action, Marco's burning desire was awakened once more. Her bold move brought him back to the mood.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The sound of her back hitting the closed door whenever he would thrust forward echoed in the house.

Veronica broke the kiss as she gasped for air. Marco just continued pumping into her, rocking her body so hard. His hard cock was penetrating her deeply... faster and harder.

"Call my name... My Name, Nica... my name." Marco urged her as he bit her earlobe.

"Moan my name... if you don't want me to stop!" Marco added, pinching her nipple so hard.

"Aahh!!" Veronica moaned in both pain and pleasure.

Marco's cock was penetrating her deeper. The pleasure was overwhelming.

"Marco...Ooh! Ooh! Aah! Marco~" she obeyed her. Her breathing was ragged. "Ha~ Ha~ Ha~"

"Whose cock is inside you right now, Nica?" He asked her sensually while biting her neck.

"Y-You... Aah~"

"Who is fucking you, right now, Nica?! Scream my name!" Marco pulled out and thrust deeper as if he was drilling her inside.

"Y-You! Marco~ Aah! Aaah~"

Marco kept pistoning her with his hardened rod. He could feel her walls clenching and squeezing his cock. Her inside was warm and wet. Veronica was as horny as him.

"Yes, Nica! It's me! My big cock is the one fucking you...pleasing you. Not Nathan. Don't be mistaken. I will let you remember every thrust... and penetration I will do inside you."

"I will fuck you hard until you scream my name in ecstasy... over and over again!"

"Aah~ Aah~ Aah~" Veronica could only moan non-stop. His words could no longer register in her mind. Her senses were so focused on the union of their bodies– the in and out of his cock entering her pussy.

After a while, Marco pulled his cock out and put her down only to change her position. Marco made her face the door, bending her body forward.

Without saying a word, he grabbed her waist and positioned himself back to her entrance. In that position, Marco penetrated her from behind, shoving his manhood inside her pussy in one swift move.

"Aaah!" Veronica pressed her two palms against the door, trying to find support.

"Ooh, Yeah! It feels so damn good... You are still so tight!" Marco groaned in overwhelming sensation. He loved fucking this fierce and arrogant woman.

She might have acted like the Lady Boss between them, but in bed, he was the real boss, making her surrender. Her body couldn't resist this temptation. He knew deep inside, Veronica was enjoying this intimate moment with him.

Marco was so proud of himself for being the first guy who took her purity. She gave her virginity to him in exchange for something... his service as an assassin.

Thinking about the past, Marco couldn't help but feel more aroused. He thought Veronica would never let him touch her again. But here she was... back to his arms.

'I have to thank Abigail Scarlett for that. Because of her, Veronica became desperate to seek my help.'

Marco reached out to her front, grabbing her breasts. He squeezed and fondled her round breasts as he continued penetrating her from behind. He thrust in and out, pumping in and out of her.

Veronica felt like he was breaking her inside. She felt sore but at the same time, she felt a wonderful sensation. She arched her back and threw her head as she savored the moment.

Her orgasm was building up. She knew she was close to cumming. Her legs were becoming weak and she struggled to stay on foot. Fortunately, Marco was holding her body so tight for support.

Pumping so hard, Marco just continued penetrating her until Veronica's body convulsed. Before she knew it, Veronica finally reached her climax!

But Marco didn't stop thrusting in and out of her. He continued sliding his cock deeper, faster and harder. He was also catching his speed as he was close to his climax as well.

"Aaa~ Marco~ S-Slow down...Aah Aah!" Veronica's plea fell on deaf ears. He couldn't slow down but he increased his pace.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The sound of his pelvis hitting her butt as he went all the way inside her, rocking and pumping her body, reverberated inside the house. Her moans resounded along with his groans.

"Nica! I'm cumming.... Aaah~"

"Pull it out... not inside—"

Squirt!

Veronica: "..."

Chapter 293 A Truce

Day Thirty-Three...

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[At Syphiruz Mafia's Medical Facility...]

~ 7:15 am ~

Axel was still sound asleep when Chantha dropped by to visit him. She had been worried about him for the past three days. He only regained consciousness two days after his surgery. Spider worked as Nathan's assistant in Axel's absence.

Axel needed complete rest so Nathan gave him one month to recover. He felt somehow guilty for coming late. He failed to protect his men and they got injured. With that, Nathan wanted everyone to focus on their recovery as compensation for their bravery and loyalty to him and to the organization. He also gave them a high bonus for their job well done.

But Chantha didn't care about the bonus at all. She cared about Axel more than anything else. She was shaken when she saw Axel getting shot in front of her. Though they argued often, Chantha would never wish for Axel to get hurt.

She felt grateful to him as he protected her. But part of her was so afraid... afraid that Axel would die. She couldn't get over it. The scene kept replaying in her mind through flashbacks. She had sleepless nights. She hadn't talked to Axel yet. But she always stayed at night, watching over him.

But yesterday, Violet urged her to go home and rest. So she hadn't seen Axel waking up. After receiving a message from Violet this morning, Chantha immediately drove and rushed to the medical facility to see Axel.

Chantha slowly traced her steps toward Axel's sick bed. She made sure not to create loud noise so she wouldn't disturb his sleep. Her eyes became teary as soon as Axel's sleeping face came into her view.

"He sleeps like a baby," Chantha softly mumbled, holding her giggle. She felt relieved knowing that Axel's condition was now stable. She rubbed her eyes, clearing her vision.

"Sigh. You scared me to death, Axel..." Chantha spoke in a low voice. She grabbed the chair and quietly sat down. She was facing Axel and contemplated whether she would touch him or not.

After staring at him for several seconds, she just found herself moving her hand closer to his face. She caressed his face. She didn't want to touch his cheeks for so long because she was afraid Axel would wake up.

But to her surprise, a strong hand caught her wrist when she was about to retract her hand away from his face. She gasped when she met Axel's eyes. He was now wide awake.

"I-I'm sorry... I didn't mean to wake you up..." Chantha apologized, looking away. She was embarrassed since Axel caught her in the act.

Axel just stared at her for a long moment, not saying a word. It seemed like Axel was still absorbing this sight in his brain. Meanwhile, Chantha felt a little bit uncomfortable. She could sense his penetrating gaze directed at her.

"You look like a panda. Did you cry? Didn't get enough sleep? Your eye bags are swollen and dark circles appear under your eyes." Axel slowly sat up but he didn't let go of her wrist. He thought Chantha would flee once he released her hand. He wanted her to stay.

Last night, he felt disappointed not seeing her. He thought Chantha didn't even care that he got shot and almost die for her. But Violet explained to him that she told her twin sister to go home and rest since she had been watching over him for the past two days without enough sleep.

Chantha just pouted her lips and raised her head to meet his gaze. She squinted her eyes at him and said, "What? Are you happy now that I look ugly and miserable? I rushed here as soon as I heard that you regained consciousness. I didn't even get the chance to put on my makeup because I was dying to see you."

Chantha raised her other fist, punching his chest. She got carried away that she forgot that the person she was hitting was a patient. She just felt annoyed since she thought Axel was teasing her once again.

"You shouldn't have done that! Why put yourself in danger because of me?! You should have let the bullets hit me. I'm your mortal enemy, right? You hate me, right? You are annoyed by me, right? Then why? Why did you do that? To make me feel guilty?" Chantha began to nag at him, still punching his chest.

Axel could only sigh helplessly, watching Chantha. It did not take long before he caught her other hand. Then he pulled her, making Chantha fall forward and she landed on his body. Before she could complain, Axel immediately wrapped his arms around her body, hugging her.

Chantha stopped ranting. She was stunned for a moment, blinking her eyes in astonishment. She didn't expect Axel to embrace her. But she loved to feel his warmth so she didn't struggle.

Axel began tapping her back and spoke once again, "I'm alright now. No need to feel guilty or feel sorry for me. Don't blame yourself. I made that decision." Axel ended up comforting her because he knew her well.

When Chantha heard those comforting words from Axel, she began to burst out. The tears she was holding in suddenly fell from the corners of her eyes. She started to cry... sobbing in his arms.

"Y-You... I hate you so much! I hate you for making me worry too much..." She sniffled.

Axel just smiled inwardly while looking at the woman in his arms tenderly. He continued stroking her back and her hair.

"Hmm... Yes, I hate you too. You are right. You are my mortal enemy so I am the only one who has the right to hurt you. Not others." After saying that, Axel erupted into peals of laughter. Then he ended up groaning. His wound ached when he laughed. He just endured it a while ago because Chantha was the one punching him.

"Hey, are you alright?" Chantha asked him worriedly. She was about to struggle from his embrace but Axel pulled her closer, tightening his grip around her body.

"Don't move... I feel cold. Just let me feel your warmth for a few minutes," Axel requested.

"Fine. I'll only do this once... since we are on a truce."

Chapter 294 Anticipated Kiss

Day Thirty-Three...

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[At Stephen's Place...]

~ 7:35 am ~

Abigail woke up feeling refreshed. She just got her sweetest revenge against Veronica last night. Her lips tugged upward in a triumphant smile as she recalled Veronica's dark expression when she left Stephen's place.

"Good morning, Sunshine!" Cherry greeted her as she delivered her breakfast in bed.

"Oh, thank you for this, Sweetie," Abigail responded cheerfully.

Both women burst into laughter. "You are in a good mood. What is the reason for this? Or should I say... who is the reason?" Cherry eyed Abigail teasingly. She put the tray of food on the bedside table.

"I just feel good since I can remove my arm sling now. I'm recovering pretty fast and I can do more things."

Cherry interpreted her words as she was excited to go back to filming. "Take it easy, Abi. You just experienced a life-and-death situation. Now, you get involved with my business. You take care of me as a big sis does."

Abigail just shook her head. "It's nothing. Phantomflake... wants me to do this."

At the mention of Phantomflake's name, Cherry's expression changed. There was a gleam of sadness in her eyes.

"Hey, what's wrong? You seem to be down in the dumps. Did Nathan bully you again because of Phantomflake?" Abigail grabbed Cherry's shoulder, making her glance at her face.

Meanwhile, Cherry took a deep breath. She could only share this with Abigail. She was glad that she could talk to her about Phantomflake.

"Abi... did my sis mention anything to you related to her stay in Country Z?"

Abigail gazed at her in confusion. She didn't know why Cherry was asking her this. She tried to recall that moment but failed to remember a significant memory that happened in Country Z.

"Why? All I could remember is that... she went there for her treatment. Physical therapy." Abigail nonchalantly responded.

Cherry bobbed her head. "Yeah. That's what I know as well. But Dr. Zhou has another version of the story. I think... my sis hid something from us."

Abigail became more confused when she heard that. 'Secret? What kind of secret? Eh?'

"What are you talking about, Cherry? Are you referring to Stephen? Or his father?" Abigail asked her inquisitively.

"Of course, it's Stephen! I heard from him that he met my sis in Country Z and he was her doctor." Cherry didn't hesitate to share this information with Abigail because she trusted her.

Abigail: "..."

Abigail was at a loss for words because she couldn't remember meeting Stephen in Country Z.

"According to him... My sis suffered psychological trauma. I think... her anxiety and depression started when she failed her mission. I think... her target at that time was the leader of King Stallion Mafia."

For some unknown reason, Abigail felt a sudden throb in her head. King Stallion rang a bell.

'Argh~' Abigail whimpered at the painful sensation in her head. A fragment of memory flashed in her mind.

"Abi, are you okay?!" Cherry moved closer to her, holding her shoulders. Abigail tugged her hair using her left hand and her face wrinkled with the pain.

Seeing her in this state, Cherry immediately called Stephen for help. She came out of Abigail's room in a hurry.

"Stephen!!! Doc! Please help!"

Stephen and Nathan were talking on the balcony when they heard Cherry. Both of them stood up, giving Cherry a questioning gaze.

"What happened?" Stephen asked her.

"Abigail is in pain," Cherry mumbled in between her pants.

Nathan's eyes widened when he heard that. Without waiting for Stephen and Cherry, Nathan sprinted inside the house, rushing to Abigail's room. Nathan only took him a few seconds before he reached her bedroom.

Bam!

The door almost flew when Nathan pushed it hard. Then Abigail's wincing in pain came into his view. Her body was trembling and her hand was tugging her hair. Clenching her jaw, her eyes were closed tightly.

"Abi!" Nathan called her name. With large strides, Nathan closed their gaps. He climbed her bed and grabbed her shoulders.

"Abi. Can you hear me? It's me, Nathan. Where are you hurting?" Nathan asked her worriedly.

Hearing his voice, Abigail opened her eyes. Nathan saw fear in those emerald eyes as she looked at him. "What's wrong?" Nathan's voice softened when he talked to her.

Abigail didn't say a word. Her panic-stricken face calmed down a little bit when she saw Nathan's face. Then she just found herself pouncing on Nathan as she threw her body onto him. Nathan's body stiffened for a moment at the feel of Abigail's soft body. She was hugging him tightly.

They were in this current position when Stephen and Cherry entered the room. The two were surprised to see Abigail and Nathan embracing each other. They didn't make a noise. They just watched the two at the back.

"What happened to her?" Stephen asked Cherry in a low voice.

Cherry just shook her head. "I don't know. We were just talking about my sis when her head suddenly ached."

Stephen observed Abigail from the distance. He could only speculate two things. First, Abigail must not be feeling well. Second, Abigail had some panic attacks. The latter was based on his observation. Abigail's body was trembling and she looked scared about something so she held onto Nathan tightly.

"What were you talking about with her?" Stephen asked once more.

"We were just talking about my sis and what happened to her in Country Z." Cherry simply said. She couldn't tell Stephen that they were talking about Phantomflake's mission.

"Okay. I will just get some medicine. Go and get some water. Let's allow Nathan to calm her down." Stephen left the room, followed by Cherry. It felt so awkward to stay there and continued watching the two so they decided to leave.

Little did they know, Abigail was triggered at the mention of King Stallion Mafia. Her head throbbed then a sudden flashback popped up in her head. It was distorted memory that she couldn't understand. But her heart raised and she somehow felt scared of something unknown.

Several seconds had passed and Abigail finally loosened her grip on Nathan's body. But she was still clinging onto him. Her face was buried in his chest. She was trying to catch her breath and the pain was now slowly dissipating. It looked like Nathan's presence helped her to calm down.

Surprised at his own action, Nathan just let her hug him. Then he gently patted her back, comforting her. At first, he thought Abigail was just faking it. But the look in her eyes would never lie. She was scared a while ago.

'What made her scared?' Nathan mused to himself as he gazed down at her. It was seldom for him to see her in this vulnerable state.

When Abigail's breathing became even, Nathan decided to break the silence. He cleared his throat first before he spoke up. "Is your head still hurting?"

Abigail shook her head and looked up. The two of them froze when they realized that their faces were just a few centimeters away from each other. They were so close, almost kissing. A blush subconsciously overtook her cheeks. She could feel her face burning.

'Damn! Nate, your gorgeous face is so close...' Abigail bit her lower lip but she didn't break their eye-to-eye contact.

Nathan didn't know why but he couldn't look away as well. Abigail was like a magnet, drawing him near. It did not take long before Nathan started to lower his head, inching closer and closer to her. Abigail held her breath, anticipating a kiss.

Just when their lips were about to touch, Cherry entered the room and dropped the glass of water.

CRASH!

The breaking sound of glass echoed in the room thus diverting Nathan's attention. Both Abigail and Nathan turned in her direction and saw Cherry looking so guilty. She bit her lower lip and apologized to both of them.

She even covered her eyes and turned around. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. Go on. Don't mind me. Just kiss!"

Abigail: "... " (*Her cheeks reddened further*)

Nathan: (*Shooting Cherry aka Black Rose a cold sharp glare*)

It did not take long before Stephen entered the room, joining them. He sensed the awkward atmosphere inside the room. "What's happening here?" Stephen asked, shifting his gaze from Cherry to Nathan and Abigail.

Abigail gently pushed Nathan away, creating a distance between them. She feigned innocence as if nothing happened. Well, literally, nothing happened because the anticipated kiss was interrupted. Thanks to her friend, Black Rose!

"I saw nothing!" Cherry blurted out in response to Stephen's query. Her statement made Stephen more confused. He glanced at Nathan, giving him a questioning gaze.

Nathan just got off the bed. "Clean the broken glass before someone gets hurt." Nathan traced his steps toward the door, walking past Cherry and Stephen.

Bam!

Nathan closed the door forcefully behind him, cursing and scolding himself.

Stephen and Cherry exchanged glances with one another. Stephen shrugged his shoulders while Cherry smiled at him sheepishly.

After a while, Stephen focused his attention back on Abigail. "How do you feel?" He sat on the edge of her bed and extended his hand to touch her forehead.

"I'm fine now..." Abigail meekly said, not meeting his gaze.

Cherry just smiled inwardly as she watched Abigail teasingly. 'Ahuh! Those two are a thing. Hmm. They were about to kiss.'

"You have a fever. You are burning," Stephen declared.

"Cough! Cough!" Abigail choked on her saliva. She felt more embarrassed. She wasn't hot because of a fever. She was hot because of Nathan.

Chapter 295 More Drama To Come

Day Thirty-Three...

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After leaving Abigail's room, Nathan bumped into Ethan in the hallway.

"Dad! Watch your steps." Ethan complained when Nathan accidentally hit him. He rubbed his eyes, yawning. He had just woken up. The young boy was still in his pajamas.

"I'm sorry," Nathan apologized, ruffling Ethan's head. He looked a little bit absentminded.

Ethan's eyebrows were drawn together as he watched his father's strange expression. "Why are you in a hurry? Where are you going?"

"Kitchen," Nathan shortly responded. "Come. I will make you some hot choco."

Nathan grabbed his son's hand, pulling him to the kitchen. He just wanted to flee. He almost kissed Abigail and someone caught him in the act. He didn't know what had gotten into him. He just felt like kissing her a while ago.

"What absurd thinking, Nate! Are you insane? Why did you do that to Abi?" He scolded himself over and over again.

Ethan just followed his dad obediently. He heard him murmuring but he couldn't understand what he was saying. 'Dad is talking to himself. Whoa. This is the first time I saw him acting like this. Is he sick?' Ethan was amused by his father's strange behavior early this morning.

Then his lips curled up into a wide grin. 'Maybe love sickness! Haha... If I heard it right... I think he mentioned Miss Abi's name.'

Upon reaching the kitchen, Nathan carried Ethan, putting him on the chair. The young boy rested his elbows on the top of the bed, cupping his chin in his hands. He watched his father move across the kitchen as he prepared hot choco for him.

A minute later, Nathan was done. He approached Ethan and put down the cup of hot choco in front of his son. "Here..."

"Thanks, Dad," Ethan mumbled, grabbing the cup. He blew it three times before taking a sip.

Spit!

Splash!

Ethan spat the hot choco when he noticed the weird taste. It was salty!

"Dad! Are you pranking me?! Why did you put salt into my choco?!" Ethan scolded his father exasperatedly.

Nathan was not in his mind a while ago. He added iodized salt instead of powdered milk.

"I'm sorry, son. It's my bad." Nathan was too embarrassed to face his own son.

Ethan clicked his tongue and watched Nathan helplessly. He jumped off his chair and guided Nathan to his chair. "Dad, sit down. Let me make my own drink. Do you want coffee?"

Nathan rubbed his temples and nodded his head. Maybe he just needed a coffee to wake up from his daydreaming. He also needed to clear his mind. He was still wondering why he attempted to kiss Abigail this morning. Maybe he was just carried away by her emotions. He saw fear in her eyes and he wanted to comfort her.

"Dad, is everything fine?" Ethan took a peek at him while he was making coffee for his father.

"Yeah. I guess... I'm just tired."

"Have you seen, Miss Abi, Dad? I will make coffee for her too." Ethan's face brightened up at the thought of Abigail.

Meanwhile, Nathan tossed a look at his son and saw the bright smile playing across his small lips. 'Sigh. My son is really fond of Abi. Why do I feel like I am being influenced by my son?' Nathan took another deep breath.

After a few minutes, Ethan was done making the two coffees. He brought two cups of coffee to his dad.

"Here we go, Dad! Here is your coffee and the other one is for Miss Abi." Ethan handed the two cups of coffee to his dad with a cheerful smile on his adorable face.

Nathan eyed him in disbelief. "Why are you giving me her coffee? Aren't you going to give this to her?"

"Dad. You are thinking of Miss Abi, don't you? So I am giving you this coffee so that you will have a reason to see her. Go now and leave. I still have to make my own hot choco." Little Ethan was dismissing his father, urging him to leave the kitchen and just go to Abigail's room.

Nathan blinked his eyes in puzzlement. How come his son was good at reading his mind? How did he know that he was thinking of her?

Seeing the flustered look in his father's eyes, Ethan burst into a wave of laughter. His giggles bubbled up in the entire kitchen. "Stop staring at me like that, Dad. I'm not a mind reader. It's just that... I heard you mentioning Miss Abi's name. Now... Just go and see her!"

'But I just came out of her room...' Nathan wanted to say but just kept his silence.

In the end, Little Ethan won. Nathan was 'forced' to deliver the coffee to Abigail's room. But deep inside, he really wanted to see her again and found out her reaction after that interrupted kiss.

Enjoying his victory, Little Ethan made his own hot choco drink. Then he decided to follow his dad. As he passed through the hallway, Ethan noticed that the two robots were still there, guiding the room.

"I don't think that room is an empty room. Something important might be hidden there." Ethan mumbled. He glanced from left to right and saw no one. Then a mischievous smile flashed on his charming face. The young boy was up to something.

Ethan decided to approach and test the two robots. "Good morning, A1 and A2! May I come in?"

The two robots gazed down as they heard Ethan's voice. They scanned Ethan's face for two seconds and were able to identify his identity. Information about Ethan was flashed in their internal memories. The boy was harmless and he was not an enemy so the two robots didn't stop him from entering the room.

Little Ethan was full of curiosity. Holding the cup of hot choco, Ethan stepped inside the room to explore. From the entrance door, Ethan could already see the person lying on the bed, several tubes were connected to her including the oxygen mask. The beeping sound of the monitor was the only sound he could hear inside.

"Huh? A patient?"

Ethan couldn't see her face yet but he could tell that the person was a woman because of her long hair, pale skin, and slender figure. Ethan slowly stepped forward, inching closer to the unknown patient.

The moment he reached the bed and saw Phantomflake's face, Ethan's eyes widened and he gasped in utter surprise. "Miss Abi?"

Confusion resurfacing in his eyes, Ethan blinked several times to have a second look at the woman lying on the sick bed.

CRASH!

Another cup was broken when Little Ethan dropped it on the floor. He couldn't believe what he was seeing at the moment. He felt like his eyes were playing tricks on him.

'No way. This couldn't be. Who is she? What am I seeing... a familiar face... She looks like~'

"Kiddo, you are not supposed to be here..." A voice at the back was heard. Before Ethan could turn around, he felt like he was hit by something and his eyelid became heavy.

Thud!

The young boy fell unconscious and Bam-Bam made sure that he wouldn't get hurt. Using his magical power, Bam-Bam cleaned the mess inside the room while making the unconscious young boy float in the air.

"Sigh! What is the boy doing here? My master wouldn't like Ethan to see her body. I thought they wouldn't let him see my Master's body. Those useless robots! They didn't guard the room." Bam-Bam complained as he cleaned the broken shards scattered on the floor.

After cleaning, Bam-Bam made sure to teleport Little Ethan back to his room. "What you see in that room was just a dream... It was only a dream." Bam-Bam uttered like a mantra as he put Ethan on his bed.

Bam-Bam didn't leave Ethan immediately. He lingered in that room for several minutes just watching the boy.

"I am always asking myself every time I encounter this kid. Can he see me? Can he hear me? He looks suspicious to me." Bam-Bam was having his monologue. He flew on top of Ethan and began poking Ethan's cheek using the tip of his paw.

"This boy... he doesn't look like Nathan... he resembles her the most... his mother..." After saying that, a wide grin appeared on the magical creature's face.

"Hahaha. I can see future dramas coming. Hmmm. It will be more exciting. But for now, I have to leave... and find the soul of the real Abigail."

Bam-Bam was about to disappear when he shot Ethan one last glance. There was a meaningful smile plastered on his face. "See you around, Little Kiddo. Keep on playing cupid for your Dad and my Master! Your wish will be fulfilled!"

After saying that, Bam-Bam disappeared from Ethan's room, in just a blink of an eye. A few minutes later, Little Ethan opened his eyes. He stared at the ceiling blankly, trying to recall what happened to him.

Chapter 296 The Blood Is Thicker Than Water?

Day Thirty-Three...

~*~*~*~*~

Ethan roamed his eyes around his room. "Why am I here?" Sitting up slowly, Little Ethan rubbed his forehead.

'An odd thing happened to me. I need to confirm something.' Ethan jumped off his bed, rushing out of his room. He was heading to the same room where Phantomflake was being kept.

But the moment he was about to enter the room, Nathan and Stephen saw him, standing in front of the steel door. Nathan took large strides to reach Ethan's spot. He immediately grabbed his shoulder, stopping him from entering the room.

"Ethan, what are you doing here?" Nathan asked his son.

"Dad, I~" Ethan glanced at the closed door. Then he shifted his gaze back to his father.

Stephen walked closer to Ethan and joined the conversation. "Little Ethan, you are not supposed to be here. This room is off-limits."

The young boy pouted his lips. He wasn't happy to hear that. He needed to confirm something. He was there a while ago. But suddenly, he blacked out and didn't remember how he ended up lying in his bed.

"Dad, Uncle Stephen... I know what you are hiding. There is a person behind this door. Is Miss Abi gravely sick?" Ethan pushed his father, removing Nathan's arms that were holding his shoulders.

Nathan and Stephen met each other gazes, looking puzzled. Abigail was not sick. She was fine.

"Of course not. Abigail is healthy. She is not sick." Stephen answered Ethan.

But Ethan stubbornly shook his head, not believing their words. "If you are telling the truth, then let me enter this room," Ethan demanded, pointing his forefinger at the closed door.

"Ethan, don't be stubborn. Just listen to your Uncle. This house belongs to him. Follow his rule. He said you were not allowed to enter that room, so learn to obey his rule." Nathan sounded angry, scolding his son.

Seeing the sharp gaze coming from Nathan, Ethan turned to Stephen, putting on his pitiful look. He pressed his palms together and tried to plea. "Uncle Stephen, please. Just this once. Allow me to enter this room."

Stephen sighed helplessly. His godson was trying to gain sympathy from him using his charm. Did he have the heart to refuse this adorable kiddo? But when he turned to his side, he could feel a chilly aura as Nathan gave him a warning look. Nathan's gaze was telling him not to fall on Ethan's charm.

Stephen darted his gaze back and forth between Nathan and Ethan. He felt like he was being encouraged and convinced by an angel and a devil... two opposing sides. Who would win between the father and son duo? To whom Stephen would give in?

"Why do I feel like I was put in a difficult situation? Ahem... two giant rocks on my sides were about to crush me." Stephen felt pressured because of the two. He didn't know whom he would listen to.

However, before Stephen could make a decision, a savior came to his rescue. Abigail showed up, joining the three. Abigail could already read the situation when she glanced at Stephen's expression. She was able to figure out what was happening in front of Phantomflake's room.

"Hey, why are you three still standing here?" Abigail asked them, catching their attention.

Little Ethan's eyes lit up the moment he saw Abigail. This only meant the person behind that door was not her. It was someone else. 'Did I just imagine it? Did my eyes play tricks on me?'

"Miss Abi!" Ethan immediately ran in her direction and hugged her.

Stephen stared at Abigail, asking for her help. Abigail understood his message. Just like Nathan and Stephen, she didn't want Ethan to see Phantomflake, her original body. Once he saw her, he would become curious and Ethan would begin questioning them about her. She wanted to avoid that from happening.

"Ethan, good morning! How's your sleep?" Abigail asked Ethan, trying to divert his attention. Changing the topic was her only choice.

"It was good. But..." Ethan paused for a moment, pouting his lips as he glared at his father.

"But what?" Abigail probed.

"Dad and Uncle Stephen ruined my good morning. They forbid me from entering this room." Ethan sought Abigail's help. He flashed his puppy-eyed look and pointed his lips at the door.

Abigail tried her best not to be carried away by Ethan's charm. "Ethan, please understand. You are still a child. And sometimes, adults are doing something for your own good. So you must learn to listen to them. Okay?"

'That's what I said to him but he didn't listen,' Nathan thought to himself. He expected that Abigail's explanation and alibi wouldn't work on Ethan. But to his surprise, Ethan heaved a sigh of defeat and said, "Okay, Miss Abi. I understand. I'm sorry for making trouble. I will now listen to Dad and Uncle Stephen and I will not pursue this matter anymore."

Nathan: "..."

Stephen: "..."

The two men were at a loss for words. Ethan yielded to Abigail instantly, listening to her advice.

"Nate, is he really your son? Why do I feel like he loves Abigail more than his dad? Ethan listened to her easily. But when he talked to us, he was stubborn." Stephen whispered to his best friend, eyeing Ethan in disbelief.

Nathan just shot Stephen a deathly glare. "I don't know what Abigail did to make Ethan obey her like a loyal dog." He sounded jealous. How could the two get along really well as if they were blood-related. "I thought blood is thicker than water... so what's with this kind of treatment given to me by my own son?"

Stephen just let out a soft chuckle and shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you ask your son? He will have an answer for that." Stephen patted Nathan's shoulder, consoling him.

Nathan just watched his son who was now walking side by side with Abigail. She was able to convince Ethan to go to the bedroom with her. Ethan had to prepare for school. Abigail and Nathan agreed to send Ethan to school today... Both of them! They would also get the official invitation for the Family Day Event next week.

Chapter 297 An Arranged Marriage

Day Thirty Four...

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[Country R: At AMB Diamond Corporation...]

Old Man Xu had been investigating the person who was blackmailing him for the past few months. The clue led him to Country R. And now, he was standing here in the lobby of the AMB Diamond Corporation.

He went there to meet a very influential figure, the Chairman of the AMB Diamond Corporation— Maximilian Carlsen. Two guards welcome Old Man Xu, guiding him to the VIP lounge. Maximilian was already waiting for Old Man Xu.

Old Man Xu set an appointment with Chairman Carlsen. Old Man Xu motioned his men to wait for him in the lobby. Only Old Man Xu and the two guards of AMB Diamond Corporation took the lift.

Ding!

The elevator stopped on the 13th floor where the VIP lounge was located. They passed through the corridors and after twenty steps, Old Man Xu and the bodyguards reached the VIP room. After opening the door for Old Man Xu, the two bodyguards left almost immediately.

Upon entering the room, a middle-aged man wearing a red fancy tux, who was leisurely having his coffee, came into Old Man Xu's view. Their eyes met for a second then Maximilian acknowledged Old Man Xu, waving at him at the entrance door. He greeted him with a warm smile and stood up to approach him.

"Chairman Sparks, it's my pleasure to finally meet you face to face." Maximilian extended his right hand to Old Man Xu for a handshake. "You are the man behind the success of SYP Starlight Corp in Country M!"

Old Man Xu smiled back at him, accepting the handshake. "You flatter me too much, Chairman Carlsen. Don't overestimate me. In fact, my son is the one who makes SYP Starlight Corp grow big." Old Man Xu maintained his distant yet professional tone.

"Actually, I am not here to exchange some pleasantries. I am here for a very serious matter." Old Man Xu cut to the chase. He was frank and direct with Chairman Carlsen.

Confusion resurfaced in Maximilian's eyes, yet, he maintained his smile. "Sit down first, Chairman Sparks. Let's talk about it over a coffee..." Maximilian paused and shifted his gaze to the tea. "Perhaps, do you prefer tea... than a coffee?"

"Yeah... I prefer tea," old Man Xu shortly responded.

Maximilian took his time serving him a cup of tea. He was acting very hospitable to his esteemed guest. Furthermore, he already had a proposition in mind. He was already expecting him today.

When the tea was served, the two old men faced each other. Both of them looked very calm outside. They seemed too friendly towards each other. But that was just a facade. Old Man Xu was already thinking of putting Maximillian Carlsen on a hot seat.

Old Man Xu put the documents in his hands on the table. He scattered the files one by one, laying them open for Maximillian to see. His direct confrontation had begun...

"Why did you send these photos to me? Why are you blackmailing me? And how dare you hurt my son? What is your relationship with Monica?" Old Man Xu bombarded him with so many questions.

Maximilian let out a soft chuckle. "Whoa! Slow down, Chairman Sparks. Just one question at a time..."

Old Man Xu's eyebrows were drawn together since Maximillian didn't look like he would deny his accusation. The most annoying part was Chairman Carlsen was still smirking at him. Old Man Xu had the urge to rip that smile off his face.

"I have to do that so that you won't reject my proposition. I will keep your secret from your son but in exchange for that... I want you to do something for me." Maximilian didn't hide his real motive.

"What makes you think that I will agree to your proposition? You are only slandering me. You have no proof. You just want to threaten me using my son, Nathan." Old Man Xu spat back at him.

Maximilian burst into another sarcastic laugh. "You were wrong. I have proof. A mysterious person sent it to me. It was a recording. Do you want to hear it?"

Maximilian picked up a retractable pen. He clicked the top of the pen, a recording began to play. It was Old Man Xu's voice.

["Kill that woman! She doesn't deserve my son. I saw her with another guy. She is cheating on him!"]

Old Man Xu's face became pale upon hearing his own voice. His eyes were wide open in disbelief. How could this recording end up in the possession of Maximillian Carlsen? This was not a fake voice recording since Old Man Xu could still remember the moment he actually gave that order to his trusted subordinate.

"Don't get me wrong, Chairman Sparks. I have nothing to do with this recording. Someone sent it to me one year ago. I just decided to make use of this information to catch your attention. And with regards to Nathan's stabbing incident in Country F, my man had no intention of killing him. The attacker didn't stab him in his vital parts. We just wanted to draw your attention."

"And here you are! In front of me. This only meant that my tactic was perfect! You came to me personally."

"Don't be amused! This is not a good joke. What do you want from me?" Old Man Xu slammed the table as he asked Maximillian through his gritted teeth.

"Yeah. Now I can see that you are open to negotiation." Maximilian rubbed his chin as he looked at Old Man Xu with a sly smile.

Without further ado, Maximilian placed a photo on the surface of the table. It was a photo of a lady. "This is Helena Carlsen, my one and only daughter. My precious Unica Hija."

"She is lovely, isn't she?" Maximilian asked Old Man Xu.

"Get to the point!" Old Man Xu uttered irritably.

"I want to marry her off to your son, Nathan Sparks. I am proposing an arranged marriage here. I hope you will reconsider. What do you think, Chairman Sparks?"

Old Man Xu: "WHAT?! An arranged marriage to my son?! Are you kidding me?!"

'That guy didn't even want to date a woman!'

Chapter 298 "Business Deal"

Day Thirty Four...

~*****~

Old Man XU didn't know whether to cry or laugh. He had just heard a very ridiculous proposition today. Even he himself was having a hard time setting Nathan up with a woman. How much more marrying him off with a stranger?!

"Just tell me that you are just kidding," Old Man Xu blurted out when he recovered from his shock.

"No. I'm not," Maximilian responded, raising the cup of his coffee.

"Why my son? Why does it have to be my son? As you said, your daughter is a lovely woman. She can have any man she likes. My son is a single father. Why not find a bachelor man for your precious Unica

Hija?" Old Man Xu couldn't fathom Maximilliam's way of thinking. He didn't know him at all. And their families both live in different countries.

"Why do you want to get involved with my family?" Old Man Xu could no longer hold his emotions. "Do you even know what you were asking me?"

"Chairman Sparks... don't get riled up. This is just purely business. I am planning to expand our business in Country M. It just so happened that I needed a strong foundation to start this. Your family is very influential in Country M... both in business and... underworld." Maximilian smirked at him meaningfully.

Old Man Xu was taken aback once again. The Chairman of the AMB Diamond Corporation knew a lot about him and his family. Even in Country M, the ordinary people and other gangs had no idea that behind the successful SYP Twilight Corporation, there was this so-called Syphiruz Mafia, backing it up.

"If our families will unite, we will become more remarkable and unstoppable! You can also expand your business here in Country R. You have me and my company as a backup! This is the only thing I want... I will make sure to keep your secret until the day I die."

Old Man Xu was not yet convinced of his motive and explanation. He felt like there were more to it... if he would just dig deeper. For now, he had to play along with what he wanted.

"Fine. I will do my best to convince my son. But I can't guarantee that he will say yes to this marriage. My son is a stubborn fellow. He has no interest in women anymore." Old Man Xu informed him before taking a sip of his tea. He needed this to calm his nerves. The Chairman of AMB Diamond Corporation was slowly getting on his nerves. He was just enduring it, concealing his true emotions.

"Don't worry. I believe in you. I know you have a unique way of making your stubborn son succumb to your wishes..." Maximilian remained optimistic about this. "Just pretend that you are sick... Don't old men usually fall sick to pressure their sons and daughters to marry?" Maximilian suggested as if it was so easy to do it.

'Sigh. Why do I feel like this old man is cursing me to get sick,' Old Man Xu lamented inwardly.

He had a secret to keep so he needed to agree. He would just sort this out. 'I need my son to cooperate with me while I am trying to figure out how to solve this. I won't let this old man manipulate me and use me for his benefit...'

'Later on, I will give him the taste of his own medicine...' Old Man Xu swore to himself.

"Fine. I will talk to my son regarding this. When will your daughter be available for their first meeting? I have to see whether Nathan will like her. I can set them up for a date!"

Maximilian grinned widely as he clapped his hands. He was glad that Old Man Xu agreed right away. "Oh Great! My daughter will go to Country M today. She already has a flight. They can meet the day after tomorrow. I will relay this message to her."

'He is so determined to hide the truth from his son. Is he afraid of his own son?'

Old Man Xu just heaved a deep sigh. He wasn't sure how Nathan would react but he just hoped he would listen to him without getting angry.

"The way you act seems like you really have something to do with the death of your son's girlfriend. Am I wrong, Chairman Sparks?" Maximilian stared at him meaningfully.

Old Man Xu clenched his fists. He was dying to punch this guy. He was so arrogant, thinking that he had the upper hand. This war between them had just started. No winner yet!

'He challenged me. I will never back down. My son and grandson might disown me once I let him use me this way.'

After a while, Old Man Xu stood up. "I believe our discussion ends here. I should leave now."

"Don't you want to stay for a little chit-chat? If you want I can tour you around my company." Maximilian generously offered him.

"I'm sorry but I must refuse. Maybe next time," Old Man XU adamantly said.

'I'm afraid that if I stay longer and talk to you further... I will end up punching you,' he added to his thoughts while flashing his fake smile.

Maximilian stood up and patted Old Man Xu's back. "Sure. This is not the last time. We will see each other more often, especially if our families will get united soon." He was confident that the marriage would happen.

Old Man Xu just watched him indifferently. 'I don't like to be part of this family. You just wait. I will get something on you and you can no longer blackmail me with this.'

"Thank you for your generous 'business' proposal. Let's keep in touch," Old Man Xu said, glancing at the retractable pen that contained his voice recordings.

"Yeah, let's keep in touch. I will send you off." Maximilian accompanied Old Man Xu. They headed to the lobby. Old Man Xu's bodyguards were waiting for him there.

When Old Man Xu left, Maximilian returned to his office. A man in a white suit was sitting there, working on his laptop.

"Did he the old man take the bait?" The younger man asked Maximillian.

"Of course, he did!"

The man in the white suit scoffed. "I expected it. He doesn't want his favorite son to hate him."

"Why make a deal with him... if you can already destroy their relationship with this recording?" Maximilian asked in puzzlement.

The man stopped working on his laptop and tossed a look at Maximilian. "No. I can't use this recording, otherwise, that old man will accuse Monica of cheating. I want Nathan to suffer for the death of his beloved woman, not tarnish her name."

"Alright. But I have a question. So are you letting Helena see Nathan Sparks? Are you sure about this? I can't really understand why you are doing this." Maximilian questioned him inquisitively.

The man's lips curled up into a sly smirk. "Yes. I have to. When I visited Country M, I heard that Nathan was slowly moving on. I have to remind him again... about Monica. So he will remain in pain... for losing her."

"Oh right! I remembered... you went there to buy some clothes for your girlfriend. The dress is made by the rookie designer, Celeste. Have you talked to the designer for our collaboration project?"

"Not yet. That's why I sent Helena there. She will be the one to negotiate with her."

Chapter 299 A Strong Resemblance

Day Thirty-Four...

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[At Sparks Mansion...]

Abigail was watering the plant in the garden. She felt bored so she decided to do something. She was also practicing her right hand to move. She just removed the arm sling yesterday.

As she watched the flower, her mind brought her back to yesterday. 'Was Nathan really going to kiss me at that time?'

Their lips almost touched. It was interrupted only because of the noise created by Cherry.

"Hmm... does he have feelings for me now?" Abigail mumbled, asking the rose in front of her. "Sigh. Too bad Bam-Bam is not here. I wanna confirm something. I wonder if he can tell if my mission is progressing well or not."

Abigail picked the rose and got pricked by the thorn. Her forefinger bled. She immediately watched it with running water from the faucet. As she watched her blood being washed away by water, Abigail recalled what happened in her room. A very vague flashback popped up in her mind but she couldn't understand it. And she had forgotten about it once again.

"Stephen. King Stallion... I can't remember any of them..." Abigail mumbled. Worries resurfaced in her eyes.

"I've been in a coma for two years. Did it affect my mind? Did I lose a fragment of my memory?" Abigail seemed so lost in her own thoughts.

"I failed a mission... then I met Stephen as my psychologist? What happened to me back then?" Abigail began to wonder about the past.

Sigh!

Abigail exhaled deeply as she closed the faucet. She didn't know how she would ask Stephen about Phantomflake. She knew that Stephen wouldn't disclose anything related to his patients.

"If I have to steal my patient's record, I will do it. I need to find out why Stephen was claiming that he met me and that he was my doctor." Abigail was already thinking of sneaking into Stephen's office to find her patient's record. If not, she would try to hack Stephen's computer.

"Argh!" Abigail ruffled her own hair. She was having another headache just thinking about it.

"It's so hard to live... having two identities right now. I'm Phantomflake living in Abigail's body... I have to blame Bam-Bam. Can I just live as Phantomflake and make Nathan fall for me instead?"

Abigail immediately tapped her mouth after saying those words. She shouldn't have said that. Making Nathan fall for her as Phantomflake was as difficult as surviving in hell. She had to go through a lot. Nathan would never forgive her for killing Monica unless she could find dirt on her.

Abigail was still lost in her train of thought when someone spoke from behind.

"Are you troubled by something?"

Abigail turned around, recognizing that voice. "Mr. Hiroshi!" She was surprised to see him.

Mr. Hiroshi flashed a wide smile, extending both his arms as if he was inviting Abigail for a hug. "Do you miss this old man, young lady?"

Abigail stepped forward, closing their gaps. For some unknown reason, she felt at ease seeing Mr. Hiroshi. She quickly hugged him.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Hiroshi?" Abigail asked him when they parted.

"Of course. I'm here to visit you. You were already discharged from the hospital. Anyway, just call me Uncle. Mr. Hiroshi is too formal." Mr. Hiroshi softly squeezed her shoulders. He was so glad that Abigail was now safe and she looked healthier than before.

"Okay. Uncle..."

"Good. That's it. Just call me Uncle." Mr. Hiroshi's eyes sparkled in delight.

"Come... Let's sit." Abigail pulled Mr. Hiroshi to the bench located at the center of the garden. The two of them settled down.

"By the way, did your boyfriend inform you that I got his consent? You can visit my country... anytime... however, he said that he would come with us."

Abigail: "..."

'Can't he just give me some freedom? Nathan is abusing his authority.' Abigail pursed her lips.

"By the way, what Country are you from, Uncle?"

"Country J," he promptly responded.

Abigail was taken aback for a moment. 'Country J... A very familiar country to me. The Red Dragon Mafia took my body and brought it to Country J. Now... I am being invited to go there as Abigail.'

Abigail didn't know whether to cry or laugh. 'Sigh... Why do I feel like the real Abigail and I... are the same. We both attract trouble. Maybe our lives are connected. Both of us are orphans. But Abigail is an heiress while I, on the other hand, lost my parents. So who is more fortunate between us? Sigh, but we are being chased by enemies who want us dead.'

"A penny for your thought, Abi. You are spacing out in front of me. Don't you want to come and visit Country J?" Mr. Hiroshi asked her, a little bit worried.

"No. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to space out. I just recalled something. But of course, I would love to visit your country. When are you going back?"

"Honestly, my flight is today. I'll go back to Country J. I just dropped by to see you before I leave Country M. But I already gave Nathan the task to find my missing daughter. Since you recommended him to me, I feel at ease. I'm going to trust him because I believe in you, Abi."

Abigail was saddened when she heard that. She didn't expect that Mr. Hiroshi would be returning to Country J today. She was going to miss him. For the short time she spent with him, Mr. Hiroshi acted like a real father figure. He backed her up and stood against Nathan just to defend her.

"Don't give me such a sad look, Abi. Otherwise, I'm going to bring you with me today even if your boyfriend will get mad at me." Mr. Hiroshi said, tapping her shoulder.

Abigail let out a soft giggle because of his last remarks. "Don't worry, Uncle. If I finish some important business here, I will visit you there. I promise."

"Alright. I will be waiting for you there, young lady. You have to take care of yourself. Don't get hurt anymore... both physically and mentally. If you need something, don't hesitate to call me. You know my number. Let's keep in touch." Mr. Hiroshi sounded like a father who was reminding his daughter what she would do if someone bullied her.

Abigail thanked him and bobbed her head. They were still talking when another person came to approach them. It was a little one.

"Miss Abi! We have a visitor?" Little Ethan's voice was heard, catching Abigail and Mr. Hiroshi's attention. The young boy just arrived home, coming from school. It was an afternoon break so he decided to go home and see Abigail.

Mr. Hiroshi and Ethan met each other's gaze for a moment. A surprised look could be seen in Mr. Hiroshi's eyes when he saw Little Ethan.

"J-Jane..." Mr. Hiroshi softly mumbled, still looking at Ethan intently.

Ethan and Abigail were puzzled upon noticing the strange look Mr. Hiroshi was giving Ethan.

'Does he know Ethan? But who is Jane?' Abigail asked herself, observing Mr. Hiroshi's reaction.

'This young boy... he resembles my five-year-old daughter a lot.'

Chapter 300 [Bonus] Mr. Hiroshi's Hunch

Day Thirty-Four...

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"W-Who is this child?" Mr. Hiroshi asked, slowly approaching Little Ethan. A hint of longing could be seen in his eyes the moment he touched the young boy's shoulders.

Little Ethan glanced at Abigail, asking for reassurance. He had no idea who was the old man in front of him. Why was he looking at him like this?

Sensing that Little Ethan felt a little bit awkward and clueless, Abigail introduced them to each other.

"Uncle, this is Ethan, Nathan's son. Ethan this is Mr. Hiroshi, a good friend of your father and mine."

Ethan's expression eased up when he learned that the old man before him was a close friend of Abigail and his dad.

"Nice meeting you, Mr. Hiroshi. I'm Ethan. I'm Miss Abi's favorite friend... and the cutest one." he declared to them.

Abigail let out a soft giggle while Mr. Hiroshi continued watching Ethan, his eyes scanning his face over and over again. Abigail stopped laughing when she noticed the odd expression on Mr. Hiroshi's face.

"Mr. Hiroshi, are you okay?"

Mr. Hiroshi's eyes became misty. He couldn't help it. Ethan reminded him of his five-year-old daughter, Jane Rielle.

"This child looks like my daughter when she was five years old." Mr. Hiroshi looked away and wiped the tears from his eyes. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't get emotional. It's just that... I missed my daughter a lot."

Little Ethan and Abigail exchanged glances with one another. They felt sorry for Mr. Hiroshi. To comfort him, Little Ethan grabbed his hand and squeezed it gently.

"Don't worry, Sir. I believe you will find your lost daughter. If you need any help, I will ask father to search for her." Little Ethan gave the old man a reassuring smile. This was a kind of smile that could comfort someone.

"Such a cute boy." Mr. Hiroshi pinched his cheeks and stroked his hair. "Your father is already helping me with this. Ahuh! I didn't know that Nathan has a very charming son... Who is your â€œ" Mr. Hiroshi didn't complete his words as a sign of respect to Abigail.

He was supposed to ask Ethan about his mother. But he decided not to. Now he could understand why Abigail felt insecure about Nathan's love. Nathan had a son with his first love. Since he was considerate of Abigail's feelings, Mr. Hiroshi didn't mention Ethan's real mother.

But Ethan quickly caught up. He understood that Mr. Hiroshi was about to ask him about his mother.

"My birth mother is gone... But I have a future mom here. It's Miss Abi!" Ethan turned to Abigail and hugged her legs.

Abigail's cheeks reddened at his last remarks. Deep inside, she felt glad that Ethan wanted her to be his mother. This gesture from the young boy was truly heartwarming.

'How I wish... Ethan is my biological son. In my next life... if there is one... I want Ethan to be my son.' Abigail had this wishful thinking.

On the other hand, Mr. Hiroshi finally recovered. He gathered his emotion and he was back to his normal self.

"Why don't you bring Ethan with you once you visit me at Country J, Abi..." Mr. Hiroshi suggested.

"Sir... you are from Country J? Is it a beautiful country? Do you mean it? Is it okay that I will visit you there with Miss Abi?" Ethan asked Mr. Hiroshi with an innocent look in his eyes.

"Yes, you can." Mr. Hiroshi pinched Ethan's chin.

"Yay! I hope by the time we go there, my father already finds your missing daughter."

Mr. Hiroshi smiled faintly and nodded his head. "I'm looking forward to that, Ethan."

After staying for half an hour, Mr. Hiroshi finally said goodbye to Abigail and Ethan. He was glad to meet Ethan and see Abigail before returning to Country J. He would certainly keep in touch with them.

Upon entering the car, Kazuki already gave Mr. Hiroshi his flight schedule along with the appointments and meetings he would have in Country J.

"Master, this is your schedule for the whole week."

Mr. Hiroshi didn't take a look at the memo. He just took the tablet and put it down on his side. He turned to the car window, watching the Sparks Mansion. He couldn't forget Ethan's charming face which resembled his young daughter a lot.

"Kazuki... you have to stay here in Country M. I want you to investigate something for me."

Kazuki: "..."

Kazuki didn't expect that Mr. Hiroshi would command him to stay at Country M. He was his right-hand man... his assistant. What would Mr. Hiroshi do without him? Thinking about this, Kazuki could tell that his master was giving him a very important task to accomplish.

"What do you want me to look into, Master?" Kazuki asked their leader.

"Can you gather more information about Ethan Sparks' biological mother? I want to find out something," Mr. Hiroshi replied, conflicting thoughts flashing in his mind.

"Ethan Sparks? Who is that, Master?"

"Nathan's five-year-old son... who resembles my missing daughter when she was young."

Kazuki was rendered speechless again. He could tell that Mr. Hiroshi was truly desperate to find his daughter. Now, he took an interest in Nathan's son just because of the child's similarities to his missing daughter.

"Okay, Master. I got it! I know what to do."

"But make sure to stay hidden from Nathan's radar. I don't want him to know that we are investigating his deceased lover."

"I understand, Master."

Meanwhile, on the SYP Twilight Corp, Nathan's team was already on the move. From the old picture of Mr. Hiroshi's daughter, the team started to generate an old version using their AI technology.

While the team was doing the operation, one team member enhanced the photo. Just like Mr. Hiroshi, he noticed something.

"Guys, look at this photo!" The guy called the other team members. They gathered around his table and looked at his desktop computer screen.

"What's wrong with the photo?"

"Can't you recognize it? She looks like a girl version of our CEO's son... our young master, Ethan."

"Ehhh?"

The members focused their eyes on the screen, assessing the photo. After some time, they finally realized it. "Yeah! Yeah! She resembles our young master, Ethan."

"Whoa! What a coincidence!"

"They have the same facial features..."

"The color of their eyes the only difference I can see."

"Should we notify our CEO about this?" he consulted them.

"We might get scolded..."

"Of course not."

They were still arguing when Nathan entered the room.

"What's going on here?" Nathan asked them with his authoritative voice.

Everyone fell silent when their CEO arrived. They stopped talking and just stood straight and frozen in their spots. Nathan was giving them a sharp gaze. He thought they were just gossiping around and not doing their work because they gathered at one table, looking at something.

No one dared to speak up as they were nervous and afraid of Nathan. Nathan had no choice but to find it by himself.

One member pointed his forefinger at the monitor screen. Nathan followed their line of sight and glanced at the monitor.

Nathan's mind processed what he was seeing on the screen and it finally registered to him.

'She looks like my son... Ethan.'