

100 Days 611

Chapter 611 Ethan Took Action

Day Sixty-Nine...

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[At Zhou's Hospital...]

The moon hung low in the night sky, casting a dim, silvery glow over Zhou's hospital building. Most of the patients were already sleeping since it was almost midnight.

A group of men converged near the hospital's entrance. Their faces were concealed beneath the shadows of hooded jackets and caps. These men already had one important mission— to take Phantomflake without alerting anyone. Phoenix was the one leading the group.

Phoenix and his team knew that slipping in and out unnoticed required precision, timing, and strategy. The VIP ward and its vicinity were heavily guarded. They must avoid an encounter with those elite guards.

Phoenix brought the drawn floor plan. In whispered tones, he shared the route they would take to reach Jane's VIP Ward. They went to the restroom, changing their clothes into hospital uniforms so that they could blend inside. This was their way of avoiding the guards and nurses roving around.

With their goal in mind, they moved through the corridors of the hospital, making their way to the VIP floor. Finally, Phoenix and two of his men arrived at their destination. Two guards were standing outside.

"We are going to change her IV drip," Phoenix, who was disguised as a male nurse, approached the guards.

The two guards stared at him for a moment. There was a scene of tension building up around them.

"You are new. This is the first time I saw you here." One guard spoke up, staying on high alert.

The other guard held his weapon, also scrutinizing Phoenix from head to toe. Nathan ordered them not to let anyone enter the room except for the designated doctor and nurses assigned to Jane. The male nurse in front of them was a new face.

'I guess. We have no choice but to knock these guards down.' Phoenix tossed a glance in the direction of his men, hiding in the corridors.

The guards' suspicions grew stronger as Phoenix maintained his silence. Just as they were on the verge of taking action, Phoenix and his two subordinates sprang into action. Swiftly, they administered a sedative by injecting it into the guards' necks with syringes. The sedative took effect immediately, making the two guards pass out.

Phoenix and his team quickly entered the room. It was bathed in the soft glow of monitors and medical equipment. Jane lay unconscious in the hospital bed. Machines beeped and hummed rhythmically. It was the only sound they could hear inside.

They encircled the bed. With a silent nod, they swiftly and expertly disconnected the medical apparatus, each man knowing their role perfectly. They moved quickly but cautiously, lifting Jane onto a gurney, careful not to jostle any tubes or wires that might sound the alarm.

But little did they know, someone was watching them. Little Ethan was hiding in the bathroom. He woke up because of Bam-Bam. He warned him that suspicious people had come to the hospital. And they fought the guards outside.

'No! I can't let them take away my Mom.' Ethan thought to himself. He called his father. Fortunately, Nathan was still awake as he answered the call just after a few rings. I think you should take a look at

"Dad! Help! Some suspicious men are trying to take away Miss Jane! They are on the move now!" Ethan informed his father in his panicking tone.

Nathan was shocked when he heard that. He already presumed that those people came from the King Stallion Mafia. He didn't expect that they would be able to find Jane's location. How did it happen?

"Ethan, listen to me. I'm on my way now. Just stay hiding and don't do something reckless. Call Mr. Ah. He is the head guard assigned to watch and keep Jane safe." Nathan dispatched fifteen men to guard the VIP wards. Who would have thought the members of King Stallion could still escape their watch?

"Dad! They are going to leave now. I can't stay still!" Ethan ended the call even before Nathan could stop him.

The young boy pushed the door open, showing himself to the men. "Stop that! You can't take her away!"

"Ethan! Why?! You never listen!" Bam-Bam facepalmed because of Ethan's action.

Phoenix and his men were about to exit the room when Ethan's appearance surprised them, freezing them in their tracks. Three pairs of eyes were staring at him in disbelief.

"Boss. there is a kid. What are we going to do with him?" One man asked Phoenix.

Phoenix recognized the little boy. It was Ethan Sparks. "Catch him," Phoenix ordered the other guy.

But Ethan didn't show any fear. He maintained his brave front and said. "Do you think you can escape from here? My Dad and his men are on their way. You are all going to be caught!" Ethan was just trying to buy more time. He didn't know if the guards were on the way. But he already sent a message to Mr. Ah. The two men exchanged anxious glances. They couldn't afford to be caught by Nathan's men.

Phoenix, on the other hand, kept calm. "Don't worry, young master. You will be the one who can help us escape here. We can use you as our bargaining chip."

Phoenix's subordinate finally approached Ethan, catching him. Ethan didn't struggle. He thought it was best for him to accompany Jane. He couldn't let them take her away alone. After securing Ethan, they

continued their silent retreat, navigating the maze of corridors, stairwells, and elevators. Their adrenaline surged with each step, aware that one wrong move could shatter their meticulous plan.

They could hear the footsteps coming their way. The guards were already notified and they were chasing after them now.

"We should move. Alpha team, block the men who are chasing after us." Phoenix instructed his other men who would cover for them. This was their contingency plan if their first plan would be compromised.

Finally, Phoenix and his men reached the hospital's exit. Jane and Ethan were loaded into a waiting vehicle.

'Dad! Where are you?!' Ethan secretly opened the tracking app, sending signals to his father's phone. He also hid his phone so that Phoenix wouldn't throw it away.

'Dad... come and save us.' Ethan murmured to himself.

Chapter 612 Right Time

Sparks' Elite guards managed to apprehend three members of the King Stallion Mafia. However, they failed to stop Phoenix from taking away Jane. To make matters worse, the perpetrators also managed to kidnap their young master, Ethan. How were they going to face Nathan now and the Chairman? They just lost the most precious person, Ethan Sparks.

"Sir. I'm sorry. We failed to secure the young master," Mr. Ah, the head of the security team, informed Nathan through the phone call.

Nathan was on his way to follow the vehicle. His son was smart enough to send him a signal, tracking their current location. However, Nathan didn't know whether he should feel glad or not. He told Ethan to hide and keep himself safe. But the young boy disobeyed him, putting himself in this predicament.

"Take them to Axel. He knows how to handle them. Do not involve the police," Nathan commanded firmly. He had already briefed Axel on the situation and was en route to Zhou's Hospital to retrieve the captured King Stallion Mafia members.

Nathan immediately ended the call. He was utterly disappointed with the Sparks Family guards. Now, he would let the Syphiruz member handle this situation. He already asked Violet to mobilize their people. He needed backup. He also sent them Ethan's current location. The car was moving south. In just a few minutes, the car would be leaving Towerville City.

Nathan pressed down on the accelerator, increasing his speed. He needed to catch up to the vehicle that was carrying Jane and Ethan.

"I should have stayed in the hospital with them," Nathan muttered, regret reflecting in his eyes as he tightened his grip on the steering wheel. His heart pounded with anxiety, a deep-seated worry gnawing at him, as he feared for their safety.

Nathan couldn't help but blame himself. It appeared that he consistently fell short in safeguarding those dearest to him. 'Why can't I even protect them? Why?' He struggled with his inner feelings.

Meanwhile, the transport vehicle carrying Jane and Ethan continued to travel down the road. Two men were watching them inside while Phoenix was sitting in the front passenger seat. He contacted Vincent, informing him about the successful mission.

"My King, we secured Phantomflake. We are on our way to the medical facility."

"How is she?" Vincent asked him. He was glad to hear that Phoenix succeeded in his mission.

"She's unconscious, and she seems to be in a fragile state due to her illness. There's an oxygen mask attached to her mouth," Phoenix observed. Recognizing Phantomflake's vulnerability, he chose not to handcuff her.

"The young boy also shared with us that she's been unconscious for seven days," Phoenix added. Little did he know, Ethan deliberately revealed that information to make Phoenix and his subordinate lower their guard. 2

Vincent frowned upon hearing this. "Young boy? Who is this young boy?" he inquired, his confusion evident.

Phoenix bit his lower lip and ran a hand across his face. He hadn't yet disclosed to Vincent that he had captured and brought Nathan's son along with them. It had been a reluctant decision, especially after the boy had mentioned that Nathan and his men were in pursuit. It was unexpected that the child had willingly come with them.

"It's Nathan's son. He was there...inside the room when we took Phantomflake. I had no choice but to capture him." Phoenix didn't know how Vincent would react after hearing this.

"What on earth were you thinking?! You should have knocked him down and left him there. Why did you have to bring him with you?!" Vincent's voice rose with anger as he reprimanded Phoenix over the phone. This was not the right time to get Ethan Sparks. He had a different plan for him.

Phoenix couldn't utter a word. He could feel Vincent's anger and disappointment.

"Did he see your face?" Vincent asked him again, trying to control his rage.

"No! Sir! We are wearing masks!" Phoenix promptly responded, reassuring Vincent.

"Send him back now!" Vincent firmly said. He knew the consequence of touching Ethan. Nathan wouldn't stop until he could find them. Kidnapping Ethan was never included in his plan. This was a stupid move.

"Understood, my King. However, we don't have an extra vehicle available. The Alpha Team was apprehended while covering our escape earlier," Phoenix replied anxiously. He was worried Vincent would punish him for this.

"Phoenix!" Vincent's anger was palpable as he addressed his right-hand man. "Do I need to spell out the step-by-step procedure for you on how to safely return him?" he snarled at him. "You ensure he falls into a deep sleep, hail a taxi, and take him straight to the Sparks residence!" Vincent's frustration was fueled by Ethan's unwelcome involvement in tonight's incident. He knew that returning the child unharmed was for the best.

Phoenix bobbed his head frantically as if Vincent could see him. "Okay, Sir. I'll do as you say."

"Stop the car for a moment," Phoenix turned to the driver. Hearing his command, the driver stepped on the brake, halting the vehicle.

Meanwhile, Ethan wondered why the vehicle stopped. Did they reach their destination already? Bam-Bam was also there, accompanying Ethan.

"Ethan, my master won't be happy once she learns what you did tonight," Bam-Bam continued to lecture him. But Ethan just ignored him. He couldn't talk back to Bam-Bam since there were other people present inside.

Bam-Bam found sighed helplessly, his fingers idly scratching his head. He understood the gravity of the situation. Jane would be furious if anything unfortunate happened to Ethan. Glancing at the time, a spark of idea suddenly ignited within him.

'When the clock strikes midnight, it's a brand new day, he mused. "That's when I can awaken Jane. She'll have the ability and strength to confront these assailants, safeguard Ethan, and make their escape!

Bam-Bam meticulously calculated the passing minutes and seconds in his mind. At precisely the right moment, he snapped his fingers, conjuring a mystical light that enveloped Jane's form. Only Ethan bore witness to this enchanting spectacle, his young heart brimming with anticipation. He had been patiently awaiting this moment, firmly believing in Jane's ability to awaken and fight these men.

It did not take long before Jane opened her eyes. She met Ethan's gaze, giving her a signal.

Chapter 613 Jane vs Members of King Stallion

613 Jane vs Members of King Stallion

Day Seventy...

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When the clock struck midnight, Bam-Bam awakened Jane with his magical powers. Still clueless of what was happening, Jane looked at Little Ethan with a questioning gaze. But Ethan couldn't utter a word, afraid that the two men would notice that Jane had regained consciousness.

Bam-Bam came into the picture to save the day once more!

"Master! These men abducted you and Ethan from the hospital. They are bad men!" Bam-Bam explained to Jane with exasperation. Only Jane and Ethan could hear and see Bam-Bam so it wouldn't be a problem for them.

Jane's protective instinct surged almost instantly upon hearing this information from Bam-Bam. Her immediate concern was Ethan's safety. How could these nefarious individuals involve an innocent child in their wicked plot? Jane was filled with a burning desire to ensure that these wrongdoers faced the consequences of their actions.

Without hesitation, Jane swiftly removed her oxygen mask and disconnected the IV drip from her arm. Rising to her feet in the confined ambulance, she took a protective stance, holding Ethan close and guiding him behind her. With unwavering determination, she positioned herself as a human shield, ready to defend Ethan against the two menacing men.

The two men were surprised to see Phantomflake's awake. She had a look of fierce resolve to beat them. Her eyes blazed with anger and her muscles constricted, getting ready to attack. On her side, a burly man with a disheveled appearance clenched his fists. A wicked grin twisted his lips as he advanced towards her.

He thought Phantomflake was still feeling weak. He was too full of himself, thinking he could easily defeat her. Meanwhile, opposite him, a second man, younger and more agile than the first guy. He circled cautiously, eyeing Jane with a mixture of caution and aggression. Two versus one! The two men were confident they could easily capture Jane.

However, with lightning speed, Jane lunged at the burly man, her assassin's combat skills taking over. She dodged the burly man's wild swing and delivered a swift, powerful kick to his abdomen. He grunted

in pain and stumbled backward, crashing into the stretcher and sending it rolling dangerously across the ambulance.

Meanwhile, the younger man seized the opportunity and leaped at Jane, aiming for a surprise attack. But she was quicker. With an expert movement, she twisted her body, narrowly avoiding his assault, and countered with a swift elbow strike to his jaw. The man yelped in agony, clutching his face and retreating.

The two men were overwhelmed by Jane's agility and strength. She had just woken up and she looked frail. How could she fight them and counter their every move?

"Damn! She certainly lives up to her name, Phantomflake, the ruthless assassin!" Both men shared the same thought, realizing they were in trouble. Before them stood an infamous assassin, renowned for her lethal skills. They understood that her reputation meant she wouldn't hesitate to end their lives.

But little did they know, Jane's primary objective was to protect Ethan and ensure their escape, not to take lives. She harbored reservations about exposing Ethan to violence and death, fearing that witnessing a gruesome scene could inflict lasting trauma upon him. Jane's maternal instincts and concern for Ethan's well-being guided her actions, even in this dangerous situation.

Jane glanced at Ethan and said, "Close your eyes, Baby."

Ethan bobbed his head obediently and followed her instructions. Though he wanted to see her fight, he didn't want to disobey Jane. He would always listen to her.

Jane was on the verge of launching another attack when the rear door of the ambulance was forcefully pulled open. Inside, Phoenix heard the commotion and instinctively investigated. His initial task was to take Ethan and ensure his return. Little did he expect that upon opening the vehicle, he would be met with the sight of Jane engaged in combat against his own subordinates.

"Stop!" Phoenix pulled out his gun and pointed it in Jane's direction.

Jane's heart sank as she caught sight of Phoenix and the firearm he was holding. An internal curse raced through her thoughts. Her protective instincts surged, and she instinctively moved to shield Ethan, positioning herself to block Phoenix's line of sight and safeguard the young boy standing behind her.

Phoenix was cautious in his next move. Though he didn't receive any order to kill Phantomflake, he could shoot her and explained to Vincent later that it was self-defense. 'I can't let her escape!

"I won't shoot but hand over the young boy," Phoenix tried to negotiate with Jane. Then he signaled his subordinates to take the boy. He needed to separate the two.

Jane's eyes darkened with rage. She thought Phoenix was after Ethan. She couldn't hand him over to him. Over her dead body!

"No! I will never hand him over to you." Jane declared in conviction.

She strategized in her mind about how to evade the bullet while simultaneously disarming Phoenix. Jane carefully calculated the distance between them. It would take her five seconds to close the gap and reach Phoenix, but the risk was too great. She couldn't afford to abandon Ethan, especially with the two other men still present inside the vehicle.

"I'll count up to five. You have to hand him over, otherwise, I'll shoot you." Phoenix threatened her again. However, between Jane and Phoenix, he was the one who was in a difficult position.

Deep inside, he knew that he would be in trouble again once he hurt Phantomflake. Among the five men who watched Jane being tortured and assaulted by Monica, he could still remember what Vincent did to the three men. Two men died in Phantomflake's hand but the other three were severely punished by Vincent. He tortured them and blinded their eyes.

"One..." Phoenix started counting, his muscles clenched with the tension surrounding them. Jane had no plan of surrendering. 'Is she going to force me to open fire and shoot her?'

"Two..."

"Miss Jane... I'll go with him. I don't want you to get hurt." Ethan spoke behind him. He would willing to sacrifice himself just to protect Jane.

"No, Ethan. I will never give you to them. I'll die first before they can touch you."

"Three..."

Bang!

The counting never reached five but they heard the sound of the gunshot!

Chapter 614 Nathan to the Rescue

Day Seventy...

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Bang!

The sound of the gunshot echoed through the cramped space, sending shockwaves through the tense atmosphere.

"Mom!" Ethan's voice trembled with fear as he desperately called out to Jane. His young heart pounded with dread, fearing that the gunshot had found its mark on Jane.

However, to everyone's astonishment, it wasn't Jane who grunted in pain. Instead, it was Phoenix who let out a pained cry. The gun slipped from his grasp as he clutched his wounded shoulder. In a whirl of confusion, he spun around, only to find himself face-to-face with a cold-looking man standing several meters away, a determined glint in his eyes as he aimed his weapon squarely at Phoenix.

The sudden turn of events left everyone in the ambulance stunned, as the balance of power shifted dramatically, and the unexpected savior emerged from the shadows. It was Nathan Sparks. He came on time to rescue Jane and Ethan.

Moments earlier, Phoenix had been entirely consumed with the task of capturing Jane and securing Ethan's removal from the ambulance, leaving him oblivious to the approaching vehicle from behind. In a twist of fate, it was Nathan who recognized the opportunity and acted swiftly. With a sense of urgency, he quickly exited the vehicle, his hand instinctively closing around the grip of his gun.

He didn't hesitate to shoot Phoenix. Fortunately, Nathan was a sharpshooter. Even from that distance, he managed to hit Phoenix, stopping him from shooting Jane.

Bang! Bang!

Nathan fired again, making Phoenix drop to the ground and roll over to dodge the bullets. Using his left hand, he picked up his gun and exchanged fire with Nathan. Nathan took cover using his car. Phoenix grabbed that opportunity to escape and flee.

His mission had been compromised. Who would have thought Jane would suddenly wake up and Nathan Sparks would arrive to rescue his son and Phantomflake?

Seeing Phoenix running away from the scene, the two members of the King Stallion also jumped out of the ambulance to follow Phoenix, leaving Jane and Ethan behind. The driver, on the other hand, started the engine as he saw his comrade running away from the scene.

With lightning reflexes, Jane carried Ethan as she jumped out of the running vehicle. Jane instinctively embraced Ethan as she let her body fall to the ground, protecting Ethan with all her might.

Thud!

Jane let out a pained grunt as her body collided with the unforgiving, rough pavement. Despite the searing discomfort that surged through her, the pressing urgency of the situation left no room for pain. Her sole focus was on ensuring Ethan's safety.

"Mom... are you hurt?" Ethan's voice trembled with genuine concern, tugging at Jane's heartstrings with his unwavering worry.

Jane managed a reassuring smile despite her discomfort. She gently stroked the boy's back, her own body pressed firmly against the cold ground. Ethan rested securely on top of her, their intertwined positions a testament to her unwavering determination to shield him from harm.

"No, sweetheart, I'm fine," she replied, her voice laced with warmth and determination. "How about you? Are you okay?"

In the midst of adversity, the bond between Jane and Ethan grew stronger, as they found solace in each other's presence amidst the chaos and danger that surrounded them. Both of them were willing to protect one another.

It didn't take long for the echoing sound of rapidly approaching footsteps to reach their ears, drawing ever closer with each passing second.

"Ethan! Jane!" Nathan's voice carried a tone of deep concern, laced with a palpable sense of relief as he closed the distance. He reached out his right hand, offering it to Jane to help her rise from the unforgiving ground.

"Dad! You're finally here!" Ethan's eyes sparkled with delight upon catching sight of his father. The warmth of his father's presence washed over him, a beacon of hope in their dire circumstances.

It was a familiar reassurance that Ethan had been yearning for since the abduction incident had transpired. He had always known, deep down, that his father would come to their rescue, and that faith made him fearless despite the danger they were facing.

At that moment, Nathan's instincts kicked in, and his body moved with an almost magnetic pull, drawing both Jane and Ethan into his powerful, protective embrace. As his arms enfolded them, a wave of relief surged through him, washing away the fear and uncertainty that had plagued him during their separation. The sensation of their presence, safe and sound, was an overwhelming balm for his worried soul.

On the other hand, Jane's body initially stiffened in response to Nathan's sudden, unexpected gesture. Caught off guard, she momentarily froze, her heart pounding with a mix of emotions. She hadn't anticipated this heartfelt embrace, and it stirred a complex swirl of feelings within her.

Beneath the initial surprise, there was a profound sense of reassurance and care that flowed between them. Jane's guarded exterior slowly melted away as she realized the depth of Nathan's concern and the warmth of his embrace, forging a connection that transcended words.

But then again, her memories from the past resurfaced, tarnishing this otherwise beautiful moment shared between Jane and Nathan. She gently pushed Nathan away and slipped out of his embrace. Her fingers clutched onto Nathan's arm as she frantically searched for a particular tattoo.

Jane experienced mixed emotions when she discovered that Nathan lacked the specific tattoo on his wrist. This revelation only meant one thing: the man she had encountered in her memories was not Nathan. Instead, it was the leader of the King Stallion gang, disguising himself as Nathan.

She found herself torn between conflicting emotions. On one hand, she felt relieved that Nathan hadn't betrayed her trust as the real Sizzling August. However, the realization that the man she had spent the night with at the hotel was, in fact, the leader of the King Stallion Mafia left her with a queasy sensation in the pit of her stomach. A raging emotion surged up deep inside as she clenched her fists.

'Now that I'm awake and have recovered some of my memories,? it's time to settle the score," Jane declared to herself with determination. Her gaze hardened as she mentioned names. "Monica... King... Just wait. I will ensure you both pay for everything you've done to me."

Chapter 615 Forget Everything Only Today

Day Seventy...

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After securing Jane's and Ethan's safety, Nathan decided not to chase after the members of King Stallion who just fled to escape. His priority was to bring Jane back to the hospital for her check-up. She just woke up yet she fought those men. What if she would suddenly collapse again?

Furthermore, he was worried about her health. The doctor diagnosed that she had a brain tumor. Could it be that she was in pain and suffering physically because of her illness? But unknown to him, Jane would never experience pain from a brain tumor because that illness was created only by Bam-Bam, faking her examination result.

"Let's go back to the hospital," Nate uttered, holding Jane's shoulders to support her. He was surprisingly gentle towards her. "Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked her, his eyes scanning her from head to toe.

Ethan and Jane looked at him with their unblinking eyes, flabbergasted by Nathan's thoughtful behavior toward Jane. The little boy tried to conceal his smile as he darted his gaze back and forth between his father and Jane. He rejoiced inwardly, seeing Nathan's concern for Jane.

On the other hand, Jane remained quiet, just staring at Nathan skeptically. She wasn't used to being treated by him kindly. 'Why is he being considerate of me now? Is it because I'm dying from a terminal illness?' Jane snorted at that thought.

"I don't want to go to the hospital," Jane stubbornly stated. "I wanna go home and rest."

"Gramps and Miss Abi thought you went on a business trip abroad. You can't show up to the house at this hour. Just go home with us... Miss Jane," Ethan grabbed her hand, giving her a pleading look. He was hoping that Jane would agree to his suggestion.

"Master, aside from Nathan, Stephen, and Cherry, your family didn't know you'd been in a coma for one week. So Ethan and Nathan made them believe that you went abroad. It is best for you to stay with them," Bam-Bam supported Ethan's idea. But Jane had no idea that Bam-Bam and Ethan had been interacting for a while now.

Jane could only sigh in defeat. "Okay."

Nathan would like to insist on going to the hospital, however, he changed his mind after seeing Jane's tired expression. 'I'll let her rest for a while. She is safe in the Sparks Mansion. Members of King Stallion won't dare set foot in my place.'

Nathan guided both Jane and Ethan to his car. Just when he was about to start his car, his backup arrived. Violet led the group. They escorted them back to the Sparks Mansion.

When they reached the mansion, Butler Li was the one who welcomed them. He didn't expect to see a visitor at this hour. It was already 2:00 in the morning. He fixed his gaze on Jane, trying to scan his memory where and when he saw this familiar face.

"Butler Li, prepare the guest room," Nathan ordered him, interrupting his thoughts.

"Understood, Master." Butler Li promptly responded, still stealing a glance at Jane.

Jane just smiled at him. It's been so long since the last time she saw this butler. Butler Li had once become her accomplice and errand guy. She had forgotten that Butler Li would never recognize her. Her soul was in Abigail's body when she started to interact with Butler Li.

The butler was puzzled and caught off guard after seeing Jane's meaningful smile. He didn't know why he felt some familiar vibe from her, however, he didn't recognize her at all.

Still confused, Butler Li turned around and left to prepare the guest room for Jane.

"Mom... I mean Miss Jane. Let's go to my room first while waiting for your room to be fixed. You can rest there." Ethan grabbed her hand and gently pulled her toward his room.

Nathan could only watch the two figures walking away from his spot. He sighed helplessly before heading to his study room. He immediately contacted Axel, asking him for an update.

"Did they talk?" Nathan asked him curiously. He was referring to the members of the King Stallion who were captured in Zhou's hospital. "Why are they after Phantomflake? What does the King Stallion want from her?" Nathan bombarded Axel with so many questions.

Stephen took a deep sigh. "Supreme Leader..." he paused. He didn't know how he would bring up the bad news to Nathan.

"What? Did something happen?" Nathan already sensed that Stephen was disappointed by something.

"The men we've captured... committed suicide even before we could interrogate them. They took their lives with poison as if they were always prepared to die if their plans were compromised. This is how loyal they are to their organization. They chose to die, instead of leaking information to their enemies."

Nathan's expression darkened when he heard that. He cursed inwardly. He didn't expect that those men would be loyal to their organization to the extent of killing their own selves.

"Now, I understand why it's hard to get intel from them. King trained his henchmen well. They are like loyal dogs who are willing to jump and die for their master." Nathan felt threatened by the King's power and influence. He still couldn't figure out how King Stallion managed to find out Jane's whereabouts.

"Supreme Leader. I'll do the same for you. I'll die for you, not betray you." Axel tried to console his Supreme Leader.

Nathan's expression softened because of Axel's last remarks. He knew he could trust him. Maybe, he was not that iron-hand leader and he failed to discipline his men which led to their betrayal. Joker was a living example. But he was glad that Joker regretted his action and he was now trying to redeem himself by infiltrating the enemy's territory and doing this dangerous mission of being a double agent or rather spy.

"I'll wait for Joker's update. Maybe he will learn something about the real motive of King Stallion. I want to know why they are chasing after Phantomflake." Nathan wanted to gamble on this. Joker was his only hope.

After ending the call, Nathan decided to check on Jane and Ethan. He wanted to make sure that Jane was fine. He was about to leave his study when he heard a knock. He opened the door only to be surprised to see Jane. She was now standing there with an unfathomable expression.

Nathan had the urge to hold her again but he restrained himself from doing so. "Where is Ethan?" Nathan asked her.

"He fell asleep," Jane simply replied.

Nathan stepped to the side, letting her in. Jane stepped forward, following Nathan inside his study.

Jane was a little bit confused because of the sudden changes in Nathan's attitude. She wanted to test him.

"Is your room not yet ready? You should be resting by now." Nathan motioned for her to sit down.

But Jane remained standing in front of him while staring at him intently. Nathan frowned. He wondered why Jane was giving her this kind of gaze.

"Monica is alive. I'll find her and I'll kill her." Jane declared to Nathan, not breaking their eye-to-eye contact.

The crease on Nathan's forehead deepened further upon hearing that.

"I'm here to warn you. Don't get in my way, Nate. I don't care if she is Ethan's mother and your beloved woman," Jane spoke again, flashing her evil smile. She was clearly provoking Nathan, testing his temper.

She didn't need his pity. She didn't want him to treat her kindly just because he presumed she was dying.

Nathan squinted his eyes at her. Nathan grabbed her by her neck. "Don't play tricks with me, Phantomflake." Nathan's cold voice reverberated inside the room, his eyes burning with rage.

But Phantomflake just smirked at him, pressing her hands against his chest, her fingers teasing him. "You can't kill me, Nate. Just admit it. You've already fallen for me."

Jane changed her method after she was done provoking the devil. Now, she wanted to test him and find out how he would respond to her.

With one swift move, Phantomflake pulled his shirt, closing their gaps as she crushed her lips against his lips.

Nathan's mind went blank and his body froze the moment he felt her soft lips ravaging his own lips. Jane was kissing him aggressively with longing.

She failed to control her desire to kiss this guy. Nathan showed her a different attitude a while ago. He let her feel safe and warm with his genuine concern.

'Jane... just at this moment... I want to be with him... and forget about everything.' Jane thought to herself. Her past memories kept telling her she was unworthy of Nathan. Before she could stay away from him, Jane wanted to be selfish just today.

Surprisingly, Nathan just found himself responding to her. He lost! He couldn't resist her. His lips began to move and his hands hold her waist, pulling her closer to him.

Chapter 616 I Don't Want You In My Life Any Longer

Day Seventy...

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Jane didn't expect that Nathan would respond to her kiss while sober. At this moment, Nathan was not under the influence of alcohol, yet he was kissing her back willingly. Her heart tingled when he smothered her lips with demanding eagerness.

Jane could only close her eyes and savor the moment. Her heartbeat was so loud in her ears.

Badum! Badum! Badum!

She anchored her arms around his neck, grabbing his hair as she pulled his head closer to her. With her action, Nathan deepened the kiss further, savaging her lips. All the emotions he accumulated when Jane was back in a coma were resurfacing, his body, his arms and his lips moving on their own accord.

His tongue began to trace the soft fullness of her lips, his teeth nibbling and biting her. As he pried her mouth open, he thrust his tongue inside her mouth, tasting and licking hers. Jane welcomed him as she intertwined her tongue with his. The two wrestled and danced inside her mouth, a soft moan escaping her lips.

'Damn it! Why is it that every moment without him feels like an eternity? I truly miss this guy so much. I can't stop my feelings for him any longer.' Jane's heart ached, her soul weighed down by the unrelenting yearning that had taken hold of her. She felt like a ship lost at sea, tossed about by the stormy waves of her feelings.

And just as Jane struggled with her emotions, Nathan was trapped in the same emotional turmoil. For an entire week, he had been consumed by worry for her, a gnawing concern that had settled deep within him like a festering wound. He couldn't help but wish for the day when he could witness her waking up from that coma state, a moment he had longed for. But this time, it felt different from the previous situation wherein he wanted her to live just because he was hell-bent to do his revenge against her.

Her absence for a week and the thought of Jane disappearing forever because of her illness made Nathan realize how desperate he was to keep her alive. The undeniable attraction he had for Jane was getting stronger and stronger as time went by as if their connection was an unbreakable bond, an invisible thread that bound their hearts together, refusing to loosen its grip.

He had been trying to fight and deny his feelings for Jane. But these past few days were like punishment to him. Nathan's yearning for Jane was a relentless fire burning within him, an ache that could only be soothed by her presence.

Who would have thought that they were two souls lost in a sea of longing, unable to escape the gravitational pull of their emotions? The ache in their hearts was a testament to the depth of their connection, a connection that neither time nor distance could diminish.

Through this passionate kiss, their actions spoke louder than words. But deep confusion was still bothering Nathan. How could he easily move on after his heartbreak with Abigail? He thought he was in love with Abigail, but why couldn't he resist Jane? The more he tried to fight it and deny his feelings, the more he was drawn to her.

'Do I start liking her just because she's the real Shining Star?' Nathan asked himself inwardly, still kissing Jane hungrily. He was drowning in the sweet taste of her lips. His desire resurfaced and it was unstoppable. Nathan was slowly acknowledging his feelings for her.

Not breaking the kiss, his hands grabbed her waist, lifting her as he made her sit on the surface of his table. He seized her mouth, his tongue continued to ravage the sweetness of her mouth.

Jane, on the other hand, could only succumb to the forceful domination of his lips. His rough kiss sent currents of desire through her, setting her aflame. She didn't want this to stop. She would like to enjoy this moment. She wrapped her legs around his hips, not allowing him to leave. Her soft breasts were now pressed against his sturdy chest as their lips and tongue were still connected.

In the midst of their intense passion, mere moments later, an unyielding need for oxygen forced Jane and Nathan to reluctantly break their heated kiss. But their eyes were still locked, staring intently at each other. Their lips reluctantly parted, leaving them both breathless, their chests rising and falling in rhythm with their desperate gasps for air. Nathan fixed her position as he rested his forehead on hers.

As they panted heavily, each inhale and exhale seemed to echo with the lingering heat of their shared desire. Their eyes, still smoldering with the intensity of their connection, remained locked in a mutual gaze. In that moment of breathless pause, their unspoken emotions and desires flowed between them like an invisible current. I think you should take a look at

It was as if the world had momentarily faded away, leaving only the two of them in their cocoon of desire and longing. Their hearts raced, and the world seemed to stand still as they caught their breath, both aware that the fire ignited by their passionate kiss still burned fiercely within them, a flame that threatened to consume them in the most delicious way.

Jane cupped his face, her thumbs caressing his cheeks. This was too good to be true. But Jane's heart constricted as the unpleasant memory of her past resurfaced in her mind. This was a painful reminder that she was unworthy of Nathan's love.

'I don't deserve him. I was touched and was taken advantage of by another guy... not only one guy... but many of them...' Jane thought she was touched also by Monica's men. Her stomach churned just by that thought. The magical moment had been ruined and she could no longer continue this.

Jane finally broke their eye-to-eye contact, leaping off the table and deliberately avoiding Nathan's gaze. Her sudden shift in behavior left Nathan puzzled and concerned. He couldn't help but wonder why she had suddenly become so cold and distant. His mind raced with questions, and he desperately sought to understand the reason behind this abrupt transformation in her demeanor.

"What's the matter?" Nathan inquired, his voice laced with deep concern. He extended his hand towards her, but Jane quickly stepped backward, evading his touch.

"I'm going to rest now." She walked towards the door, not looking back at Nathan. "The kiss... just treat it as my sign of gratitude for saving my life today."

Nathan's expression turned grim when he heard that. The swift shift in her demeanor left him wondering if she was intentionally playing mind games with him. As frustration began to well up within him, he couldn't deny the rising annoyance and disappointment he felt. Jane had abruptly left him hanging, and it didn't sit well with him.

Determined not to let her manipulate his emotions, Nathan clenched his fists and made a firm decision. He couldn't allow her to get under his skin like this. He knew he wasn't accustomed to feeling this way, and it was unsettling. Without a second thought, he bolted out of his study room and into the hallway, determined to catch up with Jane and confront her about the sudden change in her behavior.

Nathan's patience had worn thin, and frustration bubbled up inside him like a simmering volcano. In a swift motion, he grabbed Jane by her elbow, effectively halting her from taking another step away from him. His voice trembled with a mix of emotions, his annoyance evident.

"Why? Why are you putting me through this?" Nathan asked her, his tone heavy with exasperation and confusion. He couldn't comprehend why she was putting him on this emotional rollercoaster, and the frustration in his voice made it clear that he had reached a breaking point.

He didn't know what to feel anymore. Nathan found himself trapped in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions, leaving him utterly bewildered and confused. He was having an internal turmoil that left him questioning his own feelings.

At one moment, he harbored a deep-seated resentment towards Jane, yet, at the same time, an unexpected tenderness had begun to bloom within him, a sentiment he had never anticipated. Now, his heart became a battleground where the lines between love and loathing blurred, and it left him utterly disoriented.

He had once believed he was in love with Abigail, Jane's sister, convinced of his affections, but this enigmatic woman had infiltrated his emotions in a way he couldn't comprehend. The confusion was a storm raging within him, and Nathan found himself lost in a sea of contradictory feelings.

Meanwhile, Jane regarded him with a contemptuous sneer, her tone dripping with disdain as she delivered her cutting words. "Nathan Sparks," she spat his name out with a bitter edge, "I suppose I've finally come to a clear realization—I don't want you in my life any longer." Her words hung heavily in the air, a sharp contrast to the once-intimate connection they had shared a while ago.

"Don't waste your time falling for me, and don't bother with your kindness," she continued, her voice laced with a cold detachment. "I've outgrown the need for it." Her declaration echoed with finality, signaling a profound shift in their relationship, leaving Nathan stunned by her sudden rejection.

Having uttered those words to Nathan, Jane abruptly withdrew her hand from his grasp and proceeded to leave him standing alone in the hallway, her departure leaving a palpable sense of distance between them. But unknown to Nathan, Jane left him with tears in her eyes.

Chapter 617 Nathan's Feelings

Day Seventy...

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In the dimly lit study room, Nathan sat lazily, troubled by a train of thoughts. The soft glow of a desk lamp cast a warm pool of light over his wooden desk, where an array of scattered papers and a half-finished cup of cold coffee bore witness to his absorbed contemplation.

After a while, he leaned back in his well-worn leather chair, his fingers interlaced beneath his chin, forming a contemplative steeple. His brow furrowed as his gaze remained fixed, yet unfocused, on the shelves lined with books that surrounded him.

Deep lines etched his forehead, a gloomy look could be seen in his blue eyes. The subtle rise and fall of Nathan's chest were the only indications of life in the stillness of the room. He didn't know how long he had been sitting there as he was lost in the complexities of his inner world. A certain woman continued to mess with his mind— Jane Hiroshi!

The sun had already risen from the east, its warm and illuminating rays casting a gentle embrace upon the world outside. However, for Nathan... he hadn't even gotten to take a nap because his mind was ensnared by thoughts of Jane, and their recent encounter in that very room.

As the world bathed in the morning light, he found himself haunted by the memory of her, her last hurtful words, and the complex emotions that had surged between them. How could she passionately kiss him at first, only to abruptly tell him that she no longer needed him in her life afterward?

[Jane: "I suppose I've finally come to a clear realization—I don't want you in my life any longer. Don't waste your time falling for me, and don't bother with your kindness and don't bother with your kindness. I've outgrown the need for it."]

"Is that a joke? It's not even funny," Nathan murmured, letting out a frustrated sigh. He rubbed his temples and lamented. "What made her think that I'm falling for her? She's delusional to assume that." Nathan was venting out his frustrations.

He was still annoyed by Jane's sudden coldness and distant behavior. He couldn't understand the drastic change in her behavior after waking up from a coma. He could still remember how Jane declared that she liked him and she was going to pursue him and win his heart. What made her change her mind?

'Admit it. You care for her. And you don't want her to disappear and die.' Nathan's alter ego whispered in his subconscious. Nathan could only shake his head, trying to push those unwanted thoughts to the back of his mind.

As the intensity of his desire became overwhelming, Nathan found the need to see Jane and take action. With a sense of urgency, he rose from his seat and abruptly left his study room, striding purposefully down the corridor. His destination was the guest room where Jane was sleeping.

Each step he took resonated with the inner turmoil he felt, a chaotic conflict between longing and restraint. The desire that had surged within him had become a driving force, propelling him forward. Nathan couldn't ignore the magnetic pull drawing him to Jane any longer.

With each passing moment, his heart pounded in his chest, filled with complicated emotions. He was determined to confront the feelings that had been simmering beneath the surface, for he knew that he and Jane were both running out of time and he didn't know what future awaited them.

It did not take long before Nathan reached her room. He grabbed the doorknob and found out that the room wasn't locked. Nathan invaded the room without knocking. He traced his steps toward her bed and stopped upon reaching her spot.

Nathan's gaze fell on her sleeping figure, her chest rising and falling rhythmically with each breath. His expression softened upon seeing her delicate features, sound asleep in front of him. And something pinched his heart as he noticed her swollen eyes and the dry marks of her tears.

"Did she cry?" Nathan murmured to himself. Who would have thought that this fierce woman would appear so delicate and vulnerable in her sleep? He couldn't help but reach out to caress her cheeks tenderly.

Nathan took another deep sigh. Then he bent down, grabbing the blanket. He carefully extended the blanket over her form, tucking her in with unspoken gentleness and care.

"Nate..." she murmured in her sleep as she nestled deeper into the embrace of the covers. A contented sigh escaped her lips as if she sensed his presence even in her dreams.

On the other hand, a bright smile played on Nathan's lips as he heard her speak his name. It was unexpected. His heart skipped a beat and his eyes glimmered with satisfaction.

"I thought you didn't want me in your life anymore, so why are you calling my name?" Nathan whispered, letting out a soft chuckle. Then he tucked the strand of her hair behind her ear and caressed her cheek for one last time, his affectionate gaze still lingered on her face.

As if there was a magnetic force pulling him to Jane, Nathan bent down, planting a soft kiss on Jane's forehead. He was also surprised by his own actions.

"Cough! Cough!"

Nathan was abruptly jolted from his thoughts by the sound of someone clearing their throat. Startled, he swiftly turned around, his eyes locking on the unexpected duo of Butler Li and Little Ethan, who stood by the door.

'When did they arrive? I haven't noticed their presence.' Nathan thought to himself, hiding his embarrassment. The two caught him in the act as he stole a kiss from Jane's forehead.

Meanwhile, Ethan's brows furrowed in annoyance, his gaze fixed on Butler Li, the culprit who had interrupted Nathan's concentration with that throat-clearing sound. His glare bore into the butler, conveying his displeasure at the untimely disruption. The young boy was anticipating what his father would do next after that kiss but everything was ruined by Butler Li's interruption.

Meanwhile, Butler Li wore a sheepish smile, a mix of regret and apology evident in his eyes as he looked at his young master. He realized that he had inadvertently disrupted Nathan's focus and was now bearing the brunt of Ethan's irritation. Despite the tension in the room, he remained respectfully apologetic, silently acknowledging his mistake.

"We're here to deliver breakfast for Miss Jane," Butler Li explained to Nathan, trying to break the awkwardness inside the room.

"Okay." Nathan could only utter one word.

Tossing one last lingering look in Jane's direction, Nathan turned away, leaving the duo who were giving him a teasing smile. He just feigned innocence as if he didn't kiss Jane in front of Ethan and Butler Li.

When Nathan disappeared from their sight, Butler Li started pestering Ethan. "Young Master! What was the meaning of that? What is your father's relationship with this Lady? Why did he kiss her? What will happen with Miss Abigail now?"

Ethan just rolled his eyes skyward. "Shhhh! Be quiet, Uncle Li! My mom is sleeping."

Butler Li: "..."

'Huh? MOM!!!? Why is he calling her Mom? Ouch. I feel sorry for Miss Abi... Is she being replaced by this woman?'

Butler Li put on a pitiful face. "Young Master... please explain. I'm hurting for Miss Abi. I thought she was the woman whom you wanted for your father."

"Uncle Li, do you remember? I mentioned before that I would introduce you to my mom. She's the woman I was talking about." Ethan said matter-of-factly.

Butler Li: "..."

Butler Li was reeling from one shock to another, unable to comprehend Ethan's actions. How could Ethan betray Abigail so easily?

"Eh? Then what will happen to Miss Abi?" Butler Li asked, his confusion evident.

Ethan responded with a meaningful smile. "Miss Abi is my aunt. She will find happiness with Uncle Dave. You don't have to worry about her. She loves Uncle Dave, not my father."

"Eh? Are you alright with that?" Butler Li was still not convinced.

Ethan's head bobbed frantically, his excitement uncontrollable. "Of course! My mom is here, and it seems like my Dad is truly falling for her. I'm absolutely certain of it. I believe we're on the verge of having a complete family soon!" Ethan's eyes sparkled with delight as he eagerly envisioned the future that lay ahead. The prospect of a harmonious, unified family brought radiant hope to his heart.

Butler Li found himself in a state of bewilderment, his hand unconsciously scratching his forehead as his gaze darted back and forth between Ethan and Jane. Thoughts raced through his mind as he contemplated the unfolding situation. 'Is this for real?' he wondered. 'I must discuss this with Miss Abi when I see her. I wonder... has Miss Abi forgotten about me? It's been some time since we last communicated. Is she well?'

His concerns for Abigail's well-being lingered, adding a layer of worry to his already perplexed thoughts. The uncertainty of the situation weighed heavily on him, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of uneasiness, thinking that Abigail would be heartbroken because of Nathan and Ethan.

Chapter 618 Nathan Offered Her A Help

Day Seventy...

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As the soft tendrils of morning light filtered through the curtains, Jane's eyes fluttered open, and she was met by the warm, charming smile of Ethan. A sense of serenity washed over her, and an answering smile bloomed gently on her face. At that moment, she felt a profound gratitude for having him in her life. Ethan was as vibrant as the morning sunray, adding color to her world.

With a sense of affection that filled her heart, she stretched her arms out, inviting him into her embrace. It was a silent, tender invitation, a wordless expression of the connection they shared.

"Good morning, Miss Jane!" Ethan softly mumbled as he sunk his body into her arms.

In the cocoon of that morning, their hug would symbolize the warmth and comfort they found in each other's presence, a testament to the deep bond that had grown between them.

"Good morning, my baby," Jane responded affectionately, her fingers gently caressing his hair. Despite the harm Monica had inflicted upon her, Jane found it impossible to harbor any animosity toward Ethan. This child was innocent, a radiant source of joy in her life. She felt an overwhelming sense of relief that Ethan hadn't inherited Monica's evilness. Instead, he had grown into a kind-hearted boy with a pure and untainted heart.

'But sooner or later, I have to apologize to Ethan. I can't forgive his mother. I'm going to kill her for sure. And I'll pay for it with my life. I might end up dying too.' Jane thought resolutely. She had resigned herself to the possibility of her own demise in the pursuit of justice.

Jane had long abandoned any hope of winning Nathan's heart. Her interactions with him the previous night were a testament to her resolve. She had decided not to burden Nathan any further, releasing him from any obligation or attachment.

Sadness enveloped Jane, and she bore the weight of pain in her heart like an unshakable burden. Nathan had been the sole occupant of her heart, the only man she had ever truly loved. However, their love remained an unattainable dream, forever out of reach.

The gnawing ache within her seemed to intensify as she grappled with the harsh reality of their circumstances. She couldn't shake the feeling of unworthiness that clung to her like a shadow. It whispered cruelly in her ear, telling her that she was not deserving of Nathan's love.

"Miss Jane, are you okay? Is there something wrong?" Ethan asked her when he noticed the sullen look in her eyes.

Jane gave him a faint smile, concealing her sadness. "Nothing. I just miss you."

"I missed you too!" Ethan responded, pouting his lips. He wanted to blame Bam-Bam for putting Jane into a deep slumber for one week.

'Ahuh! That creature disappeared. He is nowhere to be found.' Ethan thought to himself, his eyes scanning the room as he searched for Bam-Bam.

"By the way, Ethan," Jane began, her tone carrying a hint of seriousness, "there's something I need to ask you related to what happened last night." Her mind latched on to this important matter as a means to divert her thoughts away from Nathan. She knew she needed to keep her mind occupied in order to put Nathan out of her thoughts.

"Uhm. Just tell me," Ethan said, focusing his attention on her. He was now all eyes and all ears on her.

"Who are those men who abducted us?" Jane didn't have any idea about the identity of those men. She wondered if the Red Dragon Mafia had something to do with it. Previously, that organization also abducted her when she was still in a coma.

On the other hand, Ethan blinked in confusion. "I really don't have any idea," he admitted, scratching his head. "I think my father might be able to answer your question, Miss Jane. Why don't you ask him directly?" Ethan's face lit up with a wide grin as he mentioned his father.

He couldn't help but recall the touching scene he had witnessed a while ago when his father had gently kissed Jane on her forehead. Today, he wanted to be a bridge between them, ensuring they could spend time together.

'Sigh. But I want to avoid him as much as I can,' Jane murmured in quiet contemplation.

"Eat your breakfast first," Ethan insisted, gently taking Jane's hand and guiding her toward the table. Both he and Butler Li had personally delivered her breakfast-in-bed, and it was this thoughtful act that had led them to catch Nathan in the act.

"Okay. Thank you, my little angel." Jane cupped his face, pinching his cheek gently.

Ethan observed Jane as she ate her breakfast, his gaze unwavering. Once she had finished, she wasted no time and proceeded to take a quick shower, fully aware that she had a long and eventful day ahead.

Ever since regaining her memory, she had formulated a comprehensive plan, with Helena and Vincent as her primary targets. Her objective was clear: gather irrefutable evidence confirming Helena's true identity as Monica. Armed with this proof, she intended to reveal to everyone that Monica was, in fact, still alive.

'Vincent... what is your role in this? What is your connection with the King Stallion Mafia?' Her last memory showed him that Vincent was the one who stopped the members of the King Stallion Mafia from killing her. She had a nagging feeling about Vincent's identity.

'Is he connected with the King? Does he know him?'

Jane was still lost in her thoughts when she heard a knock.

"Come in."

Jane turned around, her gaze meeting Nathan's as he entered her room with a purposeful stride. His voice carried a calm yet inquisitive tone as he addressed her. "Ethan mentioned that you had something you wished to discuss," Nathan stated, his demeanor poised and attentive, ready to listen to whatever Jane had on her mind.

Jane tried not to show unnecessary emotions as she posed her question to Nathan, her eyes locked onto his with unwavering seriousness. "The men who abducted us, do you know them?" she inquired, her voice steady despite the gravity of the topic.

Nathan responded with unwavering directness. "They are members of the King Stallion Mafia," he stated plainly, his eyes not leaving her face as he assessed her reaction. And just what he had expected, he saw a hint of shock in her emerald eyes.

This revelation struck Jane like a bolt of lightning, and she found herself momentarily stunned. 'King Stallion Mafia. What brings them here? What could they possibly want from me?' she pondered in silence, her mind racing with a barrage of questions and apprehensions.

While she had been asleep, Jane had found herself trapped in a series of memories linked to King Stallion and their enigmatic leader. Now that she had awakened, she couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions. Amusement washed over her as she realized that the very organization she had longed to seek revenge against had finally made its presence known in the country.

'This is for the best. There's no need for me to seek them out. They are willingly presenting themselves to me on a silver platter,' Jane mused to herself, a sinister smile curling upon her lips.

As Nathan caught a fleeting glimpse of her sinister smile, a subtle sense of intrigue and concern stirred within him. He couldn't help but wonder about Jane's intentions and what she might be plotting. He was well aware of Jane's relentless pursuit in her investigation of the mysterious leader of the King Stallion Mafia.

Her determination and the enigmatic smile on her lips left him with an uneasy sense of anticipation, as he knew she was capable of unraveling secrets and taking calculated risks to achieve her goals. But he wanted to join her on this mission.

"I can assist you in locating them," Nathan offered, extending a helping hand to Jane. He was genuinely concerned for her well-being and her relentless pursuit of the King Stallion Mafia. "I know the location of one of their hideouts, and my men are discreetly monitoring their activities."

Furthermore, Nathan couldn't shake the worry that had settled in his heart. Jane's health was of paramount importance to him, and the presence of a brain tumor demanded immediate attention.

In his mind, it was crucial for her to prioritize her recovery and undergo the necessary treatment. He didn't want to see her strain herself any further in her quest for justice when her own well-being was at stake.

"Just give me their location. No need to get involved. I will deal with them myself. Have you forgotten? I'm Phantomflake." Jane blatantly refused his offer.

Nathan narrowed his eyes when he heard that. He was displeased by her refusal. "You should focus on your recovery. Your health needs immediate attention." He began to argue with her. His voice was stern and cold.

"I don't need any treatment. I'm healthy," Jane declared.

Nathan fell into a contemplative silence, a realization dawning upon him. It suddenly became clear why Jane had previously confided in Stephen about her limited time, mentioning that she had only 47 days left to live. He had inadvertently eavesdropped on their conversation after discreetly planting a listening device inside Stephen's room.

At the time, he had dismissed her words as mere nonsense, believing they held no real significance. Now, it was apparent that Jane had been acutely aware of her own illness all along.

"Do you know about your illness? Yet, you hid this from everyone, including your family?" Nathan inquired, his eyes reflecting a complex mix of emotions.

Jane: "..."

Chapter 619 Time To Unfold the Truth

619 Time To Unfold the Truth

Day Seventy...

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Nathan confronted Jane about her supposed 'illness', his concern evident in his demeanor. However, Jane remained silent. In reality, the illness she had was nothing more than a fabrication, a deceitful narrative crafted by Bam-Bam. Yet, a darker truth weighed heavily on her conscience.

She was acutely aware that her life hung in the balance, not because of any ailment, but because of the mission she had undertaken-to make Nathan fall in love with her in 100 days. It was a pact she had entered into with Bam-Bam, and the consequences of failure were dire.

"Do you already know about your brain tumor?" Nathan repeated his question.

As Nathan's questioning continued, Jane's thoughts delved deeper into her internal turmoil. 'I am facing the prospect of my own demise, not due to any illness, but rather the failure to accomplish my mission,' she acknowledged silently, refraining from speaking the words aloud.

The weight of her secret and the impending consequences bore heavily upon her as she navigated a treacherous path, her true motives concealed beneath a facade of deception. The soul swap, Bam-Bam's existence, and her mission in 100 Days were things she couldn't disclose to Nathan.

"Why do you even care?" Jane retorted, her voice laced with bitterness. "Isn't this exactly what you desire? Your wish granted," she added, a hint of sarcasm in her words.

Nathan, however, closed the distance between them, grabbing her shoulders. "I've already told you," he asserted, his voice firm and resolute. "You can't die without my consent!" The emotions between them were intense and contradictory, a reflection of their complex and entangled feelings.

A heavy silence enveloped them as if the weight of unspoken words hung palpably in the air. Neither of them dared to break the deafening silence that had settled between them. Instead, they locked eyes, their gazes unwavering and intense as if seeking answers, understanding, or perhaps assessing each other's hidden emotions.

Nathan's grip on her shoulders tightened with determination. "You need to undergo treatment," he insisted, his voice unwavering. "I've made all the necessary arrangements. If you refuse," he continued, a note of seriousness in his tone, "I'll have no choice but to inform Ethan."

Nathan resorted to this ultimatum, believing that the threat of revealing the truth to Ethan might sway Jane's decision. He knew that Jane cared deeply for Ethan, and the thought of causing him distress weighed heavily on her conscience.

Meanwhile, Jane narrowed her eyes at him, and a palpable displeasure flickered across her features. How could he use his son as leverage to achieve his desired outcome?

Jane had no time to argue with Nathan about this. She firmly believed she didn't require any treatment and had more pressing matters to attend to. "I've already told you, it's a NO," she stated unequivocally. "If you genuinely want to help me, provide me with a sample of Veronica's hair or anything I can use for a DNA test." Jane made a deliberate choice to shift the conversation in a different direction.

Nathan's eyebrows furrowed in deep confusion upon hearing Jane's request. "Why do you need her DNA sample?" he inquired, his curiosity piqued. "And what do you intend to use it for?"

Jane had little patience for explaining things with Nathan over the matter. "Enough with the questions," she declared firmly. "Here's the deal: you give me the address of the King Stallion's hideout and provide me with Veronica's DNA sample. In return, I'll agree to go to the hospital for treatment."

Nathan's amusement flickered in his eyes as he listened to Jane's proposal. With a nod of agreement, he released his grip on her shoulders. "Alright," he conceded.

He had achieved what he wanted: Jane's commitment to undergo treatment. At that moment, nothing else held significance. He decided to let go of any further arguments with her.

Meanwhile, Jane let out a long sigh of relief. Nathan's unwavering persistence had been a source of considerable annoyance for her. She felt a sense of triumph in successfully deceiving him into accepting her proposition. In truth, she had no intention of undergoing any treatment; she had merely used it as a pretext to bring an end to their argument.

"Thank you for letting me stay here." Jane began, her tone hurried and determined, "but I must take my leave now." She was in a rush, an urgency in her steps, driven by the need to meet Helena once more. Her primary objective was to secure Helena's DNA sample so that she could compare it to Veronica's DNA.

Nathan could only watch as Jane's figure receded into the distance. However, just as she reached the door, she came to an abrupt halt and pivoted to face Nathan once again. "Can you provide me with Veronica's DNA sample today?" she inquired urgently. "I need it ASAP."

Nathan heaved a sigh of defeat. "Okay. I'll give it to you today."

Jane just nodded her head as she took her leave. She didn't look back instead, she swiftly faded from Nathan's view, her figure disappearing into the distance.

Nathan wasted no time in placing a call to Axel, assigning him the task of retrieving DNA samples from Veronica's former residence, a property that the Syphiruz Mafia had provided her. Nathan held the firm belief that Axel would be able to find a strand of Veronica's hair or another suitable sample within Veronica's former residence.

On the other hand, Jane had already departed from the Sparks Mansion, but she found herself at a loss regarding Helena's whereabouts. In the end, she made the decision to reach out to Vincent. Aside from Helena, Vincent remained a central figure in her mission. She was determined to uncover the hidden truths surrounding Vincent's identity and his involvement in the events of the past.

'What role had he played in my tragic past, and what secrets did he hold?' Jane asked herself.

[Vincent, where are you? Can we meet?]

Jane composed the message and sent it to Vincent, her gaze locked onto her phone screen. Her eyes filled with a mix of emotions, ranging from anger, anxiety, and anticipation to a simmering determination as she awaited his response, well aware that their meeting held the potential to unveil long-buried secrets and alter the course of her mission.

Chapter 620 Helena's Suspicion

620 Helena's Suspicion

Day Seventy...

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Vincent had been in a bad mood ever since Phoenix's mission had failed. Their objective had been to secure Jane and bring her to the facility, but they hadn't anticipated Nathan's sudden appearance at the most crucial moment. Frustration gnawed at Vincent as he sipped his whisky in his study room. Since his thoughts were consumed by other matters, he failed to notice the message that appeared on his phone screen—a message from Jane, asking him to meet.

Meanwhile, Helena had observed the shifts in Vincent's behavior in recent times. He seemed more distant than usual, at times even avoiding her. She couldn't help but wonder if this change was somehow linked to Phantomflake's reappearance and her unsettling presence. The uncertainty of the situation weighed heavily on her, fueling her jealousy, rage, and hatred toward Jane.

"Why are you sulking here, Babe?" Helena's voice carried a playful and coaxing tone as she sat on his lap, her arms encircling his neck as she turned to face him. "I'm feeling quite bored. Let's go out and have some fun!"

Vincent carefully set aside his glass of whiskey, his eyes fixing upon Helena with a faint, forced smile. He made a conscious effort to conceal the lingering remnants of his sour mood, not wanting to burden her with his frustrations.

"Where would you like to go?" Vincent inquired, as he often did, always ready to indulge her desires and eager to comply with her wishes in order to keep her entertained and satisfied.

Besides, he felt a sense of relief that Helena hadn't pressed him about finding Phantomflake. Just a few days prior, she had insisted that he locate and eliminate Phantomflake for her, making it a rather tense and pressing matter.

But unknown to Vincent, Helena had already devised a meticulously crafted plan for eliminating Phantomflake. She had sought Veronica's cooperation to secure the necessary weapon and was now preparing to put it to the test, with Abigail as her first target.

"Let's go shopping and have a lunch date!" Helena suggested. Then she gave him a peck on his lips.

"Alright, my darling, your wish is my command," Vincent replied with a playful twinkle in his eye. He gently lifted her off his lap and settled her onto the surface of his desk. Rising from his seat, he decided to change his clothes first, to get ready for their lunch date.

Before heading off to freshen up, he leaned in and planted a tender kiss on her lips, conveying his affectionate regard for her. Helena was satisfied because Vincent was back to his usual self- sweet, caring, and affectionate toward her.

"Make it quick, Babe. Don't keep me waiting too long, or I might just have to join you in the bathroom," Helena teased with a mischievous giggle, her playful demeanor infusing the moment with a sense of shared intimacy and light-heartedness.

"I would love that," Vincent replied back, flashing his cheeky grin.

Helena let out another soft giggle. "Let me think it over first.," she replied with a playful tone. "You should head out now before I change my mind. I might find myself unable to resist devouring you right here instead of going on our planned lunch date." Her words held a tantalizing allure, hinting at the fiery passion that often simmered between them.

Vincent chuckled warmly and playfully winked at Helena before quietly closing the door to his study. He made his way directly to his own room with the intention of taking a quick shower and changing into fresh attire.

Just as Vincent vanished from her sight, Helena's inquisitive eyes fell upon his phone, resting innocently on his desk. Her curiosity sparked to life, intensified by the memory of waking up alone in her bed the previous night. It had become evident that Vincent had been making secretive phone calls behind her back, a discovery that had left her pondering who exactly he had been in contact with during those secret conversations.

"Is he hiding something from me?" A growing unease settled within Helena as she contemplated Vincent's recent odd behavior. She couldn't help but notice the subtle shifts in his demeanor, and these changes had begun to raise suspicions within her.

Without a second thought, Helena impulsively reached for Vincent's phone, compelled by an insatiable need to unravel the mysteries that lay hidden in his call history. But to her surprise, he found an intriguing message.

"Miss J?" Helena frowned when she read the name registered on his phone. "Who is this woman?"

Filled with an insatiable curiosity, Helena proceeded to open Jane's message, her mind a whirlwind of questions and intrigue.

Fortunately, she knew Vincent's passcode and she could easily access and unlock his phone, sneaking into his private conversation.

[Vincent, where are you? Can we meet?]

A deep crease formed on her forehead as she read the simple message, but it didn't take long for a tide of rage and jealousy to surge within her heart. Helena knew instinctively that this message wasn't from one of Vincent's subordinates. No one dared to address him by his first name in such a manner.

"Vincent, are you cheating on me? Or is someone attempting to seduce you and capture your attention once more?" Helena's teeth clenched together, and her grip on the phone tightened as her words spilled forth, laced with a mix of anger and apprehension.

Helena felt a wave of confusion wash over her, for this was the sole message she could access. No message history at all. Suspicion crept in, leading her to believe that Vincent had deliberately erased his previous conversations with this mysterious woman.

"Let me see who is this woman, trying to steal my man." An evil smile flashed on her charming face. Her fingers moved, typing a message for Jane.

[I'm busy right now. Let's meet in the evening. 7:00 pm at Royal Crown Restaurant. I will make the reservation.]

Helena sent the message to Jane and deleted their conversation. She didn't want Vincent to know about this meet-up. She would catch this woman by herself. Her intention was to confront her privately. To ensure her own safety, she devised a plan to bring along a few bodyguards as a precautionary measure.