

100 Days 621

Chapter 621 Outwit Them Using Their Own Tactics

Jane felt a little bit disappointed because she needed to wait for several hours before she could meet Vincent. He responded to her message, telling her to meet at 7:00 p.m. tonight.

"I should drop by my hideout and meet Cherry." Jane contemplated aloud, her mind weighed down by the recently recovered memories of her tragic past. She carried the heavy burden of these memories in her chest and felt too embarrassed to share them with anyone else.

However, the accumulation of negative emotions within her heart had become unbearable, compelling her to seek solace and release through conversation with a trusted confidante. Then, another person came to mind: Stephen.

He was the only person who knew about what happened to her. Now, she understood why Stephen hesitated when she asked him to help her recover her memories. Those memories were unpleasant, the source of her nightmares and sleepless nights. Jane hailed a cab and made her way to her hideout. Within a matter of minutes, she arrived at her destination. Upon entering the house, she took Cherry by surprise, catching her just as she was preparing to leave. The two women found themselves face to face, standing at the front door.

"Sis! You're finally awake!" Cherry exclaimed, swiftly pouncing on her with a tight and affectionate embrace. Her heart brimmed with joy and gratitude at the sight of Jane, and the excitement of their reunion washed over her like a tidal wave. "I've been worried about you. Don't scare us like that. You have to take care of your health."

A warm, tender smile graced Jane's lips as she reciprocated the hug, her fingers gently caressing Cherry's hair, offering her a reassuring touch. "I'm sorry for causing you so much worry," she whispered softly, her voice filled with sincerity and affection.

"But I'm back now, feeling healthier than ever before. You don't need to fear me collapsing like that again." Her words carried a promise of strength and resilience, meant to ease Cherry's concerns.

Cherry could only bob her head. "Keep your promise, Sis. I don't know what to do without you."

"I will. Anyway, where are you going?" Jane asked her.

"I was actually planning to visit you in the hospital. Who would have guessed that you'd suddenly show up at my doorstep?" Cherry giggled with a sense of delighted surprise.

"Hmm, of course, I wanted to surprise you," Jane began with a mischievous smile. "Since you're already on your way out, how about joining me? We can go practice shooting together. There's a shooting range nearby." Jane invited Cherry, her desire to unwind and release the pent-up negative emotions evident in her voice.

"Yey, absolutely, sis! I'd love to!" Cherry's eyes lit up with excitement as she accepted the invitation. "It feels like old times. I still vividly remember the first time you taught me how to fire a gun," she reminisced with a nostalgic grin, the thought of spending time with Jane at the shooting range filling her with joy and fond memories.

Without further ado, the two ladies went to the nearby shooting range. Jane was glad because they were the only clients for today. The two chose their spots and began their shooting practice.

In the well-lit shooting range, the sharp crack of gunfire echoed as Jane meticulously aimed and fired her weapon. The air was thick with the scent of gunpowder as spent shell casings scattered on the ground. Cherry watched her in amusement and admiration.

Jane stood in a focused stance, her eyes fixed firmly on the target, imagining that Monica was the one she was shooting. With each squeeze of the trigger, her shots struck with precision.

One after another, Jane's bullets found their mark, punctuating the target with a series of tight groupings. Her hits were consistently centered around the bullseye, forming a cluster of unmistakable accuracy.

The paper target, marked with concentric circles and a small bullseye, bore the evidence of her remarkable marksmanship. If the paper target was Monica, then her body and head would be filled by Jane's bullets.

"OMG, Sis! Your skills never fade! You are truly a sharpshooter!"

Cherry exclaimed, applauding Jane's impressive marksmanship with genuine enthusiasm and admiration.

Jane remained absorbed in shooting at the target, her mind consumed by Monica's image. It was only when Cherry's voice broke her concentration that she snapped back to reality, shifting her focus to her surroundings. She responded with a faint smile and said, "It's your turn."

Cherry quickly assumed her shooting stance, gripping her gun with a determined resolve. With a deep breath, she began to squeeze the trigger, sending rounds downrange with focused intent. The sharp sounds of gunfire resonated in the range as Cherry joined Jane in the satisfying rhythm of target practice.

After indulging in half an hour of practice shooting, Jane's spirits were lifted, and a sense of relaxation washed over her. As they decided to take a break, Jane seized the opportunity to confide her thoughts with Cherry, eager to share her troubled feelings with her. "Cherry... I've regained my past memories," Jane began, her voice filled with clarity. "I remembered how I fell into their traps. The leader of the King Stallion deceived me by posing as Sizzling August. And I've confirmed that Monica was indeed affiliated with the King Stallion Mafia. Now, I have a lead on where to find Monica."

Cherry gasped in surprise upon hearing that. "You fell into a coma for seven days. But in return, you've recovered your memories. Sis, what is your plan now? Tell me what should I do to help you? Where is Monica?"

"I believe she altered her appearance and assumed a different identity," Jane asserted. "Monica and the leader of King Stallion were both cunning manipulators, experts in mind games," Jane explained. "To achieve my revenge, I intend to outwit them using their own tactics. This is where your skills as Black Rose come in, Cherry. I need your expertise to secure concrete evidence linking Helena and Monica." Jane paused for a moment.

"I suspected that the person I killed was the real Helena. And the Helena Carlsen that I met is an impostor. And she is Monica," she emphasized, her eyes gleaming with determination as she outlined their mission. "I will unmask her and reveal their conspiracy. Killing her is not enough to get my revenge. I will make her suffer both physically, emotionally, and mentally." Jane declared with so much conviction in her words.

"She's been alive all along, but she concealed her existence from everyone, including Nathan. Does this mean that Nathan is also a victim of their evil schemes? I initially believed she was Ethan's mother. How could she bear being separated from her own son? Doesn't she care about Ethan in the slightest?" Cherry inquired, her voice tinged with a mixture of surprise and confusion.

Jane fell silent for a moment, her heart heavy at the mere thought of Ethan being abandoned by his own biological mother. The idea of a mother being so heartless toward her own son pained her deeply. She was aware of how much Ethan yearned for a mother and a complete family.

"Sigh, why does it have to be Monica?" Jane sighed deeply, her voice filled with sadness. "In my next life, I wish I could be Ethan's mother," she added, her words tinged with a hint of longing and wishful thinking as she contemplated the idea of being a loving presence in Ethan's life.

Chapter 622 Getting Jealous?

As Cherry listened to Jane's heartfelt sentiments, a flicker of concern crossed her mind, making her wonder if Jane was thinking about her baby who died inside her womb. She reached out and gently clasped Jane's hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

"Sis... Did you also recall the incident that resulted in the loss of your unborn child?" Cherry inquired, her voice filled with genuine worry and empathy as she probed gently into the depths of Jane's memories and emotions.

Jane's body stiffened, and a sudden wave of emotions overcame her as she heard Cherry's question about her unborn child. She found herself wondering why she had no recollection of that particular incident.

With a sorrowful gaze in her eyes, Jane turned to look at Cherry, the weight of sadness evident in her expression. She shook her head slowly and replied, "That incident is not among the memories I've managed to recover." Her voice carried a mix of disappointment and longing as she grappled with the absence of that crucial piece of her past.

"However... I—" Jane stopped mid-sentence. She didn't know how she would tell Cherry that she found the clue who might be the father of her child. The weight of her ugly past and a sense of shame held her

back, making it hard to put her thoughts into words. Aside from the leader of King Stallion, she thought that several men had touched her.

Cherry fixed her gaze on Jane with anticipation, eager to hear more of her story. Unable to contain her curiosity, she blurted out the question that had been burning in her mind, "Did you manage to find out who the father of your child is?" Her curiosity got the better of her, and she couldn't wait any longer to hear Jane's response.

Jane shifted her gaze away from Cherry, unable to meet her eyes directly. She feared that Cherry would pity her further if she revealed her painful and ugly past. Her humiliation ran deep, stemming from the exploitation she had endured. At that moment, she felt dirty and unworthy, and it weighed heavily on her heart.

She was in the middle of putting her emotions in check when an unexpected figure approached them. It was Stephen. He showed up and immediately pulled Jane into a tight hug. Cherry was the one who informed Stephen about their current location. Stephen had been worried about Jane because of the abduction incident last night.

Jane found herself taken aback by Stephen's sudden approach. However, her initial surprise gradually gave way to a sense of comfort as she felt the sincerity in his embrace. In moments of distress, she knew she could always rely on this man, the very person she had turned to in her most dire times of need. He was the person who listened to her troubled soul and the scars of her past.

As Stephen held her close, Jane couldn't help but reflect on the unwavering support and friendship he had offered her throughout her darkest moments, trials, and tribulations. He had been her anchor in stormy seas, a pillar of strength when her world was in turmoil. She would always cherish this friendship forever.

On the other hand, Cherry watched them, a small smile playing on her lips as she recognized the deep affection and concern etched across Stephen's face.

"Stephen...I can't breathe," Jane softly mumbled, making Stephen release her from his tight embrace.

Stephen offered a swift apology. "I'm sorry, Jane," he began, his eyes never leaving her, "I got carried away by my emotions." He nervously bit his lower lip, a testament to his genuine concern for her well-being. "What brings you here? You should be resting," he added, his worry for Jane's health evident.

Jane observed Stephen closely, searching for any signs that he might be aware of her imaginary illness. His reaction mirrored Nathan's, which heightened her suspicions. She then shifted her gaze from Stephen to Cherry, silently hoping that her friend hadn't heard about her supposed brain tumor. However, based on Cherry's reaction when they met earlier, it seemed she was still unaware of Jane's fabricated illness.

"I'm feeling better now," Jane replied to Stephen's question.

"Guys, I'll go grab us some snacks," Cherry chimed in, taking the initiative to give the two some privacy for their conversation. The two just gave her a nod.

With Cherry having left them alone, Jane felt more at ease discussing her past with Stephen. She had nothing to hide, knowing that Stephen had already heard certain aspects of her story.

"Steph, I've managed to recover some of my memories," Jane confided to him.

Stephen was taken aback when he heard this news. Jane motioned for him to join her on the bench, and as they sat down, he couldn't help but express his concern.

"How much have you remembered? Are you okay?" Stephen inquired, unable to hide his worry. He feared that Jane might be experiencing emotional distress as a result of her recovered memories.

Jane smiled faintly, trying to look brave. "You don't need to worry about me. I've endured a lot, and I plan to draw strength from my past. I'm determined to settle the score with them. However, I still need your help. I must recall the incident that led to the death of my unborn child."

"I will help you recover the rest of your memory. But how do you plan to settle the score with them? You need to undergo treatment, Jane. You were diagnosed with a brain tumor," Stephen said, his concern evident in his voice.

'Damn. here we go again with that illness. I want to beat Bam-Bam for this.' Jane thought to herself.

"Yes. I'll undergo a treatment. But please don't stop me from getting my revenge." Jane wanted to end the conversation right away about the brain tumor treatment.

"I'm surprised you didn't argue with him, and you obediently followed his words so quickly," Nathan's voice interrupted. There was a hint of jealousy in his tone as he appeared unexpectedly, his feelings clearly mixed.

Nathan hated the fact that Jane had declined his offer of assistance and that he had to resort to making a deal with her to persuade her to accept treatment. However, at the mere word from Stephen, Jane had promptly complied, leaving Nathan feeling somewhat frustrated and overshadowed.

Jane frowned as she looked at him. "Of course, I have to listen to Stephen. He is my doctor."

Nathan's expression turned sour further when he heard her last remarks. He pursed his lips in annoyance. Meanwhile, Stephen just smiled at them. "By the way, what are you doing here, Nate?" Stephen asked him.

Nathan couldn't provide an immediate response. He hesitated to confess that he had been trailing Jane because he was concerned she might engage in more reckless behavior so soon after waking from her coma. His worries compelled him to keep an eye on her and ensure her well-being. Furthermore, there was still a threat to her safety because of the King Stallion Mafia. They were still after Jane.

"I came for practice shooting," Nathan said as an alibi.

'LIAR,' Jane thought to herself as she arched her eyebrow. It was very obvious that Nathan lied. There are other famous shooting ranges in the city. And Nathan wasn't a regular client here.

Chapter 623 The News

Jane and Stephen remained skeptical of Nathan's excuse. However, another person joined the group, wrapping his arms around Nathan's shoulders.

"Time to begin our practice! Nathan will teach me how to improve my shooting skills." Aiden cheerfully interjected, drawing everyone's attention. Aiden had recently approached Ethan, requesting the young genius to help him find Cherry's whereabouts. He was determined to make another attempt at winning her heart.

Nathan simply nodded, going along with his best friend's cover story. It appeared that Aiden had once again come to his aid with this alibi.

"Hi Miss Jane, it's good to see you back!" Aiden greeted her with enthusiasm. He had come to the realization that in his pursuit of winning Cherry's heart, he needed to earn the approval of her best friend, Phantomflake!

Jane smiled back at Aiden, and Nathan couldn't help but notice the friendliness in her expression. It stirred a feeling of envy in his heart as he couldn't help but sense her distant demeanor toward him, contrasting with the warm smile she shared with Aiden.

'She even smiles at Aiden. But she appears to be unhappy after seeing me here.' Nathan lamented to himself.

Aiden grabbed his gun and assumed his shooting stance, with Nathan doing the same. Jane and Stephen watched as they began firing. Memories of the night when Nathan had saved her life flooded Jane's mind, reminding her of his exceptional marksmanship.

After the first round of their practice shooting, Aiden finally gave up. He never hit the bullseye, while Nathan consistently shot his target with precision. Aiden was relieved that Cherry wasn't present; otherwise, he would have felt embarrassed by his shooting performance.

"How about you, Steph? Would you like to give it a try?" Jane asked, gesturing toward the gun and the shooting target.

Stephen smiled sheepishly and replied, "I'm a doctor. I'm more skilled with a scalpel than with guns."

"It's okay. I can teach you," Jane suggested, grabbing his hands and pulling him up.

Stephen grinned and allowed himself to be guided to the shooting spot by Jane. He couldn't resist her persuasive charm, and besides, he was always up for learning something new as long as Jane would be his trainer.

With her guidance, he took his stance, feeling her hands gently adjust his grip on the gun. He could sense her patient encouragement as she helped him aim at the target downrange. Despite his initial hesitation, her confidence in him was infectious.

As they squeezed the trigger together, Stephen felt a mixture of excitement and nervousness. The gunshot rang out, and he watched as the bullet hit the target, not quite at the bullseye, but close enough to bring a proud smile to his face. Jane's presence made the experience far more enjoyable than he had expected.

"You almost hit the target. See, you can do it." Jane patted his back, commending him.

"Sigh. How I wish Cherry would teach me how to shoot as well," Aiden chimed in, putting on a pitiful face.

Jane and Stephen erupted into a peal of laughter. They resumed the shooting practice as Jane continued to guide him.

However, unknown to them, there was someone who was no longer enjoying this scene. Nathan couldn't help but feel a surge of jealousy coursing through him as he watched Jane patiently instructing Stephen on how to shoot.

His brows furrowed, and his jaw clenched slightly as he observed their interaction before his eyes. The way Jane stood behind Stephen, guiding his hands and helping him aim, made Nathan's chest tighten with an unfamiliar mix of emotions.

The tightness in his chest intensified as he saw Stephen's sheepish smile and the way Jane's laughter filled the air. He felt a pang of envy, wishing that he was the one sharing this moment with her, the one receiving her attention and guidance.

Nathan's clenched fists relaxed as he reminded himself he shouldn't feel this way. Stephen already talked to him and informed him that he would pursue Jane and would confess his feelings for her. But for that moment, his expression couldn't hide the undeniable traces of jealousy that flickered across his face. His eyes now betrayed a hint of frustration and insecurity.

Nathan made a deliberate effort to shift his focus away from the sight of Jane teaching Stephen how to shoot. He decided to channel his emotions into shooting at his target, using it as an outlet to release his negative emotions.

With determination, he gripped his firearm and aimed it at the target downrange. The rhythmic thud of gunfire echoed through the shooting range as he fired round after round, each shot serving as a release for the jealousy and frustration that had momentarily consumed him. As he concentrated on his shooting, the tension in his body slowly began to ease, and he regained a sense of control over his emotions.

"Eh? What's going on with Nathan? Is he in a bad mood again?" Aiden discreetly sized up Nathan from behind, his curiosity piqued. "I'm wondering if he's already aware of the news."

Aiden decided to draw their attention, clapping his hands to break the shooting rhythm. Stephen, Jane, and Nathan halted their shooting and turned to face him. Cherry had also joined the group, completing their little gathering. She was even surprised to see Nathan and Aiden there.

"I don't know if everyone already heard the news," Aiden spoke up.

"News about what?" Jane asked. She was the one who wasn't around for seven days. What did she miss?

Aiden scratched his head, glancing at Nathan with hesitation. It appeared that everyone in the group was clueless about the recent news.

"I read a news article about Abigail's engagement. She's planning to retire from the entertainment industry," Aiden announced, making the revelation.

A hush fell over the group at this unexpected news. Jane couldn't help but cast a worried glance in Nathan's direction, wondering about his reaction. Stephen and Cherry also turned to Nathan then shifted their gaze back to Aiden, giving him a warning look. Aiden's blabbering mouth dropped a bomb and ruined the mood once more.

Concern filled the hearts of everyone in the group, but surprisingly Nathan simply stood there, his eyes blinking as he wrestled with his emotions. It was an unexpected turn of events, leaving him deep in thought.

'Why? Why can't I feel any trace of jealousy after hearing about Abigail's engagement? Why does it bother me more to see Jane and Stephen interacting?' Nathan contemplated, his internal turmoil growing.

Chapter 624 My Friend

"This reminds me, I need to go home and see my sister," Jane mentioned, breaking the silence. She leaned closer to Stephen, her words meant for his ears alone. "Go and comfort your best friend. He might be heartbroken to hear this."

Stephen nodded, his gaze shifting to Nathan, who remained standing with an expressionless face.

"I'll take you home," Cherry offered.

"Huh? You just got here. Are you leaving so soon?" Aiden asked Cherry with a hint of disappointment.

Cherry nodded and replied casually, "Yes... because you've already ruined the mood."

Aiden pouted, feeling apologetic toward Nathan. As the two ladies left the shooting range, Stephen wrapped his arm around Nathan's shoulders and patted Aiden on the back. "Let's go. It's been so long since the last time we hung out together, just the three of us," Stephen suggested, heeding Jane's advice to comfort Nathan.

Nathan nodded in response, helpless to the situation. Maybe spending time with his best friends would help him clear his mind and make sense of the complex emotions he was experiencing because of Jane.

He knew he shouldn't be feeling this way, but he couldn't control his emotions or how they seemed to be entangled with Jane.

grand mansion, and it was Mr. Kazuki who spotted them first.

"Lady Jane! You've returned!" he exclaimed with joy in his voice.

Meanwhile, Jane and Cherry made their way to the Hiroshi villa. Jane had kept her return a secret from her father and sister, planning to surprise them. It wasn't long before they arrived at the grand mansion, and it was Mr. Kazuki who spotted them first.

"Lady Jane! You've returned!" he exclaimed with joy in his voice.

"Hello, Uncle. Yes, I'm back," Jane greeted with a warm smile, wrapping her arms around him for a quick hug.

"Of course, everyone has missed you dearly," Mr. Kazuki replied, his tone filled with genuine concern. "You made us worry when you left without informing us. Your father even mobilized his men to search for you. Please, Jane, don't do that again. Don't disappear without a word," he implored, treating her as if she were his own daughter.

"I promise. It won't happen again," Jane replied, reassuring the old man.

"By the way, my son has returned, but that stubborn boy of mine has managed to get himself into trouble once more," Mr. Kazuki sighed, shaking his head in mild exasperation.

"He came back to the country with injuries, and now he's admitted to City Hospital. If you find the time, please pay him a visit and give him a good lecture for me. It seems he no longer listens to his old man," Mr. Kazuki grumbled about his son, Tatsumi. However, he couldn't help but smile slightly, knowing that this was also a subtle strategy to encourage Jane and Tatsumi to grow closer and spend more time together.

On the other hand, Jane was taken aback when she heard that Tatsumi had been injured. A surge of worry and guilt washed over her. 'Tatsumi got injured? I wonder if he encountered the members of King Stallion,' she thought to herself, her mind racing with concern.

'It's my fault for letting him undertake this dangerous mission.' Jane began to blame herself for what had happened to Tatsumi, feeling a heavy sense of responsibility weighing on her.

"Okay, Uncle. I'll drop by the hospital later," Jane responded, putting on a faint smile. She also needed to hear an update from him. She wondered if Tatsumi got a clue about the identity of the King.

"Come inside, Lady Jane. Your father and your sister will be delighted to see you, and they have some good news for you," Mr. Kazuki warmly invited them into the house. "Miss Cherry, it's good to see you." Mr. Kazuki also acknowledged Cherry's presence.

As they made their way to the entrance, he suddenly recalled something important. "Oh, I almost forgot to mention that your childhood friend has arrived as well. You'll get to meet Hanabi. She's acting as your sister's bodyguard," Mr. Kazuki informed Jane with a smile.

"Hanabi," Jane whispered the name, a faint sense of familiarity tugging at the corners of her mind.

While she couldn't recall her directly, the name resonated with some distant memory. Her father had mentioned Hanabi to her before, speaking highly of her. Jane was eager to meet this childhood friend, realizing that her father entrusted her with an important task: ensuring Abigail's safety. It was evident that Hanabi was someone her father deeply relied on.

As they stepped into the living room, Hanabi and Abigail coincidentally walked by, meeting each other. The moment Abigail laid eyes on her elder sister, her face lit up with pure joy and excitement.

"Sister!" Abigail exclaimed, her voice filled with enthusiasm, and she dashed toward Jane. Without hesitation, she embraced Jane tightly, conveying her deep affection and gratitude. Abigail knew she owed Jane a great deal. It was through Jane's efforts that she and Dave managed to reconcile and find their way back to each other.

"I missed you so much!" Abigail added before releasing Jane from her embrace.

Soon, Jane and Hanabi's eyes locked onto each other, creating a moment that felt surreal. Hanabi couldn't help but stand still, her gaze fixed on Jane as if she were completely starstruck by the sight before her. It had been an incredibly long time since their last encounter, and the nostalgia washed over her like a tidal wave.

In her childhood, Hanabi had idolized Jane. Jane was her ultimate inspiration, the role model she aspired to emulate. Meeting her now, after all these years, filled Hanabi with a sense of wonder and admiration that words couldn't fully capture.

"Jane," Hanabi whispered her name.

Jane's lips curved into a warm, friendly smile as she took the first steps to close their gaps. She approached Hanabi first and hugged her. "It's good to see you again, my old friend."

Upon hearing Jane's words, Hanabi's typically cold and indifferent expression transformed into one of warmth and admiration. A blush crept onto her cheeks, and her heart fluttered at Jane's last remark. She couldn't help but break into a foolishly delighted smile, completely fangirling over their reunion.

"My friend... You're finally back..." she softly mumbled, returning Jane's hug with heartfelt warmth. This moment had been long-awaited by Hanabi, who, like Mr. Hiroshi, had spent a lot of effort just to find the missing Jane. Her unwavering belief that Jane was alive had finally come to fruition.

Chapter 625 The Four Ladies

Mr. Hiroshi bore witness to the heartwarming reunion between Jane and Hanabi. The elderly man couldn't help but feel immense joy at seeing the two women embrace once more after such a long separation.

He had observed the deep bond that had formed between Hanabi and Jane during their childhood. Now, as adults, he held hope that the three of them, including Abigail, would forge an even stronger connection than before.

"Cough! Cough!" Mr. Hiroshi theatrically cleared his throat, drawing the attention of the four women. "Can I join you, ladies? I could use a hug from my eldest daughter too. I've missed her dearly," he added

with a playful tone. His words brought an even brighter atmosphere to the room, eliciting warm smiles from the four women.

"Pa!" Jane traced her steps toward her father and gave him a warm hug.

Mr. Hiroshi tenderly patted Jane's back and gently ran his fingers through her hair. "You surprised us with your sudden return today. If I had known earlier, I would have prepared all your favorite dishes." His voice was filled with both joy and regret, his fatherly affection evident as he spoke to his daughter.

"I wanted to surprise you," Jane replied while giggling.

"Hmm, alright, you win," Mr. Hiroshi conceded with a smile. "In that case, Kazuki and I will prepare something special for all of you. You ladies can enjoy your time bonding together." He chuckled, pleased to see his daughters reunited and enjoying each other's company together with their friends, Hanabi and Cherry.

The two men allowed the ladies to have their bonding moment. Abigail immediately brought her sister and friends to her room. She was excited to inform Jane that she was going to marry Dave.

"Sis! Dave proposed to me! And I said yes!" Abigail exclaimed in an elated voice.

"I'm going to marry the love of my life! Our grandfather also met Dave. I introduced him to our Yan Family." The news of Dave's proposal filled the room with an even greater sense of joy. Abigail's face radiated happiness as she shared her exciting news with her sister. Her voice echoed with love and enthusiasm as she spoke about marrying the man she adored and introducing him to their grandfather.

"This calls for a celebration!" Cherry chimed in, clapping her hands. Cherry's enthusiastic response added to the celebratory atmosphere. Her excitement was infectious, and it was clear that she was genuinely thrilled for Abigail.

Jane nodded. "I'm so happy for you, sis. I want to see you getting married." Jane's smile was filled with warmth as she expressed her happiness for her sister.

Deep down, she held a bittersweet wish to witness Abigail's wedding before her time was up. Jane only had thirty days left. The thought of seeing her sister walk down the aisle brought a mixture of emotions, but Jane cherished the moment and was determined to make the most of the time she had left.

Amidst the joyous atmosphere, Hanabi's voice cut through with a tone of guilt and regret. She struggled to find the right words as she addressed Abigail, her eyes filled with remorse.

"I have a confession to make," Hanabi began, her voice wavering slightly. She continued, "I want to apologize to you, Abi. Dave's proposal was my idea, and because of that, he made you cry. I'm truly sorry, and I understand if you're upset with me. I deserve any punishment for what I suggested."

Hanabi bowed her head as a tangible sense of regret weighed on her. She couldn't help but blame herself for the emotional turmoil Abigail had experienced due to her ridiculous suggestion.

Jane raised an eyebrow, her confusion deepening. "What kind of proposal did he do?" She couldn't fathom how could a proposal cause emotional distress to Abigail. Cherry, too, stared at Hanabi and Abigail, her curiosity piqued.

Hanabi hesitated for a moment before replying, her gaze fixed on the floor. "He connived with the doctor and nurses, making Abigail believe that he died," she explained, her voice laced with a mix of regret and unease. It was clear that she wasn't proud of her role in the unconventional proposal.

Jane: "..."

Cherry: "..."

After hearing the unusual proposal, both Jane and Cherry couldn't help but find it utterly ridiculous. The idea of making someone believe their partner had passed away struck them as overly dramatic and unnecessary.

Jane couldn't contain her frank response. "You should have beaten him up, instead of saying yes," she said with a deadpan expression, her tone reflecting her disbelief.

Cherry vigorously nodded in agreement with Jane's sentiments, her eyes wide with shock.

Hanabi, feeling increasingly apologetic, offered another heartfelt apology. "I'm sorry," she repeated.

However, Abigail's laughter filled the room, breaking the tension. "Don't worry, Sis, I beat him up before I said yes," she said between giggles. Then she moved closer to Hanabi and gently patted her shoulder. "It's okay, Hanabi. No need to feel guilty. It's not your fault," she reassured her friend, her laughter infectious and lightening the mood.

'Hmm, I'll talk to Dave regarding this,' Jane thought to herself.

The four ladies continued their conversation. They were in high spirits after their heartwarming reunion. As they settled into Abigail's room, the atmosphere was filled with laughter and chatter. They couldn't help but feel a sense of joy and anticipation for the good news. They started planning the wedding preparations. It was a moment they had all been looking forward to, and the happiness in the room was evident.

Later on, as Jane prepared to leave, she mentioned her intention to visit Tatsumi. Upon hearing this, Hanabi immediately volunteered to accompany her. She would like to grab the opportunity to spend more time with Jane. Cherry also decided to tag along with them. Meanwhile, Abigail had to stay behind because Dave was planning to visit her shortly.

A few minutes later, the three ladies left the villa. Hanabi took the driver's seat, Jane sat beside her in the front passenger seat, and Cherry settled in the back. As they navigated through the city streets, Hanabi couldn't contain her curiosity any longer and decided to strike up a conversation with Jane. She had burning questions she needed to ask.

"Jane, Tatsumi mentioned that he went to Country R and accidentally confessed to his father that he went there because of your request. I inquired further, but he declined to share any additional details. I'm curious, why are you looking for a specific organization?" Hanabi asked, selecting her words thoughtfully. She avoided mentioning the King Stallion Mafia, as she wasn't sure if Cherry would be familiar with it. Additionally, she was intrigued by Jane's request and wanted to understand the reasons behind it.

Jane and Cherry exchanged glances with one another through the rearview mirror. They knew that Hanabi was referring to the King Stallion Mafia.

"Hanabi, since you are my friend, I'll tell you a secret. Please keep this from my father." Jane decided to reveal her other identity to Hanabi.

"I promise," Hanabi promptly responded.

"Have you ever heard of an assassin named Phantomflake? Well, that's me," Jane disclosed, her tone serious and revealing a hint of her complex past.

Screech!

The weight of Jane's revelation hit Hanabi like a ton of bricks, causing her to accidentally slam on the brakes in shock. The sudden jolt of the car brought them all to a sudden stop.

'Oh damn. Jane... is an assassin?'

Chapter 626 Jane's Plan

Hanabi was utterly shocked to learn that Jane had become an assassin, and not just any assassin, but the infamous Phantomflake. She had heard that name before, and Phantomflake's reputation had even reached Country J.

"I'm Black Rose, a hacker. Sis and I are both from Phantom Assassin Guild," Cherry also revealed her other identity. Jane and Cherry smiled at her. They could see the shock in Hanabi's eyes.

"You both came from the same assassin guild?!" Hanabi asked, her eyes blinking in a mixture of amusement and awe.

Jane and Cherry both nodded, confirming Hanabi's query. They couldn't help but giggle at her reaction.

"Now, we are truly sisters. No more secrets," Cherry chimed in with a cheerful tone.

Jane then continued, "I also told Tatsumi about my identity. And you were right. I'm the one who requested him to investigate the King Stallion Mafia and find the King. There is something I have to settle with him." Jane knew that the King Stallion Mafia was a powerful organization, and she needed allies who could assist her with her final mission.

"Damn, I didn't expect Tatsumi would find out your identity before me. I'm actually a bit jealous," Hanabi sighed with a pout. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy that had learned Jane's secret identity first. Hanabi had a competitive streak and often found herself in a friendly rivalry with Tatsumi in various aspects of their lives.

"Don't feel jealous, Hana. It's just so happened that Tatsumi met Jane first." Cherry tried to console her.

"Alright, I'm just being competitive. Anyway, I guess Tatsumi failed to get any clues. He even got cornered by the members of King Stallion and got shot. Fortunately, he managed to escape. However, the members of King Stallion are very persistent. They sent someone to catch him. I think she followed him all the way from Country R to Country M, determined to uncover the truth as to why this certain stupid guy was looking for their leader." Hanabi shrugged her shoulders at the thought of Tatsumi's strategy.

Then she turned to face Jane, her eyes filled with determination and sincerity. "If you need help, just tell me. I'm ready to assist you with everything I can."

"Nice. This will be a girl power! We are a trio now!" Cherry butted in enthusiastically. Her heart brimmed with excitement at the thought of taking on this mission together with her friends.

"Since Tatsumi is still recovering from his wound, I can continue his mission. I will go to Country R on his behalf," Hanabi volunteered.

But Jane immediately shook her head. "That's not necessary, Hanabi. We don't need to go to Country R. King Stallion is here. They are after me."

"Huh? What do you by that, sis?" Cherry asked her in confusion.

"The people who tried to abduct me are members of King Stallion. I don't know what is their motive. But I will use this as my entry pass to their organization. I'm going to infiltrate this organization and destroy them once and for all." Jane declared with conviction.

With unwavering determination, Jane revealed her plan to her two friends. "The people who attempted to abduct me are part of the King Stallion organization. Their motive remains a mystery to me, but I see this as an opportunity to gain access to their territory. I intend to infiltrate this org and dismantle them from within, putting an end to their activities once and for all," she declared firmly.

Hanabi and Cherry were at a loss for words as they sensed the intensity of Jane's emotions. Her words were filled with a deep-seated hatred and animosity that left them both silently contemplating the weight of her mission.

"Wait... If they are after you, then your life is in danger. We must inform your father. You can mobilize the members of Sawada Clan for your protection and aid you with this operation," Hanabi suggested, worrying about Jane's safety.

"Indeed," Cherry chimed in, concern etched across her face. "Your father would want to ensure your safety above all else."

Hanabi nodded in agreement, emphasizing the importance of involving the Sawada Clan. "With our resources and manpower, we can make your infiltration plan safer, Jane."

"No. I can't," Jane said firmly. "This is my fight. I don't want to bother my father about this. But if ever I need his help, I won't hesitate to come for him. That will be my last resort."

Jane's eyes held a determined glint as she continued, "I've been through too much, and I need to confront my past on my own terms. I can't let my father get involved. Besides, I have you two by my side, including Tatsumi." Jane appreciated their concern, but she was resolute in her decision to handle this battle herself.

Hanabi and Cherry exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of concern and determination. They understood Jane's will and respected her decision. However, they silently vowed to do whatever they could to ensure her safety and success in this dangerous mission.

"We are just here to support you," Hanabi uttered, giving her a reassuring smile.

"Thank you, ladies. I know I can count on both of you." Jane smiled at them with a grateful look in her eyes.

"With regards to that, later at around 7:00 pm, I'm going to meet someone who might have a direct connection with King Stallion Mafia. Aside from that, I need to get close to him because I will use him to piss off someone."

"Who is he?" Hanabi asked with intrigue.

"His name is Vincent. A businessman from Country R," Jane replied.

"Sis, are you going to make Helena jealous by approaching Vincent?" Cherry blurted out.

Hanabi's eyebrows twitched when she heard that name. Coincidentally, she met a woman named Helena. She accompanied Abigail when confronting that woman. She also happened to meet a guy named Vincent.

'Wait... are they referring to the same people?' Hanabi wondered to herself.

Jane nodded, confirming Cherry's assumption. "Yes, that's part of the plan. But there's more to it than just making Helena jealous. I suspect that Vincent holds information that could be crucial to our mission."

Hanabi's curiosity deepened as she connected the dots in her mind. "Is this the same Vincent and Helena from our recent encounters?"

Jane looked at Hanabi, her eyes narrowing slightly. "You've met them?"

Hanabi hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Yes, we crossed paths with Vincent and Helena recently. I accompanied Abigail to Vincent's place and met Helena. Are they the ones you're talking about?"

Jane's lips curled into a sly smile. "It seems like we're all heading in the same direction, then."

Jane, still puzzled, asked, "By the way, why did my sister go to Vincent's place? I've already told her to stay away from them. They are dangerous people."

Hanabi scratched her face and smiled sheepishly, "We confronted Helena. Then Abigail and I fought her. Your sister slapped her many times and pulled the bitch's hair. I helped her out. Fortunately, Vincent didn't do anything against us." Hanabi felt so proud as she told Jane what happened.

Jane: "..."

Jane was at a loss for words.

Cherry, on the other hand, couldn't help but chuckle at Hanabi's description of the encounter. "Abigail's definitely got some fight in her. I'm impressed."

Chapter 627 She's Not Alone Anymore

"Sigh," Jane sighed in exasperation as she rubbed her temples. "My sister never seems to heed my advice, but thankfully, you were there to protect her," she muttered.

"Don't worry, Jane," Hanabi consoled her with a reassuring smile. "I'll make sure she stays safe as long as I'm around." Hanabi's expression grew more serious as she continued, "Speaking of which, since you're planning to meet Vincent tonight, it's necessary that we accompany you to ensure your safety. You mentioned that King Stallion has set its sights on you, and we simply cannot allow you to go there alone. Who knows Vincent is indeed a member of the King Stallion?"

Hanabi's unwavering commitment to Jane's well-being was evident, and she understood the gravity of the situation.

"Alright," Jane reluctantly agreed, acknowledging the importance of their presence for her safety. "You and Cherry can come with me. But... I also need some private time alone with Vincent."

Jane emphasized this with a heartfelt explanation. "You see, there are things I need to discuss with him that are personal and sensitive. It's about our past, and I believe it's necessary for us to have that one-on-one conversation before anything else. Afterward, we can all stick together, and I'll feel much better knowing that you both are there for support." Jane's request stemmed from a deep need to address certain matters with Vincent privately before facing the challenges that lay ahead.

"Okay, sis! We will make sure not to interrupt your conversation with him." Cherry responded, her voice reflecting her understanding of Jane's need for privacy. "We'll stay close by, just in case you need our backup support." Cherry's words conveyed a sense of respect for Jane's wishes, along with an underlying concern for her safety.

However, Hanabi's determination to protect Jane went a step further. "But Jane," Hanabi added, her voice unwavering and resolute, "If I ever sense that your life is truly in danger, I won't hesitate to take action, even if you haven't given your consent."

Jane bobbed her head in response. "I'm good with that."

Once the three ladies reached a unanimous agreement, Hanabi restarted the car and set off for the hospital where Tatsumi had been admitted. Fifteen minutes later, their journey led them to their destination.

Tatsumi hadn't anticipated any visitors that day, so he was taken aback when he saw Jane standing there together alongside Cherry and Hanabi. A radiant smile of pure joy graced his face as he stared at his beautiful goddess. Tatsumi's heart swelled with a mix of astonishment and happiness at the sight of Jane, an unexpected and heartwarming surprise.

"My lady!!!" He exclaimed with unbridled enthusiasm, his voice filled with delight and longing. Regrettably, his excitement couldn't be matched by his actions, as the injury on his left leg prevented him from running to her.

Jane returned his enthusiasm with a smile, waving at him warmly. She began to walk toward Tatsumi, her eyes fixated on his bandaged leg. Once more, guilt washed over her, as she couldn't help but feel somehow responsible for what had befallen him.

"I'm sorry, Tatsumi. You got hurt because of me." Jane immediately apologized upon reaching his spot.

But Tatsumi shook his head vigorously as he wanted to console her. "Don't blame yourself, my Lady. It's my decision to help you."

"Besides, you are going to be my future wife!" Tatsumi added.

"Ouch!" Tatsumi grunted the moment Hanabi's palm made contact with his forehead. Her swift smack was a response to his shameless behavior. "Why did you do that, you crazy sadist woman?" Tatsumi exclaimed while massaging his forehead. "Please, behave in front of our Lady. Don't display your fangs!" He ranted on at Hanabi, urging her to maintain decorum.

Jane and Cherry couldn't contain their amusement, and they shared a hearty giggle as they observed the funny interaction between the two comrades.

Meanwhile, Hanabi shot Tatsumi a cold sharp glare as she retorted, her annoyance evident, "It's you who should be more mindful of your behavior, Tatsumi. Are you not the least bit embarrassed by proclaiming Jane as your future wife?" Her tone was laced with a touch of exasperation, and her gaze remained fixed on him, daring him to defend his audacious statement.

Tatsumi could only stick his tongue out to further annoy Hanabi. He was already used to her behavior. She was always trying to pick a fight with him. In the end, he just shifted his focus back to his goddess, Jane.

Ignoring Hanabi's warning, Tatsumi couldn't resist indulging in a bit of playful flirting with Jane, his demeanor taking on a charming, almost childlike quality. He leaned in closer, his eyes glistening with expectation as he asked, "So, my Lady, how was your trip abroad? Did you find yourself missing my delightful company?" To add to the charm, Tatsumi even donned a pair of puppy-dog eyes, gazing at Jane with a playful twinkle smile on his lips.

Jane could only smile awkwardly as she didn't know how she would respond to Tatsumi's flirty yet charming behavior. Cherry also tried her best to hold her laughter because she noticed the sour mood on Hanabi's face. She was looking daggers at Tatsumi.

Acting like a jealous possessive lover, Hanabi swiftly intervened by pulling Jane away from Tatsumi's proximity. With a brusque motion, she snatched a nearby pillow and hurled it directly at Tatsumi's face, her irritation visible in the abruptness of her actions.

"Ouch! I'll sue you for physically assaulting a defenseless patient here!" Tatsumi exclaimed, his patience wearing thin. "Doctor! Nurse! Help! There's a crazy woman attacking a weak patient here!"

Jane couldn't help but chuckle and lightly scratch the back of her head, recognizing the need to intervene before the room turned into a battleground between a feisty cat and an irate dog.

"Enough with the bickering, you two. It's high time you made an effort to get along. Tatsumi, refrain from provoking a lady; it's not very gentlemanly. And Hanabi, please show some kindness to Tatsumi; after all, he is still a patient," Jane implored, taking on the role of mediator between the feuding friends.

"My lady, you see, Hanabi isn't a woman. She's more like a wild beast!" Tatsumi reasoned with an exaggerated pout.

Jane and Cherry couldn't help but chuckle at Tatsumi's remarks.

"Well, Jane," Hanabi spoke as she continued glaring at Tatsumi. "How can I treat him kindly if every word that comes out of his mouth has the magical ability to push my buttons and piss me off?"

The duo's humorous banter continued, making the hospital room feel a bit more like home. In the end, Jane shifted the conversation by delving into the topic of the King Stallion Mafia. She relayed her initial plan to her friends, updating Tatsumi on the discussion she'd had with Cherry and Hanabi in the car a while ago.

Jane made a firm decision to collaborate with these three individuals in her quest for revenge against Monica and the Leader of King Stallion. With time running out, she recognized that Hanabi, Cherry, and

Tatsumi would be invaluable assets to her plans. Unlike before, Jane no longer felt alone; she had friends by her side, and this comforting thought filled her with a sense of ease and determination.

Chapter 628 They Met Again

[At Royal Crown Restaurant...]

At exactly 7:00 pm Jane and her friends, Cherry and Hanabi, reached the designated meeting place— The Royal Crown Restaurant which is nestled within the heart of Towerville City. It was a famous and sophisticated restaurant that exuded timeless charm and exclusivity.

The moment they stepped through the ornate glass doors, the three ladies were transported into a world of refined grandeur. The ambiance is a harmonious blend of classical and contemporary design, characterized by plush velvet drapes in deep, rich hues that cascade gracefully from the ceiling to the floor.

But what truly sets Royal Crown Restaurant apart are its private booths, allowing guests to savor their dining experience in complete seclusion. Each booth is elegantly designed with high-backed, button-tufted velvet banquettes that cocoon diners in comfort and privacy. The tabletops are graced with fresh flowers and candlelight, creating a romantic and enchanting atmosphere.

Jane, Cherry, and Hanabi found themselves utterly captivated by the luxurious and exquisitely decorated interior of the restaurant.

"Is this guy trying to flaunt his wealth?" Hanabi couldn't help but exclaim, her eyes wandering in awe across the lavish surroundings.

Cherry joined the conversation, adding, "We were actually uncertain about the dress code. The guard nearly prevented us from entering. Thankfully, Jane mentioned Vincent's name, and it turned out he had reserved a table for the two of them." There was a touch of relief in her voice, highlighting how Vincent's influence had smoothed their path into this luxurious establishment.

"You go and meet him. We are going to wait near your booth," Hanabi patted Jane's back as she gave her a reassuring smile.

Jane nodded before making her way to the reserved booth. As Cherry and Hanabi watched her retreating back, they kept a vigilant watch on their surroundings, scanning for any signs of suspicious individuals. They couldn't help but harbor a nagging concern that Vincent might have sinister intentions toward Jane.

"We should stay close to their booth," Hanabi suggested, gently tugging on Cherry's hand.

"Yeah, that's a good idea," Cherry agreed, following Hanabi's track.

Meanwhile, inside the booth, Helena had patiently awaited the arrival of the woman who had been in contact with Vincent. The identity of Miss J remained mysterious, leaving Helena eager to finally lay eyes upon her. As she bided her time, Helena's mind churned with thoughts of revenge, and she meticulously formulated a plan to exact punishment on this woman whom she thought was trying to covet her man.

"How dare she have the audacity to approach my man?" Helena seethed through gritted teeth, her anger boiling beneath the surface like a raging volcano. "I'll ensure she lives to regret this," she muttered, her voice laced with a venomous determination that revealed the depths of her fury.

Helena couldn't help but repeatedly glance at her wristwatch. At any moment, she would be expecting Jane's arrival. In preparation for their confrontation, Helena had issued strict orders to her guards, demanding them to become vigilant and alert. She'd made it clear that, upon receiving her signal, the guards were to swiftly and decisively act, abducting the woman without hesitation or mercy.

It did not take long before someone entered the private booth. As the two women locked eyes, an undeniable shock coursed through their veins, each recognizing the other's face from their recent encounters, a moment steeped in mutual disdain.

Helena's eyes widened with disbelief and frustration as she muttered inwardly, 'What the hell? Phantomflake again!'

On the other hand, Jane's brows furrowed in bewilderment as she saw Helena. She couldn't help but think, 'Helena is here? What happened to Vincent?'

Their surprise was evident, and a heavy tension crackled in the air as their worlds collided once more. But this unexpected encounter seemed favorable to Jane, and she couldn't help but see it as a stroke of luck.

She no longer needed to ask Vincent about Helena's whereabouts. Helena had practically presented herself on a silver platter. It was a golden opportunity for Jane to ascertain once and for all whether Helena was indeed Monica whom she had been searching for. This thought made her lips curl up into a sly smile.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the unfolding situation, Helena found herself struggling to regain her composure. The realization struck her like a lightning bolt – Miss J was none other than Phantomflake. The shock intensified her already seething hatred and anger, thinking that Vincent had been in contact with Jane behind her back. She had been kept in the dark. She felt betrayed!

Noticing Helena's dark expression, Jane wondered if Vincent had nothing to do with this meet-up. There was no sign of Vincent inside the booth.

'Is she the one who read my message? She set this up for us to meet,' Jane thought to herself. After a while, Jane flashed her taunting smile and said, "I'm here to see Vincent. Not you. What are you doing here?"

Jane's nonchalant reaction pissed Helena further. The way Jane spoke to her increased her suspicion that Vincent had already met her before. Helena clenched her fists and gritted her teeth in fury.

Jane grinned widely as she succeeded in provoking Helena. She could see her anger and jealousy in her glaring eyes. 'I knew it. Vincent will be her weakness. Now, it's my turn to play with your emotions.'

Jane planned to let Helena taste her own medicine, making her believe that Vincent betrayed her. She was enjoying this scene. But at the same time, she had the urge to beat this pretentious woman. She was one of the reasons she suffered a lot.

Helena maintained a stoic silence in her seat, her mind racing with a plan. Her fingers discreetly pressed a small device concealed in her handbag, activating signals that would alert her guards. She had decided to leave the task of dealing with Jane and capturing her to her well-trained underlings because she knew that in terms of combat skills, she couldn't outmatch Phantomflake.

However, a flicker of frustration passed through her as she realized that her trump card, a lethal weapon she had been counting on, was not yet in her possession. She had never imagined that she would encounter Phantomflake sooner than she expected.

'I can't wait to kill her. My men should capture her alive, I'm going to torture her once more.' Helena thought to herself.

Chapter 629 Confirming the Truth

Helena, after regaining her composure, gracefully rose from her seat and adorned her face with her most counterfeit smile, masking her inner turmoil. She held an unwavering confidence that her guards would arrive imminently. All she had to do was keep Jane engaged in conversation, to buy the necessary time for her men to come.

"Miss," Helena began, her voice dripping with a contemptuous sneer, "after your rather aggressive encounter with me, I must admit I'm surprised to see you boldly present yourself before me and my fiancé. Do you really want to challenge me?" She put on a facade of unwavering courage, yet her eyes were fixed on the entrance of the booth, eagerly anticipating the arrival of her guards.

To her dismay, the guards had yet to make their appearance. A pang of frustration coursed through Helena's thoughts. 'Useless bastards,' she seethed inwardly. 'Why are they taking so long to arrive?' Her patience was wearing thin as she continued to maintain her facade in front of Jane, all the while growing increasingly concerned about her underlings' delayed response.

Little did she know, Hanabi and Cherry had already taken action before the guards could even enter the booth. Their sharp, watchful eyes had detected the ominous presence of four lurking men, and their instincts told them that trouble was brewing.

To ensure Jane's conversation remained undisturbed, Hanabi and Cherry sprang into action, effectively intervening to neutralize the potential threat. However, they were still clueless that the person inside the booth was Helena, not Vincent.

With calculated precision, Cherry executed her plan by intentionally spilling drinks on the clothes of the two men, forcing them to hastily head towards the restroom for cleanup. In the meantime, Hanabi

followed the two unsuspecting men, and as they entered the restroom, she swiftly took action, knocking them down and locking them inside separate cubicles.

This strategy was repeated with meticulous efficiency until Hanabi and Cherry had effectively cornered all of them, rendering the four men incapacitated and unable to respond to Helena's signal.

Back in the private booth, Jane traced her steps toward Helena, her determined approach causing a hint of nervousness to ripple through Helena's composure. She subtly arched an eyebrow, though inside, her confidence wavered.

Jane's imposing presence exuded an aura that Helena found undeniably intimidating. Reluctant to admit it, she couldn't shake the underlying fear she felt in the presence of Phantomflake. Nevertheless, Helena maintained her brave front, determined not to show any vulnerability.

"We are in a public place. Don't you dare come near me," Helena warned Jane, wanting to keep her distance from her.

However, Jane continued to move forward until she stood in front of Helena. She wore a sinister smile that sent shivers down Helena's spine as she retorted, "Indeed, this may be a public place, but within this booth, our conversation remains private. No one will interfere."

Helena cursed silently to herself. She couldn't help but acknowledge that her own plan had unexpectedly turned against her. She had deliberately selected this private booth to facilitate the abduction, counting on the secrecy it offered, only to now find herself facing a difficult situation as she confronted the most formidable assassin, Phantomflake.

"What are you— Aah!" Helena's words were interrupted when in a sudden burst of aggression, Jane lunged at Helena, grabbing her by the neck and forcefully shoving her against the wall. She simply pulled a strand of Helena's hair as she continued to strangle her.

Helena desperately struggled to break free from Jane's unyielding grip around her throat. She twisted and turned, her hands frantically pushing against Jane's strong hold, her eyes wide with fear and determination as she sought to escape.

Her gasps for air grew more desperate, and her hands clawed at Jane's wrists as she felt her breath slipping away.

'Where are my bodyguards?! This bitch is going to kill me!' Panic and determination surged within her as she fought against the suffocating grip.

Fortunately, Jane had no plan of killing her yet. Killing her was an unsatisfying revenge. This was her chance to unravel the truth.

In that moment of intense confrontation, Jane's desperation led her to forcefully tear at Helena's blouse, revealing the surgical scars on her chest. The fabric ripped with a sharp, tearing sound, exposing the delicate, faded marks that held the key to a hidden truth.

'I knew it!' Jane exclaimed with a mixture of astonishment and vindication. She peered at the scar on Helena's chest, her inner voice filled with conviction.

'Even though she may have altered her appearance, this scar remained in her body. There's no doubt about it! She's Monica! I remember that encounter vividly. I drove a knife right into her chest, and this scar is irrefutable proof of that moment.' Jane's revelation carried with it a profound sense of confirmation, connecting the dots to an unforgettable past encounter.

Having fulfilled the first part of her mission, Jane released Helena from her strangling grip. Helena dropped to her knees as she gasped for air while covering her exposed body. Her chest heaving as she desperately inhaled, each breath a painful reminder of the suffocating ordeal she had just endured.

Her eyes were wide with a mixture of relief and terror as she struggled to regain control over her breathing, trembling with the lingering shock caused by Jane's aggressive attack. She thought she was going to die moments ago.

Jane leaned in closer, her voice a chilling whisper that made Helena's skin crawl. "I'm not yet done with you..." Jane's words hung in the air, suspense thickening as she paused before uttering a name that seemed to echo ominously. "Monica."

Helena's eyes widened in sheer shock, her complexion paling as if drained of color. Her entire body tensed as the weight of that name bore down on her.

'What?! Has she recognized me?' Panic surged through Helena's mind. 'Could it be because of the scar?' She stared at Jane, a chaotic blend of shock and fear etched across her features. A torrent of thoughts raced through her mind. 'Don't tell me... has her memory returned?'

Chapter 630 Just the Start of Her Revenge

Jane relished the moment, savoring the sight of Helena—or more accurately, Monica—quivering in shock. The revelation had laid bare a long-concealed secret, and Jane took pleasure in the turmoil of emotions swirling within Monica.

In Monica's eyes, there was a mix of concern and anxiety that betrayed her inner turmoil. Jane couldn't help but enjoy the fear that enveloped Monica, a reminder that the past had resurfaced, and their confrontation had taken a dramatic turn.

Without wasting any more time, Jane decided to take a leave. She was done declaring war with Monica. This was just the start of her revenge. Jane was determined to ensure that Monica would experience the same anguish and suffering that she had endured. With a resolute sense of purpose, she left the private booth with the promise of impending retribution hanging heavily in the air.

Monica could only stand there, her eyes still tinged with the remnants of shock and disbelief. However, the shock soon gave way to a seething, burning anger that coursed through her system like a raging fire. She clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her palms.

'Phantomflake,' she mumbled inwardly in her gritted teeth, her determination simmering. 'Just you wait. In our next encounter, I'll ensure that you'll never see the sun again.' Her vow carried a hint of vengeance. She was lucky that Phantomflake didn't kill her today. She wondered how much memories she had recovered.

Monica had no time to dwell on this as she had more pressing matters to attend to— Vincent's Betrayal! She grabbed her coat, using it to cover her body since Jane ripped her blouse. Then she hastily retrieved her purse and exited the booth, determined to search for her underlings. A sense of bewilderment gripped her as she scanned the surroundings. There was a conspicuous absence — her bodyguards were nowhere to be found.

"Where could they have disappeared to?" Monica muttered, her voice tinged with a hint of frustration and annoyance. Doubts gnawed at her. "Could it be that Phantomflake had seen through my plan?" The unsettling possibility weighed heavily on her mind as she urgently moved, preparing to leave the restaurant.

Meanwhile, Jane had already reunited with Hanabi and Cherry outside the restaurant. They all got into the car, and as the engine roared to life, the two ladies fixed their gaze on Jane, their eyes brimming with curiosity.

Hanabi couldn't contain her eagerness and asked, "So, how did it go?" The anticipation in her voice was evident, and Cherry echoed the sentiment with a nod, both eagerly awaiting Jane's account of the recent meet-up.

Jane's eyes lit up with delight as she directed the two ladies' attention toward the restaurant's entrance. Following her gaze, Hanabi and Cherry soon spotted Helena, who was hastily exiting the restaurant.

"Oh, that's Helena. But why is she here? And where's Vincent?" Cherry inquired, her curiosity piqued as she glanced at Jane for answers.

Jane furrowed her brow, contemplating the situation. "I believe Vincent isn't aware of this meeting. Helena came here to confront me. She might have come across my message," she explained.

After a brief pause, Jane continued, her tone firm, "But I finally got the truth. I've confirmed her identity. She's not Helena. She's Monica, assuming Helena's identity." Jane's lips curled up into an evil smile as she conveyed the recently discovered revelation to her friends.

"Who's Monica?" Hanabi asked them, darting her gaze back and forth between Jane and Cherry.

Jane heaved a deep sigh. "It's a long story." Jane refused to give her details about the past because it involved Nathan and his organization.

However, even before she could stop Cherry from revealing the past, Cherry interjected, offering a succinct summary of the complex backstory. "Hmm. To make the story short, Monica is Nathan's former

lover, and Sis Jane was responsible for her assassination. Monica's death triggered a brutal retaliation from Nathan and the Syphiruz Mafia, leading to a devastating attack on our assassin guild. They succeeded in wiping out almost everyone, leaving only Sis and me as the sole survivors of the Phantom Assassin Guild." Her words carried the weight of a painful history, and the weight of their past experiences lingered palpably.

Upon hearing Cherry's backstory of their tragic past, Hanabi was overcome by a potent mix of shock and anger. Her eyes widened in disbelief as the details of Nathan's vengeful actions unraveled before her.

"Nathan Sparks did that?! Then we must inform your father about this! Our clan just formed an alliance with the Syphiruz Mafia. They are our enemies! How can he hurt you and your guild!" Anger surged through her, igniting a fierce determination as she realized the extent of the pain and devastation inflicted upon Jane and her guild by Nathan and the Syphiruz Mafia.

Jane cast a fleeting but cautionary gaze at Cherry, silently conveying her apprehension. She held deep concern about the repercussions of the story on Hanabi and her father, fearing that they might develop a strong animosity toward Nathan and hold the Syphiruz Mafia entirely responsible. Jane understood that, in reality, both Nathan and she were victims of Monica's intricate schemes.

"Hanabi, please calm down. Don't blame Nathan for this. Nathan and I already reconciled." Jane tried to soothe Hanabi's anger.

Deep inside, Jane held a deep sense of protective concern toward Nathan that she didn't want her father to know about their past conflict. She wished to shield Nathan from unjust blame and ensure that the truth about Monica's manipulation prevailed.

"I'm sorry, Sis," Cherry apologized. She said something she shouldn't have, causing trouble for Jane.

However, Jane responded with a reassuring smile, putting Cherry at ease. "No need to worry; it's okay," she said calmly before adding, "Now, I have to go and meet Nathan. There's something I need to retrieve from him."

As she uttered those words, Jane looked at her palm, where she held several strands of Monica's hair. Her eyes gleamed with determination as she contemplated the strands, recognizing their significance. She intended to use them for a DNA test, securing irrefutable proof and evidence of Monica's existence.

'Nathan deserves to know the truth. Monica is alive and she has been deceiving Nathan for so long.'