

## 100 Days 631

### Chapter 631 Suspicion And Doubt

[ At Vincent's Villa... ]

In a well-lit study room, the ambiance was warm and inviting. Vincent sat on a sofa while his niece, Mia, nestled comfortably on his lap. They looked like a real father and daughter duo. In their background, several bookshelves lined up, neatly arranged in rows, each one holding a treasure trove of books, standing shoulder to shoulder like old friends.

The books themselves varied in size, color, and texture, creating a visually captivating mosaic. Some were tall and imposing, bound in leather and adorned with intricate designs, while others were slim and unassuming paperbacks.

Vincent cradled the storybook in his hands, its pages filled with colorful illustrations that captivated his niece's wide-eyed attention. With gentle and melodic tones, he narrated the enchanting tale, his voice weaving a magical spell that transported them both to a world of whimsy and wonder.

Mia, rapt with fascination, listened intently, her small fingers tracing the illustrations as Vincent turned each page. The bond between uncle and niece was palpable in this heartwarming moment, however, the peaceful and warm atmosphere inside was ruined when Monica stormed through the grand double doors that led to Vincent's study in the heat of her anger.

The doors swung open with a resounding thud, drawing attention to her tumultuous entrance. Her footsteps were heavy and purposeful, echoing through the room as she strode forward with determination.

Helena's entrance disrupted the serene atmosphere of the study, shocking both Mia and Vincent. He frowned as he noticed Monica's seething mood. Meanwhile, Mia gazed at her uncle with an anxious expression. She was scared of Monica's cold and angry look.

"Vincent, we need to talk!" She demanded with her stern cold voice, her eyes ablaze with anger, and her fists clenched at her sides. Her normally composed demeanor was replaced by an air of fiery defiance.

Vincent gently set Mia down, then rose to his feet. He placed his hands on Mia's shoulders and softly asked her to leave the room. Mia simply nodded and complied with her uncle's request, stepping out of the study room.

When Mia disappeared, Monica confronted Vincent. She approached him and without hesitation, she raised her hand, slapping Vincent. Caught off guard by the force of her anger, he was left reeling, unable to respond.

Pak!

The crisp sound of that slap resounded inside the study room.

"How could you do this to me, Vincent?! Why did you betray me?" The room was filled with an electric air of tension as Helena's rage exploded. She let out a torrent of accusations and anger, her voice rising to a crescendo as she unleashed her pent-up emotions.

Vincent stood there, trying to hold his annoyance. He didn't know why she was acting this way, asking himself what did he do to deserve that slap. I think you should take a look at

"What are you talking about?" He asked her in confusion.

"Don't feign innocence, Vincent! I already learned the truth! You were in contact with Phantomflake behind my back! You talked to her! I told you to kill her but you didn't do anything. Don't tell me you already have feelings for her?! Are you choosing her over me!"

With each accusation, she punctuated her words with wild gestures, pointing accusing fingers and gesturing wildly to emphasize her points. She punched him on his chest, hitting him over and over again.

Vincent didn't know what to say. He was even shocked at how she learned about this. "Did you meet her behind my back?" Vincent had been looking for Jane since Phoenix failed his mission. Who would have thought that Monica would discover something?

"Calm down first. Let's talk this out," Vincent said in his calm voice. He couldn't get mad at her since he was at fault here. He couldn't deny the fact that he hid something from her. Besides, he needed to figure out how Monica discovered his recent encounters with Jane.

However, Monica couldn't calm down. "Answer me!!!" She yelled in frustration. "Did you meet her behind my back? How long are you gonna plan to hide this from me?"

"Yes. I met her once. But It doesn't mean that I betray you. This is part of my plan." Vincent tried to reason out with her, justifying his action.

His confession only served to further stoke the flames of Monica's anger. In response, she unleashed her fury, kicking the chair and slamming the desk. With unrestrained force, she hurled any object that fell within her reach, transforming the room into a chaotic battleground of flying objects and shattered decor.

Her emotions were a tempest, and the room bore the brunt of her wrath as her rage surged like an uncontrollable storm. The room seemed to echo with the clattering of overturned objects and the sharp thud of her fist hitting the table. Her hair, usually impeccably styled, was now disheveled, mirroring the chaos of her emotions.

"I'll kill her! I'll kill her! I won't let her take you away from me! You belong to me, Vincent!" Monica's voice quivered as she screamed in a mixed blend of anger, desperation, and possessiveness.

On the other hand, Vincent's eyes reflected a swirl of complicated emotions as he gently encircled her with his arms, enveloping her in a protective embrace from behind. His gesture conveyed a mixture of understanding, sympathy, and a profound acknowledgment of the complex web of emotions that entangled them.

"I'm sorry, Darling. Let me explain." Vincent knew that he needed to pacify his woman. "I swear... I would never betray you." He recognized the urgency of the situation and understood the necessity of soothing Monica's distress.

With Vincent's reassuring arms enveloping her, Monica's anger gradually subsided. The storm of her emotions began to calm, and she ceased her act of throwing objects. Instead, she stood there, her chest

heaving with the remnants of her earlier rage, as she focused on regulating her breath, inhaling and exhaling deeply.

Jane's calculated actions had indeed sown discord between the two couples. While Monica's tempestuous anger had gradually subsided, she remained deeply perturbed by the revelations and suspicions of betrayal. In the recesses of her mind, doubts began to creep in like insidious shadows.

As she sought solace in the calming embrace of Vincent, nagging questions haunted her. She couldn't help but wonder whether Vincent's interactions with Jane harbored deeper feelings, sparking an unsettling fear that she had long dreaded. The thought of Vincent's affections veering away from her was a source of deep anxiety that weighed heavily on her heart.

Chapter 632 No Need to Rush Things

As Monica's raging emotions gradually subsided, she made the choice to discuss a pressing matter with Vincent. With a serious expression, she began to share the crucial information.

"Vincent, I had an encounter with Phantomflake," she began, her voice carrying a sense of urgency. "I read a message she left for you, requesting a meeting. I decided to go on your behalf."

Vincent was slightly shaken when he heard that. Jane contacted him first. But he didn't read her message. He was supposed to be the one meeting her. But Monica ended up finding his secret. 'I was careless.' He berated himself inwardly.

As Vincent contemplated in his thoughts, Monica continued to speak. "It appears she's starting to recover her memories. During our confrontation, she addressed me as Monica. I'm unsure of how and when she uncovered my true identity, but it's apparent that she recognized me through the scar on my chest." Monica's words were laden with a mix of concern and anxiety, knowing the implications of this revelation could be far-reaching.

Monica's voice trembled with a mixture of agitation and determination as she continued to express her concerns. "Our plan, Vincent, it's at risk if we allow her to live," she emphasized, her words carrying the weight of their shared objectives. She couldn't help but feel a growing sense of unease about the potential consequences.

"I strongly believe that she'll attempt to divulge the truth to Nathan," she asserted, her eyes reflecting her fear of this possibility. "And what's more, Helena's father may uncover my true identity as an impostor."

The thought of her carefully constructed facade unraveling and the meticulously planned scheme falling apart burdened her, and she couldn't deny the urgency of the situation.

Meanwhile, upon hearing all of these revelations, Vincent couldn't help but empathize with her concern. He found himself sharing in her anxiety, realizing the gravity of the situation. He recognized that he was far from achieving his ultimate goal, which was to exact revenge on Nathan and the Sparks Family. So the weight of their collective worries pressed upon him, leaving him feeling equally uneasy.

"Rest assured, I won't allow anyone, not even Phantomflake, to destroy our plan." Vincent's reassurance came with a cold and calculated resolve. His voice carried a steely determination as he sought to alleviate Monica's concerns.

He continued with a calculated detachment, "To me, she's nothing more than a means to an end—a tool I can employ and discard once her usefulness has run its course." The words left no room for sentiment, emphasizing his unwavering commitment to their shared goals, no matter the cost.

Monica's lips tugged upward into a satisfied smile when she heard Vincent's last remarks regarding Phantomflake. Her jealous heart had been pacified by those words.

With a determined resolve, Monica gently removed Vincent's arms which were hugging her, and turned to face him. She gazed deeply into his eyes, her own reflecting a mix of emotions that ranged from earnest longing to impatience.

"Vincent," she began, her voice filled with a sense of urgency, "I can't bear to wait any longer. Let's not delay any further... let's get married." Her arms instinctively found their place around his neck, her touch conveying both her deep affection and the desire to solidify their commitment.

At that moment, her feelings were a whirlwind of uncertainty and insecurity, threatened by Jane's presence. She was now ready to take the next step and finally tied the knot with Vincent.

However, when Monica expressed her desire to marry, Vincent's response was not immediate. His reaction was marked by a noticeable hesitation that lingered in the depths of his eyes.

"But..." Vincent began, his voice tinged with a sense of conflict. He paused for a moment, his brows furrowing as he carefully chose his words, not wanting to hurt nor offend Monica. "We did agree on this long ago, didn't we? I promised that once I've achieved my revenge, we would get married."

"No need to rush things, Darling," he added.

Monica pursed her lips tightly, unhappiness evident in her eyes. She was utterly disappointed. Vincent's rejection of her marriage proposal had cut deep, casting a shadow of melancholy and despair over her features.

Her emotions were a mix of frustration, hurt, and doubt. She gently but firmly pushed Vincent away, displeased by his response. The words that followed were heavy with both exasperation and a desperate need for reassurance.

"Do you truly love me, Vincent?" Her question hung in the air, a plea for clarity amidst the swirling uncertainty that clouded her heart.

"Of course! I do love you," he assured her, his words aimed to erase Monica's doubts and reaffirm his love for her.

Closing the distance between them, he gently cupped her face with both hands, his touch warm and reassuring. The room seemed to fade away as their eyes locked, and he leaned in, pressing a loving and sincere kiss upon her lips. It was a long passionate kiss.

Monica could only close her eyes and savor the sweetness of his kiss. This man truly knew how to soothe her worries. Before she realized it, she found herself being lifted and placed on the desk she had cleared a while ago, after throwing things around.

Not breaking the kiss, Vincent started to take off her coat, revealing her shredded blouse. Jane was the one who ripped her blouse in the restaurant a while ago. It did not take long before Monica felt

Vincent's hands making their way to her exposed body, feeling the fullness of her breasts and squeezing her plump ass.

Monica moaned inside his mouth as Vincent squeezed and kneaded her right breast. Then his fingers tugged her nipple gently. A delightful sensation rippled through her body, making her hot and wet. She was now aroused and she badly needed his touch.

Soon, she lay on top of the table. parting her legs as he positioned himself in between. He moved closer, poking the bulge on his trouser against her lower part. When they broke the kiss, Monica stared at him with her eyes filled with yearning and desire. "Make love with me, Vincent. I need to feel your love. Tell me that you are mine."

Chapter 633 His Hidden Feelings For Jane

Monica's desperation was evident as she pleaded with Vincent, her voice quivering with a mixture of longing and vulnerability. Her eyes, filled with a deep yearning, gazed intently into his, searching for the reassurance she desperately sought.

"Make love with me, Vincent," she implored, her words laced with an urgent plea. Her fingers gently brushed against his, her touch carrying a poignant sense of need. "I need to feel your love. Tell me that you are mine," she whispered, her voice filled with the raw intensity of her emotions.

It was a plea born of a profound desire to solidify their connection and find solace in his embrace, to banish the lingering doubts that had plagued her heart. She was insecure and threatened by Jane's existence. She was afraid that Vincent's feelings for her would eventually change.

Meanwhile, Vincent found himself torn between conflicting emotions. On one hand, he felt a deep sense of obligation to ensure her happiness and derive immense satisfaction from the simple act of pleasing her. It was a desire born not only from his love for her but also from a sense of duty to ease her distress and fulfill her desires.

In her, he saw the only individual who had ever placed him at the forefront of her concerns, the one person who had consistently prioritized his well-being above all else and demonstrated an unparalleled level of care and concern for his happiness.

Monica had shown him a level of care and devotion that he had never experienced before. For a person like him who constantly received rejections, he felt a sense of fulfillment when she had made him the focal point of her world, and her unwavering dedication had forged a powerful bond between them.

As he looked into her eyes, he couldn't help but feel a profound gratitude for the love she offered, even as he struggled with the complexities of his own conflicting emotions.

'She vowed to help me accomplish my revenge. She chose me over Nathan. She's the one who made me feel that I'm better than Nathan.' Thinking about Monica doing everything for him, Vincent couldn't possibly betray her just because of one woman... Phantomflake.

With his newly found resolve, Vincent reached for her pants, unzipping and sliding them down along with her underwear, releasing her hot wet pussy. He willingly surrendered to Monica's irresistible allure. His fingers touched her bottom lips, sliding up and down her wet folds.

"Aah~ Oh Yesss. That's it... Touch me more," Monica moaned loudly as she encouraged him. She even parted her legs further, giving him more access to her sex.

It did not take long before Vincent's fingers were replaced by his lips and tongue. He began devouring her wet pussy, running his tongue along her slit, lapping and licking her love juices.

A wonderful and electrifying sensation surged through her body, like a cascade of warm, tingling waves that left her feeling alive and exhilarated. Every nerve seemed to come alive, and a rush of euphoria washed over her, making her heart race and her senses come alive.

Monica grabbed onto his hair, pushing and burying his face deeper in between her legs. "Mmm, so good..." Her body writhed as his tongue continued to lick her pussy lips, lapping and sliding up and down her folds rapidly. I think you should take a look at

Her hips bounced uncontrollably when Vincent opened his mouth and suck her clit. "Aah~ Babe... I can't stand this... Please take me already. Please put your cock in. I need to feel you inside me."

Vincent just let out a soft chuckle because of her impatience. He teased her further by inserting his tongue inside her entrance, moving in and out of her. That action made Monica's body float in intense



pleasure. She couldn't help but moan loudly as she called his name. "Oh~ Vincent~ Vincent... Aaah~ Aah~"

Vincent's teasing brought her to her climax. Her body convulsed and her pupils dilated as she rode her orgasm. Love juices poured out of her entrance and Vincent made sure to suck her.

As Monica tried to calm down from that intense orgasm, Vincent pulled his trouser down, releasing his hard cock. As he licked his moistened lips sensually, he held his cock, stroking and caressing it.

Monica gasped in pleasure when she felt him guiding his cock to her entrance. He moved his hips forward, his majestic cock slowly penetrating her. He thrust in, making his length to fill her emptiness.

"Oh god! You're so big!!!" Monica wrapped her legs around his waist, welcoming his every thrust. Vincent accelerated his movement making her moan non-stop. "Oh yess! Ooh Yeeess!" He pumped her hard, moving in and out of her faster than ever before.

"Aah! Aah! Vincent... Tell me you love me..." Monica demanded in between her moans.

"I love you, my darling!" Vincent whispered in her ears before capturing her lips. He kissed her passionately as he continued to penetrate her.

Their love making lasted for an hour until Monica felt exhausted and drifted off to sleep. Vincent carried her to his room, tucking her in bed. He watched her with complicated emotions on his face.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and his mind wandered off somewhere. 'Jane... is it true? Has your memories returned?' Vincent smiled bitterly as he recalled the past. He clenched his fists tightly.

'Monica's determination knows no bounds. She won't stop until she witnesses Jane's demise,' Vincent mused. He was aware of the potential danger Jane posed to their carefully crafted plan, and the idea of her becoming a significant obstacle weighed heavily on his mind.

However, buried deep within his conscience, a conflicting set of emotions churned. Despite the potential threat, he found himself reluctant to entertain the thought of taking Jane's life.

Vincent's internal turmoil intensified as he questioned the unexpected and unwelcome emotions coursing through him. 'Why am I allowing myself to feel this way?' he berated himself, shaking his head in an attempt to dispel the troubling thoughts.

He reminded himself sternly, 'I already have Monica,' as if trying to anchor his heart to the commitment he had made. Yet, his inner conflict persisted, leaving him struggling with the complex of his emotions that threatened to unravel the hidden feelings he had for Phantomflake.

Chapter 634 Addicted To Her Lips

[ At Sparks Mansion... ]

Jane had been waiting for a DNA sample of Veronica. Two long hours had dragged by since Jane and her companions had arrived at the Sparks mansion, and still, Nathan had not provided her with the crucial specimen.

"Have you succeeded in obtaining it, Nathan?" Jane inquired impatiently, her tone laced with frustration. She cast a quick glance at her wristwatch, confirming that the clock had already struck at 9:00 p.m.

The pair sat in the mansion's elegant living room, an awkward atmosphere surrounding the two as they contemplated the significance of the awaited sample. Meanwhile, Hanabi and Cherry were playing with Ethan on the balcony, the distant sounds of their laughter serving as a stark contrast to the tension within the living room.

"Perhaps Axel will arrive later than expected. If you want, you and your friends can spend the night here," Nathan suggested, his tone carefully measured to mask his true intentions. His offer caught Jane off guard, leaving her genuinely surprised by the unexpected gesture.

"Thanks for the offer. But I must decline. We should return home together. My father and sister are eagerly awaiting my return. Furthermore, Cherry and Hanabi have their accommodations sorted at my father's place, so it's best we head back as a group."

As much as possible, Jane would like to avoid Nathan's presence, otherwise, her resolve might waver. The fear that her inner desires would overpower her prior commitments gnawed at her conscience, creating a constant inner struggle.

The room was engulfed with silence once more after Jane rejected Nathan's offer. Jane silently observed Nathan as a nagging thought persisted in her mind— was Nathan truly alright? She thought Nathan was devastated after hearing the news of Abigail's engagement.

Jane's empathy for Nathan ran deep as she couldn't dismiss the possibility that he might be struggling in ways she couldn't fathom, hidden behind a facade of strength. Her heart wrestled with a complex blend of emotions, torn between her own desires and the genuine worry she held for Nathan.

As if driven by an unspoken curiosity, Jane couldn't contain herself any longer and impulsively broke the silence with a heartfelt question.

"Will you be joining us for my sister's engagement party?" Jane's words tumbled out, her voice carrying a mix of anticipation and worry.

Nathan met her gaze with an intensity that seemed to pierce through her soul. He considered her question carefully, his response carrying both sincerity and a hint of enigmatic allure. "If I receive an invitation... and if you will keep me company, so why not," he replied, the ambiguity in his words casting a veil of intrigue over the situation, leaving Jane's heart in a state of turbulent confusion.

Jane found herself lost in a cascade of thoughts, attempting to decipher the cryptic message behind Nathan's words. 'What does he imply by that? Me keeping him company? For what purpose?' she pondered inwardly, her mind a swirl of curiosity and intrigue.

A rush of emotions surged through her as she caught sight of Nathan's mischievous smile, which seemed to suggest he was playfully teasing her. Her heart quickened its pace, its rhythmic beats echoing the excitement coursing through her veins.

'Stop beating. I mean slow down!' Jane scolded her own heart.

Much to her astonishment, Nathan abruptly rose from his seat and gracefully closed the distance between them. Her heart raced even faster as he approached her.

'What is he up to?' Her curiosity was piqued as she wondered what had prompted this sudden change in his demeanor.

Little did she know, Nathan harbored a grudge stemming from what he had witnessed at the shooting range earlier in the day—the sweet interaction between Jane and Stephen. Deliberately, he made Jane wait for two excruciating hours, withholding the crucial DNA sample.

What Jane was unaware of was that Axel had already delivered the sample to Nathan well before she had even set foot in the Sparks Mansion. This delaying tactic was nothing more than a facade, artfully constructed to prolong her presence from his watchful eyes.

"What now?" Jane asked Nathan, her exasperation evident, as he suddenly took the seat next to her without warning.

Nathan responded with a sly smirk, his demeanor oddly casual as he remarked, "There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

Jane couldn't help but roll her eyes at his antics. "Well, you could have asked without going through the trouble of changing seats," she retorted, her irritation tinged with a hint of curiosity about the topic he wanted to talk about. His enigmatic behavior had a way of both frustrating and intriguing her simultaneously.

"Don't try to distract me with your sister's engagement," Nathan began, his tone firm and unwavering. "You haven't provided an answer to my question. Why exactly do you require Veronica's DNA, and for what purpose do you intend to use it?" As he spoke, he leaned in closer to her, his posture reflecting the intensity of his inquiry.

Nathan's actions betrayed a deliberate intent to minimize the distance between them, seemingly motivated by a desire for greater physical contact. He went so far as to extend his arm, draping it gently across the backrest of Jane's seat, his fingers lightly grazing Jane's shoulder.

As he leaned in closer to Jane, it became evident that his proximity was no mere coincidence. Instead, it suggested an underlying agenda, one that involved diminishing the personal space that separated them, fostering an undeniable intimacy that left Jane aware of the electrifying connection between them.

Badum! Badum! Badum!

Jane's mind went blank and her body froze. Her heartbeat was running wild. His nearness created a heavy tension in the air, making it increasingly difficult for Jane to evade his probing questions.

"Answer me, Jane," Nathan murmured softly, his breath warming the space between them as he leaned in closer, their faces inching toward each other. With his free hand, he gently lifted her chin, his touch tender yet insistent, as he sought to draw her into a deeper connection.

Unable to resist the magnetic pull between them, their gazes locked onto each other's lips as if their mouths held a secret language, whispering promises of the sweetness they had once savored and the desire to taste it once more.

In that charged moment, time seemed to stand still as their unspoken desire hung in the air, tantalizingly close yet maddeningly out of reach. Their shared longing and the unspoken invitation to rekindle the passion they had once known created an electric current that surged between them, igniting a fierce and undeniable craving that neither of them could deny.

Before they were even aware of their own actions, Nathan's lips moved with an instinctual urgency, descending towards Jane's as if drawn by an irresistible force. In that unguarded moment, their mouths met in a passionate collision, the sensation akin to two turbulent winds merging to create a fierce and electrifying harmony.

Their kiss held within it a potent mix of longing and nostalgia as if the past and present had converged in this single, magnetic point in time. It was a union that defied reason and rationality, a combustible fusion of desire and surrender that left them both breathless and intoxicated by the synchronic dance of their lips.

'Damn, I'm addicted to her lips.' Nathan didn't expect that he would initiate to kiss her.

Chapter 635 Exposing His Father's Lie

'Damn, I'm addicted to her lips.' He didn't plan on taking this bold step, but the allure of her lips had become an irresistible temptation, urging him to savor and taste her sweetness all over again.

On the other hand, Jane also found herself captivated. Despite her resolve to stay away from Nathan, she couldn't help but feel the magnetic force, drawing her to Nathan. The touch of his lips sent a shock wave through her entire body, giving her a wonderful sensation that seemed to override all her rational thought and restraint.

'Shit! I can't stop myself from responding to his kiss. But why? Why is Nathan kissing me?' Jane was confused but she didn't have the courage to stop this. Her heart yearned for this.

As they shared a moment, their eyes momentarily closed, deepening the kiss further. Both of them couldn't deny the overwhelming desire welling up within their hearts. His lips brushed hers with a tantalizing possessiveness. Nathan's jealousy ignited his desire to kiss her.

Badum! Badum! Badum!

Their heartbeats danced in perfect harmony, a rhythmic reflection of the emotions coursing through their souls. Each heartbeat was a testament to the deep yet hidden feelings they had for each other. The gentle thud of their hearts echoed in unison, a silent but resounding declaration of their undeniable attraction.

Nathan and Jane found themselves so deeply lost in the grip of their passion that they became blissfully oblivious to the world around them. Unknown to them, a small audience had unwittingly gathered, drawn by the unexpected display of intimacy unfolding before them. Ethan, Hanabi, and Chery including Butler Li and other maids had gone unnoticed, their gasps of surprise silenced by the heated kiss between Nathan and Jane.

Cherry, with mouth agape, reflexively covered Ethan's eyes, preventing him from watching his father devouring Jane's lips. Meanwhile, Hanabi's reaction was a visceral one. She balled her delicate hands into tight fists, her knuckles turning white as her gaze bore into Nathan like sharpened daggers.

'How could he kiss, our Lady! I'm against this! He is the devil who destroyed Jane's guild and killed her comrades.' Hanabi's lips were now drawn into a taut line, a silent testament to her anger, disappointment, and frustration.

On the other hand, Butler Li and the other maids stood in stunned amazement, their eyes widening as they witnessed the raw and unbridled passion that Nathan and Jane shared. Some exchanged hushed whispers, their faces flushed with a mixture of astonishment and intrigue, while others discreetly averted their gazes out of respect for the intensely private moment that had been unexpectedly laid bare before them.

In the midst of that awkward atmosphere, Ethan's voice resounded through the living room, breaking the silence. He spoke with a gentle but determined tone, addressing Cherry directly, saying, "Miss Cherry, please don't shield my eyes. I want to see them."

Ethan's voice shattered the intimate bubble Jane and Nathan had created, jolting them back to reality. Startled, they reluctantly separated, their flushed faces betraying their embarrassment. To their astonishment, they found themselves encircled by unexpected onlookers.

In the midst of their passionate moment, they had momentarily forgotten their surroundings – a cozy living room filled with friends and acquaintances who had inadvertently become spectators to their impromptu display of affection.

As Jane and Nathan exchanged awkward glances. Blushing even deeper, Jane mustered a sheepish smile, acknowledging the amused or surprised looks from her friends and other people who had gathered in the room.

Meanwhile, concealing his embarrassment behind a façade of innocence, Nathan cast a steely, ice-cold glare toward Butler Li and the maids, silently indicating that they should make their exit and leave quietly.

Upon receiving Nathan's signal, Butler Li and the maids exchanged nervous glances with each other before hurrying to depart. Butler Li, normally the epitome of composure, couldn't hide the beads of perspiration that had formed on his forehead.

The maids, with eyes wide and hands trembling, scurried to gather their belongings and left. Nathan's mere gaze had transformed the room into a place of unspoken authority, and their obedience was a testament to their anxiety in the face of his unspoken command.

However, Ethan's clear and lighthearted laughter worked like a charm, dispersing the oppressive tension and uneasiness that had hung in the air, caused by Nathan's icy and commanding presence. "Don't be upset, Dad," Ethan chuckled, breaking the ice. "We didn't intend to intrude. Carry on as if we weren't here... we'll pretend we didn't witness a thing."

Nathan: "..."

Jane: "..."

Hanabi & Cherry: "..."

Afraid that Nathan and Jane would consider little Ethan's words, Hanabi swiftly made her way toward Jane. As she reached Jane's side, Hanabi firmly grasped her hand and gently tugged her away from Nathan, separating the two.

"Sis, it's time to head home," she urged, her voice tinged with demand as she shot Nathan a cold sharp glare. "Mr. Hiroshi might be searching for you at this very moment."

Jane just smiled at her and said, "I'm still waiting for Axel."

"You can spend the night here," Nathan suggested.

But Hanabi, with a hint of sternness in her voice and a determined squint in her eyes, immediately objected to the idea. "No," she asserted firmly, her protective instincts kicking in.

Cherry, who was still trying to recover from the shock of witnessing the passionate kiss between Jane and Nathan, could only watch Nathan and Hanabi. Her heart sank with a sense of helplessness as she observed the growing tension between the two.



She felt somehow responsible for that. It was her who had divulged the story of their past conflict to Hanabi, inadvertently fueling the fires of resentment within her and fostering her dislike for Nathan.

"Hanabi, we can wait for Axel to arrive. You know that Sis Jane needs something from him," Cherry approached Hanabi, trying to calm her down.

"Eh, you're here waiting for Uncle Axel?" Ethan interjected with curiosity. "He actually stopped by our place not too long ago and had a chat with my Dad. He headed out just a few minutes before you got here."

Nathan found himself torn between emotions, unsure whether to burst into tears or break into laughter. His son had just exposed his lies, making Jane turn in his direction. Jane's eyes bore into Nathan with an intense and suspicious gaze, her brows furrowed slightly as her piercing eyes seemed to dissect his every expression and movement.

"You already have it?" Jane's query sounded more like an accusation rather than a question, raising her eyebrow in disbelief. "Why did you make me wait for nothing?"

Nathan attempted to adopt an air of nonchalance, his demeanor carefully crafted to conceal the guilt for lying. He put on a facade of casual indifference as he said, "I can't give you the specimen without hearing an answer from you. You haven't given me a proper answer yet. Why do you need it?"

Jane pressed her fingertips against her temples, a visible sign of the inner struggle she was facing. She couldn't possibly provide an honest response to that question in the presence of Ethan. She needed to shield the young boy from the potentially shocking revelation that his biological mother was still alive. Her concern for Ethan's emotional well-being weighed heavily on her mind.

However, before Jane could utter a word, Nathan retrieved something from his pocket – a small bottle containing strands of Veronica's hair. He gently placed the bottle in Jane's hand and said, "Alright, here it is. Just give me your answer tomorrow." This also served as his pretext for meeting Jane again the following day.

Jane blinked repeatedly, amusement dancing in her eyes as she observed Nathan's actions. She could have sworn she caught a fleeting smirk on his face before he smoothly turned around and walked away, his confident departure leaving an intriguing air of mystery and anticipation lingering in the air.

Ethan, on the other hand, approached Jane with a broad smile on his lips. He couldn't contain his happiness since he observed the positive changes and improvement in his father's attitude toward Jane. He felt like things were slowly falling into the right places.

"See you tomorrow, Miss Jane. Be careful on your way home."

"Bye, Ethan," Jane gave him a quick hug. After saying goodbye to Ethan, the three ladies left the Sparks Mansion. They planned to submit the DNA samples at Zhou's hospital before heading home.

#### Chapter 636 Redo Your Proposal

The morning sun streamed gently through the curtains, casting a warm, golden glow across Jane's bedroom. Yet, despite the new day's arrival, she lingered in her cozy cocoon of blankets, reluctant to leave the sanctuary of her bed. Her thoughts were consumed by Nathan and the kiss they had shared the previous night.

Jane's mind replayed the tender exchanges of their brushing lips touching each other, and their tongues wrestling and dancing inside her mouth. She couldn't help but blush at the vivid memories that flashed before her eyes, her heart still echoing the sensations of their closeness.

She brought her fingers upon her face, tracing her lips as she closed her eyes while she placed her other hand on her chest, feeling her heartbeat. Her heart still pounded crazily as her mind was filled with a relentless whirlwind of thoughts, all centered around Nathan and the passionate, stolen moments they had shared the previous night.

The faint scent of his cologne lingered in her mind, casting an enchanting spell that left her yearning for his presence.

"Damn! I missed him already!" Jane muttered helplessly. The feeling of his warmth as they stayed close tugged at her heartstrings.

"Nathan... why did you kiss me? I am trying my best to bury my feelings for you. Why are you doing this to me? I thought you didn't have feelings for me."

Confusion enveloped her thoughts as she grappled with the contradicting attitudes of Nathan toward her. Sometimes, all she could see was his hatred. But lately, Nathan her undivided attention and unwavering dedication.

After checking the time, Jane got out of the bed. She made her way towards the was acting so kind and considerate of her.

The more she pondered, the more her thoughts swirled like a tempest, unable to fathom where she stood in his heart. Had she misunderstood his actions, or had something changed within him?

"Does he already love me?" she pondered, though soon after, she dismissed the thought with a shake of her head. "No, it can't be that."

Jane gently patted her face using both hands and said, "Clear your mind, Jane. Don't get distracted by Nathan. Don't dwell on a false hope. You have a much more important mission to do." she reminded herself, her words a gentle yet resolute affirmation of her priorities.

In that fleeting moment of self-reflection, Jane strengthened her resolve, reminding herself of the important tasks and responsibilities that lay ahead, ones that required her undivided attention and unwavering dedication.

After checking the time, Jane got out of the bed. She made her way towards the bathroom to freshen up before joining her family for breakfast.

Upon entering the bathroom, she allowed the warm water to cascade over her, washing away the remnants of sleep and cocooning her in a soothing embrace. As the steam filled the room, her thoughts began to clear, and her senses gradually came alive.

With each passing minute, she felt more invigorated, ready to face the day ahead with renewed energy and enthusiasm. The thought of putting her carefully devised plan for revenge into action breathed new life into her very being, filling her with a profound sense of purpose and determination.

"I can't wait to make Monica's life miserable. Vincent is her weakness. I'm gonna use him to punish her." Jane mumbled, her gaze fixed on her own reflection in the mirror. A sly smile appeared on her charming face.

After enjoying a soothing bath for a full forty-five minutes, Jane emerged from her bathroom, feeling refreshed. She slipped into a set of comfortable, casual clothes before descending the staircase. As she reached the dining area, an unexpected sight greeted her. Her family and friends were already gathered there and it dawned on her that they had been patiently waiting for her arrival.

"I'm sorry. I'm late." Jane smiled at them apologetically.

Seated at the table were Mr. Hiroshi and Abigail, who exchanged warm smiles with Jane upon her entrance. "It's okay, sis. We know you are tired from your business trip. We didn't wake you up for you to have a longer sleep."

Hanabi, Cherry, and Dave had all joined them for today's family gathering. A mixture of joy and gratitude could be seen in Dave's expression as he stared at Jane, his future sister-in-law. Jane's heart swelled with a sense of belonging as she took her place at the table, sitting next to her father.

"So my brother-in-law is joining us today," Jane's voice carried a warm and friendly tone as she playfully remarked.

"Yes. My first meal as part of your family. By the way, I'm glad that you are back, Sis-in-law," Dave responded with a lighthearted chuckle.

"Let's eat and discuss the wedding preparation," Mr. Hiroshi joined the conversation. "Have you decided on the date? Or do you want to hold an engagement party first?"

Dave and Abigail exchanged glances with one another. "Honestly, Dad," Abigail began, her voice measured, "We haven't settled on a date yet. But I don't believe an engagement party is essential. We want to move forward with the wedding without one." Abigail expressed her desire for simplicity. She had no grand aspirations for an extravagant party or event. Her primary focus was simply to tie the knot with Dave.

"Okay, dear. I will support you on this. How about you, Jane? What is your opinion about this?" Mr. Hiroshi consulted Jane.

"Hmm. I think Dave should fix his marriage proposal to my sister first," Jane stated matter-of-factly. Jane was not satisfied with Dave's uncanny proposal.

"Sis. Don't pressure Dave. It's alright." Abigail butted in, trying to defend her fiancé.

Meanwhile, Dave just smiled at Jane apologetically and Hanabi accidentally choked on her food after hearing Jane's last statement. In the midst of that awkward atmosphere, Cherry could no longer hold her laughter. Her cheerful giggles elicited laughter from others.

"Alright. Don't bully your brother-in-law." Mr. Hiroshi stopped Jane from teasing Dave further.

"Alright, Pa. I won't push it," Jane conceded with a nod. "How about scheduling the wedding for three weeks from now?" Her suggestion carried a hint of urgency, as she had less than a month to live and wanted to ensure the wedding took place as soon as possible.

"Eh? Sis, why do I get the feeling that you're even more excited than Dave and me?" Abigail uttered, her voice tinged with playful teasing.

"Because I can't wait to meet my niece or nephew!" Jane responded, playfully sticking her tongue out. The dining area was filled with laughter, thanks to their lively conversation.

After the satisfying meal, Dave approached Jane and kindly requested her to have a private conversation out on the balcony. He felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and a deep need to personally express his thanks for Jane's help. Dave understood that, without her intervention, he might have fallen victim to Helena and Karina's deceitful schemes and his relationship with Abigail would have been ruined.

"Jane, I can't express how grateful I am for what you've done. Someday, I will certainly return this favor. I owe you a lot." He was fully aware of the immense impact her support had on his life and relationship.

A soft, warm smile graced Jane's lips as she reached out to gently pat Dave's shoulder, her eyes reflecting her sincerity. "You don't need to thank me nor return the favor," she said kindly. "What truly matters to me is that you take good care of my sister, protect her, and bring happiness into her life."

In that moment on the balcony, Jane's words carried a heartfelt sentiment. She wanted nothing more than to see her sister, Abigail, content and secure, and her trust in Dave's ability to do just that.

Dave nodded solemnly in response, his eyes reflecting a profound commitment and a heartfelt promise. "I will dedicate myself to ensuring her happiness and protecting her with my life," he affirmed with unwavering determination. His words carried the weight of his devotion, and he wanted Jane to know just how serious he was about his pledge.

Jane's relief washed over her like a gentle wave, knowing that she could trust Dave wholeheartedly with her sister's happiness. She exhaled a contented breath, her faith in him unwavering.

"Thank you, Dave. I won't have to worry about my sister anymore," she acknowledged with genuine gratitude.

After a while, a mischievous glint danced in Jane's eyes as she mumbled with a straight face, "There's just one more thing, Dave..."

Dave, eager to fulfill her wishes, turned to her with an expectant look. "What is it?" he inquired. His curiosity piqued, Dave stared at her for a moment, awaiting her request.

With a playful tone, Jane added, "You'll have to redo your marriage proposal. Make it more romantic, okay?"

Dave chuckled heartily, appreciating her sense of humor. "Consider it done, sister-in-law," he promised, determined to make his marriage proposal even more memorable and romantic for Abigail.

"Very good. You can ask my father or you can search from internet for ideas but this time, don't ask Hanabi for her ideas, okay?" Jane reminded him.

Dave could only chuckle sheepishly as he bobbed his head.

Chapter 637 Keep Her Existence Hidden

[ At Hiroshi's Villa... ]

Old Master Yan and Madam Priyanshi made a visit to the villa, eagerly anticipating a delightful reunion with their cherished family members, Abigail and Jane. However, their visit held a deeper purpose beyond mere pleasantries. There were pressing matters to discuss with Mr. Hiroshi, a discussion of great significance within the tightly-knit family circle.

Since this discussion would be among the family members, Hanabi and Cherry decided to collect the crucial results of a DNA test conducted at the renowned Zhou Hospital.

"We have plans to host a significant event this week, wherein we'll formally introduce Abigail and Jane as members of the Yan Family," Old Master Yan began the conversation. "Our purpose in consulting you, their father, is to ensure your input and guidance in this matter."

Mr. Hiroshi hadn't responded yet when Madam Priyanshi chimed in, expressing her support for her father's proposal. As she spoke, her gaze shifted toward Abigail and Dave, who were seated next to each other. "I also propose that we consider combining this event with Abigail and Dave's engagement celebration," she suggested, aligning her idea with her father's vision. She sounded cheerful and excited about this.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hiroshi found himself deeply appreciative of this considerate gesture by Old Master Yan, who had taken the time to consult him beforehand. The question lingered in his mind: had the old man finally let go of his resentment?

Maintaining a calm demeanor, Mr. Hiroshi gracefully accepted the proposal. "I'm fine with your plan," he replied with a warm smile, putting any doubts about their past disputes aside.

He continued, "Besides, my daughters are part of the Yan Family so it is right for them to be acknowledged. However, we should consider their perspectives on this matter rather than solely relying on mine." As he spoke, his eyes shifted towards his two daughters, Abigail and Jane, seated nearby.

Madam Priyanshi and Old Master Yan directed their attention toward the two ladies, as well as Dave. Although Dave and Abigail weren't particularly keen on hosting an extravagant engagement celebration, Dave strongly believed that Abigail deserved such an event.

After all, she came from a wealthy and prestigious family, and he didn't wish to deprive her family of the opportunity to mark this joyous occasion in a grand manner. Dave was more than willing to support them in their desire to throw a lavish party in honor of their young heiress.

"I'm open to the idea of having an engagement party, provided it's something Dave is comfortable with," Abigail shared her viewpoint as well.

Dave responded with tenderness, gently clasping Abigail's hand as he spoke, "I wholeheartedly agree. You truly deserve to have an engagement party that celebrates this beautiful moment in our lives." His eyes met hers, conveying his heartfelt sentiment, and his warm smile radiated his enthusiasm for making this celebration a special one for Abigail.

"That's great!" Madam Priyanshi clapped her hands in excitement. "How about you, Jane? Do you have something to say?"

Jane cast a fleeting glance toward her grandfather and Madam Priyanshi, making an effort to muster a forced smile. However, beneath her polite exterior, a whirlpool of conflicting emotions raged within her.

She couldn't help but feel a gnawing discomfort about the prospect of her formal introduction as a member of the illustrious Yan Family, an act that would thrust her into the public eye and expose her true identity.

She thought it would be best for her to lie low and stay hidden from the eyes of the public, especially in a world where unseen enemies might be lurking in the shadows. The notion of her being a potential target weighed heavily on her, and she wanted to remain hidden, safeguarding not just herself but also her family from potential threats stemming from her true identity. The safety of her loved ones remained her priority concern.

"Grandpa, Auntie..." Jane began, her voice laced with gratitude for their well-intentioned gesture. She paused momentarily, thinking that what she was about to say might shatter their enthusiasm. She wanted to tread carefully, ensuring she wouldn't hurt their feelings.



With a deep breath to steady herself, she finally voiced her favor, "I truly appreciate your kindness, but I have a request to make." Her gaze shifted between her grandfather and aunt, uncertainty flickering in her eyes.

She was aware of the Yan Family's overwhelming eagerness to unveil their two heiresses to the world, after all, the Yan Family had long awaited this moment to share their joy with everyone.

"I think I would rather keep my identity from the public. It's not that I am not proud of being part of the Yan Family, but there are specific reasons behind my decision." Jane explained earnestly. She hesitated for a moment, choosing her words carefully, aware of the importance of her request.

"Can you just introduce my sister and just keep my existence hidden for now? I promise... when the right time comes... I will be the one to reveal to the world that I'm part of the Yan Family, my sister is Abigail and my father is Mr. Hiroshi!" Her words were infused with a sense of conviction, as she conveyed her promise.

A deafening silence enveloped the room as Jane's unexpected words hung in the air. Her request had taken everyone by surprise, leaving them momentarily speechless. However, beneath the initial shock, the elders, perceptive and wise, exchanged thoughtful glances, recognizing the sincerity and gravity of her words.

"Very well, my dear granddaughter. We will honor your request and keep your existence hidden for the time being," Old Master Yan responded with a gracious nod, his wise eyes reflecting a deep understanding of the weight of Jane's decision.

Mr. Hiroshi and Madam Priyanshi also smiled at Jane and bobbed their heads in agreement. They were determined to grasp the essence of her decision, delving into the unspoken reasons that had led her to make such a significant request.

"Thank you, Grandpa, Auntie... and Pa..." Jane heaved a sigh of relief as she expressed her gratitude toward the elders. Keeping her identity was essential to accomplish her mission. She couldn't let her enemies know her weakness. She was afraid that her family would become their target. The King Stallion Mafia was very capable of harming her loved ones.

Chapter 638 Two DNA Results

[ At Zhou Hospital... ]

As Hanabi and Cherry stepped through the revolving glass doors, they were immediately enveloped in the bustling atmosphere of the Zhou Hospital. They were tasked to collect the DNA Test result and pass it over to Jane.

Hanabi and Cherry navigated through the maze of bustling corridors, where medical professionals in white coats hurriedly moved from one patient room to another. They immediately checked the hospital bulletin board where they could see informational signs, providing directions to various departments, clinics, and specialized units.

After getting the information needed, the duo took the lift, proceeding to Dr. Zhou's office. He was the one who facilitated Jane's request for the DNA Test. However, upon reaching the office, they found it unoccupied. The two ladies decided to take a seat on the sofa, patiently awaiting Dr. Zhou's arrival.

It did not take long before an unexpected figure walked into the office. Instead of Dr. Zhou, Stephen was the one who entered the room. The sudden encounter left both Hanabi and Stephen surprised, as they hadn't anticipated crossing paths again in this manner.

"You?!" exclaimed Hanabi and Stephen simultaneously, their voices filled with astonishment. They pointed at each other, their faces reflecting the disbelief of recognizing someone they hadn't expected to see.

Cherry, on the other hand, shifted her gaze back and forth between Hanabi and Stephen. With a hint of amusement, she inquired, "Have you two met before?"

Stephen and Hanabi exchanged nods in acknowledgment of Cherry's question, their gazes briefly locking with a mix of recognition and curiosity.

Their voices overlapped as they both spoke, explaining their previous encounters.

Stephen: "She is—"

Hanabi: "He is—"

Both of them momentarily paused, giving chance for the other to speak first.

"Ladies first," Stephen said with a friendly smile.

Hanabi, her eyes fixed on Stephen, began, her voice tinged with a mix of exasperation and humor, "He's the guy who accidentally hit me with his car." She couldn't help but smirk at the memory.

Stephen, on the other hand, had a sheepish smile as he admitted, "And she's the patient who managed to escape from my care." His tone held a touch of self-deprecating humor, acknowledging the irony of the situation.

Cherry, sensing the potential for an intriguing backstory, couldn't contain a soft giggle. Her eyes sparkled with amusement. "Well, well, what a small world," she remarked with a hint of playful irony.

She then gestured towards the two, introducing them, "Doc Stephen, this is Hanabi, Jane's childhood friend. Hanabi, meet Doc Stephen, Jane's psychologist and dear friend."

Stephen extended a hand toward Hanabi with a warm smile, attempting to mend the awkwardness that had inadvertently woven itself into their meeting. "Pleasure to formally meet you, Hanabi," he said, his tone sincere.

Knowing that Stephen was a good friend of Jane, Hanabi held a positive impression of him. She welcomed his extended hand and gave it a firm shake. "It's a pleasure to meet you as well," she replied in her neutral tone.

"Given that you're here at our hospital now, why not consider having a comprehensive physical examination?" Stephen suggested, his concern for Hanabi evident in his words. He continued, "After you left without notice last time, I couldn't determine the extent of any potential injuries I inflicted in you."

"I hope you're feeling well after the accident," Stephen added.

"You don't need to worry about me. I'm perfectly fine," Hanabi gracefully declined Stephen's offer once more, her polite tone concealing any discomfort she might have felt about the suggestion.

Stephen's curiosity was piqued, and he couldn't help but inquire, "By the way, what brings both of you here? Are you here for a consultation with my father?"

Cherry promptly answered him. "Sis Jane sent us to retrieve the results of the DNA test. We submitted the specimens last night to your father."

At the mention of Jane's name, Stephen's eyes lit up. It was clear that Jane held a special place in his heart, and her involvement in this situation added an unexpected layer of significance to their meeting.

"Whose DNA have you conducted tests on at this facility?" Stephen inquired, his tone a blend of professional curiosity and genuine interest. His question hung in the air, evoking the sense that there might be more to the story than met the eye, a hidden web of connections waiting to be unraveled since Jane was involved.

Cherry and Hanabi exchanged glances with one another. "I'm sorry. Doc Stephen. We can't reveal the identity of the owners of the specimen. If you really want to know, you have to ask our Sis."

Stephen held a deep respect for privacy and confidentiality, which led him to refrain from pressing further with his questions. However, this unexpected encounter stirred memories of a similar request made by Abigail. She had also asked him for a favor: to conduct a DNA test using samples she had provided.

Up until this point, he had not shared the results with Abigail, an oversight on his part. It had slipped his mind because Abigail had lost some of her memories, including her request for the DNA test.

"Abigail also requested me the same thing. I'll just get the result. Could you please hand it over to her?" Stephen asked the two ladies.

"Sure thing." Cherry responded with a smile.

Stephen said goodbye for a moment to retrieve the DNA result requested by Abigail. But little did he know, Jane was the one who made that request when her soul was still inside Abigail's body. Those were DNA samples of Vincent and Ethan.

Meanwhile, Dr. Zhou eventually arrived at his office, meeting Hanabi and Cherry. His disappointment was evident as he had anticipated seeing Jane. Dr. Zhou had been quietly contemplating the possibility of Jane becoming his future daughter-in-law, largely due to her connection with his son, Stephen.

"How's Jane?" Dr. Zhou asked the two ladies as he passed the document over to Cherry.

"She couldn't make it due to a family gathering, Dr. Zhou," Cherry explained. "But rest assured, Sis Jane is on the mend and feeling better."

However, a flicker of concern briefly crossed Dr. Zhou's eyes. He had diagnosed Jane with a brain tumor, so he was keenly aware of her health struggles and the potential deterioration of her condition.

"Okay. Please tell her to visit me regularly. I remain her doctor, and it's my utmost priority to monitor and ensure her well-being." His words conveyed not only his dedication but also his genuine concern for Jane's health and recovery.

"Of course, Dr. Zhou," Cherry replied with a nod, acknowledging his request. "We'll make sure to convey your message to her, and we appreciate your continued care for her health."

A few minutes later, Stephen returned, holding a brown envelope that contained the result of another DNA test. "Could you please ensure Abigail receives it?" Stephen said before handing the document over to Cherry.

"Yes, Doc. We will give this to her," Cherry reassured him.

Hanabi and Cherry wasted no time, quickly making their way back to the Hiroshi Villa. Jane had meticulously planned to unveil this profound truth to Nathan, armed with the irrefutable evidence they now possessed.

## Chapter 639 Tangible Evidence

[ At Hiroshi Villa... ]

After concluding their lively conversation regarding the forthcoming engagement party and the warm welcome they planned to extend to Abigail, the Hiroshi, and Yan Family found themselves pleasantly surprised by unanticipated guests. Nathan and Ethan showed up at the entrance gate of the mansion.

The head guard promptly relayed the news to Mr. Hiroshi about the unexpected arrival of the Sparks. A heavy tension gripped the atmosphere within the living room as they found themselves at a loss for words, uncertain about how to confront Nathan.

Madam Priyanshi and Old Master Yan exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of sympathy and understanding. Their silence spoke volumes, silently acknowledging the profound bond Nathan had with Abigail. They both empathized with him, aware of just how deeply he had cared for and supported Abigail for almost two months.

Nathan had given so much of himself for Abigail's sake. But Abigail chose Dave over him. They couldn't do anything about that. It was Abigail's decision and they respected her choice.

'What is he doing here?' Jane lamented to herself inwardly. His sudden arrival had cast a hint of awkwardness, replacing the previously cheerful atmosphere.

"Have you talked to him?" Old Master Yan softly asked Abigail.

Grasping Dave's hand, Abigail could only shake her head. She didn't feel the need to explain or inform Nathan about her engagement. She already ended things with him a long time ago.

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll talk to him," Jane volunteered.

It did not take long when Nathan and Ethan appeared at the entrance door. As if propelled by an invisible burst of enthusiasm, Ethan dashed toward Old Master Yan, addressing him with a youthful voice.

"Great-grandpa!" Ethan exclaimed with infectious glee, his small frame practically launching itself into the old man's legs, giving him a heartfelt hug.

Ethan's presence had an immediate effect on the atmosphere, infusing it with a newfound liveliness. His boundless energy acted as a soothing balm, putting everyone at ease, and momentarily dispelling the unease that had settled in the room.

However, as the room bathed in the warmth of Ethan's welcome, Old Master Yan couldn't help but release a deep sigh. Beneath his affection for the spirited boy, he carried a sense of sorrow, for he recognized that it was such a waste because Ethan would never become part of the Yan Family anymore since Abigail chose Dave, not Nathan. The old man was very fond of him. Not only him, Mr. Hiroshi and Madam Priyanshi felt the same way.

Meanwhile, Nathan locked eyes with Dave, and without the need for words, they shared a nod of acknowledgment. In contrast, Abigail found herself unable to meet Nathan's gaze directly. She longed to escape his penetrating stare, opting instead to seek refuge behind Dave's reassuring presence.

As Nathan's gaze shifted downward, he couldn't help but notice the intertwined hands of Abigail and Dave. However, what was truly surprising was Nathan's lack of any trace of jealousy at that moment. He found himself taken aback by this unexpected response, questioning his own emotions in the quiet recesses of his mind.

'What's happening to me?' Nathan wondered silently. 'This doesn't make sense. Have I already moved on?'

Nathan's subconscious instincts guided his gaze, causing him to sweep his eyes across the room in search of someone. His heart seemed to have its own agenda as it skipped a beat in the very instant his gaze locked onto Jane's mesmerizing emerald eyes.

In that fleeting moment, everything seemed to fall into place within him. 'Here she is,' he thought, his inner voice resolute and filled with a sense of certainty.

On the other hand, Jane cocked her eyebrow upon seeing Nathan's enigmatic smirk. 'Why is he looking at me like that?'

Mr. Hiroshi, ever the astute observer, also noted Nathan's smile directed at Jane. The thought crossed his mind, 'Hmm, Nathan doesn't look brokenhearted at all. Or maybe he is just putting on a brave front to protect his ego.'

"Apology for our sudden intrusion. I hope we haven't disrupted any important discussions," Nathan finally spoke up. He could sense that the Yan family and Hiroshi family were discussing Dave and Abigail's wedding.

Madam Priyanshi smiled at Nathan and shook her head. "No need for apologies," she reassured him. "Our discussion has concluded for the moment. What brings you here today?" Her words were polite, yet they held an undertone of curiosity. I think you should take a look at

"I came to see Jane," Nathan declared, his announcement hanging in the air like an unexpected gust of wind, leaving everyone momentarily speechless.

In the middle of Nathan's revelation, Old Master Yan and Mr. Hiroshi exchanged meaningful glances, both their eyes carried unspoken shared thoughts.

Then, in a secretive manner, Old Master Yan leaned closer to Madam Priyanshi, his voice a hushed whisper. "Why didn't I think of this earlier?" he mused quietly, a spark of enthusiasm lighting up his eyes.

"Jane and Nathan, they seem like a perfect match. Perhaps it's time to consider a different path for Nathan since he can no longer be with Abigail." The notion of matchmaking danced in the old man's mind, a fresh idea that carried with it the promise of new beginnings.

Madam Priyanshi bobbed her head in agreement as she darted her gaze back and forth between Nathan and Jane. Old Master Yan had a point.

"May I have a moment with Jane?" Nathan's voice broke the silence once more.

Even Dave and Abigail were taken aback, as Nathan seemed unfazed by their presence.



"Of course, go ahead and talk to her," Mr. Hiroshi responded with a warm smile, giving Jane a gentle push toward Nathan.

Jane found herself following Nathan as they strolled into the garden. Hanabi and Cherry had yet to arrive, leaving her puzzled about Nathan's sudden appearance at the Hiroshi Villa. After all, she was supposed to meet him at the Sparks Mansion once she got ahold of the DNA test result.

'Can't he wait for me to initiate contact? Why did he feel the need to come here in person?' Her internal thoughts were tinged with a hint of frustration, as Nathan's unexpected visit left her wondering about his motivations and the urgency that had driven him to seek her out at the Hiroshi Villa.

"Now, tell me the reason why you asked me for Veronica's DNA sample?" Nathan calmly confronted Jane, his true motive hidden beneath a veil of concern. Deep down, all he yearned for was to catch a glimpse of her, to ascertain her well-being. He came here for the sole purpose of persuading her to come with him abroad for her treatment.

Jane lifted her hand, gesturing for Nathan to wait, while her fingers quickly danced across the buttons of her phone, dialing Cherry's number. As she brought the device to her ear, her gaze remained locked on Nathan, her brows furrowing with anticipation.

"Where are you, Cherry? Have you managed to secure the results?" Jane inquired, her voice edged with a mixture of hope and impatience.

"Sis!" Cherry's voice crackled through the phone's speaker, excitement evident in her tone. "We've just pulled up at Hiroshi Villa. I've got the DNA results in my possession. Where can I find you?" Jane could hear in the background the sound of a car engine.

Jane's eyes darted briefly to the serene garden surrounding her. "I'm in the garden," she replied, her voice softening as she imagined Cherry's imminent arrival.

Cherry's arrival was swift, as if she had sensed the urgency in Jane's call. She entered the garden, clutching a crucial piece of documentation tightly in her hand. Upon spotting Nathan by Jane's side, her expression flickered with surprise, though she quickly masked it with a warm smile.

Cherry approached Jane and extended the document towards her. "Here it is, Sis," she said, her voice carrying the weight of the important information contained within. "I also have another document from Doc Stephen, which I'll be giving to Abigail shortly."

Jane didn't pay more attention to the second document mentioned by Cherry. Upon receiving the first document, Jane expressed her gratitude. Meanwhile, sensing that her presence was no longer required, Cherry bid them farewell and made her way back to the mansion to deliver the second document to Abigail.

Nathan's curiosity piqued as he cast an inquisitive glance toward the document in Jane's possession. He couldn't help but inquire, "What is that?" His eyes remained fixed on the intriguing piece of paper, eager to unravel its contents.

In response to his query, Jane wore a knowing smile, one that hinted at a deeper significance. She extended the document towards him, inviting him to take it. "See it for yourself," she replied, her voice carrying a hint of anticipation.

As Nathan accepted the document and began to reveal its contents, a sense of anticipation hung in the air. Whatever lay within those pages seemed to hold a secret, a revelation, or perhaps a momentous decision that would shape their path forward. Jane watched his expression closely, waiting for his reaction, aware that this document had the potential to change the course of their plans and decisions.

Nathan frowned when he read the DNA test confirmed a positive match for two individuals as biological siblings, it resulted in a percentage match of 50%. He was about to ask her further but Jane spoke up to explain the document in his hands.

"I've already informed you that Monica is alive. I needed Veronica's DNA to confirm Monica's true identity, as she is currently assuming another person's identity. Nathan, now you have tangible evidence right before you. Helena is, in fact, Monica."

Chapter 640 Nathan's Regret

"Helena is, in fact, Monica." Those words, uttered so matter-of-factly by Jane, reverberated in Nathan's ears like a relentless echo. His initial response was an overwhelming shock that seemed to jolt every fiber of his being.

Nathan froze in his spot but the ground beneath him felt unstable as if the very foundation of his understanding had been overturned. Nathan found himself in a whirlwind of emotions, his mind and heart engaged in a fierce battle of disbelief and acceptance as Jane's revelation hung heavily in the air.

The questions swirled relentlessly in his mind: How could this be possible? How could the woman he had believed to be dead, the very person he had mourned for an agonizing span of years, have somehow managed to stay alive and conceal her true identity and exist under an entirely different persona? What circumstances had led her down this path and abandon him and their son, Ethan?

For years, he had carried the heavy burden of grief, convinced that Monica, the woman he had cherished and lost, was gone forever.

Nathan's emotions— a mixture of shock, disbelief, and a profound sense of betrayal, threatened to engulf him entirely. It was a bittersweet revelation as if an old scar was being reopened from the recesses of his mind.

No wonder that certain gestures and actions exhibited by Helena bore a striking resemblance to those of Monica. The reason for this uncanny familiarity was now abundantly clear—Helena was, without a doubt, none other than Monica herself.

As the pieces of the puzzle fell into place, Nathan found himself reflecting on those subtle moments when Helena's mannerisms had triggered a sense of déjà vu. It was as though he had glimpsed Monica's spirit by just watching Helena.

In the midst of Nathan's inner turmoil, Jane could only watch him silently as he clutched the document in his trembling hand, his fingers clenched involuntarily, crumpling the once neat paper into a tangled mess.

Jane bore witness to the chaos raging in Nathan's soul right now. It was a rage born not only from the shock of Monica's deception but from the hurt that welled up within him, threatening to consume him whole. Jane couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

Monica's betrayal cut deeper than any knife, striking at the very core of his being. It was a betrayal not just of trust but of the bond they had built over the years, a bond he thought was unbreakable. Her actions had torn through the fabric of his reality, leaving behind a rift that seemed impossible to mend.

"I took the lives of your comrades," Nathan finally broke the silence, his voice heavy with regret and remorse.

"I resented you for so many years... I inflicted pain upon you and I almost killed you, all because I believe you were responsible for Monica's death." He slammed his eyes shut as he gritted his teeth. It was hard for him to enumerate all the bad things he did against Jane.

"I perpetrated countless cruel acts in the name of my vengeance, only to now confront the bitter truth... that Monica, the very reason for my resentment against you, is still alive." As the weight of his admission settled upon him, a storm of emotions surged through his being and threatened to consume him.

He could feel the burning currents of rage coursing through his veins, a relentless reminder of the harm he had inflicted upon Jane, the real Shining Star. At the same time, guilt preyed on his conscience, its claws digging deep into his soul, a reminder of the cruel things he had done to her in his pursuit of vengeance.

"I'm sorry... Jane," Nathan mumbled in a low whisper. It was a moment of painful reckoning, as he struggled with the harsh reality that his actions, driven by misguided rage, had not only cost the lives of innocents but had brought immeasurable suffering to his real friend, Jane.

Jane stood in silence, her world momentarily frozen in disbelief. Her lips remained sealed, her voice rendered mute by the weight of what she had just witnessed. 'Nathan is apologizing to me. Sincerely.'

With Jane's silence, Nathan continued to ponder in his mind. 'So... is this the reason she said she no longer wants me in her life?' His heart ached as he considered the possibility that his own actions, driven by anger and vengeance, had driven a wedge between them that could never be bridged.

He longed to turn back time, to undo the harm he had caused, and to apologize for the damage he had brought her. But he also knew that some wounds ran too deep to heal completely.

Without a second thought, Nathan dropped to his knees, his eyes downcast, his posture humble and contrite. He took shallow breaths and his hands trembled as he fought to find the words to express the depth of his regret.

His voice, when it finally emerged, was tinged with a quiver, laden with sincerity. "Jane," he began, his voice barely above a whisper, "I can't undo the terrible things I've done, the lives I've shattered. But I am so deeply sorry. I was blinded by my own rage and I let it lead me astray, causing pain to you and to your comrades."

Meanwhile, Jane, the person he had wronged so deeply, stood before him, her face a mosaic of emotions—pain, shock, confusion but also a glimmer of hope. Her eyes were locked onto Nathan's bowed head. She was torn between anger and the desire to forgive. I think you should take a look at

Jane continued to listen, her heart aching as she observed the genuine torment etched on Nathan's face. She had seen him transform from a friend into a vengeful stranger, and now, in this moment, she saw the shattered remnants of the man he had once been.

Nathan added, his words heavy with remorse. "I know that my apology can never truly make amends for the pain I've caused, but I want to try. I want to make things right, to atone for my actions, and to earn your forgiveness, if you'll allow me the chance."

Jane hesitated for a moment, her emotions in turmoil. She had never expected this turn of events. Her goal was just to reveal the truth to Nathan and warn him not to get in her way because she planned to settle the score with Monica. Who would have thought Nathan would acknowledge his mistakes and even ask for her forgiveness? She was overwhelmed by his words.

Jane even lost hope that Nathan would fall for her as the scars ran deep. But beneath the layers of hurt, there was a flicker of the friendship they had once shared. After careful consideration, she took a deep breath. She reached out a trembling hand and gently lifted Nathan's bowed head, their eyes finally meeting.

For a moment, the world seemed to hold its breath as their gazes locked. Jane saw the sincerity in Nathan's eyes, the profound regret etched on his handsome face. As a faint smile tugged the corners of her lips, she whispered, "I don't know if I can ever truly forgive you, Nathan, but I'll try." It was a fragile step toward healing, a glimmer of hope in a room filled with the weight of their shared past.

"It depends on how you will perform and show me your commitment and sincerity," she added, her lips curling into a playful, enigmatic grin. Her eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief, and her words carried an air of intrigue.

Nathan blinked several times in amusement as he stared at her charming face. Her mischievous smile was both a tease and a test, a glimpse of the exciting yet uncertain road ahead. Her statement was not a mere declaration. It was a challenge, an opportunity for him to step up and prove himself. She expected action, proof of his resolve to match his words.

At that moment, the once-oppressive heaviness that had pervaded the air was effortlessly replaced by an atmosphere brimming with lightness and ease.

"Alright, please stand up," Jane gently urged, her hands wrapping around his shoulder as she tugged his body upward.

A playful smile danced across her lips as she continued, "We wouldn't want people to misinterpret your gesture. They might mistake it for a wedding proposal!" She chuckled lightly, sharing a moment of light-hearted humor with him.

Nathan, still caught in the gravity of his emotions, rose to his feet, a sheepish grin playing on his lips as he joined in the laughter.

Jane breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing his laughter, fully aware of how difficult it had been for Nathan to absorb that shocking revelation.

"I have more questions about this. Do you know how and why Monica started to live as Helena Carlsen?" Nathan inquired, his brow furrowing with confusion and curiosity. "Who died in my arms?"

Jane's once cheerful expression vanished, replaced by a complex swirl of emotions that flickered in her eyes. "I don't have the answers to those questions," she admitted with a sigh, her voice tinged with a sense of uncertainty. "This is a puzzle we'll need to unravel together. But before we dive into this mystery, there's something crucial you should be aware of."

"What is it?" Nathan's interest was piqued, and his full attention was now fixed on Jane.

Jane's gaze swept across their surroundings, her eyes scanning for any prying ears or watchful eyes. After a moment of assessment, she turned to Nathan and spoke in a hushed tone, her words covered with caution.

"We can't talk here," she whispered, her voice barely above a murmur. "Let's find a more secure location to discuss this." Her words were a subtle signal that they needed to move to a place where their conversation could remain discreet and free from unwanted listeners.

"We can go to my office," Nathan suggested.

"What office? SYP Twilight Corp or Syphiruz Mafia?" Jane asked back, lifting her eyebrow.

Nathan let out a soft chuckle before answering, "I'll leave it to you."

Jane: "..."