

100 Days 641

Chapter 641 Nathan's Support and Concern for Her

[At Syphiruz Mafia Headquarters...]

Jane made the choice to accompany Nathan to the Syphiruz Mafia Headquarters. She thought this place was suitable for them to talk about Monica and the King Stallion Mafia. However, while they were on their way to the headquarters, she contemplated whether to reveal the entirety of her secrets and burdens to Nathan or to continue shouldering them alone.

She was determined to maintain her independence and not become overly reliant on him. Besides, Monica was still Ethan's biological mother. She couldn't possibly involve Nathan with her revenge.

However, Jane's decision also bore a significant connection to Nathan's inherent right to know the truth. After all, he too had fallen victim to Monica's web of deception and evil schemes.

After navigating through the long corridors of the headquarters, Nathan and Jane swiftly arrived at his office. Nathan issued strict instructions to his guards, emphasizing the importance of ensuring that his conversation with Jane remained undisturbed by unwanted interruptions. He made it clear that no one should enter the room.

Upon their arrival, Nathan extended a polite gesture, inviting Jane to take a seat on the sofa that occupied a corner of the room. Without hesitation, they both settled into their respective places. As they sat opposite each other, they took deliberate breaths, inhaling and exhaling to alleviate the mounting tension that hung in the air like a heavy shroud.

"Now, tell me everything that you know," Nathan mumbled, his unwavering gaze firmly fixed upon Jane. His voice carried a tone of seriousness.

Jane shifted her gaze to meet Nathan's, her expression a blend of mixed emotions, as she heaved a deep, contemplative sigh. She had so many things to say, yet she didn't know where to start.

Observing the uncertainty that lingered in Jane's eyes, Nathan extended a comforting reassurance. "You have my full attention, Jane," he spoke with a gentleness that sought to dispel her doubts. "You don't

need to withhold any critical information. You have my trust, and I won't cast doubt on your words. What is it that you know?"

"I've managed to retrieve my lost memories," Jane began. She took a moment to steady herself before continuing, "And in the process, I've uncovered a crucial piece of information. It turns out that Monica is connected to the King Stallion Mafia."

Her disclosure hung in the air, casting a profound silence over the room. Nathan, who had been listening attentively, was hit with yet another unexpected shock.

'What else might Monica be concealing from me? Is there more I have to find?' Nathan pondered to himself. 'Damn! I am so stupid! I can't believe I allowed myself to be deceived by this woman,' Nathan muttered to himself, his disappointment casting a shadow over his thoughts.

Jane's voice held a tone of cautious speculation as she continued to unveil her thoughts. "I have a suspicion," she began, "that the woman who died in your arms might have actually been the real Helena. It's entirely plausible that they orchestrated a face swap, concealing her true identity."

Nathan, deep in contemplation, brought a hand to his chin, his gesture mirroring the thoughtful nod that followed. "Your suspicion is entirely plausible," he acknowledged. "In fact, I've uncovered some information that supports this theory. It turns out that Helena and Monica shared a history... back to their time in Country R. They attended the same school and, according to my team's investigation, they were exceptionally close friends."

The intertwining threads of Helena and Monica's relationship and the mysteries surrounding their connection began to unfurl.

Now, it was Jane's turn to be surprised by Nathan's revelation. "Did you investigate Monica? But why?"

Nathan's lips curled up into a faint smile as he answered, "Because I believe you... when you said you are the real Shining Star. I have to know why and how she managed to fool me and steal your identity."

Jane found herself momentarily stunned by his words. Deep within her, a sense of joy blossomed as she absorbed the weight of Nathan's implicit trust in her words. It was as if a heavy burden had been lifted

from her shoulders, replaced by the heartwarming realization that he believed in her and the truths she had unveiled.

Since Nathan brought up the topic of Monica stealing Jane's identity, a realization had dawned on her. She snapped her fingers and blurted out. "I believe the leader of King Stallion played a role in all of this. He was also aware of not only my true identity but also yours as Sizzling August."

Nathan's brow furrowed in both puzzlement and confusion upon hearing her statement. "What do you mean?"

Jane's voice quivered with complex emotions as she shared another piece of information with Nathan. "I, too, fell victim to the King's deception," she began, her voice tinged with regret. "He impersonated you, Sizzling August. You may recall that I failed in my mission to eliminate him, all because of his cunning—"

She paused suddenly, her words caught in her throat. There were painful memories she wasn't yet prepared to disclose to Nathan, secrets of the torment she had endured at the hands of Monica and the King Stallion. It was a dark chapter in her life, one she wasn't ready for Nathan to uncover, and so she held back, her unspoken turmoil lingering beneath the surface.

As he watched Jane, Nathan couldn't help but notice the subtle changes in her expression. Her face, usually fierce, betrayed a flicker of vulnerability. Her brows furrowed with regret and her eyes drifted away, avoiding his gaze.

"Hey, is there something wrong? Were you triggered by unpleasant memories?" Nathan asked her earnestly, moving closer to her as if he wanted to hold her in his arms. His concern for her surged, a sudden chill prickling at the edges of his consciousness. He knew her well enough to recognize that there was more to her silence than met the eye.

"It's nothing. I'm alright," Jane replied, her true emotions concealed behind a forced smile. The words slipped from her lips, a shield to protect the vulnerability she wished to keep hidden.

"Now, let's return to the primary matter at hand," Jane suggested, refocusing the conversation. "I think you should test Maximilian Carlsen to ascertain whether he is aware of Monica's true identity or not. Does he know what happened to his real daughter? Or could he potentially be involved in this scheme?"

Moreover, we must unravel the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of the real Helena. I'll leave this task to you."

Nathan offered a simple nod in response, his attention focused on Jane. While the topic of Monica held its own significance, Nathan's primary concern was for Jane's well-being. He couldn't help but wonder if she was truly alright.

Because of Stephen, Nathan learned that the King Stallion Mafia was the cause of the traumatic experiences Jane had endured in the past and it appeared that Monica's involvement added another layer of complexity to her tragic past.

In the depths of his perceptive gaze, Nathan sensed that Jane was withholding something from him, the secrets she continued to hide. He couldn't help but feel a growing unease deep inside his heart.

As if guided by an instinct all its own, Nathan's body moved of its own accord. In a sudden, tender impulse, he enveloped Jane in a warm and protective embrace, drawing her close to his chest. His strong arms wrapped around her.

With a gentle touch, he ran his fingers through her hair, a soothing gesture meant to convey his support and understanding.

"I will deal with the King Stallion for you. You don't have to worry about them." Nathan declared to Jane. His decision was a resolute determination fueled by the consuming fire of his anger toward the King Stallion Mafia. His anger wasn't merely a fleeting emotion. It was a fierce, unyielding force, born from the scars they had inflicted on Jane's life.

"You should focus on your recovery. Jane... come with me to Country Z for your treatment," Nathan added, his voice softening. He had been dying to say this to her.

Meanwhile, Nathan's sudden embrace had caught Jane off guard, and she felt a rush of astonishment wash over her. Her heart, which had been weighed down by secrets and uncertainties, now quickened because of his closeness.

As she rested within the circle of his arms, her eyes widened in surprise, her thoughts racing to make sense of this unexpected gesture. Beneath her initial shock, a complex blend of emotions began to emerge—gratitude, comfort, fears, and uncertainties. Jane's internal turmoil was mirrored in the depths of her eyes, which, for a brief moment, revealed a vulnerability she rarely allowed others to witness.

'Nathan... after recovering my memories... I just found myself unworthy of you. Please... don't treat me like this. I would prefer for you to hate me. Please don't shake my resolve.' Jane chewed on her lower lip as she struggled inwardly. She was torn between pushing him away or savoring this moment and enjoying the warmth of his embrace.

"Nate, I can't do that..." She mumbled, finding it hard to explain. 'I can't go abroad for my treatment because I don't have a brain tumor!' she lamented in her mind, still blaming Bam-Bam for this non-existent illness.

Jane finally found the courage to push Nathan away and escape from his embrace.

'Don't tell me... she's giving up on her life just because she remembered her tragic past?' Nathan started to speculate as he was reminded of Stephen's words. Jane tried to commit suicide several times because of her trauma.

"Jane... please... say yes." Nathan pleaded in his desperate tone. "Do this treatment... for your family." He tried to persuade her once more. "We've already made a deal. I gave you Veronica's DNA sample and the location of King Stallion Mafia's hideout."

Chapter 642 Undeniable Attraction!

Nathan had no intention of letting Jane slip away if she remained unwilling to accept his proposal. His determination ran deep, and he was prepared to take drastic measures if necessary. The thought of losing her was inconceivable, particularly now that the resentment and animosity that once festered between them had dissipated.

The bond that had developed between them, forged through their pasts and shared experiences, had transformed his feelings. His hatred had given way to a profound sense of care and protectiveness. He couldn't bear the idea of losing Jane.

So, with unwavering determination, Nathan resolved that if persuasion failed, he would take whatever actions were required to ensure her safety. It was a testament to the profound change in his heart, a testament to the depth of his newfound feelings for her.

However, Jane could no longer stand this. She felt compelled to speak out, her expression a mix of annoyance and exasperation. "I don't have illness. I'm not going to die as long as you will like me!"

Nathan: "..."

Nathan, momentarily taken aback by her unexpected declaration, blinked in amusement. Her last statement had caught him off guard, and he found himself torn between amusement and confusion. He wasn't quite sure how to react.

Jane, on the other hand, couldn't believe what had just slipped from her lips. She berated herself inwardly, frustration evident as she lightly smacked her forehead. 'Damn! What did I just say?'

"I didn't mean it." Jane hurriedly retracted her statement, her tone shifting to an innocent one.

Jane abruptly pushed herself up from her seat, planning to flee. She took a tentative step, intending to distance herself from Nathan's presence. Yet, just as she was on the verge of making her escape, his strong grip closed around her arm, effectively anchoring her in place.

Her movements stilled, and she turned her gaze toward him, a mixture of surprise and hesitation in her eyes. The physical contact sent a jolt through her, an unexpected connection that held her rooted to the spot. The unspoken tension between them hung heavy in the air, leaving their next actions hanging in the balance, a complex interplay of feelings and desires.

"Do you still desire my affection?" Nathan inquired, his voice steady but tinged with uncertainty.

Meanwhile, Jane found herself caught in his penetrating gaze. His gaze, unwavering and intense, bore into her with a depth that left Jane feeling nervous and uneasy. Her heart started running wild once again as his question lingered, waiting for her response.

Nathan tried his best to conceal the mischievous grin that was on the verge of breaking free from the corners of his lips. He hoped Jane would take her words back when she said she no longer wanted him in her life.

As she made an effort to maintain her composure, Jane broke her silence and said, "We are here to talk about important things. Don't play around with me, Nate." If he continued acting like this, she was afraid that her heart would finally give in to him.

"What are you going to do now? Will you tell Ethan about his mother's whereabouts?" Jane would like to evade Nathan's question so she brought up Monica, including Ethan. This was her way of diverting Nathan's attention.

"She abandoned us... even Ethan," Nathan responded, his face contorted with seriousness.

He continued, his tone unwavering, "There's no need for Ethan to be burdened with the knowledge that Monica is still alive. It appears she has moved on, finding happiness with her fiancé." As he spoke, Nathan's face remained locked in a stern expression, his determination clear.

"Are you sure about that?" Jane asked him again.

Nathan nodded solemnly, his commitment to protecting Ethan evident in every line of his face. "Ethan is my son," he affirmed, his voice tinged with fatherly devotion. "I want to shield him from the pain of knowing that his own mother abandoned him for the sake of another man. His heart would shatter if he were to discover the truth. It's a lesson I've learned the hard way."

The realization of his father's warnings came crashing down upon him, and Nathan's voice carried a note of regret. "Now, I understand my father. I should have heeded his advice and I should have listened to Kathleen. The rumors were true—Monica had an affair," he admitted, this acceptance weighed down with the bitter taste of mixture of relief and gratitude. It was as if a heavy weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

betrayal.

Jane was at a loss for words. She was still overwhelmed by Nathan's acceptance and realization. It seemed that his once intense resentment had shifted its focus, now directed to Monica. As Jane absorbed the significance of this shift, she couldn't help but feel a mixture of relief and gratitude. It was as if a heavy weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

"By the way, stop evading my question," he urged, his voice steady and filled with purpose. Nathan wasn't about to let the question linger unanswered. He took a step closer to Jane, his eyes unwavering as he captured her shoulders with a gentle but firm grip.

"I'll ask you once more, and I need an honest answer..." he paused, and with a deliberate motion, he turned her body to face him directly, his intent clear. He wanted her to meet his gaze. "Do you still crave my affection?"

Jane pursed her lips and squinted her eyes at him. She couldn't help but feel somewhat annoyed with herself for the way her heart seemed to race in response to his presence. It was as though his mere existence had the power to disrupt the carefully constructed walls she had built around her emotions.

An inner dialogue raged within her as she silently chided herself. 'You're making this so much harder for me, Nathan Sparks!' Her thoughts carried a tinge of playful frustration, a recognition of the undeniable effect he had on her.

As their eyes locked in a charged standoff, Jane didn't shy away from the challenge. With a hint of defiance, she retorted, "What if I do? Are you willing to take responsibility for that?"

Hearing her words, Nathan's eyes danced with a sudden surge of delight, a spark of yearning that seemed to bridge the space between them. As if drawn by an irresistible force, he found himself unconsciously leaning closer to Jane, his heart pounding in his chest. The magnetic pull between them was undeniable, and in that moment, nothing else seemed to matter.

Their lips met with an almost instinctual urgency, a convergence of desire and emotion that neither of them could resist. Nathan was taken aback by the intensity of his own eagerness to kiss her, a realization that sent a thrill coursing through his veins. It was as if the floodgates had been opened, and he was no longer willing to restrain himself.

In that stolen moment, their kiss became a testament to the depth of their connection, a silent acknowledgment of the unspoken feelings that had lingered between them. It was a moment of surrender, where the complexities of their past and the uncertainties of their future melted away, leaving only the profound intimacy of the present.

'Damn! I'm kissing him again! We are kissing each other again!' Jane's internal monologue screamed with self-awareness and a tinge of disbelief. Her mind seemed to echo with the weight of the moment, a moment she hadn't anticipated but had willingly surrendered to.

In that electrifying instance, her senses were consumed by the exquisite sensation of Nathan's lips against hers. The warmth of his touch, the taste of his kiss—it was as if their hidden feelings and undeniable chemistry had culminated in this intoxicating moment of vulnerability and desire.

Time seemed to blur as their kiss deepened, and Jane surrendered herself to the intoxicating embrace. In one swift move, Nathan's strong hands guided her, gently urging her to straddle him as he settled onto the sofa. Their connection remained unbroken, the fervent kiss they shared serving as a passionate bridge between them.

Jane felt the shift in their positions but couldn't find it within herself to break away from their fervent embrace and hungry kisses. Straddling Nathan, she yielded to the magnetic pull of their closeness, a tangible reminder of the undeniable attraction between them.

They were supposed to talk but they ended up sealing each other's lips. The world around them seemed to fade into obscurity as they continued to explore the depths of their desire, their bodies entwined in a dance of strong desire and intimacy.

Their kiss, though passionate and all-consuming, eventually yielded to the need for a breath of fresh air. Nathan's lips parted from Jane's, leaving both of them gasping for much-needed oxygen. Jane, her chest heaving, fought to regain her composure as her senses whirled in the aftermath of their passion.

As she attempted to steady her breathing, a tantalizing shiver raced down her spine. She felt the exquisite sensation of Nathan's lips trailing from her mouth to her neck, leaving a trail of warmth and desire in their wake. It was a heady and intoxicating feeling, and it sent a rush of electricity coursing through her veins. She just found herself wanting for more as something moistened in the lower part of her body... in between her legs.

Jane's inner turmoil was evident in the soft lament that echoed in her thoughts. 'Gosh, it's so hard to control myself,' she mused, a mixture of desire and yearning coursing through her. She found herself succumbing to the tantalizing sensations that Nathan's lips were evoking as he trailed kisses along her neck.

In a subconscious response to her own desire and his seductive touch, Jane arched her back, tilting her head to the side, and granting Nathan's mouth even greater access to the sensitive parts of her neck. It was a surrender to the unbridled passion that coursed between them.

'Damn you, Nathan Sparks. Is this how you are going to take responsibility for my feelings? By getting intimate with me?'

Chapter 643 Her Innermost Desire

Nathan's actions continued to be an intoxicating blend of desire and hunger as he trailed a path of kisses and lingering caresses along Jane's neck and the delicate spot just above her exposed breast. With each deliberate movement of his tongue and each tantalizing exploration of her skin, their connection deepened, setting their senses ablaze with lust.

Jane couldn't help but be surprised by the intensity of their passion. In the midst of their fervent exchange, she became aware that Nathan had skillfully unbuttoned her shirt, allowing it to fall open and exposing more of her porcelain skin to his ardent exploration.

Every flick of his tongue against her skin sent a shiver of anticipation coursing through her. She could only anchor her arms around his neck as she clung to him tightly. Nathan's free hand was supporting her back, his fingers gently rubbing her spine in a teasing manner.

"Nate," she moaned his name, the word heavy with desire and longing. Jane's inner turmoil raged, a conflict between the desire to stop him and the yearning that coursed through her. Her intentions were clear, but the words she intended to speak remained trapped in her throat, imprisoned by the intoxicating sensations that enveloped her.

Meanwhile, Nathan's burning desire surged to new heights, ignited further by the seductive sound of her voice uttering his name in a sensual tone. The intensity of the moment pushed him to seek even greater physical contact with her, and his fingers moved expertly to unclasp her bra. With his eagerness, he released her plump breasts from their confines, setting them free to the cool air of the room.

Jane's gasp of surprise was followed by a quivering exhale as her eyes fell upon Nathan's sensual ministrations. The world seemed to fade away as his mouth descended upon one of her tender nipples, and an involuntary moan escaped her lips. "Aah~" she moaned, the sound an exquisite blend of surprise and pleasure.

The sensations coursing through her body were electric, igniting a fire of desire that consumed them both. Each flick of Nathan's tongue and every tantalizing caress of his lips sent ripples of pleasure racing through her.

Jane closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. 'Shit! I can't stop him. My body doesn't want to stop him.' She felt the need to be touched and kissed by Nathan. Her body craved for him, leaving Jane in a state of sensual surrender.

Nathan's passion only intensified as he continued to lavish attention upon her sensitive nipple. His skilled ministrations consisted of a tantalizing combination of biting, licking, and gentle tugs of his teeth and tongue. Jane's response was immediate—a soft, melodious moan that escaped her lips, her body yielding to the sensations that enveloped her.

In a swift move, Nathan shifted their positions, seamlessly maneuvering Jane until she found herself beneath him. Their bodies pressed together, she was now trapped between his powerful frame and the plush cushion of the sofa. The air around them seemed to crackle with desire, their connection deepening with each passing second as they surrendered to the intoxicating rhythm of their passion.

This time, Jane's hand reached out to his clothes with a sense of urgency. She eagerly tugged Nathan's shirt, undressing him. Nathan helped her out by unbuttoning his shirt and throwing it to the floor. Jane was more satisfied to feel his bare body. She could feel his warmth as she pressed her palms against his sturdy chest.

In that intimate moment, they were entangled in a dance of desire and intimacy, their bodies and souls drawn closer together with each passing second. As their bodies pressed closer together, their connection deepened, and the electric charge that pulsed between them intensified.

Nathan was back to kissing her. He crushed his mouth against her soft lips, kissing her with savage intensity. It did not take long before he forced his tongue between her teeth, searching for her tongue. He moved his tongue over hers with rough thrusts, drowning Jane in pleasure.

When they felt the need for oxygen, Nathan reluctantly released her lips, allowing both of them to catch their breath. As he pulled away, he held her gaze with a mixture of desire and uncertainty, his eyes locked onto hers in a silent plea.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked, his voice filled with a hint of desperation as if he were silently hoping she wouldn't say yes.

The air around them crackled with a tangible tension, as Nathan awaited her response with heavy breath, his heart racing in his chest. As a gentleman, he was willing to respect her wishes, even if it meant pulling away from what they both desired.

Her gaze locked onto Nathan's, an intense reflection of the desire and longing that had consumed them both. In that moment of silence, where unspoken emotions hung in the air, she finally delivered her response.

A subtle, yet deliberate shake of her head conveyed a message more powerful than words ever could. The cascade of her hair framed the resolute expression on her face, and her eyes, filled with an undeniable intensity, communicated a clear message — a fervent desire for him to continue. It was a silent affirmation, a declaration that the magnetic pull between them was too strong to resist.

Nathan, catching the meaning of her response, experienced an overwhelming surge of relief that washed over him like a cleansing tide. The weight of uncertainty that had gripped his heart was lifted, replaced by a fiery resurgence of desire, burning hotter and brighter than ever before.

A triumphant smirk played upon his lips, mingling with a genuine, heartfelt joy. His head lowered slowly, descending toward her face with a deliberate and tantalizing slowness. Their lips met once more, but this time, it was a kiss filled with a different kind of intensity. It was a kiss marked by exquisite tenderness as if they were savoring each moment.

A deep sigh escaped Jane's lips as Her thoughts raced in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. Nathan had an uncanny ability to shatter her resolve.

'How can I stay away from him after this?' Jane pondered, her internal monologue filled with uncertainty. She knew she had tried to resist the allure of Nathan, but every encounter with him only intensified her yearning.

"He makes me want him for more," she admitted to herself, her thoughts unearthing her innermost desires. The mere thought of Nathan ignited a blazing hunger within her, an insatiable craving for his presence, his touch, and his passion.

Chapter 644 Setting Her Body On Fire

In that intimate moment, Nathan and Jane discovered a new depth of passion. Each kiss was a declaration of their longing, a promise of the uncharted territories of pleasure they were about to explore together.

For Jane, Nathan's presence was a potent elixir, intoxicating her senses and stoking the fires of desire. She couldn't help but acknowledge the magnetic force that drew her closer to him with each passing moment. Her inner battle waged on as she wrestled with her own yearnings, and it became clear that her resolve was slipping, like sand through her fingers.

'I can no longer deceive myself. I want Nathan. I love him.' Jane admitted silently, her voice a whisper of vulnerability in the quiet recesses of her mind.

The declaration hung heavily in the air, an acknowledgment of the emotions that had become impossible to ignore. Love had woven its threads through her heart, binding her to Nathan in a way she had never experienced before.

'And I would like to have a fresh start with him. Can I really do that?' Jane asked herself inwardly.

The path ahead was uncertain, and the thought of rekindling their relationship carried both hope and fear in her heart. She knew that pursuing this new beginning with Nathan would not be without its challenges. One of the formidable hurdles she would face in pursuing this new chapter would undoubtedly be the shadows of her own ugly past.

However, Jane wanted to give it a try since she could finally find a flicker of hope. She couldn't deny the sparks of chemistry that had ignited between them, hints that perhaps Nathan's feelings for her were more than just a one-sided fantasy. 'What if Nathan already has feelings for me?'

In this newfound determination, she hoped that Nathan would see not only her flaws but also the depth of her love and the sincerity of her desire for a fresh start with him.

Jane's internal thoughts were disrupted when Nathan took an aggressive action. His lips grazed hers with a teasing nip, followed by a gentle but possessive bite that sent a surge of electric sensation coursing through her.

It was a deliberate move, one that was both playful and commanding, aimed at drawing her attention away from her wandering thoughts and back into the present moment. To punish her further, Nathan squeezed her breast hard and tugged her nipple roughly using his fingers, making her moan in between their kisses.

The unexpected sensation of his mouth on hers sent a jolt of desire coursing through her veins, effectively wiping away the distractions that had plagued her moments earlier. Nathan wanted her to focus solely on him, on the intense chemistry that bound them, and on the undeniable desire that pulsed between them like a current of electricity.

As they continued, their mouths moved together in a sensual ballet. After a few minutes, his mouth left hers and traveled down her throat, leaving some love bites. Nathan couldn't help but mark her with those love bites, a declaration that she was his. His possessiveness kicked in.

When he was satisfied, Nathan moved his mouth toward her breasts, planting soft kisses all over their surrounding flesh. His tongue caressed her sensitive nipples which had swollen to their fullest. Jane could only moan from too much pleasure.

The two got immersed in this burning passion as their unspoken desires had taken control of them both, forgetting about the real reason why they came there in the first place. Everything else faded into insignificance.

Jane didn't know where she should focus her mind. Nathan's expert lips and tongue were exploring the rosy peaks of her breasts while his hands were busy taking off her pants. Jane lifted her butt, allowing Nathan to slide her pants down.

Soon, Nathan's head moved south, his tongue making a path down her ribs to her stomach. As he swirled his tongue on her navel, he palmed her two breasts, kneading and squeezing them in a gentle massage.

"Ooh~" Jane's lips formed an "O" as she moaned in pleasure. Nathan's touch and kiss were setting her body on fire.

Jane remained engulfed in the tidal wave of sensations that Nathan had ignited with his passionate kiss and touch. Her senses were ablaze, and every nerve in her body tingled with desire. Yet, her enchanting reverie was interrupted by a bold and electrifying move from Nathan.

As the world around her blurred into a haze of lust and pleasure, she felt the press of his hand gently parting her legs, widening the space between them. The sensation was both unexpected and thrilling, sending a shiver of anticipation coursing through her. She gazed down, her eyes meeting his, and watched as he positioned himself between her legs, his head continuing its descent southward.

Jane's cheek reddened from embarrassment as she felt very exposed to Nathan. The handsome devil was staring at her sex with his lustful eyes. He even ran his tongue over his lips as if he couldn't wait to devour her. She felt her pussy moistened further because of his sensual action.

The room seemed to pulse with an electric charge as the temperature rose to a certain degree. Both of them felt so hot and throbbing.

"Nate? What are you planning to do?" Jane asked him nervously. Her breath quickened and her heart raced as she anticipated what he would do next.

Nathan's gaze intensified as he licked his lips, and a meaningful, knowing smirk played upon his face. "I'm going to take responsibility," he declared, his voice tinged with determination and reassurance.

"and try to compensate you for all the bad things I've done to you." There was an earnestness in his tone, a genuine desire to make things right. The weight of his past actions hung heavy in the air, and he was aware of the hurt he had caused her. It was a commitment, a promise to make amends for the pain he had inflicted.

Jane was at a loss for words for a moment. As she was still in a trance, Nathan grabbed that chance to go down on her. She felt a wild surge of pleasure as his tongue touched her wet folds, licking and stimulating her core.

In that intimate moment, all she could think of was the heat of his breath, the sensuous movement of his tongue, the playful stimulation of his mouth against her skin, and the promise of exquisite pleasure that lay ahead.

Chapter 645 Overwhelming Ecstasy

Jane found herself on the peak of a pleasurable abyss, teetering on the edge of a sensation so intense that it threatened to escape her lips in a passionate moan.

"Nate... Aah~ Aah~ Uhm~" Jane's moan reverberated inside Nathan's office. The sweet teasing of his tongue lapping and licking her folds gave her overwhelming pleasure.

Afraid that Nathan's men might overhear something, she pressed her teeth into her own arm, using it as a makeshift muffler to stifle the rising sound of ecstasy that continuously escaped from her throat.

Her eyes clenched shut in response to the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her body, and beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she fought to maintain her composure.

Nathan's touch was both tender and electric, as his skilled fingers gently parted Jane's delicate folds, revealing the exquisite center of her desire. His lips descended with a soft, lingering kiss onto her most sensitive spot, causing a jolt of pleasure to shoot through her body. Jane was overwhelmed by the intensity of the sensations that spread all throughout her body.

In that electrifying moment, Jane struggled to believe that this was really happening. Nathan's passionate attentions were driving her to the brink of ecstasy, and she found herself surrendering to the delicious torment he was inflicting upon her. His playful mouth seemed to devour her sex with an eagerness that matched her own longing.

"Oh god... Nate! Aaah~ Aaah~" Jane's body writhed under his touch. Her moan and heavy panting echoed in his ears like a sweet melody. He became more motivated to perform well and give her pleasure.

Nathan's devotion to her pleasure knew no bounds. As his lips and tongue continued their sensual dance on her clit, he added a new layer of stimulation. His thumb began to caress her clit with an expert touch, coaxing soft moans of pleasure from her. Simultaneously, he skillfully inserted a single finger inside her eager entrance, further igniting the fiery desire that raged within her.

The combined sensations of his mouth, his thumb, and his finger created an intoxicating symphony of pleasure that Jane couldn't resist. Her body writhed and convulsed with pleasure, and her breaths quickened as she surrendered to the blissful torment that Nathan was orchestrating.

As Jane's response to the intense pleasure coursing through her body, she arched her back, throwing her head back in an unbridled display of ecstasy. Her fingers found their way to her own breasts, and she grasped them firmly, kneading and teasing her own sensitive flesh.

"Nate... please," Jane implored him with an urgency that resonated in her voice, her words heavy with a strong mix of longing and desire.

She couldn't contain the intense yearning that had gripped her, and her desperation was evident. Jane's need for him was a consuming fire, an ache that radiated through her entire being.

"Uhm~ I need you... Take me now," She begged once more. Feeling her emptiness, Jane knew exactly what she craved at that moment. Her body and heart called out to Nathan, and she needed him to fill the void that had left her feeling incomplete.

Nathan, unable to resist her earnest plea, was overcome by the depth of her desire. Without hesitation, he swiftly unzipped his pants, his own need equally evident. He positioned himself between her legs, his gaze locked onto hers with a burning lust. As he knelt before her, his hands grasped her legs, hoisting them onto his shoulders.

Their eyes remained locked, a silent understanding passing between them. Nathan's fingers found his rigid length, guiding the tip to the entrance of her pussy. With a slow, deliberate motion, he began to ease himself inside her, inch by inch, savoring the electrifying sensation of their bodies becoming one.

It was a moment of profound intimacy, where their desires merged in a crescendo of pleasure, and they surrendered to the powerful currents of their shared passion.

As Nathan's fervent thrusts quickened, Jane's hips responded instinctively, lifting off the surface beneath her to meet his every motion. Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, a rhythmic dance of desire and longing that left them both breathless. The room seemed to fade away as they became lost in the euphoria of their intimate connection.

Each thrust sent waves of pleasure rippling through Jane's body, and she moaned with each electrifying collision of their desire. "Aaah~ Aaah~ Yesss~so good~ You are driving me crazy, Nate~"

Her fingers, now slick with anticipation, traced the contours of her breasts, and her nails grazed over her hardened nipples, intensifying the sensations that coursed through her.

Meanwhile, Nathan's manhood responded eagerly to the intoxicating sight before him. As he gazed upon Jane, his arousal surged like a relentless tide, causing his heart to race and his breath to quicken. The image of her, lost in the throes of pleasure, was nothing short of mesmerizing, and it stirred a fiery desire deep within him.

Jane's sensual moans, like a siren's song, washed over Nathan, igniting a fervor of lust that coursed through his veins. Her every sound was an aphrodisiac, a tantalizing melody that fueled his hunger for her. The moan of her pleasure filled the room, a testament to the unbridled passion they shared.

But it wasn't just the auditory delights that captivated Nathan. The physical sensations were equally enthralling. The velvety walls of her sex gripped his cock with an exquisite intensity, sending shivers of pleasure racing up his spine. Each pulsation, each contraction, was a testament to the depths of their connection and the overwhelming pleasure they were sharing.

At that moment, as their bodies moved in perfect synchrony, Nathan was transported to a realm of ecstasy where time seemed to stand still. Every sensation, every sound, every touch was heightened,

and they were both swept away in a tempest of desire and fulfillment, lost in the passionate embrace they had surrendered to.

Both of them were consumed by the intense heat of their desire, locked in a passionate embrace that transcended the physical. Jane's surrender to the pleasures of their union was a testament to the profound connection they shared, a connection that left them both utterly captivated by the overwhelming ecstasy of the moment where their desires melded in a sensual crescendo that left them both gasping for more.

Chapter 646 Monica Approached Ethan

After a blissful hour of intense passion, both Jane and Nathan found themselves gradually succumbing to the sweet embrace of exhaustion. The fiery of their intimate moments had left them both satisfied and content, their bodies humming with the afterglow of their shared ecstasy.

With a gentle tenderness that mirrored their earlier passion, they nestled into each other's arms, seeking comfort and warmth. Jane's head found its resting place upon Nathan's strong, protective arms, and her body seemed to mold itself perfectly against his.

As they lay together on the cozy sofa, the world outside ceased to exist, and they were cocooned in a tranquil stillness. The rhythmic rise and fall of their breaths created a soothing lullaby, the only sound that could be heard in that room.

Jane's body surrendered completely to the embrace of Nathan's arms, sinking into the security and comfort they provided. It was a moment of pure intimacy, where words were unnecessary, and their bodies spoke the language of love and contentment.

In the soft glow of the room, they drifted off into a peaceful slumber, wrapped in each other's arms. Monica had already sprung into action. Following her recent encounter with Jane, Monica had made a solemn vow to herself. She was determined not to allow Jane to ruin her carefully laid-out plan.

[At Ethan's School...]

Ethan was hanging out in the school playground, enjoying a moment of solitude when a beautiful woman, adorned in a vibrant floral dress and stylish sunglasses, approached him with a friendly demeanor.

With a warm smile, she inquired, "Ethan, would it be alright if I joined you here?" She gestured gracefully towards an empty spot nearby, her presence casting a hint of intrigue over the tranquil playground setting.

Ethan's brows furrowed as he cast his eyes upon her, a sense of recognition washing over him like a distant wave. Standing before him was none other than Helena Carlsen, the very woman who had once aspired to become his father's fiancée. It was arranged by his grandfather, Old Man Xu because of the deal he had with Maximilian Carlsen.

In a composed and measured tone, Ethan inquired, "What brings you here, Miss Carlsen?" His voice bore no discernible emotion, concealing the curiosity that churned within him.

He couldn't help but wonder about her intentions. Was Helena Carlsen once again on a mission to win his father over? Determined to unravel the mystery behind her unexpected presence, Ethan extended the invitation for her to take a seat beside him, granting her the opportunity to clarify her true motive.

Monica tried her best to maintain her warm smile and friendly vibe. As she settled into the spot next to Ethan, she reached out, gently taking hold of his hands, her eyes reflecting a mix of determination and sincerity.

"Ethan," she began with a hint of solemnity, "there's something important that I must share with you." Her words hung in the air, carrying a sense of gravity that hinted at the significance of what was about to be revealed. I think you should take a look at

Ethan regarded Monica with a puzzled expression, a veil of skepticism descending over him. He had learned to be cautious, especially in the presence of someone he couldn't fully trust. With an air of caution, he raised his guard and responded, "What is it?"

Monica's eyes darted around their surroundings, her demeanor reflecting a palpable unease as if she were wary of prying ears or watchful eyes.

Leaning in slightly, she whispered, "I can't divulge the details here. It's not safe. Can you come with me?" Her request carried a sense of urgency, deepening the intrigue and heightening Ethan's curiosity as to what could be so important that it required a more discreet location.

However, Ethan knew the number one rule- never follow a stranger. This rule had been instilled in him since childhood, a vital lesson in personal safety that he couldn't easily dismiss or ignore.

"I'm sorry, but I can't go with you. You're still a stranger to me," Ethan firmly stated, adhering to his principles of caution.

Monica let out a helpless sigh, recognizing that Ethan was indeed a smart and cautious young individual. She knew she needed to change her approach to gain his trust.

"Alright," she began, choosing a different angle. "I understand your concern, but what if I told you that you already know someone you know? You're friends with Mia, aren't you? Well, I'm currently staying with Mia. In fact, I'm here to pick her up. You could come with us to Mia's house." Monica hoped that this connection to Mia might make Ethan more comfortable with the idea of accompanying her.

Ethan fell silent for a moment, contemplating whether to come or not. Seeing the hesitation in his eyes, Monica recognized the need to persuade him further.

Monica leaned in, her voice softened with a note of urgency. "Ethan, please understand the gravity of the situation. This is profoundly important, and it directly concerns your mother." Her words hung in the air, carrying a weight that pressed on Ethan's conscience, urging him to reconsider his decision.

Curiosity sparked in Ethan's eyes when he heard that. "Do you know my biological mother?"

Monica concealed a triumphant smile as she observed the spark of intrigue light up in Ethan's eyes. She nodded fervently, seizing the opportunity to further pique his curiosity.

"Yes," she affirmed with conviction, "I do indeed know your mother, and I possess crucial information about her and your parents. If you come with me, I promise to unveil all the truths you seek." Her words carried an air of mystery, dangling the promise of long-hidden secrets that had the potential to reshape Ethan's understanding of his family's history.

"Alright," Ethan conceded, his curiosity outweighing his caution. "I want to know the truth. I'll come with you. But I need to bring my guards and my nanny along."

"Of course," Monica agreed readily. "You can bring them with you. Safety first." She rose from her seat, extending a hand to help Ethan up. "Come, let's not waste any time. We have much to discuss." With that, they embarked on a journey together, ready to unravel the mysteries of Ethan's past.

Chapter 647 Ethan's Real Parents

[At Vincent's Villa...]

Monica, Ethan, and Mia arrived at the mansion, where Vincent had been patiently awaiting their arrival in his luxurious study.

Upon their arrival, Monica turned to Mia with a request, "Mia, would you mind lending a hand to our Chef in preparing some snacks for our guest?" This was her way of separating the two children, as she and Vincent had matters to discuss privately with Ethan.

"Of course, Aunt," Mia replied obediently, eager to assist and genuinely excited to prepare a special snack for Ethan. It was, after all, his first visit to their home.

As soon as Mia left to assist in the kitchen, Monica turned her attention to Ethan. She spoke softly, her voice carrying an air of reassurance, "Your guards and nanny can make themselves comfortable here in the living room. But you and I should head upstairs to meet Mia's Uncle."

Ethan nodded in agreement, his gaze wandering appreciatively around the lavish surroundings of the mansion.

In a short while, Monica guided Ethan up the grand staircase, leading him to Vincent's stately study. Upon entering the room, they found Vincent seated leisurely on a plush sofa, engrossed in his reading. His face lit up with a warm and welcoming smile as soon as he noticed Ethan standing beside Monica.

"Ethan, you've made it!" Vincent exclaimed joyfully, setting aside his book and crossing the room with eager steps. As he reached the young boy, he enveloped him in a warm and heartfelt hug, his embrace radiating a sense of familiarity and genuine affection.

Ethan experienced a moment of discomfort as Vincent's arms closed around him in a sudden and unfamiliar embrace. It wasn't a sensation he was accustomed to, and he gently but firmly pushed Vincent away, creating a bit of space between them.

"I'm here because Miss Carlsen mentioned something crucial," Ethan began, explaining the reason for his presence in the mansion. His tone was measured, and his eyes were fixed on Vincent. "She said there's something important to discuss regarding my mother and my parents." Ethan's guarded demeanor revealed his determination to get to the bottom of the matter while maintaining a cautious distance.

Vincent and Monica exchanged significant glances, a silent understanding passing between them. It was at this precise moment that their strategic plan fell into place, a meticulously crafted precautionary measure put into action well before Jane could unveil the truth to the world that Monica was indeed alive.

They knew Ethan's important role in their schemes. They were the ones who sent him to the Sparks so that they could use him when the right time came.

Vincent courteously gestured for Ethan to take a seat, and they settled on sofas positioned across from each other. With a solemn and earnest expression, Vincent embarked on the conversation, emphasizing its gravity.

"Ethan, what we're about to share with you is of the utmost importance, and I hope you can handle the truth," Vincent began, his tone laced with seriousness as he looked directly into Ethan's eyes. "I think you should take a look at

Ethan's patience was wearing thin, and he had little appetite for unnecessary suspense. His response was direct and to the point. "Please, don't beat around the bush. Just tell me everything."

"Why don't you go ahead and tell him?" Monica's supportive stance indicated that she believed Vincent should be the one to deliver the revelation.

Vincent simply nodded his head before shifting his gaze back to Ethan. He cleared his throat, the weight of the revelation evident in his expression as he began to unravel the first layer of truth for Ethan.

"Ethan," he began, his voice steady but filled with gravity, "the initial truth you need to understand is that the woman you believed to be your biological mother, the one who passed away, is not, in fact, your birth mother. Your biological mother is very much alive."

The words hung in the air, heavy with the magnitude of their meaning, as Ethan processed this startling revelation. Ethan's disbelief was evident as he struggled to process the staggering revelation. His eyes widened, and his voice quivered with shock as he sought confirmation.

"My biological mother is alive?" he repeated, the words escaping his lips with a mixture of astonishment and uncertainty. It was a moment that shook the very foundation of his understanding of his own life and family.

Vincent continued to divulge the intricate web of deception that had entangled Ethan's life. His voice carried a mix of sympathy and indignation as he unveiled the grim truth.

"Yes, Ethan," he affirmed solemnly. "Your mother is indeed alive. The woman who passed away, the one you believed to be your real mother, is the very reason behind your separation from your true birth mother. She not only took you away but also assumed your mother's identity, using it to get close to Nathan Sparks. Her actions were driven by a disturbing obsession and a consuming love for him." Vincent's words painted a picture of betrayal and manipulation that was difficult for Ethan to fathom.

Ethan's skepticism was entirely understandable in the face of such a shocking revelation. He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on Vincent, his voice trembling with a mixture of confusion and doubt.

"What evidence do you have? How can I trust what you're saying?" Ethan inquired, his words laced with a need for concrete proof to support this earth-shattering revelation.

Vincent, in response to Ethan's doubts, offered a reassuring smile, exuding a sense of sincerity and compassion. He spoke with a calm resolve, aiming to quell Ethan's uncertainty.

"You can believe me because I know your real parents," Vincent affirmed with a steady tone. "Nathan is not your biological father," he added.

With measured movements, Vincent rose from his seat and drew closer to Ethan. He knelt down to meet Ethan at eye level, ensuring an intimate connection as he unveiled the ultimate truth.

His voice was filled with paternal tenderness as he disclosed the revelation that would forever alter Ethan's perception of his family.

"Ethan," he said softly, "the truth is... I am your father. And your mother is here. She's your real mother." The profound revelation settled over them like a profound, life-altering realization.

Chapter 648 Undeniable Paternal Love

Ethan's eyes widened in sheer disbelief. The weight of Vincent's revelation bore down on him, rendering him momentarily speechless. This man, a stranger, was asserting his claim as Ethan's father, and the woman beside him was being presented as his biological mother. It was a staggering revelation, one that stretched the limits of Ethan's comprehension. How could such a truth suddenly emerge from the shadows?

Yet, despite the shock, Ethan couldn't entirely silence the nagging doubts that swirled within him. His trust in Vincent remained far from absolute, and he found it challenging to fully embrace the idea that Nathan, the man he had known as his father, might not be his biological parent after all.

The conflicting emotions and unanswered questions churned within him, leaving him in a state of deep uncertainty and turmoil.

Meanwhile, Vincent, who sensed the doubt clouding Ethan's eyes, was determined to solidify his credibility by offering additional evidence to strengthen his claims. He came truly well-prepared for this moment, understanding the necessity of convincing the young boy of the authenticity of his words.

With a subtle gesture, he signaled to Monica, who promptly retrieved a photo album resting on a nearby table and handed it to Vincent.

"I understand how difficult it is for you to accept this truth, Ethan," Vincent began, his voice laced with empathy. "But please, allow me to provide you with more tangible evidence of our connection." The album lay open before them, ready to unveil a visual narrative that would further enlighten Ethan about their connections.

Ethan's gaze shifted from Vincent to the open photo album resting before them. The two of them scanned through the pages, revealing a compilation of tender moments. The album displayed cherished moments of Ethan's baby photos, each page capturing the bonds shared among Vincent, Monica, and Helena.

However, the majority of the photos showcased the unwavering care and devotion that Vincent had showered upon Ethan. These snapshots documented his journey from birth until the age of three, painting a vivid picture of a loving and nurturing relationship.

As Ethan delved further into the images, he found it increasingly difficult to deny the undeniable paternal love that radiated from Vincent's eyes in each photograph, an emotional connection that transcended words and left a memorable mark on his heart.

'Is this man truly my biological father?' Ethan's eyes became misty, tears threatening to fall from the corners of his eyes. He hated the possibility that Nathan was not his biological father. I think you should take a look at

Ethan's resolve was unyielding as he clung to the belief that his blood connection with Nathan was irrefutable. He shook his head in denial, his voice trembling with conviction. "But my Dad and I, our DNA matched!" he asserted vehemently. "The DNA results can't be wrong! It's concrete proof that he is my father!"

Monica let out a heavy sigh. "Ethan, you need to understand that the woman who took you away from us was deceptively cunning," she explained patiently. "She had the ability and the will to manipulate the DNA test results. Her motive was to deceive Nathan, making him believe that he had fathered her child."

"Alright, Ethan," Vincent proposed with a tone of understanding and determination, "if you seek concrete proof beyond any doubt, your mother and I are prepared to provide you with airtight evidence. We are willing to give you strands of our hair. You can submit these samples to the hospital for a DNA test, and we can have it done simultaneously with Nathan's DNA sample. This way, we can settle any lingering uncertainty once and for all." Vincent's suggestion aimed to offer Ethan a path to irrefutable clarity in this situation filled with complexity and doubt.

Ethan remained silent. He just nodded his head while clenching his fists. Deep inside, he was afraid to confirm the truth. But he needed this to clear all the doubts he had in his heart. Vincent and Monica allowed Ethan to pluck a strand of their hair. This way they could reassure him that they were not deceiving him.

"We understand that this is a lot to take in, Ethan," Vincent spoke with gentle reassurance, his hand tenderly caressing Ethan's hair. "We're not pressuring you. We want you to have the time you need to come to terms with this. I know you've grown fond of your father, but the truth is, you are my son, and it's my responsibility to take care of you."

Ethan was no longer paying attention to Vincent's words. His spirits were at an all-time low, his emotions in turmoil from the shocking revelation. Overwhelmed and devastated, he yearned for the comfort of familiarity. "I want to go home," he expressed, his voice carrying the weight of his inner turmoil. The desire for solace and a return to the Sparks Mansion was evident in his words.

Vincent nodded in understanding of Ethan's request to leave. "I'll send you off," he affirmed, his voice tinged with a hint of longing as he prepared to send Ethan on his way.

As Vincent rose from his seat, he extended his right hand towards Ethan. However, Ethan hesitated, his heart torn between the longing for the familiar bond with Nathan and the revelation that Vincent might indeed be his biological father.

The act of accepting Vincent's hand felt like a symbolic acknowledgment of a profound truth that he was his real father. But Ethan wasn't yet ready to fully embrace this truth. So, he reluctantly chose not to take Vincent's hand.

It did not take long before Ethan departed from Vincent's villa, accompanied by his guards and nanny. As they navigated through the bustling streets of Towerville City, his thoughts remained firmly fixated on Nathan, the man he continued to regard as his biological father. His heart weighed heavily with the turmoil of emotions stirred by the unsettling revelation.

With a sense of melancholy, he absently gazed at the strands of hair that had been placed on his handkerchief, a reminder of the complex web of identity and belonging that now surrounded him. The city's vibrant sights and sounds blurred into the background as he wrestled with the profound implications of today's revelations, leaving him in a state of deep contemplation.

Chapter 649 Shameless Devil

[At Syphiruz Mafia Headquarters...]

The late afternoon sun streamed through the partially drawn curtains of Nathan's office, casting a warm glow that bathed the room in a gentle, golden light. Jane slightly moved, her eyes fluttering open as she gradually emerged from her nap.

She found herself nestled in Nathan's embrace, their entwined naked bodies resting comfortably on a plush sofa. As her senses gradually awakened, she became aware of the soothing rhythm of his breath, rising and falling in tandem with her own.

The room was infused with a peaceful and tranquil ambiance, punctuated only by the occasional rustle of curtains in the breeze and the faint footsteps in the distance. Due to Nathan's strict order, his men didn't dare to disrupt them or even drop by the office. They deliberately avoided his office. His office became their private haven.

Jane's fingers idly traced the contours of Nathan's chest with a gentle, affectionate touch, feeling the steady beat of his heart. His presence gave her a heart-fluttering warmth. She couldn't help but steal a tender glance at his sleeping figure, admiring the serene expression that graced his handsome features.

With a soft smile, she relished this intimate stolen moment as she savored the precious feeling of being wrapped in his arms. Her mind raced with a swirl of emotions as she lay there, a soft blush warming her cheeks.

'I can't believe it. I did it with him. We made love. This time Nathan was sober and he was so gentle.'
Jane thought to herself. The realization filled her with a profound sense of joy and contentment, a feeling of completeness she had longed for.

She continued to stare at Natha's gorgeous face, her heart filled with gratitude for the previous intimacy they had shared. Consumed by an irresistible surge of desire, Jane's delicate hand moved with a will of its own, reaching out to tenderly caress Nathan's face.

Her fingertips brushed lightly against his cheek, enjoying the soft texture of his skin— warm and inviting beneath her touch. As she continued her exploration, her fingers traced a mesmerizing path along his jawline and up to his lips.

Her heart quickened with each delicate stroke, her desire intensifying with every contact. 'Damn. Why are you so gorgeous, Nate?'

Time seemed to stand still as she allowed her fingers to linger, tracing the curve of his lips with a feather-light touch that conveyed both affection and yearning.

Nathan stirred at the sensation, roused from his slumber by the exquisite caress of her fingers against his skin. As he slowly opened his eyes, he was met with the image of Jane's beautiful face, flushed with desire. Instantly, a soft, sleepy smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he murmured in a voice tinged with affection, "You're awake."

Jane's cheeks flamed with an even deeper shade of crimson as she stammered out an apology, her embarrassment evident in the quiver of her voice. "I-I'm s-sorry," she managed to utter, her words covered with self-consciousness. "I didn't mean to wake you up."

Mortified by her own boldness, she shifted her gaze downward, her face nestling into the comforting curve of Nathan's chest as if seeking refuge from the intense embarrassment that had washed over her.

She cursed herself inwardly since Nathan had awakened from his sleep just in time to catch her in the act. She was so immersed in what she was doing that she didn't anticipate that Nathan would wake up, seeing her peering at him intently with eyes filled with desire and affection.

On the other hand, Nathan's response to Jane's apology was a husky chuckle that reverberated through the air. He didn't hesitate for a moment as he pulled her body closer, enveloping her in the comforting warmth of his embrace.

With a cheeky smirk on his face, he brought his lips near her earlobe, his breath caressing her skin as he murmured in a soft, teasing tone, "No need to apologize, Jane. I understand that you simply can't resist my handsome face."

Jane: "... " { *Her face blushing further from both annoyance and embarrassment* }

Nathan's voice carried a playful undertone, his eyes dancing with mirth as he teased her. Yet, his fingers continued their tender exploration through the strands of her hair— his touch served as a soothing balm to her embarrassment.

Jane, determined not to be bullied by Nathan's teasing, put on a serious angry face by pursing her lips and furrowing her eyebrows. With a hint of stern defiance, she delivered two punches to his chest as his punishment.

"Argh!" Nathan groaned at the impact of her two hard punches.

"You shameless devil! Stop making fun of me," Jane snarled at him. She twitched her body and finally managed to wriggle out of his warm embrace. She sat up, her glaring eyes locking onto his, a spirited glint of challenge dancing in her sharp gaze.

Nathan responded with a sheepish smile, offering her an apologetic look. He had momentarily forgotten that the woman before him was none other than Phantomflake, someone who could easily outmatch him and beat him whenever she wanted. Realizing he had inadvertently pushed her buttons, he decided to make amends.

With a gentle sigh of regret, he rose from the sofa, his steps purposeful as he retrieved his coat from where it hung near his desk. Returning to her side, he took a considerate moment to cover her naked body with the protective shield of his coat. It was a simple yet meaningful gesture.

"I'm sorry, Jane. Please don't be upset," he implored. He offered an apologetic smile, wanting to ease the tension that had momentarily crept into their atmosphere.

"I was just trying to tease you a bit. But I must admit, it's partly your fault, too. You looked absolutely stunning with that adorable blush on your face." Nathan's explanation carried a playful tone as he started to put on his clothes.

Jane responded to Nathan's playful teasing with an exaggerated roll of her eyes, her gaze briefly directed skyward as if seeking divine intervention to deal with his antics. She couldn't help but let out a mock exasperated sigh.

"I didn't expect you to be this SHAMELESS, Mr. Sparks," she quipped as she playfully chided him for his audacity.

Nathan's response was another hearty chuckle that escaped his lips, a joyful sound that filled the room and echoed their shared sense of humor. "I'm Shameless... only to selected people."

Chapter 650 Her Maternal Instinct Kicked In

After some time, Nathan and Jane discreetly retrieved their clothing scattered on the floor, slipping back into their respective garments. They maintained an air of composure as if the passionate moment between them had never occurred.

Once dressed, they found themselves side by side, sitting in a comfortable silence that carried no hint of awkwardness. Nathan took it upon himself to serve the meal and chilled beverages he had ordered for them earlier.

As they dined together, the atmosphere between them was a blend of shared moments and unspoken sentiments. Nathan and Jane found themselves in a contemplative state, their thoughts entwined with questions about the true nature of their relationship.

Each bite of food seemed to symbolize the layers of complexity that surrounded them, leaving room for lingering questions and uncharted emotions. They silently pondered the uncharted territory they had entered, both wondering if the intimate encounter had changed the dynamics between them.

Their eyes met briefly, and in that exchange, they saw a reflection of their shared uncertainty. What was the real score between them now?

Jane's curiosity won over her and she could no longer resist the urge to break the silence that had settled between them. Her voice, soft yet filled with a searching intensity, finally pierced the stillness.

"Nate," she began, her eyes locked onto his, "are you planning to use me as a rebound, especially since my sister is marrying Dave?" Her question lingered in the air, a weighty inquiry that demanded Nathan's unfiltered honesty and insight into their complex situation.

Nathan didn't rush to respond, instead, he took a moment to carefully examine his own emotions. He knew that he needed to be honest with himself and with Jane about where he stood. Uncertainty swirled within him, as he grappled with the complexity of his feelings.

In the quiet pause that followed, he considered the undeniable connection they had just shared, a connection that had left a lasting mark on him. He couldn't deny that he didn't regret their intimate encounter earlier. It had been a passionate and genuine moment—most importantly, it had nothing to do with Abigail or any jealousy he had for Dave.

With a contemplative gaze fixed on Jane, he spoke softly but earnestly, "Jane, I want you to know that what happened between us wasn't driven by any intention to use you as a rebound. My feelings for you are separate from anything involving Abigail. I can't explain the feelings I have for you, but I am certain that it is not a replacement for someone else."

Jane found herself momentarily speechless, her thoughts swirling as she absorbed Nathan's initial response. It was a lot to take in, and she appreciated his candidness. As she struggled to find words, Nathan pressed on, determined to convey the depths of his feelings and thoughts.

"I don't know exactly when it started... but lately..." Nathan paused, seemingly hesitant to reveal his next words.

"What?" Jane prompted, her curiosity piqued, her eyes locked onto his with a mixture of anticipation and concern. She wanted to understand what was running in his mind right now, urging him to confide in her.

Nathan, however, scratched his face, a nervous habit, and shifted his gaze away. He sucked his teeth, clearly embarrassed by the admission he was about to make. His vulnerability was evident, making it all the more important for him to find the right words to convey what he was feeling.

"C'mon, Nate! Don't leave me hanging," Jane complained. She could no longer contain her curiosity, and she playfully nudged Nathan's shoulder, coaxing him to share what he had been hesitating to say.

Nathan heaved a sigh of defeat before he admitted, "What I was trying to say is that... lately, I've found myself struggling with jealousy. It happens whenever I see you with another man, especially Stephen and Vincent."

The weight of his confession hung in the air, and he met Jane's surprised gaze, his eyes revealing the depth of his emotions. It was a revelation that laid bare the complexities of their relationship, and Nathan's admission left them both in a moment of contemplative silence as they coped with the newfound awareness of their feelings.

They were in the midst of their contemplative conversation when the ringtone of Nathan's phone disrupted the moment. Nathan quickly excused himself, recognizing the call as coming from the Sparks Mansion, and stepped aside to answer it.

With a tone of cautious concern, he picked up the phone and inquired, "Hello, what is it?"

Butler Li, his loyal and dedicated household manager, urgently relayed the distressing news from the other end of the line. "Master! Young Master Ethan is not feeling well! He's in excruciating pain. I'm calling to inform you that we're rushing him to the hospital."

Worry etched across Nathan's face as he took in the gravity of the situation. His voice carried a sense of urgency as he responded, "Tell me the hospital. I'm on my way there." The concern for his son, Ethan, was evident in every word he spoke, and he was prepared to leave and fly to his current location.

Noticing the sudden shift in Nathan's expression and demeanor, Jane sprang to her feet and gently grasped his arm. Her eyes were filled with concern, mirroring the worry etched across Nathan's face.

"What happened? Who is in the hospital?" Jane inquired urgently, her voice laced with apprehension. She had overheard Nathan's mention of the hospital during his conversation on the phone, and her immediate instinct was to offer her support and assistance in whatever way she could.

Nathan's voice quivered with concern as he shared the distressing news with Jane. "Ethan... he's not well. Butler Li is rushing him to the hospital," he informed her, his words heavy with anxiety.

Upon hearing Ethan's name, Jane's heart sank, a deep sense of worry and maternal protectiveness taking hold of her. Without hesitation, she took a firm hold of Nathan's arm, her determination evident in her grip as she urged, "Let's go! I need to see Ethan." Her maternal instinct had kicked in, and she was determined to be by the young boy's side in his time of need.