

100 Days 681

Chapter 681 A Small Act of Deceit

After an intense two-hour lovemaking session, Jane succumbed to sleep, exhausted. Nathan's endurance was akin to that of a wild beast. He claimed her through three rounds of passionate intimacy, continuing until they moved to the bedroom adjacent to his office.

Nathan just cuddled Jane in his arms as he watched her sleeping figure. He still couldn't believe that the two of them would end up like this. He tried analyzing his feelings. His heart was at ease. And he could feel the profound joy, just being with her.

He pulled her body closer to him, giving her warmth. He loved smelling her sweet intoxicating scent. Who would have thought the two of them would have another chance to have a fresh start?

Lost in thoughts of their relationship, Nathan's contemplation was abruptly interrupted by the shrill ring of his phone. Annoyance furrowed his brow, the intrusion shattered his moment. He fretted, not wanting Jane to be disturbed by the noise.

Regretfully, he gently released Jane from his embrace and rose from the bed, reaching for his phone. His expression darkened at the sight of the caller ID-Helena Carlsen. Monica's number was saved in his phone as Helena. This was before he discovered the truth about her identity.

He cast one look at Jane's sleeping figure before he stepped out of the bedroom. He proceeded to his office, answering the phone call.

'What does she want from me now?' Nathan mused to himself. He could still remember how Monica tried to play with his emotions. Disguised herself as Helena, she acted like Monica during their first dinner date.

"What do you want?" Nathan coldly asked her upon answering the call.

"Nate, are you free? Can we talk in person? There is something I must tell you." Monica sounded so serious.

Nathan couldn't figure out what she was up to. He clenched his teeth, the crease on his forehead deepening further. He felt disgusted because of this woman. She destroyed his relationship with the real Shining Star (Jane). She made him hate her to the extent he almost killed her. He hurt Jane and he regretted it.

His anger was now directed at this woman, especially now that he learned that she was plotting an evil scheme against Jane and Abigail. He would do his best to protect them. Though the message came from an anonymous source, Nathan believed that Monica and Veronica were capable of hurting innocent people like Jane and Abigail.

"Yes. We need to talk. Where do you want to meet?" Nathan didn't hesitate to agree to this meet-up. This was the right time to confront this woman who deceived him. He tried to control his anger.

"See me at Rosemary Restaurant at six..." Monica responded.

Nathan didn't respond. He ended the call as soon as he got the address and the time. He checked the current time on his phone screen. It was already 5:30 pm. He only had 30 minutes left before the meet-up.

He decided to take a quick shower before leaving. He didn't want to disturb Jane's sleep so he chose to keep this from her. However, the moment he left the bathroom, Jane was already awake, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

She sat up and leaned on the headboard of the bed, still holding the blanket to cover her naked body. "Hey there. Where are you going?" Jane asked him, her curiosity piqued.

Her emerald eyes traced every inch of Nathan's form. The aftermath of his shower revealed a sight to behold—his muscular physique on display, his upper body bared while a towel veiled his lower half. She couldn't resist his allure and charm, drooling over his hot body while leaving her silently awestruck.

She licked her lips, her admiration of his sculpted physique was evident in her penetrating gaze. Subconsciously, she lifted her finger, motioning him to come over.

Nathan just smirked at her cheekily, sensing the desire in her gesture. "Are you up to another round?" He asked her teasingly before leaning over and planting a soft kiss on her forehead.

Jane just pouted her lips and gazed at him after he drew back. "I feel sore," she complained.

Her last statement elicited another husky laugh from Nathan's lips. He sat on the edge of the bed and held Jane close, embracing her.

"I'm sorry. I'll try to be more gentle next time," Nathan murmured, his fingers gently running through her hair.

In response, Jane playfully pinched his waist. "Your endurance is on a different level," she remarked, a hint of admiration in her voice.

"Why? Can't keep up with me?" Nathan teased, his smile playful as he tightened his embrace. His spirits lifted once more, Jane's presence serving as a powerful mood changer after the shadow of Monica's earlier interruption.

"Of course, I can!" Jane asserted before smoothly shifting the conversation. "Speaking of which, are you heading somewhere?"

With Jane already awake, Nathan saw no reason to keep his plans a secret. "Monica called while you were asleep. She wanted to meet." "Monica?" Jane blurted out, her expression darkening. She hated that woman. "I'm coming with you!" She immediately jumped off the bed to put on some clothes. But Nathan stopped her by grabbing her wrist.

"I need to handle this on my own," Nathan said in a soft tone, his eyes imploring her for understanding. He knew this was a confrontation he had to face without Jane's presence.

Jane fell silent for a moment before nodding her head. "I understand. However, I can't allow you to go there alone. I'm tagging along. But don't worry. I'm not joining you. I will just keep an eye on you from the distance. Who knows what Monica is plotting again? We should be careful." Jane reminded him, reaching out to caress his face.

"Will you allow me to watch you from a distance when you are interacting with Vincent?" Nathan brought up Vincent once again. He still couldn't move on from his jealousy.

Jane could only sigh helplessly. "Can you promise not to meddle? I worry your emotions might get the better of you, and you'll

interrupt every conversation I have with Vincent," she said, playfully pinching the tip of Nathan's nose.

"I'll try my best." Nathan promised to her. However, behind her back, his fingers deceptively crossed, contradicting his promise. Nathan's reassuring smile remained but the hidden fingers told a different story- a small act of deceit since he was uncertain if he could really just watch them on the sidelines without doing anything.

Chapter 682 Nathan's Anger

[At Rosemary Restaurant...]

Nathan and Jane left the Syphiruz Mafia Headquarters together and headed to the meeting place where Nathan was going to see Monica. Upon arriving at the restaurant, the couple got separated. Jane allowed Nathan to enter the building first while following Nathan behind.

Monica already booked a table for her and Nathan. She was waiting for his arrival. When the waiter recognized Nathan, he immediately entertained him, guiding him to their table.

From the distance, Nathan saw Monica's back. She was sitting but at the same time, talking over the phone.

"You can go," Nathan ordered the waiter to leave. He already saw Monica so he didn't need to be escorted by the waiter. The waiter politely nodded and obeyed his command.

When he was left alone, Nathan paused for a moment, taking a deep breath to calm himself down. They were in a public place. He didn't want to make a scene there so as much as possible he should control his emotions.

He was just a few steps away from Monica when he overheard something. Monica seemed like talking about his son, Ethan. So instead of letting her know about his presence, he stood behind her and continued to listen to the conversation.

"Don't worry. I won't tell him that he is not Ethan's biological father. This is part of our plan. Our son must inherit the Sparks' company and all his wealth. That will be the right time to reveal to them that Ethan is mine and yours." Monica continued to speak, not minding her surroundings.

Nathan's countenance drained of color at Monica's words, his world momentarily shaken by the shocking impact of her statement. A visceral reaction overtook him, his body quivering with a potent mix of shock and fury. 'What did she just say? Ethan is not my son.' echoed in his mind, the revelation landing like a thunderbolt. The thought that Ethan wasn't his son, but a pawn in a scheme to claim his property and wealth, fueled a raging whirlwind of emotions deep inside him.

Jaws clenched tight, a physical manifestation of the storm brewing within. His eyes became a furnace of rage, burning with the intensity of a thousand flames. The betrayal and the manipulation destroyed everything he believed in the past. The very foundation of trust and family he believed in had been shattered, replaced by anger and disbelief.

"I'll call you back later. Nathan might be on his way to meet— Aaaah!" Monica's words trailed off abruptly, strangled by the shock that seized her when Nathan unleashed a sudden, aggressive action.

The table resonated with a series of explosive sounds.

Slam!

Thud!

Crash!

In a fit of unrestrained fury, Nathan closed their gaps and his hand shot out, seizing the glass of water, shattering it into tiny pieces upon the table's surface. The eruption of sound and fragments mirrored the raging emotions within him, a momentary loss of control in response to the overwhelming weight of what he had just learned. The shards lay scattered, echoing the shattered truth he once believed in and

the turmoil consuming Nathan. 'How could this be possible? All these years, I thought Ethan was my son... my own flesh and blood.'

Some prying pairs of eyes were now directed at them. Two waiters tried to respond upon hearing the breaking sound of glass. Monica gazed up at him with wide eyes, her lips hung open in disbelief. She was about to say something when Nathan suddenly grabbed her by her neck.

The other customers and the waiters gasped in surprise upon witnessing Nathan's violent reaction.

"Oh my gosh! He is going to hurt her." "He is Nathan Sparks, right? Who is the woman?"

"She's familiar. I saw her in the magazine. Helena Carlsen."

Some started to take photos and videos of the current situation. Some people recognized Nathan, the CEO of the SYP Twilight Corporation. This would be a big headline and would go viral once they posted this online.

Meanwhile, Monica struggled in his grasp. She couldn't breathe. The waiters tried to intervene but they were intimidated by Nathan's deathly and chilly aura.

"You should have just died," Nathan said through his gritted teeth, his grip on her neck tightening further. Nathan wasn't paying attention to his surroundings. His urge to hurt Monica was clouding his mind.

"Sir, please let her go," the waiter, summoning his courage, intervened in an attempt to halt Nathan. But as their eyes locked, the waiter faltered in the face of Nathan's chilling, unyielding gaze, instinctively retreating.

Even in the grip of panic, the waiter tried to reassure himself, rationalizing that in a public setting, Nathan wouldn't resort to extreme measures. Despite the hesitation, he motioned to his colleague to summon the security guards.

Monica was on the verge of losing consciousness, the world dimming around her as she fought for breath. Before she fainted, Jane finally interfered. She showed up from behind. She approached Nathan, her touch falling upon his tense shoulder.

"Nate, let her go," Jane's voice, gentle yet firm, sliced through the charged atmosphere.

The weight of Jane's presence acted as a wake-up call to Nathan's violent thoughts. With a sudden clarity, his rational mind reawakened. He relinquished his grip on Monica's neck, the constriction easing as he ceased the act of strangling her. The dawning awareness, sparked by Jane's intervention, pulled him back from the brink, quelling the irrational impulse that had gripped him moments ago.

"Cough! Cough!" Monica gasped some air, rubbing her neck. She wasn't expecting that Nathan would go overboard, strangling her in front of everyone.

On the other hand, Jane pulled Nathan as she stepped forward, shielding him from the other spectators. "Stop filming!" Jane said in her stern cold voice, threatening the people who were holding their cellphones.

The other customers immediately hid their phones and stopped looking in their spots. With her glaring eyes, Jane cast a sharp glance at Monica. Without saying a word, Jane grabbed her wrist, forcing her to stand up.

"Let go of my hand!" Monica screamed at her, trying to tug her hand away from Jane.

But Jane gripped her wrist tightly as she began dragging her to the comfort room of the restaurant. "Wait for me here," Jane blurted out to Nathan before she disappeared from his sight.

Nathan, the waiters, and the other customers just watched Jane in puzzlement. What was she going to do?

"Should we follow them?" One waiter asked his colleague.

But when they met Nathan's cold gaze, the other waited responded with a shake of his head. "We must not meddle with them. Just inform our manager about this. Let her fix this issue. I don't want to lose my job. We can't offend these people."

Inside the lady's comfort room

Bam!

Click!

Jane slammed the door behind and locked it. Monica reflexively stepped back, maintaining her distance from Jane. She knew that she couldn't win against her if Jane would suddenly attack her. Jane was stronger than her.

"What do you want?" Monica snarled at her, keeping her brave front.

Jane raised her eyebrow and slowly inched closer to her. Monica kept stepping back until her back touched the wall. She could no longer move.

Pak!

"Aaah!"

Jane slapped her hard.

Chapter 683 Avoiding Ethan

The restroom was engulfed with heavy tension. Monica stood, her hand pressed against the stinging imprint on her cheek. The resounding slap from Jane's hand lingered not just as a physical sting but a blow to her wounded pride. The most hated person in her life could easily slap her like this, the sound of the impact still reverberating in her ears.

"You again! I'll sue you for assaulting me over and over again!" Monica screamed at Jane. As tears welled in her eyes, the cold tiles seemed to amplify the ache in her chest. She wanted to fight back but she was helpless in front of Jane.

'If I only have the poison needle, I can kill her right here right then!' Monica thought to herself, her angry eyes directed at Jane.

"Sue me all you want. I'll show the world how fake you are," Jane spat back, sneering at her. She wanted to grab this opportunity to vent her anger toward this woman for trying to plot against her sister, Abigail.

"Stop provoking us, Monica. The only reason I am keeping you alive is because you don't deserve an easy death. I'll make you suffer to the extent that you will wish to just die." Jane's voice was laced with a sinister determination, her fingers gripping Monica's jaw.

There was an unsettling calmness in Jane's demeanor, hiding the intense fury and calculated malice brewing beneath the surface. The pressure of Jane's fingers against Monica's jaw served as her threat.

"Stay away from Nathan and Ethan," Jane added, pinning her on the wall further.

Monica let out a sarcastic laugh. "Why should I do that? Ethan is my son. You can't change that fact! I have all the right to approach him." She couldn't help but mock Jane.

Jane narrowed her eyes when she heard that. She grabbed her again by her shirt and pushed her hard. "You never become a mother to Ethan... even once. You are a selfish bitch! Lack of maternal instinct."

Another chuckle escaped from Monica's lips. "I. Am. Ethan. Biological. Mother." She emphasized. "He was in my care for three years before I introduced him to Nathan. No matter what you say, Ethan is my flesh and my blood."

Jane clenched her teeth. She hated the fact that this woman was Ethan's mother. If she could only wish for one thing, she would rather become Ethan's mother.

"You abandoned him for your own selfish ambitions. Now that he's found happiness elsewhere, you're intent on shattering their peaceful lives. I won't stand by and let you destroy their happiness," Jane's nails dug into Monica's shoulders as her emotions escalated. Her words dripped with a blend of accusation and frustration.

"You don't deserve Nathan's and Ethan's love. Your very existence is full of lies." Jane's voice crackled with fury. Unable to contain her rage, she seized Monica's hair, yanking it downward with a forceful tug. "Without my efforts, you'd have never breached Nathan's heart. You've stolen my identity, Monica."

Monica froze in shock when she heard that. It was confirmed. Jane and Nathan already discovered the truth. Nathan was now aware that the real Shining Star was Phantomflake.

With a sudden, swift motion, Jane lashed out with a forceful kick directed at Monica's stomach before releasing her grasp on Monica's hair. "Consider this a warning. Stay away from Ethan and Nathan. If our paths cross again, this won't be the extent of what

I'm capable of doing." Jane's voice held a fierce edge, laden with a solemn threat.

"I swear, your man won't be there to shield you." Casting a sharp meaningful glance at Monica, Jane turned around to leave.

Her mind churned with the need to understand what Monica had said to incite Nathan. The gravity of the situation weighed heavy on her as she departed. She witnessed Nathan's rage and conflicting emotions a while ago.

Despite the pain coursing through her body, Monica's gaze fixated on Jane's retreating form. A malevolent smile curled upon her lips, a dark glint in her eyes betraying her intentions. "I love to watch both of you suffer... not only physically but also emotionally. Just wait Phantomflake, your happy days are numbered." The venom in her voice hinted at a deeper, more intricate scheme, a plot to ruin their peaceful lives.

"I'm not afraid of you, Phantomflake. I've played you before. I defeated you once. I will be able to destroy you again. This time you won't be able to stand up and fight back." Her smile held a sinister promise

Meanwhile, Jane couldn't wait to see Nathan. With large strides, she went to him. She could still feel the whirlwind of emotions clouding his mind. He seemed distracted and his mind was wandering off somewhere.

"Nate," Jane softly called his name, anchoring her arms around his elbow. "Let's go?"

Nathan just nodded his head. But before they stepped out of the restaurant, Nathan scanned her from top to bottom first. "Are you okay? Did she hurt you?"

Jane's lips tugged upward in a mischievous smile. "Nope." She moved closer to him, tiptoeing. "I'm the one who beat her up," she whispered. Then she winked at Nathan, gently pulling him as they headed to the entrance door.

Upon arriving at the parking lot, Nathan remained silent. But he didn't miss to act as a gentleman for his girlfriend. He opened the car door for Jane before he stepped inside the car.

"Where do you want me to drop you off?" Nathan's voice held a tinge of detachment, his emotions shrouded by the weight of the recent confrontation with Monica. Nathan was clearly not in a mood.

Feeling the need to accompany Nathan, Jane replied, "I'm tagging along with you. Let's head back to the Sparks Mansion."

"Okay." Nathan started the car, his gaze fixed determinedly on the road ahead. The revelation he'd just been confronted with weighed heavily on his mind, but he found solace in the uninterrupted hum of the engine and the passing scenery.

He remained tight-lipped, unable to articulate the storm of thoughts swirling within, struggling with the overwhelming task of processing and accepting the shocking truth that had shaken his world.

Jane kept stealing glances at him. She could sense that Nathan was not yet ready to open up so she patiently waited, not pressuring him.

It did not take long before they reached the Sparks Mansion. The two alighted the car and they were immediately welcomed by a cute charming boy.

"Dad! Mom!" With his sparkling eyes, Ethan ran in their direction. The young boy hugged Jane first.

Complicated emotions flashed through Nathan's eyes upon seeing his son, Ethan. Nathan's heart constricted and his jaw clenched involuntarily, his gaze drifting away, unable to hold Ethan's gaze for long. Monica's haunting words resurfaced in his mind like an unwelcome, vivid flashback.

[Don't worry. I won't tell him that he is not Ethan's biological father. This is part of our plan. Our son must inherit the Sparks' company and all his wealth.]

The weight of those calculated, deceitful words haunted Nathan, a surge of conflicting emotions boiling within. When Ethan moved toward him for a greeting and embrace, Nathan's reaction was abrupt and impulsive. He sidestepped, evading the moment, keeping a noticeable distance from his own son.

"I'm tired," Nathan mumbled his words a feeble attempt to justify his sudden withdrawal, walking away without looking at his son, Ethan.

Both Jane and Ethan were stunned because of Nathan's odd reaction. Why did he suddenly avoid Ethan? Why had he abruptly distanced himself from Ethan, shunning the usual warmth and connection they shared?

Chapter 684 What Have You Done?

"Mom, what's wrong with my Dad?" Ethan's innocent inquiry cut through the air, his eyes reflecting a mix of confusion and hurt. The pang of rejection lingered as Nathan had sidestepped his attempt at a hug. A rift, previously unnoticed, had crept into the father-son connection.

Jane's heart ached at the sadness in Ethan's voice. Her features softened, and she leaned closer, leveling her gaze with Ethan's eye level. She also pondered why Nathan reacted that way. She wanted to blame Monica for Nathan's mood swings.

"He might be tired. Don't take his action to the heart, Sweetie," Jane softly said. She wrapped him in her arms, consoling the young boy. "Let's prepare a dinner for your Dad. I'm sure he is tired and hungry."

Jane held Ethan's hand and guided him inside the house. She already made a mental note to ask Nathan about his distant behavior toward Ethan.

The surge of protective instincts rippled through Jane's thoughts. 'I feel the urge to reprimand him. He shouldn't be transferring his irritation to the innocent child just because of his grievances with Monica,' she reflected inwardly, the concern for the father and son duo tugging at her heartstrings.

Jane decided to spend time with Ethan, making him feel happy despite his father's cold and distant behavior. Nathan, on the other hand, just stayed in his study room, sulking at his desk. He didn't know how he would face Ethan, thinking he was a product of Monica's evil scheme.

Though he didn't hate the young boy since he knew Ethan was innocent, he couldn't bring himself to face him with a smile. Monica's words had deeply unsettled him. For years, he'd held an unwavering belief that Ethan was his own flesh and blood. The revelation of falsified DNA results rocked the very foundation of his reality, leaving him reeling in disbelief.

Nathan tugged his hair tightly. He didn't know what to believe in anymore, questioning everything he had once held as truth. Rubbing the space between his eyebrows, Nathan's weariness and the weight of emotional distress etched lines on his face. The fatigue and strain were starkly evident.

With a heavy sigh, he reached for the crystal tumbler beside the decanter, the clink of ice cubes echoing softly. Pouring a generous amount of whiskey, he observed the liquid swirling in the glass. Nathan decided to wash his troubles away by drinking whiskey. The scent of oak and aged spirits floated through the room as he raised the glass to his lips, taking a deliberate sip. The warmth of the whiskey slid down his throat, a bittersweet solace offering temporary respite from the turmoil within.

With each sip, the sharp edges of reality seemed to soften, blurring the lines of his troubles, if only for a fleeting moment. As the amber liquid warmed his insides, Nathan closed his eyes, attempting to drown out the chaos of his thoughts only for a while.

After half an hour, a soft knock could be heard from the outside. "Dad, it's me. The dinner is ready. Let's eat." Ethan made his presence known to his father.

Nathan tossed a look at the closed door, complicated emotion resurfaced in his eyes. Part of him wanted to believe that Ethan was his biological son. But thinking about the past, the seed of doubt started to grow in his heart.

Monica didn't truly love him. She only used him. Besides, they only slept once. There was a big possibility that Vincent was Ethan's biological father.

"I need to be certain, once and for all. If it means undergoing another DNA test, then so be it," Nathan resolved silently, a steely determination firming his resolve.

Summoning his scattered emotions, Nathan rose from his seat and traced his steps toward the door. The moment he opened the door, Ethan's radiant smile greeted his sight.

"Dad, let's go. I know you are tired. Mom and I prepared a delicious dinner for you," Ethan's enthusiasm cut through the heavy atmosphere, his words a gentle invitation.

Nathan paused for a moment, reflecting on his rude and cold behavior toward his son a while ago. Nathan's heart constricted with guilt.

Without hesitation, he lowered himself and enveloped Ethan in a tight embrace, seeking solace in the warmth of their connection. "I'm sorry, son. I'm truly sorry," Nathan's voice quivered with remorse as he expressed his heartfelt apology to Ethan.

Ethan, displaying a maturity beyond his years, returned the embrace, his tender smile speaking volumes. "It's alright, Dad. There's no need to apologize," he reassured, his hand patting Nathan's back in a comforting gesture.

Unseen by Nathan and Ethan, a silent observer lingered in the shadows. Butler Li, with his discreet presence, stood in his spot, admiring the heartwarming scene before his eyes. He was

interrupted when his phone vibrated. He checked his phone and his demeanor changed upon reading the message. He cast one last look at the father and son duo before he left silently.

[In Vincent's Villa...]

The mansion vibrated with an uneasy tension as Monica, consumed by an indignant fury, marched through the hallway. Her steps echoed sharply against the polished marble floors, an indication of her agitated state. Upon reaching Vincent's study room, with a swift, forceful motion, she flung the door open, the hinges creaking in protest.

Slam!

The door swung wide, slamming against the wall with a resounding thud. Monica's entrance disrupted the serenity of the surroundings as she barged into Vincent's study room, her breaths ragged, and her face contorted with frustration.

Vincent, startled by the sudden intrusion, looked up from his desk, a mix of surprise and concern etched across his features. "What happened to you?"

Vincent stood up and abruptly approached Monica. He reached out, lifting her chin. He saw the red mark on her cheek, the impact of Jane's hard slap.

"This was done of that Bitch! Phantomflake assaulted me once again!" Monica complained to Vincent. Monica's simmering anger erupted.

Vincent didn't know what to say. He knew that no words could appease Monica's anger. He just caressed her cheeks before wrapping her in his arms. He could only console her like this.

Meanwhile, Monica's mood changed when Vincent showed her his sweet sides. Despite her bad encounter with Jane, something good happened today. She couldn't wait to share the piece of good news with Vincent.

"Darling, I did it. Our plan! It worked," Monica announced, a triumphant glint in her eyes.

Vincent's brow furrowed in confusion at her proclamation. "What plan?" His voice held a note of perplexity as he leaned back slightly, casting a probing glance at Monica, searching for clarity in her cryptic declaration.

The air crackled with an unspoken tension as Monica hesitated for a moment, the weight of her words hanging in the space between them.

"I indirectly informed Nathan that Ethan is not his biological son. We can now easily get Ethan back. If Nathan hates him, he will no longer fight for Ethan's custody. He might be willing to give Ethan to us."

The phone call was part of her plan. She was not talking to Vincent at that time. She just made it look like she was talking to him while letting Nathan hear everything.

"What have you done, Monica?! You didn't consult me about this!" Vincent was enraged when he learned about her actions. He promised Ethan that he wouldn't tell Nathan about their relationship for the time being.

Chapter 685 Heart Attack

"Why are you getting mad at me? I just did it for your sake. I got hurt after confronting Nathan. He strangled me. Phantomflake slapped me, kicked me, and pulled my hair. You can't even thank me for sacrificing myself." Monica burst out, hitting and punching Vincent's chest.

Vincent just clenched his fists, trying to control his rage. "I didn't tell you to meet them."

"As I said, I'm just helping you!" Monica spat back at him. She was furious. She couldn't understand why Vincent was dissatisfied and upset.

"You brought this upon yourself. You shouldn't have gone there." Vincent could no longer tolerate Monica.

They were still arguing when the maid knocked on the door.

Knock! Knock!

After hearing the knocking sound, Vincent and Monica shifted their attention toward the door.

"Master, you have a visitor. Mr. Maximilian Carlsen." The maid informed them.

Both of them were surprised to hear that. Maximilian didn't mention that he was visiting them here in Country M.

Vincent gave Monica a warning look before moving toward the door. He could tell that there was something going on. Mr. Carlsen wouldn't go there without a reason.

"Fix yourself before greeting your father," Vincent sternly said, reminding Monica.

Monica just pursed her lips as she squinted her eyes. She wasn't used to this kind of treatment from Vincent. He seldom gets mad at her. But now, she could feel that his attitude was slowly changing as time went by.

"Why should I fix myself? My father deserves to know that someone is bullying me. I'm a victim here." Monica remained stubborn.

Vincent could only shake his head while sighing helplessly. He didn't want to argue anymore. Without saying a word, Vincent stepped out of the room to meet Maximilian Carlsen. Monica followed him behind.

The old businessman was waiting in the living room. Even before Vincent could greet Maximilian, Monica interrupted him by hugging the old man.

"Dad! I miss you! I'm glad you are here!" Monica acted like a sweet and clingy daughter as she anchored her arms around Maximilian's elbow.

However, the old man remained quiet as he stood there. His intense gaze was directed at Vincent. The room felt suffocating as Mr. Carlsen's anger bubbled beneath the surface, his jaw tightening with every passing moment.

On the other hand, Vincent acknowledged Mr. Carlsen by nodding his head. "What brought you here, Mr. Carlsen? I didn't expect to see you today. Do you have concerns about our company?"

Maximilian's expression turned grim, his knuckles whitening as he clenched his fists. Instead of answering him, he surged from his spot, his face contorted with rage. He swung his right arm then his fist collided with Vincent's jaw with a forceful punch, the sound reverberating through the room. Vincent staggered backward, shock etched across his face, as he stumbled. Holding his jaw in disbelief, he gaped at Maximilian.

"Dad!!! What are you doing?" Monica suddenly intervened, pulling Maximilian away from Vincent. She was surprised by the sudden violent outburst.

Maximilian shifted his gaze from Vincent to Monica. He yanked his arm away from her, giving her a chilly glare.

"Don't call me, Dad. You are not my daughter! Where is Helena?! My real daughter!" Maximilian burst out in anger. He picked something from his back pocket and threw the crumpled paper toward Helena's face.

Monica was rendered speechless while Vincent checked the content of the crumpled paper. Just as he expected, the paper contained the DNA results of Monica and Veronica.

'Damn it! Nathan did this. He sent the result to Maximilian.' Vincent had mixed feelings about this. He was already thinking how to pacify this angry old man.

"Explain this to me! Where is my daughter?" Maximilian demanded, seeking for an answer.

"She's dead," Vincent responded frankly. He was not afraid of Maximilian. He wasn't shattered his world.

worried at all about revealing this truth to Maximilian. Besides, he knew that Maximilian Carlsen was powerless against him. Meanwhile, shock rippled across Mr. Carlsen's face, his heart pounding in his

chest. For the past two years, he thought his daughter was living well. This revelation shattered his world.

"What... what do you mean?" Mr. Carlsen stammered, his voice quivering with a mix of disbelief and anguish.

"She died two years ago. She was killed by the assassin Phantomflake!" Helena chimed in, blaming everything on Phantomflake. She wanted to divert Maximilian's anger.

Overwhelmed by shock and grief, Maximilian clutched his chest, a sharp pain shooting through him. The room spun, and darkness edged into his vision as the realization of the truth about his daughter's death took a devastating toll on his already fragile heart.

Gasping for breath, the old man struggled to comprehend the cruelty of fate. He suffered a heart attack, collapsing in front of Vincent and Monica. Monica gasped in surprise.

"Mr. Carlsen!" She called his name out.

Vincent rushed to his side, frantically trying to stabilize him. The room filled with urgency as he ordered the butler to call a doctor and prepare a car. He would bring Maximilian to the nearest hospital.

[At Sparks Mansion...]

After having a meal together, Jane invited Nathan to the garden. She wanted to talk to him alone. Nathan obediently followed her.

Jane pulled his hand, making him sit next to her.

"What's wrong, Nate?" Jane asked him worriedly. "Are you still bothered by Monica? Are you affected by her presence?" There was a hint of jealousy in her voice.

"No. I don't care about her," Nathan promptly responded.

"Then why did you act coldly toward your son upon our arrival? Let me remind you, Nate. Ethan has nothing to do with Monica's evilness. Don't vent your anger and frustration toward your son." Jane reprimanded him.

Nathan heaved a deep sigh and apologized. "I'm sorry. I was wrong. But... believe me or not, I don't hate Ethan... It's just that..." he paused abruptly.

Nathan was having a hard time completing his sentence.

"Oh, C'mon. Just tell me." Jane could sense that something was bothering Nathan.

Nathan stared at Jane intently, contemplating whether he should tell her or not.

"Stop it, Nate. Don't give me such a look. Just spill the beans. I am here to listen." She convinced him to talk.

"Please don't tell this to Ethan," Nathan pleaded.

Jane just nodded her head in agreement, her eyes filled with intrigue and anticipation.

"I discovered that Ethan... he might not be my biological son." Nathan confided to Jane. "He might be Vincent's son."

"What?! Did Monica tell you that? Don't believe her lies! She is a good manipulator. She just wants to create chaos in your family!" Jane reacted exasperatedly, disbelief could be seen in her eyes.

"Don't let her sway you! She deceived you once!" Jane added.

But Nathan still had a doubt. "The truth is... she didn't tell me directly. I just overheard her conversation with Vincent. They wanted to use Ethan to acquire my wealth."

Jane immediately smacked Nathan's forehead. "You dumb fool! There is one way to find out. Conduct another DNA test." When she mentioned the DNA test, she remembered the DNA test between Vincent and Ethan. She secretly took it when her soul was still in Abigail's body. 'Oh wait! I have to get the DNA test result from Stephen.'

"What are you thinking?" Nathan asked her confusedly.

Jane rose from her seat. "Don't worry, Nate. We will find out the truth. I have to go." She didn't waste time. She kissed Nathan on his cheek before she rushed out.

Chapter 686 Unspoken Feelings

When Jane left the Sparks Mansion, a small figure emerged from his hiding spot. Ethan had a sullen look in his eyes, trying to hold back his tears. Unknown to Jane and Nathan, the young boy overheard their conversation.

His heart was filled with anxiety and fear. "My Dad... he started to doubt me... that I'm not his biological son..." The boy wasn't ready to face this truth and be confronted by Nathan. This situation weighed heavily on him.

"He is planning to do another DNA test. I should leave... I'm afraid... he will hate me forever once he learns the truth." With that thought in mind, Ethan rushed inside the house. He headed straight into his room.

He searched for his bag and began packing his things. Ethan made up his mind— He would run away tonight and leave the Sparks Mansion.

"I am too ashamed to face my Dad... I know I'm not his biological son. And my parents are trying to use me... taking advantage of me so that they can get my Dad's wealth. I won't let them do that! My Dad already suffered enough." Ethan's animosity toward Monica and Vincent grew further because of this.

After packing his clothes and getting enough money, Ethan proceeded to his playroom to see his robotic friends— Powy, Riemc, and Star_S. He approached the three robots.

"Master! Do you want to play?" Powy asked him.

"No. I don't," Ethan responded in his sad voice.

"Why do you have a backpack, master? Are you going somewhere?" Riemc chimed in.

Star_S just moved to Ethan, encircling him.

"I'm leaving the Sparks Mansion. Can you help me? I don't want my father to know my plan. Furthermore, I am leaving my father in your care. Can you watch over him and take good care of him?" Ethan requested his robotic friends. He started to input some tasks in their respective systems.

"Okay, Master. We will help you," Powy reassured him.

A mechanical sound echoed in the room as Star_S joined them. He began his task, disabling the CCTV cameras scattered around the mansion.

"Be careful, Master. When are you going back?" Riemc asked him again.

Ethan didn't say a word. He just hugged his robotic friends. There was longing and sadness in his eyes. He even planted a soft kiss on their foreheads.

"Thank you, my friends. I will never forget you." Those were the last words Ethan uttered to his robotic friends before he left the playroom.

Meanwhile, Nathan summoned Butler Li to his study room.

"Master, do you need something?" Butler Li smiled at Nathan. He could sense that something strange was going on. It was reflected in Nathan's troubled expression.

"I want you to do something for me. Keep this a secret from my son. Get me a strand of his hair," Nathan ordered the butler.

Butler Li blinked in confusion. 'Is he going to use it for another DNA test?' He pondered to himself. In the end, Butler Li just nodded his head, not questioning Nathan further. He couldn't tell Nathan that Ethan also asked him to submit DNA samples to the hospital and check if they were matched.

"Ok, Master. I got it."

"You can leave now." Nathan dismissed Butler Li immediately. He was glad that his nosy butler didn't ask so many questions today. He was used to his blabbering mouth and nosy attitude.

[At Stephen's Place...]

After alighting from her car, Jane made her way to Stephen's place with hurried footsteps. Filled with anticipation, Jane reached out and pressed the doorbell, its melodious chime resonating through the house.

It did not take long before Stephen's figure showed up, opening the front gate for her. He was surprised to see Jane. He missed her so much and he was glad to see her tonight.

"Jane, why are you here?" Stephen checked his time. It was already late at night.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you, Stephen. There is something I need to get from you," Jane replied.

"Come inside," Stephen led her to the cozy living room. "Make yourself comfortable," he said warmly, gesturing toward the couch. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Jane replied, taking a seat on the couch.

"Steph," Jane's voice carried urgency as she faced Stephen, her eyes reflecting a mix of anxiety and determination. "I really need to get the results of the DNA test I asked you for. Where is it now?"

Stephen, momentarily caught off guard, furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. The request seemed foreign to him. "DNA test? I don't recall you asking me for one," he admitted, his brow knitting in puzzlement

"I gave you two DNA samples last time. Where is the result now?" Jane asked him again, without realizing her mistake.

A ripple of concern crossed Stephen's face, evident in the deepening furrows on his forehead. "Are you certain you gave it to me? Perhaps you meant to ask my father?" Stephen tried to piece together the puzzle, recalling something. "Cherry already delivered the DNA result to you."

"No. Not the one. The first request I've—" Jane stopped mid-sentence as the realization had dawned on her. No wonder Stephen couldn't remember it because she did ask him that when her soul was still in Abigail's body.

"Wait," Stephen's voice interrupted her thoughts, his confusion growing. "Abigail was the one who approached me for the DNA test, not you," he stated, attempting to untangle the sudden contradiction. His mind grappled with the discrepancies in Jane's claims. Why was she insisting it was her when it was Abigail who had made the request?

Jane's expression shifted, a mixture of realization and embarrassment dawning on her features. "I... am just kidding," she smiled sheepishly. "It was Abigail who spoke to you, not me. I apologize for the confusion, Steph. My mistake," she admitted. "In fact, my sister sent me here to get it from you," Jane said as an alibi.

Stephen paused for a moment. He could tell that Jane was lying. He already asked Cherry to send the result to Abigail. She might have gotten it already. He couldn't help but wonder why Jane had approached him for the DNA test and kept it from Abigail, but he decided not to delve into it further, respecting Jane.

"I already gave it to Cherry. I asked her for a favor to deliver it to Abigail."

After hearing that, Jane suddenly stood up, her eyes wide open. "Thanks, Steph. I'll ask Cherry. She might have forgotten to hand it over to my sister. I'm going now."

Jane was about to leave but Stephen captured her wrist, stopping her from taking a step. Jane looked up, giving him a questioning gaze. "Steph?"

Lost in the contemplation of baring his feelings, Stephen's gaze lingered on Jane, his eyes fixated on her, trying to gather the courage to express the emotions that had been silently building within him. His lips parted, ready to voice the words that danced on the tip of his tongue, but a sudden wave of hesitation crashed over him.

A myriad of doubts flooded Stephen's mind, creating a barrier between his heart and his words. What if she didn't feel the same way? What if it ruined their friendship? What if their relationship would never be the same again? The fear of rejection and the unknown consequences held him captive, freezing the confession in his throat.

Chapter 687 Jane Finding Out the DNA Test Result

[At Sparks Mansion...]

The sun had just begun to cast its gentle rays across the mansion. With a cheerful smile, Butler Li approached Ethan's door, holding a tray using his right hand. Using his free hand, he knocked on Ethan's door. The knocking sound echoed in the hallway.

"Young Master Ethan, it's breakfast time," Butler Li called out in his composed, yet gentle voice, expecting to hear the familiar rustle of a child stirring from sleep or the lively response of a young boy eager for the day's adventures. However, there was no response from within.

Frowning slightly, Butler Li knocked again, a touch more firmly this time, his concern growing as the seconds ticked by in silence. The absence of any reply or movement from inside the room raised a flicker of unease within the butler's composed demeanor.

"Young Master Ethan?" Butler Li called out as he turned the doorknob, finding it unlocked.

With a gentle push, he opened the door to Ethan's room, the morning light filtering in, illuminating the space where the young master usually spent his mornings. As Butler Li stepped into the room, carrying the tray of breakfast, he was greeted by an unexpected sight.

Ethan's room was eerily empty, devoid of any sign of the young master's presence. The bed, neatly made, showed no signs of having been slept in. Butler Li's heart skipped a beat as he observed the pristine state of the room.

Confusion etched deeply onto his features, Butler Li set down the breakfast tray on a nearby table and headed to the bathroom, hoping that Ethan was just taking a bath. But he couldn't hear any sound from the shower. "Eh? Where is my young master?"

With a growing sense of alarm, Butler Li swiftly exited the room, alerting the household staff immediately to organize a thorough search of the mansion, hoping to see Ethan's presence. After giving his order, he quickly headed to Nathan's room to report Ethan's disappearance.

"Master! Master!" Butler Li's urgent voice echoed outside Nathan's bedroom. It did not take long before Nathan opened the door. He was already wearing his black suit, getting ready to go to work.

"What's wrong?" Nathan asked the Butler in puzzlement. He could see his troubled expression.

"Is young master Ethan with you?" Butler Li couldn't hide his anxiousness.

"No. Why?" Nathan's brows furrowed in concern at the mention of his son. "Did you check his room?"

"Yes, Master. I went there to deliver his breakfast only to find out that he was gone. There is no sign of the young master in his bedroom. It looks like he didn't spend the night here. I already mobilized everyone to search for him around the mansion." Butler Li spoke spontaneously, without taking a breath.

"Calm down. Talk slowly," Nathan ordered him sternly. He was annoyed to see Butler Li panicking.

Butler Li heaved a deep sigh before repeating his words. Nathan's expression turned cold. Ethan had no reason to disappear. He was so happy last night after spending some quality time with Jane.

With his composed self, Nathan decided to check the CCTV footage and find out Ethan's whereabouts. Butler Li finally realized what was running in Nathan's mind. He immediately followed him behind. He forgot to check the CCTV control room. It slipped his mind.

Upon entering the CCTV control room, Nathan proceeded to review the footage. To his surprise, the cameras were switched off. A sense of unease crept over him. He suspected that his son had deliberately disabled the CCTV cameras around the mansion. The cameras had been turned off since 10:00 pm the previous night.

"Did he leave the mansion on his own?" Nathan pondered to himself. "But why? For what reason?"

An uneasy feeling settled within Nathan as he attempted to dissect the potential reasons behind Ethan's disappearance.

"Why don't you call Miss Jane, master? Who knows the young boy went to see her?" Butler Li suggested, attempting to reassure himself that Ethan might have gone to see Jane or accompanied her the previous night.

As Nathan continued to scrutinize the footage from the previous night, he reached for his phone and dialed Jane's number. The phone rang several times, but there was no answer. He tried again, his eyes fixed on the monitor screen, waiting for Jane to pick up.

After a few minutes, Nathan found something in the CCTV footage. His expression turned grim when he spotted his son, hiding behind them in the garden area. He recalled that this scene was the moment wherein Nathan confided his feelings with Jane. He told her about what he discovered regarding Ethan's father.

"Damn it!" Nathan slammed the table with his clenched fists. Butler Li jolted in surprise because of Nathan's violent reaction.

"Master? Is everything okay?" Butler Li asked him worriedly.

Nathan didn't respond. He just rubbed the space between his brows while gritting his teeth. 'Ethan... might have heard our conversation.' Nathan could imagine the negative effect of his words on Ethan. He could see on the screen the sad look in Ethan's eyes. Nathan started blaming himself. He didn't mean to hurt Ethan's feelings by doubting their connection.

'Is that the reason why my son chose to leave?'

[At Hiroshi's Villa...]

Jane had been waiting for her sister to come home. She wanted to see the DNA result. When she called Cherry last night, she learned that Cherry already handed the result to Abigail. However, Abigail was not around as she and her fiancé, Dave went on a trip.

She just came out of the bathroom when she noticed that her phone was ringing. She immediately pressed the answer button upon seeing Nathan's caller ID.

"Hello, Nate?" Jane wondered why Nathan called her early this morning. Was something bothering him again?

"Jane, did my son come to see you?" Nathan directly asked Jane, his eagerness to know Ethan's whereabouts evident in his tone. He held onto the hope that Ethan might have sought refuge with Jane after running away home.

"No. Why? Did something happen to Ethan?" Jane asked in confusion.

There was a moment of silence from the other line. Nathan hesitated to deliver such distressing news to Jane. However, he recognized that she deserved to know, considering her deep concern for Ethan's well-being.

"I believe... my son may have left home after overhearing our conversation last night. He's gone missing," Nathan reluctantly confessed, his voice filled with a mix of regret and worry. He understood the gravity of the situation and felt a pang of guilt for inadvertently causing Ethan to flee.

Upon hearing the distressing news about Ethan running away and being missing, Jane's emotions surged within her. At first, a sharp pang of shock and disbelief pierced her heart. Her mind raced to comprehend the gravity of the situation as her breath caught in her throat.

An overwhelming wave of concern washed over Jane as her maternal instinct kicked in once again. Anxiety clenched at her chest, her heart pounding with a mixture of fear and empathy for the child who had become dear to her like her own son.

With a trembling voice, Jane tried to mask her distress as she responded to Nathan. "We... we must find him. Where are you? I'm going there," she managed to articulate, her voice laced with concern and determination.

Beneath her composed exterior, a storm of emotions raged—a fierce determination to help find Ethan and an overwhelming desire to comfort and protect the young boy in distress. Immediately, Jane's mind whirred into action, thoughts racing as she considered what steps to take next, bringing the young boy back to his home.

Ending the call, she grabbed her car keys and stormed out of her room. In no time, she reached the front door of Hiroshi's mansion. However, she stopped after bumping into Abigail and Dave.

"Sis, where are you going?" Abigail asked her sister, upon observing her relentless expression. She was in a hurry.

Jane's eyes gleamed upon seeing Abigail. She needed to get the DNA test results from her. If this DNA test result proved that Vincent was not Ethan's biological son, she should bring it with her while searching for Ethan. This was one way of clearing the misunderstanding and convincing Ethan to return home.

"Sis, where is the DNA test result handed over to you by Cherry? I need it." Jane asked Abigail urgently.

Blinking her eyes in puzzlement, Abigail nodded her head. "Yes, Sis. I have it. But I don't remember who owned those DNA samples."

"Did you check the content?" Jane asked her again. She held her sister's shoulders in anticipation.

"Yes, Sis. I did. The results match," Abigail responded.

Jane felt like a bomb exploded in front of her after hearing Abigail's last remarks. She refused to believe it. 'No way! This can't be!'

Chapter 688 Getting Arrested

[At Sparks Mansion...]

After talking to Jane, Nathan summoned the Sparks family guards including the elite members of the Syphiruz Mafia to find Ethan all over the city— every corner and spot must be meticulously searched.

He articulated the urgency of the situation, declaring the search for Ethan as a top-priority mission, a task that demanded immediate attention and relentless effort. Every corner of the city was to be meticulously combed

"This is our top priority. We must locate my son as swiftly as possible," Nathan declared firmly, his voice resonating with a blend of authority and desperation. His eyes conveyed a steely resolve, a father's determination to bring his child home safe and sound.

"I will reward you greatly!" he added, promising substantial rewards to whoever succeeded in finding his missing son.

With a sense of urgency and a clear directive, the guards and elite members of the Syphiruz Mafia mobilized swiftly, dispersing throughout the city like a network of vigilant sentinels.

As the weight of Ethan's disappearance pressed heavily upon him, a profound realization struck Nathan with unwavering clarity. Regardless of any biological connections, Nathan recognized the immense depth of love and care he held for Ethan, a sentiment that extended far beyond mere familial bonds.

'Ethan is my son. I will fight for him,' Nathan declared to himself. He cherished Ethan deeply, his heart aching with a paternal instinct to protect, nurture, and ensure the safety of the young boy who had nestled his way into his heart.

"Master," Butler Li's voice snapped Nathan out of his deep thought. He lifted his head, meeting the butler's gaze.

"Chairman Xu called, asking why you were not answering his call. He wanted me to remind you that tonight will be the big event... the 50th anniversary celebration of the SYP Twilight Corporation. He is asking you to report to the office today for the final preparation for tonight's event." Butler Li gulped hard, feeling anxious. Nathan was giving him a cold sharp glare.

Nathan was not in the mood to deal with the company's operation and the anniversary event. His top priority was to find his son.

"Just tell him I'm busy. I will just see him in the event... tonight. By the way, don't let the old man know that his grandson has gone missing." Nathan didn't want his father to be troubled by Ethan's disappearance. He would tell him what happened after tonight's event. For now, he wanted his father to focus on the anniversary celebration of the company.

"Got it, Master." Butler Li obediently responded.

Nathan was about to dismiss Butler Li when the distinct sound of the intercom resounded inside his study room. It looked like the guard wanted to pass a message to Nathan.

"Sir, Miss Helena Carlsen is here, demanding your presence," the guard's voice was heard. Both Nathan and Butler Li gazed at the intercom.

With a dark expression on his face, Nathan pressed the microphone button and responded to the guard, "Don't. Let. Her. In." Nathan commanded in his stern cold voice.

"Sir... We have a problem. She brought police officers with her," The guard anxiously said.

Butler Li gasped when he heard that. He looked at Nathan, his eyes seemed to ask his master what was going on. Why did Helena Carlsen bring law enforcement to the Sparks Mansion?

Nathan pursed his lips, his brows knitted in a deep frown of annoyance. He just waved his hand, motioning for Butler Li to escort the unwanted visitors inside the mansion.

Understanding his master's command, the butler immediately proceeded to the entrance gate.

A few seconds later, the entrance gate swung open, revealing Butler Li, a portrait of composure, though a flicker of concern crossed his features as he greeted the law enforcement officers.

"May I assist you, officers?" he inquired, masking his worries with a calm demeanor.

The sergeant stepped forward, authoritative and resolute. "We are here to apprehend Mr. Nathan Sparks on charges of assaulting Miss Helena Carlsen. We have a warrant for his arrest," he announced, his voice carrying a steely resolve.

Butler Li's expression tightened, a fleeting moment of disbelief crossing his face. He hesitated for a second, then composed himself, stepping aside to allow the officers entry. "Please come in," he gestured, guiding them through the mansion's hallways.

As Helena and the officers advanced through the mansion's corridors, the atmosphere shifted, tension crackling in the air. Nathan emerged, composed but visibly angered, his eyes meeting the determined gaze of the officers and seeing Helena's mocking smile.

Helena moved closer to Nathan and whispered provokingly, "Mr. Sparks, if you don't want to rot in jail, you should beg me. Ask for my forgiveness and obey me."

Helena waved her phone which contained the video of Nathan strangling her at the Rosemary Restaurant. "Congratulations! We became viral on the internet," she added, letting out a sarcastic giggle.

Nathan remained composed and unfazed. He decided to cooperate with the police officers, knowing the legal implications of the situation. The officers moved forward, their duty unyielding as they approached Nathan, preparing to carry out the arrest.

The entire Sparks Mansion was put in chaos upon witnessing their master getting arrested.

[Back to Hiroshi's Villa...]

"The results match." Those simple words reverberated in Jane's ears, sending shockwaves through her entire being. They were like a sledgehammer, shattering her world into irreparable fragments.

A feeling of helplessness engulfed her as her heart, burdened with worry and sorrow for Nathan and Ethan, seemed to ache physically, the pain cutting through her like a relentless blade. Every fiber of her being felt drained as if an unseen force had emptied away her strength.

"Where is the document? I need to see it," Jane's voice quivered with desperation, each word tinged with a sense of urgency and a quest for tangible evidence to comprehend the gravity of the situation.

Abigail didn't waste any more time as she retrieved the document inside her room. She placed it in her bedside drawer.

"Jane, are you okay?" Dave tried to assist her. He sensed her paleness and she didn't look good.

"I'm fine," Jane lied.

After a few minutes, Abigail returned to the living room, holding the DNA test result. She handed it over to her sister. Jane's trembling hands reached out, grabbing the papers. She immediately turned the pages to the last part where she could see the result.

Upon viewing the result, her eyes widened in surprise. A myriad of conflicting emotions danced across her face, casting a shadow of confusion and turmoil upon her features.

'What the hell is this?' Jane pondered to herself, her eyes fixated on the paper.

Clueless of what was happening, Abigail and Dave exchanged glances with one another before shifting their gaze back to Jane.

"Sis, do you know what this DNA test result is all about?" Abigail asked Jane curiously.

Jane was so immersed in reading the result over and over again that Abigail's words failed to register in her mind.

"Oh God! I need to see Nathan!" Jane blurted out. "Sis, thank you for this. I'll talk to you later. I have to go!"

Jane dashed out of the mansion, heading to her car. The hint of sorrow and sadness in her eyes had long gone. It was replaced by a spark of hope.

With a gentle curve, Jane's lips formed a warm smile, a glimmer of relief and curiosity lighting up her expression. Clutching the document tightly in her hands, she couldn't contain the rush of emotions that swept over her.

"The DNA results match," she murmured softly, the words carrying both astonishment and a hint of bewilderment. "But it doesn't indicate a direct paternal connection... Instead, it suggests an uncle and nephew relation." The revelation stirred a blend of emotions within Jane.

Though she hated the fact that Monica was Ethan's biological mother, she was happy to know that there was still a big possibility that Nathan was Ethan's biological father. There was no way Stephen would fake the result. No one could intervene because she conducted this DNA test in secret. Even Vincent and Monica couldn't possibly anticipate this.

She sensed Monica's malicious intent. Once again, Monica aimed to deceive Nathan with her lies, attempting to persuade him that Ethan was not his son. Moreover, this DNA result raised a potential scenario. If Nathan indeed turned out to be Ethan's biological father, it could suggest a deeper connection—Nathan and Vincent might be blood relatives, perhaps even siblings.

This was the only explanation she could think of as to why Vincent's DNA matched Ethan's DNA with a certain percentage.

Chapter 689 Negotiation

Nathan cooperated with the police officers. He summoned his lawyer as they headed to the precincts. It looked like Monica was up to something.

Vincent and Monica grabbed the opportunity to detain Nathan today using the incident last night. Fortunately, they got a copy of a video wherein Nathan suddenly attacked Monica, strangling her.

The video was a clear indication of the assault wherein Monica was the victim while Nathan was the assailant.

They used it as an advantage to their side. Tonight would be the 50th celebration of SYP Twilight Corporation. Without Nathan's presence, Vincent planned to ruin the celebration.

Monica also thought of another strategy to negotiate with Nathan today.

Inside the detaining room, Nathan was talking to his attorney. He already used his power and influence to hide this from the media. He couldn't let this incident be an issue before the big event. His father put so much effort into this anniversary celebration.

Old Man Xu would also like to honor his deceased wife for tonight's event.

"Don't worry, Mr. Sparks. We can get you out here after paying the bail." The attorney reassured him. "However, this case will be challenging on our part if Miss Carlsen won't settle. Their sides have concrete proof of the assault."

Nathan clenched his teeth while rubbing his temples. His son disappeared and now, Monica filed a complaint against him.

"Just do what you can. I need to leave here. My son has gone missing. I must find him." Nathan didn't care about his case. He just wanted to find his son who ran away from home.

"Okay, Sir. Just leave this to me." The attorney just stood up when they heard the sound of the door opening.

A cold glint flashed through Nathan's eyes upon seeing Monica.

"Let's talk. I have a proposition with you?just in case you want to settle this." Monica smiled at him tauntingly.

Nathan just narrowed his eyes on her. Ignoring Nathan's cold behavior, Monica approached him, dragging a chair as she sat down in front of Nathan.

The attorney darted his gaze back and forth between Nathan and Monica. He could feel the heavy tension surrounding them.

"You may go," Nathan said, motioning for his lawyer to leave.

Monica let out a soft giggle when the lawyer stepped out of the room.

"What do you want from me?" Nathan asked her. He didn't have any plans to comply with her demand but he just wanted to find out what she was up to.

"I will not sue you... but on one condition... bring my son to me. I will take care of him. Give him back to us. Besides, he is not your biological son." Monica expressed her intent.

Nathan's face contorted further after hearing her demand. 'No way! I won't give Ethan to them. They already abandoned him. They even used him to plot against me. Don't they have a conscience? Not feeling any guilt?'

"You don't have the right to do that. I will never give Ethan to you. Blood-related or not, I am his father. And he is my son," Nathan sternly said.

Monica burst out laughing. "Don't make things hard for you, Nate. I'm just taking our son. Why don't you give him back to us? Don't tell me... you are going to use my poor son as your hostage, just to get your revenge from me?"

Nathan couldn't believe that he fell for this woman's tricks. She was shameless and manipulative. He should have seen her true colors before.

"Since you already know the truth, it's the time our son returns to our sides. That's all I need. If you agree, I won't pursue this assault case anymore. We will never bother each other again." Monica continued to negotiate with Nathan.

Vincent and Monica were aware that Ethan was one of Nathan's weaknesses. Now they were trying to take everything away from him... especially those important people in his life. Vincent didn't want Nathan to be happy.

"I. Won't. Give. My. Son. To. You!" Nathan emphasized word for word. There was finality in his tone.

Monica's smile disappeared because of Nathan's stubbornness. It looked like Nathan was determined to fight for Ethan's custody. This was not the thing she expected. She thought Nathan would willingly give Ethan back to her. She even made him believe that she was using Ethan to acquire his wealth.

'He should hate Ethan. Why is it that our plan is not working?' Monica clenched her fists.

"Fine. Then we will see each other in court." Monica didn't have a reason to stay there.

"I'm not afraid of you." Nathan declared, challenging Monica further.

Monica glared at him for one last time before she turned around to leave. She was cursing inwardly as she walked away. She failed to intimidate and scare Nathan.

When Monica disappeared from his sight, Nathan called Chantha. His subordinate told him a while ago that she had an important update.

"What is it? Did you find my son?" Nathan immediately asked her when the phone call got connected.

"Supreme Leader! We are still searching for our young master, Ethan. I just got an update. Maximilian Carlsen was rushed to the hospital yesterday after visiting Vincent and Monica. When it comes to Veronica's parcel, we are still tracking it." Chantha informed him.

"I understand. Keep tracking it. Just make sure to confiscate the shipment. We can't let the weapon go to our enemy's hand." Nathan had so many things to troubleshoot. He should protect the people he loves.

"Got it, Supreme Leader." Chantha heaved a deep sigh. Unable to control herself, she spoke again.

"Hmm, Supreme Leader, Are you okay? Axel texted me that you were in trouble. Is there anything you want me to do for you?" Chantha wanted to make sure that Nathan was doing fine. Axel couldn't concentrate on his task after hearing the news that Nathan had been arrested.

"Just focus on your task. Don't mind me." Nathan simply said.

Meanwhile, Jane finally arrived at Sparks Mansion. But to her dismay, Nathan was not around.

"Where is your master?" Jane asked Butler Li. She could sense that something was wrong. There was a gloomy atmosphere around the house.

"Our Master Nathan got arrested," Butler Li responded anxiously.

"WHAT?" Jane was shocked beyond belief when she heard that. "Who the hell arrested him?! And for what reason?" She raised her voice. She couldn't control her rage.

"F-For assaulting Miss Helena Carlsen..." Butler Li's voice trembled in fear. He could feel the chilly aura emanating from Jane. 'This woman is quite scary when angry,' Butler Li thought to himself.

Slam!

Thud!

Butler Li jolted in fright when Jane punched the table in front of them.

"Fuck! I'm gonna kill that woman! She is courting death. How dare she!" Jane's fury was reflected in her fiery eyes and clenched fists.

"What precinct?" Jane asked him again.

"The City," Butler Li responded, biting his lower lip.

Jane didn't waste any more time as she dashed out of the mansion. She needed to see Nathan as soon as possible. And at the same time, Jane was eager to punish Monica. She was creating more trouble for Nathan lately.

Chapter 690 Finding the Little Boy

Bam!

The sound of the door being pushed back reverberated in the entire room. Nathan turned in that direction only to be surprised by Jane's sudden arrival.

His expression softened upon seeing her. He stood up to approach her. But Jane was the one who closed their gaps. She immediately hugged Nathan after reaching his spot. It was a rib-crushing embrace.

She was so worried about Nathan. She felt sorry for this man who had to go through this after being played by one woman.

On the other hand, Nathan felt so glad that Jane appeared at his side. Her presence was able to ease his anxiety and tension.

He hugged her back tightly and said, "I'm sorry. I put my son in danger. It's my fault. He ran away because of me."

Jane shook her head and rubbed Nathan's back to console him. "No. It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. Someone evil is just trying to destroy your relationship with your son. Don't believe their lies."

Jane broke the hug and presented the piece of paper to Nathan. He glanced at the document confusedly. "What is this?"

Jane's lips curled up into a wide smile and replied, "A proof that Vincent is not Ethan's biological father. Nate... Monica is lying. Vincent's DNA and Ethan's DNA don't show any paternal connection. Ethan might be your son... real son." She delivered the good news to Nathan.

Nathan fell silent for a moment. He held the document and read the content. A light glint flashed through his eyes. After a while, his eyebrows were drawn together in a deep frown.

"Nate, if you are Ethan's father... This DNA result also implies something. You and Vincent might be blood-related." Jane expressed her assumption.

Nathan was taken aback by her remarks. 'Vincent and I might be relatives? How could that be possible?'

Seeing the troubled expression on Nathan's face, Jane decided to divert his attention. She didn't want him to dwell on her assumption.

"Nate, Monica is becoming more shameless. She is targeting you. I must stop her from bothering you," Jane mumbled with so much conviction. She folded her fingers tightly.

"Don't worry. She won't be able to bring me down easily." Nathan held her shoulders, reassuring her.

But Jane wouldn't feel at ease. "She wants to destroy your reputation. The video of you strangling her spread on the internet like wildfire. You are the talk of the town now. People are cursing you for hurting a woman." Jane checked the viral posts online. Many people were bashing Nathan, giving him hate comments.

"I already blocked some websites and took down some articles and videos related to the incident. I also asked Black Rose's help," She added.

Nathan was touched by Jane's action. For the first time, someone tried to protect him. He was used to being strong and powerful. But this woman beside him was making him vulnerable... yet in a positive way.

"Hey. Why are you smiling like a fool? This is not the time to rejoice. People keep on attacking you." Jane gently punched Nathan's chest when she caught a glimpse of his smile.

Nathan just let out a soft chuckle before pulling her closer, wrapping her in another warm hug. "Thank you... for doing this. I appreciate it." Nathan leaned closer and planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

"We need to leave now. I'm going to find my son." He grabbed her hand, intertwining their fingers as they stepped out of the precinct. Nathan became more motivated to search for Ethan.

"Yes. Let's look for Ethan and attend the company's anniversary together. Your father will be expecting us to be there." Jane tightened her grip on his fingers.

"Is there a place in mind where you think my son will go and hide?" Nathan consulted Jane. "My men already tried to scan every corner of the city. But they failed to track him," he added, his voice laced with worry.

"I am certain he is your son. He inherits your intelligence. He is smart... a genius kid." Jane blurted out with a gentle smile on her lips.

"I don't know if I should be glad about that or not. Because of his high IQ, he starts acting like an adult, carrying the burden alone. If he chooses to hide, it will be difficult to find him." Nathan sighed helplessly.

"I have an idea. I think he might visit this place." Jane thought of a possible place Ethan would be visiting.

Jane and Nathan quickly headed to the amusement park where she brought Ethan before. The couple hoped to see Ethan sooner.

Meanwhile, with a heart filled with nostalgia and longing, Ethan wandered through the vibrant maze of the amusement park. The joyous sound of laughter surrounded him but his mind was elsewhere, reminiscing the moments he spent with his father

Nathan and Jane.

"I missed them already. Are they looking for me?" Ethan asked himself.

His eyes sparkled with a mixture of happiness and sadness as he stumbled upon the arcade games. He recalled playing with Jane and Nathan when he managed to win a prize for each of them.

Amidst the crowd's hustle and bustle, Ethan paused by an ice cream stand, his favorite spot with Jane and his father. With a deep sigh, Ethan's shoulders dropped slightly as he realized that he might never experience those warmth and joyful moments again.

"I wonder if my Dad will hate me. I have to leave because I can't let them use me just to take advantage of my father."

Ethan found a secluded corner away from the cheerful crowds. The weight of his emotions became unbearable, and with a heavy heart, he sank to the ground, his small frame trembling with suppressed sobs.

He slumped against a nearby wall, hugging his knees close to his chest as tears streamed down his cheeks, unchecked and free-flowing.

Each tear carried the weight of his longing for the companionship he had left behind, the memories of joy and laughter now overshadowed by the ache of loneliness.

"Why? Why can't I be his real son? Why do I have to be born just to be used as an instrument to deceive someone? I hate them." With each sob, Ethan's shoulders shook, and the sobs turned into silent cries.

In that moment of vulnerability, Ethan allowed himself to grieve, to release the pent-up emotions that had been bottled inside.

On the other hand, Jane and Nathan reached the amusement park. Their eyes constantly scanned the area, hoping to catch a glimpse of the boy they missed dearly.

It did not take long before Jane's gaze fell upon a secluded corner, and her heart skipped a beat as she spotted a small figure huddled against the wall. Without hesitation, she tugged at Nathan's sleeve, guiding him towards the spot where a familiar figure sat, desolate and teary-eyed.

"Ethan!" Jane's voice carried a mix of relief and concern as they hurried towards him. She knelt beside the distraught boy, wrapping her arms around him in a gentle embrace.

Ethan, startled by their sudden arrival, looked up with watery eyes, his face a mosaic of surprise and relief. "Mom? You are here. How did you find me?"

"We've been looking everywhere for you," she said softly, wiping away his tears with a gentle touch.

"Son," Nathan called him as he knelt beside him.

Ethan's heart clenched when he heard his father's voice. He couldn't look him in the eyes. 'Dad... I'm not your son.'