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Chapter 321

When **Dreak learned** that Jane **had** woken up, he **immediately** rushed **over** from the company. **As** soon **as** he **reached** the **door of** the ward, he told **Amy to** run out of the ward in **a panic**, bumping into her. **Dreak disgustedly** and impatiently put her aside, and then realized that the person who **had** bumped into him was Amy, and the expression on her **face** was even more gloomy.

Amy did **not** expect to bump **into** Dreak, so she raised her face, panicking in her shyness. **“Brother-in-law!”**

“What are you doing here? I warned you not to show up again.” Dreak’s voice was frighteningly cold, causing Amy **to** shiver. **“Brother-in-law, I’m just worried about my sister. I...”**

“Get out!” Dreak didn’t want to hear her explanation, so he scolded her coldly. Amy’s face was **a** little embarrassed, but she left.

Dreak walked into the ward. Mary Morgan on the hospital bed saw Dreak again, and she still looked at him with such gentle and doting eyes, which made his heart move and made him even more jealous of Jane. How could she get Dreak’s favor and gentleness? They all had the same face, right? This time, no matter what, she would stay by his side.

After making up her mind, Mary did not dare to be **as** careless as before. Using the excuse that Amy had taught her before, she looked at Dreak with an unfamiliar expression. **“Who are you?”**

As soon as Mary opened her mouth, Dreak was stunned. He did not understand how Jane could look at him with such **eyes**.

“Jane, why are you...”

“I don’t remember you anymore, but I had a sister who came over just now. She told me a lot, saying **that I’m married and have children. Are you my husband?”**

Hearing Mary’s **words**, Dreak’s brows furrowed even deeper.

Mary's skills were also growing. She had the exact same face as Jane and pretended to lose her memory after a car accident so that Dreak couldn't see through it.

Dreak was also unequivocal, and immediately asked the doctor to check. After a series of examinations by William, the two talked in William's office.

"What's the situation? Why doesn't she remember **anything?**"

"The situation is a bit complicated. There was nothing wrong with the preliminary **tests**. The detailed examination report will not be released until the **afternoon**. However, she did hurt her head. The emergency measures taken at the previous hospital were **not** perfect. There **are** still sequelae. It's possible." William frowned as he replied to Dreak's words.

After **the car accident**, Jane was not sent to his hospital immediately. **Emergency measures were also taken** at that hospital. Afterwards, Dreak brought Jane to William's **private hospital**.

"**In other words**, you **can't** rule out **the** possibility that she **really lost** her **memory?**"

"Well, it's like **this for now**." William **nodded**.

Dreak's eyes darkened. Jane's **memory loss** was not **scary**. **Even if she couldn't remember the past**, **he and the child** would always **be by her side**. But he always **felt that** this was a little **weird**, and **he didn't understand what the problem** was.

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After **leaving** William's office, **Dreak returned to the ward**. **In the ward**, **Mary was asleep on the hospital bed**. **Her face was pale**, but it **could be seen that** she was **sleeping peacefully**.

Dreak was annoyed and sat in front of the hospital bed, silently waiting for the **person** on the bed. Until the next **day**, **the sleeping Mary still did not wake up**. **Dreak finally realized** that something was

wrong.

That night, although Mary on the hospital **bed** was breathing gently and seemed **to** be sleeping soundly, she **did** not turn over even once. Even in the morning, she still **did** not want to wake up. This

was too strange.

Dreak, who had not been **able** to sleep well all night, quickly stood up and called out softly. “Jane... Jane, wake **up!**”

After calling several times, he still could not wake her up. Dreak’s expression darkened, and he took out his phone to call William.

After a while, William came with two doctors, and there was another chaos, sending the comatose fake Jane into the examination room.

After a series of inspections, the result was finally obtained. William held the report and could *not* believe the result. What was even more worrying was that he did not know how to tell Dreak about the result.

Before William could find Dreak, Dreak had already looked for him and anxiously asked about the results of the examination.

William was helpless, so he could only push the test results to Dreak and said with great pain. “Don’t be too sad. No one wants to see such a result.”

Dreak looked at the laboratory report in his hand with a heavy heart. On the report, it was clearly written that she was in a vegetative state. Even if Dreak did not study medicine, he could understand that the so-called persistent vegetative **state** meant that Jane had become a vegetable.

How could Dreak accept such a result? **He** stared at William with a pair of scarlet eyes. “What is a persistent vegetative **state**? She clearly woke up yesterday, isn’t it?”

Dreak couldn’t believe it, so he almost went up to William’s collar and questioned him.

William was also very sad, but the result of the inspection was like this, and he had nothing to do. “She had amnesia before, but now it’s like this again. It’s very **likely** that she had suffered a heavy blow to her brain. Yesterday, she wok

e up and performed a series of tests, which caused serious damage to her cerebral cortex. This.” William could only helplessly explain.

Hearing this, Dreak

seemed to have lost **all** of his strength. He was unbelievable and did not want to **believe it**. “**What can I do to wake** her up?” Dreak asked **in** a low voice.

William sighed, “**This kind of disease** has not **yet** achieved **any results** through medical **means**. **The only** way is **for her to recover**.”

Hearing this, Dreak’s mood **became even heavier**. At this **moment, the door** was pushed **open, and April’s figure appeared** at the door.

After pushing open the door, April Hughes’s **gaze fell directly** on **William, with an unbelievable and** forbearing **sadness**. “**Say it again, what’s** wrong with Jane? **How** could she be **in a vegetative state?**”

During the period when Fake Jane was **injured, April often** came to the hospital to visit, even **longer**

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than Dreak’s company

However, **she** was **worried** that **her** whereabouts would **be discovered** by **Mattew, so** she had **always kept** a low profile, and with Jane’s teaching her a bout disguising methods, she had always gone out without a **real face**. She didn’t come yesterday. She came today to learn that Jane was **still awake yesterday**. She **was** overjoyed. She would hear the bad news that Jane had become **a vegetable** again.

“April, calm down. **We** don’t want to see Jane’s matter, but the truth...”

“I don’t want any **facts**. How could Jane be in a vegetative state? Aren’t *you* a doctor? Find **a way** to **save** her, **save** her...”

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“**April, it’s** not **that I don’t** want to **save** her. In this situation, I **can’t** help **it,**” William lowered his **head** in guilt. If he could, of **course,** he **wanted to save** Jane,

“You’re **lying.** You’re not saying **that you’re the** best doctor in Silverbourne. There’s no **one you save.** **Why can’t** you **save** her? Why...” April had already cried tears, and **they** felt like she didn’t want

money.

can’t

William’s heart was also heavy, especially when he saw April crying so sadly. He couldn’t bear **it** and moved **closer** to her **for** support.

And **April** was so emotional that she cried and cried and faltered.

When William **saw** this, he immediately took a few steps forward and supported her.

April choked **a few** times and actually fainted.

When William saw this, he was also a little shocked. He knew that Jane and April had a good relationship, but he did not expect that April would care so much about Jane.

William was even more worried. Before he could think about it, he directly picked up April and entered the examination room.

When April woke up, she found herself lying on the hospital bed with one hand as warm as water. She looked sideways and saw **that** it was William. He held her hand tightly, without the slightest gap.

Seeing that April woke up, William's face was overjoyed, and he finally **breathed** a sigh of relief. After that, his face darkened again.

April looked at his expression and her heart skipped a beat. Thinking that it was Jane, what had happened again, she immediately asked, "How's Jane?"

"Jane's situation is a foregone conclusion. Now it depends on her own willpower to **see** if she can wake up from a deep coma."

"Is there really no other way?" April was very sad. She recalled the various friendships with Jane, and even the scene where Jane did not hesitate to offend April and ran to the UK to save her. The sadder she became, the more tears fell.

Looking at the sad April, William sighed, and then slowly spoke, "Stop crying. It's not good for your health. Even if you don't think about yourself, you have to think about the child in your womb."

Hearing William's words, April's choked voice stopped abruptly, and she looked at William in shock. "What are you talking about? What child?"

Seeing April's shocked **expression**, as if she was hiding something, William eased a little. It seemed **that** she did not **know about** her pregnancy **either**.

The two had only **known** each other for more than a month, because in **the** past month, Jane was injured and **hospitalized**, and **the** two of them had more contact. William had never **avoided his** feelings **for April**, and April had not refused his advances. **The** development of **the two of them had** always been very good.

William also **felt that** April had **feelings** for **him**, and **he** was **considering finding a suitable opportunity** and a good **environment** to **confess to** her and formally **confirm their** relationship. **To put it bluntly. the two of them** were **currently in an ambiguous period**.

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But **suddenly, April was pregnant, which made William feel very uncomfortable. He didn't know if April was pregnant with** his child and wanted to find a cheap father for her **child** or what **it meant**.

During **the time when** April was in a **coma**, he **also thought** about a lot, **but** he **felt** that he could **not** think of April like **this**. **After all, the two of them had been together for** so long. **He still had** some idea of **April's** temperament.

Therefore, after April woke up, he **directly** told April **about** her pregnancy, but **now** April's reaction was enough **to** show that she did not know about her pregnancy.

“You're pregnant!” Seeing that April's expression was still blank, William said again.

Even if she got **a** positive answer, April was dumbfounded.
“How could it be possible... how could she be pregnant!”

Of course, April knew who the child's father was. It was precisely because she knew that she was very distressed and confused.

“William, listen to me. I don't know how I got pregnant. I...”

She opened her mouth to explain, but just after saying a few **words**, April stopped again. How should she explain? Should she reveal her unbearable background and confess that she had relations with her nominal brother, and now carried his child with the hope of getting close to him?

April couldn't say anything and did not want to **reveal her** unbearable past in the Gong family. In the end, she chose to remain silent, turned her head, and did not look at William.

“William, can I be alone for a while?”

William was very happy when she heard that April wanted to explain to herself. At least, she was not lying to him and was willing to give an explanation. However, April suddenly stopped talking and even asked him to leave. William's heart seemed to sink to the bottom.

“April, you...”

“Can you leave me alone?” Before William could say anything, April coldly interrupted him.

There was a painful look in William's eyes, and he finally left the ward.

When William left, April couldn't help crying anymore. Why, why did things become like this? She had **already fled** that place and that man, so why was she still carrying his child? Could it be that she was destined to be unable to escape that man and that family?

William left the ward and wanted to ask Dreak if he knew about April, but thinking of Jane's current situation, Dreak must **be** in **a** bad mood, so he stopped.

At this moment, Dreak was indeed **in the** ward, looking at **the** unconscious **fake** Jane. His heart was **heavy**, especially when **he** thought of the three little ones **at** home. He didn't know how to explain their mother's situation to **them**.

"Jane, **don't** worry, no matter **what happens**, I won't **give** up on you." Dreak sat on **the edge of** the bed, reaching out **to caress the fake Jane's face**, his eyes full of **grief**.

Immediately, his **gaze touched** the small red mole behind **the fake** Jane's **ear**, which was not very noticeable.

From this angle, he **noticed a small red mole** under **her** earlobe. But to Dreak, **who knew every detail about Jane's body**, it was **impossible for this red mole to appear on her**.

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If it **were on** other **private parts of** the body, Dreak was not **sure if there would be any marks on Jane's** body, but **in** places like **the earlobe**, Dreak **always liked to hold Jane from** behind and put his **chin** aside on her neck. He would **occasionally kiss her earlobe** teasingly.

If there really was this red mole, he **would have** discovered it long **ago**. **But something that** was **not** there in the **past** suddenly existed now. What does it mean?

Thinking of a certain **possibility**, Dreak immediately withdrew his hand from touching the **fake** Jane, his expression becoming complicated.

He took out his phone and immediately called William.

After William came over, Dreak asked directly, “During the examination, did **you** draw blood for **testing?**”

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“**Yes, but the test will take** a little longer. It will be sent later. However, **in** her case, **you can draw** a conclusion without the **blood test results,**” William replied in confusion.

Hearing this, Dreak’s brows furrowed even deeper. “You go to see the blood **test** in person. It’s best not **to fake** it. **Moreover,** you should also check the blood type,” Dreak whispered.

Puzzled, William followed Dreak’s instructions and headed to the laboratory.

When they arrived **at** the laboratory, the medical staff were conducting various tests. William walked in and asked a laboratory staff, “Did you test the blood from the VIP ward this morning?”

“Well, some tests have been done, and some more complicated analysis has not yet been carried out. Because there are a lot of things to check, it is a little slow,” the medical staff replied respectfully.

“Leave it to me.” William nodded and asked the medical staff to bring Jane’s blood sample over.

Although the medical staff were curious that William, the dean, would actually do such a thing, they quickly brought the samples over.

William skillfully put the blood on **the** chip, and then sent it into the testing machine for a blood type test.

When the medical staff saw William's actions, they quickly said, "President, Dr . Harrington has already tested the blood type. Look."

Hearing that, William glanced at the test report handed over by the medical staff, which clearly stated Rh negative blood. There was also a report from Jane yesterday, which was the laboratory report of Jane's memory loss after waking up. William also read the report and found no problem.. Only then did he tell Dreak that it was normal for Jane to lose her memory. The test would show Rh negative blood, and William did not doubt it, but Dreak personally explained to him and asked him to test it in person, and he complied.

At this moment, the machine dinged, and the test results came out. William took his eyes back from the test report and looked at the test results on the machine. This time, he was stunned!

"Did

you take the wrong blood sample?" William looked at the test results displayed on the machine with a terrifyingly low voice.

The medical staff also saw the test results on the test machine, which were different from those on the report, and immediately shook their heads.

"No, the sample was put in a freezer. When Dr. Ramsey left, he said that he would continue to carry out other tests when he returned. There was no way he could have taken it wrong," the medical staff shook their heads and said.

Hearing this, William's brows furrowed even deeper. The test report stated that he had the exact

same blood type as Jane, but the test results were not the same. It was impossible for **a machine to lie.**

"Where did Dr. **Ramsey go?**"

“I don’t know, he just said he had to go out.”

The medical staff quickly shook **their heads**. **She** was just a little **assistant and didn’t know much**.

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William’s face darkened, and he **walked out of the laboratory**. **He called** his assistant and **asked** him **to** check the hospital’s surveillance. **By** the way, he tried to locate Dr. **Ramsey**. After hanging up, **he** quickly **walked towards** Jane’s **ward**.

In the ward, Dreak **stood by** the sickbed, his eyes fixed **on** the fake Jane lying **there**.

This **face, the** more he looked at it, the less it looked like his Jane, but he hadn’t seen her for **some**

time.

If the person on the hospital bed was not his Jane, where was his Jane?

No wonder Dreak suspected that Jane in front of him was fake. After all, he had learned from Mary’s previous experience.

But this time, the other party was very clever. They even used the car accident to divert their attention. Later, they used the trick of amnesia to cover up the difference between the two of them.

Humph, what a clever move!

When William arrived, he saw Dreak coldly staring at the fake Jane lying on the hospital bed.

“As you think, the blood comparison results are different. She is not Jane,” William said, looking at the woman who was lying on the bed with the exact same face as Jane. He couldn’t help but be

shocked.

In this world, there were people who looked exactly the same, and from their appearance, people could not tell the difference between the real and the fake. It was really incredible.

“She’s unconscious. Who’s covering up for her?” After confirming that **the** person on the bed was not Jane, Dreak immediately took a few steps back and kept a distance.

When William saw this, his eyes sank. “It’s a doctor from **the** inspection department. I’ve already sent someone to check his whereabouts.”

“Hmph, I’m afraid it’s too late,” hearing William’s words, Dreak snorted coldly.

William did not understand what he meant, but at this moment, his assistant called and William immediately answered the **call**.

“Director, I checked the surveillance camera in the monitoring room. Just a few minutes after you went to the laboratory, Dr. Ramsey left the hospital. I checked the surveillance camera at the entrance of the hospital. Dr. Ramsey got into a black car and then he was gone. No one can contact

him now.”

Hearing the **assistant** on the phone, William’s expression became even more serious.

Dreak also heard his assistant’s **words** and was not surprised by this result.

William finally understood what he meant by saying that it was already too late.

“What do I **do** now?” William hung up and looked at Dreak.

Jane **had** been transferred, and the fake Jane was in their hospital, with someone covering up for her. Their hospital also had certain responsibilities, and William felt a little **guilty**.

“When you release the news, say that Jane is awake!” Dreak stared coldly at the fake Jane on the hospital bed, his expression indifferent.

Since the people behind them wanted the fake Jane to become a vegetative person and stay by her

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side forever, to cover up his true whereabouts, then they would break their plan and force them to show up.

“Okay!” William understood what Dreak wanted to do and immediately nodded.

Then, he turned around and left the ward, instructing the people outside to enter the room and guard the unconscious fake Jane.

At this moment, the real Jane, who had been rescued by Dreak, was paddling hard towards the shore.

She looked at the distance, but no matter how hard she tried, there was still no sign of reaching the shore. This made her very upset.

Looking at the blond man lying lazily on the lifeboat, his blond hair became even more dazzling under the sunlight. His blue eyes were a little deeper than the sea, making people addicted to them if they weren't careful.

However, Jane had no intention of appreciating his beauty at the moment. She was angry that he, as a man, was watching her, a weak woman, rowing so hard, while he sat there leisurely.

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Seeing that no matter how **hard** she tried, she couldn't reach the shore, **Jane had to focus on the** blond man and mumbled, "**I said**, can you help me?"

If it **wasn't** for the urgency of the situation, Jane wouldn't want to speak at all.

Hearing that, **the** man lying across **from** her finally narrowed his eyes, but he didn't intend *to* move. He just raised his hand and said slowly, "You saw it too. It's not that I don't want *to* help, it's that I'm injured."

Jane looked at the wound on his hand, at a loss for words. She decided to continue rowing on her own.

"If you ask me nicely, I might consider helping you," the man said again lazily.

Jane was even more speechless. **She** could tell that the man in front of her was unruly and had a bit of a temper. Such a person could only be coaxed; otherwise, he would become difficult to deal with.

Ignoring his questions, Jane continued to row.

Giovanni's gaze remained on Jane as he hesitated for a moment before asking, "You said you have children? Do you also have a husband?"

Jane didn't look up. "Otherwise, I can give birth to the child alone."

She didn't pay much attention to the man's questions, unaware of his jealousy and the feelings he had developed for her at first sight.

"Then how does your husband compare to me? Do I look better?" Giovanni's words were tinged with a hint of jealousy.

Jane didn't understand Giovanni's intentions, but she felt no attraction towards him. "No way, you're not the same type."

"Then do you like me more or his type?" Giovanni continued to ask.

"I said... are we going to keep floating at sea like this? We have no food or fresh water. We won't last long," Jane finally interrupted, not wanting to answer any more of his strange questions. She was feeling anxious.

Ever since she accidentally revealed that she had three cute babies, the man's attitude towards her had instantly turned resentful, making her really confused.

"I said if *you* begged me, I'll help you," the man said lazily.

"Okay, I'm begging you, alright."

Jane couldn't spend any more time with him, and she had decided that after she returned, she would **learn** to sail **a boat**. Rowing a boat **was** not **easy**, especially one without power at sea.

She tried to get closer to the shore, but a wave pushed their lifeboat back, making it impossible **to reach the shore**.

Hearing Jane finally utter the plea, although her tone wasn't very good, Giovanni's expression improved.

Finally, **the person he had fallen in love with was married and had children. How could he** feel at

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ease?

Jane let **out** a sigh of **relief**, and he **stopped** teasing her. **He** sat up, **stretched his** muscles and bones, and then stood up to assess the distance **between** them and the coastline.

After estimating, he reached **out**, grabbed Jane, and jumped off the lifeboat.

Unprepared, Jane was **dragged into** the water by him and choked several times before resurfacing.

Once above **water**, she saw **a** playful smile on his fair face.

A bit of anger welled up in Jane's heart as she asked loudly, "What are you doing?"

Giovanni still wore a smile. "The lifeboat is too light. Those who can't reach the shore can only swim over."

Hearing this, Jane was even more angry. "Then why didn't *you* say it earlier?"

He had told her she wouldn't have to row anymore, so she wasted her energy for nothing.

Jane was now weak from exhaustion and hungry. In the early morning, she had even divided the steamed bun hidden on her body in half to share with him.

She had to swim to the shore, which was really embarrassing for her.

"Don't worry, I'll bring you ashore," Giovanni said.

With that, he wrapped his long arms around her waist and led her to swim forward.

Jane resisted his touch and pushed his hand away angrily. "I can swim by myself."

With that, she plunged into the water and swam hard towards the distant coastline.

Giovanni glanced at her back, growing more interested in her, but he didn't say much and swam towards the coastline as well.

After Jane lay exhausted on the beach for a while and regained some strength, she stood up and looked at the man lying on the beach.

"I'm leaving," she said.

Hearing Jane's words, Giovanni slowly opened his eyes and looked at her. "Where?"

A smile appeared on Jane's lips. "I'm going home."

Hearing **that**, Giovanni's mood immediately darkened. Was she so eager to return home to see her husband?

Thinking of this, Giovanni felt even more annoyed and didn't want Jane to leave.

"If *you* don't have money or documents, I'm afraid you won't be able to go back!"

Hearing this, Jane looked Indifferent. She wasn't worried. She just needed to find **a place to call Dreak** and let him pick **her** up.

With a smile, **Jane** was **not** concerned at all. "It's **okay, I have a solution.**"

In the end, she could **go to the embassy**, and she was sure **they** would help **her get back home.**

Thinking **of this**, **Jane's pace** became brisk as she **prepared to leave.**

"**Hey, why don't you just leave me here alone?**" **Giovanni called out.**

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Hearing this, **Jane stopped** and thought **about** it **before** walking **back to his** side.

The two of them had supported **each other and escaped** together. **It wouldn't** be right **to just leave** him behind. Besides, he had suffered **a gunshot wound**, and **someone wanted to kill him.**

Leaving him like this would **be** dangerous for him.

After considering it, Jane decided to find a place with people where she could **call** her family to pick her up. She should go back home.

She had wanted to save the abducted women on the boat earlier, but because she couldn't **protect** herself, she felt guilty.

"Let's go, **let's** find a populated place first."

Although they had landed, they didn't know where they were. If they had landed on an uninhabited island, it would be troublesome.

Fortunately, luck **was** on their side. After walking for a while, they discovered that there were vehicles on the road.

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The **two** hailed a **car**, and the **driver** kindly picked them up. **After** getting into the **car**, Jane **realized** they **were now in** France.

The French driver spoke authentic French, and it was a bit challenging for Jane to understand. While she knew French, **this** kind of genuine, local language was unfamiliar, just like Standard English and its Scotch.

Listening to the French driver say many words, Jane could only barely grasp a few of them. He probably meant they were in a remote coastal area of France.

Jane didn't understand much, but Giovanni, with his blond hair and blue eyes, could fluently converse with the French driver.

This made her wonder about Giovanni's identity. He seemed to be French, so why was he living at

sea?

While pondering this, the car stopped, and the French driver dropped them off on a street in a small town. Jane felt relieved as she looked around the exotic French streets.

Turning to Giovanni, she said, "Now that we're here, let's go back to our respective places."

But Giovanni grabbed her arm, preventing her from leaving, and said, "You can't go."

Perplexed, Jane asked, "Why not?"

"Because... this is the dock where the cargo ship we escaped on docked. If you go alone and get caught again, no one can save you," Giovanni explained.

Concerned, Jane looked around and noticed many Chinese people in this small town. Despite its size, it was quite lively, and there should be a dock where ships were parked.

"Follow me!" Giovanni said, taking Jane's hand and leading her in a particular direction.

Soon, they entered a tavern in the small town, where many people from different races were present. Giovanni's presence didn't attract much attention as he brought Jane, a Chinese woman, inside.

At the bar, Giovanni ordered two glasses of whisky in fluent French and borrowed the bar's phone to make a call. Jane remained silent throughout.

As Giovanni finished his call, he drank the whisky in his glass and observed Jane, who was still looking around. He slid the glass towards her and said, "Why don't you drink it? It's cold in the sea. Drinking this will warm you up."

Jane snapped **back to** reality and accepted the offer. **After** all, she wasn't opposed to drinking, especially **when** her body was still cold from soaking in seawater. She took a couple of sips.

Giovanni's interest **in** Jane **grew** as he noticed her accepting the drink without hesitation. He found her neat and composed **personality** appealing.

Jane **turned to Giovanni**, who **seemed** to be staring **at** her, and asked, “**Why are you** staring at me?”

In response, Giovanni simply said, “You **look good, leaving** Jane **rolling her eyes and looking away.**”

Wondering **what to do next, Jane** asked, “What **now?**”

“**Wait,**” Giovanni **replied.**”

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“**Wait for what?**”

“**For** whoever **comes to** pick us up,” Giovanni explained, **taking** another sip **of his drink.**”

Understanding that **Giovanni** had **probably** called someone to come and pick him up, **Jane decided** to **call Dreak** first to **let him** know she was **safe.**”

However, **before** she could speak, Giovanni interrupted her, lowering his voice and whispering, “Do you **see** that? That’s the crew member who was on the ship before.”

Following his gaze, Jane spotted a black hair man in the crowd. Giovanni had recognized him as someone from the ship.

When Jane questioned how he knew, Giovanni replied, “He was the *one* who rescued me from the sea. Don’t you think I would recognize him?”

Accepting his explanation, Jane forgot to call Dreak as she waited with Giovanni for over an hour until the person he was **expecting** finally arrived.

A middle-aged man quickly entered the tavern, scanned the area, and approached Giovanni. He respectfully addressed him in French, calling him “Young Master.”

After some discussion, Giovanni stood up, taking Jane’s hand, and they left the tavern. The luxurious black car parked outside had drawn considerable attention in the small town.

As Giovanni got into the car with Jane, she hesitated, wanting to go home instead. But Giovanni reminded her that it might **be** dangerous to leave him, as the people they were running from might find her.

He assured her that if she came with **him**, he would help her see her child. Trusting him based on their shared escape experience, Jane agreed to go with him.

With Jane's agreement, Giovanni felt satisfied. He planned to investigate her identity and keep her by his side. He also promised to help her reunite with her child.

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The car that came **to pick** up Giovanni **was incredibly** comfortable, and Jane **had been** exhausted **all** morning. Now, sitting in the plush **car**, **she** couldn't resist **feeling** sleepy.

Giovanni noticed her tired **expression** and softly said, "If you're **tired**, take **a** rest. I'll **wake** you up when we get there."

Having supported each other on their escape, **Jane** trusted Giovanni enough not to be polite. She nodded, deciding **to** take **a** short nap so she could regain some energy before returning *to* China to **see** her **three** precious babies.

Jane leaned **back** and closed her eyes to rest. The high energy expenditure and the constant running had **taken a** toll on her physically and mentally.

When she woke up, **it** was because she felt someone touching her. She opened her eyes and saw the blond and blue-eyed Giovanni with his delicately handsome face, which could easily captivate any woman's heart.

However, Jane remained immune to men ever since Dreak's **betrayal**. Her heart was still tied to him because of their three children.

"You're awake!" Giovanni said gently as he noticed Jane opening her eyes.

Jane realized the waiter's posture was a bit too familiar. Giovanni seemed to be trying to carry her

out of the car.

Swiftly coming to her senses, Jane pushed him away and pretended as if nothing happened. She spoke in a relaxed tone, "Have we arrived at your house?" She then opened the car door and got out.

A luxurious mansion greeted her sight. Although she already suspected Giovanni's unusual identity, living in such a lavish mansion confirmed he must be very wealthy.

This was good; she could borrow some money from him temporarily and return it once she got back

home.

"You have quite **a** big family!" Jane commented casually, planning to discuss her return to China with him, hoping he could assist her.

However, before Jane could **say** anything, Giovanni smiled and accepted her casual compliment, "**My** family is quite extensive, but I'm **the** only one living here. Why don't you stay and keep me company?"

Jane thought Giovanni was joking and glared at him, saying, “Don’t **be** silly. I want to go home too. **Can** you help me arrange my return? Or lend me some money, or let **me call** someone to pick me up. Alright?”

Giovanni replied, “You are the first woman who wanted to leave after entering my **Rose** Manor, but I don’t plan to let **you leave**.”

The **corner** of Jane’s mouth **twitched** as **she heard that**. Did he mean to imprison her here?

Before she **could respond**, Giovanni plucked a beautiful rose **from the flowerbed** and held it **in front of her**. “**Woman, I have fallen** for **you**. I don’t care **if you’re married or have children**; I **want to spend** the rest of my **life with you**.”

Looking at the **romantic and affectionate** confession from the handsome **man** before her, **Jane’s**

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heart didn’t skip a beat.

After a while, she managed to hold **back any scathing** remarks and remained speechless.

“**Even** though you’re **French**, **known** for being romantic, but... **are** you seriously doing this to a married woman? Do you even have **a brain**?” Jane wanted to say something nastier, but she reminded herself **of their** shared **escape** experience, which led her to withhold the harsh words.

She believed in love at **first** sight; she experienced it with Dreak—an unforgettable love. **However**, she **didn’t** want this kind of love **at** first sight. All she wanted was to go home and see her three adorable children.

“I’m serious,” Giovanni said, thinking Jane didn’t believe him.

She knew he was serious, but it only troubled her more.

“Please, I don’t want to discuss this with you. I simply have no feelings for you whatsoever,” Jane said grumpily, wanting to leave immediately to avoid any further confrontations.

However, before she could take a few steps, she was stopped by two burly men.

Giovanni turned around, his expression darkening. Jane looked at the two men and then at Giovanni.

Giovanni spoke slowly, “Without my permission, there’s no way you’re leaving.”

At that moment, Jane understood his intention. Giovanni had never planned to let her go; he had intended to trap her from the start.

“Giovanni... Aren’t you going too far? We were allies. How can you treat me like this?” Jane was genuinely repulsed by this twisted feeling.

In the past, Charles Holbrook was enough to handle. Now, there was another foreigner. She didn’t want this kind of romantic entanglement.

“We were allies before, but now that we’ve escaped, we’re no longer allies. I want you to be with me,” Giovanni stated firmly.

The word “woman” made Jane even more annoyed. **Why did such** arrogant men assume women would fall for **them?**

“**A** forced relationship won’t make me like you. **In fact,** it’ll only make me hate you more,” Jane retorted.

“You will. **As long as** you spend time with me, you’ll slowly fall in love with me,” Giovanni asserted confidently.

Jane was speechless once more. She had no choice but to use Dreak’s name to warn him, “I advise **you** to let me **go**. My husband **is very powerful**, and he knows **where** I am. He’ll come to save me, and **you’ll be in trouble.**”

She knew her words sounded somewhat threatening, but she had **to try whatever** she could **to escape** from this **mess**.

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Upon hearing **Jane's** futile **attempt** to intimidate Giovanni, she **realized that** he wasn't **afraid** at all. **Instead**, a **sly smile crept** onto his lips. Jane knew that her words had no **effect**; Giovanni didn't believe her.

Nevertheless, she had to inform Dreak of her situation and location. Thus, she proposed a fair competition, **giving** Giovanni **a** chance to prove himself against her husband.

Giovanni's competitive spirit was ignited by Jane's challenge. He was eager to prove himself superior to Dreak.

"Alright! Give me **a** phone, and I'll contact my husband. When he comes, we can compare and see who's more powerful," Giovanni agreed, excited about the prospect of the competition.

However, Giovanni's excitement was short-lived when he realized the implications of giving Jane a phone. He immediately rejected the idea, knowing that allowing her *to* contact Dreak would be foolish.

Thinking quickly, Giovanni changed his stance, "Since you claim that he's very powerful, I think he'll find you even without contacting him. We'll just wait."

Jane sighed, frustrated with her own naivety. She had hoped to persuade Giovanni, but her attempt had failed.

"Fine, be that way. I'll wait for Dreak to save me. At least here, I don't have to worry about my safety. You seem to be interested in me and won't harm me. As for

your men, if they dare to use force, they'll have to deal with me," Jane declared firmly, preparing to wait for Dreak's rescue.

Meanwhile, Dreak, deeply concerned about Jane, was at the office, receiving updates on the situation surrounding the fake Jane's car accident.

"Mr. Warner, the video of Madam's car accident has disappeared inexplicably. We tried to recover it using the company's resources, but the perpetrator must be a skilled hacker," the assistant reported.

After the fake Jane's car accident, the driver who caused it had fled the scene. Dreak tasked his subordinates to investigate **the** matter, hoping to find the culprit quickly.

The most straightforward method was to check the surveillance cameras along the road and track the car's movements. However, it was apparent that the footage had been deliberately deleted, suggesting that the person behind the incident had a formidable background and technical abilities. Dreak suspected the involvement of the "Reincarnation Path."

Recalling their previous escape from the Dragon Group, he assumed that they would not bother him for the time being.

"Continue the **investigation**. We must catch the perpetrator," Dreak ordered coldly, determined to **find the** mastermind **behind** the fake Jane.

He was well **aware that the person** in the hospital was not Jane, so he needed **to** focus on uncovering **the truth**.

Shortly after, Dreak received a call from the **hospital's bodyguard, who informed him about a recent development**.

"Mr Warner, **we've captured someone**. Do **you** want **to come over in person?**" **the** bodyguard asked.

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Dreak's face turned even grimmer upon hearing the news. It seemed that the false information about Jane's **recovery had provoked the** people behind the scheme to act.

"Stop monitoring them; **I'll** be there immediately," Dreak replied coldly, prepared to handle **the** situation personally.

Upon arriving at the hospital, he was surprised to see that the person caught was Amy.

Amy was locked in a confined room, and when Dreak entered, she rushed towards him, tears in her eyes.

"Brother-in-law, I didn't hurt Big Sister. I don't know why she's unconscious. Please believe me," Amy pleaded.

She had no idea that Dreak had already discovered the deception and realized that the person in the hospital wasn't Jane. Amy assumed Dreak was suspecting her involvement in Mary's coma.

However, she wasn't particularly worried about that, she had taken precautions to leave no evidence behind.

Dreak coldly pushed Amy away when she tried to cling to him. He looked at her with a dangerous aura.

"Shut up! You're too noisy," he scolded, causing Amy to keep quiet in fear.

She then tried to lay a foundation for her own future with Dreak, expressing her willingness to care for Jane and their child if he would choose her.

Amy fantasized about becoming Mrs. Warner, but her dreams were shattered when Dreak stepped on her hand ruthlessly after she tried to touch him.

"If you touch me with your dirty hands again, I'll cut them off," Dreak threatened coldly.

Amy was shocked by his words, and her illusions quickly crumbled. The sharp pain in her hand brought tears to *her* eyes, but she didn't dare to provoke Dreak any further.

"I'll give *you* a chance to tell me where Jane is. Otherwise..." Dreak's voice turned chilling, and Amy's mind went blank as she realized that he knew the truth

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After panicking, Amy knelt at **Dreak's** feet, pretending to be clueless as tears **streamed** down her face.

"**Brother**—in—

law, what are you saying? **Big** sister is lying on the hospital bed. I know you're **devastated** by her condition, but please don't misunderstand me," Amy pleaded.

Hearing her still arguing at this moment, Dreak's anger surged, and he grabbed her hair.

"Enough! It's enough! You're still stubborn even now. Let's see how long you can keep this up."

Dreak called the bodyguard outside and gave a cold order.

"Don't let her die."

Initially, Amy didn't fully comprehend Dreak's words, but then two burly men entered the room, heading straight towards her

.

The men looked intimidating, and before she could react, one of them seized her collar and started punching and kicking her. However, they deliberately avoided her vital areas, inflicting pain but not fatal injuries.

Amy's agonizing cries filled the room, but no one paid attention. Dreak even walked to the window and lit a cigarette, but his mood remained unchanged.

"Where was his beloved?"

After a while of relentless beating, Amy lay pitifully on the ground, her face pale, and cold sweat pouring down.

With Jane's situation unknown, Dreak didn't have the luxury of time to chat with Amy. The most direct approach was to use pain to force her to reveal the truth.

When the beating ended, Dreak slowly approached Amy, looking down at her as she lay on the ground like a lifeless fish.

"Now, will *you* tell me?" he demanded.

Amy struggled **to** speak, her body still in pain from the relentless assault.

"Brother-in-law..." she whimpered, but Dreak's warning echoed in her ears.

"Think carefully. If *you* say the wrong thing, you'll suffer even more."

Hearing this, **Amy** trembled all over. The memory of the pain from before made her face even paler. Gritting her teeth, she finally revealed Jane's condition.

All she wanted was to become Mrs. Warner, but she didn't want to lose her life in the process.

"Brother-in-law, it **was** I who helped them arrange for Sister, but it wasn't me. I don't know where Sister is" **Amy** confessed. She had indeed assisted Mary in impersonating Jane, but she was unaware of the whereabouts of the real Jane. She had no idea **where** those people took her.

In her **mind**, as long as Jane never **appeared** again, everything would **be fine**. **However, she didn't anticipate that the truth would be exposed so quickly.**

“I don’t know? How could you not know?” Dreak’s face couldn’t contain his anger when he thought he was about to find Jane’s location. He grasped Amy’s hair, and his hands trembled with fury. Amy

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trembled **with fear, witnessing** Dreak’s **rage directed** at her for the **first** time

“I really don’t know, Brother–in–law. I lied to my sister, but I didn’t do the rest. I have no idea who took my sister away” Amy pleaded, genuinely afraid of being beaten again and facing **Dreak’s anger.**

“Who asked you to **do this?**” Dreak almost ground the question through his teeth.

Though Amy didn’t need to say it, Dreak already had suspicions in his heart. Most likely, it was the

work of Reincarnation Path.

Yet, Amy surprised him by revealing a different name.

“It was Annie who asked me to do this,” she trembled as she uttered Annie’s name.

Hearing Annie’s involvement, Dreak was momentarily stunned, and he released his grip on Amy’s hair.

It wasn’t that he didn’t believe her, but it was difficult for him to accept that Annie could be behind such actions. He still carried some guilt for her, even after she had left.

However, the fact that she had plotted against Jane behind her back irritated him. Annie was not the person he thought she was, and this revelation left him feeling frustrated and disappointed.

Clearly, his once admired and beloved Annie had changed, and Dreak couldn't help but question why

she had become like this.

After leaving the room, Dreak instructed Amy to handle things. Then, he found a quiet spot and dialed a number he hadn't called in a long time. The phone rang for a while before finally connecting.

"Mo Han..."

"Where's Jane?" Dreak cut to the chase, not interested in small talk.

Annie's fingers tightened with a mix of unwillingness and excitement upon hearing Dreak asking about Jane. She knew he still only had Jane in his heart, and that both of them were close, which fueled her jealousy.

However, she quickly regained her composure and put on a smile. "Mo Han, what are you talking about? I don't understand. What's wrong with Jane? You two have a great relationship. You're always together. Aren't you taking good care of her?"

Dreak's tone turned colder as he responded, "Stop pretending. Amy has already explained everything."

Hearing Amy's involvement, Annie cursed her silently in her heart. "Who is Amy? Mo Han, are you mistaken? I don't know her."

Annie's act of feigning ignorance infuriated Dreak, and the veins on his forehead became prominent. He called Annie again, but this time, he couldn't get through. She had hung up on him.

Dreak's expression turned colder, and he promptly called his assistant, instructing them to book the **fastest** flight to the foreign country where Annie lived.

Before leaving, he returned to Maplewood Mansion to talk to the three little ones. When they learned **that** Dreak was going abroad at such a critical time, **they** were not **happy**. **Zachary Warner** was **the** first to **voice** his concerns.

“Daddy, Mummy’s condition is unstable right now. How can you go abroad ? What will happen to Mummy when you’re gone?”

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The **three little ones were** unaware **that the** woman in **the hospital** was an **imposter, and they** worried **that** Mummy would **be** upset when she **woke** up and **found** Daddy gone.

After contemplating

the situation, Dreak realized that he couldn’t **keep** the truth from the three little ones **any longer. He finally revealed to** them that the woman in the hospital was *not* **their** real Mummy.

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Hearing the revelation, the **three** little guys were momentarily stunned, but **th en** they felt relieved.

“No wonder she woke up and kicked us out of the ward when she saw the woman surnamed Bentley. Now it makes sense,” Zane commented with crossed arms.

“Indeed, fortunately, she’s not really Mummy,” Zachary Warner added.

Zoe remained calm, continuing to play with the robot in her hands.

Observing their composed expressions, Dreak wondered if he had not explained the situation clearly. He needed to make them understand that the person on the hospital bed was not their real Mummy, but their mother had gone missing.

“You’re not worried about Mummy at all?” Dreak couldn’t help but ask.

The three little guys turned to look at him in unison, then averted their gazes.

Zane spoke up, “Isn’t Daddy going abroad to find Mummy soon? There’s nothing to worry about, right?”

“But I haven’t found any news about your Mummy yet,” Dreak said, rubbing his forehead. He didn’t know how to respond to the three little ones’ mature behavior.

Zoe looked up at Dreak from her robot and gestured, urging him to stay strong.

“Daddy, don’t keep Mummy waiting too long this time,” Zachary Warner added.

“You guys really aren’t worried about Mummy?” Dreak still seemed puzzled.

“We are worried, but what can we do? We can’t find Mummy, so all we can do is hope Daddy works harder to bring her back,” Zane explained slowly.

In the end, Dreak didn’t say anything more. He advised the three little ones to stay in the villa during this time and not to run around. After packing his things, he headed to the airport.

After Dreak left, the three little ones gathered at the door, wearing worried expressions.

“I wonder how long it will take for Daddy to bring Mummy back this time,” Zachary Warner wondered aloud.

“I hope it won’t be long. I miss Mommy,” Zoe softly expressed her feelings.

Of course, the three little ones were concerned about Mummy’s safety, but they pretended not to show it to ease Daddy’s worries. Deep down, they were anxious for Mummy to return safely.

As soon as Dreak left, the three little ones couldn't hide their worries. They were genuinely concerned about Mummy's **safety**.

Upon arriving at Annie's location, Dreak rang the doorbell. Annie's mother opened the **door** and **was** pleasantly **surprised** to see him. She warmly welcomed him inside and called for Annie.

"Annie, **come** quickly. Mr Warner is here to see you."

Annie, who was in the room, heard her mother's call and **walked** out. **She** was **stunned when** she saw **Dreak** at **the** door.

Dreak's gaze fell on Annie's lap, and the atmosphere became tense. It was **Mildred who broke the**

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silence.

"Annie, what are you waiting for? Mr Warner is here to see you. Aren't you happy?"

Annie's face stiffened, and she instructed her mother to make some tea. Mildred, not understanding the awkwardness between the two, obeyed and went to the kitchen.

Dreak finally took his gaze away from Annie's lap and looked at her after a long pause.

"Where's Jane?" he asked, the topic of Jane still on his mind.

"We haven't seen each other for so long, and you're asking about other women as soon as we meet? Isn't that a bit much?" Annie responded, trying to deflect the conversation.

Dreak's emotions were on edge, and seeing Annie still refusing to give any information, his face grew

colder.

"The last time, I haven't done anything to you. If you don't want to tell me about Jane's whereabouts, then I won't be kind to you anymore." His threat was clear in his tone.

The last time, Jane had hinted to Dreak that Annie might be involved in something suspicious. However, since Annie had already left the country and was no longer disturbing their lives, he didn't want to dwell on the matter between Annie and the Reincarnation Path.

"Be kind? Dreak, do you think you've been kind to me?" Annie sneered at his words, staring at him with a complex expression and a hint of grief in her eyes.

Dreak avoided her gaze, not interested in engaging in a conversation with her.

"I'll give you one last chance. If you don't tell me, then I'll have to resort to other methods," Dreak warned, attempting to pressure her into revealing information.

Unfazed, Annie slowly approached him, challenging his threats. "Other methods? What extraordinary means do you want to use against me? Will you treat me the same way you treated Jane?"

"Dreak, I really don't understand. How can you mention kindness? From the moment Jane reappeared, everything you've done to me is considered kindness!"

"You promised me a wedding and a future together. It's one thing if you didn't keep it, but as soon as Jane showed up, you immediately ignored me. I'm curious, is Jane a brainless fool?"

"You've hurt her so much in the past. Why would she forgive you and stay by your side?"

"And you, you used to despise her so much. Why, after she disappeared for a few years, did you fall all in love with her? Can you explain that to me?"

Annie had wanted to ask these questions for a long time. She felt that she had caused Jane enough suffering, yet she couldn't seem to come between the two of them.

"I'm the one who hurt her... **As** for you, you destroyed this relationship," Dreak retorted coldly.

“I loved you deeply when we were young. I even did things to hurt her for your sake, but you never cherished it.”

“You **always claimed that** you left for me, but what’s the truth? **Are you brave enough to** tell me the truth?” **Dreak’s** gaze turned icy **as he** stared at Annie.

Not long ago, William had **informed** him about Annie’s **health condition**. **He had discovered that her uterus** was damaged **by someone associated with the Reincarnation Path**. **Dreak had** asked a

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foreign doctor for a second **opinion**, **and they** found **that not** only was her **uterus** missing, **but** her **ovaries** also had issues.

This revelation **contradicted** everything **Annie had** previously **told** him, which meant **that she** had **been** lying all **along**.

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As soon as Dreak’s words came out, Annie was stunned. She thought about the meaning of Dreak’s words. Did he know? Did she know **that** she was not his young Bai Yueguang, or did she know **that**

she had deceived him?

As she thought about it, Annie's whole body began to tremble, and her back started to sweat. But on second thought, Dreak no longer had the love he once had for her. Even if she defended herself, he wouldn't believe it.

In a short period of time, Annie thought about a lot until Mildred walked out with the brewed tea and found that the atmosphere between the two of them was calm.

"Annie, why did you make Mr Warner stand? Mr Warner came to look for you on purpose." With that, Mildred stepped forward to greet Dreak warmly, but he dodged her. Mildred became even more suspicious. What was the situation between the two of them? Wasn't Dreak here to look for Annie?

"No need to say hello, I just came to ask Miss Carlton a few questions." Holding Dreak's resolute words and addressing her as Miss Carlton, Annie felt even more resentful in her heart. Why? Why was she still unable to win Dreak's heart after working so hard for so long? Just because he and Jane were destined to meet and fall in love, she couldn't compete with fate. She did not believe it, would not accept her fate, and wouldn't give up so easily.

"If Mr. Warner still wants to ask me about Jane, then I'm sorry. I didn't know. Mr. Warner can leave now." Annie turned her head coldly, her heart ruthless. Not to mention that she didn't know where

Jane was now. Even if she did, she wouldn't tell Dreak.

"Yes, Annie didn't know where Jane was now. She was abroad, although she found Mary and designed this conspiracy. But she didn't have the manpower to handle Jane, so she contacted the man named River who had appeared in the hospital last time. Annie knew that he was from the Reincarnation Path. Before, she wanted to **win** the heart of Dreak in the name of Reincarnation Path,

so they caught the handle. The other party asked her to cooperate with the follow-up actions against Dreak, and she successfully brought Jane to the yacht.

It was a pity that they did not let those people execute Jane. On the contrary, it was them that reincarnated themselves and left Silverbourne temporarily. Annie wanted to design Jane, and there was no manpower in the country, so she contacted the other party and asked them to handle Jane's follow-

up problems *for* her, so this was the reason why she did not know where Jane was now.

“Okay, since you don’t want to say it, then come with me.” After that, Dreak raised his **head** towards the door. Then, two men in black walked in, ready to force Annie to take away.

“Dreak, what are you doing?” Annie was anxious, looking at Dreak, full of anger.

“Whenever *you* say Jane’s position, I will put you back. Or you can consider saying that once you are taken away, you know my methods.” Dreak’s cold words were Annie’s thought to herself.

Annie was angry and uncomfortable. It was as if a huge rock had been blocked in her heart. “Dreak, I already **said that I don’t know** anymore. Why are you doing this to me!” Annie shouted, her voice **full of grief and anger**.

“**Take it away!**” Dreak was too **lazy to continue** talking nonsense with **her**, so he **directly** asked **the** two men in **black to take Annie** away.

When Mildred saw this, **she quickly stepped forward to stop him**, “Mr **Warner**, **what are you trying to**

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do? What did **Annie** do **wrong?** Tell me, I **apologize** to you, please don’t hurt Annie!” **Mildred was really** worried about **her daughter**. She looked **at** her daughter with **tears** in her **eyes**.

Since she knew that Jane was also Charles Carlton’s daughter, Mildred had doted on Annie even more. Because she only had this daughter, and she had to rely on Annie for the rest of her life. Right. now, Charles Carlton had not yet recog

nized that slut Jane. If Jane entered the Warner family's door, the Warner family would not have the status of mother and daughter. Therefore, Mildred regarded Annie as more important than her own life. Naturally, she would not watch Dreak take Annie away."

Dreak didn't want to be too embarrassed with Annie. No matter what, Annie was once the person he cared about most when he was young. Now that the two of them had reached this point, as long as Annie kept herself safe, he actually didn't mind giving her a stable life. But she did not seem to cherish such an Enron life.

"I just want to know where Jane is now. If you can get her to speak, I can ignore what happened before," Dreak said to Mildred, who didn't know what Annie had done.

"Annie, if you really know, then tell Mr Warner. Mommy only has you, my daughter, now. You can't have an accident," Mildred pleaded.

"Mom, how could I possibly know? I've been abroad the whole time, and I haven't had contact with her. How do I know where she's gone? Who knows if she's fancying a wild man again and eloping with him?" Annie's words were bitter and mean, causing Dreak's face to turn gloomy.

"Mr Warner..." Mildred wanted to speak to Dreak, perhaps to convey that her daughter genuinely didn't know, so he might try asking elsewhere.

"Take her away, no need to talk nonsense. If she speaks, then you can let her go," Dreak instructed the two men in black without wasting more time.

Annie refused to be taken away quietly. She struggled and cursed, prompting them to inject a syringe into her body to make her quiet.

When Annie woke up again, she found herself in a dimly lit room with her hands and feet bound. She shouted Dreak's name loudly, scolding him, but he didn't appear. Instead, the two men in black, who had tied her up earlier, were present. They poured a basin of cold water on her and began to interrogate her.

The interrogation revolved around Jane's whereabouts. "I already told you, I don't know. I want to see Dreak. You need him to bring it to me," Annie scolded angrily.

“It’s useless. Mr Warner **told** me. If **you** don’t want to say it, then we won’t stop punishing you.”

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