

## Not One, But Two Chapter 15

### Not One, But Two Chapter 15 The Child Is Mine

Greg felt a rush of satisfaction when he saw how frightened Abigail looked. “What, so you don’t want me to find out about Allie’s existence and you want to keep her from ever getting to know me, her own dad?”

“You’ve met Allie? She actually came by to see you? Where is she? Give my daughter back to me! Listen to me carefully, Greg—that child is mine, and she has nothing to do with you whatsoever!”

Abigail was so frightened she thought she would go mad. Where in the world did that wretched little girl get the nerve to come here and look for Greg on her own? What if he wants to fight for custody?

However, Greg merely snorted as he pointed out frigidly, “The child is yours? What are you, some kind of mutant who’s able to impregnate yourself? You can’t produce anything without my seed, woman.”

“First of all, no one said she came from your seed! She’s only a child; she wouldn’t know who her father is, so are you going to believe everything she says?” Abigail was so frazzled that she didn’t bother to be careful with her words.

A grim look flashed in Greg’s eyes when he heard this. The next second, he grabbed Abigail by the chin and hissed menacingly, “Are you saying that you’ve been with other men?”

The thought of her gorgeous body being seen, felt up, and loved by other men stoked a fiery rage within him. The anger threatened to consume him whole, and he was itching with the urge to teach her a hard lesson.

She met his dark and ominous gaze before saying defiantly, “What’s it with you? I’m my own free person, and I can be with any man I wish without having to ask for your input!”

“Is that so? Fine, then. Just you wait. The DNA test results should be out by tomorrow, and if it shows that Allie is my kid, we’ll see if I get a say or not about your relationship with other men!”

With that, he let go of her chin roughly like he was discarding her. Then, he whipped out a piece of tissue and made it a point to wipe his hand like he had just touched something dirty.

Meanwhile, Abigail was infuriated, but that didn't distract her from his words. A DNA test? If he ran a DNA test on Allie, that means he has her in his custody right now! "Whatever happened between us has nothing to do with the kid, Greg. Let Allie go right now; I want to see her."

"Fat chance of you seeing her before the DNA test results come out," Greg spat before he threw her into the room and locked the door. It was only then did he fish out his phone to give Troy a call.

"Have you found the kid?"

He sounded so thunderous that even Troy could hear how angry he was. The assistant swallowed hurriedly replied, "No. We're still looking, but none of the women have seen Miss Allie anywhere."

Troy was equally frustrated as well. It just didn't make sense that a little girl could disappear, and where could she possibly hide in a restroom as small as this?

Upon hearing the update, Greg frowned and began to look fretful. "Expand the search! I don't care if you have to turn Harrion over as long as you find the kid!"

"Yes, sir!" Troy hung up the phone and quickly called the other three young masters, thereby triggering a full-blown search for the missing Alissa.

While everyone was frantically looking for her, Alissa was sleeping soundly in the storage room, and she did not wake up until she heard arguments coming from outside the door.

She opened up the cupboard slightly and peeked through the narrow gap, only to see two women snapping at each other. They appeared to be fighting about the rightful inheritance of something that had to do with the hospital, and from the looks of it, the fight was only escalating from this point forward.

As she listened to the women's high-pitched curses thrown at each other, she grew restless and decided to go out and stretch her limbs. She glanced at her watch, and when she saw that it was 2.00PM, she noted that she had three and a half more hours to go before she could leave.

With that in mind, she sneaked out of the storage space while the women were still in the heat of the fight and went unnoticed.

At present, the men working under Greg's orders had mostly been pulled back. She ran toward the restroom when she felt an uncomfortable pressure on her bladder, but she bumped into someone on the way.

“Ow!” She had been speeding down the hallway, and the reacting force of the collision sent her falling backward. She landed on her rump, and the impact hurt so much that it brought tears to her eyes.

Jonathan had no idea that he would run into a little girl the moment he turned a corner, and he certainly didn’t expect to knock her down. When he saw that she was in tears, he quickly helped her to her feet and asked gently, “Are you okay? Where are your parents?”

The pain, coupled with her full bladder, did not make Alissa the most agreeable child at that moment. “Don’t you know how to apologize after knocking someone down?” she snapped irritably.

As Jonathan looked at the angry little one in front of him, he felt a surge of familiarity; it felt as though he had seen her somewhere before. “I’m sorry,” he began nervously. “It was my fault, okay?”

Alissa waved him off dismissively and dusted herself off. “Forget it. I’ll let you off easy this time, but you should probably watch where you’re going next time. I’m an asset to the country, and if you break me, you won’t be able to pay for it!”

For some reason, Jonathan took an instant liking to this child. “Got it.”

Not wanting to spend another second talking to him, Alissa brushed past him and hurried into the restroom.

He watched her speed off with a good-natured shake of his head before smiling as he rose to his feet. At that moment, he noticed that she had dropped her cellphone.

After picking it up, he thought about waiting for Alissa to come out of the restroom so he could hand the phone back to her. Just then, the phone rang with an incoming call.

The caller ID on Alissa’s phone came with the picture of the person calling, and when Jonathan looked down at the screen, he froze. Abigail? Of all people?