

Desperate Time 201

Chapter 201 Hopeless Love

The audience burst out in laughter.

I am unable to laugh.

I know that Frances is referring to me.

But in his announcement, he seems to suggest that he is so handsome that someone will become distracted. How shameless is that!

I glare at Frances and ignore him and lower my head to continue with my design.

The sightseeing these few days gave me some inspiration. The purpose of love is companionship.

That is why I want to design cufflinks.

Cufflinks must be the most intimate accessory for men.

As I start to sketch the outlines, Frances' face becomes clearer in my mind.

The cufflinks are circular with black as a base color and sparkling starlight on the surface.

I draw a white *Datura stramonium* in the middle.

This flower represents hopeless love, like my love for Frances. Even if it is hopeless, even if it is unattainable, I want to use all the means to remain by his side.

These cufflinks are designed for Frances from me but he will never know that.

It takes me two hours to complete the draft but it seems to take my entire life's strength. In the end, a teardrop trickle down my cheek as I place down the pencil.

I quickly wipe off the tear as I raise my head and see that Frances is looking at me.

Did he see me when I cried just now?

"Okay, time is up. Everyone please put down your pencils."

Someone comes to collect the drawings and give it to the judges.

In order to prevent bias from the judges, the names are covered. I am exceedingly nervous as the judges are deliberating the designs.

All the participants are very accomplished and I'm not sure if I am able to get into the finals.

About half an hour later, the deliberations are complete and the six drafts are given to the host.

The host takes the drawings and removes the first label.

The first piece to enter the finals is a brooch. It is a local French designer Monica, who apparently is an acquaintance of Donny.

The second and the third items are all very impressive. My confidence starts to waiver.

The fourth is a watch designed by Nicole. The watch is very elegant with a 'D' character in the center. I'm sure it is the initials for Donny's name. Needless for me to say how deeply Nicole feels for Donny.

The fifth item still isn't mine. I start to become even more nervous.

Oh no, looks like I don't have the chance to enter into the finals. All my dreams are dependent on this final step.

“Next, we’ll announce the final item to enter the finals. It is a design from a budding designer from China, Jane Noyes.”

I am stunned when I hear my name.

I look slowly towards the drawing that the host is holding and when I realize that it is my cufflinks design, I jump to my feet in excitement.

It is really my design! I am in the finals!

Whitney frowns when she hears that I am in the finals. Her gaze also turned cold. I become flustered and wonder if she is thinking of ways to influence my competition.

The finals is on tomorrow night. I leave the competition area and return to the hotel. Laying on the bed, I start to feel that the entire situation is so surreal.

It is so unexpected that I can enter the finals.

I am so excited that I can’t fall asleep and is about to ask Nicole if she wants to go out for supper.

Nicole rejects me for reasons of being on a diet. I am guessing that must be her excuse as she is feeling down.

I can only go on my own.

As I exit the hotel, Francis suddenly shouts, “Be careful!”

Chapter 202 Call the Police

The sudden shout stuns me and I froze in place.

Above me, a flower pot falls and smashes all over the ground. It is just inches away from me.

If I had walked another couple of steps, it might have fallen right on my head.

I touch my unharmed head and feel a lingering fear.

“Are you hurt?” Frances walks over briskly and frowns as he asks me.

I shake my head and look upwards. Where did this flower pot fall from? Was it intentional?

If it is not intentional, then it is too much of a coincidence.

If it is intentional, who can be so accurate in figuring out the time I walk out of the hotel?

I can't figure it out and so I stop trying.

“Where do you intend to go at this time of the night? Why don't you stay in your room?” Frances asks sternly.

‘I'm hungry and want to go out for supper.’ I purse my lips and say grudgingly.

The man looks around and asks, “By yourself?”

I speculate for a moment what he means and I realize that he does not know that Noah has left the country.

“Yes.” I reply softly and turn to leave.

I walk a couple of steps before Frances forcefully pulls me back.

Another flower pot crashes right in front of me!

Who is it?!

This time I'm absolutely sure that it is done intentionally. It may be an accident when it happens once but a second time means that someone is targeting me!

Frances frowns deeply and says, "Let's call the police."

I find that reasonable and take out my cell phone to call the police.

The French police responds very quickly and promptly arrives.

They inspect the scene and quickly establish the suspect's room.

I stand at the door of the familiar room and have an indescribable feeling.

This is Frances' room and if there is another person in the room, then it must be Whitney.

From Frances' expression, it appears that his suspicion is correct.

The police questions Whitney and she keeps denying, saying that it is an accident.

Although I always feel guilty towards Whitney, but now that she wants to harm me, I cannot let her off.

"Accident? Can two flower pots fall right in front of me so coincidentally? If it wasn't for Frances, I would have already been killed!" I say angrily.

Whitney laughs disdainfully, "The world is so huge with all sorts of strange things. It's just a coincidence.

What's so strange about it? You said that I intentionally want to hurt you, do you have any evidence? Why don't you tell us what is the relationship between you and my husband, Frances? Speak up!"

With Whitney's statement, I am at a loss for words.

I know that she wants to harm me because of my affair with Frances. I'm sure that she hates me to the bone. Come to think of it, I'm the cause for all these.

Furthermore, I know that if I persist on, Whitney may resort to scorch earth tactics and reveal my involvement with Frances.

When that happens, I will be labeled as a mistress for life and that will destroy me.

Because I do not have any evidence and Whitney is a person of status, the police can only close the case in the end.

After the police leaves, the three of us remain in the room.

Whitney laughs coldly where she stands and grinds her teeth while she says to me, "Jane, with me around tomorrow, you can forget about winning the competition!"

Chapter 203 You Won't Be The First Wi...

Whitney hates me, of course she doesn't want me to get such honor.

But what if she knows that I can return Frances' money on my own after getting the prize? Suddenly, it feels like Whitney can help me.

Frances stands there and speaks with a deep voice, "Whitney, there shouldn't be a next thing for this. I'll send you to the police station myself."

I have mixed feelings on Frances' words. Is he threatening Whitney to help me? I become more careful, afraid that it's just my imagination.

Whitney looks at Frances in disbelief. She almost gets out of control.

“You want to send me to the police station because of this woman? Frances, I’m your wife! See it clearly! Without me, how could you be where you are today!”

Her words are like a bomb that exploded in my heart.

Frances depends on her business to be successful? I never imagine that a guy like Frances lives off a woman too.

“Whitney, I don’t mind if you’re going crazy... But you should see the situation! You are not the only judge of the competition.”

Frances speaks in a low voice. Right after that, he gives me a comforting look.

I suddenly feel nervous.

If Frances know the reason why I want to win the competition so much, will he stand by my side?

‘I’ll try my best anyway.’

I walk away after saying that to them.

I walk slowly for about 2 steps. Right then, Whitney comes out and walks up to Nicole.

When she passes by me, I stop her.

‘I still hope that you’ll judge the competition fairly tomorrow.’ I say that in a low voice.

Whitney smiles disdainfully.

She turns her head around and speaks to me, "Why? Why should I let you win? Furthermore, you may not win even with your actual skills. Anyway, you won't be the first winner as long as I'm here."

She just walks by my side and leave after saying that.

Actually, I want to tell her that I try my best to get the prize... is to leave Frances.

It's just that, Whitney won't give me a chance to say it.

I just innocently look forward that Whitney can't control everything. The competition result will be fair and impartial. After all, this is an international competition.

The competition is set at night.

When it's time for dinner, Nicole asks me to come over and eat together.

After I tidy up the sketch tools, I go with Nicole for dinner.

After dinner, there's around one hour left for rest.

I think that the competition is set at night because night time is the time where inspiration comes.

Yesterday, the design was already handed over to the MC, sealed and preserved.

Tonight, there's two hours to continue the design and explain the design inspiration.

Frances still sits right in front of me. His quiet gaze doesn't show any feelings.

But my heart beats so much just by seeing his expressionless face.

MC declares the start of the competition.



I unintentionally look into Whitney's face and find out that she's sneering at me.

All of the sudden, my heart beats quickly. Her words from last night keeps running around inside my head.

"As long as I'm here, you won't be the first winner."

I hope that she doesn't have much authority.

I take a deep breath. When I open the tool box so I can sketch, I feel so shocked.

My pens, everything is gone!

Chapter 204 Quit

I check it all over first before putting the tools into the bag.

Then, I bring the bag to eat with Nicole.

I always keep the bag in sight, except... When I go to the restaurant's bathroom.

I suddenly turn my gaze to Nicole. She panicky lower her head as soon as she looks into my eyes.

I can nearly confirm that Nicole has done something.

I'm really naive. How could I believe Nicole? She has been friends with Whitney for so many years, Whitney must have told her about me and Frances. Once there's a problem, helping Whitney will be preferable than helping me.

It's just that, I don't even have a pen now.

What should I do?

When everyone is sketching quickly, I'm the only one who sits there in confusion.

The MC probably feels that there's something wrong too. He walks over and asks me what's wrong.

I say, "My brush is gone."

Every designer has their own sketching tools that they absolutely won't lend to other people so easily.

Now without my sketching brush, I can't think of other way else than sitting here.

The competition only goes for two hours. Even if I buy a new one, there's not enough time.

At the time of helplessness, one will always look at the person they want to depend on the most.

I instinctively look at Frances.

Frances suddenly stands up and walks outside.

Even the only person who can comfort me is gone, this makes me more panic.

Whitney looks at me, smiling as if her evil plot is successful.

No wonder that she pledged so sincerely last night.

It turns out that she already knows how to stop me from the competition.

I thought I already befriended Nicole.

In the end, it's just a joke.

Without any brush, I can't compete.

I am so disappointed at heart.

I start putting my things away silently before standing up.

I'm going to tell the MC that I'm quitting.

Right when I stand up, I see Frances coming back.

He's holding a set of tools.

Once I see it, I know that it's the limited edition sketching kit from DS.

Don't tell me...

A glimpse of hope flashes through my heart.

Until I see that Frances is really walking up the stage.

Once again, this man walks toward me like a God.

Last time I felt that was when I had been kidnapped and almost got humiliated by Andrew's men.

I'm like a mouse that has been living underground for so long and craves for the sun light.

While Frances is that warmth that brightens up my world.

Since then, this man came into my life. Permanently.

He walks up to me and hands that kit to me. Without saying anything, he walks down the stage.

Whitney is so angry that she keeps glaring at me fiercely.

I don't have the time to think about what she thinks of me.

Now, I must make the best use of my time to sketch.

I quickly open the kit and start sketching.

My idea is already crystal clear, I only need to sketch my thoughts and explain it well later.

I finish the sketch and gives it to the MC before the competition ends, even when there's a delay on my start.

He collects the designs and hands those to the judges.

We walk down the stage, anxiously waiting for the results.

Nicole sits beside me but she doesn't have the guts to look at me.

Frances sits very close to me. I want to say thank you to him, but I can't.

Around ten minutes later, the competition result is out.

## Chapter 205 Competition Results

The judge announces the ranking backward. And the third place is Nicole.

I can tell that Nicole is disappointed but not surprised by the result. I think she probably didn't show her true capability this time. I don't know if it was because she was under pressure.

The second place is a famous experienced designer.

I am getting more and more nervous.

Will I win the competition? I have confidence in myself, but for such a big competition, it is not enough to just have confidence.

"The first place has two candidates. One is the French designer Monica. The second one is the Chinese designer Jane Noyes."

When I hear my name, I am indescribably excited. But what does he mean by two candidates?

"The champion will be one of you. The person who does not win the championship will receive a special award for joining the competition, and will get the opportunity to cooperate with DS. Now, please let the two candidates elaborate on their design concepts. And then the three judges will directly declare their choice." The host continues.

I never expected that the competition would be like this.

Monica is the first one to talk about her design inspiration. I can't focus. But I know it is a beautiful love story about first love.

Then she passes the microphone to me. At the same time, Frances also turns his head and looks at me.

My face gets blushed when I notice he is looking at me. Because the design inspiration for my cufflinks is my love for him.

I clear my throat and say, "I believe that everyone has ever loved a person unrequitedly. That person is like a thorn in the heart. It hurts if it is pulled out, and if it is not pulled out, your heart will fester. So, the

theme of my design this time is 'desperate love', which is also the flower language of the Datura stramonium. If I can't accompany the one I love, I want to use another way to get involved in his life.

These cufflinks will accompany him to behalf of me."

When I am speaking, I don't dare looking at Frances at all. Perhaps it is the so-called guilty conscience.

Donny gives the first vote. He votes for Monica because my design story is too sad and he doesn't like such a desperate love story.

Lady Catherine votes for me. She says that my design story reminded her of the love of her life she had missed.

The last vote is from Whitney. In fact, I know it clearly in my heart that she will never vote for me.

Unsurprisingly, Whitney votes for Monica without even giving a reason.

After the result announcement, Whitney gives me a triumphant look. But when she looks at my design, she is obviously amazed. I think she has some feelings for my design. But she makes me lose my chance because she doesn't like me.

So I lose my chance of winning the championship.

I can still cooperate with DS, but the one million dollars is gone. I really don't know how many times I will miss such a good opportunity in the future.

I almost have no hope of leaving Frances.

After rewarding, I feel so disappointed. I pack my things and walk out, but Whitney blocks my way out.

"How about it? Are you feeling sad about losing the championship? I said long ago, as long as I am here, you will never win the championship!"

Whitney looks at me triumphantly, being so proud of herself. Besides her, it's Nicole with a guilty expression.

"Do you think Nicole treats you as a friend?! I asked her to help get close to you and frame you when necessary! Look at yourself, who would want to be your friend? Nicole, don't you think so?"

Nicole lowers her head and doesn't answer, which makes me feel that Nicole agrees with what Whitney says.

I feel quite uncomfortable after losing the competition. What Whitney says just makes it worse.

Since she is so arrogant, I don't need to give in. I wonder if Whitney knows why I want to win the championship, will she be as happy as she is now?

I raise my head, smile at Whitney, and say softly, "If I tell you that you missed an opportunity to let me leave Frances, would you regret what you did just now?"

Chapter 206 Let's See Who Will be Mor...

Whitney's expression changes immediately. She looks confused and surprised. She mutters, "What did you say?"

I smile lightly at her and say, "I don't know if you let me lose because of personal reasons, but if you think my work is better but still choose Monica, I am sorry to tell you that you made me miss a chance to leave Frances."

"What do you mean?!" Whitney asks loudly.

"I owe Frances 4 million. If I win the competition, I would win enough money and have the chance to leave him. And you ruined my opportunity."

I am sorry to lose this opportunity. But I know Whitney will feel even worse than me after learning the t.....

I feel that I have become more and more stubborn over those years. If someone wants to hurt me, I wouldn't easily let it go.

The six months I spent with Andrew made me learn how to endure pain from others. But Frances makes me seek revenge for the smallest grievance.

I don't know if this is a good thing, but at least, I know how to protect myself from harm.

"Are you asking for money?! Money is never a problem for me. As long as you leave Frances, let alone four million, I will give you 40 million!" Whitney rushes over and shakes my shoulder desperately like a dying person suddenly gets a chance to live.

"It won't work if it's not my money. It's useless even if you give me 400 million. You know Frances better than me. Do you think he is someone you can fool with money?" I say with a light smile.

Frances's mother tried to give me money before. But what happened? Frances tore the cheque right in front of his mother. He is a businessman. I think he probably thinks that using his family's money to buy my freedom is not a good deal.

Whitney lets go of my hand sullenly with a stunned expression.

She turns her head to look at Nicole, and yells, "Why didn't you tell me! D I send you to get information from her? Why didn't you tell me such important things? Did she give you hush money?"

Nicole looks at Whitney scared and trembled. She says with a small voice, "I had no idea. She didn't tell me."

Yeah, Nicole is right. Why do I tell others about such private things? Besides, she is just an ordinary friend of mine. Naturally, it is impossible for me to tell her my secrets.

"Useless waste!" Whitney says loudly and slaps Nicole on the face.



The slapping sound is clear to hear. And immediately Nicole's face gets so red with fingers' shape on it.

I'm a little surprised. Aren't they friends? Why is Whitney so mean to Nicole? Nicole bites her lips. Her eyes are red. But she doesn't let the tears out.

Whitney sneers, turns her head, looks at me and says, "Jane, don't be cocky! One day Frances will get tired of you. Let's see who will be more embarrassed! And I am telling you, as long as I am here, I won't let you have a good life. You'd better be careful, or else you won't even know how and when you will die!"

What she says reminds me suddenly that she threw the flower pot at me yesterday. She can do this kind of thing once, and of course, she may do it a second time.

Whitney steps away on high heels arrogantly.

Nicole stands there, clutching her fist. She whispers to me, "I'm sorry, Jane. If it wasn't for Whitney to have my secrets, I wouldn't hurt you like this."

Chapter 207 Coming Home

Secret? What kind of secret? Just when I open my mouth to ask for more information, Nicole leaves.

Actually I can see that she has her own problems. But the way she uses my trust, makes me feel very bad.

The competition is over, and tomorrow we are on our flight back home.

Frances and Whitney are in first class, while me and Nicole are in economy class.

Before we get back, Herman promises me that there will be plenty of chances to cooperate with DS.

Just as we get back to the company, Steven asks me to come to his office.

'I heard that Whitney almost hurt you with a flowerpot?' He asks straight forward after closing the door.

I laugh, and sit down in the chair opposite to his.

"Shouldn't you be asking me if I won the price?"

"When I knew that Whitney almost hurt you, I guessed that she knew about you and Frances. Knowing her, she would never let you win anything after finding out."

Steven says calmly, his face showing no emotions.

"You know her well." I purse my lips.

Steven's face expression suddenly darkens, he looks very serious.

'I am worried about you. I think you should leave Frances. You have no idea what Whitney will do to you if she gets furious.'

This...

Even if Steven doesn't say, I know it well enough. But Frances doesn't let me go, what can I do?

I give a bitter laugh, and tell Steven, "Now that I lost the competition, the million is also gone, I really don't have any other ideas on how to leave him."

'Let me send you away, Jane, I know a way how Frances can never find you again.' Steven stands up and suddenly holds my hand.

I lower my eyes, and feel that this is wrong, so I try to take my hand back.

But his words make me feel some hope.

I know, with his abilities, he can do that. But why do I feel so reluctant?

I have thought about leaving Frances so many times, and now that it was really time, I suddenly feel pain in my heart.

'I will consider it.'

I force a smile for Steven, stand up and leave his office.

In the elevator, I get a phone call from Frances.

I never dare not to answer his calls.

"When are you coming back?"

Actually, I don't wanna go back. I don't know how to face him, and I don't know how to hide from Whitney.

Sooner or later she will find out where we live. What should I do then?

"After work." I say.

"Come home right now."

What's wrong with him, it's only 3 pm now, I am only an employee, how can I leave this early? But of course, I don't dare to say this out loud.

I want to say something, but then I hear noise in the phone, and I remember that I am in the elevator, so I start to move my phone away, and say, "Hello? What did you say? I am in the elevator, the connection is bad. Hello? Frances, are you still there? Hello, hello hello?"

Then I quickly hang up, and exit the elevator, just to receive a text message from him.

“Come home right now.”

I really cannot go home now, so all I can do is to pretend I don't see the message, and turn off my phone.

After work, I rush home feeling uneasy.

When I arrive, I notice that Frances isn't even at home.

Didn't he ask me to come back? Where is he?

Then I suddenly remember running into him while he was looking at some photographs, should I use this chance to go and check on them?

## Chapter 208 Leave My Son Alone

I am one of those who always does what she thinks of, so I go into Frances room.

The last time, he hid the pictures under his documents, but after a long time of searching, I still cannot find them.

But then again, Frances doesn't hide his things in places that are easy to find.

Where can they be?

His drawers don't have a lock, so I look in there as well, but don't find anything again.

Are they maybe hidden between some of his books in the shelf?

I walk over to the shelves, and look at the hundreds of books on them, I knit my brows. How long will it take to go through all of them?

In this moment, my phone starts to ring, which scares me a lot.

I guess that it must be Frances, but then I see that it is Noah.

Since that day when he left France, we haven't had any contact.

Now he suddenly calls me, is there something wrong?

I am very confused and pick his call, but when the line connects, there is a woman on the other side starting to curse me.

"You little bitch, I told you to leave my son, but you are still wrapping yourself around him, do you really want something to happen before you are happy enough? I wish I could kill you right now!"

It's Noah's mother.

But I don't understand, why is she taking Noah's phone to call me and curse me like that? "Missus, what have I done?" I ask.

"You dare to ask me? Our Noah has lost his job, what do you think we should do? If it wasn't for you, how could he ever lose his job, I am telling you, as long as I am alive, you are never going to set foot in our house. If Noah insists on being with you, then I will pretend like I don't have this son!" The anger on the other side of the telephone was so real that I can almost touch it.

But I am still confused, Noah lost his job? Does this have something to do with Frances?

He did indeed say a long time ago that he will do something to him.

This definitely is my fault, but I don't feel good being scolded like this. And I want to know how Noah is doing now.

“Can you please hand the phone to Noah, I want to speak with him.” I say in a small voice.

“No ways! You are never going to speak with my son again!”

I hear the sound of the line disconnecting. I stand there with the phone in my hand, and then dial Frances’ number.

Then I hear his phone ringing in front of the door, which scares me to my bones.

“What are you doing in my room?” Frances asks with a lowered voice.

I stare at the book shelf in front of me, my heart racing, and I take a few steps back, saying, “I am bored, so I wanted to look for some books to read.”

Frances smirks, it barely looks like a smile, he doesn’t seem to believe me.

But this is not important right now.

“Why did you do that? You said you wouldn’t touch him for now. Why would you make him lose his job?” Frances’ eyes darken, his expression seems complicated.

Then he laughs, sits opposite to me, “Do I really need to speak with you first before I punish him?”

His words make me speechless.

True, he is Frances, he doesn’t need my permission to do things. But he is going against innocent people, doesn’t he feel it’s going too far?

‘Frances, you are so heartless! Don’t you know that losing one’s job might be nothing of a big deal to you, but to some other people it is! You only care about yourself having fun, but you never think about what others are feeling!’

## Chapter 209 The Meaning of the Two Coloured Lines

I don't know why I have the guts to say such things to Frances.

But I am so angry that I can't help myself.

The man I love may really be a heartless monster.

He doesn't sympathize with others or care about other people's feelings. He may never fall in love with me.

My heart hurts so bad that it feels more painful than being stabbed.

"So what? Like you said, I can manipulate people's fate at will." Just then, he glances up and down at me.

He means that he is manipulating me.

It hurts me like hell even though what he says is true.

I look at Frances angrily and roar, "You will be dying pointless, Frances!"

After that, I rush outside. The moment I walk out the door, tears fall.

Old Mr. Louis just comes back from outside. Seeing the tears on my face, he says in surprise. "What happened? Did that brat bully you again?"

I shake my head and go back to my room.

In the next few days, Frances and I are not on speaking terms. I don't even understand why this kind of situation can happen to us. I think it would only exist between young couples.

But he never comes to my room in the past few days.

Moreover, he is already gone when I get up every day. He isn't back yet when I go to bed. If it weren't for the coughing and the sound of water in the next room in the middle of the night, I would really doubt that Frances is never home.

He is coughing, is he not feeling well? I am a little worried, but I can't speak to him first.

Mindy sends me photos of her traveling abroad. Her belly looks a bit obvious, and her face is a lot rounder than before. But the happiness on her face can't be hidden. It seems like she's doing really well with David.

Great, at least one of us is happy.

"Are you planning to settle down abroad?" I send her a message.

"No, I'll be back in two months. I have gained weight because I am not used to the climate and everything out here. "

What does 'gaining weight' have to do with 'not used to the climate'? I can't help but want to laugh.

"Idiot, the reason you are gaining weight is because you're pregnant. The baby would be healthy only when you get enough nourishment."

"It's hard to get used to the days of not having period for ten months." The word 'period' suddenly sounds alarming to me.

Today is the 20th, and my period is usually on time, around the 15th. At most it is early or late for a day.

Frances is not using condom for several times, and I am not on the pills. What if...

Thinking of this, I am not in the mood to do anything all morning.



At noon, I buy two pregnancy test sticks at a pharmacy nearby, ready to test.

And I also buy some cough syrup for Frances.

Although we are still in a fight, listening to him coughing so badly doesn't make me happy.

While everyone is out for lunch, I go to the bathroom for the pregnancy test. I follow the instructions for the test.

The few seconds waiting is extremely tormenting for me.

When I see a line appear in the color rendering area, I am obviously relieved.

To rest myself assured, I take another look.

But there is something very wrong after the second glance.

Below the red line, there is a light red line. It looks so light that I didn't notice the difference.

So the two lines mean, I am pregnant?

Chapter 210 Are You Crazy

This fact shocks me too much.

Refusing to give up until all hope is gone, I test it again with the other pregnancy test stick.

There are still two lines!

I'm pregnant!

The news was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

Why is God pulling a trick on me when I learn that there is no future with Frances?

I have never experienced something like this before, and I really don't know what to do.

I put the two pregnancy test sticks in the bag carefully. Then I send a text message to Mindy as I leave the bathroom.

"I'm pregnant, Mindy." Just then, I count down in my heart.

As expected, when I count to one, Mindy calls me on the phone.

"Are you kidding me, Jane Noyes? You are really pregnant? With whose baby?" The corners of my mouth twitches as I say without emotion, "Whose else can it be besides Frances?" There is no one in the office at the moment, so I don't have to cover up when I talk.

"Are you crazy?! Why weren't you on the pills? Don't you know you should use protection? Smart women know that they should use protection. Otherwise, your boyfriend will be angry." Mindy is sneering at me on the phone.

No doubt I know how to use protection, but Frances threw away all the pills. And he never wears condoms. I was so busy that I forgot to take after-pill.

And here comes the aftermath.

It's meaningless to talk about it now. The question is, what should I do?"

"Get an abortion. Frances will drag you to the hospital and force you, even if you don't do it yourself. You really believe that he would let you give birth to his child? He is going to have a baby with his wife, not you."

Mindy's words undoubtedly hurt me like knife but also make me more sensible.

She is right. Frances probably would not keep this child. And Whitney would definitely not allow my child to be born. I might as well kill my baby by myself, rather than worrying about something unexpected might happen to him.

Although it is cruel, it is the best result for the child.

"I understand. I will go to the hospital for the abortion." I whisper to Mindy while feeling blue.

It breaks my heart to think of this child I never meet.

The kinship I miss since childhood makes me have a deep affection for this baby even though I just find out his presence.

"Who are you going with? By yourself?" Mindy asks.

"Do I have a choice?" I answer with a wry smile.

I don't have any friends, and it is impossible to go with my mother. So, I have to do this by myself.

"You are out of your mind! What if something happens during the abortion? It is best to have someone accompany you. Never mind, I'm flying back tonight. I need to be there for you."

I am very moved by Mindy's words.

She really is my best friend. I think she is probably the only warmth I can feel in this world.

"Thank you, Mindy."

I whisper to her.

There are people speaking coming from outside. It seems like everyone is back from lunch break.

“What are you talking about? Share the love for your child with my child then. You can’t get away with it, godmother.”

“Okay. I’m going to grab a bite. Talk to you later.” After that, I hang up.

I pack my things and prepare to return to Louis’ house after getting off work.

It feels really amazing that suddenly there is a tiny baby in my belly. Although I already decide not to keep him, every step I take is extremely cautious. This feeling is beyond language.

No matter how unwilling I am to give up on this child, I must be responsible for his future. I can’t get rid of Frances for the time being, so keeping him will only harm him.

When I am waiting for the bus outside the company, a figure opposite gets my attention.

The employment agency is opposite my company. The man in suit who is looking for a job is Noah!