

Desperate Time 231

Chapter 231 You Are Too Tolerant

Whitney is sent into the operating room. Lawrence sits outside, even more anxious than Frances.

I am also nervous, hovering outside the operating room and praying that Whitney will be fine.

If I hurt an innocent little life, I will never forgive myself.

However, things go against my wish. When the doctor comes out, he shakes his head.

'I'm sorry, we've tried our best, but we lost the child. The patient's ribs are also slightly fractured. She needs a good rest. Most importantly, the patient has a history of mental illness. Such a big blow might cause violent mood swings. You should keep an eye on her and call the doctor if there's any problem.'

I feel painful in my heart.

It's like I've lost my own child.

Lawrence goes into the ward in a daze, and I follow him.

Whitney is already awake. She sits on the hospital bed with dull eyes, which is rather distressing.

When she sees me, she suddenly gets angry. She grabs the cup on the bedside table and throws it at me.

I don't think the cup will hit my belly, so I don't even dodge. I close my eyes and get ready to take Whitney's anger.

Anyway, I can't get away with the loss of the baby. I have to bear her blame.

However, the cup doesn't hit my head. And I hear Frances snort.

I open my eyes and see that he is standing in front of me. He has blocked the cup with his arm.

The cup falls onto the ground and breaks into pieces. I suddenly recall the time when Whitney smashed my head with a bottle. I wonder if she knew about my relationship with Frances at that time.

“Are you an idiot? Why don’t you dodge?”

Frances turns around and questions me in a deep voice.

‘Its my fault, so she can vent her anger on me.” I say expressionlessly.

“She was trying to push you down the stairs. Its not your fault! Jane, you are too tolerant!” Frances frowns and says sternly to me.

I don’t want to argue with him and thus keep silent.

He will never understand how heartbreaking it is for a woman to lose her child.

Besides, I’m to blame for the loss of his child. He should have hated me. Why did he block that for me?

I don’t understand, and I don’t want to understand.

Whitney is trying to get out of the bed to beat me, but Lawrence stops her. After a while, he can hardly hold her back, so we ask the doctor to give her a tranquilizer. Only then does she stop.

“m sorry.”

I say sincerely to her.

'Jane, you will pay for this.'

Whitney says weakly and then falls asleep.

However, the fierceness in her eyes still makes me shiver.

Whitney must hate me even deeper now. Perhaps she can't wait to see my death.

For the sake of my child and myself, I should not stay with Frances anymore.

It's impossible for me to run away from him. The only way I can think of is for him to drive me away.

Whitney was discharged from hospital after a few days. She returns to Frances' house.

Although I feel guilty and sorry, I am also terrified when she is around. I'm afraid that she will suddenly hurt me.

She is cold to me as if I don't exist. However, I know her very well. It's not her style.

There is only one reason for her to do so.

It's the calm before the storm. She must be plotting something big.

Chapter 232 The Secret

I don't mean to think badly of Whitney. But I can't help feeling scared as she sneers at me frequently.

I am so afraid that I have been avoiding her these days.

It's Saturday, and Lawrence came to the Louis'.

Frances is not at home. Lawrence greets me and then goes upstairs to see Whitney.

I watch TV downstairs. After a while, I feel a little sleepy, so I go upstairs.

I can vaguely hear Whitney and Lawrence arguing.

Whitney's voice is loud. She sounds angry.

My room is next to Frances', and Whitney's room is next to mine.

Although I close the door, I can clearly hear her roaring.

'Lawrence, I hate you. I hate Jane. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't lose my child!'

After a few seconds of silence, Lawrence says, "Whitney, stop it. If you hadn't tried to push Jane that day, it wouldn't have ended up like this."

There was a sound of something shattering. It seems that Whitney is throwing something.

"You mean, it's my fault that I lost child? Lawrence, you are too ruthless. That's also your child. How can you..."

Whitney doesn't finish her words. She is probably stopped by Lawrence. But what she said is like a bomb exploding in my mind.

It's not Frances' child. So she cuckolds Frances?

I get out of bed, walked to the wall, and put my ear to it.

I don't want to eavesdrop, but this news really shocks me.

Lawrence lowers his voice and says, "Whitney, I'm also sad to lose my child. But people have to bear the consequences of their mistakes. You did go too far that day. Now, calm down. Anger does no good to a pregnant woman."

Pregnant?

I'm stunned. Didn't Whitney lose the child?

"What did you say? Pregnant?" Whitney's voice is also filled with shock.

I press my ears closer to the wall, afraid that I will miss something important.

"The baby is fine. I asked the doctor to tell them that you lost the child. As for the medicine you took, it's not for postpartum recovery. It's for fetal protection."

I don't know if I should be happy or worried to hear this news.

Whitney is silent for a few seconds. Then she raises her voice and says, "No, I can't keep this child! It's not Frances' child! That night was just an accident. How can I bear your child? The person I love is Frances! If he knows that this child is not his, then we will be over! No, I shouldn't keep the child!"

Whitney has been heartbroken after losing her child, but now she wants to abort it. It's hard for me to understand. However, considering her mental illness, I feel it reasonable again.

"You can abort the child." Lawrence sneers and says, "But you have to think about it. If I tell Frances that you are pregnant with my child, what do you think he will do? I have arranged everything for you to study abroad for a year. You will go abroad in a month and give birth to the child there. As long as we don't tell him, Frances won't know about it. You like children so much. I'm sure you'll keep it. "

"Whitney, you have no choice but to keep my child."

Chapter 233 Trying to Cover It Up

It's not until now that I see Lawrence's true self.

He and Frances are basically the same kind of persons. They will do anything to achieve their goals, and they do not care about the consequences.

Whitney doesn't say anything, which means she has accepted Lawrence's suggestion.

I feel uneasy as Whitney is going to cheat Frances with another man's child.

After a few minutes, the door of Whitney's room opened.

In case that they find me eavesdropping, I stay in my room and don't go out the whole afternoon.

However, I fail to fall asleep after hearing the breaking news.

It's about six o'clock when I go downstairs. I can stand hunger, but the baby needs food.

Frances won't stop me from entering the kitchen now. I can make some simple dishes by myself.

Whitney is sitting on the sofa with a faint smile on her face. It seems that she is in a good mood after knowing that the child is still in her belly. When she sees me going downstairs, she is shocked.

"You were upstairs? What did you hear?"

"What? I was sleeping." I look at her with innocent eyes, pretending to know nothing.

If Whitney finds out that I heard what they said, she might kill me.

Whitney stares at me, probably judging whether I am telling the truth or not. After a while, she rolls his eyes at me and murmurs, "Alright. Prepare some more food when you cook, Frances will have dinner at home."

I'm not a servant, so I don't need to listen to Whitney. But I am not in the mood to argue with her. I go straight to the kitchen.

The smell of cooking fume made me sick. In the middle of cooking, I can't help but run to vomit at the garbage can.

Knowing that I have a strong pregnancy reaction, I usually close the door in case anyone sees me vomit.

I make three dishes and one soup. When I'm bringing the dishes to the table, Frances comes back.

Whitney walks to him. She holds his arm and smiles at me smugly.

At this moment, I feel like a servant. And they are an intimate couple.

However, Whitney is currently pregnant with someone else's child.

I look at Frances and feel sorry for him.

Frances doesn't say anything and sits down to have dinner. I made sweet and sour pork chops, sour and spicy shredded potatoes, vinegar fish, and rice noodles with pickled cabbage.

They are all simple home-made dishes. But as I see Frances frowns, I realize that all the food were made according to me own taste. I prefer sour food these days due to my bad appetite, which is caused by pregnancy and vomiting. And I forgot that Frances doesn't eat anything sour.

Last time, I made sour and spicy rice noodles. And he looked painful while eating.

Whitney also realizes it and puts down her chopsticks. She shouts at me, "What are you doing? You're not pregnant. Why do you make everything sour?"

Obviously, she is trying to cover it up, but I don't nail her lie.

None of them eat. It's indeed a bit embarrassing. Just as I am wondering what to do, I hear a sweet voice.

“What are you guys eating? My mouth is watering.”

Silvia walks over with a sweet smile and holds my arm. “Sister-in-law, did you make all these?”

Whitney’s expression immediately changes.

I’m so embarrassed.

Silvia does see Whitney and she still calls me sister-in-law. I feel something is about to happen.

Chapter 234 Stop Questioning

“Sister-in-law, you are really good at cooking. It’ll be a great honor for my brother if he can marry you.”  
Silvia ignores Whitney and says.

Whitney’s face is getting purple with rage. I pull Silvia and signal her to stop talking, but she seems not to hear me and continues to provoke Whitney.

As for Frances, he looks like an outsider, as if he hasn’t heard anything.

In the end, Whitney can’t hold back any longer. She slams the table and shouts at Silvia, “Silvia!”

“Mind your words! Don’t you know who your sister-in-law is? Are you blind? Your brother’s wife is me!”  
“And she’s just a shameless mistress!”

It’s like a slap on my face.

I know I am wrong, so I lower my head and do not say anything.



“What sister-in-law? If you weren’t pregnant, my brother would have divorced you long ago. Now you’ve lost the child. Do you think you can detain my brother?” Silvia snorts coldly.

“You... I didn’t...” Whitney doesn’t finish her words.

She is a smart person and knows what to say and what not to say.

Actually, I feel a little pitiful for Silvia. She likes Lawrence so much, but Lawrence likes Whitney. And Whitney is even carrying his child.

“What I said is true, isn’t it? Anyway, you don’t have a child now. Your good days have come to an end.” Silvia curls her lips and says.

Then she sits down and begins to eat.

All the dishes are sour, but it seems to suit Silvia’s taste. She praises my cooking and says to Frances, ‘Frances, don’t be picky. I know you don’t eat sour food because you hate the smell of vinegar. But tell you what, these are so delicious. You’ll regret if you don’t give it a try.’

She puts a piece of fish into Frances’ bowl.

I’m afraid that Frances will get angry with her. However, after pondering for a moment, he picks up his chopsticks.

It seems that he loves his little sister very much. Otherwise, he won’t have allowed her to behave at her own will.

After taking two mouthfuls of food, Frances put down his chopsticks and asks Silvia in a deep voice,

“What are you doing here?”

‘There’s some stuff I need to discuss with my sister-in-law. I don’t have her phone number, so I can only come here.’ Silvia

She replies while eating.

Frances chuckles and says, "It's not difficult for you to get her number." He nails her lie easily.

Silvia doesn't feel embarrassed. She sticks out her tongue and says, "Frances, stop questioning. I have been forced to get married. I can't stand it anymore, so I run away. Alright?"

She is forced to get married?

Who are they forcing her to marry? No matter who it is, it shouldn't be Lawrence. She won't refuse if it's Lawrence.

After finishing my meal and tidying up the kitchen, I go back to my room and find that Silvia is there. She's always light-hearted, but now she looks melancholy.

"Sister-in-law, have you finished designing my couple rings?"

I'm shocked.

I have been busy with other things and completely forgotten about it.

She sees my answer from the look on my face. Fortunately, she doesn't get angry. She shrugs at me and says, 'It's alright. I still have along way to go to win Lawrence's heart. It doesn't matter. You can take your time.'

I breathe a sigh of relief. I look at her apologetically and say, "I will finish it as soon as possible." She nods and puts on her playful face again.

"Sister-in-law, how do you avoid someone you don't like?"

Chapter 235 Why Should I Take a Showe...

I smile and shake my head at Silvia.

I want to know how to avoid a person who doesn't love me but doesn't let me go.

For example, Frances.

I think I'll die if I don't leave him.

"Do you know who my family want me to marry?" She looks at me.

I shake my head again.

I don't know anything about the upper class. How can I know if she doesn't tell me?

'Jakobe Wilkinson, Lawrence's good friend. And it's even suggested by Lawrence. The man I love hooks me up with another man. Is there anything more painful in this world?'

I feel like saying yes.

If Silvia knows that Lawrence likes Whitney and she is pregnant with his child, she will probably collapse.

'The Jakobe you are talking about... Does he look gentlemanly?'

I recall a humble and polite face that I saw on a banquet, which I attended with Frances in Santos.

"How do you know?" Silvia looks at me in surprise.

I smile and answer briefly that I've seen him once before.

'He is so nice to me, but I don't like him at all. And that's driving me crazy. Now I understand Lawrence, so I don't bother him now.'

I don't know how to solve Silvia's problems. I'm not qualified to provide advice for others because of my messy relationship. All I can do is to listen to her.

Silvia talks for a long time, and it's all about her pursuing Lawrence. She looks really happy even when she's just talking about trivial matters.

Finally, she is a little sleepy. She yawns and says, "Sister-in-law, I can feel that my brother is sincere to you. When he and Whitney divorce, he will definitely marry you."

I don't agree with her. Frances is nice to me, but I know I'm not good enough for him.

I never expect him to divorce Whitney, nor do I dare to dream about our future.

I smile bitterly and say in a low voice, "It's late. Go to bed."

A few minutes after Silvia leaves, the door of the bathroom is opened.

I lie on the bed and don't even open my eyes. I know it's Frances.

Then I hear him talking.

"What do you think of Silvia's last remark?"

Did he hear that? We didn't speak loudly. How long have he been in the bathroom?

'I'm not a commenter. I have no comments on that.' I curl my lips and end the conversation with a joke.

My love for him is an untouchable wound. The more I talk about it, the more painful it becomes.

Frances doesn't say anything else and walks to the bed. He lies beside me.

“Go take a shower.” He says indifferently.

Shower?

“Why should I take a shower now?” I look at Frances in horror and sit up from the bed.

“To do your job.” He says casually, but I get panic.

There’s a baby in my belly. How can I sleep with him?

I shake my head and say, “No, I’m not feeling well today. Maybe next time.”

As for the next time, I’ll have to figure out another excuse.

Frances’ face gets dark. He frowns and stares at me, “Jane, you have refused me too many times recently, haven’t you?”

Chapter 236 I’ll Behave Myself

I look at Frances cravenly and bite my lip, not knowing how to explain.

Frances snorts and sits up. He pinches my chin and smiles, “Do I need your permission before I sleep with you? Jane, who asks you to refuse me, Steven?”

“Why do you mention him? What does this have to do with him? Don’t get him involved in our stuff.” I frown.

That’s what I don’t like about Frances. Every time I annoy him, he will blame it on other men.

Andrew, Noah, and Steven have all been his targets. Therefore, now I always keep distance with other men.

‘It has nothing to do with him? But he is your boyfriend!’ Frances sneers. There’s disdain on his face.

I pondered for a while. He has probably seen the news on the Internet.

But Steven was just trying to help me, and what about him? He has never thought of coming forward to solve the problem.

When I was in the spotlight and people were cursing me. Where was he?

I am extremely disappointed in him.

‘Don’t worry, I didn’t sleep with them. As your mistress, I’ll behave myself.’ I say indifferently.

Frances’ expression becomes even gloomier.

I deliberately provoke Frances.

I know that when this man gets angry, there are usually two consequences.

First, he will leave.

Second, he’ll vent his anger on me like a beast.

I have no choice but to take a chance.

'Jane, you are really doing a good job. Sooner or later, I'll get tired of you!'

Frances chooses the first one. The moment the door is closed, I heave a sigh of relief.

But it's still painful in my heart.

It hurts me to love Frances. Sometime he is nice to me, and sometimes he's rude and cold. I can't stand it anymore.

However, when can I leave?

My morning sickness is getting worse, and I can't hide it anymore in the company. I'm afraid that Frances will find out my secret one day.

After work, I suppress my nausea and go to see my mother and brother.

When I open the door, they are packing their luggage.

"Where are you guys going?" I ask in confusion.

The apartment hasn't expired yet, and they don't have much money. Where are they going to move to?  
"We are going back to the hometown." My mother says.

It's a good decision, but I wonder why they suddenly want to return there.

My mother's expression changes and she doesn't say anything.

Frank glances at her and says, 'It's better to let Jane know. After all, she has helped us a lot.'

I am a little moved by what he said.

After experiencing so much, he seems more mature.

My mother ponders for a moment, and then she says, "Your dad and I had a car accident. They gave us over a million Yuan as compensation. I am going to do some small business with the money. Frank also agrees to move to the hometown with me. We are going to tell you after we move. I didn't expect that you would come here today."

What she said makes me feel that she doesn't take me as family.

I didn't think of compensation and I have been supporting them with my own money. My mother never tells me about the compensation she got.

And I don't even know what's behind the car accident.

Chapter 237 You're Too Naive

"By the way, mom, about the car accident," "You haven't told me what happened."

She was heartbroken after my father died, so I didn't ask her. And it's been too long that I have almost forgotten about it.

My mother's expression suddenly changes. She avoids my gaze and then says, "It's all passed. You don't need to know about it."

Well, as long as she's fine, I won't interfere too much.

I help them to pack up the luggage. The next day is weekend, so I send them to the station.

Actually, their returning to the hometown will reduce Frances' restriction on me. In that case, it might be easier for me to leave him.



At the station, my mother suddenly turns around and asks me, "Jane, do you want to go with us?" All of a sudden, I shed tears.

I know she's worried about me. I don't know how long it has been since I've gotten her attention.

But different from them, I won't be able to leave unless Frances gets tired of me.

I shake my head and say goodbye to them in tears.

When I walk out of the station, I see Noah. He is talking to a man who seems like a "big boss".

When he sees me, he frowns and quickly walks away.

No matter how familiar we were, we are now strangers.

I smile bitterly and take a taxi to go home. After a while, I receive Steven's call.

'Jane, come to my home. There's something I want to tell you.'

I hurriedly ask the driver to turn the car around and head towards Steven's home. When I enter his house, I see him sitting on the sofa with a serious face.

"What's wrong?" I ask softly.

'Jane, I have a friend who is a policeman. He gave me a video. I think you should watch it.' Steven raises his head and hands me the phone in his hand.

I can vaguely feel that it's not good news, and that it has something to do with me.

I don't dare to take the phone.

“Can I not watch it?” I asked cravenly.

Steven’s face darkens and he doesn’t say anything.

I bite my lip, take the phone, and play the video.

It is a surveillance video. My parents are walking across the road. Then a black Volkswagen suddenly drives over and hits my parents.

The ground is covered in blood, and my parents are lying motionless on the ground. It looks shocking.

I feel uncomfortable to see my parents hit by a car. I take a deep breath and then ask Steven, “Why do show me this?”

“Do you know who is driving the car?”

I shake my head.

‘It’s is Frances’ driver. Is it a coincidence, or...’ Steven doesn’t finish, but it already chills me.

I can’t imagine it, so I shake my head and say, “It should be just a coincidence. Although Frances is a bit ruthless, he doesn’t have any grudges with my parents. There’s no reason for him to do this.”

No matter how hard I think, I can’t figure out a reason for Frances to do this.

Steven chuckles and says to me, “Jane, you’re too naive. Do you really think it was by chance that Frances hooked up with you?”

## Chapter 238 But That's Good

It wasn't by chance?

Recalling how Frances and I got to know each other, I feel that Steven might have worried too much about it.

"He didn't come to me. Actually, I got to know him by accident." I explain.

I don't even know why I am so anxious to refute Steven's words, as if I'm afraid that it may harm our relationship, which has been twisted from the beginning. And I don't believe that the man I love is like what Steven said.

Many years later, I am wondering whether my life would be different, if I didn't get on Frances' car.

Steven stares at me for a long time.

Then he says, "Jane, no matter what I tell you, you still choose to believe him. Do you fall in love with Frances?"

I panic as he sees through me. I hurriedly explained, "I'm not speaking for him. You should find evidence if you think he did that. You can't just blame it on him."

Steven's expression changes. He says somewhat awkwardly, "I do not have any evidence right now, but I will investigate it. Jane, if your parents' car accident is really related to Frances, would you leave him?"

He looks at me with an extremely serious gaze and a hint of anticipation.

I know that Steven wants to help me.

I smile bitterly at him and say, "Even if the accident has nothing to do with him, I will leave him sooner or later. We are too different. And it's dangerous for me to stay with him."

I have to leave Frances, but I am not able to do that by myself. Last time, Steven helped me to hide from Frances. I was about to get on the plane. However, I failed to leave because of my parents.

Steven has tried to help me once, so I think I can turn to him this time.

I have no choice but to count on him.

“Steven, I’m pregnant.”

He is stunned and forgets to take the phone I hand to him.

“Are you going to keep the child?” Steven asks me.

I nod without saying anything.

“But if Frances finds out that I’m pregnant, he won’t allow me to keep the child. So I hope that you can help me leave him, the sooner the better.”

“Alright.” Steven answers me straightforwardly.

“You should be careful. Don’t let him know. I’ll arrange for you to leave.”

I return to Frances’ house, but the images in the video are still lingering in my mind.

I tell myself not to think so badly of him, but I can’t help speculating.

Frances has been mad at me these days. Every day at home, he ignores me. The stranger we get, the more intimate he and Whitney seem to be.

I can't remember how long it has been since he came to my room. For several times, I hear his steps and think he is going to enter the room.

But in the end, he doesn't knock on the door.

But that's good.

Since he is intimate with Whitney, he will gradually get tired of me.

Time flies and I have been pregnant for three months, but Steven hasn't get things ready. I feel worried as my belly has slightly bulged out.

Fortunately, I'm thin and people can't tell when I wear loose clothes.

Whitney also starts to wear loose clothes.

I heard her and Lawrence talking on the phone the other day. It seems that she is going abroad. But I don't know when it is. Once she leaves, will Frances bother me again?

Can I conceal the fact that I'm pregnant by then? Mindy has left with David, so I can only go to do the examination by myself at 12 weeks.

When I'm leaving the house, Whitney is not at home. I'm not surprised as her rarely show up.

However, when I arrive at the department of obstetrics and gynecology, I see Whitney, who was also here for an obstetrical examination.

Chapter 239 Will I Be Afraid of Break...

When I meet her gaze, I know it's over.

Whitney is not stupid. She immediately realizes why I'm here.

She walks to me and aggressively pulls me into a corner. She asks sternly, "You are pregnant?" She grabs the report of B ultrasound examination in my hand, her eyes blaze with fury.

"Three months. So it was you that got pregnant last time! You said that you just came with that woman for maternity examination. I'm so stupid to be kept in ignorance for so long. You must get rid of the child now!"

Whitney takes out her phone and calls someone, "Are you in the hospital? Go to the operating room to do an abortion. Hurry up."

I panic and try to wrench my hand free, but I fail.

She is pregnant too, but why is she so strong?

It's really horrible when a woman goes nuts.

But no matter what, I can't let her hurt the baby in my belly.

"Whitney, it's against the law for you to abort my child." I say in a deep voice, forcing myself to calm down.

In this situation, if I panic, things will get worse.

"Against the law? Do you think I'm afraid of breaking the law? To me, it's worse if you give birth to this child. I know it's France's child, so you can't keep it." Whitney shouts at me. She's rather emotional now.

I am scared of her rage and I can't help recalling that she is mentally ill.

Calm down. I have to calm down.

I say to myself over and over again in my mind.

'I'm not a threat to you. Don't you realize that Frances doesn't know about my pregnancy? I'm planning to leave him. I'll never tell him about this child.'" I say in a low voice, trying to pacify her.

She stares at me for a few seconds. It seems that she agrees with what I said, and she gradually loosens her grip.

However, she immediately grabs my wrist again.

'No, you're afraid that Frances doesn't want your child, so you plan to tell him after you know its gender. Right? The Louis family will let you keep the child if it's a boy, and Frances will marry you. Then what can I do? What about my child?'

Whitney's head shakes slightly. She's out of her mind.

In her eyes, I am a great threat to her. No matter what I say, she won't believe me.

'I won't do that. Believe me. I have never thought about marrying Frances. I keep the child just because it's innocent. I can't bear to abort it. You're pregnant too, so you must understand my feelings. There's no need for you to...'

"Enough! Stop! No matter what you say, the child can't be kept!"

As Whitney speaks, she grabs my arm tightly.

I'm weak and she has someone else to help her. If I am taken to the operating room, I might lose the child.

Now, there seems to be only one way.

I bit my lip and say to Whitney in a deep voice, "Whitney, I heard what you and Lawrence said the other day."

## Chapter 240 Made a Deal

What I said successfully stops Whitney.

She turns around and looks at me in panic. Then she nervously squeezes out a few words from her mouth.

“You... What did you say?”

‘I know that you are carrying Lawrence’s child. If you insist on taking me to the operating room, I will tell Frances that you didn’t lose the child, and that the child’s father is Lawrence. What do you think Frances will do?’

This is Whitney’s weakness and my only stake.

I don’t have other choices.

Whitney stares at me with a gaze full of resentment. After a long time, she fiercely says to me, “Jane, you are lucky today! As long as you don’t tell anyone about that, I won’t hurt your child. And you should keep your words in mind. If you don’t leave Frances, I will let your child die in your stomach anyway. Or, I will kill both of you. “

What she said makes my flesh creep, and my back is breaking into a cold sweat.

This woman is too terrifying.

But the priority now is to keep the child in my stomach. I must agree to whatever she says.

I nod and say, “I will leave Frances. I will leave before he finds out that I’m pregnant.”



I assure Whitney. Only then does she feel relieved. She let go and turns around to leave.

Looking at her receding figure, I finally let out a sigh of relief.

I go back home after finishing all the examinations with lingering fear. And I see Frances at the door.

Why does he come back home at noon?

“Frances.”

As soon as he enters the house, Whitney comes to meet him with a bright smile.

“What’s the matter? Why do you call me back in such a hurry? Have you decided to move out?”

Compared to Whitney’s enthusiasm, Frances is too cold.

Silvia, who is sitting on the sofa, can’t help chuckling. She waves her hand at me and signals me to sit beside her.

Whitney’s expression changes, but she immediately regains her composure. She hands a piece of paper to Frances.

‘Frances, I didn’t lose my child. It’s still in my belly.’ I am stunned.

I don’t expect that Whitney will take the initiative to tell Frances. What will Frances do if he knows that it’s not his child? Has she thought about that?

And what will Lawrence do if he knows that Whitney has told Frances?

Frances frowns and looks at the report in Whitney’s hand. There is no joy on his face.

“Are you sure? Didn’t the doctor say you lost it last time?”

Whitney explains, "I don't know either. I felt a little uncomfortable recently, so I went to the hospital. And I find that the child is still alive. Perhaps the doctor made a mistake in diagnosis. Or maybe God thinks that I am too pitiful to lose the child, so he gives it back to me."

Whitney says fluently.

She must have practiced the speech for many times in her mind.

'Is she pitiful? There must be something hateful about a pitiful person. I think God has also made a mistake.'

Silvia says angrily.

'Then you should take good care of the baby. I've got things to do. I'll go back to the company now.'

Whitney is not disappointed that Frances is returning to the company. In her opinion, the child is the best bargaining chip.

She fondles her belly and smiles smugly at me.