

Desperate Time 241

Chapter 241 I Can Afford to Support You

Whitney doesn't need to hide her belly, but I am still carrying a secret.

A few days later, Steven tells me that it has been arranged for me to leave Virginia.

I can leave whenever I want to.

A long delay may cause trouble, so I book a ticket to leave on Thursday morning.

When Steven hands the ticket to me, he asks, "Are you sure about this?"

I suddenly pause.

My heart is painful when I think of Frances.

I've made the decision, and I'm prepared. However, I am still concerned about him.

Will I miss him after I leave? Will he remember me? Will he reconcile with Whitney, or will he hook up with other women?

I don't want to talk about distressing things, so I force a smile and ask Steven, "You said you will look into my parents' accident. How's it?"

Steven frowns and says, "I've been investigating. However, every time I find some clues, someone in the dark will stop me. Don't worry, I'll work on it. And I'll let you know if I find anything."

I nod. Somehow I feel relieved.

Perhaps, it's better to find nothing.

I'm a little afraid of hearing the truth. I am afraid that Frances did it. If it's true, how can I face him? Perhaps I won't be able to love him by then.

I carefully put the ticket in my wallet and go home.

I'm leaving the morning after tomorrow, so I resign. If Silvia asks, I'll tell her that I am on an annual leave.

As for Frances, he's not at home during the day, so I don't have to worry at all. Even if he is at home, he might not care whether I go to work or not.

That's what I think. However, in the evening, Frances goes straight to my room when he returns home.

"You resigned?"

I am so shocked that I break out in a cold sweat, but I pretend to be calm.

"How did you know?"

'I went to Steven's company today for business cooperation. I wanted to take you home after work, but you were not at the company. Why did you resign?' Frances asks in a deep voice.

'I'm too tired. I want to take a rest.' I reply.

I think Frances won't believe me, or he will continue to question me.

But he says, "Well, if you are tired, don't go to work anymore. You can just stay at home. I can afford to support you."

What he said is really touching if he is my husband.

However, he's not. That's so ironic.

Anyway, I'm leaving the day after tomorrow. I don't want to argue with him, so I just nod.

'I'm going on a business trip in two hours. I'll take a nap here.'

Frances lies down on my bed, which puts an end to the cold war between us.

I don't want to stand in a stalemate with him before I leave.

I hope that our last days are worth remembering.

However, how long will he be away for business? Does it mean that I can't see him before I leave?
"Wake me up in an hour."

Frances closes his eyes and says tiredly.

"Alright." I nod and lie down beside him.

After taking a deep breath, I pluck up my courage and put my arms around his waist.

He freezes, and then he opens his eyes.

Chapter 242 It's Exactly an Hour

I retract my hand and look at Frances embarrassedly. "Sorry for waking you up."

I thought he was already asleep. And I didn't expect that he would be woken up by a touch.

God, will he cut off my hand?

“Give me your hand.”

He says in a deep voice, and I am more scared.

Damn it. Why did I touch him? Now I am done!

I put my hands behind my back and say resolutely, “No!”

Frances’ narrowed eyes make me a little scared, so I can’t help shrinking to the side.

The man gets closer, so I can only shrink back a little more.

“Come here.” Frances says with a grim face. A glance at his face makes me feel hard to breathe.

I shrink back again, but I am already at the edge. I am now falling off the bed.

My child! No!

With my first instinct, I stretch one hand to cover my belly and my other hand to catch something desperately.

Fortunately, I grab something fluffy. And Frances pulls me back to the bed.

I let out a sigh of relief and put the hand off my belly with fear lingering in my heart.

‘Let go.’ Frances squeezes out the words from between his teeth.

I look at him and realize that what I just grabbed is his hair.

Now he will definitely cut off my hand.

Frances slowly approaches me and grabs my hand.

I can feel my heart beating violently and my palms sweating.

However, it seems different from what I thought.

Frances doesn't chop off my hand. Instead, he grabs my hand and gently put it on his waist. He whispers to me, "Now, sleep."

After saying that, he closes his eyes.

I am so nervous that I don't dare to move. I just stare at him stiffly.

Frances doesn't open his eyes again and his breathing becomes stable. I check my phone from time to time, being afraid that I will miss the time to wake him up.

The atmosphere is too tense. I am just lying on the bed, but the sweat already soaks my clothes.

Finally, an hour passed. I lick my dry lips. Just as I am about to awaken Frances, he opens his eyes.

"Has it been an hour?"

I look at him in shock and nod.

"It's exactly an hour."

This man's body clock is so accurate. I can't help but to suspect that he hasn't slept at all and was just counting down minute by minute.

Frances nods and gets up. I also remove my numb hand from his waist.

He walks to the wardrobe, probably preparing to change his clothes and leaves.

He has a few sets of clothes in my wardrobe, and I never take them away.

But my clothes are all packed up. He will smell a rat if he sees that most of my clothes are gone.

No, I can't let him open the wardrobe!

I sit up and hurriedly call him.

"Frances!"

"What?"

He turns around and looks at me with confusion.

I force a smile, get out of bed and then say, "Are you going to change your clothes?"

He nods and raises his eyebrows to look at me. It seems that he is trying to see through me.

I take two deep breaths and approach him. I pretend to be calm and say, "You have a dark gray suit, don't you? I remember seeing you in it once, and I think you looked good in that suit. Why don't you wear it?"

Chapter 243 I'm So Ridiculous

I'm talking about the suit he wore at his birthday party.

It's nice, but I'm just praising him to make him feel good, so that he will find that suit to wear. However, I'm a little uncertain about it. Will Frances, who is used to praise, take my flattery?

Anyway, it will do as long as he doesn't open my wardrobe.

He is slightly stunned and pauses for a long time before he asks, "Do I look good in it?"

"Absolutely. You look gorgeous in that suit."

In case that he won't believe me, I nod repeatedly and then look at him with a sincere look on my face. Perhaps he has taken my flattery. Frances holds his hand back and goes back to his room.

It was so close!

I breathe a sigh of relief and feel like having a spark in my throat.

I'm too thirsty.

I walk downstairs to get a glass of water. When I pass the living room, I see Frances sitting on the sofa, wearing the dark gray suit I said.

There is a hint of anticipation in his eyes when he looks at me.

Men like to be flattered by others.

I walk to him and look at him with satisfaction. "It looks like the suit is tailor-made for you. I can't take my eyes off you."

'Tis custom-made." Frances says indifferently, but I can still tell from his casual tone that he is delighted.

This man is cute sometimes!

'It's still early. Eat something before you leave. There's some food in the electric cooker. I'll make some dishes for you.'

I say softly to him.

Perhaps this is the last time I cook for him.

"Alright."

He nods and sits there quietly.

There is no one else in the living room. In a trance, I feel that we are a couple, discussing what to eat for a meal.

"Frances,"

"Are you in the living room?"

But a voice soon breaks my beautiful dream.

Whitney opens the door and walks out of the room. As she has told Frances about the child, she doesn't need to cover it up and walks downstairs cautiously and slowly.

I smile bitterly and go into the kitchen.

Then I hear Frances' soft voice.

'I have to leave later.'

How naive am I to have those ridiculous thoughts just now.

They're a couple, and there's no space for me in this family. I'm leaving, but I'm still expecting something.

After a while, I bring out the dishes, one vegetable and one meat. Frances doesn't eat much, but Whitney eats a full bowl of food.

I don't want to argue with her, so I keep silent.

After the meal, Frances stands up and walks outside.

Whitney pulls his arm and says coquettishly, "Frances, when will you come back?" "The day after tomorrow."

"Our baby and I will be waiting for you to come back. Take care of yourself." Whitney carefully adjusts his tie. To me, this scene is too glaring.

Their display of affection makes me more like an idiot.

The day after tomorrow, when Frances returns, he will live a happy life with Whitney.

And I will go to another country alone.

Frances changes his shoes and leaves. Whitney's expression also changes. She says to me with a gloomy face, "Did Frances go to your room just now? What did you say to him? Did you tell him that it's not his child?"

Chapter 244 Five Million Yuan

It seems that she is afraid that I have told her secret to Frances.

I smile and say, "Do you think he will be so nice to you if I told him your secret? If he knows that you cuckold him, will you still be here?"

Apparently, Whitney feels guilty, so she is afraid that I will reveal her secret.

"You'd better not say anything. Otherwise, I won't forgive you!"

Whitney says sternly.

I shrug and say in a low voice, "I'm leaving. I won't make trouble now."

"You're leaving? When?" She asks hurriedly.

I can see that she can't wait to have me leave.

I directly tell her my plan, "I bought a plane ticket for the morning after tomorrow. I will leave before Frances returns. You can rest assured now."

"Really?" There's a bright smile on her face.

She can finally breathe a sigh of relief now that I am leaving.

I nod and go back to my room without saying anything.

Compared to Whitney's excitement, my mood is too gloomy.

I have been desperate to leave. But now that I am leaving, I feel great pain in my heart as if it's pierced.

At midnight, I receive a call from Steven, which startles me.

Is there anything wrong and I can't leave?

"What's wrong?" I ask nervously.

'Jane, congratulations,' Steven says lightly. 'The DS Company has decided to adopt your works entered for the competition in France. You can come to sign the contract tomorrow and get a payment for copyright.'

Unexpectedly, it's because of good news that Steven calls me at midnight. I breathe a sigh of relief.

"How much is it?" 'Five million. Same as last time.'

I know why Steven is so happy. With five million Yuan, I can break up with Frances. Then we are quits. And he won't have any excuse to pester me.

I earned the money on my own, so I can repay him righteously.

In that case, my leaving Frances is not fleeing. And I don't owe him anything.

The next day, I go to the company and sign the contract with the representative sent by DS.

The person who signs with me is Herman. He is full of praise for me and says that there will be more opportunities for cooperation in the future. If possible, he wants me to work as a designer at their company.

But if I want to leave Frances and go somewhere that he will never think of, I can't be so high-profile.

Frances has a partnership with DS Company. He will find me some day if I work at DS. Therefore, I won't go there.

I decline Herman's offer.

After I sign the contract, Steven and I go out for a meal.

And the money is soon transferred to my account.

I register a new card and transfer four million Yuan to it. Then I give the card to Steven.

'After I leave, you give this card to Frances and tell him that I am repaying him with my own money, and that from now on, there's no connection between us.'

Steven nods and takes the card, saying, "I've arranged everything for you- fake identity, residence, new job, new mobile phone number, bank card and so on. Everything is done. As long as you don't want to come back, Frances will never find you."

Chapter 245 Don't Tell Me

'I won't come back. I've made up my mind. As for the money for the house and other stuff, I'll transfer it to you when I finish calculating the sum.'

"Come on. You are my friend. I just want to help you." Steven shakes his head and smiles at me.

"We are friends, but I don't want to owe you too much. You've helped me a lot. I know that you are not short of money, but..."

'Jane, you don't owe me anything. It'll kill me if I don't do something. So just take it, please.'

Steven's tone softens, and he looks at me with a pleading gaze.

I don't know how to refuse him, so I nod.

After bidding farewell to Steven, I go home.

Whitney is in a good mood. She is sitting on the sofa, holding her phone with a smile. I don't know who she is talking to.

"Are you leaving tomorrow morning?" Seeing me come back, she stops me and asks again.

"Exactly." I roll my eyes and show her the ticket.

Anyway, even if she knows where I am going, she won't tell Frances.

Moreover, I am going to transfer there. Steven has prepared a helicopter to take me to my destination. I don't need to worry about my whereabouts being leaked.

"As long as you are still here, I can't settle down."

Whitney curls her lips and gives the plane ticket back to me.

I go upstairs to pack up my luggage. After confirming that nothing is left behind, I call Mindy.

'Mindy, I am leaving. I am leaving Virginia and Frances. I'll call you when I arrive at my destination.' "Are you sure? Have you made all the arrangements? Are you sure that Frances won't be able to find you?" Mindy asks a lot of questions. I simply answer "yes". But then I feel like crying.

Actually, I don't want to leave. I don't want to leave this city. I don't want to leave Frances. But I have to go.

'Forget about it, you'd better not tell me where you will go. It's alright as long as you are safe. If you tell me, I may tell David. And then he'll tell Frances...'

Mindy is right. When I got pregnant, David had asked me to tell Frances.

I say, "Then tell my future son-in-law, don't blame his godmother."

'Don't worry.'

I chatted with Mindy for a long time, and I don't know when I fell asleep.

I am woken up by a knock on the door. I open the door and see Whitney standing at the door. "Just came to remind you of the time. I am afraid that you will miss the plane."

It's already seven o'clock. The plane takes off at nine o'clock. I may not catch it if I don't set off now.

"Thank you."

After saying that, I close the door and begin to change clothes and wash up.

I know she is just afraid that I might change my mind. She's not being nice. But if she hasn't woken me up, I might have overslept and missed the plane.

And if I miss it, I might not be able to leave.

After I get things done, I hurry out and take a taxi to the airport.

As soon as I enter the hall, I see Frances talking with another person. And they are walking in my direction.

I'm only a hundred meters away from him, and there's no place for me to hide. What should I do?

Chapter 246 He Doesn't Love Me

Frances is intently chatting with the people beside him, and he doesn't see me for the time being.

However, he is coming my way. If I don't do anything, he will definitely find me.

I can't bear to part with him, and I wish I could take a few more looks at him. However, I know that if I delay for only a second, things might go wrong.

I can't stake my baby on it, for I can't afford to lose!

Suddenly, I saw a tall man in a windbreaker walking by.

Getting a brainwave, I throw caution to the winds and slip into his windbreaker, hugging him.

The man freezes, saying in poor Chinese, "Miss, what are you doing? It's not decent of you."

I don't care if it's decent or not. I can do anything to hide away from Frances!

I lower my voice and say to the man, "Could you please help me and turn around? A pervert has been stalking me for a long time. I have to get rid of him."

The man pauses for a moment and says, "Okay," and turned his back to Frances.

I tilt my head a little and steal glances at Frances. He looks across at the man, but he quickly looks away, and he doesn't spot me.

I let out a sigh of relief, but I feel an overwhelming sense of loss.

Maybe I have been brainwashed by TV dramas into thinking that no matter where the female lead is, the male lead can always feel her presence.

I am disappointed with Frances' quick glance.

However, life is not a campy TV drama. Besides, I'm not his heroine at all.

He doesn't even love me. How can he see me?

After Frances walks all the way out of the airport, I let go of the man and apologize to him, "I'm sorry.

Thank you very much for saving me."

"You're welcome." The blonde man smiles at me and says, "As the Chinese saying goes – there is greater merit in saving one life than in building a seven-tier pagoda. It looks like I have accumulated a great merit."

The man smiles, waving goodbye to me.

Wheeling my luggage, I get on the plane.

The moment the plane takes off, I know that I'm leaving this time.

Leaving this city, leaving Frances.

Goodbye, Frances.

No. Adieu, Frances.

Will I forget him even if I don't see him anymore? I don't know.

Two hours later, the plane lands at Muncie Airport.

After getting off the plane, I follow Steven's instructions and find the person who comes to pick me up.

He drives me to a private house, where I get on a helicopter.

My final destination is Prague, a fairyland. I hope I can start a new life there.

I've changed my phone, ID card, and bank card. Steven even makes up a complete story of my life.

Now, my name is Nancy. I moved to the Czech Republic with my parents when I was small. My father is an engineer and my mother is a teacher. I live a simple and ordinary life.

The life I used to dream of, but was too far away.

I thought Steven was only paying lip service, but when I move into the house which he has arranged and see a middle-aged couple inside, I realize how cautious he is.

He does all this to create a new identity for me, so that Frances will not be able to find me.

"Nancy, from now on, we will be your parents."

Chapter 247 There Is No Such Friend

My belly is growing bigger, and I can't conceal my pregnancy at all when I approach twenty weeks.

I'm glad I left Virginia. Otherwise, Frances would have discovered that I'm pregnant, and the baby should be gone by now.

My old phone is in the suitcase. For several times I want to see if Frances has texted me. I want to know if he cares about my departure. Even if he feels just a little bit irritated or angry, that counts.

But in the end, I don't have the courage to turn on the phone. I'm afraid to hear from him, and I'm even more afraid that he hasn't texted me at all.

I miss him. I think of him every second, every minute and every night.

However, he is not to be seen on TV in a foreign country. And I don't dare to read the news online, afraid that it will be all about him and other women.

My inner conflict almost drives me crazy.

One day I take a short trip to the supermarket. When I come back, I find that my parents are delightful.

During these two months, I find that they are good people, who give me family warmth that I haven't

experienced for a long time. Mother's name is Yvonne Bradley, and she is a very gentle woman. She treats me well with maternal love that I lack.

'Dad, Mom, why are you so happy?' Just as I enter the room, Mom walks over and takes the bag from my hand. She helps me to the table and nags. "Don't buy so many things if you go to the supermarket alone.

What if you're tired?"

"Okay." I nod and continue to ask, "What happened? Have you won the lottery? Why are you so happy?" 'No. Someone is coming to see you.'" Dad says with a smile.

Someone?

I think of Frances, my heart pounding.

"Who?"

As I speak, I find that my voice is trembling from nervousness.

"Steven of course. Who else could it be?" Mom says.

My heart sinks in disappointment. I smile bitterly, laughing at myself. Who else will come to see me? I miss Frances so much that I first think of him.

However, how could it be him? I'm thinking too much.

"When?" I force a smile and turn to ask Mom.

"This evening. He is such a thoughtful man. If I were you, I would have married him a long time ago."
Mom smiles.

"What are you talking about? We are just friends, very, very good friends." I hastily explain.

Every time Steven comes over, Mom teases me. No matter how I explain, she doesn't believe me.

"What friend? You're deceiving yourself. Why does a friend care about you so much that he travels from abroad to accompany you to the antepartum examination?"

I'm lost for words. Mom's right.

Antepartum examinations in Prague require the presence of the father, so Steven flies in to accompany me to each check-up. I've told him several times that I will just hire a man to go with me, but he insists on accompanying me. I can't do anything about him. .

At eight o'clock in the evening, Steven knocks on the door.

"Come on in. We've been expecting you for a long time." Mom warmly leads him into the room, as if he is her son-in-law.

I heard that my parents had a daughter, but they lost her in a car accident. So when Steven found them and asked them to be my parents, they readily agreed.

Perhaps they are the same as me. We all need love. That's why we can get along so well.

Chapter 248 It's Up to Me

Steven doesn't try to avert suspicion, following me into my room. Mom and Dad stand at the door and give me an encouraging wink, beckoning me to seduce Steven.

What are they thinking about? How can I seduce Steven as a pregnant woman? Moreover, there is no chemistry between us.

Steven sits down on the bed, fixing his eyes on me. It seems that he has something to say.

"Speak out." I say indifferently.

"Frances is driving me crazy." Steven sighs and then continues, "You know what? He has been stalking me almost every day for the past few months. I guess he does this to find you. It took me a lot of effort today to finally get rid of him. If he continues like this, he will find you sooner or later."

"I have already paid off my debt. Why is he so persistent?" I say helplessly, smiling bitterly.

The first time Steven came, he told me that when he gave the card to Frances, Frances turned grim with a cloudy face. When he walked out of Frances' office, he could hear Frances smashing things from afar.

"What if he cares about you?" Steven stares at me and says seriously.

I shake my head firmly and say, "Impossible. Stop spouting nonsense. How could he care about me? He just can't accept that I've fooled him."

Frances is very proud, and he has to be the one who dumps instead of being dumped. How could he accept that I left without telling him? It's humiliating to a man like him.

"I hear that he has been trying to divorce Whitney, but old Mr. Louis doesn't agree because Whitney is pregnant."

I nod with indifference.

It's none of my business if he divorces Whitney or not. I've got rid of them in my life, and I'm not involved with them anymore.

I have to accept the fact even though it hurts.

“You will have the pregnancy check-up tomorrow. Go to sleep.” Steven gets to his feet, walking out.

“Steven.” I stop him with a whisper. “Now that you are being stalked, don’t come to me anymore. I can handle the pregnancy check-up myself.”

‘I know how to deal with that. Don’t worry.’

I fall silent.

Steven is stubborn. He does not change his mind no matter what I say.

I have to face it. Mom’s not blind, and I’m not stupid. Even if I didn’t understand Steven before, I definitely do now.

He likes me.

However, I am not worthy of him at all. I’m a divorced woman who used to be a home wrecker, and now I’m having an illegitimate baby.

“Steven, I’m not worthy of you. There are so many good women around you, and you don’t need to waste...”

‘It’s up to me to decide if you are worthy or not. Your opinion doesn’t count. Jane, don’t underrate yourself.

You’re a thousand times better than you think. You deserve a man who is willing to doing anything for you.’

Steven turns to look at me with the familiar affection in his eyes.

Then he leaves the room, not giving me the chance to reject him.

When he accompanies me to the pregnancy check-up the next morning, he is peaceful as if nothing has happened.

Chapter 249 A Mysterious Man

Steven seems to have come all the way just to accompany me to the pregnancy check-up. After I am through, he leaves without even having lunch.

When he leaves, he stubbornly says, "Jane, no matter how you refuse, I will not miss every pregnancy check-up. From now on, I will not miss your birthday and the child's birthday. You don't need to do anything, and I'll take care of everything."

He doesn't ask me for anything, but his words put a great deal of pressure on me.

After experiencing so much, I feel that I am not worthy of anyone in the world. Perhaps my best ending would be to bring up the baby and die alone.

After I get home, Mom starts to lecture me when she finds that Steven has left.

"What's the matter with you, my girl? Steven is such a good man, and he likes you so much. Why do you refuse him stubbornly? I don't know what you've been through before, and I don't want to ask about your past. I can see that you are a good girl after we get along well these days. Why are you making things difficult for yourself? Why don't you want happiness?"

I feel like crying.

She cares about me, more than my biological mother. She knows that I lack love and long for love, but she doesn't know that I don't dare to love anymore.

'Mom, you don't know what I've been through.'

I finally couldn't restrain myself and tell her everything from the beginning.

After hearing that, she looks at me with pity in her eyes.

"My poor daughter, you've suffered a lot." Mom strokes my hair with distress, tears in her eyes. "I think that you need a man to love you, but I understand your pain, so I won't force you anymore. You need to sort out your own thoughts."

Ever since that day, Mom never asks me to accept Steven.

Life goes on uneventfully. Nothing has changed except that the baby is growing and I'm missing Frances.
more.

When I approach thirty-two weeks, Steven doesn't come the night before I take the pregnancy check-up. I

think he has finally come round, so I don't call him.

The next morning, I get up and wash, ready to go out and ask someone to accompany me to the pregnancy check-up. There's a young man living next door. I have chatted with him several times, and I feel he is a nice man. Maybe he will help me.

I stand at his door nervously, knocking on the door.

Suddenly, I feel a shadow over my head.

Just as I am going to turn around and see what is going on, a hand quickly covers my mouth.

I feel that something is wrong. The next second, I am being dragged away.

It should be a man. He is tall, and I don't even reach his shoulder. Who could it be?

When I reach the corner, I hear the young man's door open. I don't know what is going on right now, but I know that the man behind me is definitely not a good person. I bite his hand and shout at the young man's door, "Help!"

My mouth is quickly covered again, and the man behind me curses fiercely, "Damn it!"

He speaks perfect English, not like local people here. My intuition tells me that this man is from the United States.

Moreover, he comes with evil intent.

Who on earth is this man? Why does he kidnap me? Where is he taking me?

The man takes me into a car. After we get in the car, he blindfolds and gags me, binding me up with a rope.

As the car moves, I'm getting scared.

Chapter 250 You Don't Deserve to Have...

I can't see anything, but I know well that I am kidnapped.

But I know nothing about my kidnappers.

The unknown is frightening, and the darkness deepens my fear.

I don't know where this car is going, nor do I know what will become of me. I can hear clearly that I'm leaving the city.

I think of calling the police, but my phone is in my bag, which is in the hands of the man who has kidnapped me. I'm desperately helpless.

After a long time, the car finally stops.

The blindfold and the cloth are taken away.

I look around and see this is a deserted place. In front of me is a cottage that looks like a clinic. I've lived in Prague long enough to see at first sight that this is probably a private clinic without a license. Otherwise, it would not be located in such a remote place.

Why do they bring me here?

"Who are you? Why do you kidnap me?" I ask sternly.

The two tall men don't answer me at all. They escort me inside, each grabbing an arm.

Although I don't know what is waiting for me inside, I'm scared for no reason. Even the baby starts to move uneasily in my belly.

When I was kidnapped last time, Frances came and rescue me like a hero. But this time, he won't come for he doesn't even know where I am.

'Let me go. I won't go in!'

I struggle with all my might, but my strength is nothing compared to the two burly men.

They easily carry me inside.

There is only one doctor and two nurses in this clinic. There's a man in a suit, who I've seen before.

The other day Frances was working from home, and when he needed a document, this man came to deliver it.

Therefore, he works for Frances.

I smile bitterly, thinking that I was ridiculously naive. Just now, I was dreaming that Frances would come to save me, and I've never expected that he is the one who has me kidnapped!

The man knows that I recognize him, but he remains calm.

'Frances asks you to capture me. Where is he?' I look around, but I don't see Frances at all.

I can't tell whether I am disappointed or glad.

I want to see him, but I'm afraid to see him. If he suddenly shows up, I don't even know what expression I should wear when I say, "Long time no see."

'Mr. Frances doesn't come, for he doesn't need to do everything in person.'

The man says indifferently.

He turns around and whispers something to the doctor, who goes out with the nurse.

He talks in a tone similar to Frances, perhaps because he has stayed with him for a long time.

However, his words made me nervous.

What are they going to do? What order has Frances given them?

"What exactly do you want?" I ask loudly.

Sneering, the man walks up to me and glances at my belly.

I shiver under his creepy gaze. I intend to reach out and protect my belly, but my hands are tied and I can't even protect myself.

What shall I do? What are they going to do with my baby?

“Mr. Frances says that you don’t deserve to have his baby, so I come to dispose of this baby.”