

Desperate Time 291

Chapter 291 Is Your Marriage Fake

She thinks I want to stay with Frances.

But if it weren't for revenge, I wouldn't look twice at him.

However, I can't tell her but suffer in silence. I could only bite my lips and stubbornly say to Sabina. "Sorry, Frances and I are married now. I can't just pick up and leave as you wish. Even if you hate me, you can only put up with this."

Sabina's face changes because of my words.

She raises her hand and is about to slap me across the face.

"Mom!"

"What are you doing?" Frances suddenly appears at the door. This stops Sabina. Finally, she drops her arm.

Sabina turns to Frances calmly with a smile, "Jane's hair is a little messy, I am about to help her with her hair."

As she speaks, she gently tidies up my hair.

To be honest, her actions kind of give me goose bumps.

Just now, in front of Frances, she already showed that she hates me so much. Doesn't it feel too hypocritical to do so now?

Frances chuckles and walks over to my side. "Mom, if you're here to express your dissatisfaction, you can leave now. Your fans all over the world are still waiting for your tour!" he says.

“I have rounded off the tour and want to have a good rest. I don’t want to go back to the Louis’ house. There are too many memories there. So, I’ll stay here with you.”

Sabina says as she strides inside.

“Do you think this is a hotel? You are here. Grandpa is here. So is Silvia. Maybe the entire Louis family can move in here.”

Frances’ face is dark with reluctance.

“About this...” Sabina stops and turns to Frances with a graceful smile, “I can go home and discuss it with them.”

Even though Frances is reluctant, Sabina still stays here.

And this is the beginning of my nightmare.

I usually go out to work with Frances during the day, so I shouldn’t have had any contact with Sabina. Unfortunately, I am sick today.

With a high fever of 102 degrees Fahrenheit, Frances can’t bear to ask me to go to work and let me take medicine and stay at home to rest.

I am lying in bed, so dizzy and weak.

In a muddled sort of way, I hear someone knocking on the door of the next room.

Frances isn’t here, why does she knock on the door?

After a while, she knocks on mine.

“Come in.”

I answer casually.

The door is pushed open, and Sabina's contemptuous voice sounds at the door.

"What? Why do you sleep in separate rooms since you're married? Is your marriage fake?"

Perhaps Sabina has such thoughts because she sees so many dramas like this in wealthy families.

I struggle to get out of bed and look at her, "Fake marriage? Do we have a reason to get a fake marriage?"

"Then tell me a reason why you get married. You won't tell me that you love each other, will you? You won't believe it even if you say it yourself, right?" Sabina sneers.

Her words undoubtedly stab into my heart.

Of course, our marriage has nothing to do with love, of course. To put it bluntly, it is just an exchange.

However, I still don't know what he needs.

"Sorry, it's my freedom to sleep where I like." I say to Sabina with a faint smile.

Chapter 292 A Hard Time

As a courtesy, I should call her mother-in-law, but I don't want to say it.

And she doesn't want to hear it either.

"I didn't come here to see where you slept. I'm hungry. Fix me some lunch. In addition, since you're not going to go out to work, you should wash the clothes and clean up the house. The Louis' never feeds the freeloaders!"

Sabina says, almost rudely.

Actually, after a few meetings, I can already tell that Sabina isn't the woman she acts like in public. As a pianist, she is supposed to be an elegant and aloof woman. But in fact, she is no different from an typical evil mother-in-law.

Moreover, she is a woman of privilege and wealth. That makes her willful viciousness even more obvious.

"I still have a fever." I say weakly.

"It looks like you're not that weak. Get up quickly. Serve the food in half an hour. Or you just wait and see!" Sabina says and goes down. I have no choice but to get up from the bed and stagger downstairs.

I'm not a pushover. I just don't think it will do me any favors by messing with her.

I am so dizzy that I don't even know how I make it.

I cook some noodles, bringing the bowl to Sabina, and prepare to go upstairs to rest.

Sabina has one mouthful and slams down the chopsticks. She stops me.

"Are you trying to poison me? Look at what you cooked!"

"What's wrong with it?" I asked doubtfully.

I am groggy. But that makes no difference to what I cooked. Seasoning the dish is almost my instinct. It is impossible for me to add them wrong.

"I'm a public figure who needs to perform. You put on so much chili pepper, so how can I perform after eating it?!" Sabina snaps with a cold face.

Chili pepper? Perform?

She's a pianist, not a singer. What's wrong with having chili?

I don't understand what chili has to do with performance, so there is only one conclusion.

Sabina is making things difficult for me.

I should have thought of this a long time ago.

However, I don't have the strength to argue with her. I chuck the noodles out and say to her, "I'll make another bowl!"

Then I enter the kitchen again.

After finishing it, I bring another bowl to Sabina.

When I walk out of the kitchen, I almost can't hold the bowl.

It's not OK. I'm too dizzy. I need to go to bed immediately.

"Do you put oil in the dish? I want to keep my figure. Are you trying to make me fat by putting on so much oil? You know it is hard to keep fit at my age!"

Sabina doesn't stop picking on me.

I understand that no matter what I do, she will not be satisfied. Since I'm not feeling well, I'm too lazy to please her.

"Since you're not satisfied with what I cooked, you can do it yourself." I say indifferently, not wanting to bother with her anymore.

“If I had to do it myself, what are you doing at home?! To Frances, you might be a mistress. But to me, you’re just a servant!”

She is rude when she speaks. With that mean attitude, it is hard to believe that she is a respected artist.

“Whatever you say, I can’t serve you anyway.” After saying that, I go upstairs.

Of course, I lock the door to prevent her from bothering me again.

### Chapter 293 Are You Mad

As expected, Sabina comes to knock on the door again. I cover myself under the blanket and pretend not to hear anything.

In the afternoon, my fever is finally gone.

I feel hungry. I quietly open the door and look around. Sabina doesn’t seem to be at home, so I go to the kitchen to cook food.

When I go downstairs, I see an empty bowl on the table and I know Sabina has finished the noodles I cooked for her. But she said she didn’t like it. What a hypocritical woman!

I curl my lips and go into the kitchen to cook some dumplings for myself.

Mindy calls while I’m still eating.

“Jane, I’m back. Come on! Let’s hang out!”

Mindy sounds energetic.

She seems to always be so full of vitality. When I am down, she is like sunshine, illuminating my world.

It's been a long time since I saw Mindy last time.

In fact, I haven't contacted her for a long time ever since last time when I returned home.

It is only three o'clock in the afternoon, and Frances won't come back so soon. So I agree. My face looks pale for the fever, so I wear a light make-up and go out.

Mindy waits for me at Wonder Plaza. When I arrive there, she is coaxing the baby in the stroller.

I feel so sad.

If my child was still alive...

Mindy sees me and understands what I am thinking. She smiles at me and says, "David has gone on a business trip today. I'm so boring at home. Come on! Let's go shopping."

Mindy holds me with one hand and pushes the stroller forward with the other.

In the stroller, the baby looks around with curiosity.

The baby looks just like David. David is very handsome, so this baby is very pretty, attracting people's attention all the way.

I don't want to mention those sad things, but I still can't control myself.

"If only my child is still alive..." I say sadly, tears rolling in my eyes.

"It's all because of Frances! That bastard! Even the most vicious animal will not eat its cub! But the bastard just killed his own child! Holy crap! I swear I'll kick the hell out of him if I ever see him again!" Mindy clenches her fists and says with anger.

Mindy is my best friend, and she really cares about me. However, I am still hiding something from her. I don't think it's good.

After thinking for a while, I confess to Mindy, "Mindy, actually, I'm married to Frances."

"What?!" Mindy turns around and feels so shocked.

Then she reaches out her finger to stamp me in the head.

"Are you mad? You should have killed him. Why would you climb onto his bed? Is your head full of shit?" Mindy is so angry with me that she even curses in public.

Considering that there are too many onlookers, I whisper to Mindy, "Let's find a place to talk."

It happens to be time for dinner, so we find a restaurant and I tell Mindy about all my thoughts.

Mindy looks at me helplessly and sighs.

"I think you will fall for it again. You will have nothing left then."

"No way. I hate Frances. I hate him for taking my child's life. I won't forgive him and I won't let him off," I say firmly.

Mindy shakes her head and smiles without saying a word.

I know that she might not believe me, so I just remain silent and eat.

"What's that man doing?! Holy crap!" Mindy suddenly exclaims.

Then she slaps on the table and stands up.

We sit by the window and there is a secluded river outside. What did she see? A naked man?

I look out and happen to see a man placing a child by the trash can by the river and leaving in a hurry.  
I can see it clearly from the second floor.

That child looks familiar.

I stare at the baby for a while and suddenly recognize that it is Whitney's child!

Chapter 294 You're More Like His Mom

What's going on? Has someone stolen her child, or does Whitney want to abandon the baby?

This happens just as I ask Frances to take over custody of the baby. It seems strange, but I don't have any time to think about it carefully.

I can't leave this child alone anyway.

"Let's go!"

I stand up and drag Mindy downstairs.

"Hey, wait a minute. I have to take my baby."

Mindy pushes the stroller and follows behind me.

It suddenly occurs to me that Whitney left her child in the earthquake and escaped by herself last time.

She is not like a mother.

Or maybe Whitney and Frances are just alike. They don't care about the baby at all.

Thinking of this, I can't help but feel sorry for the baby.

I run downstairs, and when I get there, the baby is still crying so hard by the trash can.

"What a ruthless person! How can she just abandon this baby here? How can the parents do this to such a cute baby?!" Mindy is so angry that she trembles.

"This is Whitney's child," I say indifferently as I gently pick up the baby.

The baby's crying just touches my heart.

As I look at him, I think of my lost baby and my heart softens.

It'd be so good if this was my child. I will cherish him with my love and I will definitely not be as irresponsible as Whitney.

"Whitney's baby? Then why is he here?"

Mindy is confused, and I don't know why, either.

"I don't know. But what should we do as the baby is crying so hard now?" I look at Mindy, feeling so worried about the baby.

I believe that my concern for this baby is all due to my guilt and love for my lost child.

"He might be hungry. Let me try."

Then Mindy takes the baby to the corner.

She has been breastfeeding her baby, so she is able to provide this baby with some food.

As expected, the baby stops crying and begins to eat attentively.

After a while, he even starts swaying his hands and feet.

My heart just melts.

It seems that I have more connection with this baby than with my godson.

The baby falls asleep then.

I take the baby from Mindy carefully with smile, as if I am holding the most precious treasure in the world.

“Look at you. I think you’re more like his mom,” Mindy makes fun of me.

I make a grimace at her and turn to look at the baby.

“Jane, should we send this child to the police station? If the baby has been stolen by a bad person, Whitney would be worried, right?”

I don’t know if Whitney will be anxious, but out of selfishness, I don’t want to send the baby back.

However, I haven’t got any information from Frances yet. So before he gets the custody, I have to send the baby to the police station because of the law. Otherwise, I might be accused of child abduction.

Although I am reluctant to part with the baby, I bring him to the police station anyway and tell the police what has happened. I also tell them that the baby’s mother is Whitney.

Then I call Frances.

Chapter 295 Thank You, Frances

Although Whitney is injured and still remains in hospital, she may think of a way to deal with me.

If I don't let Frances protect me, I am not sure whether I can stay safe.

"How are you? Are you still having a fever? Is your fever getting worse?" Frances asks about my condition anxiously.

My restless heart beats faster because of his sudden concern.

Seeing that I don't reply, Frances starts again.

"Why not speak? Are you very uncomfortable? I'll be right back." His concern seems too good to be true.

Is this really Frances? If so, why does he care so much about me?

But now is not the time to think about it. I put on a bitter smile and say, "I'm fine. My fever is gone. Someone dropped Whitney's child and I picked it up. I'm in the police station. Can you come over?"

"Alright. I'll be right over." Frances answers and hangs up.

The policeman calls Whitney and puts her on speaker, so I can hear Whitney very clearly.

The phone is picked up soon.

"Hello, is this Ms. Whitney?"

"Yes," Whitney answers in an indifferent voice.

"Two ladies sent your child to the police station." As the policeman speaks, he glances at us and asks, "May I know your names?"

“My name is Jane Noyes.” Since I am not afraid that Whitney will know I am here, I give my name to the policeman.

I hear something fall to the floor from the other end of the phone. The following sound is a bit noisy. I may scare Whitney just now. She might have dropped her phone.

“Ms. Noyes saw someone leave your child by the roadside. She picked up the child and sent him to the police station. Could you please come here and tell us what happened?”

“I’m hospitalized. I have no time.”

Beep.

Whitney hurriedly hangs up the phone, which makes me very uncomfortable.

I cannot deny that she is injured, but how can she abandon her own child?

I feel that she is guilty of it. I can’t help but think that she has had her baby thrown away by others.

But why? Anyway, it is her child.

Frances arrives at the police station soon.

He goes straight to the leader’s office. He finishes talking with the leader soon, comes out and takes me away.

Of course, we leave with that baby.

Holding the sleeping child in my arms, I ask Frances in confusion, “What shall we do with this child?”

“Take it home and bring it up. You always want me to regain the custody, don’t you? It’s done,” Frances says indifferently and walks over to the car.

So soon?

He says that he will settle it within a week, but it only takes him three days. It is true that money talks.

“Thank you, Frances.” I express my sincere gratitude after him.

I hate him, but he indeed does me a favor. Without him, this thing would not have been done so easily.

Frances pauses for a moment. Without saying anything, he opens the car door and gets into the car.

I am about to follow Frances, but Mindy pulls me aside and says to me with a serious expression.

“Jane, how badly do you want to start a family of three with Frances? You even plan to raise the child of him and Whitney. To be frank, did you really marry Frances for revenge or you just want to be with him?”

Chapter 296 If You Like Children So M...

“Of course, it’s for revenge. He did that to me. How could I still have feelings for him?” I say firmly, but my resolution is shaken a bit.

“As for this child, you should know Whitney doesn’t care about him at all. Though I lost my child, I can’t bear to see Whitney treat her child like this.”

Mindy sighs and looks at me with a complicated expression for a while before letting me go.

There are no products for children at Frances’ home. When we come back home, I write a shopping list and ask him to buy all the things on it.

“How do you know about these things so well?” Frances looks at the list and says.

His question happens to touch my sore spot.

Back then, my child was about to be born. I’ve prepared everything for it, but I didn’t expect that tragedy to happen. But now, Frances mentions this calmly. Does he even consider how I feel?

No, he doesn’t care about my feelings.

“I said before that I wanted the child back. Of course, I need to be prepared,” I say casually.

I plan to prepare these items these days, but it is unexpected that Whitney discards her child and Frances takes the custody of it in advance.

Whitney probably doesn’t want to give this child to Frances, so she asks someone to throw him away. But I really can’t understand why she does so.

Although this child is not Frances’, Frances and I will treat the child better than Whitney does.

Recently, I really don’t understand Frances.

For example, his concern for me is beyond my imagination.

He even agrees with me to take this child back. After all, this is not his own child. He will lose face if others know.

I stop thinking since I can’t figure it out.

Frances comes back with things I need in less than an hour.

The child gets hungry, so I mix formula with water for him. Fortunately, he is adorable and not picky about food. He drinks half a bottle and falls asleep again.

Looking at the cute baby asleep in my arms, I look up and ask Frances, "What is his name?"

"Earl Louis," Frances says indifferently and seems to a little unhappy.

Earl is someone else's son but uses the family name of Frances. No wonder Frances feels uncomfortable.

But he takes the baby back. I really think he has done enough for me.

But it doesn't mean that my hatred for him will be less. I will bear his faults in mind and never forgive him no matter how he tries to make up.

The crib is beside my bed. I am worried that the baby cannot sleep well in my arms, so I go upstairs and put him in the crib. I stand by the side, stare at his adorable sleeping face, and can't bear to look away.

I never thought I would like this baby so much, though he is the child of a woman I hate.

Frances walks up to me in silence and gently wraps his arms around my waist.

I don't push him away probably because the atmosphere is too good.

"Since you like children so much, let's have one." Frances leans his head against my shoulder and whispers in my ear.

My body suddenly stiffens How can he put it so lightly? He kills our child but now talks about giving birth to another?

I exert my strength to pull his hand around my waist away, turn around and point at the door with a cold face.

"Get out! Get out of here! I don't want to see you!"

## Chapter 297 Bruises on Earl's Body

Old wounds are opened again and again. It is really hurt a lot.

Before Frances could react, I push him out of the room.

His simple words annoy me.

I've really had enough of his constant act of provoking me, and I don't know when I'll be in no way to stand him any longer.

In the evening, I begin to feel awkward after breastfeeding Earl.

Now, he needs a bath.

But a two-month-old child has an extremely soft body. I find it hard to bathe him.

I can't bathe Earl, let alone Frances. I don't care whether Sabina can do it or not, for it's impossible for me to ask her for help. Moreover, she hasn't returned yet.

After thinking for a while, I can only ask Frances to call Betty over.

I know she has raised two children by herself, and now she is also taking care of her grandson. Therefore, it should not be a problem for her to bathe a child.

Soon enough, Betty skillfully takes off Earl's clothes after she arrives.

I am ready to learn from her at a side, so that I can bathe Earl myself in the future.

"Ms. Noyes, it's so kind of you. You even don't reject to help Whitney take care of her child. Do you know how annoying she is?" Betty complains as she undresses Earl.

I smile and look at Earl, my eyes full of tenderness.

“No matter what kind of person Whitney is, Earl is innocent. Besides, he is a cute boy. Everyone likes him.”

Earl turns around and smiles at me. He might have understood what I say.

His smile softens my heart.

Betty also smiles and adds, “That’s right. How fair and handsome he is! Of course ... Wait a moment! What’s it?”

Betty’s expression changes as she puts Earl under the light.

I walk forward after feeling something wrong.

I almost cry at the sight of Earl’s body.

On his fair and tender skin spread lots of bruises, as well as marks left after being pinched with fingernails.

Such marks are all over his arms, upper body, and laps.

Thinking back to the day when Whitney hit him, I can say these marks must be caused by Whitney.

“Bastard! How can she harm her own son?” I snap angrily and look at Earl with distress.

I’m glad to have brought Earl back with me. Otherwise, Whitney must continue harming and torturing him.

Betty wipes away her tears while carefully bathing Earl.

“Why is she so hard-hearted? Earl is such a little boy. It must hurt so much!”

I also feel uncomfortable and watch with complicated emotions as Betty bathes Earl, dresses him and places him into the crib.

Earl waves his little hands inside the crib with his eyes open, looking cheered. He seems to have forgotten all the unpleasant experiences.

I play with him for a while, and then go downstairs after he falls asleep.

Sabina has been there. At the sight of me, she turns to Frances and questions, "How can you allow her to look after Earl? Don't you know how vicious a stepmother can be? What if she beats and abuses Earl?"

Although she is talking to Frances, I know she is uttering to me.

Judged by her appearance, however, she probably hasn't known the fact that Earl is not Frances' son.

Frances probably doesn't intend to tell anyone about such a shameful thing.

"Are you hinting I will abuse Earl? Go up and look what Whitney did to Earl? If I don't take him back, your grandson might have been killed!" I tell the truth out of rage.

Sabina also cares about Earl. She goes straight upstairs into my room upon hearing my shouts. After she comes out again, she looks at me guiltily. Pursing her lips, she silently returns to her room.

I haven't had dinner, and I casually cook something for myself.

From the moment I entered the kitchen until I finish my dinner, Frances has been sitting on the sofa without moving.

If I hadn't known what kind of man he is, I might have mistaken him to be a wax statue.

I don't bother to greet him and prepare to go straight upstairs. However, Frances stops me.

"Jane, don't you have anything to tell me?"

What? What should I tell him? I look at Frances in a puzzled way, not understanding what he means at all.

Only then does he stand up and walk towards me. He stares at me and asks, "Shouldn't you tell me where you've been in the past 6 months?"

His voice is indifferent, almost enraging me to strangle him to death.

Those painful memories flash in my mind.

He must mention it on purpose! How can't he know how painful the past has been to me? But he just keeps talking about it.

I suddenly understand why he marries me.

Perhaps, he wants to take a revenge.

He hates me for leaving without informing him. He feels it not enough to kill my child, but even intends to trap me by his side day and night. He wants to humiliate and torture me again and again.

I try my best to force a smile, though I am utterly distressed. Then I approach Frances, point at my heart and snaps at him, "Frances, why are you saying that? Why don't you just stab me to death?"

If I can't give him a devastating blow, I'd rather he stabs me hard in the heart and releases me.

Frances frowns and whispers, "You're the one who will stay with me for my lifetime. Why should I stab you? Since you don't want to tell me, just let it go."

With softened eyes, he reaches out his hand to my face, but I quickly dodge it.

His touch makes me sick.

To stay with him for a lifetime? Didn't he find it ridiculous when saying that?

How can we live for a lifetime? In any case, only one of us will be alive. And the worst result is that both of us will be harmed or dead.

So, the word "lifetime" sounds incredibly ridiculous to me and almost drags out my tears.

"Do you care my willingness? Don't you just want to see how miserable I can be? I have lived a happy life

in the past 6 months, but you destroyed everything. Frances, you probably don't know how much I hate you. But since you don't stab me in the heart, be careful that I will shoot you in the heart!"

I say in a freezing voice.

My heart breaks as the words get out of my mouth.

Frances' expression is a little complicated. He probably doesn't expect that I would reveal my hatred for him so undisguised.

I forced myself to endure it, but he keeps hitting my limit. I've really had enough! Anyway, he knows clearly what he has done, so there's no need for me to hide my hatred.

"If that day should come, I wouldn't dodge."

He says indifferently, walks past me and goes upstairs.

I suddenly want to cry as the wind blows in from the window.

I wonder if this feeling is caused by the thought of my unborn child, or of Frances.

I will be awake all night long, I know.

Whatever, I also don't prepare to sleep, so I just gaze at Earl's sleeping face all night.

Apart from crying for milk three times, he has been well-behaved at night.

I really don't understand why Whitney had the heart to harm such a cute and good child.

How hard-hearted Whitney can be that she could be so cruel to her son?

Whitney and Frances are both heartless people. They're simply a match made in heaven. So why did they divorce?

Earl wakes up early in the morning. Then I carry him downstairs to get some fresh air. Just as we enjoy the sea breeze for a while, the police come.

#### Chapter 299 He Arranges Everything

"Hello, Jane Noyes? You are suspected of attempted murder. The victim has already provided some evidence. Please come with us."

I stand still, feeling my head buzzing.

I reckon that it should have ended, but Whitney refuses to let me go.

"Yes," I reply softly.

Looking at the little Earl in my arms, I am about to hand him over to Frances and ask him to call Betty over. Then I can rest assured.

I'll never count on Sabina no matter what.

"Please wait a moment. I'll come in a while."

"No need. I'll go with you." Frances' voice suddenly comes from behind.

I turn around and see France in pajamas.

It is only 7 in the morning. No wonder he hasn't been up yet. However, I'm wondering why the police came to work so early.

Could it be that Whitney urged them to come over?

Judged by her personality, Whitney will never wait even for a second if she plans to frame me.

"Aren't you going to work today?" I ask, looking at Frances doubtfully.

I know how busy he has been. Other than making a phone call, he only sits at the computer desk dealing with his documents all day long.

"You are more important than that." Frances whispers, and the two police officers can't help smiling.

A hint of affection seems to be revealed by his words.

Faint blushes climb onto my cheeks. I change the topic. "What about Earl? We can't bring him with us, can we?"

'I've called Betty over. By the time I get dressed and get ready to leave, she should have arrived.' Frances is always a reliable man. He arranges everything, as if I never have to feel worried when being with him.

Apart from being hard-hearted, he is a perfect man.

But in this world, what I fear the most is hard-hearted men.

Betty arrives soon. After that, I go to the police station with Frances.

When we arrive at the police station, we bump into Whitney and Lawrence who are rushing over.

Whitney's face is still a little pale. After all, she just got a narrow escape from death. I feel rather guilty about stabbing her.

But I'm clear that women like her deserve none of my pity.

"Well, Jane, don't think everything can be fine by taking Frances with you. Since you've done wrong, no one can help you!" Whitney snorts at me. If eyes can kill, I would have been dead by now.

"I see."

I don't bother to talk to her, so I just give a casual response before walking into the police station.

I didn't commit a crime, so I'm not afraid. I'm just waiting to see what evidence Whitney has produced to frame me.

Normally, it is forbidden for Frances to enter the interrogation room with me. However, he is always an exceptional man.

So, I am not surprised at all about the fact that he can sit with me in the interrogation room while the police are friendly to him.

"Let me first state my position. I have reservations about the allegation of intentional murder against Ms.

Noyes. However, I should now show you the evidence provided by Ms. Whitney.

It's like this. Two pieces of evidence are provided by her. One is a witness, her driver, who claims himself having stayed at the door during that time and naturally heard the commotion inside. The other is the conversation between you two. Ms. Whitney says she has a recording."

A recording?

But judged by what has happened that day, I'm not afraid of her even if she recorded the conversation!

Chapter 300 Call Me Husband

"First of all, the driver testified that he only heard you hurling abuse. And you said several times that you wanted Ms. Whitney to die. Then the police cars and ambulance came. He saw Ms. Whitney come out covered in blood. So it was determined that you injured Ms. Whitney. I can play the other recording for you now."

As the policeman speaks, he starts the recording.

There is actually just one sentence inside.

"Bitch! You bitch! I want you to die today! I want you to die!"

Next, there is a lot of noise, and then, we hear Whitney's screaming.

This is indeed my voice, but the one who say these words is clearly Whitney.

After she barges in and says these to me, she tries to strangle me.

I don't know what advanced surgery Whitney has had to turn her voice into mine. But I'm not stupid. How can I take the blame?

'I've never said these. It's Whitney! This is forged evidence and I'm framed."

I want to calm myself down. But when I say that, I am still a little panic.

Even the recording can be forged. What evidence can't be forged by Whitney in order to kill me?  
Unconsciously, she glances at Frances.

He looks so indifferent, as if this has nothing to do with him.

My heart instantly sinks.

Right. What does it have to do with him? He doesn't lack a wife. Even if I go to jail, he'll find another one.

Besides, I say that I hate him so much last night. He will inevitably bear a grudge against me.

"But this is indeed your voice. I've found a technician and he said that it should be your voice."

"Then you guys should find the best technical expertise. If I say it's not me, then it's not me. Do you automatically stand by Whitney and believe what she said when you see that she's so weak?" I say with a stern expression.

Whitney always makes me anxious and my life full of mess. I'm just an ordinary person. What can I do to contend against her?

And Frances' indifference makes me even more helpless.

No matter how much I hate this man, I have no choice but to ask him for help.

This is not the time to talk about "self-esteem".

Now my life relies on Frances. Giving in to him won't kill me.

After thinking for a while, my voice softens and I look at Frances, "Frances, aren't you going to help? Do you also believe in Whitney?"

After I say that, I also feel that my voice is a little flattering.

“What did you call me?” The latter half of the sentence is automatically blocked by Frances.

“F, Frances.” I say with some hesitation.

“Call me husband.” He smiles faintly at me and stares at me with dark eyes.

The policeman here is a little embarrassed. He coughs and stands up. “Well, you guys have something to talk about. I’ll go out for a cigarette first.”

Then he strides out and closes the door.

Only Frances and I are left in the closed interrogation room.

I look at him and wonder if he is joking. His expression seems to be very serious.

However, calling him husband is too difficult.

I don’t know what kind of interest he has, so that he asks me to call him husband in the police station.

“No? Then I’m leaving.”

As Frances speaks, he stands up straight and is ready to leave.

How can this be?

If he leaves, I will definitely be tortured to death by Whitney!

“OK! OK! I’ll do that!”