

Desperate Time 341

Chapter 341 Heartache

“Frances just shut up, I can’t see the road anymore.” I choke with sobs and tell him.

The car has already arrived at the gate of the hospital, I ask him to wait in the car, and look for medical aid inside.

When I come out again, Frances has already closed his eyes.

On his lips I can see a slight smile hanging, if it isn’t for his pale face, and the blood on his chest, I might think he is only asleep.

No, no, he cannot be in danger!

I run towards him crying, and throw myself on him.

“Frances, don’t die, I love you! I love you!”

In this moment, my heart pains horribly.

How can anything happen to him!

Earl’s issue is not solved yet, and I have not forgiven him yet, how can he just die now?

I still have so many things to tell him, and we want to have our own baby, how can he leave me?

But, before I can reach him, the doctors already pull me back.

“He is only unconscious, not dead.”

The doctor’s words give me a big surprise.

My heart that just died, is now back to life!

I do not have the time to bother about the people staring at me, and follow the doctors into the hospital.

Frances is pushed into the OR, and I wait outside anxiously.

Even though he was alright before he went into surgery, but he lost so much blood, I am sure his situation is not quite so easy.

Until now, I still don’t know which organs the knife hit.

The doctor does not come out for a long time, and I pace up and down in front of the door, my heart is torn with anxiety.

I don’t know how much times has passed, it is already dark outside, the doctor finally comes out, looking very tired.

“Doc, how is he doing?” I walk up to him, and ask him quickly.

“He is stable, but his artery was injured, and he lost a lot of blood, right now, he is still unconscious, I don’t know if he might go into shock suddenly, so tonight we have to keep him in the ICU for further observations. When he wakes up, we can transfer him to the ward.”

The ICU has fixed visiting schedules, so I don’t have the chance to see him.

But, I know that he is okay, and that is enough for me.

This night, I don't go anywhere, I wait in the hospital the whole night.

I am afraid that something might happen to him.

When I thought I lost him, it was like my world collapsed.

All this time, I thought I hated him, but in that moment, I realized that I love him with all my heart. I don't care what he has done, as long as he is okay, nothing else matters to me.

The second day in the morning, Frances is transferred to the regular ward.

I am so relieved, and immediately go to see him.

When I walk into his room, my eyes meet with his, he is smiling.

What is he smiling about?

Why do I feel shy when I see him smile?

I lower my head and walk inside, I stand next to his bed and ask him, "How are you feeling? Are you having pain somewhere?"

"I do. My heart is aching." He says calmly, his voice still sounds weak.

Heartache?

"Where does it hurt? What kind of pain is it? I am going to get the doctor right now!" I ask him anxiously, and turn to run outside.

Frances suddenly pulls on my hand, and he looks at me, telling me in a very serious voice, "I feel pain in my heart, seeing you so sad."

I blush, and push his hand away, then I deny, "Who feels sorry for you! You think too much of yourself!"

mm? I remember when I passed out, I heard someone say that she loves me, or... was I just imagining it?" Frances scratches his head, and puts on a face as if he is thinking.

Frances heard everything I said, and now I don't even dare to look at him anymore, so I turn my head away.

This man, he already passed out, why does he eavesdrop on me! Luckily, my phone rings, which saves me.

It's Mindy, I guess she has news for me.

I pick up the call.

"Jane, didn't you say that there were two other guys who went to Prague with Hamlin? I found them!"

Chapter 342 Remember Me

Found them?

I stand up, I feel excitement rising in me.

The other two are bribed into this, so as long as we can offer the money, they will surely tell us the truth.

"Okay, tell me the address, I will be there in a second."

But, I don't know how much money they will ask me for, will they start with a huge amount?

I don't have that much, but I know someone else who does.

Usually, I don't sue his money, but this is not usually, there is nobody else I can ask. This is my own matter, I cannot ask Mindy to pay this money for me.

"Uhm, Frances, I need to go out for something, can you give me some money?"

I look at him embarrassed, and hesitate to ask.

"Where are you going?"

I thought he will ask me how much money I need, but I have not guessed this will be his first question.

His focus lays on something else than mine.

"Mindy is asking me to go shopping with her, I want to buy some bags and shoes, I want to buy a lot." "I am injured, and you are thinking about shopping?" Frances brows are knit, he looks very sad.

Even I feel that my excuse seems a little off.

But I don't know how to lie, especially when I am talking to Frances.

No matter what I say, he always knows what is going on.

But since I said already, there is no chance to get back.

"Can I?" I look at him with eyes of a poor, wronged girl, I try to make myself as pitiful as possible.

He stares at me in a long gaze, and then sighs, he takes out a bank card from his bag and hands it to me.

I don't know how much money is in that card, but it should be enough.

I take over his card excited, and tell him, "I will pay you back when I have money."

Then I run out with the card in my pocket, to the address Mindy sent me, it is a club.

Mindy reserved a room for us, and asked both of them inside.

So the people Hamlin hired are both working in this club as hatchet man.

Mindy is right, it is those two. One of them tied me and dragged me onto the car, I will not forget him.

When I see the two of them, the pain of the memories come back to me.

I take a few deep breaths before I have enough courage to go inside.

When the two of them spot me, they are perplex, then they look away. I can see that they are having guilt feelings.

"Do you remember me?" I sit down beside Mindy, and give them a smile.

Mindy must be afraid that I get too excited, so she takes my hand.

I turn around and smile to her reassuring.

If I cannot face all this, I would not be here.

I need to know the truth, I want to know if it really was Frances.

"I don't remember." The two of them answer simultaneously.

Of course, I don't believe their words.

When I entered the room, their gaze has already given them out.

As long as I have enough money, I can bribe them.

It's good that I am prepared.

"Do you remember now? Do you remember what you did in Prague?" I open my bag, and take out piles of money.

There are 20k.

Their gaze are fleet, but they still don't look like they are ready to talk.

I guess, this is not enough. But of course, I didn't think they will talk with just 20k. So before I came here, I withdrew enough. This money is quite heavy, my shoulders hurt from carrying the bag.

It's the first time that I get the feeling of throwing money at others, it feels pretty good.

I take pile after pile, and as I get to the 10th pile, their eyes start to light up.

Chapter 343 I Thought You Were Leavin...

I know that the role of money has been played out.

Anyway, it is Frances's money. I don't feel distressed. I simply take out another hundred thousand yuan to add to it.

'Right now, whoever tells me the truth first can take this money!' 'L will say, I will say!' One of them responds and raises his hand quickly.

While staring at the two hundred thousand, he says anxiously to me, "You said you wanted to ask something. I will answer everything."

"Who instructed you to go to Prague to do that?"

'It was Miss Whitney Jordan. Our club is owned by Mr. Jordan and Miss Jordan often comes here. One day, she came to us and asked us to do something for her. All we had to do was to go to Prague and use Frances Louis's name and kill the baby in your belly.'

Everything becomes clear.

When I hear this, I almost can't stop my tears from falling.

It turns out that it was really not Frances.

All of this is Whitney's game.

But at that time, she clearly let me go. Why did she kill the child in my belly? Seriously, am I such a big threat to her? "Do you know why she did this?" I ask.

'I don't know.' The man shakes his head and says, "We just do things for money. How can we know so much? Moreover, after we took you to the clinic, Hamlin let us out. We don't know what happened afterwards."

My emotions become very complex.

To talk about that matter again is undoubtedly to reopen the scar. However, knowing that Frances was not behind it makes me feel relieved.

I also feel terribly guilty towards him.

I misunderstood him for so long and spoke ill of him and even wanted him to die. He didn't even know anything and still endured my anger for so long.

How tolerant of me is he to be able to endure me like that? Suddenly, I feel like crying.

The door of the room is pushed open from the outside at this moment.

Frances is standing in the doorway with a pale face, looking at the two of them angrily.

"Why are you here? How can you run around with such a serious injury?" I say worriedly, stand up and run to support him.

He smiles softly at me and says in a complaining tone, "Didn't you tell me to not worry? What, buying clothes? I knew at a glance that you were lying. You even asked me for money for the first time. I thought that... you were leaving again."

I can feel the panic in his tone.

I am the bad one for coming here secretly without telling him.

But before the truth is revealed, I don't want him to know.

Fortunately, it is now proven that everything is just a misunderstanding.

Fortunately, he did not personally kill our baby.

The misunderstanding is resolved, but our baby will never come back.

The deep sorrow hits; I can't help it anymore and throw myself into his arms.

"Huh ahem."

He coughs slightly.

It seems that I pounced too hard and slammed into his wound.

“Sorry.”

I let go of him, trying to step back a little but he hugs me tightly.

“You don’t have to say sorry to me. You are by my side, that’s enough.”

My heart softens instantly. The tears that I stubbornly refused to shed until now burst forth at this moment.

“Ahem... you should pay attention to your surroundings. There are others here too.” Mindy reminds us out loud.

Only then does Frances let me go and walks over there.

His gentle gaze that was just on me now becomes sharp.

Chapter 344 I Can’t Break The Law

The atmosphere inside the room suddenly drops to freezing cold.

I have never seen Frances’s face cold like this before.

Now I realize that his usual indifference towards me should be considered good.

The two men probably feel that the atmosphere is not right and look at me embarrassedly and ask, “Can we... go now?”

‘I have no problem with that, but I don’t know about him.’

Saying that, I point at Frances.

Frances will not let them go and I know this very well.

In fact, I too want to deal with these two properly.

Although they didn't directly kill my baby, they killed him indirectly and made my life full of pain and regret.

The baby was innocent, but they still did that.

'Then, sir... can we go now?'

Both of them look at Frances.

"Just call me Frances."

Frances smiles faintly and says to those two men.

The two of them pause for a moment and then they react, stepping back hastily.

There eyes are full of panic.

Of course, they were afraid. They killed my baby by using Frances's name. Now, even if they want to run, Frances won't let them.

"You take her away first and I will take care of the rest." Frances glares at the two men and then says to Mindy.

Mindy nods, takes me with her, ready to leave.

Actually, I don't want to leave but I think that the following scenes might not be suitable for me to watch.

Therefore, it is better for me to leave early.

'Don't let yourself be hurt. Go back to the hospital after you are done.' Before leaving, I warn Frances worriedly.

'Don't worry about me. There are some things that I don't need to do myself.'

He gives me a relieved smile. I leave with Mindy.

After leaving the club, I say gratefully to Mindy, "Thank you, Mindy. If it wasn't for your help, I would have never found out the truth."

Mindy slaps my head lightly and rolls her eyes at me, "What thank you? Besides, I don't want you to suffer. In fact, I know you also felt that something was strange in your heart but you were not willing to face it. I know that you like Frances, so naturally I don't want you to misunderstand him which is why I helped you. But you, now that you know the truth, what's your plan?"

Mindy gives me a hard question.

Even if Whitney did this, it is impossible for me to call the police and have her arrested. After all, it is not against the law.

Take revenge for her baby?

Then she still wouldn't have broken the law, but I would have.

Seeing me in the prison, she could be very happy.

For a while, I don't have any good idea.

'I don't know. I will ask Frances later.'

I tell her.

“Well, as long as you are okay, it’s better than anything.”

Not far away, a horn sound.

Mindy looks over with a big smile on her face.

“Okay, I can’t talk anymore. David came to pick me up.”

With that, she walks away.

David really loves her.

Mindy found the right one, I hope I also found the right one.

I go back to the hospital and wait for Frances. He comes back about an hour later.

However, his face is paler than before.

It’s normal since he sneaked out of the hospital to run around with such a serious injury.

“Come here and rest.” I ask him.

Frances nods. However, he just takes two steps forward and then he faints on the ground.

Chapter 345 Does It Hurt

I immediately call the doctors, and thankfully, he is just too tired, nothing serious.

I ask Frances how he deal with those two people. He doesn't want to tell me, as he says that the situation is not appropriate for me to know.

Since he has said so, I stop asking.

I believe he can handle this matter well and definitely give our child an answer.

"Thank you for everything you'd done. But what should I do about Lawrence? There is no way for me to forgive or to let go," I whispered.

My child is the pain of my life.

Even if the person that hurt my child were Frances, I would have hated him so much that I would have wanted him to die. And now that this person has turned out to be Whitney, I cannot let her go this easily.

"You don't have to worry, I'm here for everything. It is our child, and I won't let anyone hurt her get away with it."

Frances holds my hand and says in a deep voice.

My heart, suddenly, settles down.

After putting aside all those misunderstandings, I realize that Frances has been very good to me all along.

At the time, I was blinded by hatred, and it made me hate him to my core.

"Okay." I replied to him softly.

He looks at me, his stares, becoming a little deeper.

I blush as he looks at me, stammered and unable to say a word.

Moments after, my face is held by him, followed by a kiss.

'You're still wounded, get some rest!'

I nudge him, and he doesn't move.

'This is how I recuperate from my injuries,'

He mumbled and kissed me deeply.

His lips are full of his scent.

My whole body is relaxed, and my mind is dizzy from his kisses.

I came to my senses when I see the look of his eye, and he is getting turned on.

I push him away and pin him down to the bed, "Get some rest!" I speak solemnly while my arms on my hip.

He doesn't say anything, looking at me while smiling.

My hot cheeks feel like they are burning now.

I turn around and leave the ward.

But my heart is still beating violently.

Frances is discharged from the hospital soon after, as he is given imported medicine. After all, he is rich.

As soon as we arrive at Frances' house, he takes me straight upstairs and carries me to the bed.

'Frances, what are you doing?'

I pout.

'Thinking of you.' He replies, while his kisses overwhelm me, on my lips, my shoulder, my neck densely.

These days, he has been trying to touch me. But I've always refused, considering how badly he's hurt, and especially in a place like a hospital.

Now the wolf is back in his den, and he certainly not be honest.

Frances removes my clothes and kisses me passionately downward. He stops when he reaches my underbelly.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

'It stopped hurting a long time ago,' I whispered.

I can bear the pain of the scar. But I cannot accept is the loss of our child.

Frances doesn't say anything. His head is facing down so I couldn't see his expression. It's just that, the thought of the child, makes our mood so heavy.

A breeze blows in from the open window into the room. I feel a slight chill from my bare skin.

Frances leans down, his cold lips land on that scar of mine.

He kisses it with care and affection. Each of them feels like it's on my heart.

Suddenly, there are warm water droplets that land on my underbelly.

Is Frances, crying?

Chapter 346 Guide It In

“Frances.”

I call out gently, cannot help myself looking at him in pity.

There is always a saying that men only weep when deeply grieved.

I have never seen Frances being so vulnerable. He is crying now.

‘Jane, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.’”

He sobs as he mutters.

My heart aches to hear the hoarse voice.

It was not his fault in the first place, and I don’t blame him anymore on the matter.

Instead, I blame myself for choosing not to trust him.

‘I don’t blame you anymore. It was Whitney’s fault, not yours.’”

I gently speak as I run my hand through his hair.

His appearance is distressing.

“No, it’s my fault. I was so careless that I did not even know you were pregnant. Maybe all of these might not have happened if you hadn’t left me.”

His words are full of guilt.

However, there are not many things you could regret in life. I was the one who decided to leave him at that point.

It was also my decision not to tell him about the child.

At the end of the day, it was me trying to have things my way, causing things to end like this.

I have been in pain for so long because of my child. I don't want Frances to suffer the pain I suffered. 'It's all over. Let's say nothing about it anymore.'

I say to him softly and grab his hands in mine.

Frances looks up after a long period of silence.

His eyes are red. It is not part of my imagination. He is crying.

He stands up and approaches me, hugging me tightly.

I am a little suffocated by the tight hug, but my heart feels at ease.

I love Frances. I am sure of that.

Now that the misunderstanding has cleared, I don't want to leave his side again. I don't mind whether he loves me or not anymore.

Frances let go of me after hugging me for some time. His icy cold lips kiss mine.

The kiss is so tender and gentle that it melts my heart.

I hug him tightly and respond awkwardly.

I respond to his kiss for the first time.

Frances stuns for some time and then deepens the kiss.

As my clothes are off, his dense and soft kisses land on every part of my body.

I can feel my body burn in enthusiasm, catering to his caress.

It turns out that putting the heart and soul will make such a thing so beautiful.

My body shudders just by his gentle touch, unable to think of anything.

He covers me with his body, and the heat dick presses on my body, and my whole body softens with the touch.

“Are you alright? Don’t continue if you can’t.” I anxiously ask him, thinking of his wound.

“You’ll soon know that I can,” Frances smirks.

My body is tense, his huge dick throbs from the outside for a while, surprisingly not being able to get in at all.

Just throbbing from the outside brings shudders throughout my body.

‘Honey, relax. I can’t get it in.’

Frances says softly in a deep hoarse voice.

When I try to relax my body a little, he takes one of my hands and places it on his big hot dick.

In an instant, my face burns.

“Guide it in.”

Frances' seductive voice lingers in my ear. I gulp nervously.

How can he make me do something so embarrassing?

I am reluctant, but my hand is under his control, pushing the big thing in slowly.

It's bulging.

"Ah..."

I moan softly, my fingernails are gripping on Frances' back.

"Honey, you are so wet and tight," Frances speaks in a coarse voice as he moves inside me.

I am blushing by what he just said, and bury my head in his chest, holding him tight and bearing the impact of the movement.

He moves for a moment, then stops abruptly.

"What's the matter?"

The sudden emptiness made me speak out, squirming in discomfort, hoping that he will go on.

'I'm putting on a condom. Darling, wait for me.'

As he speaks, he kisses me lightly on the lips. He pulls away from me, gets up, and walks to the head of the bed. He opens the bedside table, takes out a condom, and puts it on.

I think I bought that condom from the supermarket last year.

Doesn't he dislike putting on a condom? Why is he putting it on today?

Chapter 347 Love Is Possession

Could it be that he thinks I am promiscuous, and even misunderstands that I have illicit relationships with others?

Deep in my heart, I suddenly become panicked.

"Frances, didn't you say that I should give birth to a child for you? But why..."

I cannot go on, and I am too embarrassed to look at his dick. Instead, I can only turn my head to one side.

A lump in my throat, and my heart has crumpled up into pieces.

Perhaps this is how it feels like when you care about someone so much. Any simple acts he does are enough to wreck and tear me up.

"Silly girl," Frances walks over and looks at me dotingly. "Although our baby is gone, you have suffered so much, and it is no different from a C-section. You are a woman, don't you know that after a C-section, it will take two years to conceive another child?"

As soon as he said so, it suddenly struck me.

It turns out that he still cares very much about me as I have previously thought that he might have despised me.

If he didn't mention it, I will have forgotten about it. I am just too dumb.

"Hmm...I got it," I reply to him with a soft voice, and my heart is feeling warm.

Frances Louis, when do you start to become so caring?

Just when I am about to speak to him, my whole body is penetrated by him again at the next second.

After getting ready with the safety measures, his body is hitting me harder and harder, and every hit arouses me that it takes me to cloud nine.

I don't realize how many times I have reached orgasm under his powerful moves, and when he finally ends, I am so tired that I am unable to open my eyes.

In a daze, I feel like someone is wiping up the lower part of my body. But I am just too tired that I can't even have the strength to open my eyes.

By the time I wake up, Frances is no longer in bed.

I put on my pajamas and go downstairs to find him.

However, there is no one downstairs.

Where has he gone this early?

I then go upstairs and call him up, and apparently, he is on the phone.

Who is he calling?

I am feeling a little uneasy when I don't see him when I wake up early in the morning.

I guess I am probably drunk in love, and only Frances has the remedy to cure this addiction I am intoxicated.

After I have freshened up myself, I make my breakfast and finish eating it happily.

The misunderstanding between us has finally resolved, and I don't seem to have anything to worry about except for the regret for that child.

As for Whitney, Frances should be able to take care of her well.

After my breakfast, Steven gives me a call.

I seem to have not contacted him for a while.

He said he wanted to ask me out for a meal, and I didn't decline his invitation as well.

Steven Song is always a friend in my heart, and this will never change.

He asks me to meet him at a restaurant. After seeing me, the first thing he says to me has made me stunned.

"Jane, I am getting married soon." This news comes a little unexpectedly.

But when I find out the news that he is getting married, I am also very happy for him.

I don't want him to waste any more time on me because I believe he deserves a better person.

But as a friend, I still want to care about his marriage partner.

"Who are you marrying?" I smile and ask.

"Violet Sue," he answers softly, but there is no smile on his face.

This name sounds familiar.

I think about it for a while. Wasn't she the one who misunderstood the relationship between Steven and I, and poured coffee on my face?

Steven doesn't like her very much. I am puzzled why he still marries her then? "Huh? I thought you dislike her?" I frown.

"It's true that I don't like her. But if I can't be with the one I love, what's the different if I marry the people I dislike?"

He stares at me and his eyes are full of sadness.

I feel sympathy for him when he looks like this.

I smile back at him awkwardly, and say with a serious tone, "Isn't it nice for us to be in this state as friends?"

"It's not good." Steven smiles miserably and explains helplessly, "Jane, I have no way to be just friends. with you. Only those whom I don't fall in love with can be my friends. But, once I have really love someone, it is impossible to be just friends. To the people I love, once I take a closer look at her, I will seriously want her to be mine. I can neither control myself not to love you nor can I let you be with Frances Louis. Ever since I love you, I have become a very selfish person, and I am afraid that I may even hurt you."

"How can you hurt me? You have always been helping me."

Steven has helped me a lot along the way. Without him, I will not be able to accomplish much of the things so far.

"I will," he bites his puckered lips, and he seems to be hesitant about saying something. Finally, he takes a deep breath and confesses to me, "Actually, I have always known that Whitney is the one who has killed your child, but it was out of selfishness that I have never told you about this."

Chapter 348 It Is Not an Accident but...

What? Steven's words are like piercing swords that just struck into my heart.

I sit with my mouth slightly agape, and I'm unable to say a word for a long time.

How is this possible? Steven has always known that it is Whitney that has done that to me, but he never tells me about it.

My mind is bombarded with too many thoughts and I'm overwhelmed with many complicated emotions. I don't even know how to react to him after hearing the truth.

I have trusted Steven so much. But, in the end, I realize that it is he who has caused so much pain to me. How can I accept this?

"Why are you doing this to me?" After a while, I question him in a trembling voice.

"Because I love you endlessly and nothing is going to change that. I love you so much, so how can I watch you and Frances be together? The days when you were by his side were too painful for me. Do you know how happy I was when you had finally left him? I thought I finally have a chance. But even if you left him, you still have him in your heart. I am jealous, but I can't do anything to change you. I'm sorry for being too selfish."

Steven's expression is full of despair.

I think he must also be suffering in great pain these days.

But who should pay for the pain I suffer?

I don't want to blame Steven, but I have no idea about the way to get over it.

It turns out to be so heart-wrenching when I'm deceived by someone I trust.

"Steven, you know that child matters to me, but why did you help her to kill my child? Why are you doing this to me?"

I try my best to control my emotions, but my voice pitch couldn't stop rising.

“I didn’t help her, and I only learned about it later. Whitney bribed the staff on my plane and caused some technical issues to happen. Hence, the plane made an emergency landing in another place and there was no signal, so I couldn’t contact you at all. In order not to worry you, I didn’t tell you about it. I only knew later that this was not an accident, but Whitney’s conspiracy which she had planned.”

Steven explains.

However, I refuse to listen to him anymore.

I don’t know how to confront Steven at all.

“Jane, please trust me. I have never thought of hurting you. I did it just because I love you too much.”

“Love? If you love someone, shouldn’t you think about how to prevent your loved one from being hurt? Sorry, I can’t bear your heavy love. I think we will never see each other again, and I really don’t know how to continue to be friends with you.”

I grab my bag and turn around to walk away.

“Jane Noyes!”

What sounds behind me is Steven’s desperate cry.

But I do not look back.

There are no more ways we can mend what done is done.

After leaving the entrance, a cool breeze blows on my face, and the tears in my eyes finally roll down my cheeks uncontrollably.

The loss of Steven as a friend is really painful for me.

After returning home, I am still feeling unhappy.

When Frances returns home, he notices my expression and asks, "What's going on? Who makes you unhappy?"

"I went to see Steven today," I tell him truthfully.

Frances' eyebrows frowned immediately.

He doesn't like Steven, and that is something that I am always aware of.

"Why are you going out to see him? Don't you know that he likes you?" Frances' expression shows that he is feeling jealous.

However, I don't have the mind to care about his feelings towards this. My mind is entirely troubled by what Steven has done to me.

"He told me that he knew Whitney was the one who killed my child, but he never told me about this until today. That's why I hated you back then for so long. If he were to tell me earlier, maybe I wouldn't even blame you for so long."

I am feeling apologetic for what I have done to Frances.

He didn't do anything, but I have misunderstood him for so long.

I was stubborn at that time. No matter how much he explained, I didn't even want to listen to him.

"However, I think I should thank Steven instead."

Frances says this inexplicably, which makes me very puzzled.

"Why?"

Shouldn't he act like me, and be unable to forgive Steven? Why does he say that?

Sure enough, Frances' mind is really hard to be comprehended.

"Because, if you were to know that this is not done by me, maybe you wouldn't even marry me."

Chapter 349 He's Jealous

Frances' words are true.

Back then, I chose to marry him because he killed my child.

If it's not for revenge, I will never return to his side.

Perhaps, this is our fate. No matter how we avoid each other, we end up together again.

I feel much more at ease after looking at him.

I cook a few dishes and eat with Frances.

By the dinner table, I ask him, "How did you handle Whitney?"

After hearing those words today, I hate Whitney even more.

I never imagined that she would put so much effort on Steven's private plane to kill the child in my belly back then.

One should know that a plane crash will most likely destroy everything in it.

Is she really crazy that she doesn't care about anything at all?

“Whitney and her family must have sensed that we know the truth. These days, I’ve been sending a lot of people to the Jordan’s, but no one sees Whitney. Lawrence said that Whitney is mentally ill again and needs to be protected and treated... Now, not even a single fly can fly into the Jordan’s. I think Lawrence is just protecting Whitney.”

That’s not a strange thing.

Lawrence loves Whitney so much, he must be on his guard against Frances now.

It’s just that, I don’t know whether Whitney is really ill or not.

What about Earl? Who’s taking care of him, and how is he? I’m very worried.

As if Frances sees through my thoughts, he sighs and says, “Someone is taking care of Earl, I heard that he’s doing well now. Don’t worry about him too much.”

‘I miss him.’ I look at Frances as I say that.

I really like that child so much.

As if there’s a thread that binds us in the dark, I just care about him.

Maybe I miss the child that I lost too much and I want to make up for it with Earl.

However, I don’t even have the chance to do so anymore.

‘I know.’

Frances sighs and says that helplessly.

Earl is Whitney and Lawrence’s child, even if Frances wants to help me, there’s no way to do so.

After eating, Frances goes to my room and moves everything that he can to his room.

“What are you doing?”

I feel quite speechless as I stand at the door, looking at Frances who’s busy with moving the things.

‘Don’t tell me that you still want to live alone?’

Frances who keeps moving my pads turns his head to look at me with his sad looking eyes.

Seeing him like this, I feel better.

But I stubbornly says, “Why can’t I live alone?”

‘Don’t you want to see me every morning when you wake up?’ Frances frowns, he already looks quite unhappy.

‘No, aren’t you disgusting?!’

Silvia’s voice comes from the door, she’s dragging her suitcase inside.

Once Frances sees her, his expression changes drastically... He’s angry.

“Why are you here?”

‘I’m too bored at home, so I come to accompany my sister in law.’ she says that as she comes closer and hugs me tightly.

‘That’s great, you’re now my real sister in law. It seems that you finally cured my brother’s blind eyes.’
Her words...

I see Frances' expression, which seems terrible.

Silvia is really good at making people furious in just a few sentences.

I think Frances must have beaten her to death if she's not his own little sister.

"You're not welcomed here." Frances coldly says.

'Is that so, Jane?'

Silvia winks and looks at me with her pitiable face.

"Of course you're welcomed here." I pretend like I'm not seeing any of Frances' expressions and smiles at her.

Silvia always gives me good impression, I really don't know how to reject her.

'I love you, Jane!' Silvia kisses my face and brings her suitcase to the room she usually stays at.

Frances looks upset as he keeps on wiping the spot where Silvia kissed me until my face is red.

He's really petty! He is doing this just because of his own little sister's kiss!

But I feel that it's sweet at heart.

Frances goes to the bathroom to take a bath. As I lay in bed, I receive a call from Frank.

'Jane! Mom is gone!'

Chapter 350 I'm Here

“What happened? Speak slowly.” I quickly sit up on the bed out of surprise.

My heart is beating hard too.

“Today when I got home after work, I found out that mom’s not home and there are blood stains on the floor. I can’t contact mom no matter how many times I called her, I have no other choice than contacting you. Frances is very resourceful, can you ask him to find mom? I’m really worried about mom.”

I’m so nervous, but I still have to console Frank.

‘It’s fine, don’t worry. Maybe mom just happened to go outside and she didn’t hear her phone ringing? for the blood stains on the floor, she might have accidentally cut her hand when she’s cutting some vegetables.’

These words can’t even fool me, of course Frank doesn’t believe it either.

“How could there be such coincidence in this world? Mom must be in trouble.”

Frank says that surely.

I feel something strange, why does he sound so resolute... Don’t tell me that he’s hiding something from me?

“Why are you so sure? Is there anything you haven’t told me?”

I ask him with a deep voice.

Frank stays quiet for two seconds before saying, “I’m not so sure either, but I keep seeing the same woman these two days that hangs around our house’s door, and I think that’s strange. Now when I think about it, does she have anything to do with mom disappearing?”

Woman? Who is it? Is it Whitney? If there's really someone who wants to do something to my family, I can only think of Whitney.

She probably hates me so much that when I'm by Frances' side and she can't deal with me, she does it to my mom instead!

Saying that her mental illness recurs and she needs to recover are all lies! She's just looking for the opportunity to deal with my family.

'Is she a young and beautiful woman?' I promptly ask him.

"Well yeah, she's beautiful, but she doesn't seem young... At least 30-40 years old." Frank says.

30-40 years old?

Now I'm confused.

If that woman is really 30-40 years old, then it's definitely not Whitney.

But then, who else can it be?

I can't think of the answer in such a short time so I just say, "In that case, don't worry... I'll let Frances help us to get mom's whereabouts, stay at home wait for my news."

I hang up after saying that.

Frances has just finished his shower. With a towel around his waist, he walks towards me with a smile.

'Jane, tonight...'

He holds my waist as he speaks intimately in my ears.

Of course I know what he's going to say, but I'm not in the mood for that.

'Frances, my mom is gone.' I turn my head to look at him as I say that.

Women's instincts are very accurate. I've been feeling so restless and worried about mom since Frank's call. "What happened?" Frances frowns, then his face turns serious.

I tell him everything from beginning to the end. He holds my hand and speaks softly, "Don't be scared, I'm here."

He gets up, takes his phone on the beside, and calls someone.

'Jane's mom disappeared at the old house this evening, investigate what happened and give me the answer in 30 minutes.'

After calling, Frances sits back down and consoles me my.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen... Maybe your mom just happened to go outside." I just used those words to console Frank just now, of course it's not working for me.

'Frances, what to do? I feel so restless.' I look at him so helplessly.