

Desperate Time 371

Chapter 371 I Haven't Tried My Best

The sudden sound frightens me.

I turn around and see Frances leaning against the door.

Damn it!

He sleeps so well just now, doesn't he? Why does he suddenly wake up?

He holds a photo.

I face the back of the photo and can't see what's on it at all.

However, seeing that Frances looks self-assured, he must hold the photo he sees earlier.

Damn, he hides it up. No wonder I can't find it.

Being caught on the spot, I am so embarrassed.

However, I straighten up and say brazenly, "No, I can't fall sleep at night, so I find a book to read." "You can't fall sleep? It seems that I haven't done my best so you still have the strength to move."

The man puts on a mischievous smile and throws me a careful look.

I'm so ashamed that I don't even have the courage to look up.

He hasn't done his best?! God knows how weak my legs are now! If it weren't for my strong curiosity, I would have been lying in bed.

"No, you're very great. You've done your best. I just want to swim in the ocean of knowledge, so I get up to read."

I go on babbling.

Regardless of whether Frances believes it or not, he has no proof that I am looking for this photo.

Frances smiles, raises the photo to take a look and says regretfully, "I thought you wanted to see this photo. Since you're not interested in it, there's no point in keeping it."

What does he mean?

Before I figure it out, Frances tears the photo to shreds quickly.

"Hey, you..."

I look at him sadly. I want to reach out but only grit my teeth and withdraw my hand.

Frances throws the shreds into the trash can and strides towards me.

"I don't think I've done my best. Don't worry. I'll definitely tire you out so much this time that you don't even have the strength to get out of bed."

Frances carries me and gently places me on the bed.

Oh my goodness, I am really weak now!

Just as he is about to press himself up against me, I hurriedly say, "No, no, no, I'm really tired. That's it.

Good night.”

As I speak, I keep my body tensed up, with my eyes closed.

I have no other choice. I’m nervous, since Frances is not likely to let me off so easily.

Frances’ sneer comes above my head.

Then he lies down and gently hugs me in his arms.

I am so tired that I fall asleep in his arms soon.

When I wake up the next morning, Frances has gone downstairs! Trash can!

If the photo is not shattered very badly, I can spend some time recovering it.

I get out of bed and run to the trash can.

At first glance, it is empty.

The garbage bag has gone.

Damn it, have Frances thrown away all the rubbish?

He doesn’t leave me any way out!

I have been depressed since I don’t see the photo.

I don’t give Frances a good look when we are having food.

He talks to me several times, but I ignore him.

Of course, Sabina is happy to see we are in conflict. Moreover, she doesn't conceal her happiness in the slightest.

'If you can't get along with each other, get a divorce as soon as possible, so that I don't have to see someone annoying.'

Chapter 372 It's Not up to You!

I am unable to stand Sabina being so arrogant!

After glaring at Frances unwillingly, I stand up from my seat, walk to Frances, bend down and kiss him. Frances is surprised, and then smiles at me. He scratches my nose and says, "Naughty."

Seeing that we flirt with each other, Sabina looks gloomy.

She wants to say something but holds back the words that come to her lips. She silently turns her head away and let the nanny feed her.

Silvia rolls her eyes by the side.

"Frances, Jane, can you not display affection in front of a bachelor like me? I'm very upset, okay?" Silvia is easy to talk to and doesn't look like the daughter from a rich family.

But I'd love to see her like this.

Silvia seems to be herself again after one night's rest.

However, I don't know if she pretends to be happy or not.

“Soon, you won’t be single anymore,” Frances says slowly.

“What do you mean?”

Silvia looks up at him in confusion.

“I’ve arranged it. You only need to obey my arrangements.” Frances says it lightly, which enrages Silvia.

“How can you arrange it for me? What era are we in? Does my marriage have to be arranged by you? Have you asked my opinion?! No matter what, I won’t agree.”

Actually, I also feel that Frances goes too far.

We are living an era when everyone has the right to choose their spouse. Silvia should have freedom to love, even though the marriages of people from wealthy families are often arranged by their parents.

From another perspective, Lawrence does it for the sake of Silvia. No matter who she marries, it’s better than standing by the side of Lawrence sadly every day.

Lawrence only has Whitney in his heart.

I see it very clearly, and Silvia should also know it very well.

“I am in charge of the Louis family. It’s not up to you to decide,” Frances says coldly, indicating that there is no room for negotiation.

“You can’t mind my own business as long as I cut the ties with the Louis family and I’m not surnamed Louis?!”

Silvia slams the table, gets up and runs out.

“What should we do?” I look worriedly at Frances.

“Don’t worry. I’ve arranged for someone to follow her. She’ll be fine.”

Only when he says that do I feel relieved. After I finish my meal, I go to the company with Frances.

When we arrive downstairs of the company, Frances suddenly picks up the phone and leaves in a hurry.

Frances is not in the company, and no one takes charge of me, so I decide to go shopping with Mindy.

Mindy has been bored at home. After receiving my invitation, she immediately rushes over.

However, this time, she doesn’t bring her baby over.

“Where’s your baby? Why don’t you bring it?”

“I’m too tired. I can’t go shopping with it at all. I threw it to David,” Mindy says casually.

Mindy has lost a lot of weight since the last time I saw her. I can tell that it is indeed very hard to take care of the child.

However, I miss her baby a bit.

“If my child is still alive, I will definitely take it with me wherever I go.”

As I speak, I suddenly feel a little sad.

I cannot go back to the past. My child is gone. It’s the fact that cannot be changed.

When I am thinking of my child, my hatred toward Whitney surges up again.

However, I don't expect that I will see her the moment she comes to my mind.

Chapter 373 Not Worthy of Being a Mother

She wears a very big hat and covers her face in a pair of sunglasses, but I still recognize her.

To be exact, I don't recognize her. I recognize —

The baby in her arms.

Earl.

She actually brings Earl out.

I can't suppress my excitement, and tears fall down my cheeks.

"What are you doing? Even if you didn't see baby, you wouldn't be so excited, right?"

Seeing me cry, Mindy is at a loss.

"Earl! Mindy, you take a look at Earl." I point at the child held by Whitney not far away, and my voice is trembling due to excitement.

Mindy follows my sight and frowns, "Even his own mother cannot recognize him from such a distance. Can you see it?"

Yes, I also find it strange, but I indeed recognize her. I am sure that the child is Earl.

The weather isn't very warm today, but Whitney actually dresses the child so little that she brings the child out without even wrapping her blanket?

How could Earl have a good life by staying with Whitney?

In an instant, my heart aches fiercely.

Whitney carries the child into a building, and my heart instantly skips a beat.

That's the hospital!

What happens to the child?

Why do they go to the hospital?

"Let's go, Mindy. Let's go take a look." I pulls Mindy over and don't give her the chance to refuse.

As she walks, Mindy complains about me.

"You are really a great mother. You are even so devoted to the child of an enemy! I have nothing to say."

I roll my eyes at her and say seriously, "I should hate Whitney, but the child is innocent. Moreover, we really hit it off."

"Alright, alright. Holy Mother, it's up to you. By the way, I haven't even seen what the child looks like. I'll see it clearly today."

Mindy following me, we creep behind Whitney.

Whitney carries the child and enters the pediatrics department impatiently.

Mindy and I are standing at the door, eavesdropping on their conversation.

“Doctor, take a look at the baby. He hasn’t eaten these past few days. And he looks so listless. It’s really annoying. The nanny asked for leave too. He insisted that I bring her over.”

Her words not only make me frown, but even the doctor is a little unhappy.

“Is the child yours?”

“Yes ... Yeah.” Whitney hesitates for a moment, but she probably doesn’t understand what the doctor means.

But I do. Why is she so reluctant to bring her own child to see a doctor? How could Whitney be worthy of being a mother if she doesn’t love her child?

“What symptoms does he have?”

“I don’t know. Take a look by yourself.” I really have the urge to rush in and beat her up.

The doctor doesn’t say anything else. He is probably doing an examination.

After a while, he scolds Whitney, “He has already reached 39.5 degrees. Don’t you notice it as a mother? Besides, you clearly know that the child is uncomfortable, but you still bring him out when he wears so little. What exactly are you thinking about?”

My heart skips a beat. He has a fever again?

“How would I know? I’ve ever taken care of a child. Since he has a fever, then you try to treat him. Why are you telling me so much? I’m not a doctor.”

I guess the doctor inside is trying to hold back his anger so that he won’t lose his temper.

Earl is sent to have a check-up. He has a fever and mild pneumonia. He needs to be treated in an incubator.

Soon, the child is sent to the ward.

Whitney stands at the end of the corridor. No one knows who she is calling.

“Mindy, let’s go and take a look at Earl.”

“Is this really good?” Mindy hesitates.

“Just take a glance. We’ll leave immediately.”

Chapter 374 Whitney Is Caught

In the end, Mindy compromises and enters the ward with me.

As soon as I see Earl, who is inhaling oxygen and having an intravenous drip in the incubator, my tears fall down again.

Before Whitney comes back, I walk over and look at him closely.

After not seeing him for so many days, he doesn’t gain weight and seems to have lost a bit of weight.

I feel heartache, but Mindy suddenly says, “Jane, how do I think that this child looks like you?”

She isn’t the first person to say that. When Sabina and I used to get along well with each other, she also said that.

I look at the child’s face carefully, but I didn’t see how much he looks like me. Is it because I don’t know how to tell, or I’m his mother so that I can be easily confused?

“Are you sure?” I turn to look at Mindy and ask with some uncertainty.

This is Whitney and Lawrence's child. No matter what, he shouldn't look like me.

"Definitely. His face and facial features are totally the same as yours. If you were a man, you would look like this."

"Shut up! Why does my child look like that bitch?"

Whitney's angry and panicked voice sounds behind them.

Mindy is shocked and looks at me guiltily.

Since Whitney is back, I don't want to stay here anymore. I glance at Earl and walk out.

When I pass by Whitney, she sneers and says to me, "Jane, don't think that you have won just because you marry Frances. Let me tell you. Not only do you lose, but even Frances doesn't like you. Your destiny will be much worse than mine!"

I don't believe what she says, but her tone still makes me sweat.

I ignore her and leave with Mindy.

We leave the ward.

I don't want to go shopping anymore. After saying goodbye to Mindy, I go home.

As soon as I get home, I immediately call Frances.

"Whitney is in the city hospital."

I don't know what Frances will do to Whitney, but I really can't see Whitney being so arrogant after doing so many terrible things.

God knows how much effort I've paid in the hospital to avoid quarrelling with her.

"I see." Frances says indifferently before hanging up the phone.

Afraid that Frances would affect Earl if he is gonna do something to Whitney, I send another text message to remind him to handle it properly.

When Frances calls me back, he tells me that he has found Whitney.

Then, he gives me an address and tells me to go there.

I suddenly feel a little nervous.

I really hate Whitney. But Frances clearly wants me to personally deal with Whitney. I really don't know if I can be so ruthless.

The address Frances gives me is an abandoned building. When I enter, Whitney's hands and feet are tied with ropes and her mouth is stuffed with cloth.

When she sees me, her eyes almost burst into flames.

Apart from Frances, there are also a few people in the building. Those people look rascally, and they are obviously not good people.

Moreover, the way they look at Whitney is quite lustful.

"You're here." Frances says softly and walks over to hug my shoulder.

Whitney's gaze becomes even more vicious. Her body is constantly twisting on the ground while she is wailing.

“Why do you ask me to be here? I really don’t know how to deal with her.” I say to Frances, feeling a little embarrassed.

Frances looks at me gently and smiles, “Such a woman is not worth being dealt with by yourself. I ask you to be here because I feel that there’s something that you need to witness.”

Chapter 375 Nobody Can Hurt You

I don’t know why, but I look at Whitney and suddenly start to worry about her.

Even though I know that I shouldn’t have such worries.

I should hate her, shouldn’t I?

To me, being soft-hearted is definitely not a good thing.

“What do you plan to do with her?” I ask.

“Actually, you already know, don’t you?”

He’s right, I do know. Once, I was almost raped. I understand the malicious gazes of those men.

Such a thing to a woman is undoubtedly fatal.

I wanted to stop Frances from doing this, but thinking of the child who dies tragically at the hands of Whitney, I nod.

“Yes.”

Frances smiles and walks over to take out the cloth from Whitney's mouth.

Whitney's tears immediately fall. She looks pitifully at Frances and pleads him, "Frances, please don't.

Don't do this to me. I can't be ruined by these people. I'll die for this. Can you let me go? Please, I don't want to be ruined by them. I only love you. For the sake of that we used to be husband and wife, please let me go. I promise that I will never do anything to hurt Jane again. Really, I swear!"

Her eyes are filled with despair.

Frances is her last hope.

However, the last ray of starlight also falls here.

"Whitney, even if you die ten times, it's not enough to pay for what you've done. Killing you is a one-off solution. It's easier for you. Rather than doing this, I might as well do something that will make you painful for the rest of your life."

The smile on Frances' face is cold, and his eyes are filled with killing intent.

This is the first time that I've truly realized how terrifying he is since I've known him for so long.

However, this man who panics others makes me feel so eased.

Whitney sits on the ground dejectedly, her eyes filled with fear. She shakes her head, hoping that Frances would change his mind.

But this man's heart is as cold as ice.

"Jane, it's all because of you! If it weren't for you, Frances wouldn't have divorced me, and we wouldn't have become like this. I hate you. I hate you! I won't let you go, even if I die. I'll drag you to hell!"

Whitney turns around and grits her teeth.

I feel I've been covered with goose bumps because of what she says.

I couldn't help but take two steps back, but Frances tightly grips my hands.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here. You'll be fine. In this world, no one can hurt you."

I calm down a little and I grab Frances' hand.

Frances winks at the gangsters and says in a low voice, "Take her in."

There is a small dark room beside.

The gangsters nod and walk towards Whitney.

They look so eager as if they wish they could do that with Whitney immediately.

Whitney is struggling and she is dragged to the small room by those people. Then the door is tightly shut.

Very quickly, her screaming comes from inside.

My heart also beats fiercely.

Painful groans and cries come through the door, and I also feel quite bad and it was very uncomfortable.

"Frances, you will regret it! You will definitely regret for what you've done to me today!"

Chapter 376 I Don't Care

I really can't listen to this. I cover my ears but Whitney's screaming still faintly reaches my ears.

Frances also notices that I'm uncomfortable. He whispers to me, "If you're uncomfortable, let's go."

I am indeed not feeling very well. As a woman, I cannot face such a scene calmly.

I nod and walk out with Frances.

As soon as we reach the entrance of the building, we run into Lawrence, who is rushing over angrily.

“Where’s Whitney? Where’s Whitney?”

He walks over and pulls Frances’ collar.

Frances chuckles. He removes Lawrence’s hand and says, “You dare ask me. Why don’t you go in and take a look? Perhaps you will help her suffer less.”

Lawrence is shocked and hurriedly rushes inside.

It seems that this terrible nightmare should be over.

However, for Whitney, it was unforgettable.

For some things, there’s no difference between one minute and one hour.

“Let’s go in and take a look.” Frances holds me and we return.

Before we reach the room, we hear a series of wailing sounds.

Whitney sits on the ground. Her clothes are tattered into pieces that they couldn’t cover her beautiful body.

Lawrence’s coat wraps her shoulders, but it can’t hide every place.

She sits there lifeless like a broken porcelain doll, tears streaming down mechanically.

Beneath her is a pool of bright blood.

She's not a virgin. I know. It should that those men are too rude, so that she gets hurt like this.

Lawrence seems to have gone mad as he desperately beats those hooligans.

They are badly beaten and don't even have the strength to fight back, but Lawrence still doesn't stop.

He roars as he fought, as if he wants to vent all his anger on them.

"Will he beat them to death?"

I ask Frances worriedly.

The way to deal with Whitney is already against the law. If someone dies again, I'm afraid that Frances will get himself into trouble.

"It doesn't matter. I don't care." Frances sneers.

These lives might be nothing to him.

But I can't stand by and watch all this.

From afar, I say to Lawrence, "You should take Whitney to the hospital first. I feel that she is in a bad condition."

Lawrence stops and turns to look at Whitney.

Then, he runs over worriedly.

"Whitney, are you alright?"

Whitney doesn't seem to hear what he says and sits there motionlessly.

"Whitney, answer me!" She still doesn't move.

Lawrence panics. He picks up Whitney and runs out.

When he passes by Frances, he stops. "Frances, this is the end of our brotherhood. If anything happens to Whitney, I will definitely not let you off!" He says coldly.

However, something has definitely happened to Whitney.

It would be impossible for her to live a peaceful life.

I look at Frances and worry about him.

He takes me away as if he is fine.

Later I hear that Whitney has been in the hospital for a long time.

Finally she gets back.

As for her mental state, I really don't know. Lawrence protects her so well that the outside world doesn't even know about her.

That day, when I am cooking, old Mr. Louis suddenly comes back.

As soon as he returns, he makes a big decision.

Chapter 377 He Can't Die in Vain

"Sabina, leave here immediately."

Sabina doesn't expect old Mr. Louis to suddenly return. She doesn't dare to move.

She is really afraid of old Mr. Louis.

“Mr. Louis, I...”

She resorts to Frances.

Frances doesn't say anything, but he looks at me.

I know. He's asking for my opinion.

For Sabina's condition, she is unable to cause any trouble.

If she were allowed to live alone, she might commit suicide.

Letting her leave does not seem to be the right choice.

I shake my head at Frances, and whisper, “No, she can't go.”

I am afraid that Frances wouldn't be able to read my lips and my expression is a little exaggerated when I speak.

Frances nods and stands up. He says to old Mr. Louis. “Grandfather, this is my home, not the Louis'. She is my mother. Logically speaking, you have no right to let her leave.”

“What? I can't make the decision about the Louis' now, can I?” Old Mr. Louis is furious and slaps down the antique vase beside him.

My body trembles instantly.

Isn't that the vase I've bought earlier? I owe Frances three million because of this vase so that I am forced to stay with him for a long time.

Though, we love each other very much now. However, when I think of those things, I still feel very aggrieved.

But now, such a precious vase is still broken by old Mr. Louis.

My heart hurts.

Frances doesn't even blink, as if he doesn't care about this at all.

Later, he sighs slightly and says to old Mr. Louis, "Grandfather, there are some things that cannot be changed. You are my grandfather, but the person you want to drive away is my mother. She is so pitiful. If I'm going to drive her away, she might not be able to bear it."

What Frances say also let me know that he could also be soft-hearted.

He is a person who values kinship very much.

This man is worthy of my love for the whole life.

I smile. But old Mr. Louis doesn't have the slightest intention of compromising.

"You also know your parents gave birth to you. But this woman was divorced from your father, so that your

father was absent-minded and had that accident. In other words, she indirectly killed Fernando. She cannot be your mother, and she cannot even appear in the Louis'!"

Sabina bites her lips tightly. She is an arrogant woman, but in front of old Mr. Louis, she doesn't even dare to say a word.

I don't know if it's because she feels guilty or because she's always been afraid of old Mr. Louis.

“Grandpa, don’t get yourself into a dead end. Ten years have passed since Dad’s incident. It’s time for you to let it go.”

“Let it go? It’s easier said than done! Fernando is my only son. How can I let him die in vain?” Old Mr. Louis is so excited that I could feel that he is out of breath.

I know that old Mr. Louis’ health isn’t very good. It seems that he can’t be stimulated.

Old Mr. Louis really hates Sabina. Besides, he’s so stubborn. How could he let go of it?

I pull Frances’ clothes and signal him to stop.

He also notices that something is wrong with old Mr. Louis, so he walks over and prepares to help old Mr.

Louis to the sofa to rest for a while.

Old Mr. Louis, however, does not want to stop. He picks up the ashtray on the coffee table and throws it at Sabina.

Chapter 378 I Just Want You to Stay

Sabina is unable to move easily. When the ashtray is thrown at her, she has no strength to dodge. She could only sit there blankly and close her eyes.

Without any hesitation, I rush towards Sabina and successfully intercepted the ashtray.

The moment the ashtray hits my back, I couldn’t stand at all and fall straight to the ground.

“Jane, are you alright?”

Frances runs over and quickly helps me up.

I frown and force a smile at him.

“Don’t worry. I won’t die.”

He looks cold and says, “Who do you think you are? Do you really think you are strong? Come. Follow me back to your room to see if you are injured.”

“If I don’t stop that, your mother will be injured.” I curl my lips and look at Sabina, who is safe and sound. I feel that it is worth it.

“Don’t think that I would be grateful, for you have intercepted it. Stop dreaming!”

Sabina’s cold voice chills my heart.

Actually, I didn’t think of anything just now. It is because I am afraid that she would be injured that I rush forward recklessly.

Who can believe that she would be so ungrateful?

Frances doesn’t say anything. Looking at Sabina, he takes me upstairs.

As soon as I enter the room, he lifts up my jacket.

I scream when his hand touches the spot where I feel hurt.

“It hurts! It hurts!”

“You know it hurts. Such a big bruise. It must be very painful.”

Frances says coldly, then finds an ointment and puts it on me.

“Ouch! I already said it hurts. Easy. Easy!”

As he applies the ointment, I keep shouting. It sounds like he is killing a pig.

However, Frances is doing it heavier and heavier, and he doesn't seem to stop.

“Not done yet?” I grin and ask him.

“Rubbing it more may help you recover quickly. If it really hurts, think of something else to divert your attention.”

Divert attention. Divert attention.

I suddenly remember something.

“Just now, old Mr. Louis broke your vase. You don't seem to feel heartache at all.”

“There's nothing to be sad about something worth a million. I'm not lacking money.” Frances says casually.

These words successfully piss me off.

“Then why did you ask me to pay you back? You don't lacking money, but I do!”

I feel wronged when I think of the days when he threatens me with money.

Frances suddenly stops.

The next sentence melts my entire body.

“Idiot. At that time, I just wanted to have you stay. If the vase is broken, I can buy a new one, but you are unique in this world.”

Ouch! I can rarely control my screaming!

How can this man be so sexy?

Trying to calm down, I turn around and say to Frances, “Shameless capitalist!”

But inside, it feels as sweet as eating honey.

After applying the medicine, Frances takes me downstairs.

Old Mr. Louis has already recovered and sits on the sofa with a gloomy expression.

Sabina is still sitting there awkwardly, looking at old Mr. Louis.

Fortunately, old Mr. Louis doesn't attack her again.

Old Mr. Louis looks at us and speaks slowly.

“I don't have much time left. If you want me to see this woman for the rest of my life and feel unsatisfied when I die, you can let her stay.”

He doesn't have much time. What does he mean? “Grandfather, what's wrong with you?” I say worriedly.

“I have liver cancer. It’s already in advanced stage.”

Chapter 379 Old Mr. Louis’ Health Con...

Frances is stunned and doesn’t say anything for a while.

I see sadness in his eyes.

It’s hard for me to accept the shocking news, not to mention Frances.

The closest person is going to leave him. Everyone is vulnerable in face of death.

Frances finally walks over and asks softly.

“Grandpa, is it true?”

Actually, he knows it’s true, so his voice is trembling.

“Do you think I will joke about my life?” Old Mr. Louis smiled bitterly, his eyes filled with sorrow.

“I’ll leave now.”

Sabina looks at old Mr. Louis and finally says.

She turned around and goes to her room to pack up.

Actually, she only has a few things here. As for clothes and other things, she can buy new ones. She just takes some precious items that belong to her.

For example, the bracelet that Fernando gave her. She took it off before because of a hand injury, and now it is worn on her wrist again.

It seems that Frances wants to keep her. However, he glances at old Mr. Louis and doesn't say anything. Sabina is still robust, but old Mr. Louis has advanced liver cancer. He is running out of his time.

There is no cure for advanced liver cancer, but at the very least, he hopes old Mr. Louis can have a happy time before he leaves.

Sabina goes out in her wheelchair.

When she passes old Mr. Louis, he sees the bracelet on her left hand and suddenly says.
"Wait."

Sabina stops and turns to look at old Mr. Louis doubtfully.

"You don't have to leave. There's no one who really cares about you outside. It's also inconvenient for you to move. No one will know if you have an accident."

Old Mr. Louis' expression is a little awkward.

"Mr. Louis, can I stay?" Sabina's eyes are filled with surprise.

I am also a little surprised. Old Mr. Louis has been turning her away since he came back. But now he asks her to stay.

Perhaps he weakens when he sees the bracelet that Fernando left behind.

But anyway, this is good news.

“Sure.” Old Mr. Louis nods and continues to say in a deep voice, “However, you can’t walk out of your room when I’m at home. I don’t want to see you.”

His condition is a bit harsh, but Sabina quickly nods in agreement.

She can’t continue her career of music anymore and Frances is her only family, so she might want to live with her son.

Old Mr. Louis stays here. Sabina does obey the rule. As long as he is at home, she stays in her room and the nanny will bring her meals.

This is quite good. At least Sabina doesn’t make trouble with me anymore.

Without those misunderstandings, the relationship between Frances and me seems to have improved a lot.

However, there is still no development on the case of my parents’ car accident.

But I am convinced that Frances has nothing to do with it.

I have chosen to trust him, so I will no longer suspect him.

One day, Frances suddenly says that he wants to go traveling. He asks me if there is any place I want to go.

I am a little excited. I have been exhausted these days and really need to find a place to relax.

But where should I go?

I go to Frances’ study where there is a globe.

Forget it. Just close your eyes and turn it around.

I will go to where I point when it stops.

After a while, I open my eyes. It has stopped. And I look at the tip of my finger.

Chapter 380 Who Is She

Unexpectedly, it's the Czech Republic.

And the place I'm pointing is Prague.

It's like something is guiding me back to that place.

However, I don't dare to go there.

I got my most painful memories there. I don't know whether I can face them.

"Let's choose another one."

Frances glances at me and reaches out to turn the globe.

I hold his hand and say in a low voice, "This is it."

There are some things that couldn't be avoided.

Only by facing it calmly can I let go of the past and move on.

"Are you sure?" He looks at me worriedly.

I nod and reply firmly, "Yes. We are going there." Frances books plane tickets to Prague for the weekend.

It's Tuesday. There are still a few days before the weekend. I don't go to work and have been shopping for the trip these days.

Frances is busy and doesn't go shopping.

Mindy is idle and goes with me, so I am not bored.

"Oh, baby. I haven't seen you for a few days. You seem to have gained a bit weight."

I pick up the baby and kiss him on his fleshy face.

"You are wetting my son's face with your saliva. That's disgusting!" Mindy rolls her eyes and says.

I smile and kiss the other cheek.

Then I pout and say, "Your son? He's also my son. Okay?"

Mindy ignores me and turns to select clothes for her son.

It still hurts me to see children's clothes.

After strolling around for a while, I feel pressure on my chest and go out to get some air.

I see Noah as soon as I reach the gate.

It has been so long since I saw him last time. He seems to have changed a lot.

He is in a brand suit and enters with a beautiful woman holding his arm.

He is astonished when he sees me.

I feel a little embarrassed, thinking of the heartless words I said last time.

I lower my head to pretend not knowing him and want to walk away. However, Noah walks to me and says gently, "Long time no see."

He looks at me fondly, just like before.

It makes me uncomfortable. The woman beside him also notices it and looks warily at- Me.

"Who is she?" The woman asks nervously.

Noah frowns and says to her in a deep voice, "You can go hang out. I'll be right in."

The woman glances at me, then at Noah. Finally, she bites her lips and nods.

I look at Noah awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

Noah suddenly takes my hands and says emotionally, "Jane, I am not over you. I'm already the president of a company. I have money and power. I've become the kind of man you like. Can you stay with me?"

I frown slightly. I am a little disgusted with his behavior.

I can tell that his relationship with that woman is not simple at first sight. Furthermore, judging from her belly, she might have been pregnant for four or five months. And Noah still wants to get back with me.

He's really a jerk.

"Who is that woman?" I ask coldly.

"She..." Noah's expression becomes awkward. After hesitating for a while, he says, "She's my fiancée."