

Desperate Time 441

Chapter 441 Frances Smells of Hilda

I panic and rush downstairs.

Hilda lives in Sabina's room downstairs. The door is held ajar, and there's light in the room.

I don't want to believe that Frances went to Hilda's room, but I still walk to her room.

I peek through the door, and I stiffen in shock.

Frances is lying on Hilda's laps and sleeping soundly.

Rage swells within me.

Isn't he supposed to just comfort Hilda? Why is he lying on her laps now?

I just want to rush in the room, but I can't.

If I went in and yelled at them, it would make me look awkward.

Perhaps, Frances was so sleepy that fell asleep and accidentally lay on Hilda's laps.

I bite my lips and go upstairs.

But I'm not that stupid to let Frances and Hilda spend the night together.

I pick up my phone and call Frances.

After the phone rings for a while, Hilda picks it up.

“Why aren’t you coming up yet? I’m so sleepy.”

I pretend to be sleepy and yawn widely.

“He’s sleeping.”

I could tell Hilda lowers her voice and says that complacently on the phone.

I’m a little surprised, but not very.

After all, I’ve seen Frances lying on her laps.

“Who is it?”

Then I hear Frances’ voice.

Now he’s finally awake.

“Oh, it’s Jane.”

Hilda says plainly. She’s no longer as arrogant as before.

I have to say that she’s really good at disguising herself in front of Frances.

“I’ll be right up.”

After saying that, Frances hangs up the phone. Half a minute later, he appears at the door of our bedroom.

I smile at him and pretend to be coquettish. "You said it will only take a while. What took you so long?" Frances takes off his coat and says without changing his expressions, "It took longer than I expected." It seems that Frances wouldn't tell me that he fell asleep in Hilda's arms.

Since he doesn't want to say anything, I wouldn't ask any further.

Frances walks over and lies on the bed, hugging me in his arms. He smiles. "You can't sleep without my arms?"

But he smells of Hilda now, which makes me feel uncomfortable.

"You've been busy all day. Aren't you going to take a shower before sleeping?"

"I'm too tired. Let me lie down for a while."

Frances sounds very exhausted.

Normally, I would not force him to shower. But now, he smells of Hilda. How can I sleep with that? "No, dirty boy. Just take a shower. You'll feel more comfortable that way."

Frances couldn't persuade me, so he gets up and goes to take a bath.

However, I feel more and more distressed.

Today, Frances falls asleep in Hilda's room. What about next time? Could they...

I don't know. I don't even dare to think about it.

The next morning, Earl wakes up very early. I don't want him to disturb Frances' rest, so I carry him downstairs gently and go for a walk in the garden.

But I don't expect that old Mr. Louis has also woken up. He looks very well these days. I wonder if it's because Hilda is here.

When old Mr. Louis sees me, his face darkened.

He really doesn't want to see me.

I don't want to annoy old Mr. Louis, so I turn around to walk back to the room.

However, old Mr. Louis says in a deep voice behind me.

"What did you think about the thing I told you last time?"

Chapter 442 As Long as You Are Happy

Does he mean the thing about letting me divorce Frances?

I really don't want to upset old Mr. Louis, but I really love Frances, how could I divorce him? "Old Mr. Louis, can you stop making things difficult for me?"

I purse my lips and whisper.

Old Mr. Louis' gaze becomes stern all of a sudden.

"Are you trying to piss me off? I don't have much time left. My only wish now is that you can Frances and leave this place!"

Old Mr. Louis' words sadden me.

I really don't know what happened. Why does old Mr. Louis suddenly hate me so much? But no matter what old Mr. Louis says, I will definitely not leave Frances. I am determined.

“If you really don’t want to see me, I can do what Sabina did. I won’t meet you as long as you are at home.

But I won’t leave no matter what.”

After saying those words, I carry Earl inside.

When I enter, I happen to see Hilda standing at the door.

She didn’t try to hide her smile.

She must have overheard the conversation I have with old Mr. Louis. So what? As long as Frances doesn’t file for divorce, I won’t leave.

It doesn’t matter even if I am said to pester him. I love Frances, and I won’t give up so easily.

When I carry Earl upstairs, I think Frances is still sleeping, but I find him standing quietly by the bed, looking indifferent and detached.

Does he hear what old Mr. Louis said to me just now?

“Frances.”

I whisper.

He turns his head and looks at me with a frown.

“Why don’t you tell me that Grandfather forces you to divorce me?”

Sure enough, he hears it.

Originally, I don't want him to be embarrassed, so I don't intend to tell him. But in the end, he still knows it.

'I don't know what to say.'

I sigh and say worriedly.

Frances walks over and sits beside me.

"Doesn't Grandfather always like you? How come his attitude towards you has changed so much when you came back this time?"

I glance at him and feel helpless, saying, "I wish I knew. Now that old Mr. Louis wants us to get divorced, I'm very worried."

Frances looks at me gently and whispers, "It's fine. You don't have to worry. I told you before that no matter what happens, you just need to stand behind me. I will deal with everything, and this time, too. I will go talk to Grandfather and find out what is going on."

Frances' words make me feel much more at ease.

Nodding at him, I simply put on my makeup and leave with Earl and Frances.

Since I say that I wouldn't let old Mr. Louis see me, it would be best if I don't eat breakfast at home.

Frances would take care of Old Master, but I promise Violet that I would handle Steven's thing. I have to think of a way.

After thinking for a whole day, I finally come up with a solution which not sounds that perfect.

Immediately after, I send a text message to Violet, telling her all of my plan.

Although, this is not a good approach.

But right now, there is no other way.

“Who are you sending messages to?”

Frances raises his head and asks me.

I guess he is looking at me through the monitor, but he couldn't see it clear. That's why he asks.

I don't want to hide anything from him, so I tell him everything. After all, I need his help with this plan.

He stares at me for a few seconds and finally gives me a simple comment of my plan, “As long as you're happy.”

Chapter 443 Do What We Want to Do

Violet quickly replies to my message.

“Is that really OK?”

“Is there a better way?” I reply.

After pondering for a while, Violet finally agrees with me.

I also know that my plan may not work, but there is no other way.

“When should we start? Then I can be prepared,” Violet asks me.

Putting down the phone, I look up at Frances and say, “When do you think it would be better for me to this?”

“Give me two days to get ready,” Frances says.

I nod.

This plan is settled just like that.

Frances quickly finishes what he is doing today, but I have promised old Mr. Louis to stay out of his sight.

As a result, we have to eat out.

However, it is only seven after a slow supper.

No matter how early old Mr. Louis rests, it is impossible for him to go to bed at seven o’clock.

“What should we do? It’s only seven o’clock.” I look helplessly at Frances and then at the child in my arms, feeling extremely depressed.

Perhaps I shouldn’t have said this condition on the spur of the moment. Otherwise, we wouldn’t be drifting outside like a homeless person.

I guess the biggest difference between me and a homeless person is that a homeless person doesn’t have a husband and kids around, right?

“We finally share the beautiful time only with each other now. Isn’t it nice to enjoy the rare moment?” Frances smiles faintly, looking a little aggrieved.

“Earl is still here. There are three people.” I purse my lips.

Speaking of which, we really don’t spend a lot of time alone

When the two of us are together, we always have misunderstandings and quarrels, and we never get close to each other.

By the time we show our love for each other, we already have a sweet little child.

However, I have never regretted it.

It is precisely because of this child that my life is so perfect. I finally get the warmth and sweetness of home that I yearn for.

“Then we send Earl away.” What? No!

I glare at Frances and say in a deep voice, “You don’t want to give our child away, do you? Frances, if you dare to have such thoughts, I won’t let you get away with it!”

Earl is my life, even more important than Frances.

I have already made him suffer so much. I won’t put him in any more danger.

Frances is probably shocked by my nervousness. After being stunned, he smiles at me and says, “Idiot, why would I give our child away? He is important to you and more important to me. I just need him to temporarily leave us for a while so that we can enjoy our time together.”

What does he mean?

Just as I’m puzzled, someone suddenly walks in front of us and nods respectfully at Frances.

It is a man in his thirties. I have seen him in and out of the company, but he doesn’t have a job in the company.

I don’t know who he is, but I’m sure that he works for Frances.

“Have you found a babysitter?”

“Yes. It’s the best babysitter in the city.” The man nods and replies.

“Alright then, take Earl away. I’ll pick him up in two hours.”

Since it is the person Frances hired, I’m naturally relieved to let him look after Earl.

After handing Earl over to him, Frances pulls me and walks out.

“What are we going to do for these two hours?”

“Do what we want to do, of course.”

Things we want to do?

Could it be....?

Chapter 444 Man’s Sentimentality

“Why are you so thick-skinned? Can’t we do this home? Why outside?”

I blush and say coquettishly to Frances.

Does he mean to have it more romancing?

Frances stops and turns to look at me.

“Do it at home? There are no cinemas at home.”

“Cinemas?”

I am stunned, and then I realize that he is talking about watching a movie.

Watching a movie for two hours is indeed perfect.

I suddenly feel embarrassed for mistaking it for what I was thinking about.

“What would it be? What do you think it is?” The man stares at me with a flirtatious smile.

Damn. I’m so embarrassed!

“Movies, of course!” I blush and pretended that nothing had happened.

Even if Frances has seen through my thoughts, if I don’t say it out loud, at least he won’t laugh at me.

He chuckles and whispers into my ear, “Watch the movie first, and we’ll do whatever you want to do after we’ve home.”

“Who says I want that? Shameless!”

I am so embarrassed and angry that I shake off Frances’ hand and walk forward.

Next to us is the cinema. Frances follows and grabs my hand. We walk into the hall and get into the screening room after getting the tickets.

I bought popcorn and cola before going in.

I think that a wealthy person like Frances will choose a high-end private room, or book the whole cinema.

But he doesn’t.

We lean against each other like ordinary couples and watch the movies quietly.

However, I didn't expect that Frances would bring me here for a romance movie.

When he bought the tickets, I didn't pay attention. I thought that people like him would watch business movies or something like that.

But Frances always surprises me.

He holds my hand tightly, and occasionally, he will turn around to look at me and smile gently at me.

At this moment, I feel that he is the sunshine in my lonely life, and that my world will no longer have haze because of him.

"Frances, it's good to have you."

I whisper as I hold his hand.

The movie ends soon. From beginning to end, Frances never lets go of my hand.

So I only consumed a little popcorn and cola.

As we walk out of the cinema, Frances suddenly asks me.

"They love each other so much, how could that woman have the heart to kill the man?" At the end of the story, the female lead stabs the knife into the male lead's heart.

So, even if the movie is over, I'm still a little sad.

"I don't know either. Perhaps it's for the sake of creating a tragic atmosphere."

“Then, will you stab me in the heart one day?” Frances suddenly asks me softly.

I turn around and roll my eyes at him, “What are you talking about? I didn’t expect someone like you to be so deeply involved in the movie. It’s just a drama. How can there be so much love, hate, and vengeance in real life? It’s impossible for me to do such a thing.”

However, when saying that, even I doubt myself.

Actually, what happened between Frances and me is even more inconceivable than the movie.

Actually, when I misunderstood that he killed my child, I really wanted to kill him.

Of course, that is the past.

“Jane, I love you.”

He stops and hugs me tightly in his arms.

“I love you too.”

I hold him even tighter.

The sweetness of love overwhelmed me.

I suppose the film is the reason why he comes up with such a strange idea.

When men become sentimental, they are better at it than women.

But reality is always crueler than I imagine.

Long after that, when I recall these things, I realize that’s his wake-up call for me.

Chapter 445 Stand Outside

After picking up the child, I go back home with Frances.

By the time we get hore, it's almost ten.

Old Mr. Louis is usually asleep at this time.

So I don't expect to see him still awake and chat with Hilda on the sofa when I arrive at the door.

Thinking of my promise to old Mr. Louis, I stand at the door and don't know if I should go in or not.

Old Mr. Louis doesn't see me. But hearing the sound, he certainly knows that we are back.

He sits up straight and says in a deep voice, "You have to do what you promised me. I'm still here, so: should know what to do."

Of course, these words are for me.

I have nothing to retort, and I don't intend to.

"Grandpa." Frances' face darkened. He wants to say something, but I stop him.

I hand Earl in my arms to Frances and whisper to him, "Go in. I'll be there soon. I'm good."

Frances shakes his head and stands still at the door, resolutely disagreeing with me.

It's so windy tonight. Standing outside, I even feel my face hurt. Earl is still so young. How can he endure such a strong wind?

I shake my head and say to Frances in a low voice, "Go in with Earl. I don't want him to catch a cold. Give him a bath and I'll be there soon."

Frances looks around at the swaying trees, then looks at Earl in his arms, and finally walks in helplessly. When he passes by Old Mr. Louis, he stops.

“Grandpa, it’s already late. You should go to sleep.”

“I know what I should do.”

After Frances finishes speaking, he goes upstairs. Old Mr. Louis is still sitting there, chatting with Hilda.

I don’t wear much and can only bear with the wind for a while. But it’s already midnight. After standing at the door for half an hour, I get Goosebumps all over my body.

“Sir, it’s time for you to sleep,” Hilda looks at me and says to Old Mr. Louis.

But actually, I can tell that when she looks at me, her eyes are filled with pride.

It’s obvious that she wants me to stand outside forever.

Old Mr. Louis shakes his head and says, “I’m in the mood to chat. Let’s continue.”

Old Mr. Louis and Hilda continue to chat. I can’t stand the cold wind anymore but can only watch the series on my phone to kill this long and boring time.

However, my body is getting stiffer and stiffer, and I feel a little dizzy.

Just as I’m about to fall asleep, old Mr. Louis finally stands up and says to Hilda, “I’m a little sleepy. I’m going to bed.”

As he speaks, he slowly goes back to his room.

It saves my life. I run in quickly.

My frozen body instantly becomes much warmer.

When I run past Hilda, I hear her gloating voice.

“You really should see how miserable you are now.” Well, I don’t need her to tell me.

“So what? I’ll be warm after I go back to my room and hug Frances. I’m much happier than someone like you who is too lonely to sleep every night.”

I hold my head high and quickly go upstairs after saying this.

As soon as I arrive at the door, Frances comes out.

When he sees me, he brings me into the room, frowning.

“You didn’t come in all this time? You must be freezing. Go to take a shower now and don’t come out until you’re warm.”

I nod, take my nightgown, and go to the bathroom.

After washing for a long time, I finally feel warm. As soon as I climb into bed, Frances hugs me tightly.

‘I’m sorry you have to go through this.’

Chapter 446 Something I Can’t Know

He sounds very guilty.

Actually, I don’t blame him at all.

His warm embrace is enough to drive away all my sadness.

“I can endure everything to be with you.”

I smile and sink myself into his arms.

“Jane, let’s take wedding photos tomorrow.”

“Sure.” I agree without hesitation.

Last time, I didn’t take wedding photos with him, for I was coping with Whitney.

In fact, I have been thinking since then, if something had happened to me, I should have regretted it for the rest of my life.

Early next morning, Frances takes me to the wedding photo shoot.

Earl also goes with us.

The wedding photos of a family of three turns out to be much sweeter.

Earl is a sensible boy. He doesn’t make much noise when taking pictures.

Cameras always love Frances, and I am also photogenic. The wedding photos are finished in only a few hours.

After that, Frances goes to the company in a rush.

Actually, when he was taking photos, he received several phone calls. Although he forced a calm face in front of me, I could tell that he was troubled by something.

Earl and I follow him to the company.

At first, I want to do some drawing, but I am not in the mood at the sight of Frances' furrowed eyebrows.

Frances has been busy dealing with some documents at his seat for a while before heading to the conference room.

I walk to the computer, trying to figure out what is going on, only to find that I need a password.

He has never set a password for the computer before. Judged by his sudden action, there must be something wrong with him.

There are only Frances, Earl and me in this office.

Apparently, he sets this password in case I would see something.

He must be hiding something from me.

There is something I can't know.

I try several times but fail to get the correct password. I have no choice but to give up.

But, what exactly is Frances trying to hide from me? I'm getting more curious.

Earl is asleep. So, why don't I eavesdrop on what they are talking about at the door of the conference room?

I rush to the conference room, and the door is left ajar.

I look inside through the crack of the door. Frances is sitting in the middle, talking to the rest with a serious expression.

There aren't lots of attendants, but they are all the upper echelons of the company. Most of them are the directors of the company.

Even old Mr. Louis is there.

Old Mr. Louis seldom takes part in the company affairs now. His appearance shows that something did happen to the Louis Group.

After Frances' speech, old Mr. Louis begins to say something.

Everyone is focusing on old Mr. Louis' speech. None of them notice me.

However, I can't hear what Frances has said from too far away. Then I take two steps forward and carefully stick my ear to the door.

"This time, the Jordan Group did do some damage to our company. They resorted to a lot of illegal methods, and even sacrificed their interests to hurt us. During this period, our share price has fallen by a lot. If they don't stop, it will definitely cause fatal damage to the Louis Group. There are only two paths in front of us right now. First, we can contend against the Jordan Group. Of course, both sides would suffer in this case. Second, there must be a reason behind their attack."

"We must find it out and deal with it."

With that, old Mr. Louis looks at Frances, as if he is waiting for his decision.

The reason...

The reason the Jordan Group attacks the Louis Group might be the grudges between me and Whitney. Frances attacks Whitney because of this, and Lawrence must fight back.

But I didn't expect a personal grudge would turn into a battle between two companies.

I'm sure that the first way can't work. As for the second one, the Louis Group should satisfy Whitney in order to stop the Jordan Group. And what Whitney wants now is to throw me into prison and make me suffer.

So, what will Frances do? I look at him from afar, my heart going to jump out of my throat.

Frances clears his throat, takes a glance at the rest, and says in a deep voice, "I won't choose either way. Actually, there is still another way, and that is...."

Chapter 447 You Have More Say than An...

What is it?

I stick my ear to the door curiously.

Unexpectedly, I exert too much force and the door is pushed open.

In an instant, everyone looks at me in unison.

Awkward...

How awkward!

Lowering my head, I am about to sneak away as if nothing has happened when Frances suddenly call out to me.

"Since you're here, stay. Come in." As he speaks, he waves at me.

Some of the directors don't know me and look at me with searching eyes. As for the others who knew about my relationship with Frances, they all put on strange smiles on their faces.

Damn! What an embarrassment!

If I had known, I wouldn't have eavesdropped.

"This is my wife, Jane."

Frances takes me to sit at one side, introducing me to everyone.

I have no choice but to look up and smile awkwardly at them.

When old Mr. Louis sees me, his expression instantly turns cold.

"What do you think of the third way I put forward just now?"

Frances asks in a deep voice.

Everyone looks at each other and seems to be in a dilemma.

I feel more curious as to what the third method Frances is referring to.

"No, it's too despicable. How can we play such a dirty trick? I don't agree!" Old Mr. Louis insists.

Frances glances at old Mr. Louis and sweeps his gaze across the crowd. "This is the best way now, I think. Let's vote for or against my proposal."

"Now, if you agree with me, raise your hand."

Apart from Frances and old Mr. Louis, there are six directors here. And three of them raise their hands.

A draw.

They have a stalemate.

What should they do?

Just as I am lost in my thought, Frances looks at me suddenly.

“Mrs. Louis, aren’t you going to vote?”

Me?

I’m not a director. How can I speak on company affairs?

It’s a company affair. I don’t have a say on it, do I?” I reply, smiling embarrassedly.

“That’s not the case. You should know that you own half of my property now. In other words, you have 25% of the shares of the Louis Group. You have a better say than anyone else.”

That can work?

None of the people present object to this.

Although I don’t know what Frances said, I still raise my hand.

I believe in Frances and that his plan must be the best.

Old Mr. Louis stands up in anger and snaps to Frances, “You should be responsible for your own decision! I am getting old, and I will not interfere in the affairs of the Louis Group anymore.”

With that, old Mr. Louis walks out.

As the saying goes, excessive anger damages the liver.

I am a little worried about old Mr. Louis, seeing him leaving like this.

He has a bad liver, and the anger might cause more problems to his health.

Frances and the rest are still discussing business. I turn to him and say, "I should go and look after old Mr.

Louis."

Frances nods.

I get up and walk out, catching up with old Mr. Louis.

The moment he sees me, old Mr. Louis' angry face becomes even colder.

"What are you doing here? Don't you think I'm not angry enough? You promised that you won't come into my sight. So, what are you doing now?"

"I meant ... you won't see me at home." I purse my lips and whisper from behind.

"You!"

Old Mr. Louis is so angry that he walks forward without talking to me.

In order not to annoy him, I silently follow behind him walking out of the company.

At the very least, I can rest assured after making sure that he gets in the car.

When I reach the gate, someone rushes over from the side.

"Be carefull"

Old Mr. Louis cries out in alarm. Before I could figure out what is going on, he pushes me to the ground.

“Ah!”

Old Mr. Louis cries in alarm.

I look up and see old Mr. Louis frowning.

The person beside him panics and keeps apologizing to old Mr. Louis.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it. I’m really in a hurry.”

Only then do I notice that he is holding a glass of water in his hand.

The boiling water inside spills on the back of old Mr. Louis’ hand, making it red and swollen.

If he hadn’t pushed me away just now, I would have been injured.

But doesn’t he hate me? Why does he protect me?

It’s not the right time to think about this. What’s important is to see if his burns are serious or not.

“It doesn’t matter. Be careful next time.”

Old Mr. Louis says kindly to the man, but because of the pain, his brows are tightly knitted.

The man apologizes again before leaving.

I frown and stepped forward to support old Mr. Louis. “Grandfather, let me take you to the hospital.”

“It’s none of your business! I’ve already said I don’t want to see you! Scram as far away as you can! Can’t you see that I hate you?”

Old Mr. Louis shakes off my hand impatiently and scolds me.

If it had been before, I would have read that old Mr. Louis hates me.

But after seeing what happened just now, I am a little dumbfounded.

I don't know what he is thinking about, but if I hate someone, I definitely won't save him.

Moreover, his dislike for me is truly inexplicable.

"Grandfather, do you really hate me? Since that's the case, why did you help me just now?" I look at old Mr. Louis with a serious expression.

His expression changes, but his eyes are filled with extreme impatience.

"Who helped you?! I told that person to be careful, not you! You're so annoying!"

After old Mr. Louis says that, he doesn't look at me anymore and directly walked out.

I stand there and see him stop a car and leave before I go upstairs.

However, I feel very complicated.

What exactly is going on?

Returning to the office, I find that Frances' meeting has ended.

I tell him what just happened and want an answer. He shakes his head in confusion, just like me.

"Actually, I often can't figure out what my grandfather is thinking too." He smiles helplessly.

Besides, not only can he not read his grandfather.

But he can't read Hilda as well.

"Ah." I let out a long sigh and say to Frances, "What is the third way you've mentioned earlier?" "You'd better not know that. The business world is much darker than you think. You just need to rest assured and be my Mrs. Louis."

I'm not very interested in the business world, so I don't ask any further.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Frances packs his things and says to me, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?"

Why does he finish his work so early today?

I'm surprised.

He has been so busy these past few days that he doesn't even have a normal life of a human.

"Our wedding is coming soon. We need to make good preparations."

Wedding?

I never think that Frances will hold a wedding.

I think that we just take some wedding photos for fun. When we get old, we can find old memories through the photos.

Actually, for me, the wedding isn't that important.

What I care about is the man I'm married to.

As long as we love each other, it doesn't matter to me whether there is a wedding or not.

Chapter 449 To Learn Many Skills As M...

But Frances and I are completely different.

He wants to give me a grand wedding, and he wants me to have no regrets about my life.

So, how can I waste his efforts?

I smile and say to him, "Sure. But I don't know when the wedding is going to be held."

"A month later."

"When did you decide?"

"Just now."

Just now?

My mouth twitches, and I feel like I can't do anything about this man.

Frances takes me to a wedding company and personally selects everything.

Occasionally, he turns around and asks for my opinion.

"Miss, you are really lucky. I feel that this gentleman really loves you." The staff in the company says to me, envious.

Yeah, I'm really lucky.

I don't even dare to imagine this in the past. But now, it just happens.

I want to stay with Frances like this for a lifetime.

Standing beside him with Earl in my arms, I watch him deal with everything about the wedding.

With him, I really don't have to worry about anything.

When we finish discussing all kinds of details, it's already sunset.

After dinner, Frances calls his men to pick up Earl.

Is he taking me to the movies again?

It turns out that Frances takes me to a shooting hall, not a cinema.

"Why do you bring me here?"

This place is filled with people practicing shooting. As an ordinary person, I'm afraid of guns.

"Of course I'm here to practice shooting. What else can I do?" Frances smiles and explains to me.

"Why are you practicing shooting suddenly?" I gulp and ask him nervously.

"In order to protect myself and protect the people I love. It's useful to learn more skills." Frances says.

But I know it's not as simple as he says.

All these years, he has been walking in the rain of bullets.

Back then, Terence has sacrificed his life in order to save Frances.

Only now do I realize how uneasy he has been these years.

Perhaps he's worried that someone would come and take his life every hour of every day.

I silently stand aside and watch Frances shoot.

I don't know much about this, but I can still tell that he has great shooting skills.

However, my heart trembles every time he shoots.

Frances stops and turns to look at me. "Are you scared? Are you scared of the sound of gunshots, or are you afraid that you will be in danger to stay with me?" Frances says.

"I'm not afraid." I say firmly, looking into his eyes.

Since I choose to stay with him, I won't be afraid anymore.

To prove that I'm not afraid, I stretch out and say, "Why don't you let me have a try?"

"Why are you practicing shooting? Do you really think it's funny?" He rolls his eyes at me and says unhappily.

"Anyway, you said that it doesn't matter if I learn more. Maybe one day, I can protect myself!" Frances ponders for a moment, and finally nods in agreement.

He stands behind me and teaches me how to shoot.

However, if I know what would happen in the future, I would never have chosen to touch guns in my entire life.

Chapter 450 Decisions for the Best

After practicing for two hours, my arms ache with tiredness. I can't even lift them up.

So, Frances has to carry Earl in his arms all the way.

Night in bed, with sore arms, I twist and turn, unable to sleep.

“I told you not to do it, but you don’t listen to me. Well, are you happy now?”

He glares at me helplessly, and then he comes over and gently massages the aching muscles on my arms.

Looking at his bonny face, I feel rather warm in my heart.

The man in front of me is almost flawless.

I can’t even think of a reason to leave him. How can I give up him?

“By the way, did you ask old Mr. Louis why he insists we have to divorce? I have a feeling that there is a secret behind it. I know he doesn’t hate me like he says when he pushed me away.”

This matter just fills me with wonder.

He stops his movements and frowns, “There are too many things going on in the company today. I haven’t had time to ask. I’ll go now.”

As he says, he gets out of bed and goes downstairs with the ointment for burns and scalds.

I lie in bed, feeling uncommonly nervous.

What can it be?

Very soon, Frances comes back.

His expression and the still-sealed ointment tell everything.

“Did he say anything?”

“He locked the door up and didn’t let me. All he said to me was...”

“What is it?” I can’t wait.

“Every decision he makes is for the best.”

Frances stares at me and says word by word.

What does this mean?

Even Frances can’t know. What exactly is Mr. Louis hiding from us?

I am eager to know, but there’s nothing I can do if he doesn’t tell us. I have to continue to avoid him.

But today, I don’t want to go to Frances’ company .

Earl needs a lot at the beginning of a new season. Seasonal purchases are urgently needed.

Frances is too busy. I want to go with my girl, Mindy, but this woman has gone to Dubai with David. So, Earl becomes my only company.

The spoils of shopping are too much for me to take home alone, so I call Frances for help.

“Wait for a while. I’ll pick you up after work.”

Frances replies.

Then I ask the shop assistant to help pack everything up and wait for him.

While waiting, Earl poops and cries nonstop. So, I have to take him to the bathroom to change his diapers.

After we walk out and past a café, a middle-aged woman sitting outside rivets my gaze.

To be exact, I'm attracted by the ring on her hand.

Isn't it the ring that Frances gave me when he proposed?

Why does this woman wear it now?

This ring is unique and there can't be another one in the world. I look at it every day, so I won't be wrong with it.

The ring is missed at home. How does it end up on this woman's hand?

I rush into the café with Earl in my arms and hurry to the woman.

She raises her head and stares at me blankly, "Miss, what can I do for you?" I never look away from the ring on her hand.

"Where did you get that ring?"