

Desperate Time 451

Chapter 451 Can You Afford it

The middle-aged woman looks vigilantly at me.

I guess she might think I am a robber, having my eyes on her ring.

But now, I can't care for so much. All I'm thinking about is what happened with this ring.

"Tell me. Where did you get it?"

I look at her and say dourly.

This woman senses my seriousness and asks me, "What does this ring have to do with you?" "That's none of your business. You just tell me where you got it."

"I bought it, of course. You are asking too many questions. Are you up to it? Just so you know, I spent a lot of money on it. Don't..."

I don't want to listen to her any longer.

She says she bought it. Then, whom did she buy it from?

Could it be that someone stole my ring and sold it? "Who did you buy it from? Do you know that it's probably stolen?"

"Stolen?" That woman looks at me with disdain, and she frowned, "Don't tell stories that you don't know.

This ring was bought from a rich lady."

Rich ladies, of course, won't steal my things.

In that case, there is only one rich lady I know who have access to this ring.

Sabina.

I take her by the shoulders and shake her hard, "What kind of rich lady? Is her name Sabina, the famous pianist?"

Her eyes show she is very shocked.

Even she hasn't answered, I can tell from her eyes. I'm right.

It is Sabina who sold her this ring.

She is rich. I mean, she is so famous. Then why would she sell my ring to this woman?

Is it because she didn't like me and did it on purpose?

But even if she doesn't like me, she can do better. Why did she have to steal my engagement ring?

It doesn't make any sense to me.

"Did she say why she sold it to you?" I asked with concern.

The middle-aged woman looked at me with disgust, picked up her handbag and stood up, ready to leave.

"How would I know? I'm just a buyer. I just give her the money she wants, and that's it. Why on earth

would I ask something else? And you, you're strange. Why do you care so much about other people? And you don't look like you can afford it."

I know she won't give me any useful message if I keep asking that way.

It seems I have to pay attention to the art of speech.

Pretending I don't care at all, I curl my lips and say indifferently, "It's just a ring. Why can't I afford? It costs at most a year's salary."

The woman is on her way leaving, when she hears me saying this, she stops and raises her voice to me, "A year's salary? You're so naive. Do you know how much it costs? Fifteen million! Even if you save money for it for three hundred years, you can't afford it!"

She's right.

But that doesn't hurt me at all.

Having lived with Frances for so long, I have long gotten used to these hurtful words.

However, I just don't expect it costs so much.

I have no idea how much Frances spent on it, but I do know Sabina made 15 million from selling it.

But I don't understand. Did Sabina sell this ring because she needed money?

Chapter 452 I Won't Tell Anyone

She sweeps me a few disdainful glances and leaves.

I can't wait any longer, so I take out my phone and call Sabina.

The first time I call, she doesn't answer.

I won't give up, so I call again.

After a long time of waiting, she finally picks up.

"What?" She asks impatiently on the other end of the phone.

"Did you sell my ring?"

I cut to the chase.

With things getting this far, I don't need to put this delicately.

There is a long silence before voice comes from the other side. "Yes."

It's her, indeed!

But why would she do this? I honestly have no clue.

"Why did you do that?" I ask sternly.

"For money, of course. What else could it be?"

"Are you serious? Aren't you supposed to be rich? What are you going to do with this money?" I'm so curious that I keep asking.

Fifteen million is a lot. It is more than enough to buy a nice house in Virginia.

Sabina never needs to worry about money. Apart from messing with me, I can't think of a better reason.

“It has nothing to do with you.”

Sabina says coldly before hanging up the phone.

How can it have nothing to do with me? This ring belongs to me, and she just took it and sold it without saying a single word. In fact, it has everything to do with me!

I’m not okay with it, so I call again but she refuses to answer.

She turns her phone off.

Sabina is avoiding me, but I can’t just stand by and do nothing with it.

This ring is very important to me. Besides, I’m really curious about what she is going to do with the hefty sum.

I always have a feeling there’s something going on with her. I can’t just leave it.

Not long after, Frances comes to pick me up.

After putting things into the car, we’re on our way home.

In the car, I tell him about Sabina.

His eyebrows knit tightly. It seems this matter has raised the same fears.

“She has never been short of money. Why does she need money now?”

Frances parks the car by the roadside and ponders for a while, but none of the thoughts he comes up with convinces him.

Then he just turns the car around and drives in another direction.

“Are you going to see her?” I guess.

Since Sabina moves away, I have no idea where she lives.

But Frances should know.

“Yes.”

Frances drives fast. Very soon, we arrive at a house in a nice neighborhood.

He parks the car, takes me to the 11th floor and knocks on the door of 1103.

“Who is it?”

Sabina’s voice comes from inside, followed by her footsteps.

She stops at the door and says coldly, “Oh, you have told him already. What a snitch.” I’m the snitch?

That’s because I’m worried about her.

But of course, and partly because it pains me to lose my ring.

“Mom, open the door.” Frances says in a deep voice.

“If you’re here for that ring, then go back. I’ve already sold it. If you are here for a reason, then I’m sorry.

No comment this time.”

I can hear her determination, even I can’t see her face.

“Mom, I just want to know, what do you want so much money for?”

“You don’t have to know. If you want the ring back, call the police. I can’t tell you more.”

It becomes silent after that.

Looks like she doesn’t want to talk to us.

We have no choice but to leave.

After getting Earl’s things ready, I am so tired that I lie on the bed. Suddenly, I think of Steven.

“Well, have you got everything set up for Steven?”

Chapter 453 I’m the Monster

“I’m all over this. You can do it at any time.” I nod and say to him, “Thank you, my dear. I wouldn’t know what to do without you.”

“Thank me?” Frances raises his eyebrows and looks at me. Suddenly, he sits down beside the bed and looks at me enigmatically. “Well, if you want to thank me, you can give me a hot night.”

A hot night?

Not now.

Now I’m too tired to move, not to mention having sex with him.

“Not now please. I’m too tired tonight.”

I look at him with puppy-dog eyes, hoping that he can let me have some rest.

He looks back with his dark eyes. A few seconds later, he suddenly smiles.

He reaches out his hand and strokes my head. "Oh, look at you. Am I that scary?" "Yes, you are! You always want more, don't you? I'm so afraid of you."

I roll my eyes at him and curl my lips.

"Are you saying I'm a monster?"

Frances fixes his sharp eyes on me as he pushes me onto the bed and smiles mischievously.

I am overwhelmed by his gaze and say, "Well, you said it, not me."

Well, I never said that!

Although, he has his point. In front of others, he is a monster in nice clothes, when he takes off his clothes and gets into bed, he is no better than a monster.

"You didn't say that plainly, but I can read between lines. I'll let you know what a real monster is." As he says that, my clothes are taken off by him.

I don't want to do it, honestly speaking.

First of all, I've got a lot on my plate lately, so I'm not in the mood for it.

Secondly, I'm too tired and can't afford his fierce attacks.

But he is the stronger one. So, I just let him take off my clothes.



“Frances, can you not...”

I have my last try, but he picks me up naked and walks into the bathroom, without saying a word. He gently puts me in the bathtub and gives me a massage.

So, it isn't about sex. He takes me to a bath!

But I have no idea when he gets the bathwater ready.

Soaking my tired body in hot water, along with his amazing massage, I feel refreshed again. Lying in the tub, I am so comfortable that I almost fall asleep.

“How is it? Are you still tired?” Frances asks softly.

“Not anymore.” I murmur, too cozy to open my eyes.

I can sleep here.

He will carry me back into bed even if I fall asleep here.

With this thought in mind, I close my eyes soundly.

Without warning, a warm hand covers my breast and softly kneads and squeezes it.

I suddenly wake up. When I look at Frances, I find thirst in his eyes.

Oh, man.

“What are you doing? I want to have some sleep.”

“You say you’re not tired anymore, then don’t I deserve a hot night?” Smiling meaningfully, he takes off his clothes and gets in the bathtub.

It is large enough for two, but I find it too small to dodge his “attack”.

I have no choice. He manages to get me in the end.

We then have the hottest sex in that bathtub.

#### Chapter 454 Wife Has Priority

When I open my eyes, I find myself in bed.

Frances is sleeping soundly beside me. The sunlight gently shines on his face, and his long eyelashes look exceptionally attractive in the halo.

This handsome and exquisite man belongs to me.

A smirk touches my mouth as I reach to stroke his handsome face.

He suddenly opens his eyes.

I am shocked, quickly pull my hand back in embarrassment and pretend to be casual, “Get up. We still have things to do.”

After getting myself clean up, I make a call to Steven.

“What do you want from me?”

Steven’s tone is laced with indifference.

If it isn’t for what Violet said, I might have thought that he had already got me over.

How hard is it for him to be this calm in front of me?

"I have something to talk to you. Can we meet?" I whisper.

After a moment's silence, Steven replies, "Okay."

I ask him out in order to buy time for Violet.

After the call, Frances has dressed himself.

However, he looks gloomy and seems to be in a bad mood.

"What's wrong? Not in a good mood?"

"My wife is going to meet another man. How could I be in a good mood?" He replies plaintively, fixing his eyes on me.

"You look like a poor housewife whose husband has an affair." It's true.

I feel amused to see him like this.

"I'll cancel the plan if you say it again."

He says with a sullen face.

He is indeed bummed.

Frances is a jealous and narrow-minded man. I have known this for a long time.

However, seeing him jealous over me, I just chuckle to myself.

He gets jealous because he likes me. And he likes me because he cares me.

Anyway, we now go downstairs.

I am glad and in a good mood.

But he is gloomy and depressed.

Hilda is providing a haircut for old Mr. Louis downstairs.

I don't expect her to be a barber.

Compared with her, who has so much to offer, I seem to have lost in the first place.

I can't help but tighten my grip on Frances' hand.

Feeling my uneasiness, Frances also tightens his grip. He turns around and shows me a smile, signaling me to relax.

After finishing the haircut, Hilda walks over and says softly.

"Frances, can you go to the hospital with me today? Albie needs to get a shot. You know, he won't cry only with you holding him when he get the injection."

Albie likes Frances. I can tell it as well.

Frances has been by his side since his childhood. Perhaps Albie has taken him as his father.

I don't like the sound of this. I feel it as Hilda's scheme.

With this excuse, she has more chance to get close to Frances.

I turn to Hilda and say in a deep voice, "No. He has agreed to be with me today. Anyway, wife has priority."

Hilda purses her lips and brings Albie over from the babysitter, "Frances, Albie needs you. It won't take long to get a shot. Could you please accompany him? Terence has passed away. The only person we can rely on is you."

I panic as she mentions Terence.

Frances looks like a cold man, but in he is actually very emotional. Besides, Terence had saved him.

Sure enough, Frances frowns and then nods at Hilda.

"Alright."

Chapter 455 I've Let You Down

My heart instantly sinks to the bottom.

Hilda always has a way to persuade Frances.

If this continues, sooner or later, Frances will fall into her hands.

And I will never allow it.

"Frances."

I frown at him and question, "You promised to go with me. What should I do if you weren't here?"

“You go first. I’ll be there soon. You’ll meet at ten o’clock, right? Perhaps you haven’t arrived there when Albie finishes the shot. Be good and wait for me.”

As he speaks, he just ignores me and left with Hilda.

What should I do?

Who can understand my helplessness?

Sometimes, I really can’t get it. Frances is such a smart guy. Can’t he see through Hilda’s tricks? Or is it that he is aware of it but just become a part of it? The more I think, the more unsettled I am.

I think you can tell that Frances cares about Hilda, right? It’s just that they met each other at the wrong time. If Hilda was a single lady, Frances might have married her.”

The voice of old Mr. Louis sounded.

And it gives me another strike.

I turned over and stated, “Old Mr. Louis, I won’t believe you and will never divorce Frances. If Frances likes her, why didn’t he date her since her husband has passed away? He can just use the excuse of taking care of her, right? Then, why did he marry me?”

Moreover, I can clearly feel Frances’ love.

You can pretend to like a woman. But love can’t be fake.

I was blinded by hatred and couldn’t see his love. But now, I know very well that he loves me.

It is shown between the lines or just in his gaze.

How could such a man love someone else? “Do you really think so?” Old Mr. Louis smiles.

He shakes his head at me, “In a sense, they were married. You know, men always want to date two.

women in the meantime. He loves you, but that doesn't mean that he doesn't care the other woman. What women want is different from men. You want the only love, right? Don't be stubborn, little girl. Rather than getting ugly in the future, it's better to bring your marriage a pleasing end now. "

I have to admit he's a good lobbyist.

But my love to Frances isn't so easy to stagger.

I am a single-minded woman who will never give up until the last step.

Unless Frances tells me that he doesn't love me and wants to divorce me.

Otherwise, even if I will die the next second, I will still stay by his side.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Old Mr. Louis. I won't divorce him. Also, I know you hate to see me here, so I'll leave first."

With that, I walk out with Earl.

When we pass by him, I couldn't help but glance at his hand.

Because of his age, his wrinkled skin is dim and dull, but I can still tell that the scald is very serious.

Does he really hate me? And does he really want me to divorce Frances?

If that's the case, why did he risk his life to save me?

I turn around and gaze at him with deep doubts, only to see him sigh imperceptibly.

Meeting my gaze, he panics and quickly turns around.

But his gaze was deeply imprinted in my mind.

Why does he look sorry?

Chapter 456 A Display of Affection

Why would he have such a look?

I am still confused when I arrive at the place. I am so lost in thought that I don't even notice a car is coming.

Until the man in the car honks the horn at me.

I look up and meet Steven's smile.

He gets off and strides to me.

"Jane, long time no see."

It can be seen that he is carefully dressed up. However, the exhaustion of him still can't be covered. It hurts me to see him in such a sorry state.

I smile at him and point to the café. "Let's go inside."

Steven nodded and walked into the café with me.

The moment we seat ourselves, Frances calls.

"I'm done here. I'll be right over."



“Alright, hurry up and I’ll wait for you.” As I speak, I even kiss my phone in front of Steven.

Of course, I didn’t do this to Frances before. Plus, he left with Hilda today. I naturally don’t want to talk to him.

But I have no choice. In order to show Steven how much we love each other, I can only ignore my face. Actually, my plan for today is simple.

First, I’m going to let Steven know that Frances and I love each other, and we are having a good life. It should be made clear to Steven that it’s impossible for us to be together.

Second, I believe that he has feelings for Violet.

Perhaps, it is because he is not resigned to give me up that he refuses to confront his true feelings. After all, on the wedding, when Violet was talking with another man, Steven’s face darkened.

If my guess serves me right, my plan should be effective.

It just requires some money and manpower.

I gaze at Steven as I whisper, “How have you been these days?”

Steven is dumbfounded. He then nodded at me.

“Very good.”

As I expect, he is lying.

“Where’s Violet? Did you tell her that you came to see me?”

“No. She has a fever, and she is sleeping.”

Steven pursed his lips.

No wonder he has been a little restless from the beginning. He must be worried about Violet.

He actually cares about her, but why can't he himself see it?

I sigh and continue to chat with him to kill the time.

“She's sick, so you should go back early to take care of her.”

“Yes, why did you want to see me?” He fixes his eyes on me, concerning and gentle.

What do I want?

To show him the love between Frances and I, of course.

Fortunately, Frances is here not long after, so I don't have to continue the awkward chat.

As we planned last night, when he comes in, he gives me a kiss.

As I observe, Steven immediately darkens his face but he soon recovers.

I know it is too cruel for him, and I know it will hurt him.

But it is sooner rather than later. I have no other choice.

His eyes dim as he fixed his eyes on me, “Jane, why do you want to see me?”

Are we finally getting to the point?

I clear my throat and rest my head on Frances' shoulder as I state,

"Next month, Frances and I will hold a wedding ceremony. I'd like to invite you as our witness."

Chapter 457 The Lesson from Loss

"Why... me?"

It takes Steven a while to ask.

I know for sure that he's not willing to do this.

But I also know that as long as I ask, he will not refuse.

He has always been like this. He's used to agreeing to my request unconditionally.

So, I owe him too much.

That is why I want him to be happy.

"You are my good friend. I want you to witness such an important moment of my life. You were by my side through the hardest and darkest times. And now, I have found my love."

At this point, I look up at Frances affectionately.

These words are meant for both Steven and Frances.

I have never expressed my feelings to Frances so seriously, and it seems it's not too late to say them now.

Frances returns me the same emotional gaze as he smiles gently at me.

I nod and continue to say to Steven, "Perhaps, without those misunderstandings, we wouldn't have been

together." And at this moment, I am very glad that this man with me now is my Mr. Right for a lifetime. You have witnessed not only my helpless and sad past, but also my radiant days in relationship. So, there's no one better suited to be the witness than you. Of course, if you don't want to, I can only ask someone else."

As I say that, I add a bit acting, pulling my face.

"I'll do it. Now that you have chosen him, let me entrust you to him myself."

Steven's voice is somewhat hoarse, and his expression darkens.

I know he must feel bad.

The goal here has been achieved. Next, it is up to Violet.

"Thank you, Steven." With a smile, I stand up and say, "I need to go to the bathroom."

When I get to the bathroom, I send a message to Violet and ask her how she is doing.

After all, it is impossible to fake a fever. I'm a little worried that she is in no condition to put on the act.

"I'm fine. Anyway, I hope he gets better soon. I can hold on for a while. I'm ready to move."

After receiving the message, I go back and whisper softly to Frances, indicating that he can make a move.

He nods and gets up to make a phone call.

It isn't strange for him to answer the phone now, since he is a busy man. Naturally, Steven doesn't doubt it.

I go to the waiter, ask him to bring a glass of warm water and blend some milk powder with it for Earl.

I don't know when I'll finish all this, so I feed him first.

As soon as Earl drinks the milk, Frances comes back and nods to me, a signal that the matter was settled. Not long after Frances sits down, Steven's phone rings.

He picks up and says in a low voice, "Yes. May I help you?"

I don't know what the caller says, but I can see his face growing sullen.

I can tell it's a call from the police station. It's highly likely that Frances has taken action.

Shortly, Steven hangs up, looking serious. "I have something to do. Excuse me."

From his expression, I can tell that he panics.

It proves that I've made the right bet this time.

Thinking of this, I feel relief. However, I pretend to be confused and ask, "What happened? Tell me."

"There was an explosion at home. Violet is still home. She's sick, so she can't be out. I have to go back now."

With that, he doesn't cast a glance at us and strides straight out.

When he reaches the door, he starts running.

If that can't be evidence of love, then I really don't know what can be.

That's the nature of human beings. They need to suffer from loss before they realize that someone means.

a lot to them.

I exchange a glance with Frances

"Let's go there." I say to him.

After leaving, I call Violet to make sure that she is safe and sound.

Steven's car drives past us. Immediately, Frances follows with me in his car.

I look at Frances and suddenly feel worried.

"We just blew up Steven's house. Is it the right call?"

Steven bought this villa when he got married.

They chose the best place. After all, it's worth tens of millions. It just exploded like that. Of course, they feel a surge of guilt.

"I think it's good. I'm happy about the explosion." Frances shrugs and gloats at me.

Only then do I realize why he is so attentive to me. It is entirely because of his damn jealousy.

I reckon that he has wanted to settle a score with Steven for a long time. This time, he just happens to get an opportunity. Of course, he is hard on Steven.

With resignation, I roll my eyes at Frances and murmur, "I knew it. You're a wolf in sheep's clothing." Frances smiles without saying anything.

Soon, we arrive at the Steven's house.

It is a gas explosion. There is very little damage outside the villa, but now the flames are flaring into the sky and heat waves can be felt from afar.

There are police cars and fire engines downstairs.

Steven stops his car and sprints towards the villa at top speed.

Chapter 458 She's Still Inside

At the entrance, he is stopped by firefighters.

"Sir, you can't go in. It's too dangerous."

Steven turns around, his eyes red.

"This is my house. No one can stop me if I want to go in!"

The firefighters know what kind of place this is and the residents here are either rich or powerful.

Precisely because of this, they can't put him at risk.

"I'm sorry, sir. This is your home, but it's blazing now. It's too dangerous. We won't let you in. Even if there are valuable items inside, you have to wait until the fire is under control and there is no danger."

"Violet is inside! I have to go in!"

Steven shakes off a firefighter's hand and rushes inside.

“Steven!”

Seeing that, I call him at once.

Violet is not in there at all. It is perilous for him to act rashly.

To my surprise, Steven doesn't hesitate. Instead, he quickens his pace.

I don't know what feeling takes over, happy for Violet or worried about Steven.

Right now, it is burning up and flames will engulf anyone who hastily follows him in.

“What shall we do?”

They watch him rush in and find themselves in a dilemma.

“We have no choice. Go and save him.” It is the fire chief who is talking.

After putting on his mask, he tags along.

“Is Steven gonna be alright?”

I look at Frances and ask worriedly.

“It's hard to say.”

It's rare to see Frances with such a grim face, which hints that the situation is not optimistic.

“Violet! Violet! Answer me!”

I hear Steven's anxious and helpless yelling coming from inside.



No matter how hard he calls her name, Violet won't answer, because she isn't inside.

Given his stubbornness and persistence, I become more worried about his safety.

Inside, Steven's shouts grew weaker.

I believe he is suffering from thick smoke and heat waves.

Later, his voice fades away.

"Frances!"

I anxiously look at Frances and take a step, wanting to run inside.

This incident is just to help Steven understand how much Violet means to him. I don't want to put him in danger.

"Wait a bit longer." Frances says to me in a deep voice.

I nod, still feeling unsettled.

I take out my phone and call Violet.

"Steven has rushed into the fire. I don't know what's going on inside. Hurry up and come over." Just as I hang up, I see the firefighters helping Steven out.

He looks half-conscious, and it takes him a while to wake up.

As soon as he opens his eyes, he gets up and struggles to head for the fire.

“Violet!”

“Sir, you can’t go in!”

Two firefighters try hard to hold him down. Finally, they succeed.

“Someone was left inside. My wife is inside!”

Steven roars and the veins on his forehead prove his anger.

“Someone? We’ve already confirmed that there’s no one inside.” A fireman looks into his eyes and says suspiciously.

“No! She must be inside. Nothing can happen to her. No!” Steven manages to free himself from the firemen and prepares himself for another try by pouring a bucket of water on his head.

“Steven, I’m here.”

Violet’s voice suddenly comes behind him.

Chapter 459 Aren’t You Afraid of Losi...

He turns around and stares blankly at her.

It takes him a few seconds to realize that she’s here. He runs towards her and hugs her tightly in his arms.

Violet’s eyes are wet with tears.

She tightens her hug and murmurs, “Did you just call me wife?”

I think Steven probably never called her that.

That's why she is so excited when she hears it.

He pushes her away stiffly and says with a sullen face, "You heard wrong. I didn't say it."

He sizes her up.

"Are you all right?"

"Me? I'm fine. I went to the hospital. I didn't expect this. Fortunately, I wasn't at home. Otherwise, I might die."

Violet says guiltily and shoots me a glance.

I flash an 'OK' hand gesture to her. It conveys the message that things are going smoothly.

"That's good."

Steven says flatly and lets her go.

The anxious expression on his face turns into an indifferent look.

I'm so mad at him that I really want to beat him up.

He clearly cares about her so much that he nearly dies for Violet just now. Why does he pretend to be so callous?

I can't bear it, so I give up.

I walk over and stand in front of the two of them. "Steven, you obviously care about her. Why don't you admit it?" I ask him grimly.

I don't know how long Steven will hide his feelings if I don't expose it now.

If that's the case, all my efforts today will be in vain.

He turns around and shakes his head at me.

"No. You're my only love from beginning to end. I marry her because I have no choice. I'll never fall in love with her."

I look at Violet and meet her bitter smile.

What a pitiful woman.

Is it fair that she will never be happy just because of Steven's stubbornness?

"Steven, what are you talking about? If you don't want to marry her, who can force you? If you don't care

about her, why did you risk your life to rush in? Please be honest. How did you feel when you thought she was inside? Do you really not care at all? Aren't you afraid of losing her at all?"

Steven stands there staring at Violet. He remains silent for a long time.

I don't think it's appropriate for me to stay here at this time.

I should leave them alone and give them more time to think about all this. By the time Steven knows his own feelings and admits his love for her, everything would be fine.

Just after I take two steps away, Steven's voice comes from behind.

"I went in not because I cared, but because it was a human life, and I couldn't ignore it. The one I love is you, Jane Noyes."

"If I have her in my heart, that's betrayal of you and spoils my love for you!" Steven sounds stubborn as always.

I don't know when he will stop deceiving himself!

"Steven, you are not betraying your feelings for me. As you can see, I'm very happy now. Frances and I really love each other. So, I hope that you can be happy as well. Let go of those feelings that you shouldn't have. Open your heart and cherish Violet. Trust me. She is the right one for you."

Chapter 460 Protect Yourself

I don't know if my words can really work.

But I sincerely hope that Steven can find his own happiness.

He is a nice guy and he deserves a lifetime of happiness.

"Frances, do you think this can work?" In the car, I ask Frances.

"I hope it would work. I don't want anyone to covet my woman."

His tone is filled with dissatisfaction.

I suppose this is exactly the reason why Frances is willing to join me in this play.  
Although all this is just to help Steven make clear of his feelings, what I said is true.  
Frances and I are really happy, except for this Hilda meddling in.

Thinking of Hilda, I feel uneasy again.

"I don't also want anyone to covet my man. But you do whatever Hilda asks you to do."

I say that in an unpleasant tone.

"There are so many women coveting your man, so you must be careful." Frances says with a smile.  
What? He is joking about that? Can't he tell I'm angry at all?

There are many women coveting him, but no one makes me feel so nervous like Hilda.

"I only need to be careful of Hilda. But she's just under our nose right now. It might be useless even if I am careful." I said coldly.

"You little idiot. I have told you many times that Hilda doesn't have that kind of thoughts towards me."  
Frances sighs and explains to me.

"I just want to know how I can convince you that Hilda likes you!"

I said unhappily.

Damn! If I keep arguing with this man, I'll be furious.

"Unless she tells me by her own."

That's the problem.

Hilda is a scheming person. Knowing that expressing her attitude would make Frances stay away from her, she deliberately keeps silent. So Frances knows nothing about that.

Looks like I need to think of a way to make Hilda express her affection for Frances.

It would be best to record the conversation with her in private and then tell Frances.

I make up my mind in my heart. When I regain my senses, I discover that Frances has brought me to the shooting arena again.

This time, I practice shooting for almost two hours.

At the beginning, I cannot even hit the target. After a while, I am able to hit the target and score one or two.

I even get lucky and score nine once.

"It's really rare to see someone so bad at shooting as you." Frances joked.

Damn, I am bad at it because I am afraid.

As soon as I hold the gun, my hands would unconsciously tremble.

Therefore, I would always miss the target.

After all, in my subconscious, there are usually two kinds of people who use guns.

Cops, or criminals.

I'm not a cop or a criminal. I feel uncomfortable no matter how I use guns.

"You can't blame me for that. I'm scared when I hear gunshots." I turn around and look at Frances.

Frances put down his gun and walks over to me. He says seriously, "Jane, you can't be afraid. You have to be brave. If I can't protect you some day, you have to be able to protect yourself. Besides, you don't want Earl to be in danger, right?"

For some reason, what Frances says today makes me feel very uneasy.

He said that I could hide behind him when I am in danger. Why would he say so then? Would something bad happen?

Just as I am about to ask him, he turns around and continues to practice shooting.