

Desperate Time 501

Chapter 501 Let Me Die of Fever

Instantly...

I seem to have heard that gunshot again.

And this time, the bullet has shot right in my heart.

Does he really hate me that much?

Even though I've seen this coming, when I hear it, I still feel extremely painful.

"OK. I see."

After saying that to Hilda, I walk towards the door.

The moment the door is closed, tears fall down like beads from a broken thread.

I slowly curl up with my arms tightly holding my legs, wailing.

"Frances, Frances, Frances..."

I mumble his name over and over again, as if it'll never be enough.

Despair floods me, and I've collapsed.

Frances and I, we fail to make it to the end.

After crying for a long time, I'm brought into the detention center by the prison guards.

I'm still waiting for my trial. Before the trial, I need to stay in detention.

In a corner of the dark and gloomy room sits a woman with an indifferent expression. Seeing me come in, she only glances at me lightly before closing her eyes.

I look around at the surroundings and can't help but frown.

This is a six-person room with bunk beds, just like the dormitories in a university. There is nothing on the bed except blankets and pillows.

I walk to sit down on the bed, which is so hard that it hurts me.

Although I'm not a spoiled and picky lady, I still have a hard time adapting to it. Besides, I'm staying in a detention center.

When the trial is over, I'll be sent to the real jail.

I don't even dare to think about what kind of life it will be like.

Even now, I feel like I'm dreaming.

Prison life, which I've never thought of before, is now right in front of me.

I feel panicky and helpless.

I feel like there is no future for me.

I'm worried about Earl. I miss Frances. I want to live with the person I love, but now, it's impossible.

My heart is aching like hell.

I stay up all night, sitting alone in bed. And the dawn arrives.

The next day, I have a fever.

Lying silently on the bed, I cover myself with the thin blanket, not wanting to tell anyone about my fever.

Maybe having a fever is a good thing for me.

At the very least, when I'm dizzy, I won't think about Frances or other things that make my heart ache.

Sometimes, I'm asleep, and sometimes, I'm awake, but most of the time, I'm just in a daze.

Sometimes, I'm freezing, and sometimes, I'm burning.

I feel terrible.

However, the physical suffering somehow makes me feel better.

Because my heart doesn't hurt so much anymore.

"Hey, newcomer, are you alright?"

I vaguely hear someone speaking.

There's no one else in the room. That person must be talking to me.

"Uh-huh."

I answer with a grunt.

It's so hot. My entire body is burning.

Perhaps, I should just die of fever.

A slightly cold hand covers my forehead and someone says in my ear, "You're burning!" Then, there seems to be a sound of the door opening.

Here comes the rustling sound of footsteps. Some people are talking, but I can no longer make out what they say.

My body temperature is so high that I start losing consciousness.

My mind is occupied by a name that makes my heart hurt.

Frances.

I miss him. I miss him so much.

This time, the fever has reached 40 degrees.

After the doctor relieves my fever, I gradually wake up.

When I open my eyes, the first thing I say is:

"I want to see Frances."

Chapter 502 I'm Going Back to Him

However, Frances doesn't come as I expect.

Instead, I meet the lawyer Steven has hired for me.

“Ms. Noyes, I’m your lawyer. You have to tell me the truth. Only when you tell me the truth can I do my best to get your sentence reduced.”

The truth?

I smile bitterly and silently.

At this point, does the truth still matter? Telling the truth won’t do me any good.

I don’t know how long I’ll be in this cage. I don’t even know what is going on outside.

The feeling of not knowing makes me panic, and I don’t dare to act rashly.

“What is the truth? I did shoot Frances. This is an indisputable fact.” I look up at the lawyer. At this moment, I’m despondent.

“How many years will I get for attempted murder? Life imprisonment? Right, there’s Whitney Jordan’s case. With two cases added together, I might die in prison.”

Frances’ words keep echoing in my ears, and every word is cutting my heart.

He wants me to die in jail.

Well, I’ll just die here.

I’m so sad that I start to laugh out loud.

The lawyer frowns and says, “There is a blurred boundary between attempted murder and intentional assault. As long as Frances and his people are willing to give you a way out, I can help you get out of prison in three years.”

Frances now hates my guts. He can't wait for me to die. Can I still count on him to have mercy on me? I'm not that naive. I don't even dare to think about it in a daydream.

The only thing in my mind is: if I go to the courthouse, will I be able to see him?

Never have I been looking forward to that day so much.

I lie in bed every day, counting the days left before the court day.

I sit in the dock, while Frances sits coldly at the plaintiff table. He doesn't give me even one look.

The person I love the most is sitting right across, but in his eyes, I don't seem to exist at all. To me, this is some torture more miserable than death.

I stare at Frances while listening to him narrating the event in detail. I can't turn my eyes away from him.

No matter what happens, I'm always obsessed with this man.

If it weren't for Earl, how could I possibly have shot him?

Right now, he thinks that I was staying by his side for revenge at the time. He must hate me a lot, right? His cold expression is hurting me.

I bit my lip, but I saw Hilda's smiling face.

When Frances turns to look at her, his gaze is extremely gentle.

Is that love in his eyes?

But Frances is mine, isn't he? Before this happened, we swore that we would never leave each other.

Frances and I were good back then, but because of Hilda, we end up standing where we are.

No, I won't accept this!

Therefore, when the lawyer questions me, I change my statements.

I don't care about anything else now.

I want to tell the truth. I want to return to Frances' side!

"I didn't mean to kill Frances. It was Hilda who forced me to do that. She told me that she had planted a miniature bomb in my son's head, and that if I didn't shoot Frances, she would detonate the bomb. I fired the gun because I had no choice."

When I'm talking, I stare at Frances without even blinking.

However, he looks so calm, and even a little cold.

As if I'm talking about something insignificant.

Doesn't he believe me?

Or he just doesn't care at all.

Chapter 503 It Is More Terrifying tha...

Everyone present is shocked when I suddenly retract my confession.

However, two persons are very calm.

One is Frances.

The other is Hilda.

Why is she so calm when she hears what I said?

Could it be that she knows how to deal with it?

Considering my words, the judge has to take a short recess so that Earl can be taken to run a CT test his head.

The test doesn't take any time at all, so we're back in session.

But what the opposing counsel says disappoints and startles me.

"After an accurate test in the hospital, there's no foreign object in the defendant's son's brain and he's never had an operation. Therefore, it can be concluded that the defendant concocts such a story in order to slander Hilda."

There isn't a bomb in Earl's head. Why? Did Hilda ... lie to me? I look towards Hilda and see she is complacent, which seems to have confirmed my conjecture.

I am deceived, and now it is too late!

I am so stupid that I am fooled like an idiot.

It's the only perk that Earl's life isn't in jeopardy.

But is my life going to be ruined like this?

"I'm not lying. It's Hilda. She lied to me! Frances, it's Hilda who lied to me. I never hate you and neither do I want to hurt you? I love..."

"Silence in court!"

The judge bangs on the table and says in an authoritative tone.

I have no choice but to calm down and look Frances in the eye.

What I need is his trust.

I just want to see his trusting eyes.

But he doesn't do that.

He just gives me a cold look, and then he looks away.

I am almost dead inside.

"Your honor, the defendant targeted innocent civilians and nearly killed my client. She has broken the law.

We propose the defendant be sentenced to 15 years behind bars."

15 years?

I can feel a kind of ringing in my ears, and I can't hear what is going on anymore.

All I can think about is who will look after Earl if I stay in prison for 15 years.

What will Frances do?

Even though I has prepared for the worst, I find it hard to accept this kind of outcome.

I'm so stupid.

If I had discussed it with Frances at that time, I wouldn't have been fooled.

Now, I've lost everything.

I have nothing left.

The lawyer tries to commute my sentence, and the final sentence is that I have to serve 5 years in prison.

5 years?

I've never expected that one day I will be in prison for five years.

I don't want to be in jail! However, do I have other choices?

I am overwhelmed by panic, agitation, and other complex emotions, and I am thrown into utter despair.

When the trial is over, Frances stands up and walks straight to Hilda.

I can't help calling his name, "Frances!"

He stops.

It gives me new hope.

"Don't you believe me? Do you think I want to hurt you? You know...."

Before I can finish my sentence, Hilda has walked out of the hall arm in arm with Frances.

A cop escorts me into the car and drives to the prison.

I used to live in a detention center, but now I will be in prison.

The prison is even more terrifying than what I have imagined and I realize this the first day I am in it.

“Number 3307, you’ll be here from now on.”

There are eight women in this room including me, and they are different from each other.

Each of them was fierce and devilish when they look at me.

I know everyone in the prison is dangerous, so I walk to the only empty bed. As soon as I lie down, I am lifted by a woman who is very strong.

“Don’t sleep, and take off your clothes! Hurry up!”

Chapter 504 It Catches Me off Guard

Why does she ask me to take off my clothes?

What does she want to do?

I huddle on the bed and shake my head at her.

“Seriously?”

The woman sneers and lifts me from the bed with one hand, throwing me to the ground.

“I am the boss here!”

As she speaks, she gives the other women a look, and then they reach out to strip off my clothes.

I try to stop them, but without success. Therefore, I am stripped naked and I keep crying on the ground.

It's shameful and I almost want to die.

I know it is a common practice that the newcomer will be bullied in male prisons, but I've never expected that it is the same in female prisons.

"Such a long scar on your belly. You must have given birth to a child. I didn't even have a boyfriend before I am here. Why? It's unfair!"

As the woman speaks, she grabs my hair and pulls my head back.

Tears leaking from the corners of my eyes, I look up and see their crazy faces.

They hide my clothes and lie on my bed.

After sitting naked all night, I thought I would have a fever, but unexpectedly, I am fine.

For fear that the guards will find what they've done, they return my clothes and the bed to me early in the morning.

I think they won't bully me anymore, but it is just the beginning.

There are always thumbtacks and needles on my bed.

What's worse, there are many objects like stones, hair, fingernails, and dead insects in my meals.

They take away my clothes when I'm taking a shower, and they even shoot at me with water cannons while we are working.

In the beginning, I will cry and fight with them, but I gradually become numb.

Therefore, I check if there is something in my bowl as usual before I take my meal.

At a glance, I see a centipede.

It is poisonous, so I won't take the meal.

I have to pour it out, but in a corner, I hear some women are talking.

"Aren't we going too far? To be honest, I think she is pitiful."

Are they talking about me?

It's an irony that they bully and make fun of me though they feel sorry for me.

I shake my head and decide to walk away.

But another woman says, "I have no choice. Someone paid for this. All we need is to make her life here miserable. As long as we keep her alive, it'll be fine."

Someone? Is it Frances? I've thought I am numb enough to not feel sad anymore, so I have never missed Frances these days.

However, when I think of him, I am extremely miserable. How heart-wrenching!

I don't know how much he hates me, and neither do I dare to think about it.

Pursing my lips, I take a deep breath and walk out of the bathroom as if nothing had happened.

In the following days, there is no change, and the other women find more ways to bully me.

I count down the days until I am released, but it feels like a lifetime.

Ten days seem to be as long as ten years for me.

How can I survive five years?

Where's Frances?

How is he now?

Steven's visited me twice. When I asked him about Earl, he told me that Earl was nice and plump.

However, when it comes to Frances, Steven is evasive.

What is he trying to hide?

Just when I think I will never meet Frances again, something unexpected happens and it catches me off guard.

My period is ten days late. Besides, I have nausea and vomit several times a day.

I am familiar with this kind of feeling, and in all likelihood, I am pregnant.

Chapter 505 You Might Die

I can't get a pregnancy test in prison. So I'm not sure.

I don't know whom I can talk to about that.

And I have no idea what to do if I'm really pregnant.

I am at lost, but instinctively, I want to protect my unborn child.

Fortunately, Mindy will come to visit me today. I can use her advice.

Through the glass, I see Mindy looking at me with anxiety.

I force a smile at her, then sit down, and pick up the phone.

Mindy sobs while talking, tears rolling in her eyes.

“Jane, you seem to have lost so much weight. And you look haggard. Did you get bullied inside?” Got bullied?

I sure did.

But those pains and humiliations make me feel alive.

“No. I have something to tell you.”

I frown and whisper, “Mindy, I might be pregnant.” Mindy’s expression suddenly changes.

She is so shocked that she almost can’t hold the receiver.

“Why are you pregnant now? You can’t keep this child!”

I wanted to listen to her opinion. But when I hear she says it so decisively, suddenly, I feel even more: reluctant to give up on this child.

“Why?” I murmur.

Mindy’s face darkens. She doesn’t look at me when she says with a low voice, “You tell me! Frances now hates you, and you are in prison. What will you do with this child? Who do you think should get custody? Frances or you? Actually, you don’t like either of the options, do you? What’s more, it hasn’t been long since Earl was born, and you delivered her by c-section. You shouldn’t give birth to another child for two.

years, otherwise, you might die of bleeding.”

Mindy does have a point there.

But I can be very stubborn. I'm not good at taking others' advice.

I don't want to lose this child.

I almost lost Earl for several times. I know how it hurts to lose my child. I don't want to feel that pain again.

"By the way, are you sure you're pregnant? You can't get a pregnancy test in prison. How did you know?"

"I just know it. I've got pregnant once. I know how it feels when I'm pregnant. Besides, my period has been delayed by ten days." I reply in a low voice.

"It's not convincing at all. I'll help you come out for an examination. You also need some fresh air."

"Get out? There are doctors in the prison. They won't allow me to get out."

I say with a bitter smile.

I hate being here. If possible, I don't want to stay here for another second.

"Don't worry. It's not a big deal for David."

Mindy reassures me.

I nod in agreement.

Actually, I am looking forward to going out, not just because I've stayed here for too long.

It is more because that I want to see Earl and Frances.

Even a sneak glance at them from afar is enough for me.

It's a great comfort to me to know that they're safe and sound.

Ever since I find out that I may be pregnant, I've tried to hide from those people.

At night, I shake the quilt over and over again before going to bed at ease.

The next day, I leave the prison with two undercover policemen.

Chapter 506 Go Home

The sky outside is really blue.

The air is fresh.

And the sunlight is dazzling.

That's why the minute I see the sunshine, my tears come out in a flash.

One month in the prison is like years for me.

I gulp down the fresh air. I have missed it a lot these days.

"Jane, I'm here!"

Across the road, Mindy waves at me warmly.

I quickly wipe away the tears from the corner of my eyes and walk towards Mindy.

“Why must they follow you? That’s annoying!” Mindy curls her lips and winks at David.

David understands and makes a phone call.

After he hangs up the phone, the two policemen exchange glances and leave.

For an instant, I feel as if I am free again.

But I know, it’s just for one day.

Then, I will return to this dark place.

Mindy does not sit in the passenger seat. She sits beside me and holds my hand. When she keeps complaining that I look too thin and haggard, tears roll down her cheeks.

I am also upset, but I don’t want to tell Mindy what I’ve suffered.

I only have one day. I don’t want to spend it in moaning.

“There’s no need to cry. It’s not like I can never come out.” I poke her forehead and snap.

“So what if you come out? The best five years of your life are gone. You lose all your youth because of Frances. Is it really worth it? I believe what you said in court. It was Hilda who set you up. Why are you the one who get punished?”

Mindy can’t stop crying while talking. She thinks it’s so unfair.

I also feel it unfair.

But now that it’s all settled, I can only accept it.

I force a smile and say to Mindy, “But! did shoot Frances in the heart. I can’t argue about that.”

Thinking of this, I suddenly feel so sad. I don’t want Mindy to discover it, so I turn to look outside the window.

But I find that I can't see anything.

It's normal that people can't see through the car windows from the outside. But why can't I see anything even from the inside?

Although I'm puzzled, I don't ask. After all, it's not my car.

"Are we going to have the examination at a hospital?" I ask in a low voice.

Actually, I prefer to see Earl and Frances.

"No. There are too many people in hospitals. Let's go home and let the private doctor do it for you."

Mindy shakes her head and says.

I nod.

To me, it doesn't really matter.

I feel pretty sure that I'm pregnant.

I thought Mindy would take me back to her place, but when we arrive, I realize that this should be David's.

I don't expect to see such a "medieval castle" in Virginia.

I walk through eight doors all the way from the entrance to the room.

And it has all the medical equipment inside. It's like a small hospital. I don't expect David to be that rich.

I have always known that David is no ordinary man. But still, I am impressed today.

However, I am not in the mood to think about this now.

I come out of prison with two intentions.

One is to check if I'm pregnant, and the other is to take a look at Frances and Earl.

After taking me to a room, Mindy asks me to lie down and rest for a while.

And soon, the doctor arrives.

Chapter 507 He's Getting Married

I go through a full checkup including a blood test and an ultrasound.

The blood test results won't come out until the afternoon. At first, I want to kill the time by chatting with Mindy, but no one answers when I call out.

Perhaps this is a good time for me to sneak out to see Frances and Earl.

I get up from the bed and stride out.

There are people guarding every door, but they don't stop me because they recognize I'm the one who just walked in.

When I walk out of David's house, I sigh with relief.

But I'm not sure if Frances and Earl are at home.

If not, where should I go to see him?

However, I don't expect to see Frances so soon.

Not the real person, but a giant picture on a bus.

It's a wedding photo of Frances and Hilda.

I stand there in a daze, feeling a fierce pain in my heart.

He and Hilda ... are actually getting married.

Why?

Didn't he say I'm the one he loves? Even if he misunderstands me and thinks that I wanted to kill him, he can't marry Hilda!

I have to ask him about this.

I take a taxi to the Louis', but the door is locked and no one comes to open it even though I knock on it for a long time.

What's going on?

Nobody's home?

Where's Earl? Where's Frances? Where's old Mr. Louis?

Where did they go?

I'm in a mess and take a taxi to Frances' company.

When I arrive, I see his car.

I go straight and rush into the elevator. Even the security guard can't stop me.

The security guard is shouting in panic outside the elevator.

"Attention, everyone! A female outlaw just entered the elevator. Please guard each floor and make sure to catch her."

Outlaw?

I lower my head and realize what I'm wearing.

Because I will be out for only one day and don't have any clothes to change, I'm still in my prison uniform.

No wonder when I was in the taxi, the driver looked at me with strange eyes.

The elevator goes all the way to the 28th floor, and I'm going to the president's office.

However, as soon as I come out of the elevator, I'm controlled by two security guards.

"Let go of me! I want to see Frances! Let me see him!"

The furthest distance in the world is no more than this.

His office is right in front of me, but I can't step forward anymore.

“Not everyone is qualified to see Mr. Frances. We will call the police.”

With that, the security guard takes out his phone from his bag and is about to call the police.

“Frances! Come out and see me. I have something to say to you!”

“Frances, open the door!”

“Frances, you coward, don’t you even dare to see me? Are you afraid that I’ll shoot you again?” The door of the office is finally opened slowly.

Frances’ cold voice comes from inside.

“Let her in.”

He allows me to go in?

The two security guards let go of me, and I run into the office immediately.

The man in the office does not even raise his head to look at me. His beautiful slender hand is creating elegant and powerful handwriting on the paper.

Sunlight shines through the window behind him, and he is totally in the light.

I stare at this man and feel nothing is the same.

“Don’t beat around the bush. I’m very busy and don’t have much time.”

Hearing his cold words, I feel pain in my heart.

He picks up what he was just writing, and I'm surprised to see it's actually ... an invitation card.

The invitation card of his and Hilda's wedding.

My heart aches again.

What should I do?

I feel so bad.

Chapter 508 Let Me See Him

I really regret what I did that day, but can't Frances trust me more?

I take a deep breath, force a smile at the man, and say with all my strength, "Are you ... going to marry her?"

No.

Please say no.

Please say it's just a misunderstanding.

Please, Frances.

However, the man nods and says indifferently, "Yes." Just one word is enough to send me to the living hell.

“Why? Didn’t you say that I will be the only one you love in your life? Why are you marrying another woman now? Frances, didn’t you say you love me? Then why would you rather believe in Hilda than in me? Is this the way you love me? You lied to me! You lied that you would love me forever! Frances, you liar! Liar!”

I try my best not to shed tears in front of this man.

But in the end, I still can’t hold back my tears.

I still can’t pretend in front of him.

The man snorts coldly as if he heard the funniest joke.

He suddenly grabs my hand and places it on his chest.

It’s such a sudden intimate contact. My heart is pounding.

However, hearing his following words, I’m totally desperate.

“Why would the woman I love shoot me so accurately in my heart?”

I want to explain that I forgot his heart is more to the left, but at this time, all my explanations seem to be feeble.

“I’m sorry.”

I really don’t know what else to say.

I owe Frances too much. Perhaps, I won’t be able to pay him back for the rest of my life.

“Don’t cry crocodile tears. Go back to prison, or I will call the police now.”

Frances says coldly.

My heart aches even more.

The man who once said he loves me is so cold to me.

We can't go back.

We can never go back.

Hilda's plot finally works.

"Do you really hate me this much?" I ask Frances, my voice trembling with fear.

I'm so unwilling to give up and still asking such a question.

Without a doubt, what Frances says hurt me accurately once again.

"I told you, I wish you would stay in prison forever."

It turns out that he really said so.

I once dreamed that it's Hilda's lie because she wants me to give up completely.

But now I know I'm too naive. I still hope he loves me after I broke his heart like that.

I really overestimated myself.

I glance at the red invitation card with a golden frame again, then ask Frances, "Why is there no one in the Louis' now? Where is Earl?"

"Earl is my son. You don't need to worry about him," Frances replies coldly.

I know Earl is his son, but I miss him and want to see him.

“Please, let me see Earl!”

I plead to him.

The man doesn't react and continues to bury himself in writing invitation cards.

I let go of everything and kneel down in front of Frances.

“Frances, please let me see Earl. I won't bother him for long. I really miss him and want to hug him.

Without him, I really don't know if I can...”

Frances frowns impatiently. Maybe he is finally going to talk to me.

Unexpectedly, he doesn't even look at me and shouts to the outside, “Security!”

Chapter 509 Frances, You're a Fool

The security guard comes in and drags me all the way to the gate.

I'm not leaving.

I can't leave until I see Earl.

Frances will come out after work. No matter what, I'll wait for him!

But until evening, I still don't see Frances.

Does ... Frances slip away from somewhere else to avoid me?

No, I want to see Earl. I also want Frances to know that I love him. I really love him.

I'm going to tell Frances everything from beginning to end so that he may believe me.

I don't want him to marry Hilda. I don't want that!

Frances, I want to be with you forever and ever.

Frances, please, just trust me, okay?

However, I have no chance to say these words. Because finally, I don't see Frances.

Dressed in a thin prison uniform, I have been freezing in the cold wind for hours but haven't seen Frances come down.

However, Mindy and David find me and pick me up in the car.

The windows are back to normal and the scenery outside can be seen.

But all I see is that Frances and Hilda are getting married.

No wonder it was dark outside when I looked from the car before. So it's Mindy finds a way out intentionally, afraid that I would see the news of Frances and Hilda getting married.

I hug Mindy beside me and can't help crying.

"Mindy ... I love Frances ... I really love Frances ... When that bullet hit him ... I felt even worse than I got hurt myself ... At that moment ... I really wished I could die for Frances ... But... Frances doesn't know why I do it ... He hates me ... He hates me...."

"Hilda ... Hilda is such a terrifying woman ... Frances would rather believe Hilda's words ... than believe me ... Frances ... You're a fool. How can you marry Hilda? How can you..."

My heart's completely broken.

Actually, I know that Frances would never be with me.

But I have to hear Frances say that before I give up.

Only then would I believe that the relationship between Frances and me truly ends.

Mindy doesn't say anything and just keeps patting my back.

Mindy's eyes are filled with heartache for me.

After returning to David's house, I calm down and Mindy tells me the results of the check-up.

I'm pregnant.

Forty days.

I count the days and it just happens to be the crazy time with Frances on the wedding morning.

If I know that such an incident would happen at the wedding, I won't let myself lose control like that.

David sits opposite me and says coldly.

"What are you going to do?"

The one who speaks is David.

This is the first time that I have such a formal conversation with David.

I'm afraid of David due to the aggressiveness in his every move.

Even though I know that David is a Mindy's husband and won't do anything to me.

Before I say anything, David speaks again.

"There are two paths ahead of you. The first is to give birth to the child. It's not hard to commute your sentence if you're pregnant, and I can even get a lawyer to help you get probation as much as possible.

But you had a C-section half a year ago. If you give birth to the child again, you will be in danger and bleed heavily at any time. Second, you have an abortion. You go back to prison, and your sentence may be reduced by a year or two if you perform well."

So, is David asking me to choose now?

Chapter 510 I Want to Atone for My Sins

Without thinking, I directly say to David, "If we fight for probation, Frances will definitely know that I'm pregnant. I don't want him to know about the child. I want to keep the baby, but can you think of a way to keep Frances from knowing that I'm pregnant?"

Thinking that Frances' going to marry Hilda soon, I'm so sad.

I love Frances, but what's the point?

The shot ends everything between Frances and me.

If Frances and I continue to tangle with each other, we will feel terrible pain.

"Are you not going to let Frances know? Do you mean that you want to stay in prison?" David frowns.

I nod.

Although there are things that scare me, the prison is the safest place for me.

At the very least, I won't know the news about Frances. And I won't know that he's going to marry another woman and that he no longer loves me.

As long as I can't hear it.

I can deceive myself that nothing has changed between Frances and me.

"When the doctor examined you, he said that you have bruises. They are from the people in the prison, aren't they? Those women are all criminals, so they're ruthless. If you insist on doing so, I can arrange a separate room for you. Then you don't need to do the labor activities in the prison. So no one will know that you're pregnant."

David makes good arrangements, so I nod.

Mindy walks over and pokes me hard in the head.

"Jane, are you stupid? You clearly have a chance to get out of jail and get back to Frances. Why do you give up and go back to prison to suffer that kind of torture yourself? Look at you! You're really out of your mind!"

I know Mindy takes pity on me.

Mindy won't understand my desire to escape.

Most of all, I shoot Frances.

I can't forgive myself.

I want to atone for my crime.

“Perhaps.”

With a bitter smile, I look at the time and say to David, “It’s getting late. I have to go now.” “Ill have David send you off.” Mindy holds my hand and says reluctantly.

“No. I can go back myself.”

I smile faintly and gently stroke Mindy’s hair.

Mindy looks up at me with tears in her eyes, hugging me tightly all of a sudden.

“Jane, can you not be this tough? Can you not shoulder everything by yourself? You’re obviously very sad, but why do you still insist on going back? Do you know how distressed I feel when I see the bruises on your body? Besides, it’s only half a year since you give birth to Earl. Your uterus hasn’t recovered yet.

What if you suffer from massive bleeding later? Do you have to risk your life for a child?”

Life? I don’t care about my life long ago.

If it weren’t for the child in my belly supporting me, I thought that I may have been completely disappointed and chose an extreme way to end my life.

Others will never know how much I love Frances.

Frances has merged into every part of my blood and bones. I laugh and cry for Frances. I miss him every second I breathe, and my life is all about him.

But now, Frances doesn’t love me anymore, which is like sucking my blood out of my bones. What’s the difference between me and a walking corpse?

I let go of Mindy’s hand and smile at her.

“Mindy, it’s my fate. I can’t escape it.”