

Desperate Time 551

Chapter 551 I Only Need to Deal with...

Hilda is truly merciless towards me.

I have thought of her request for a long time.

It's not surprising that Hilda wants me to die.

If I can save Penelope, I am willing to sacrifice my life.

But at the very least, I need to know that Penelope is safe and sound.

"I can agree to your request, but you have to let me see Penelope. I won't do anything for you until I'm sure she's fine. Hilda, you'd better not play any tricks. Otherwise I won't let you off."

I say coldly to Hilda.

On the other end of the phone comes Hilda's laughter.

"Why are you laughing?"

I ask her, puzzled.

"Do you really think that your child is in my hands? Jane, you are really naive since you believe me so

easily. However, you've reminded me that if I want to deal with you, I can just start dealing with the people around you."

Hilda's words irritate me.

However, I can sense that she doesn't seem to have done this.

Do I have a wrong guess?

However, who else could it be except Hilda?

"Hilda, what do you mean? Didn't you do this?" I feel doubtful.

"Of course not. How can you understand? I will definitely admit it as long as I've done it. Don't call me for such a boring reason next time. You're only reminding me that I should find an opportunity to attack you."

After Hilda finishes speaking, she hangs up the phone and doesn't allow me to continue asking.

She's so resolute that I begin to believe she hasn't done it.

Suddenly, things fall into a deadlock.

I'm still abroad, so I can only ask Mindy to help me investigate.

I call Mindy and tell her about Penelope's missing.

When she hears this, she's also shocked and angry. She immediately promises that she will help me find out.

The competition is over. I buy an air ticket of the earliest flight and come back.

More than ten hours later, I arrived at Virginia.

Mom is crying so hard at home when I enter the house.

Seeing me back, she looks up in despair.

“Jane, Penelope ... Penelope ... I’m sorry ... I’m sorry...”

Only then do I notice that Mom’s eyes are red. It looks like she has been crying for a long time.

I’m also very sad that Penelope has disappeared, but I know that I can’t blame Mom for this.

“Mom, it’s not your fault.” I pat my mother on the shoulder and try to comfort her.

“No, its my fault. It’s all my fault. I just couldn’t control my greed for food. So I wanted to go out and ate something delicious. That’s why this could happen. If I hadn’t left, it wouldn’t have happened.”

But I don’t think so. I don’t even know who has taken Penelope away.

If that person is ruthless, my mother will also be in danger if she’s there. Thus, my mother can’t do anything even though she stays with Penelope.

“Mom, don’t blame yourself. It’s really not your fault. The most important thing now is to get Penelope back.”

“That’s right, Mom. Stop blaming yourself. You’ve been crying so hard these days.” Frank also walks in and tries to comfort my mother.

He looks quite tired. It seems that Penelope’s disappearance has made him exhausted both physically and mentally.

Mom sits on the wheelchair and moves towards him. She anxiously asks, “How is it? What do the police say?”

Chapter 552 God Is Cruel to Me

Right after Penelope disappears, Mom calls the police.

Because it is a disappearance of an infant, she doesn't have to wait for 24 hours to report it.

I also look anxiously at Frank, waiting for his reply.

No matter what the news is, it is better than nothing.

Frank shakes his head and sighs, "No news from the police. They said that they would keep tracking the case. If there's any news, they will call us."

No news.

I slump in my chair, dejected and worried sick. My eyes are empty as I look ahead.

Penelope has been missing for almost 24 hours, and we hear nothing of her.

I don't even know if she is taken away by a child trafficker, or someone with some ulterior motive.

Regardless of who it is, Penelope is in danger now.

Or to put it more negatively, I don't know if she's alive.

What should I do?

What in the world should I do?

I really want to cry, but I understand that tears are the most useless thing on earth.

If crying helps, there won't be so many troubles in the world.

I don't know how long I sit in the chair. My mind doesn't stop wandering until my mother talks to me.

“Jane, get some sleep. You must be exhausted after the long flight. Have a good rest.” I nod and go back to my room.

Mom already feels guilty. My misery will add to the guilt in her heart.

Lying on the bed, I can't keep my eyes shut.

How can I sleep?

As soon as I close them, Penelope's cute appearance comes back to me.

And I fail to protect such a cute child.

I'm questioning myself as a mother.

She is so little. Besides suffering from the illness, she is faced with other threats.

“Penelope, where the hell are you?”

I'm clutching the blanket, crying my heart out.

At this time, I want a warm embrace and someone reliable by my side.

However, I have already lost Frances, so I can only hold on by myself.

I really don't know how, though.

Every day after that, I live my life in agony.

How is Penelope now? I'm so overwrought, but I can't do anything about it.

I don't eat or sleep and I run to the police station every day. All I want is news about Penelope, even if it is just something trivial.

But what I get is disappointment again and again, leaving me in despair.

Anything about Penelope has become a taboo subject in my family. As long as my family talks about her, I break down.

I want to control myself, but I can't.

She is more important than my life.

And I feel like dead.

God, why are you so cruel to me?

I have two children. One is with Hilda and he must suffer mistreatment a lot.

The other, who endures thalassemia every day, is still missing.

Am I ajinx and destined to die alone?

A month passes, and Penelope is still nowhere to be found.

The police almost give up on searching.

Without Penelope, I put all my focus on Earl.

Every day, I wait outside the Louis', hoping to see him.

Even I feel like a lunatic. But there is nothing else I can do to relieve my pain.

Today I'm waiting for Earl to appear at the gate of the Louis' as usual.

Unexpectedly, Frances' indifferent face comes into my sight.

Chapter 553 Live Like a Walking Dead

"Don't show your face in here anymore. You will cause trouble for Earl."

His words hurt me badly.

Now, is it too much to ask to see my child?

"Frances, don't go too far. Can't I just take a look at him? I've lost Penelope. Please let me see Earl." Looking at the indifferent man with tears in my eyes, I humbly plead.

His face darkens and he says flatly to me, "It's your business that you lost the child. Earl is living here with me now. If you want to see him, you can apply to the court."

Does application work?

Can I see Earl just by that?

Hilda hates me so much. How could she allow me to see Earl?

Rather than naively believing in the power of law, I would rather sneak over to see him myself.

I know that Frances has no feelings for me, but he doesn't need to be so heartless.

"Frances, can you show some mercy?"

I grip his hand and ask with tears trickling down my cheeks.

His gaze lands on my hand. It is emotionless.

I notice that my overly intimate grip might tick him off, so I hurriedly let go.

I appear totally servile to get his promise that I'm allowed to see Earl every day.

I never entertain the idea of taking Earl back. I just want a visit. Can't I do that? "Stop. If you continue sneaking here every day, then I'll call the police."

After Frances finishes speaking coldly, he closes the door.

As I look at the tightly shut door, I'm overwhelmed by feelings of depression.

Frances doesn't care about Penelope at all, right? Probably, he just asked me about Penelope casually back then.

However, I naively think that he care about Penelope.

I'm so stupid and callow.

Now, all my hopes are torpedoed.

I silently walk away from the door. When I arrive at the restaurant where I worked, I bump into the manager.

"Jane, why haven't you come to work for so long? I kept calling but couldn't get through. Without you, the restaurant staff has their hands full."

I glance at the manager and said indifferently, "I quit. You can hire someone else." With that, I walk past him without saying anything else.

I'm not in the mood to work.

In the past, I worked hard to earn money for Penelope. And now, even if I rake it in, what can I do with all the money?

Earl and Penelope are not by my side. Why should I work anymore?

Right now, I feel like a walking dead, numb and mechanically living my life.

If it weren't for my concern for Earl, I probably would have killed myself.

When I get home, I close the door and lie in the bed.

I don't want to face my mother and brother or the real world.

I don't care if people call me coward or timid. I can't find a way to make me feel better except to run away from the reality.

Suddenly, my phone rings. I excitedly pick it up, hoping that it is from the police station and brings me news of Penelope.

The moment I see the name on the screen, my hope is dashed.

It's Mindy.

These days, besides calls from the police station, I only answer her call.

Knowing that I'm upset, she often calls to comfort me. I feel better, when she talks to me.

"Hey, Mindy."

I whisper as I pick up.

“Jane, I’ve got news of Penelope.”

Chapter 554 I’m Really Frightened

“Where is Penelope? How is she? Is she alright?” I ask Mindy hurriedly, with my heart in my mouth.

God knows how hard these days are.

I’m worried about Penelope every single day, afraid that something might happen to her, or perhaps something worse awaits me.

Now finally there is information about her, but I can’t summon the courage hear it.

I’m scared.

I’m really frightened. I can’t take another loss anymore.

Penelope, you must be fine.

“If David’s investigation is on the right course, then Penelope was taken away by Frances.” Frances?

I breathe a sigh of relief.

At the very least, Penelope is not in danger, since she’s in Frances’ hands. Fierce as he is, he doesn’t lay a hand on his child. I’ve misunderstood him about Earl. Now I know very well that he won’t do anything to his children.

Our relationship ends, but he won’t hurt Penelope for this.

Such trust in him finally puts me at ease after I spend so many days fretting about Penelope.

However, I don't understand why Frances takes Penelope away. Besides, I tell him about it, but he says nothing.

What exactly does he want?

"Then does David know the reason why Frances did that? What about Penelope's illness? How is she now?"

"You'd better ask Frances about all this. He does a good job of keeping it a secret. The babysitter who takes care of Penelope happens to be the elder sister of one of David's boys. If it weren't for her, we probably wouldn't have known about it now."

Mindy's words make me even more curious about his intention.

After finishing the phone call, I dial Frances' number.

I call him twice, but he doesn't answer.

I want to send him a message, but somehow I recall what Hilda once told me.

When I ask her about Penelope, she regrets leaving Penelope unharmed.

If Hilda accidentally finds out about Penelope, will she touch Penelope?

It takes much effort to confirm that Penelope is safe. I can't put her at risk again.

After thinking for a while, I decide to go to Frances' company to find him.

At this time, he should be in there.

When I open the door, Mom is preparing lunch. Seeing me come out, she says with concern, "Jane, lunch will be ready in a few minutes. Don't go back to your room. Take a look at yourself. How thin you are. I made chicken soup for you. Have some more for lunch."

"No. I need to go out."

I whisper to my mother.

"Where are you going in such a hurry? You can have lunch before you set off." Mom is persuading me.

"Just out for a walk and get some fresh air. Don't worry about me."

With that, I put on my shoes and stride out.

I don't want to tell her about Penelope for now.

I don't even know what's going on with Frances. If I can't bring Penelope back, I'd better not give Mom any hope.

Mom is too old to withstand the ups and downs.

When I arrive at Frances' company, the security guards stop me as usual.

I have no choice but to wait for him downstairs.

At first, I think that I would have to wait until the afternoon when he gets off work.

Unexpectedly, those guards go to lunch at noon and this gives me the opportunity to get in.

When no one is around, I take the elevator to the 28th floor and make my way to Frances' office.

The door to his office is unlocked, and I push it open and go in, only to find that he is not inside.

Maybe he's having lunch outside.

His coat is on the back of the chair. I walk over and gently caress the coat the way I once caressed him.

It is only when there is no one around that I can unleash my feelings.

It has been so long, but I still can't let it go.

As for him, I'm afraid he doesn't care about me in the slightest.

I smile bitterly and catch a glimpse of a sharp edge poking up from his coat's inner pocket.

Chapter 555 Penelope Is My Everything

I stretch out my hand and take it out.

It's... the photo.

A photo of me snapped by him!

Why is this photo in his pocket?

Can it be...?

No ... It can't be.

I am no longer in his heart. Perhaps, it has always been in his pocket and he just forgot to take it out.

I say this to myself. But even I myself don't believe the explanation.

Funny enough, my heart is in a mess because of Frances' subconscious movements.

The most tragic thing in the world is not to be hurt by your loved one and feel like crap.

But that my heart is broken but I still can't give up.

"Why are you here?"

At the door, Frances' voice suddenly sounds.

I am shocked and the photo in my hand falls to the ground.

Frances' expression instantly becomes spooky.

"How dare you barge into my office and rummage my things? Get out!"

He walks over, picks up the photo and throws it into the trash can.

In his eyes, flames seem to spout.

The anger in his eyes scares me, but there are some questions I have to ask.

"Why do you still have this photo?" I ask expectantly as I stare at him.

Because of nervousness, my voice trembles.

"It's just a meaningless photo. I don't bother to throw it away." He says coldly in a deep voice while looking at me. "You barged into my office, and if there's no explanation, I'll call the security guards to take you away."

Security guards? Again?

He really doesn't want to see me?

I look at the photo lying in the trash can, and my heart feels like being stabbed by a knife.

I think I won't care. However, I feel like dying from sadness because of his simple action.

Taking a deep breath, I hold back my tears and ask him in a low voice, "I came here to ask you to return Penelope to me."

Frances raises his head and looks at me. He suddenly stands up and strides towards the door.

Is he going to call security guards?

But I haven't finished yet.

"Frances, you can't..."

Before I finish speaking, I see him lock the door and draw the curtains.

My heart eases.

Fortunately, he doesn't chase me away.

He turns around and looks at me with a sharp gaze.

"Who told you that Penelope is with me? You must have been crazy from thinking of him and mess up with me here."

He doesn't admit it. It is within my expectations.

Otherwise, when he drove me away from the Louis' residence this morning, he wouldn't have acted like he was innocent.

“Frances, you can’t lie to me. If Penelope isn’t here, you don’t need to close the door.”

The door is closed because he is guilty, because he doesn’t want others to know about our conversation. I know this very well.

Frances stares at me for a few seconds and then admits it.

“Penelope is safe with me, and her illness has always been under control. You don’t have to worry.”

I’m not worried.

When I found out that Penelope was taken away by him, I wasn’t worried anymore.

However, Penelope is my child, I want to take her back and take good care of her!

Even though it is extremely difficult to pay off her medical expenses, she is my only hope.

“Penelope is my child, and I will take good care of her. Return her to me. You have Earl and Hilda, but I have nothing. Frances, give Penelope back to me, please.”

I look at him and plead.

I begged him twice in this day.

Twice, for the sake of the child.

But Frances is colder than I thought.

Chapter 556 I’ll Pay You Back with My...

“Return her to you? How much is Penelope’s monthly medical fee? Can you afford it? If she lives with you, can you guarantee her a healthy life?”

Frances’ cold words strike me in the heart.

He’s right.

I have no money, so I can’t afford Penelope’s medical expenses at all.

For me, it is an astronomical amount, but for Frances, it is nothing.

By staying with him, at least, Penelope’s condition can be stabilized.

I’m reluctant to part with Penelope, but I can’t bear to see her suffer.

In the end, I bite my lips and say to Frances, “I can leave Penelope to you, but at least you have to tell me why you took her away. I can be at ease after knowing the reason, otherwise, I can’t give Penelope to you.”

Frances glances at me and says casually, “You don’t need to know.”

“Frances! I’ve been so humble to you. Will telling me the truth kill you? I came because I believed in you. If you don’t tell me, I’ll call the police!”

My anger is out of control.

Frances has gone too far! I can forgive him for taking Penelope away and covering her whereabouts, but he went further and didn’t tell me the reason.

Perhaps my compromises are meaningless.

It is precisely because he thought I was too weak that he took Penelope away presumptuously.

“Call the police?” The man smiles, raises his eyebrows and looks at me. “At most, I will run a paternity test with Penelope. She’s my child. Even if I snatch her away, it’s not against the law, and she can get the best treatment if she stays with me.”

Frances’ words push me into the abyss bit by bit.

I can’t refute what he said.

Even if I call the police, it’s useless. What should I do? What can I do?

I don’t seem to have another choice other than compromise.

I hate myself so much, but I can’t do anything about it.

“Then just let me meet Penelope and let me know that she is healthy.”

I grab Frances’ hand and whisper, and I have compromised my bottom line to the greatest extent.

But even so, Frances still refused to agree.

“No, I already told you that she’s fine. You don’t have to worry.”

Penelope can’t live long, she may leave me forever on any day.

I think I’m going crazy.

Perhaps the reason why Frances took Penelope away was to make my life worse than death.

And he did it.

What’s the point of living without my child?

A wave of hot air rushes into my mind and washes away all my rationality.

With a glance, I see the fruit knife on Frances' table.

Taking advantage of Frances' absentmindedness. I rush over, hold the fruit knife in my hand, and aim it at my chest.

"Frances, I know you hate me for shooting you. I can pay my debt back. But you can't take away my children one after another. You don't know how cruel this is to me. Without children, I don't want to live at all! I'll pay you back with my life!"

Tears roll down my cheeks.

I close my eyes and stab the knife hard into my chest.

Chapter 557 I've Always Loved You

However, my hand is suddenly grabbed by someone.

The knife is slapped off, and my hand feels numb.

Before I regain my senses, I am hugged by Frances.

He hugs so tightly that I can't even breathe.

I am dumbfounded. I have no idea what this embrace means.

After a while, I come to myself and try to push him away.

"Frances, what ... are you doing...?"

He doesn't know that his hug will rekindle my hopes.

And it is precisely because of the hope that I am left at the abyss.

But he hugs me even tighter.

I can feel his body trembling uncontrollably.

After a long while, he finally lets go of me and lets out a long sigh.

"Jane, what should I do with you?"

Jane.

My heart hurt badly.

How long has it been since he called me my name?

It's long enough that I almost don't remember that there was such happiness between us.

The tears that I've held back fall down again in an instant.

"Frances, can you not call me by my name like that? Can you ... not make me go mad again and again? Do you know that every time I see you and Hilda being so intimate, I feel like dying. So, please, let me go.

I can't take it. I can't take it anymore. I've lost you and two children, and I don't want to live anymore. Let me die, let me die!"

I struggle in Frances' arms.

I just want to end my life with the knife.

“No Hilda! In my heart, there has never been Hilda! I love you, I’ve always loved you!” He lowers his head and kisses my lips and seals all my restlessness.

Did I ... hallucinate?

He said he loved me?

Did he mean it?

I can’t believe it.

But I want to.

Tears, like beads on broken strings, cannot be held back no matter what.

My heart is bitter.

I am on the verge of collapse.

“You fool, stop crying.”

Frances gently holds my face and kisses the tears on my face away.

His gentle and tender actions awaken me, and I understand that I am not dreaming.

But why?

Why did he suddenly become like this?

I am terrified for it being difficult to obtain and easy to lose.

Mustering all my courage, I mumble to Frances.

“Frances, is it true? Do you really love me?”

“Idiot, it’s true. It’s always true. My love for you has never changed.”

His gaze is so gentle that it almost melts me.

I think that even if I were to die at this moment, I would have no regrets.

However, how can his attitude change this quickly?

At least, a minute before that, his indifference upset me.

Moreover, if he really loves me, why will he be with Hilda? Why did he do so many cruel things to me?
My mind is filled with questions.

I’m afraid that if I make the wrong decision, I’ll never have a second chance.

“Frances, since you love me, why did you marry Hilda? And no matter what I say, you have always believed her. Tell me why.”

“Because I want to ensure the safety of you and the children.”

Chapter 558 I Won’t Keep You Waiting...

“What do you mean? Tell me, what on earth is going on?” I look at Frances and say softly.

I really need an explanation.

These days, I am always in pain.

Frances is my only hope. I can only count on him now.

I need him to give me a reasonable explanation to tell me that the pain I have experienced has become a thing of the past.

“I’ve always known about Hilda. I know her better than anyone else does. I know what she did to Terence, you and your family. And I know that she was involved in things related to gangsters.”

He holds my shoulder and stares at me earnestly, saying.

As long as I look into his eyes, I will believe everything he says without hesitation.

“But, since you know it, why are you still with her? Why did you turn a blind eye to what I told you? Why did you say those words that hurt me so much? Why did you personally send me to prison? Do you know how hard those days were for me? Even now, I often wake up from nightmares.”

Thinking of those harrowing scenes, I can’t help but shed tears.

There were so many injuries and fears in the past.

And his answer is the redemption for me.

“My little idiot, I’ve told you that everything I did was to protect you. I sent you to prison to keep you away from Hilda. She won’t do anything to you until she gets a satisfactory result. The reason why I married her was also to relax her vigilance. I know you’ve had a hard time these past few days, and I feel sorry for you. I miss you so much every day. Seeing you cry, my heart hurts badly that I can’t even breathe. Jane, do you understand?”

I am so excited that I can’t say anything, so I can only nod vigorously.

He shakes his head and sighs, saying, "But I hope you don't know anything. At the very least, I hope you don't know anything until I settle the thing about Hilda. You are too straightforward to hide your thoughts. I was afraid that after you knew the truth, you would not be able to conceal your emotions. Therefore, I took Penelope away to protect her. If you hadn't just done something to hurt yourself, I wouldn't have told you the truth."

So, should I thank myself for doing such a crazy thing? If it were not for that, I wouldn't have known the truth for the rest of my life.

After all, Hilda's power can't be ignored.

No matter how many tricks Frances has, he is just a businessman. It isn't easy to deal with Hilda. That is also the reason why he has endured this for so long and still can't defeat Hilda.

Can it be that Frances and I will separate forever because of Hilda?

I don't want it. I've had enough of these days.

I want to be with him and our two children.

I look at Frances with longing eyes.

He has always understood me, so he immediately reads my mind and shakes his head at me.

"Jane, we must separate before we solve this hidden danger. Trust me, I won't keep you waiting. Jane, just some more time."

Chapter 559 I've Become So Scary

"I don't want it!"

I throw myself at Frances and hug him tightly.

I could hold back my emotions when I thought he had no feelings for me before.

But now, since I know everything, how can I pretend to be calm?

How can I watch him being with Hilda since I have known that we are in love?

He touches my forehead helplessly and sighs, saying, "That's why I don't want to tell you. Before all the troubles are resolved, how can I be with you without any worries? You have seen how cruel Hilda was when she attacked Terence. She could even attack a man who loved her deeply without hesitation, let alone you."

I know that Frances is worried about me, but the jealousy makes it impossible for me to imagine the scene that they are together.

I hug Frances tightly and say wrongly, "I know that Hilda is very evil, but I feel very bad when I know that you have slept with another woman."

Thinking of that, I feel so sad that I almost suffocate.

"No, we didn't do that. I won't touch any women other than you."

He strokes my forehead and says seriously.

I look up to him and try to believe what he says. However, I still feel that it is impossible.

"You have been married for more than a year, how is that possible..?"

There should be some things that he can't avoid.

Since a man and a woman have been already married, how can they not do that thing?

"I have my own way. Just trust me," he whispers to me.

Since he has already said so, I naturally have to believe him.

But that doesn't mean that I can accept the fact that they are together.

"We all know that Hilda did those things. Why can't we sue her? Or ... can we find someone to kill her without anyone noticing?"

When I say this, my voice is trembling.

I have always been a good law-abiding citizen. I have never thought that one day, I would hate someone to such an extent.

I even want to do such a terrible thing.

"Do you really doubt your husband's ability? If it is that simple, I would have done it long ago." He gently scratches my nose, with his eyes filled with helplessness.

"Although we both know what she has done, there is no strong evidence. Killing her is not as easy as you think. Even if Hilda dies, I can't guarantee that no one will avenge her. So, the only way is to find all the evidence."

"But she's really wary."

"Every day, she will send people to follow me and check my whereabouts. That's why when I meet you, I'll always scold and even hit you. Do you know how hard this is for me? I love you so much, but I have to hurt you!"

“I went to the United States with her a few times. I knew that she was going to deal with some things, but she always found various excuses. She never gave me the chance to know what she was doing. Now, Penelope and Earl had better stay under my protection. And you have to stay away from them for now.”

He doesn't say anything else and stares at me with a gaze filled with complicated feelings.

However, I can't be clearer about what he is thinking in his mind.

Because the crisis cannot be resolved, I can only wait, right?

“How long do you want me to wait? One year, two years, five years, or ... a lifetime?”

Chapter 560 Give Me One More Minute,...

I don't even dare to imagine how long these painful days will last.

Knowing that Penelope's illness is so serious, and even not knowing how much longer she can live, how can I bear to be separated from her forever?

If this continues, there might never be a chance for us to see each other again.

However, I also know very well that the decision Frances makes is the best.

Before I know the truth, I might have misunderstood his motive. But now, I understand everything. I should believe in his decision.

In the end, I can only take a deep breath and hold back my tears, whispering to him, “Frances, is this the only way? I'm really reluctant to part with you and our children. I'm afraid I won't be able to control myself.”

“You can do it. For the sake of my and our children's safety, you can do it. Darling, wait for me. Also, you can't tell anyone what I told you today. The less people know about this, the safer you and the children will be. I even hope that your memories will be erased immediately and you will forget what I said.”

“However, before that, Jane, can you take good care of yourself? You’ve lost too much weight in the past year, and you’re haggard. I feel really distressed when I look at you.”

He lowers his head and kisses me on the lips.

I finally calm down a little, and I nod at him.

Only then does he let go of me. He walks to the trashcan, picks up the photo again, and hands it to me.

“You have found this photo, and it also reminds me that there are still loopholes. I couldn’t help but miss you, so I always looked at it before. Now I think it’s better to give it to you. When everything is over, you can return it to me.”

I nod and carefully put the picture back in my bag.

Frances frowns slightly and looks at me, saying, “Now I have to become the person you hate again. Jane, are you ready?”

Is he going to treat me coldly again and pretend to love Hilda? I’m not ready, and I don’t want to be ready at all.

However, I also know that I have no other choice.

I have to nod to Frances and whisper, “I’m ready. However, can you give me one more minute to hug you?”

I reach out and hug Frances tightly.

I haven’t been able to hug him like this for more than a year.

I listen to his attractive heartbeat and enjoy this moment.

I am reluctant to leave. I hope this minute will never pass.

However, time always passes faster than I imagine.

One minute passes quickly.

Frances gently pushes me away, with his eyes filled with reluctance.

Then, I am pushed to the ground.

I know that I will have to suffer those torments again.

Unwilling to face this, I can't help but shed tears.

However, in my heart, there is still hope.

As long as I'm willing to wait, that day will come sooner or later, won't it?

Frances walks to the door and opens it. He shouts to the outside, "Security! Come over and drag this crazy woman away!"

Soon, the security guard comes over.

When he sees me, his face is filled with fear.

He seems to be the one who drove me away last time.

"Sorry! Why is she here again?" The security guard looks at Frances and says with trepidation.

“How do I know it?” Frances snorts coldly. His tone is filled with anger. “If I see this woman here again, you will be fired! Take her away quickly!”