

Desperate Time 221

Chapter 221 His Conditions

I panic and take a couple of steps back.

'Jane, why didn't you turn on the phone? Do you know how worried I was trying to look for you over these days?'

Frances walks over and says sternly.

I look up at him and only to realize that he is more haggard now after not seeing him for these few days. His dark eye bags are showing and his face is covered with stubble after not shaving for several days.

'I was very busy and you should know that,' I say calmly and walk past him.

Frances strides over and says behind me, "From how you look, you must have not been sleeping well days. Why don't you hire a private nurse?"

Private nurse?

After paying for the hospital bills and my father's funeral costs, I only have several hundred remaining in my account. How do I have the money to hire a private nurse?

I scoff and do not say a word. There is a huge chasm between Frances' world of wealth and the poverty of mine. How can he ever understand my world?

Frances begins to get upset when he sees that I am ignoring him. He grabs me and pushes me to the wall and says sternly, "At least tell me what is wrong. You should tell me even if something happened to your parents!"

“Do you know that I was really worried that something happened to you!”

His eyes are red and throbbing with anxiety. In that trance, I realize that Frances is worried about me. But I quickly suppress this feeling. Perhaps I am in a daze due to my lack of sleep for so many days. How can Frances be worried about me?

But from the looks of it, he doesn't know that I intend to leave after purchasing the air tickets. Otherwise, he will be squeezing the life out of me.

“Whatever it is, we'll talk after I settle my mother's hospital discharge procedures.”

I push Frances aside so that I can go and settle the procedures. After returning to the patient's room, I see that Frances is in the room.

‘Jane, quickly ask Mr. Louis to think of a way to get Frank out. Now without your father, I really don't know

how to live on without a son.”

This is the first time she speaks to me on her own. The pain in her eyes is real. This time my heart truly relents. I already lost my father and I don't wish that my mother is heartbroken from disappointment.”

I look towards Frances with pleading eyes.

“Yes, but I have some terms,” Frances says.

I'm not surprised by what he says. Frances will never do anything that does not benefit him.

Tears well in my mother's eyes as she looks at him making me unable to refuse him. My brother and father are the two men that filled her life. She just lost one half of her life and she can't lose the other half.

“Okay, I agree.” I agree before knowing what the terms are.

Frances is a person who does what he says. I don't know what methods he used but Frank was released without charges on the second day.

He even hires a private nurse to take care of my mother. As for Frank, he even finds a rather decent job for him. As far as this is concerned, Frances did it almost perfectly in terms of duty and love. Frances doesn't want me to stay with my mother and I can only go back with him to the villa. But at least he is understanding and allows me to visit my mother every day.

"Go ahead, what are your terms," I ask him calmly.

I will agree with Frances' terms no matter what they are. I already resigned to the fact that I no longer have any choice.

The worse that can happen is death and this man will not want my life.

'Marry me, Jane.'

Chapter 222 Dare Not Have Unreasonabl...

At that instance, I feel that Frances may be crazy otherwise how can he say something like this? He wants to get married? I really find that extremely amusing! I can't think of any other reason except for him to toy with me!

"Stop fooling around, Mr. Louis. You love Whitney so much and will never divorce her. Furthermore, even if you really divorce her, you will not want to marry me. At least I know what my limitations are and I am realistic about it."

I smile brilliantly at Frances and only I am aware of how bitter I feel inside. I love him more than myself like a moth flying to the fire. But I never dare to think about the possibility of being married to him.

I can only think of one possibility of Frances saying this. Which is he is testing me. He is testing me to see if I am considering this possibility that I shouldn't have. I deeply understand that Frances is a poison that I cannot touch. So even if the love has taken hold deeply, I can only let the love rot in my heart.

If I am not even clear about this, then I believe that my end is near.

Frances smiles at me but I cannot comprehend his expression and becomes strangely flustered. He gently feels my hair and I feel my scalp numbing up.

'Jane, what if I were to say that it's for real? If one day I'm divorced with Whitney?' He gently plays with my hair and says profoundly.

I smile at him and softly say, "That person will not be me. Frances, we have no future together. Actually, you know better than me, don't you? If I really start to have any expectations of you, I'm afraid that I don't even know how I ended up dead. That's why I don't think that you are speaking from your heart."

Although I know full well what is happening, when I say them out loud, I feel that it's as if I am repeatedly

stabbing myself.

"One day you will know whether it's real or fake." Frances's hand pauses and his eyes seem to see through me, "But, I don't like you to be a fatalist. You should have dreams and hopes. What if one day the stars align and it comes true?"

After making his point, Frances goes upstairs on his own.

I remain in place in a daze. Perhaps it will really take the stars to align before Frances marries her. Except that now my heart is in a mess after he dumps this joke on me and he still hasn't said what the terms are.

It is now impossible for me to leave since my mother is in Virginia and now that Frances has his clutches on me.

Life must go on and I go to the office the next day.

True enough, everyone looks at me with disdain.

I know that the after-effects of that incident have not passed.

I also want to know the extent of how this incident develops. When I take out my phone to browse, I realize how much I am detached from the world when I turned off my phone these few days.

A lot of news concerning me has been dredged up. Additionally, Whitney went for a psychiatric assessment which concluded that she has a mental illness which was caused by me.

I am at a loss for words. Frances once told me that Whitney's sickness was caused by him. How can I be blamed for this now? The public opinion is now favoring Whitney and now I am the villain.

I am thinking that this must be the objective of Whitney which is to drown me in the despise of the social media.

Chapter 223 She Is My Girlfriend

Although some of the pictures and articles are out of context, I don't want to explain and I don't have the right to explain. After all, I'm really a mistress and has significantly hurt Whitney. I have become the public enemy which I deserve it and I must accept it. But I never expect this to be way out of my acceptable limits.

I go to the cafeteria for lunch. When I return after going to the restroom, my tray is full of dead cockroaches. I'm not afraid of cockroaches but it is disgusting to see so many of them. Due to my pregnancy, my reaction becomes even more pronounced and I start to gag nauseously.

"Take a look, does she even have the right to be nauseous? Regardless of how disgusting it is, it isn't as disgusting as her!" The person instigating this is May Wilson.

She always has something against me. Now that she has the chance, she will definitely make things difficult for me.

“Yes, yes, since she can be so disgusting as to be a mistress, she should be able to eat something as disgusting as that.” Someone adds.

‘I’ve always said that she is a vixen and true enough I was proven right!’

The three of them sashay over to me.

I don’t know what they intend to do and become strangely flustered.

Suddenly, I feel a strong tug on my hair, and May forces my head toward the dining tray. I start to struggle but the other two women grab onto me. I can’t move and they force my head down towards the cockroaches and force them into my mouth.

When May releases me, I hurriedly spit out the things in my mouth. The food and rice are all over my face and hair. Even if I don’t see it, I know how pathetic I must look. Disgusting, pitiful, helpless, and suddenly, my tears start to flow.

“You still dare to cry! Do continue!”

May grabs my hair again as she says.

“Stop it, what the hell are you doing?” Steven’s voice thunders and stops May’s actions.

“Director...”

May releases her hands and trembles as she looks at Steven. Although Steven isn’t the Director now, everyone knows that one day the Song Group will be his. Who dares to offend him?

I stand in a sorry state and don’t even dare to look at Steven. The footsteps got nearer until I can feel a hand over my shoulders.

‘The gossips on the internet are all fake. Jane is my girlfriend. The Song Group and the Louis Group have ongoing business dealings. So, what if she attended the two dinners with me? She was framed by those

pictures and that's how those gossips started. Do you think that a girlfriend of mine needs to be someone else's mistress?"

Everyone is stunned with their mouth wide open by what Steven says.

I don't know why he is making such a huge sacrifice for me. What he says is very effective. After all, the Song Group and the Louis Group are equally strong. If I am really his girlfriend, then naturally I won't become Frances' woman.

'May, the three of you, give me your resignations at the end of the day.'

Steven says coldly and the expressions of the three immediately collapse. They try to beg for Steven's forgiveness but it is clearly useless.

Everyone notices Steven leading me out of the cafeteria. Since it was lunchtime, practically everyone from the office is present. What he did just now was a clear warning to everyone.

I'm thinking that at least there wouldn't be any gossips in the office from then on.

Chapter 224 Affectionately

As we enter the lift, I look at Steven and say gratefully, "Thanks for your help." "You are my girlfriend, what's there to thank?" Steven looks up at the camera and smiles at me.

He presses the button for the lift.

He leads me to his office, closes the door, and says, "The woman in the office love to gossip. The news of you being my girlfriend will quickly leak out. Everyone knows the strength of the Song Group. By then, what Whitney said about you will die off naturally. So, you should just pretend that you are my girlfriend during this period."

I look at him dumbfounded and know that this is a good approach but is that the right thing to do?

I am already beyond redemption and do not want to implicate Steven. I'm sure he will receive a lot of pressure from his family. He has already helped me a lot and I don't wish that he suffers for my sake.

"No, you have already helped me a lot today. You don't have to make such a big sacrifice for me." I shake my head at Steven and force a smile.

Steven looks at me and suddenly turns solemn. At that moment, I feel that he might have something to tell me. But once these words are said, perhaps things will get tricky between him and me.

But in the end, Steven simply raises his eyebrows and says, "It's not a bad thing for me as well. You should know that I'm hounded by women every day. We'll take it as helping each other out. Okay, let's not drag this further, unless you know of a better way."

Steven ended this topic with ease. Indeed, I don't have a reason to refuse. I can only play out this act with Steven for now.

The incident at noon has spread. Now no one at the company believes that I'm a mistress. I read the opinions online and a lot of people are starting to say that I am Steven's girlfriend. The people who are supporting Whitney are starting to falter.

May looks at me occasionally with disdain. In the end, she submits her resignation and leaves the company.

At the end of the day, Steven, a twenty four year old boyfriend even came specially to the office to pick me up. He places his arm affectionately over my shoulders and whispers into my ear but loud enough for everyone in the office to hear.

'I already said that you should just wait to become the wife of Director Song. Why must you tire yourself by working? My heart aches for you when I see you working. Come, honey, let's go for a nice meal and after that, we'll ..."

Steven doesn't continue but looks at me affectionately as everyone knows the meaning of that.

His tease inevitably causes me to blush in red. To observers, I seem coy.

Outside of the office building, I see Noah standing anxiously at the entrance. He called me several times during the day but I never answer any of his calls because I really don't know what should I say. Although he knows about my relationship with Frances but I'm sure he feels awful after seeing the recent news.

But I never expect him to come to look for me.

Noah rushes towards me and says, "Jane, you finally appear. I couldn't contact you for days and am worried sick. I came every day to your company and finally managed to see you."

Steven looks around at the company staff walking past and says solemnly, "Let's talk once we're in the car."

Chapter 225 I'm Looking For Someone Rich

After entering the car, Noah looks worriedly at me and says, "Jane, you really cannot remain by the side of Frances. It's too dangerous. Let's get married, and I will protect you."

I thought that I had already made myself clear to Noah but I never expect him to be so persistent.

I shake my head and as I am about to speak, Steven suddenly turns around and says, "I'm sorry, you are slightly late. Jane is now my girlfriend."

Noah's expression turns for the worse as soon as he hears. My silence is a tacit affirmation.

"Noah, take good care of yourself from now on. We are worlds apart. You can see for yourself that I'm a materialistic woman. I want to find a rich man and you do not fit my requirements."

Noah's expression alternates between pale and red and looks horrible. I know that it is extremely hurtful to him but if that can kill his hopes, then it is actually a good thing.

He laughs coldly and says to me, "Jane, I really misjudged you. But one day I will become a person that you can't get. By that time, I won't even bat an eyelid even if you kneel and beg to me!" Noah exits the car and shuts the door furiously.

My heart starts to relax. At least Noah will disassociate from my matters from now on. He is such a nice person and should never be entangled in my affairs.

I smile towards Steven and say, "Let's go to where my mom lives. I want to see her." Steven nods and sends me to my mother's place and then leaves.

Since I have the keys to the apartment, I open the door to enter. Mom is sitting on the wheelchair trying hard to cook a pot of porridge.

Frank on the other hand is in his room playing LOL on his computer. Does he expect to mom to wait on him in her present condition?

"Frank, get the hell out!" I rush to the room and yell.

Frank turns his head reluctantly and retorts, "What's there to yell? Are you afraid that we don't know that you're back?"

"Why are you letting mom cook? Can't you see that mom's leg is hurt?"

"He had been busy at work the entire day. It's alright, let him relax." Mom tries to calm the situation.

It has always been like that at home. Mom will never blame him regardless of what Frank does.

But now that such a huge change has happened to the family, who will hold up the family if Frank continues in this manner? I'm someone who can't even see my future, must this family continue to depend on me?

'Mom, don't continue to spoil him. Don't you know that he has made so many errors because of your coddling? If he continues this way, will you want to see him going into jail again?' Mom wouldn't say anything and remains quiet at one side.

I turn towards Frank and says solemnly, "From today onwards, if you can't take up the responsibility as the man of the house, don't blame me for having Frances send you back to jail!"

My words startle Frank and he quickly rushes over to take the ladle in mom's hand and says, "Mom, I'll cook. You should take a rest."

At that moment, I feel that my mother's eyes fill up with tears.

Perhaps Frank is worried that I'll send him back to jail at least he is very obedient during the two hours that I am present. I guide him to cook two dishes and after we eat as a family, he goes to do the dishes.

I clean up around the house before giving the few hundred yuan that I have remaining to my mother, "I really do not have any money left. I'll get my salary after a few days. This money should be enough for you till then. Now that Frank has a job, once he starts to get his salary, I will not be supporting the family anymore. I hope that you don't continue to spoil him but teach him to grow up."

Mother seems to understand and nods. I also feel at ease and leave.

I really hope that what I say will achieve its purpose. I take a taxi back to Frances' place. When I arrive, I see him sitting at the dining table, and directly opposite him is Whitney, smiling from ear to ear!

Chapter 226 We can Share Frances Toge...

What a harmonious picture, which makes me feel a sudden compulsion of going out.

They are a perfect match for each other, but I am just 'the other woman' between them. I am nothing to them. There will be one day when Frances gets tired of me and comes back to Whitney. In the end, I'll just become a laughing stock.

Seeing me walk in, Whitney comes over with a smile and holds my arm.

'Jane, you're back? Have you eaten yet? I'll get you a pair of chopsticks.'" For a moment, I really thought it was my hallucination.

Is it a trick that she suddenly becomes so nice to me?

I'm so flustered and nervous that I dare not look straight at them.

Whitney takes me to the table and pushes me into a chair.

'I've already eaten. Please continue to enjoy your meal and forget about me.'" I stand up for leaving but she stops me.

'I have some words for you.'" she looks up at me with a resigned but determined look in her eyes, "I've thought about it. Frances loves to have fun and fools around with girls. Maybe this is the kind of life he wants. In the past, what I did to you may be a little extreme, but now I've come to the idea that we actually could live together peacefully. You can live with us and I won't hinder like before."

In a trance, I thought I was deaf.

It's unbelievable that such words come from a modern woman. Is it that she has given her agreement on Frances having mistress?

What kind of love is it that she is willingly to give in so much in her marriage?

Frances raises his head and looks at Whitney, says indifferently, "I only want you to do what you promised me. As for your other businesses, I have no interest at all."

Rising from his seat, he goes upstairs and closes his room door.

There is a hint of frustration in Whitney's eyes. She puts down the chopsticks, with the nice and tender look suddenly disappearing on her face, and warns me, "Jane, do you think I would really accept you? No! If it was not for the reason that Frances insists on divorcing me because of you, how could I put myself in such a low position to live with you? I'm just here to keep an eye on you. I'd like to see what tricks you can pull off under my nose!"

And now, I finally understand her purpose.

However, isn't there a misunderstanding?

"Your divorce has nothing to do with me. Frances would never divorce you for my reason, so it's meaningless for you to do these."

Frances just takes me as an excuse. He would still get a divorce if he wants, even without me.

But I think he obviously loves Whitney, why would they come to divorce? Are there also misunderstandings between them?

Anyway, their business is not my concern. All I need to do is to keep my own safety and find another opportunity to get away from Frances.

'I don't need you to me if it's meaningful! You'd better behave yourself or I'll come for you! With me here, you'll never have a chance to get into Frances' bed!'

I get into Frances' bed? Why bother? It's not gonna happen. It's also impossible for Frances to get into my bed.

I couldn't let him do whatever he wants while I'm pregnant. Even if I had my surgery done, it's necessary to be celibate for a time. So her worries are unlikely to happen for a month.

Tired of arguing with her, I get up and says to her, "As long as you don't do anything frenzied to me, do anything as you like."

Chapter 227 Let's Leave Here

I thought I had been ready to live with Whitney under the same roof, and at least I could know her movements, so I could better protect myself.

But it turns out that I really underestimate her. She's far more horrible and scary than I imagine.

The old Mr Louis has been out these days. Whitney chooses herself a guest room to live in. Frances doesn't come to my room these days, neither does Whitney go to his.

Everything seems to be going well.

If it didn't happen to me, I would never know that a man's mistress and his wife could live harmoniously under the same roof.

But it is just a fake harmony, things hasn't change until this evening.

When we are eating at the table, Whitney suddenly puts a pregnancy test stick on the table, and says to Frances shyly, "Frances, I've been pregnant."

I take a look over the stick and see there are two clear lines on it. It is a sign of pregnancy.

How could they get a divorce now that they have a baby now? Even if Frances wants to, the court would not allow it.

Frances just gives a cold glimpse at her and says quietly, "You are not going to tell me that this child is mine, are you?"

“Of course it’s yours. Don’t you remember that night.....

She doesn’t continue but these few words are enough to arouse pictures in mind.

Frances says nothing, tacitly admitting that what Whitney said is true.

I feel bad in my heart and eat desperately with my head lowered.

Whitney’s face beams with a happy smile.

‘I’ve already told mom and dad about this, and they’re happy that they finally have a grandchild.’ My hand under the table touches my belly unconsciously.

The baby in my belly is also his child. But my child is destined to be hidden as a secret, would never be known by the Louis family.

A week will be over till tomorrow. Tomorrow, my baby will disappear in this world forever.

A strong sadness swells in my heart. But it doesn’t help, I can’t protect my baby and don’t let him come to this cruel world is the best choice.

The next morning I go to the hospital after sending a message to Mindy.

After an examination at the hospital, Mindy and I wait outside the operating room.

A pregnant woman with a big belly holds a little girl about three years old by the hand. They walk past me but stop then.

“Are you going to have a baby too? My mom said little baby is very cute. I can play with your baby when it’s born.”

The girl's innocent smile touches me deeply.

At this moment, I feel more reluctant to give up my baby. Tears roll down my face as I gently touch my belly.

Perhaps the pregnant woman sees me not look right, so she takes her little girl away.

Mindy also sighs when seeing me sad like this.

'Jane, I know it's hard for you to give up the child, but you have to consider it clearly. Keeping this baby would do no good for both of you.'

My resolution was literally shaken just now, but Mindy's words wake me up again. I shake my head and say to her, "Don't worry, I won't be silly."

She feels relieved and nods to me when hearing my words.

A young girl in front of me in the line reluctantly walks into the operating room, accompanied by her mother.

She cries sadly when coming out.

"Oh, my baby. I saw him. He's such a little creature, but he was gone now. I'm so cruel. We could have given him a home, even without a father. I can raise him alone. Oh, mom, I lost my baby. I'm so sad,

The young girl faints before finishing her words.

But I am deeply touched by her words.

I have no right to end such a little life. The baby should be raised to be a grown-up now that it has been brought to this world. As a mother, my duty is to try my best to protect my baby.

I couldn't be so cruel to my baby!

After a considerate thought, I stand on my feet and say to Mindy, "Mindy, let's leave here!"

Chapter 228 I'll Sleep Here Tonight

Mindy turns around and looks at me in surprise, "You've decided to keep the baby?" I nod to her with a determined look.

As she also will be a mother soon, she can understand my feelings. She nods and says, "I respect your decision. I'll be with you to protect the baby. If the baby is a girl, I must let her be my son's wife when she grows up."

'Jane Noyes. Jane Noyes.' the doctor's calling my name. Mindy and I look at each other and then we walk out of the hospital with hands holding.

Outside the hospital, the sky is blue, and I'll do my best to give my baby a bright future, just like the brilliant sky.

'Jane, there are two things you need to bear in mind. First, don't let anyone else know that you are pregnant. Second, you have to think of ways to get away from Frances as soon as possible.'

I can't agree with Mindy more. It's impossible for me to hide when my belly gets bigger if I don't leave Frances early.

But with Frances' help, my family's life has finally settled down. If I leave him now, he must be going to

ruin their peaceful life out of anger. I don't want things to go like this.

'I really don't know what else I could do now. I feel that I may never be able to get rid of Frances for the rest of my life.' I say desperately.

“You forget one thing, my silly girl. You said Whitney is pregnant and she lives with you and Frances now, do you remember? You can try your best to promote their relationship. When Frances is deeply into his wife, how could he have time for you?” Mindy advises me and gives me a blank look.

But she doesn't know that I love Frances. It's just hard for me to push the man I love to the other woman.

However, for the sake of my baby, I nod approval of her idea.

This is, perhaps, the nature of motherhood.

Child is always the first in a mother's heart.

I become more cautious after I decided to keep the child. On the one hand, I have to take good care of my baby, and on the other hand, I couldn't let Frances and Whitney know I'm pregnant.

My biggest concern, however, has inevitably occurred.

I have a severe morning sickness.

As the old sayings goes, having talents and pregnancy are the same, because time will finally expose them.

I could only eat sour things secretly every day to suppress my urge to vomit. When it's out of control, I would go to the bathroom to have a big vomit, pretending I'm having a stomachache.

I have lost tons of weight within a few days.

This day, when I am vomiting miserably in the bathroom of my room, Frances suddenly comes in, and I hurriedly flush the sink, pretending to wash my hands. I turn around calmly and complain, “Can't you just leave me alone when I'm using the bathroom? You scare me!”

Damn it! I have forgotten that my room is connected with his by the bathroom. He hasn't come to my room these days, and I thought he has lost interest in me. I can't be so careless next time.

He ignores my words and walks over directly, saying in a deep voice, "You have kept rushing to the bathroom these days, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing, just spoil my stomach because of eating too much." I reply quietly.

Fortunately he believes my story, which makes me feel relaxed.

The next moment, he's walking towards my room.

"I sleep here tonight."

Chapter 229 Stay with Me

"No way!" I reject him without any hesitation.

I'm quite serious. My baby will be in danger if he sleeps with me.

He narrows his eyes and raises an eyebrow at me, saying softly, "What did you just say? I didn't catch that."

The words are soft, but full of threat.

I venture again, "I said no. Why don't you go to Whitney's? She would love that."

If Whitney finds out that Frances is in my room, she must going to do something to me. I don't dare to take that risk.

"She's pregnant now. It's not appropriate, is it?" But I'm also the pregnant! Of course I dare not speak it out. He cares for Whitney's feelings. At least he concerns about her baby.

I'd better get out of here as soon as possible, not getting in the way of the happy life of the family of three.

'I'm not comfortable for it, please leave me alone.'" I look at him and plead.

But it seems that it doesn't help. He lies on my bed and says in a flirting tone, "I don't know why the only thing comes to your mind is making love when I said I'm going to sleep here. Or you want it, don't you?"

I blush immediately at his words and get angry, "I'm not as dirty as you are. I'm just tired from work and not feel good."

He doesn't continue to embarrass me but only says gently, "Then take a good rest. I won't touch you." After he finishes it, he really closes his eyes.

But I still feel uneasy. What if I am caught by him when vomiting at night? That would be terrible. However, it's obvious that he seems to be unwilling to continue our conversation, so there's no way to change even though I wouldn't like him to stay.

Luckily my baby is quiet in my belly and I have a good and safe night.

In a daze after midnight, I feel I'm in a warm embrace.

My sleep is light, so his sudden approach awakens me immediately. I instinctively cover my belly with hands.

My whole body tenses up and my back arches like a cat in distress.

Don't do anything to me, don't!

I have never been so resistant to the physical touch of his body.

But the truth is that I'm over-thinking it. He doesn't wake up but just hugs me tightly, murmuring in my ear.

'Don't leave. Please. Stay with me.'

My heart flutters.

But soon my mind is clear, since obviously, the words are not meant for me.

I'm quite curious who could it be that he is begging for so humbly? Is it Whitney or someone else?

Who's the one living in his heart?

I'm eager to know it but I also hope I will never know it.

On the next morning, I wake up in Frances' arms. Or to be exact, I am woken by something hard on me.

He wakes too. Then kisses fall on my neck and shoulders, which melt my whole body. I disengage myself from his arms and get out of the bed quickly.

His lust has been aroused. He will definitely do something to me if I don't get up now.

"You should go now. Whitney will kill me if she finds you are in my room. Please go for my sake."

Actually I don't have much hope that he would listen to me. But to my surprise, he gets up and goes back to his own room through the bathroom.

Is it a pity from God or that he just loses interest in me? He actually stops reducing me to a hard situation! But why, why I'm not happy at all about this?

When I get out of my room, Whitney is two steps in front of me. Frances is seated on the sofa checking his phone.

He raises his head and says to Whitney, "Since you are pregnant, you should go back to your Jordan Family, where you will be well looked after."

The look on her face changes and she says with hands on her belly, "I can take good care of myself. I don't need to go back."

'Lawrence has been waiting for you outside the door. You have no choice.'" Frances says coldly.

Seeing Lawrence walking in from outside, Whitney turns pale and suddenly grabs me by my clothes, crying sharply, "If you force me to go back, I will push her downstairs!"

Chapter 230 Child! My Child!

I get panic and the hairs on my body prickle with nervousness when I think about my child.

I wouldn't be afraid if it happened before. The worst of rolling down the stairs is just to break legs or arms, without threat on my life. But now the situation is different. I'm having a baby and I can't allow this to happen.

"Whitney, don't be impulsive." I turn my head around and try to calm her down.

But I find her eyes are red, like fierce burning fire. She is mentally ill. I really feel afraid that she would have an attack at the moment.

She originally intended to stay with Frances so she told him her pregnancy. But it goes the other way around. Frances actually wants to send her away. No wonder she would go mad.

Lawrence continuously shakes his head at Whitney downstairs, "Whitney, stop this craziness, come down and go with me."

'I've told you that I'm not going! Don't force me or I'll push her down.'

As she says, she gives me a gentle push but she doesn't loosen her hands on me.

She's negotiating with them now, not really trying to hurt me.

I'm frightened into cold sweat, trying to protect my belly from harm, but I'm worried that Frances will get suspicious about my obvious action.

"Whitney, if you really push her down, you will lose Frances forever. You should think about the consequences." Lawrence continues to persuade her, expecting to stop her.

Frances, who has been silent for a long time, finally utters slowly.

"Whitney, you could try it to see what would happen if you pushed her down."

Scared by his cold voice, Whitney loosens her hands a little, and I take this chance to hold onto the handrail of the stairs and quickly run downstairs.

But I didn't expect that her hands are still on my clothes, so she is brought down as I run.

With a sharp scream, Whitney rolls down the stairs.

Finally, she stops at Lawrence's feet.

"Child, my child!"

She splutters, in an extremely weak voice.

Blood spreads out on her white dress, an impressive and shocking sight.

I'm totally shocked and do not know what to do.

It once occurred to me that she may lie to be pregnant because she didn't show any signs of pregnancy.

For instance, every day she wears high heels and has a delicate makeup, she never has morning sickness as well.

But the blood on her dress makes me feel how biased and narrow-minded I was.

Having my own baby now, I can exactly feel her pain and helplessness.

I would have been more desperate if I had been the one falling downstairs instead of her.

Lawrence squats down and scoops her up in his arms carefully, comforting her gently, "It's okay, don't be afraid. I'm with you. The baby will be fine."

Apparently, Lawrence cares Whitney a lot. He holds her like holding the most precious treasure in the world.

Lawrence rushes outside with Whitney in his arms. She grabs his arms tightly, as if he is her last hope.

Frances sits beside Whitney for company.

Out of guilt, I also go along with them.

Lawrence starts the car and drives to the hospital in a rush.