

Desperate Time 251

Chapter 251 Bastard

Baby?!

I don't want to probe how Frances Louis gets to know I am pregnant and where I am. At this moment, there is only one thought in my mind, that is, I will never allow these people to harm my baby!

Damn Frances Louis. Although it's my bad to leave without telling him I am pregnant, he is the baby's father, how can he be so cruel?

It's wise to choose to leave such a cruel and ruthless man. But what should I do now? I thought I could escape by going so far, but finally it turned out I couldn't.

The baby. I won't allow the baby to be in danger!

"If you dare to touch my baby, you will pay the price hundred times!" I stare at the person in front of me and said viciously.

Either way, I will protect my baby. This is my instinctive protection desire as a mother!

"Do you think it is possible to resist now?" The man chuckles.

I know wrestling with them won't work as figures of these three people in front of me are far more robust than me.

I think a while, "Where is Frances Louis? I want to see him," I say in a low voice. "If he dares to hurt my baby, I will kill him!"

I almost say the word through gritting my teeth. If Frances Louis were in front of me now, I would definitely duel him to the death. Even if both sides will lose, I am not afraid.

'Frances Louis won't see you. He said you and the bastard don't qualify for seeing him again.' Bastard?

The word deeply hurts me.

Frances Louis, you are so cruel! I have your baby but you call him bastard? You are a heartless man.

The more I loved him before, the more I hate him now when I hear all of this.

No matter how cruel Frances Louis treats me, how can he treats his own flesh and blood in the same way?

I wish that I can go back in time, I would rather be tortured to death by Andrew Malan than to meet him again.

'Frances Louis, I hate you. You are a...'

Before I say more, doctors and nurses have come in with many surgical tools in the tray in their hands.

I've already known what they are going to do since the man showed up. He wants to kill the unborn baby! What should I do?

What should I do to protect the unborn baby? I can't just await my doom.

Looking around, I find there is no one on the man's left hand side, there is a good way to escape.

I thump one of the men who is holding me in the stomach with my elbow. At the same time, I lift my foot and kick back violently, hitting another man's private parts. Both of them feel pain and let me go.

Taking this opportunity, I desperately run outside.

Although I don't know if I can run away in the end, I have a chance of being rescueded only if I can run out! If it's not such an emergency, I really don't know I can run so fast with such a big belly.

"Catch her!" The man behind snaps.

I speed up and get caught again before I approach the door.

Then, the nurse quickly raises my sleeve and gives me a shot in the arm.

In just two seconds, my head spin, and in the end, I lose my consciousness.

Baby, my baby.

I seem to be trapped in a boundless abyss, and my heart is filled with indescribable despair.

Chapter 252 Baby

Piercing pain from the belly awakens me. Baby, where is my baby? Suddenly I put my hand on the belly and find what I touch is a much flatter one than before.

'Baby, where is my baby?' I get up and shout without feeling the pain.

I lie on a simple hospital bed with no one around. I almost break down when I realize that the baby's fate is still unknown. He values more than my own life. What if he has anything wrong?

"Your baby is here." Doctor come in and hand me a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes. With a sigh of relief, I take the baby from the doctor and weep with joy. Thank goodness, my baby is here. I cuddle the baby tightly. The joy to find the lost baby allows me no time to think where they are and why they don't take away the baby or do anything else.

After a while, I find something wrong. The baby is so cold. Trembling, I move the baby, only to find that his face is pale, his eyes close tightly, and he has no vital signs.

Oh, no! I stretch out my hand anxiously and touch the baby's neck, and it is cold. My heart beats quickly, then I also check the baby's breathing. Suddenly, I feel so wretched.

"Your baby is dead." It seems the nurse couldn't bear to see this, whispering. I feel all my blood clotted. Sitting still and looking at the lovely face of the dead baby, I burst into tears.

After a long time, I jump off the bed, shouting toward the doctor, "Where are they going? Let me see them, I am gonna kill them!"

How can they kill this innocent little baby?! I can't allow them to get away after killing my baby!

"They are just left." Doctor says. Hearing this, I carry the baby and rush outside without wearing shoes.

"You'd better not run, otherwise your wounds will split!" Doctor says again. But I can't hear him, I just want to do something for my innocent and lovely baby. Losing this baby hurts me deeply, too deeply that nothing could relieve my hate ever. Once I caught up with them, I would definitely kill them!

The wound on the belly splits. Each step I make, piercing pain I feel. I grit my teeth and run out

desperately for fear it's too late to catch up with them.

However, I find no one outside the room, having no idea how long they have left. I sit on the ground, feeling piercing pain from the wound. However, compared to the psychological pain, physical pain is nothing.

"Baby, my baby. Sorry that I can't protect you. Sorry, my baby. Sorry..." Pain of losing the baby turns into hate to Frances Louis. I can't wait to fly back to Virginia right away and tear Frances Louis into pieces.

Pain and despair make me gradually lose consciousness. Then I seem to hear the phone ringing.

In the past, life is slow, both the vehicles and mails are slow. One can only love one person in his lifetime.

Chapter 253 Despair

When I woke up, I found myself on my bed.

Steven is sitting next to me. His countenance is severe.

I regain my consciousness and know very well what happened before I fainted. In my sleep, even my breathing was hurting me. Now I feel that I have nothing left to live for.

‘The baby was buried,’ Steven said slowly after staring at me for a while.

The word stabbed at my heart so hard.

‘You’d better get more rest. You were almost bleeding to death. If I hadn’t come in time, you would...’
‘You came in time! If I had been accompanied by you it wouldn’t have happened!’ I yelled at him. ‘You are

supposed to be with me when I do the check-up every month, but where are you? And how’d Frances know I got pregnant? How’d he find here? You must’ve told him!’

It’s quite clear to me that Steven is the last one to blame for, but I can’t control myself. I think selfishly and stubbornly that maybe it will make me feel better to blame someone. Steven, however, doesn’t have to endure all this.

‘Jane, no shouting. You are in confinement after giving birth. Protect your voice and be in a good mood.’
Mom walked in.

‘Giving birth? Where’s my baby? Where?’ I cried. I am falling into despair.

Mom looks at me with concern, tears dropping from her eyes. Then she wiped away her tears and walked out.

Steven sits silently no matter how badly I scold him. He left after few days. Before that, he told Mom to take care of me.

I ate nothing and cried all the time during the month of confinement. Even I managed to take a few mouthfuls, I spit it out at last. After this period finished, I lost ten pounds, and I was even heavier before pregnancy.

I stare at the woman in the mirror. She is skinny, her cheeks sunken, eyes are hollow and her face is pale.

I live with a heart full of holes at the age of twenty-five. I seem ready to be put into the coffin. Nothing is worthwhile to me.

'Have some. Take care of yourself. You know it matters.'" Mom passes me a bowl of chicken soup.

I shook my head and said softly, "where's the baby? I want to see him."

"Steven is coming. You can go with him," Mom sighs.

Then Steven and I go to visit the tomb. No picture on the gravestone. The date of birth is July 11, 2017, the same as the date of death.

Tears well from my eyes, and Steven holds my shoulder gently and gets me in his arms.

"My kid...was killed by Frances Louis before he was brought to this world. Steven, my heart is aching. I hate him. I want to cut him into pieces." I said, grinding my teeth.

I have thought seriously about going after my kid when I lost him. But I hate Frances so much that I have to stay alive to see the murderer get punished. I won't just let it go. Frances Louis will pay for what he has done.

I clench my fists, sit up straight and say firmly, "Steven, let's go back to Virginia."

Chapter 254 I Must Go Back

Steven Song stuns, then says, "You crazy? You made great efforts to leave Virginia and Frances Louis. Why do you want to go back to the living hell again?"

"If I don't go back, does it mean my baby die for nothing? If one can get away with murder, isn't it too unfair?"

Thinking of the poor baby, my heart hurts deeply. I hate Frances Louis to death.

Steven frowns and says softly, "Jane, your baby is unborn, so Frances Louis couldn't be called a murderer. Besides, he can utilize his status to easily clear his name even if he commits a murder."

Steven's word deeply hurts me. Frances Louis isn't a murderer? My baby was alive before Frances Lo killed him. I could feel his heartbeat and roll. He was a small life, the most precious life in the world to me.

However, Frances Louis ruins all of this. Frances Louis ruins my only hope in the word. How can I stop hating him?

'Isn't my baby a life in your eyes? Should I bear Frances Louis getting away with murdering my baby?' Putting hands over my heart, I look at Steven with tears. My passport, my identification credentials and the faked ones are all kept by Steven. If I want to go back, I must ask Steven for help. Otherwise, I wouldn't beg him now like this.

Steven is very embarrassed and hesitant to say something with his lips opening. After a while, he looks at me, perplexed, and says softly, "Jane, maybe it was not Frances Louis who killed your baby."

His word totally irritates me and I can't stop getting furious. "It wasn't Frances Louis? Are you crazy to think him not guilty? It's his assistant who kidnapped me, and the assistant said Frances Louis wanted to kill the baby! If that still couldn't prove he is the murderer, so what? How to prove?" Thinking of the assistant's word, my heart hurts more.

Steven doesn't talk any more, with his expression getting more serious. I know that he doesn't want me to go back and have any more connections with Frances Louis.

However, I wouldn't get peace in my rest of life if I don't revenge. Moreover, Steven told me the driver involved in my parents' traffic accident was hired by Frances Louis. I didn't believe that before. After witnessing his cruel behaviors to my baby, I have to believe. Father's life, mother's broken leg, and my poor baby, aren't all of this enough to push me to go back and seek justice?

Steven doesn't talk with me until leaving the cemetery. I guess him afraid of me referring to the proposal of going back again. But how can I give up my idea so easily?

In the car, I ask, "When do you go back?"

"Tomorrow morning." He answers.

"Can I company you tonight? I have a bad mood, I don't want mother to worry about me."

Steven thinks for a few seconds and agrees. He previously plans to book another room for me, but I say I am afraid of being alone after being kidnapped last time. I insist on staying at the same room with him.

Steven blushes slightly, nods gently and agrees.

Chapter 255 Dazzle

Steven Song is a decent person, so certainly I won't disagree the proposal that I sleep on bed while he is on sofa. Besides, I have another purpose.

“You take a bath first.” Steven Song says softly, his face flushes a bit more. Steven Song, whom I knew before, was a dissolute man who would flirt with women no matter there were others on site or not. How can he turn so shy now?

At this moment, I can clearly feel his love to me. However, sorry, Steven Song, I make use of your love, again.

I go to the bathroom with guilt, quickly take a shower and come out. Then, lying on the bed, I make various sexy poses, casually urging Steven Song to go for a bath. Steven Song runs into the bathroom awkwardly and quickly closes the door.

Once hearing the shower sound, I get off the bed and quickly open Steven Song’s suitcase. As he just took some clothes out in a rush, the suitcase is unlocked now.

Moreover, I know that Steven Song will put my credentials in his suitcase each time he comes. Because I saw it once he opened his suitcase.

As expected, this time my credentials are still neatly placed inside. Taking my credentials with me, I leave

the hotel quickly and head for airport.

In order to save time, I send a message to Steven Song on the way. “After thinking twice, I’d better go back home. Mother will misunderstand if she knew we live together.”

It works as I don’t receive any of Steven Song’s calls or messages all the way.

As Prague has direct flights to Virginia, I book the latest one and fly to Virginia directly.

On the way, I am very nervous and my heart almost jumps out. I have left Virginia for half a year. I come back for revenging on Frances Louis.

On next day’s morning, I arrive at Virginia again, everything is so familiar. However, I find I seem to be impulsive once I really come back. I know going to Frances Louis directly doesn’t make sense. Even if I get to see him, I am not able to kill him.

Steven Song is right. Losing the baby can't convict him. As for my parents' traffic accident, I have no evidence to convict Frances Louis either.

Once going to him directly, what if he confines me? I get dazzled, having no idea what to do next. Looking at the phone, Steven Song has sent lots of messages to me. Before I tap to check in detail, he calls in. I really don't know what to do next, so I answer the call.

'Jane Noyes, you go back?!' Steven Song snaps at me. I seem to hear that mother is crying.

"Yes..." I answer in a low voice. I even don't know what to say because of guilt.

"You know? You make me speechless. Please tell me your ideas at least, so that I can help you to find solutions. You ran back so hastily, what if something went wrong?"

"Sorry but I hate Frances Louis so much. I feel I am going to die if I can't go back." I say sadly.

Steven Song sighs, "You haven't met Frances Louis yet, right?"

"Yes." I reply honestly.

"Wait me. I bet you have no idea what to do next."

"OK..." I find a hotel and send the address to Steven Song.

Chapter 256 Frances Louis's Weakness

At this moment, I deeply felt my inability. Even if I am eager to revenge, even if I want to tackle Frances Louis, confronting Frances Louis at close quarters is just like hitting a rock with an egg. I couldn't fall asleep on the plane, and I was thinking about how to tackle Frances Louis. After washing briefly, I have a sleep.

In my dream, a beautiful baby walks toward me and murmurs, "Mummy, I miss you so much. Mummy, give me a hug." The word hurts me deeply. I couldn't stop crying. I rush to hug the baby, suddenly a tall man shows up.

"Get away." Frances Louis shouts. Then, he chokes the baby's throat and lifts the baby up. I watch the baby gradually stop struggling, I want to get the baby back, but Frances Louis pushes me hard and I fall on the ground. Beneath me, red blood oozes out. Pain, piercing pain. The cut seems to hurt again, but heart hurts more.

I cry and wake from the dream. Recalling the scene in the dream, I couldn't stop my tears. Frances Louis, this name seems to root in my heart. I loved him before, but now I hate him.

Someone knocks the door. I check the time and suggests maybe it's Steven Song. Wiping away the tears from my face, I get up and open the door.

Steven Song stands in front of the door with fatigue. He makes a long sigh after seeing me. "Jane Noyes, tell me, how can I help you get rid of all these?"

"Sorry, I trouble you again." I smile and look at him with regret.

"I said before, you never need to say sorry to me." He becomes gentle. Putting his suitcase down, he sits on the bed and says, "next, what's your plan?"

It's a difficult question. I came back on an impulse, and I never think about my next step. So when I get off the plane, I am completely muddled. I shake my head and smile bitterly at Steven Song, "If I really have an idea, I must have gone to Frances Louis right now."

"You..." Steven Song shakes his head and says helplessly, " Fortunately, you haven't totally lost your mind and gone to Frances Louis on impulse, otherwise I don't know how to help you."

"I know you care about your baby and your hate won't end even if Frances Louis dies. Maybe what you want, is he being painful, being more painful than dying. At best, he would pay the price for his sins."

Steven Song's word is totally what I want. I nod and can't agree more. "The best way to tackle someone is to know what he cares about. Only after learning his weakness, you can make him more painful than just dying." Steven Song continues.

"However, what's the weakness of Frances Louis?" I ask.

Though I have spent a long time with Frances Louis, I still don't know what he cares. He always seems to be cold. If really there is someone he cares about, I can only think about Whitney Jordan.

So, does it mean I should do something to Whitney Jordan? Or her baby? I remember that Frances Louis doesn't divorce Whitney Jordan because she is pregnant. It could show that the unborn baby is very important to him.

However, as a mother who lost her baby, how can I allow same thing to happen again?

Chapter 257 I can Recognize You even...

'I don't know his weakness. It seems that he has no weakness.'" I say to Steven.

'Besides, I haven't been in Virginia for a long time, so now I know nearly nothing about Frances. I guess I should catch up the news about him.'

The expression on Steven's face relaxes a bit, and he says with a smile, "Now you start to know that he who has a thorough knowledge of the enemy and himself is bound to win in all battles. So why were you so impulsive before?"

His words make me feel ashamed of myself, and in my heart I feel sorrier for him.

'I will arrange a place for you to live, as well as the work for you. I can still make sure that Frances can't find you if you don't want to show up.'" Steven says in a deep voice.

I shake my head and say, "I think a place with the good and bad mixed together has the most information.

If I want to know more Frances's secrets, I have to work at that kind of places. I'm not afraid he will find me, and even if he does, I won't admit my identity before I have a way to deal with him. As long as I insist that I'm not Jane, what can he do to me?"

Steven doesn't object to my idea, and just says, "As long as you're happy. I'll send someone to secretly protect you at the bar where you work."

"How do you know I'm going to work at a bar?" I ask him with surprise.

"Or what else could it be? Is there a place more mixed and complicated than a bar?" he laughs and stands on his feet, walking towards outside, "Call me when you have a decision."

Steven leaves. But my heart can't be at peace for a long time.

I don't know if I can get back what Frances owes me, but I'm afraid that I'll never be able to repay Steven for what he has done for me.

Two days later, I get a job at Heartbeat, the largest bar in Virginia.

The bar has a large scale and the best-known of it is the nightly pole dancing show. I know Frances. He always keeps a sense of pride and superiority, and he would never come to such a place. So I'm not really worried about running into him here.

I don't look very pretty, but there are full of flirtatious people here, so I can't get away with being teased even though I'm just a waitress.

It's lucky that Steven has sent his men here to protect me secretly, and he also told the boss of the bar to look out for me, so I hasn't run into any big trouble yet.

After running around the bar for hours, I get a little tired and find a place at the corner to rest a while.

And the manager always turns a blind eye when he sees it.

On the stage, beautiful women twirl their enchanting body beside the pipe. The men around the stage look straight at those pretties, flirtatious words rising one after another among them.

'If I can fuck one of those pretties, it must feel like in heavens!' The sudden voice makes my whole body freeze there.

Andrew!

He is released from the jail!

Expecting to have nothing to do with him anymore, I lower my head and turn aside to avoid him.

But in the next second, I feel my hair is pulled by somebody.

"You bitch, turn around!"

Andrew rudely pulls my hair and turns my body around, right with his hideous face before my eyes.

'Damn you! You have caused me so much pain. I would recognize you even if you become ashes! Weren't you proud before? Didn't you climb onto the rich's bed? So, you have been dumped so quickly and come to this kind of place to get fucked by men, huh?'

It's been a long time since I saw him last time. But the way he talks is still so unpleasing to ears.

I raise my head stubbornly and say to him with disdain, "So? It's better than someone here who just can't do it. How dare he dream about the dancing girls on the stage!"

'I can't do it?! You must fucking try it! It's a shame that I've never even slept with you when you were my wife but you were slept by someone else!'

As he is saying, he drags me over to the bathroom.

Chapter 258 Take it and Enjoy Beneath...

Apart from people coming here for using the bathroom, there is hardly anyone passing by. I couldn't find anyone even if I want to call for help.

Andrew's touch on me makes me feel gross.

It's disgusting to the point of throwing up.

"You let go of me!" I frown and say to him with disgust.

He stops and looks at me, "When I was not capable of this side of thing, you were so eager for men at that time. Don't pretend to be chaste in front of me now."

Then he pushes me against the wall and reaches out his right hand on my breast and grabbed rudely.

"Well, well, it's been a long time since our last meeting, but your breasts have grown quite a bit. It seems.

that you have been nourished quite well by men!"

As he says, he starts to tear my clothes off.

He is so strong that all I hear is a tearing sound and the fabric is ripped off my shoulders, with my bare skin on the cold wall, which makes me shiver.

"Andrew, you are breaking the law by doing so! Haven't you had enough time in the jail? Do you really want to go back in again?" I shout angrily to him.

He stops his rudeness on me. I thought he is scared by my warnings, but in the next second, he lowers his head slightly and glares at me with gloomy and cold eyes, "Jane, do you know how much I hate you?"

Even if I go to hell, I'll drag you together! You also hate me very much, don't you? But what can you do to me even if I fucked you right here!? Hahaha!"

His laughter is so crazy and piercing that it sends a chill down my back.

I look around and realize that I've been dragged into the bathroom by him.

But strangely, there was no one in the bathroom.

No one will hear me even if I want to call for help.

Frances appears in my mind.

I don't know why he would be in my mind. There is no doubt that I hate him.

But why? Why would I think of him first when I am helpless?

Perhaps, it's because that he once saved me from trouble again and again. I find myself an excuse and stop thinking any details about him.

Every minute about him in my mind is mixed with pain and hate.

"Well, you must feel strange that no one breaks in to be your hero, don't you? I'll tell you that I have put up the sign of cleaning on the door when we get in, so no one would come to save you no matter how loud you cry. Just take it and enjoy beneath my body."

Then his mouth, which is reeked of alcohol, suddenly gets close to me.

The smell makes my head swim and I can't help feeling sick, struggling harder to push him away.

With his kisses falling on my neck, I furrow grossly and feel I would rather kill myself.

What he is going to do next is more disgusting.

He takes off his pants, leaving only the underwear on him. To my surprise, somewhere at his private part that has never lifted before now is hard and standing firmly.

How? Isn't he impotent? Is he cured?

Though puzzled enough, I quickly move my sight away from him. I have no interest in him at all, and I'm afraid I would go blind by looking at that place of his for too long.

At this moment, a sudden knock at the door is heard.

Andrew pauses and holds his breath.

Is someone coming to save me? I want to cry out but my mouth is soon covered by Andrew.

"Anyone?" outside the door, someone asks.

Chapter 259 He's Getting a Divorce

I want to answer but couldn't say anything other than a whimpering sound.

The one outside must have sensed that something is wrong here so he knocked the door. But I really hope him to stop knocking and just come in.

Whoever it is, please come in!

Apparently, the people outside can't hear my pray. The knocking stops and the man seems to have left.

I'm in despair inside.

Honestly, I'm extremely sick of Andrew. I would rather die than be touched by him!

Andrew breathes a sigh of relief. When he is about to take off the last piece of clothes on him and begin his invasion on me, the door slams open and two men rush in directly.

'Jane, are you alright?'

It is Steven's voice. The two men standing beside him are the men he sent to protect me at the bar. Probably they saw me being taken here by Andrew, so they went to tell Steven.

'I'm fine.' I let out a long sigh and manage a smile at Steven.

Thanks god Steven is here. I can't imagine what would happen if he came a little later.

But in fact, I feel a little bit of lost in my heart. It is as if, the man I expect to push through the door is another person but not Steven.

I walk to Steven and stand behind him, taking several pictures of Andrew with my phone.

He still looks stunned with fear, and probably he did not expect someone would break in.

I sneer and say to him, "Now that you like to be naked in public, then I'll satisfy you."

I post the pictures of him on the Weibo with the title 'Pervert found in the women's restroom'.

Andrew's face turns black and he puts on his pants rushing to me.

'Bitch, what did you do just now? I'll kill you!'

I don't even dodge. He has been controlled by Steven's men before he could touch me.

"Andrew, do you think I'm still the same Jane that you bullied before? I'm telling you, you'd better stay away from me, or I'll make you regret it."

Life has made me an invulnerable and tough heart. I will never show any mercy to those who want to hurt me.

'Leave him to the police.' Steven says quietly, and he walks out of the bathroom with me.

When I'm out, I'm embarrassed to meet someone coming to use the bathroom, so I lower my head awkwardly.

'I've told you this place is complicated and unsafe, and it's not a secure way to stay here. But you never listen. Do you know what would happen if I come a bit later?'

Steven gazes at me and wears a serious look on his face.

I know. Of course I know.

Realizing that I make Steven worry about me again, I manage a smile and comfort him, 'If it happens, let's take it as an insignificant bite from a dog. Either way, I've been through worse than this.'

I can't help feeling depressed again when thinking of my child.

With a sigh, Steven says, 'I happen to be here so I can rescue you timely.'

'For what?' I ask.

'Frances and Whitney are getting a divorce, and their divorce proceedings are under way.'

I thought I wouldn't care about Frances's emotional life anymore, but something stirs inside when I hear this news.

“Why? Why does Frances divorce Whitney when they have a child?” I ask again.

When the words come out of my mouth, I’m surprised to realize that I seem to be showing too much concern for Frances.

And apparently it is too late to take back the words.

Chapter 260 I Don’t Want to Know

Steven doesn’t answer my questions but gives me a meaningful look and says softly, “You still care so much about what happened to him, right?”

I want to deny it but I can’t fool myself, nor can I fool him.

‘If you know both your enemy and yourself, you will fight a hundred battles without dangers of defeat. I come here for gathering information about Frances, so it’s hard to be not concerned.’ after explaining I continue to ask, “Why do you think they want a divorce?”

‘I have no idea. It’s said that Whitney cheated on him.’ Cheating?

I immediately think of the relationship between Whitney and Lawrence, even Whitney’s child is Lawrence’s. Could it be that Frances knew about this?

“Cheating? With whom?” though it’s clear in my mind I still ask for sure.

‘I don’t know.’ Steven shakes his head, “I heard that she keeps a D-list young model as her lover, but we still don’t know who the model is.”

Steven’s words shock me a bit.

How is it possible that Whitney keeps a young man as her lover?

She has deeply and crazily loved Frances. How could she have affairs with other men. Even her pregnancy of Lawrence's child was an accident. My intuition tells me that Whitney would never keep a lover.

'I don't think so.' I say to Steven.

He laughs and replies quietly, "Everything is possible. It's quite common for men to keep mistress. It's also possible to happen to women."

'But this woman is Whitney, so it's impossible.' When I say this, an idea suddenly enlightens me, and then I feel numbness in my back.

If it's impossible for Whitney to keep a lover, then it's very likely that Frances deliberately set this up. It's entirely possible he would do something like this in order to divorce Whitney. After all, I have done a similar thing to divorce Andrew.

Although I can't really figure out the truth of their divorce, I only can guess so. Could it be that it's because Whitney is mentally ill? It doesn't seem to make sense.

But I really can't think of any other possibilities than that Frances deliberately plots.

'I'm not interested in their things. If you want to know, I can look into it for you.' Steven says.

"No, I don't want to know." I say immediately.

And I realize I may be too obvious to let myself out of this.

'That's good. Your ex-husband may probably come for you again, and you insist on staying here, so I'll send extra men here to protect you. You should be more careful.'

The he leaves the bar after telling me this.

In the following days, Andrew doesn't bother me again.

I, on the other hand, am always hearing news about Frances, intentionally or accidentally. For several days, everyone's sayings haven't changed much.

Frances wants to divorce but Whitney won't allow it, nor do Frances's families. But the situation is more favorable to Frances because of Whitney's unfaithfulness.

As I gather pieces of news about Frances these days, I find that I really can't discover any of his weaknesses, which makes me desperate.

Is it that only his child would be his soft spot? But how can I reach my hand to a child? On this day, I accidentally notice one thing as I am flipping through the calendar on my phone.

Today is Frances's birthday.