

Chapter 271 Turn The Incident Against Me

I thought that I am numb to all the verbal abuse from public. But the pain within me makes me realize that I remain very mindful about it.

Whitney notices that the public consensus is on her side and capitalizes on the moment, "I'm very curious how could a divorcee, who had been involved with numerous men, be able to seduce my husband. I suspect that she must be very slutty in bed."

Whitney laughs as she covers her mouth and the surrounding people also look at me with disdain. I really don't know how Whitney can laugh.

I know that countless people will accuse me when I'm with Frances but that isn't my original intention. Furthermore, isn't it enough that I have already paid such a painful price?

This time I manage to escape when Whitney tries to splash the sulphuric acid on me. But what about next time and the time after that? This matter must not rest so easily.

I look at Whitney who is laughing gleefully and say, "From what I know, you and Frances had already divorced. So by law, he is no longer your husband and is now your ex-husband. I will not simply let this matter rest today. I'll see you at the police station."

After saying, I disregard that insane Whitney and send the person, who blocked the sulphuric acid for me, to the hospital.

Steven also rushes to the hospital and asks me anxiously, "How are you? Are you alright?"

I shake my head and say softly, "I'm fine, the person who you sent protected me. But I don't know how he is fairing now."

At this point, I look at the bright operating room with worry.

“As long as you are alright. I’ll handle the rest.” Steven says calmly.

I almost forget that Steven is a very cold-blooded person. He is anxious about me because he cares. He doesn’t bother about anyone else.

The doors of the operating room open after a while and I hurry over to the doctor and ask, “Doctor, how is he?”

The doctor shakes his head with regret and says, “A large portion of the patient’s face is severely burnt.

The most critical injury is his right eye was being burnt by the sulphuric acid and he has lost the use of that eye. Even if we do skin grafts for his face, it will not recover totally. The price for skin graft operations is not cheap.”

“You don’t have to worry about the costs. Just get the best team to treat him.” Steven says solemnly.

Steven pays for the entire medical bill and gives the bodyguard a large amount of money as compensation. According to Steven, any problem that he can settle with money isn’t a problem.

But money cannot resolve the guilt within me. If it isn’t because of me, he will not suffer such a big change

in his life.

When I visit the big brother who saved me, he did not blame me for the incident. It looks like Steven has given him an astronomical sum. After expressing my apologies and gratitude, I proceed to the police station with Steven.

Whitney is still making her official statement and I describe the entire situation to the policeman.

“Your account of what happened is very different from what Ms. Jordan claims.” The policeman frowns as he says to me.

'In what way is it different?' I ask.

'Ms. Jordan said that the bottle of sulphuric acid was in your hand and she snatched it from you in self-defense and in the process it leaked and hurt that man.'

What a joke! I didn't expect that Whitney can weave such a lie to turn the incident against me!

Chapter 272 Frances, Are You Crazy

"She's lying. Everyone in the bar saw it. She splashed the sulphuric acid at me." I explain.

'But we did ask the crowd and everyone also said that the sulphuric acid bottle was originally in your hands. Furthermore, where you were was at a blind spot and the security cameras didn't capture the altercation.' The policeman looks at me sternly and with disdain.

I'm thinking that he must be believing Whitney's version of what happened. After all, a pitiful looking woman can easily convince strangers.

At this moment I realize a very severe problem. It is easy to do evil deeds when a person is rich. Whitney must have given money to the bystanders and that is why all the witnesses' statements are now against me.

"Sulphuric acid is a dangerous item. You must be prosecuted for having it in your possession." Although one must not fear if one is righteous, I start to panic at that moment.

I turn my head to look for Steven for advice only to see that he is no longer there. I don't even know where did he go.

At that moment, Whitney comes out from the interrogation room and looks complacently at me.

Although Whitney has some psychological issues, she still has clarity of thought. Since she has plans to attack me, she must have her alibi and defense ready.

“According to law, we need to detain you for the moment.” The policeman says solemnly and officially.

‘Evil deeds will not go unpunished. You had done so many evil things and this is your retribution.’ Whitney isn’t concerned about the presence of the policeman and scoffs at me.

At this moment, Steven walks from behind Whitney, and beside him is a middle-aged man in uniform. The man looks influential and must be someone of authority.

True enough, he walks towards the policeman and speaks to him. That policeman looks at me and stutters, “But...”

“Say no more, release her.” That middle-aged man says.

Whitney’s face is full of surprise and is about to say something but eventually swallows her words.

I know that Steven manages to help me. Regardless of what method, the policeman will no longer detain me at the police station. But I cannot stomach the injustice for Whitney to escape prosecution.

Steven signals to me with his gaze and I follow him out with Whitney closely behind.

As we walk out the entrance, Whitney shouts at me and coldly says, “Jane, this time you are unscathed but next time you will not be so lucky.”

After saying this, she gets into an awaiting car and speeds off.

I am in a daze and say to Steven, “Whitney will not let this matter rest. I also can’t let her continue with her aggression. I need to think of a way out.”

‘But there is nothing that we can do without any evidence. Rest assured that I will not let you be harmed.’

'Even if I'm not harmed, others will be harmed. I don't want anyone else to be harmed because of me.' I say softly.

Steven doesn't say anything else other than sending more men to protect me. But it is clear to me that this

is not a long-term solution.

I hear that although Frances wins the lawsuit concerning his divorce with Whitney, Whitney wins custody of the child. However, it looks like Frances isn't concern about the child and comes to look for me after a couple of days.

I see Frances standing by the door after throwing out the rubbish.

I pretend not to see him and walk up the stairs but he pulls me aside takes something and slides it onto my finger.

I look down and realize that the thing Frances slides onto my finger is a ring! Is he crazy?

I don't understand Frances' intentions and use my strength to flick my hand and the ring falls onto the ground and rolls to Frances' feet.

His expression darkens and he picks up the ring and slides it onto my finger again without saying a word.

'Frances, are you crazy?' I cannot endure it any longer and shout at him.

'Have you forgotten what you agreed? As long as I divorced Whitney, you will agree to marry me.' Frances says solemnly.

Chapter 273 How Can She Bear To Slap

When he mentions this, I realize that I almost forget about this matter.

Furthermore, I always feel that Frances was joking in the past. How can this be real? "Mr. Louis, that was a joke, why take it for real?" I smile but feel bitter within me.

Frances always does things according to his own will and never asks if I am willing to. But doesn't he think that it is a huge joke to marry me?

'I'm very serious.' The man says solemnly.

"Serious?" I scoff and look at Frances, "Then what are you doing now? Are you proposing or forcing me? You don't even know the size of my finger. How serious can you be?"

I shake the ring on my finger and hang my hand downwards. The ring starts to slide down my finger and falls once again onto the ground. Except for this time, it rolls towards a nearby trashcan.

In my eyes, this ring is no different from the trash.

"You've lost weight."

I am not sure if I am mistaken but the way Frances looks at me shows his heartache for me. Of course, I lost weight. I have always been slim and after losing 5 kg, I'm practically all skin and bones. And this man in front of me is the cause of all my weight loss. It is he who ruthlessly killed my child, that is why I am in this sorry state!

'Frances, you don't have to act in front of me. Although I don't know what your motives are, you really don't have to do it because I hate you to the bone. Even in death, I will never get married to you.' I look at the man in front of me with a grin while the fury rages within me.

'Jane, what the hell do you want!' Frances raises his voice and he is unable to conceal his anger.

He's angry? Does he have the right to get angry?

'I've already said, I want you to die. Die in front of me if you have the guts to. Otherwise, don't bother me again!' After saying coldly to Frances, I proceed to walk upstairs.

Behind me, Frances says in certainty, "Jane, you can't escape."

Escape? Since I'm back, I never consider trying to escape!

Frances' appearance messes up my mood. The next day my mood remains very poor. I apply for leave from work that day. I change my clothes and head to the city center for some shopping therapy.

It is truly a small world. I go to a café for a cup of coffee and run into Whitney but she doesn't see me. She is struggling with a child in a pram. The child is throwing a tantrum and Whitney is frowning tightly and looks very frustrated.

After a while, her cell phone rings, and she sits down to receive the call.

The child's cry becomes increasingly loud and even my heart is aching for the child. Perhaps it is because I lost a child and that is why I'm feeling this pain.

'Enough, stop crying.'" Whitney ends the call and looks at the child in anger. She stretches out her hand and slaps the child twice.

My heart hurts with each of her slap. How can she treat her child that way? How can she bear to slap a baby who is her flesh and blood?! I can't become a mother even if I want to and Whitney does not even cherish her child. My heart aches tremendously when I see it.

The child cries even loudly after the two slaps.

Someone walks in through the entrance and towards Whitney. He picks up the child into his embrace and appeases the child. That person is Lawrence! From the looks of it, Whitney must be bringing the child to meet Lawrence as a family.

I nervously shift my position to get a better view of what's happening over there. I am the one who catches them in the act so why should I be the one who feels guilty?

Lawrence speaks tenderly to Whitney and she is indifferent towards him. She maintains expressionless.

I drink my coffee as I occasionally peek in that direction.

At this moment, I feel the table tremble violently and the coffee in the cup starts to ripple. The people start to panic and everyone starts to run outside. They shout as they run out, "Earthquake!"

Lawrence holds onto Whitney's hand and runs out with her. I also grab my bag and run outside.

I unconsciously look in the direction where Whitney sat and saw that the pram is still there and the child is still inside it!

Chapter 274 How Can She Be So Ruthless

Without a thought, I rush towards the child.

The worker at the café sees that I am running inwards and holds onto me, "Miss, what are you doing? The exit is the other side."

'Release me, there is a child over there!' I say anxiously.

When I see that the child is crying all alone, my heart hurts like it is being cut by a knife.

I really don't understand how Whitney can be so ruthless to abandon her child and run. Isn't a mother's love suppose to be selfless? Why don't I see this in Whitney?

The worker hesitates and looks at me and then at the crying child but eventually runs outside. In the fe of life and death, the human instinct is far too fragile.

I am also scared of death but I cannot possibly leave the child inside.

Earthquakes are rare in Virginia and I do not know the intensity of this earthquake. But no matter what, I must save this child. Being a mother who lost a child, I must not let anything happen to this child!

I take a deep breath and run in that direction. Just as I reach the pram, I notice the ceiling lamps crashing down. The child is in danger! I dash over to the pram and lean over the pram while the lamp crashes onto my shoulders.

Ouch! It hurt so much that I can't raise my shoulders. It's too dangerous here and we must leave immediately. I endure the pain in my shoulders and carry the child into my arms and sprint out of there.

It is fortunate that the earthquake isn't that severe and there isn't any further danger. The tremors stop as soon as I run outside.

Whitney cowers in Lawrence's embrace and has not recovered from the shock. Suddenly she realizes that something is amiss and pushes Lawrence away and says angrily to him, "Why didn't you carry the child out?"

"You are the most important in my heart," Lawrence says calmly as he looks solemnly at Whitney.

I am bewildered, isn't this child Lawrence's? It is one thing for Whitney to not care about the child but how can Lawrence not care about the child as well?

I lower my head to look at the delicate baby and suddenly feel reluctant to hand him over to Whitney. How can they bear not to love this adorable baby? I stand there and look affectionately at the baby. I am thinking that if my child is still around, then how different things can be. My heart aches intensely again.

Suddenly, someone snatches the child from my arms.

I look up in a panic and see Whitney's furious expression.

"Who let you carry my child!" She looks as if she is terrified that I will take away her child. If she worries so much, then why did she abandon the child just now?

As a mother who lost her child, I can't understand the actions of Whitney. I am also furious that there is such a selfish mother on the face of this earth.

In the end, I cannot tolerate it any further and say to Whitney, "You abandoned the baby and ran out during the earthquake. If it wasn't for me, the baby would still be inside!"

"So what? Isn't the baby fine? How severe can the earthquake be in Virginia? I suspect that you wanted to steal my baby in the commotion!" Whitney scoffs.

What! Are you kidding me? Whitney really knows how to twist things around to accuse her of wrongdoing.

My tolerance for this woman is at its breaking point.

Chapter 275 She Forced Me

For some reason, I suddenly don't want her to have this child after seeing that she doesn't love him that much.

And there is only one person who can help me.

Frances.

I don't know why Frances says he wants to marry me now.

Perhaps this is not a bad thing.

For starters, I can ask Frances to get custody of the child.

Second, I can approach him, find his weakness, and then strike him a fatal hit.

Third, seeing me being with Frances will definitely give Whitney a heavy blow. Such a fatal blow is more tormenting than hurting her physically.

After thinking about it, I made a decision in my heart.

Although I don't know whether I will get what I want, or it will be overwhelming.

"Whitney, you made me do it. You better not regret it."

I say that to Whitney with a smile, turn around and go into the store. After paying the check, I walk outside.

Maybe Whitney has no idea what I mean just now. She comes at me while grabbing my arm and asks.

"What do you mean, Jane? What are you going to do?!"

I smile at her and leave without saying anything.

After I get home, I take out my old phone and dials Frances' number.

I am scared that I will lose the courage if I don't do it now.

I always keep the phone in my suitcase. It is a souvenir which Steven bought in Prague.

It's been a long time since I used this phone. I don't think I would ever use this phone again in my life if I don't have to call Frances.

Frances's phone number used to be so clear in my mind, that even to the point where I can tell it backwards fluently.

But I can't remember anything now, maybe because I want to get him and the past out of my mind subconsciously.

When I turn on the phone, I feel it is vibrating like crazy, even my hands are numb.

A total of 197 unread text messages.

All comes from Frances.

The last text has only one word.

Jane.

Scrolling. It's almost like copy and paste, all are my name.

He sends a message to me once a day.

After scrolling dozens of them, I stop.

What does Frances mean by sending all these messages?

To warn me?

Why do I feel that he looks gloomy when he sends these messages?

After seeing these messages, I suddenly don't have the courage to call him.

I am marrying him for revenge. Does he have the same purpose?

But now, I am back against the wall.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

If I don't approach Frances, I may never be able to get justice for my child in my life. And Whitney would cross the lines with me over and over again.

And that child may be abused by her again.

I can't tolerate it.

In the end, I dial Frances' number.

The call is quickly answered, but Frances remains silent.

I feel so nervous that I don't even know where to start.

After about a minute of silence, Frances' voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Jane?"

He sounds uncertain.

Maybe he isn't expecting that I would use this phone again, nor is he expecting that I would call him on this phone.

"Yeah, it's me." My heart is pounding fast.

"What's the matter?" His voice sounds indifferent, making me more nervous.

But now that my mind is already made up, I don't have other choices.

After taking a deep breath, I speak up. "You said that you want to marry me. Does it still count?"

Chapter 276 A Couple with Different P...

I really can't imagine that I am saying this to Frances.

It feels like I am the one who is proposing to him.

Frances didn't say anything. I may assume that he isn't on the phone anymore if I can't hear his light breathing.

The time I am waiting on him is long and suffering.

Until I hear Frances on the phone saying. "Bring your household registration book, I will wait for you at the Civil Affairs Bureau."

I feel the butterflies in my stomach after hearing what he says.

Before marrying Andrew, I also expect that a man would say this to me one day.

No matter he is rich or not, in the past or future, I am marrying the man at any risk.

But I never expect that the person would be Frances.

He shouldn't be the person who causes turmoil and chaos in my heart. But it turns out to be him.

"Wait, I have one condition." I pause and speak up.

"Go ahead."

"Can you get custody of you and Whitney's child?" I ask tentatively.

Frances's tone immediately sounds upset.

"What do you want that kid for? This kid is not even mine."

He knows about it?

It is surprising to me that Frances actually knows about it. I don't know what to say for a while.

I guess that the reason why Frances insists on getting a divorce is probably because he was being cheated on.

How can such a proud man like him tolerate it?

However, I don't want that child to stay with Whitney. The idea is so fixated in my mind and I don't even know why.

"This is my only request." I insist.

Frances hesitates for two seconds, and finally agree.

"Okay, I promise you."

In fact, I never expect that Frances would compromise.

He knows that the child is not his, and he is still willing to raise him for others? He doesn't love me. Why would he even bother to compromise in order to get married with me?

I can't afford to think too much.

I head out to the Civil Affairs Bureau directly after taking out my household registration book.

Frances is already there when I arrive at the door of the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Taking photos. Making copies of ID.

In the end, when the red notebook is handed over to me, it almost feels like a dream.

I am married to Frances.

What is it like to marry someone that you hate to the core?

I can't tell, but it feels complicated.

"Let's go."

Frances whispers to me, then takes me back to Louis' house.

Coming back again is like a generation has passed.

Here, I have the most dreamy and tormented experience in my life. I even have the thought that I would never come back again.

But now, I am back. For revenge.

Frances remains emotionless on our way back. I can't tell if he's happy. This further verifies my guess that he is marrying me for a purpose.

This marriage looks like a joke because the two of us have completely different purposes.

Frances goes directly to his room after returning to Louis' house. I am embarrassed because I am left alone in the living room.

I find it ridiculous that we act like strangers right after getting married.

Upstairs, old Mr. Louis' door is opened and he walks downstairs.

He is obviously shocked and when he sees me.

"You are back, Jane."

He walks towards me happily, with a friendly smile on his face.

Old Mr. Louis never seems to like me this much before. Why is he being friendly to me now? I am not used to it.

Until he stretches out his hand towards me and says with a smile. "Hurry up, show me your marriage certificate."

Chapter 277 Everything

I feel a little awkward, how does old Mister Louis know about this.

But I still listen to what he asked me and take out the things from my bag, and hand it over to him.

'Mister Louis, how do you know about this?' I ask, feeling a little ashamed.

Old Mister Louis smirks while looking at me and says, "I didn't know. But I heard him on talking on the phone, asking someone to take the registration book to meet at the courthouse. At first I thought he already found another seductress after getting divorced just recently. But now that I see you back here, I know that it must be you."

Seductress?

In my head I am still thinking about this word Mister Louis mentioned, not sure if it should make me laugh or cry.

“You two belong together, but you should have smiled at least. This is not good. This will be there forever, you really should have prepared better. Should you retake the picture?” Old Mister Louis asks me.

Forever?

I laugh, but don't answer his question.

How can I ever be with Frances forever.

Even though I don't really know what he wants to do, as soon as I have achieved my own goal, I will leave again.

Me and him, have never talked about forever.

“Who retakes wedding pictures, I guess it's fine as it is.”

I say calmly, take back the marriage certificate, and put it back in the bag.

This moment, Frances comes down the stairs, and asks me, “What should we eat for dinner? I will go and cook it.”

He cooks?

In my head, I suddenly remember the horrible dishes he once made. I press my lips together, and force a smile on my lips, “I don't think you should cook. I don't really wanna eat anything.”

Frances though acts as if he hasn't heard me talk, and keeps walking towards the kitchen.

About half an hour later, he comes out with a few dishes.

Sweet and sour pork loin, hot and sour potato shreds, vinegar fish, sauerkraut vermicelli soup.

There are three dishes and a soup, which gives me a very familiar feeling.

“Why is it all sour dishes, did you have too much vinegar?” Old Mister Louis laughs.

When he says that, I suddenly remember that these were the dishes I made when I was pregnant. That time Whitney was still there, and even Silvia came.

Frances has cooked all these dishes exactly the same as I did before, it not only looks good, but smells delicious.

Except for, I was pregnant at that time when I liked to eat all this. Now, I don't anymore.

Is Frances trying to remind me of the thing about my baby?

He was the one who heartlessly killed my child, and now he is rubbing it in?

My hate suddenly starts boiling.

I clench my fists so hard that my fingernails are drilling into my own flesh, only so I can keep myself from exploding right now.

I sit down silently, and take some of the food. Then I stop.

It's really delicious.

It's even better than when I cook it myself, it is even so good that it is comparable to the ones sold in five star restaurants. Frances used to be a horrible cook, what happened for his food to turn out so well?

If I hadn't seen him in the kitchen with my own eyes, I would have thought he ordered this somewhere.

But even though it tastes good, I am reminded of my child, and suddenly I lose all my appetite. I only take a few bites, and put down my chopsticks, saying to Frances, "I will go back to pack some things, be right back."

"No need, there is everything here."

Frances answers, and when he sees that I have put down my chopsticks, he knits his brows, "Are you done?"

"Yeah." "Come with me."

I follow behind him the stairs up, into his room, and then I suddenly realize what he means when he said there everything is here.

Chapter 278 Not His Style

At some point, he added a dresser in his room, which is filled with cosmetics.

And, those are all the brands that I usually use.

The closet is filled with the newest collections, dresses, pants, suits, anything to think of. I don't know if Frances picked these, but they are all my style.

From the moment I told him I wanted to marry him, only one hour has passed, he didn't have the time to prepare all this.

Unless, he already knew that I am coming back. I suddenly understand what he means when he says, I am never going to get away from him.

I don't know why Frances is doing all this, I don't understand what he is thinking, I have never been able to guess, and now I don't want to try anymore.

"Thank you."

I show him my simple appreciation, and say to him while looking at this room, "But you have stored everything in your own room, later I will have to move it all to my own, that's a lot of struggle."

"Your room? We are married, why wouldn't we stay in the same room?" Frances looks at me with raised brows. His lips are showing a slight smile.

I suddenly feel anxious.

And then I realize that the decision I made under impulse, is so absurd.

It is too hard for me to sleep in the same bed with someone I hate. I am afraid I won't be able to control my feelings, my impulse to kill him.

I can't.

'L... I am not ready yet. Can you give me some more time?' I say this in a very light voice, with the sound of begging in it.

Actually I know that Frances won't agree to my request. When I used to be his mistress, he has always only done what he liked, why will he listen to me now.

Not to sleep with me after already being married, Frances wasn't such a gentleman.

"Alright, I will ask someone to move your things to your own room." He says, and then he goes into the office room, and closes the door behind himself.

I feel as if I am in a dream.

He agrees?

This doesn't look like something he will do at all.

Even though I feel very surprised, but at the same time very fortunate. I don't have to live with Frances in the same room, this takes a lot of pressure off my heart.

Only a few moments later, someone comes to help me move my stuff into the room next door.

It has been half a year since I entered this room last time.

Nothing has changed inside, it is still the same as I left it. Not a single dust corn is to be seen, it seems someone comes to clean regularly.

After they put away all my things, I close the door and lie down on the bed, tired. I take out the red certificate.

I open it to the page with our picture.

I actually really am married to Frances now.

Something I never even dared to think about before, is now reality, but I have no way to be happy about it.

There will never be a happy ending between me and Frances.

He has hurt me too much with what he has done, and now I am only back to destroy him.

Lying on the bed I suddenly feel something poking me in my back.

I roll over and move the blanket away, only to see a little button.

The color seems to match Frances' suit.

Has he been lying on this bed?

This is not his room, why would he come to lie down on my bed?

I pick up his button, confused, and put it on the night stand next to my bed, then I take a shower then I come back to my room.

I am a little afraid Frances might come over to the bathroom, so I take a chair and put it in front of the door. If Frances comes in, I will hear him.

I am back in this house to take my revenge, so it's for the better if nothing physical happens between me and him.

The only problem is, I don't know how much longer I can drag it out.

Chapter 279 You're Making Your Revenge

I don't know why Frances married me, he never ask me why I suddenly change my mind.

As if we mutually understand that it's a secret, everyone chooses not to talk about it.

It's pretty good too, I can even save my time to make up lies.

On the second day, I give Frances the button.

He seems awkward after seeing the button.

After a light cough, he speaks to me, "Help me sew it, please."

While saying that, he gives me yesterday's suit.

'Me?' I point at myself and shake my head, "It's better for you to sew it yourself." My needlework is really bad.

I usually have two options when my clothes need to be sewn.

Either I go to the tailor shop and find someone to sew it, or I just stop wearing it.

Now Frances is telling me to sew his clothes, isn't that troubling me?

Moreover, sewing clothes for him... No matter how I think about it, such scene is too sweet and strange.

"You think a grown up man like me can do such things?" he laughs and looks at me in helplessness.

"So you think that all women must do such things? You're a male chauvinism." I curl my lips and roll my eyes at him.

'Hey, it's still so early and you two are already flirting. Please consider my feelings as an old man.' Old Mr. Louis passes through Frances' room.

He can't help teasing when seeing us.

Flirting?

Maybe old Mr. Louis really has blurred vision.

There's not even any feelings between me and Frances, what does he mean by flirting!

“Grandpa, You say, the second day after I’m married... My wife already refused to sew my clothes on the second day of our married life. Aren’t I so pitiful?”

Frances looks at Old Mr. Louis and he really looks quite pitiful.

What a drama queen! I have never known that Frances can be so shameless.

‘I won’t meddle with your matter.’ Old Mr. Louis waves his hands and goes downstairs.

I really don’t want to keep debating with Frances about it.

I just snatch the clothes he’s holding and says, “I’ll sew it, but don’t you regret it!”

I say that while looking for a needle and thread... I just sew it regardless of anything.

While at it, the needle even pricks me.

I’m scolding Frances in my heart.

In the end, there’s a really ugly knot on the button.

When I hand the clothes to Frances, he looks quite glum.

“So this is the clothes you sew?”

“What else would it be?” I shrug my shoulders and look at him provocatively.

“Are you making your revenge on me?” he narrows his eyes.

Even if he keeps smiling, there’s already a dangerous air around them.

Revenge?

My revenge has yet to start.

If making my revenge on him is so easy... Why should I risk myself?

I laugh bitterly and say, "I have warned you not to regret it, I can only sew it like that. If you're not pleased with it, you can find someone else to sew it."

"Are you sure you won't be jealous if someone else does it?" Frances suddenly gets close to me and whispers beside my ears.

His warm breath makes my ear and legs feel weak.

What is he thinking about?

Why would I be jealous when I just told him to find a tailor to sew it!

I feel upset. It seems that as long as Frances confronts me head-on, I am always at a disadvantage.

I can't let this keep on going!

I must find a way to reach my goal as soon as possible.

Frances, I'm going to make my revenge and I won't let Whitney go either!

I take a few steps back, making more distance between us.

Then, I speak with a low voice, "You promised me to get the child's custody back, when will you realize it?"

Chapter 280 People Can Change in a Sh...

“Why do you want that child so much?”

Frances asks me.

When he is talking about that child, his gaze subconsciously reveals a slight disgust.

I can understand that.

Any man won't be able to bear things like being a cuckold, right?

Moreover, he's the famous Frances from Virginia!

But I don't care whether he's happy or not.

Now, my only concern is my happiness.

I don't want to pay attention to his feelings.

I indifferently say, “Maybe because I hate Whitney, I want to let her feel how it's like to be separated from her own child.”

But at heart, it's more like that child affects me for no reason.

I really can't stand how Whitney treat that child.

But if I say that reason out loud, Frances might think that I'm too nosy.

Frances' gaze becomes gloomier as it lands on me.

'Jane, you have changed.'

He sounds a bit regretful.

How?

He thinks that the originally stupid and pure me is gone, so he feels regretful.

But isn't he the cause of my change?

Will I become like this if he didn't ruin the kid, my only emotional support? Hating someone is more painful than loving someone.

But there's no other way, I can only keep hating him.

'People can always change, right? Being weak can only let yourself and those around you get hurt. Others are always unreliable, the only way to protect yourself is by getting stronger.'

The present me thinks that there's no harm in being tougher.

If I was brave enough, perhaps my baby...

My heart hurts again.

I take a deep breath, forcing myself not to think about it anymore.

"You have me now. I can protect you." Frances' soft voice comes from the top of my head.

I just think that it's funny.

He will protect me?

The man that makes me doomed says they he'll protect me?

That might be the most funny thing I have ever heard in my life.

I faintly smile and softly say, "I only trust myself."

"All right, let's not talk about it anymore. Give me a precise answer, how long will it take?" I really don't want to let that kid stay by Whitney's side even for a second longer.

Thinking of Whitney's slaps, and when she just ran away when there's an earthquake without thinking of the kid... I really can't bear it any longer.

"One week. Give me one week, I'll let the lawyer handle it."

One week?

Why is it so long?

I can only nod with a frown.

Frances always do everything efficiently.

If he says one week, then it should already be the shortest time.

After getting the answer, I go down to the kitchen to make breakfast.

But the breakfast is already on the table.

Who cooked it?

Don't tell me that Betty is here?

My stomach can't help twitching at the thought of Betty's cooked dish.

Forget it, I'll just cook some myself.

I pout while walking to the kitchen.

Frances suddenly speaks behind me, "I cooked it, you can eat it without worrying." Frances made this?

It's only eight in the morning...

How early did he wake up to make the breakfast?

He's a CEO... There's no need for him to cook himself, right?

Furthermore, he's a guy that can't even cook a porridge well before.

How come his cooking skills are this good?

I think it's quite hard to understand, but I don't ask about it either.

I just obediently eat my breakfast.

I must say that Frances' cooking skills are completely different from before.

The saying "people can change in such a short time" is really true.

I want to go and find a job after eating.

Before this, I work at the club only to ask about Frances.

But I definitely can't stay long at places where good and bad people are all there.

I'm now married to Frances, it's impossible for me to work at such place again.

"Are you going to find a job?"

Frances question shocks me.

He can read people's mind?

He knew my thoughts!

I look at him in fear, but then he just says, "Follow me to the company."