

Desperate Time 301

Chapter 301 Give You Some Punishment

Frances stops and turns around to look at me with a smile.

I don't even know how many deep breaths I take to control my urge of beating him up.

Although the word "husband" is simple, it is very difficult for me to say it out loud.

I try to say it many times, but in the end, I swallow it.

"Huh?" Frances snorts and raises his eyebrows.

Damn! He's threatening me again!

I clench my teeth and close my eyes, whispering, "Husband."

My heart is beating wildly, and I don't even dare to look up at Frances.

"Too low. I can't hear it."

The man shakes his head slightly. He is very dissatisfied with my mosquito-like voice.

Perhaps he doesn't even know his expression is getting on my nerves!

I can endure! I can!

I grit my teeth and shout at him.

"Husband!"

Frances' lips twitch slightly.

He doesn't say anything and stares at me with deep eyes.

I feel like he's going to see through me.

"I've been loud enough. Is that OK?"

I hurriedly say this, afraid that Frances will change his mind.

"Yes, you did. It's just that you are so unwilling. I'm not happy. So it's better to give you some punishment.

You can take advantage of the time to reflect on yourself."

He shows a meaningful smile at me, opens the door and walks out.

"Frances, stop right there. What do you mean? You are such a bastard who doesn't keep your word. You said you would help me. How can you leave like this?"

However, no matter how I shout from behind, Frances ignores me and disappears from my sight.

The police come in very quickly, and their flattering expressions disappear. They became exceptionally serious.

"Ms. Noyes, according to the rules, we will first detain you."

Whitney stands not far away and smiles complacently at me when I walk out of the interrogation room.

Then she walks over and stands in front of me.

“Jane, I’ve already told you. Don’t think that you’ll be fine by bringing Frances here. I have evidence of this. Do you think he can help you? Besides, it seems to me that he doesn’t really want to help you.”

“Evidence? That’s what you call evidence? Whitney, let me tell you. Although I don’t quite understand the law, I know that it’s against the law to forge the evidence and slander. Since you have the guts to present the forged evidence, you need to be prepared at all times to face the day when the truth is exposed.”

I say this to her, very seriously.

But inside, I’m quite unsure.

There isn’t so called “justice” in this world. Rich people can actually decide what “justice” is.

If Frances won’t help me, the crime Whitney has imposed on me will most likely be convicted. Once that happens, I will probably spend my entire life in prison.

Earl’s figure suddenly flashes through my mind.

If I do go to jail, what about the kid?

Back then, Frances could even give up his custody. How can he treat Earl kindly?

Although he just comes to live with me for a few days, I subconsciously regard him as my own child.

“You need to say these words to the police, not me.” Whitney sneers and leaves the police station with Lawrence.

In the past, Whitney would hide her bad intentions slightly. But now, her thoughts are completely exposed to the public.

Perhaps it is because Frances has forced her so fiercely so that she doesn’t care about the consequences at all.

But it’s her own business if she hates Frances. Why does she do all this to me?

This is the first time in my life that I go to prison. Looking at the simple and cold room, my heart is filled with sadness.

The policeman who brings me in notices my expression and says to me, "You'd better be satisfied. Other criminals are crowded into one room. You can live here by yourself because someone has told our boss specially."

That means I have to thank Frances for letting me live in such a spacious and quiet cell? I don't know how I fall asleep that night.

The next morning, a lawyer comes to bail me out.

See? Frances just wants to threaten me!

The lawyer takes me out of the police station and Frances' car is parked outside.

However, the person sitting in the driver's seat is not Frances.

Chapter 302 Frances' Father

The person who comes to pick me up is Sabina.

I don't expect her to be here. Frances probably don't tell her anything, but she still knows.

Moreover, based on her usual attitude towards me, it will definitely not be a good thing for her to pick me up.

"Excuse me. I have something to do here. I can't send you back."

Sabina turns around and says politely to the lawyer.

Her attitude towards the lawyer is extremely gentle, completely different from when she faces me.

The lawyer shakes his head and says, "I drove here by myself. You can go first."

I know that Sabina won't be too nice. But escaping cannot solve the problem. I can only get in the car.

Staying in such a depressing car with Sabina, I panic so much that I don't even know how to breathe.

I don't know why I'm so afraid of her, but the sharpness of her aura always makes me timid.

I'm a little scared when the car is going all the way to a remote place.

Looking at her appearance of wanting to kill me at any time, I feel it is possible if she really kills me and drops my corpse here.

After a long time, I finally can't help but ask her.

"Where are you taking me?"

"What? Do you think I'm looking for a secluded place to secretly kill you and dump your corpse?" Sabina turns to smile coldly at me.

I am surprised that she could see through my thoughts.

It seems that Frances' gaze is inherited from her.

"You are a public figure and a successful woman. You must be very sensible. How could you do such a thing?" I reply with a faint smile.

On the one hand, I say this to flatter Sabina and make her feel a sense of superiority. On the other hand, I want to express that I am not afraid at all.

“Humph. Do you think it’s useful to flatter me?”

Sabina snorts and stops the car.

Only then do I realize that this path is somewhat familiar. It seems that this is the only way back to my hometown.

We’ll be at the county if we drive for another hour.

Suddenly, I feel homesick.

What does Sabina mean by stopping here?

“Do you know how Frances’ father died?” Sabina speaks slowly, which sounds a little sad.

I can feel that she has a deep affection for Frances’ father. Otherwise, with her beauty and talent, she won’t be single until now.

There must be a lot of outstanding admirers around her, but she chooses to be alone. It can only mean that there is already someone in her heart, and she could no longer accept anyone else.

“I don’t know.” I honestly say. I don’t understand why Sabina tell me about this.

Actually, not only do I not know how his father died, I actually do not even know that his father is dead.

Frances never talks to me about his family. I know almost nothing about his family except what I’ve seen.

“Back then, Fernando came here to discuss a cooperation project, but right where we were standing, he was hit by a big truck, which was driven by a doctor. The doctor clearly could have saved Fernando, but he chose to escape by himself. The funny thing is that, even now, I don’t know who hit him. Otherwise, I will definitely make him pay for Fernando’s life!” Sabina’s gaze becomes fierce, but more of it is grief.

I don't expect the truth is like this.

I've always thought that doctors should save lives and help the wounded. Why would that doctor not save Fernando?

There's one more thing I don't understand. Why do Sabina tell me about all this?

Chapter 303 Only You Can Help Me

I say nothing and wait for Sabina to continue.

"I divorced Fernando the day he died. He was uneasy that he didn't notice the big truck coming. The Louises have blamed me. Even when Fernando was buried, old Mr. Louis didn't allow me to attend Fernando's funeral. Even now, I don't know where Fernando is buried. I had Whitney ask Frances, but I couldn't get the answer. So, I hope you can help me find out." I miss Fernando too much. I want to see him and say sorry to him."

Sabina turns around, and her face is covered with tears.

I am surprised at the story.

I don't know that there would be such a bitter story behind Sabina, because she is so indifferent and arrogant.

I know that I shouldn't be soft-hearted because of the story, but I can't help it.

However, it seems impossible for me to help her.

"Since Whitney failed to do it, how could I do it?" I smile bitterly.

I never expected that Frances would tell everything to me. So how would he tell me where Fernando's grave is?

Sabina actually kneels down in front of me.

I can't bear it. I try to help her up in a hurry, but she is so stubborn.

"There is nothing I can't do. Don't do this."

Someone happens to pass by and looks at us curiously. I am helpless and don't know what to do.

"Please help me. I can only rely on you. I believe that only you can help me. I can't count on anyone else.

You're the only one who can help me. In a few days, it will be the anniversary of Fernando's death. It has been ten years, and I haven't seen him for ten years. Help me and ask Frances. I believe that Frances must have found out who hit Fernando, but he didn't tell me. Please ask him about it as well. As long as you help me, I will not target you anymore. You are my best daughter-in-law."

Her eyes are very sincere, and her pleading words are enough to move me.

I can really feel how much she hated and disdained me in the past. But now, for the sake of the man she loves, she kneels down and begs me.

Love makes a person so humble as much as he/she could be.

I think of Whitney and who I used to be.

It seems that I can't find a reason to refuse to help her.

"OK, I promise you, Mrs. Louis. But I can't guarantee that Frances will tell me. I will do my best."

"Don't call me Mrs. Louis. You are Frances' wife. Just call me Sabina."

Sabina heaves a sigh of relief and smiles.



She stands up and holds my hand affectionately, as if I were her own daughter.

I'm not used to such a change. I smile awkwardly and pull out my hand. "If there's nothing else, can we go back now?" I ask embarrassedly.

"OK, we are going back now."

With that, Sabina smiles and gets into the car.

The relaxed expression on her face is completely different from the gloomy expression she had before.

Actually, I don't have the confidence that Frances will tell me. But if I tell the truth, Sabina may get excited.

It would be better to make her happy for a while. Besides, my life will be easier if she doesn't make things difficult for me.

After returning home with Schuman, I don't see Frances, so I go straight upstairs.

Anyway, I don't want to go to work because I'm bored sitting opposite Frances. It would be better if he fires me for being late and leaving early. I feel sick all over to face him all day long.

I didn't sleep well in prison last night, and when I get back to my room, I lie on the bed and fall asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, and someone knocks on my door.

Chapter 304 His Evidence

"Jane, it's time for lunch. I cooked the lunch. Get up and eat some."

Sabina's voice is very gentle. In an instant, she becomes a kind mother-in-law.

I'm not used to it, but I do feel hungry. I look at the time and find that it is twelve o'clock at noon.

"OK, I'll be right down."

Sabina goes downstairs. I get up and wash up before go downstairs.

When I come downstairs, Frances happens to come back from outside.

Why does he come back at noon?

"Frances, welcome back. I cooked the lunch. Would you like to have lunch with us?"

"You cooked it?" Frances frowns, and his expression clearly shows that he is a little surprised.

I am also very surprised.

Sabina's cooking is good and the dishes are very exquisite, completely different from the common dishes I cook.

I understand very well that there is still a big gap between me and the upper class.

I marry into a wealthy family, but I've never been the same kind of person as them.

"This matsutake is good. It's good for your body. You're so thin. You should eat more to tonify your body." Sabina says to me. As she says that, she puts a few pieces of matsutake into my bowl.

Frances is frozen there, and it is obvious that he doesn't believe what he sees.

A few seconds later, he looks up at me, then at Sabina. He frowns and asks, "When did you get along so well?"

I don't know.

Sabina changes so suddenly. Everyone will think it strange.

"I suddenly see Jane a good daughter-in-law. Why can't I treat her better?" Sabina rolls her eyes at Frances, successfully stopping his doubts.

"OK."

Frances say helplessly.

I sneak a glance at him and find a faint smile on his face.

Why is he smiling? What's so funny?

After lunch, Frances says to me, "Let's go to work. You are absent for half a day."

"You didn't come back to take me to work, did you?" I ask in surprise.

I don't mind going to work, but I'm unwilling to share an office with him and work with him face-to-face.

"Otherwise?" Frances raises his eyebrows noncommittally.

Okay.

I never understand what this unscrupulous boss is thinking.

I go out with Frances. Before I go out, Sabina winks at me and signals for me to ask Frances.

I nod and promise her.

However, I have to ask him at the right time and place. Otherwise, it will be too strange if I ask such a question all of a sudden.

In the afternoon, I don't even talk to Frances, let alone look for an opportunity to ask him.

I really don't understand why he called me to the office. He doesn't give me any work, nor does he talk to me. Could it be that he wanted to keep an eye on me nearby?

I can't figure out, so I stop thinking.

In the middle of work, the police station calls Frances several times.

It looks like they talk about me. However, Frances just says a few words on the phone. I don't know what exactly the police say at all.

After work, Frances takes a USB drive from his computer and takes me to the police station.

Whitney is also there. When she sees that Frances is with me, her eyes are filled with resentment.

I think she hates me as much as she loves Frances.

After walking in, Frances hands the USB drive to the police and smiles faintly at Whitney.

"You probably don't know that my house is equipped with surveillance cameras."

Chapter 305 Change a Lot

Surveillance? He installs surveillance cameras in his living room? Are there cameras in bedroom and bathroom? I suddenly panic.

Is Frances installing surveillance cameras to guard against theft, or is there something wrong with him? I am afraid that he has peeked at me when I am bathing.

I turn to look at him in horror. Although I say nothing, my expression is clear enough.

“Guess it.”

He whispers in my ear.

What he says is ambiguous, and I am even more uncertain. I can only stare at him with a blush.

Whitney’s face suddenly turns pale.

The police take over the USB drive and play the video.

In the video, what happened after Whitney entered the house was clearly photographed.

Her calling the police behind my back was also clearly photographed.

“Officer, help! Someone is trying to kill me! A crazy woman is trying to kill me! Hurry up and come to save me, or I will die. I’m...”

And what she said at that time is a slap in her face now.

“Ms. Whitney, you have seen the evidence. This video is more convincing than your sound recording. We found a veteran technician to check your sound recording. Although it is very realistic, it is indeed fake.

You are criminally liable for perjury and defamation. We will deal with you seriously and legally.”

I don't care what will happen to Whitney, but I know that once Frances' evidence is showed, I'll be fine.

However, Frances has evidence in his hands, but he didn't hand it over to the police and let me stay at the police station all night. He even beguiled into calling him honey. He is so hateful!

On the way home, I have been glaring at Frances fiercely.

When we wait for the green light, he turns around and looks at me with a faint smile.

"You don't have to stare at me all the time. If you want to thank me by sleeping with me, I'll be happy."  
Screw you! Does he know how ashamed he is?

Ignoring Frances, I turn my head to the side. He continues to ask, "How did the relationship between you and Mom change so quickly?"

Frances is thoughtful. It is normal for him to suspect this matter.

But I can't tell him openly.

"How would I know something you don't even know?" I reply simply, stopping Frances asking.

He doesn't ask any further and takes me home.

Earl went to Betty's house before, but now he is home.

The little fellow falls asleep. Sabina holds him in her arms and looks at him tenderly.

It is true that Sabina changes a lot. I can't accustomed to it.

Seeing me return, Sabina smiles gently at me and hands Earl over to me carefully.

“Earl has just fallen asleep. He feels insecure. He needs someone to carry him, or he can’t sleep well. I’ll go cook now. Hold him for a while.”

Sabina goes into the kitchen, and Frances and I sit on the sofa in silence.

Suddenly, I think of something.

“Aren’t you going to tell your mother that Earl isn’t your child?”

Frances slowly turns his head and stares at me with serious eyes. He says softly, “Since you brought him back, he is my child. He is our child.”

What does he mean by that? Isn’t it too ambiguous?

I don’t understand, and I don’t want to ask.

The atmosphere seems to be pretty good now. I think I can ask him some questions about Fernando now.

“Frances, why have I never heard of your father?”

Frances stiffens, and his eyes become sharp and stern as he looks at me.

Chapter 306 You Are Basically Living...

It was a beautiful moment, but now it feels weird.

I know I must have asked the wrong question.

“Well, if you don’t feel like talking about it, then pretend I never asked,” I say to Frances with embarrassment.

I am having mixed feelings.

Sabina thinks wrongly how much I mean to Frances, and unfortunately, I've made the same mistake. I thought I could ask something like that because I felt I was special to him. How ridiculous!

Just when I think Frances wouldn't tell me, he speaks slowly.

"My father died ten years ago."

I look at him quietly and wait for him to continue. However, he falls silent.

I knew his father died ten years ago. So, can he tell me more?

But that is not going to happen. Therefore, I must fish.

I quickly search for the right words in my head. After organizing my thoughts, I say to Frances, "Well, look, no matter how it happened, we got married. Should I go with you to pay respect to your father at his tomb?"

He turns to look at me, his gaze deep and solemn.

I try to look as sincere as I can, so that he wouldn't tell my true intention.

"My father's death day is a few days away. I'll take you there," he says softly.

I never thought Frances would agree to this.

When Sabina brings a dish out of the kitchen, she happens to hear Frances' words. She is so excited that she almost drops it.



I finally relax.

I should stop here. If I continue, I might sound suspicious.

Frances goes upstairs after dinner.

After I feed the baby milk holding him, I go to prepare a bath for him.

Sabina's voice comes from downstairs.

"Jane, are you going to bathe Earl? Let me join you."

Then, I hear her going upstairs.

She enters the bathroom and closes the door, walking to me.

She opens her mouth to say something.

But I stop her in time. I point to another door that is tightly shut, and mouth the words, "Frances is in there."

Sabina is shocked and purses her lips. Then she squats down and splashes water on the baby.

She leans over to my ear and whispers to me, "How is it? Do you know where it is? I heard Frances said he would take you there. Where exactly?"

Sabina sounds urgent. Perhaps she really wants to visit Fernando's grave.

But I have to disappoint her.

I murmur to her, "Frances didn't tell me the address. I can only give it to you when I get there. Or I can try to get it these days. But I didn't ask him about the driver who fled the scene, because I was afraid he would get suspicious."

Sabina nods and says, "I believe you can do it. It's enough for me to know where he is buried. As for the rest, if you can't get it out of him, I guess I have to find out by myself."

"I've noticed yours and Frances' bathrooms are connected. You are basically living together." Sabina suddenly changes the subject and smiles at me suggestively.

Thinking about how Frances used to slip into my room through the bathroom, I blush.

"Normally, he wouldn't come over."

After saying that in a fluster, I carry Earl to the bed and begin to dress him.

Looking at the bruises on him, I feel so distressed.

It is like they were on me. Sorrow welcomes me.

"Why do I feel this baby looks like you?"

Sabina says.

Chapter 307 I Can't Resist

Looking like me?

I am a little face-blind, so I cannot see how even after staring at the baby's face for quite some time. I shake my head at Sabina with a smile, saying, "I can't see it."

“He really looks like you. His eyes, mouth, and high nose. I think they all resemble yours.” Sabina glances at the child and then at me, saying with certainty.

“Perhaps children look all the same. We’ll know if what you said is true after he grows up.” “Perhaps.” Sabina nods and leaves after exchanging a few words with me.

After I put Earl to bed, I feel like taking a shower before sleep.

As soon as I enter the bathroom, the other door to it is opened, and Frances walks in.

He is only wearing a pair of underwear. His slender waist and sturdy chest are exposed. And the bulging thing in his underwear makes me blush in particular.

“You are shameless, running around dressed like this!”

I say with my cheeks red, looking away from him.

Frances chuckles and closes the door behind him.

‘I’m here to take a shower. What else should I wear?’

It seems I can’t retort that.

Nonetheless, I think he’s going rogue.

I can never compete with him on that!

It’s dangerous to be in the same room with him, let alone in an amorous place as this bathroom.

“You go first. I’ll come back later.”

With that, I intend to leave, but Frances grabs me.

“You are here, aren’t you? Then let’s bathe together.”

He reaches out to untie the belt of my robe.

The robe slips down from my shoulders and a large area of my skin is exposed. It is too late for me to cover it up.

He forcefully pulls me under the shower. Warm water trickles down on me. Its temperature should feel right, but every part of my body is burning.

All thanks to the glaring gaze of Frances.

Mist permeates the air, and the atmosphere is extremely intimate.

I hold my breath. The tight space seems to be sucking the air out of my lungs.

Frances sticks his hand into my robe and gropes his way to my back, trying to unbutton my bra.

The moment his hand touches my skin, I tremble all over and then stiffen.

No matter how many times this kind of thing happens, I cannot face it calmly.

I know what Frances is going to do and resist, but my body is out of control.

I am grateful Frances is not in a rush to take off my robe as usual.

The robe slips to my waist and my scar is still behind it.

I don't want Frances to see my scar at all. I don't want it to be exposed in front of him like this! This scar is a souvenir from my child.

But he is gone.

I wake up all of a sudden.

No! I can't have sex with Frances! I hate him. How can I make love with someone I hate?

"No..."

Before I can finish speaking, he covers my lips with his.

He hugs me tightly in his arms, kissing me tyrannically and fiercely, devouring my reason bit by bit.

I hate how easily I fall, but I can't resist.

He hugs me so hard that I feel my back is about to break. However, if he hadn't been doing that, I would have collapsed to the ground with limp legs long ago.

His hot kiss travels all the way down on the thin fabric. It lands everywhere on my neck, shoulders, chest, and belly. Finally, he gently lifts the hem of my robe and stops there.

"No, it's dirty!"

I push his head, trying to get him farther away from me. I keep my legs tucked in to prevent him from invading me further.

How can I let him kiss me on such a private spot?

Frances stops and looks at me with an evil smile.

“Be good. Relax.”

He reaches out his fingers and gently touches my sensitive area.

“No!”

I can't help but moan in embarrassment, and my legs part slightly. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Frances buries his head there and uses his lips and tongue to invade my most delicate garden.

I never thought he would do such a dirty thing. Did I not understand men, or did I think him noble? No matter what, I can't think anymore.

It feels completely different from when he enters me with his big boy, but it gives me such an indescribable pleasure.

I grab his shoulders and let out uncontrollable moans.

Under his fierce attack, I give in and reach the peak of joy.

I don't know if it is because I am still shy or I just had my orgasm, but my body is boiling hot, and my legs are so weak that I can't even stand.

Frances hugs me in his arms, his eyes filled with desire.

He takes my hand and puts it on his big boy.

Even though I am hot all over, when I touch it, I bounce off feeling the fire in it.

It's scalding.

It's huge.

I don't dare to look at it. I don't have the strength to do it. I can only bury my head in Frances' arms and lean against him.

He lowers his head and whispers in my ear, "You're comfortable. Now, it's my turn." As he speaks, he put my legs around his waist and carries me into his room.

Every step he takes touches the deepest part of my body.

My last orgasm is still holding power over me, so after he pushes a few times, I have another one.

Frances smiles evilly and places me on his desk, driving the house with all his might.

From the desk to the sofa, the bed, the balcony, and the floor.

Frances' energy is always so shocking.

I don't know how much time has passed, but I feel all of my strength has been drained.

I thought only men could be sucked dry, but now I know the same goes for women.

"Frances, why aren't you done yet?"

I look at the man who is still fighting and says weakly.

The man chuckles and says, "You did not let me touch you for so long. When a man holds back for that long, he can be scary."

"It sounds like you don't have other women," I say unhappily and roll my eyes.

But I feel sad.

I'm not Frances' only woman, and I never expect to be. As a womanizer, he must have multiple women. It's just that I don't bother to ask.

"No," he says with a sullen look and goes harder.

I can feel his stick getting hotter and bigger in me.

We've done this many times. I know Frances is about to have his orgasm.

Just then, the sound of the baby crying comes from the next room.

Out of instinct, I push Frances hard, wanting to get up from under him.

"Move aside. The baby is crying. He must be hungry."

It has been three to four hours since I fed him. How can he not be hungry?

Frances hugs me tightly and refuses to let go. He frowns and says in a deep voice, "Wait a moment. I am almost there."

As he says, he pushes even harder.

Chapter 309 His Gentleness Is a Trap



But I can't wait any longer. The child is wailing. How can I just sit there and watch?

Frances refuses to let go. I become so annoyed as I focus on the child.

In the end, I have to push him hard.

"Go away! I need to feed my baby!"

And suddenly, Frances comes.

The white liquid is sprayed onto my body, face, and hair.

And he is stunned.

"Frances! It's disgusting!"

I shout, put on my messy nightgown hurriedly and run towards my room.

While running, I try my best to wipe away the liquid on my face.

Frances is really disgusting! If I hadn't been in a hurry to feed my baby, I would have beaten him up.

"How can you blame me for this? I've already said I was coming. It was you who pushed me away."  
Behind me is Frances' laughter.

What a bastard!

I can't bear it anymore!

“Shut up!” I shout at Frances angrily.

Suddenly, someone is knocking on the door.

“Jane, why is the child crying? Do you need my help?”

Sabina’s sudden voice makes me feel extremely embarrassed.

Since she can hear the child cry, did she hear Frances and I make love just now?

After all, the sound of me panting was not low.

“No need. He’s just hungry. I can handle it.” I hurriedly say.

If Sabina comes in and sees me like this, I will be too embarrassed to face her for the rest of my life.

“Alright. Then I’ll go back to sleep.” Hearing Sabina leaving, I let out a sigh of relief.

Frances also comes over, picks up the child and coaxes him in his arms.

He wraps a bath towel around his waist, and the soft light shines on him. The scene looks very beautiful.

This is the first time I’ve seen Frances hug this child. He seems to be quite fatherly.

To my surprise, the moment the child is hugged by Frances, he suddenly stops crying.

I stare blankly at this. Frances turns to face me and says, “You can watch me later. It’s time to bottle-feed the baby.”

“Who wants to watch you? How narcissistic you are!”

I blush and go to the bathroom to wash my hands and face carefully to prepare the milk for the baby. The child stops crying immediately after drinking the milk. He blinks his big eyes at us as he drinks. Before he can finish the milk, the little fellow falls asleep again.

I smile and sigh. I carry him back into the crib and carefully cover him with blankets.

Frances hugs my waist from behind, which startles me. And my legs can't help but become limp. Can it be that he wants to do it again?

"What do you want to do?" I ask in panic.

Frances directly picks me up and put me on my bed.

He also lies down and puts my head on his shoulder. He says exhaustedly, "Sleep."

I'm very resistant to sleeping with him, but his hands are tightly hugging my waist, which makes it impossible for me to get up.

Moreover, I'm extremely tired. So, in the end, I can only give up struggling and close my eyes in his arms.

The child is extremely obedient during the night, and he has never made any noise. And I unexpectedly sleep well too.

When I wake up, Frances has already gone to work.

There's a text message from him on my phone.

"I have gone to work. I didn't wake you up as you were sleeping soundly. You can come over after a good rest."

The message is in a gentle tone, as if it were sent to his wife.

My heart leaps fiercely, and I hurriedly close the message box.

If this continues, I'm afraid that I'll fall into Frances' tenderness again.

But his gentleness is destined to be a trap.

Now that I can leave the child to Sabina, I go to work after breakfast.

There is a pharmacy downstairs. I go in to buy birth control pills and go to the company.

Frances is busy working. When I enter, he just raises his head and glances at me.

I sit in my seat and move to a corner where Frances cannot see me. I open the medicine box, take the water bottle and is about to take the pills.

"Throw it away," Frances suddenly says in a deep voice.

Chapter 310 The Hospital is His

The sudden voice shocks me, and the pills in my hands fall off.

He is not talking to me, is he?

He probably can't see me as I'm hiding in such a secluded place.

After convincing myself, I crouch down to pick up the pills under the table.

But Frances' footsteps slowly approach.

I become extremely nervous.

I grab the pills in my hand and hide the medicine box on the table.

Frances stands in front of me.

“Give it to me.”

The man looks down at me and says in a low voice.

Really?

How does he know?

In an instant, I almost cry, but my face is still indifferent as I blink at him.

“What?”

It is impossible for him to know or see this.

I try to convince myself over and over again, hoping it is just a misunderstanding.

However, what he says next shatter all my fantasies.

“The contraceptive. Give it to me.”

His expression is even gloomier than before, and he extends his hand towards me.

I no longer care about how Frances discover it. I directly stuff the medicine into my mouth and swallow it.

No matter what, I must take this medicine.

I’ve checked the date. Yesterday was within a dangerous period.

It was an accident to have that child, and I can't let that terrible accident happen again.

"Jane!"

Frances grits his teeth and shouts at me. He directly pulls me out.

I don't know what he's going to do, but judging from his expression, I know it will not be a good thing.

"Let me go! Where are we going?"

When I get to the door, I grab the door frame tightly.

Frances stops and easily opens my hand.

As a result, I can only reluctantly be pulled into the elevator by him.

Along the way, I keep struggling.

Everyone in the company knows about my relationship with Frances, but they are also curious about what is going on between us. They are all secretly looking over here.

"Don't you need to do anything?"

Frances shouts, and they all obediently return to their posts and lower their heads to work.

After pulling me out of the company, Frances takes me into the car and drives away.

The car door is locked, so I can't escape at all. I can only shout at Frances, "Frances, where are you taking me? I'm being illegally imprisoned. I'm going to sue you!"

“OK, do it.”

The man doesn't even turn his head, and he whispers to me while stepping on the accelerator to the bottom.

Along the way, he drives extremely fast, which makes me feel sick. And it is even harder to control my body, so I can't argue with him anymore.

After a moment of dizziness, Frances stops the car at the entrance of a private hospital, drags me out of the car and walks inside.

In the end, he takes me to the internal medicine department.

After he enters the doctor's office, he says sternly to the doctor, “Give her a stomach lavage.” Now, I finally understand why Frances bring me here.

I know how painful it is to take a stomach lavage. I just took a pill, is this necessary for him to do this to me?

In my opinion, Frances is crazy. How can I obey him?

I stubbornly look at him and say to the doctor, “I won't do it. I didn't eat anything wrong. Why do I have to have a stomach lavage?”

The hospital is not his. How can the doctor listen to him so irresponsibly?

To my surprise, the doctor respectfully nods to Frances and says, “Alright, I'll arrange it immediately.”