

Desperate Time 361

Chapter 361 If You Hurt

But considering her current situation, how can she withstand it? Sabina loses her balance and falls off the bed.

Looking at me with uneven breathing, she points at me with her trembling fingers. Then she rolls her eyes and faints.

The doctor comes very quickly. After the examination, he says that Sabina is fine. She is just too excited so that she faints.

Sabina lies on the bed with her eyes closed. Even though she is in a coma, the sadness on her face still lingers.

“Let’s go out and have something.” Then Frances leads me to the door.

When I reach the door, I suddenly knock Frances’ hand against the door frame.

It is human’s instinct to avoid danger. Frances feels pain and releases my hand.

I turn to look at him with a smile.

“When we hurt, we will naturally release our grip. Frances, I prepare to let go of you. I hope you can find time to divorce me as soon as possible.”

So many things have happened. No matter what the truth is, I don’t think I can continue to be with Frances.

Maybe I shouldn’t have come back from the beginning.

In the end, I only make myself suffering.

"I won't divorce you. Just like the misunderstanding about the child, I will prove that your parents' car accident has nothing to do with me. Jane, no matter what, you must believe me."

His gaze is sincere and serious, but I don't dare to look at him, so I look away.

To be honest, I feel soften towards Frances.

I have thousands of reasons to leave him, but he always manages to keep me stay.

However, if I'm kind to him and myself at this time, I won't be able to stand the consequence later.

"Frances, your mother was pushed downstairs by me. I don't know if you hate me or not, but Sabina must be eager to kill me right now. Moreover, so many things have happened between our parents. Actually, the truth is no longer important. What matters is that there are too many obstacles between us. We cannot be together. No matter how much I love you, it's useless. So, Frances, let's divorce. It's good for both of us."

It tears at my heart so that I can hardly breathe.

Actually, I subconsciously believe in Frances. I believe that he is not involved in my parents' car accident.

However, I have no reason to continue.

With a serious look, Frances pulls my hand again.

"No matter how painful it is, I won't let go of you. Jane, I don't want to lose you again." What does he mean?

I don't understand, and I'm reluctant to guess.

I'm too tired and confused, at a loss where to go.

Perhaps I will suffer if I leave him, and this pain is very likely to last for a lifetime.

But by his side, I'm more miserable, for I'm worried about losing him every moment.

In this world, that you cannot be with someone you love is not the most painful thing, but that you have to give up something you hold in your hand.

If one day, I am destined to lose Frances, then I would rather give up as soon as possible.

"You don't want to lose me, but it is our destiny. Is there any reason in this world that can support me to stay by your side?" I say with a bitter smile.

"What if I tell you I love you?"

Chapter 362 Jane, I Love You

He loves me?

I wonder if I have an illusion. Otherwise, how can I hear Frances say so?

"What are you saying?"

My voice is trembling.

God knows how nervous I am right now, as if I have been waiting for this moment all my life.

"I love you. Jane, I love you."

Frances stares at my eyes and repeats with the utmost seriousness.

I'm quite obsessed with his voice, which is deep and melodious.

My tears flow down in a flash.

I think this is probably the most touching sweet talk in this world.

In an instant, light seems to shine my dark world.

I never expect that Frances will tell me that he loves me....

I never believed that Frances, whom I deeply love, is obsessed with me.

I don't care what he says is true or false. At least in his eyes, I see affection.

Since he says so, it is worthy for me to pounce on him again without any hesitation.

Even if I'll bring destruction on myself, I don't care now.

Frances lowers his head and kisses me affectionately.

I hear my heart beating hard and I'm even more nervous than I was with my first love.

I hug him tightly, at a loss what to do. I only instinctively hug him more tightly.

Frances kisses me passionately for a long time. I'm so joyful that my mind just goes blank. It is filled with his affectionate and moving whispers of love.

"Jane, I love you."

Everyone who passes by stops. I used to be very shy and afraid of being noticed.

But at this moment, I want the whole world to know my happiness.

After a long time, Frances lets go of me.

I go red as a beetroot. I dodge Frances' gaze, and I don't dare to look at him.

This is the feeling of being loved.

"Why do you blush?"

Frances laughs softly, his voice ringing above my head.

My face turns even redder.

It's none of your business," I whisper.

As soon as I finish, I realize that my tone is flirtatious.

'Damn it. Why did I say so? Frances will definitely make fun of me.'

"I'll take care of you for the rest of your life." Frances replies in a low voice and hugs me tightly in his arms.

"Are you going to ... leave now?"

He doesn't ask me if I will divorce him. He probably is reluctant to mention it.

Only then do I realize how much I have hurt him since I always ask him to divorce me.

"I'm not." I shake my head and embrace him more tightly.

Previously, I wanted to leave because I felt that it would be painful to be with him. But now, Frances loves me. There is no need to leave.

Why can't I risk my life for love? Since we have decided to be together, I think we must clear up some misunderstandings.

"Frances, I didn't push your mother downstairs on purpose. I saw that she wanted to hurt my mother, so I instinctively pulled her. To my surprise, things would come to this. I have never expected that my careless mistake will cause her to lose her legs and her left hand."

"I know, I know. I believe you won't do such a thing. Sometimes, I think it's good that my Mom becomes like this. At least, she will spend more time at home. So she won't do anything crazy to hurts others and herself," Frances sighs in a low voice, which carries a hint of regret.

Chapter 363 I'll Wait for You to Tell...

I know he is consoling me.

He must be feeling sad as well.

However, all he thinks about is consoling me. Why didn't I find him a considerate man?

Why do I doubt his sincerity no matter what he does? Is it because I have been suspicious of his motives? I feel a rush of strong guilt towards him.

Just as I'm going to say something, he continues, "As for your parents' car accident, give me some time. I will definitely make a thorough investigation. I wish I could love you with all my life, so how would I hurt you?"

I believe him.

From the moment he says he loves me, I believe everything he says.

Perhaps women are stupid, but this time, I want to be a fool for him.

“Alright. I trust you. I’ll wait for you to tell me the truth.” I nod at him and release him.

“But now I’m going to see my mother, tell her about your mother and buy her some goodies.” “I’ll wait for you here.”

Frances says softly, loosening his grip on his hand, relieved.

I feel sweet when I think of Frances saying he loves me. Even Mom can feel my weird change.

“Why are you so happy? Are you happy that Sabina fell downstairs and got injured?”

Mum turns grim, getting grumpy because of her blind guess.

I hastily shake my head and explain, “No. I’ve decided to stay with Frances. Mom, will you blame me now that we haven’t straightened things out about Dad?”

I suddenly became a little nervous.

Mom loves Dad very much. She must regard Frances as our enemy before the truth comes out. How could she approve of my decision?

“My silly daughter, if I opposed to that, I would have done it long time ago. Why would I wait until now? When you married him, I thought you made the right decision. I know that you married him for the sake of the child in the beginning. The player can’t see most of the game. My foolish child, you were stubborn and thought he didn’t love you and treated you badly. However, I can see that you are the apple of his eyes.

You dad and I paid all our attention on your younger brother when you were young, and we ignored you, not giving you sufficient care and love. Now that there is a man who treats you sincerely, I’m very happy.” As Mom speaks, tears course down her cheeks.

Looking at her, I feel like crying.

Suddenly, Frank's voice comes from the door, which successfully stops my tears.

"Mom, why didn't you tell me when you got hospitalized?"

Frank enters with a faint reproach on his face, but there is more concern in his voice.

Mom has changed, so has Frank. I'm very happy at their changes.

"How do you know I am in the hospital?"

There is nervousness in Mom's eyes. I know she is afraid that Frank will go get even with Sabina after he knows what has happened.

But actually, I asked Frank to come. It is impossible to hide Mom's injury from him. It's better to tell him now than he finds out himself without listening to our explanation.

Of course, I know how to tell him.

I smile and say to Mom, "You tripped over and got injured. Don't you want your son to come and see you? If I haven't found you, how long are you going to keep it from us?"

As I speak, I wink at Mom.

Mom takes the hint, giggling. "I was afraid that you would be worried, so I didn't tell you. I'm fine and I just need to stay in the hospital for a couple of days."

Frank doesn't suspect anything. After making a few reproachful comments, he goes to peel an apple for Mom.

After he finishes peeling, he hands the apple to Mom.

I feel contented at the intimacy of the mother and son.

As expected, my previous compromises are not wasted. No matter what happened before, at least we love each other as a family now.

Mom reaches out for the apple, but Frank's face suddenly changes.

"Mom, what happened to your hand?!"

Chapter 364 I'll Accompany You

It's finished! We can't hide it anymore.

I get flustered, thinking how I should explain.

Mom smiles calmly at Frank and says, "What's the big deal? It's normal to get wounded by a knife when cooking in the kitchen. When I was cooking in the kitchen, I accidentally nicked myself with the knife in my hand and fell on my head. That's why I ended up in the hospital. It's no big deal. I didn't bleed much."

I feel bitter suddenly.

Mom takes great pains to conceal from Frank.

That day when I rushed into the bathroom, I was freaked out by the bathtub full of blood. The doctor said that if I had delayed sending her to the hospital, Mom might have died of hemorrhage.

Mom chooses to conceal all of this just to avoid trouble.

Frank is not perceptive, so he believes Mom, sitting down in relief.

“Jane, let me peel an apple for you.”

I shake my head and say, “No, thanks. I’m going out to eat.”

Someone’s waiting for me.

When I came down to my Mom, I told Frances that I would go back to him later. Now that Frank is here, I don’t want Frances to wait too long.

“Who are you going with? Can you bring me along?” Frank blinks.

Mom gives him a grumpy look, snapping, “Frances is taking Jane out, and they don’t need a third wheel.” I smile, blushing.

I haven’t told Mom that I’m going out with Frances, but she knows anyway.

Why do I feel like a school girl going out with a boy and getting caught by her parent?

Frank purses his lips and helplessly says, “Then I won’t go. It seems that it’s time to find a girlfriend.”

I couldn’t help thinking of Frank’s ex-girlfriend. He went to steal the company’s secrets because of her, leaving me no choice but to ask Frances for help.

Perhaps, all of this is destined.

Although his ex-girlfriend is unreliable, thinking back, I should be grateful to her. If it weren’t for her, Frances and I might not have been together.

However, I still need to remind Frank.

“Watch out when you look for a girlfriend this time. Don’t get blinded again.”

After telling Frank how to take care of Mom, I walk out of the ward. When I am going to call Frances, I bump into him.

“Why do you come down?”

I am a little surprised.

“Because I don’t want you to wait for me, so I come to wait for you.”

My heart starts beating violently again.

Why is Frances so good at flirting? Why does my heart beat faster when he makes a casual comment? Frances naturally holds my hand, heading downstairs.

Since we have patients to look after in the ward, we are going to find a nearby restaurant and grab a bite.

After we get out of the hospital, I find that it is actually near the Second Middle School.

Since we are here, I naturally have to go to that restaurant for fried rice.

Frances took me there last time, so he won’t mind, right? “Go wherever you want. I’ll accompany you.”

He knows exactly what I’m thinking at a glance. Could this be the legendary connection between two minds?

Without hesitation, I take him to the small restaurant.

It is well after dinner time, and there are few customers inside.

The restaurateur greets me warmly when he sees me.

“Here you are! Come and take a seat.”

The restaurateur ushers us to a table, smiling. “As usual, right?”

I nod and look at Frances, asking, “How about you?”

“Same as you.”

“Two sets of fried rice, please.”

The restaurateur nods. A short time afterwards, the rice is ready and he comes to serve.

When he hands the rice to Frances, he suddenly frowns. Staring at Frances for a long time, he shouts.

“I remember who you are!”

Chapter 365 He's Shy

Frances is a big shot, so it is normal that the restaurateur knows him.

At least, I think so.

Unexpectedly, the restaurateur slaps the table and says loudly, “I remember you. You are the boy who used to order fried rice and take it away for lunch every day! By the way, were you together at that time? Both of you ordered the fried rice.”

His words shock me. I have no idea what he's talking about.

Frances gets uneasy.

There must be something wrong.

Looking at the restaurateur, I ask in bewilderment, "Mister, what are you talking about? When was that?" The restaurateur got excited, full of beans.

"That was about ten years ago. Didn't you go to secondary school at that time? He seemed to be in high school. For a very long time, he came to order fried rice and take it away in the afternoon. It looks like you don't know about it, which means you were not together at that time. However, this is fate. You are together after so many years. Do you think that I played cupid for you?"

I realize that Frances and I are destined to be together. No matter how many times we miss each other, we will be together.

I suddenly smile.

A customer enters the restaurant, and the restaurateur stops gossiping, going away to greet him.

Looking at Frances, I smile and say, "Well, we are destined."

"Yeah."

He nods and then lowers his head, starting to eat the fried rice.

Somehow I feel that Frances is a little embarrassed. However, he looks cute in my eyes.

Frances doesn't say anything through the meal, but eagerly eats the food in his plate without looking up at me.

In the end, he eats it all, down to the last morsel.

It looks like he loves the fried rice here, but he looked restrained last time he brought me here.

After we are through, Frances and I saunter back to the hospital.

Along the way, he takes my hand, and I am happy to walk with him like this.

He takes me all the way to Sabina's ward. She has woken up. She gets hysterical at sight of our tightly clasped hands.

"Frances, why are you holding her hand? Divorce her now! This woman has ruined our family and my career. How can you stay with her? I don't agree, I don't agree!"

Sabina's words depress me.

Frances cares about his mother. Will he give me up because of Sabina's opposition? I get nervous, my palms sweating.

Frances seems to feel my uneasiness, tightening his grip on my hand.

"Nothing can stop us from being together. Mom, if you don't want to lose me, don't make things difficult for Jane. You know the truth better than me. It does no good to all of us if it turns nasty."

Frances' words calms Sabina down.

I think she cares a lot about her son.

However, she looks at me with resentment.

She hates me, but I can understand. If I were her, I would feel the same.

I know Sabina won't give up.

But since I choose to be with Frances, I'm ready to face the obstacles.

Chapter 366 Her Frailty

Sabina and Mom leave the hospital on the same day.

The atmosphere is indescribably as we ride in the same car.

It looks like Sabina wishes to devour all three of us alive.

I turn a blind eye to that, chatting happily with Mom along the way.

After driving Mom home, Frances takes Sabina and me back to the Louis'.

Silvia is sitting on the sofa in silence.

She has been in a bad mood these days. Every time she came to the hospital to visit Sabina, she seemed to be in a state of preoccupation. I guess she hasn't recovered from the shock of the accident.

She forces a smile and greets us at sight of us.

I offer to push Sabina into her room, but she looks at me with disgust and says coldly, "Stop pretending to be kind!"

As she speaks, she pushes her wheelchair into her room.

Frances says that he has work to do in the company, and he leaves.

Silvia and I are left alone in the living room.

She sits on the sofa and curls up into a ball. She smiles bitterly at me and says, “Jane, you know what? I didn’t know Mom is like this. Actually, she has been my idol since I was young. She is beautiful and elegant, and she is also a world-famous pianist. My childhood dream was to become a woman like her when I grew up. However, perhaps I was not born to be like her. I try to wear a dress to bring a feminine touch to myself, but in fact I can’t learn to be what I’m not made for.”

I nod, listening to her intently.

I know that Silvia is upset and needs to confide her depression to someone. Who else will listen to her if I don’t?

“But I never imagined that my mother, who I put on a pedestal, would actually do such a thing. I don’t want to find out what happened back then. When Dad had the accident, I was young, and I almost couldn’t remember what he looked like. But I don’t understand why Mom chose to give up my dad instead of her career since she loved him so much. But now, she wants to hurt your family in the name of taking revenge. I can’t accept this.”

Silvia looks at me helplessly.

Only now do I realize that Silvia, a seemingly heartless and careless girl, is actually frail.

My heart goes out to her. I pat her on the shoulder and console softly. “There are many things that we can’t control in the world. But even so, we can’t give up on love. Perhaps, we wait for a long time to meet our better selves in the future.”

I’ve never thought that one day I would say such words to others. After all, I was seriously hurt.

But now, I can actually comfort people with chicken soup for soul.

Unexpectedly, Silvia gets gloomier after I console her.

“What love? I love Lawrence very much, but in the end, he loves Whitney. I don’t understand why he loves such a crazy woman like Whitney!”

“No one can suggest how love might occur. Take me for instance. I don’t know what’s good about me. Didn’t Frances marry me?”

I say with a smile.

“I don’t agree with you. You are sweet and pretty, and you can cook. In addition, you are a designer. If I were a man, I would want to marry you.”

Looking at me, she says seriously.

Amused by her, I roll my eyes at her, not knowing what to say.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, Sabina lets out a scream in her room.

Some readers have been complaining Jane is too stupid. Even though the clues are very obvious, she can’t see the truth. I show the clues to you, not to Jane. Those closely involved cannot see clearly. What is there to read in a story if a misunderstanding can be clarified with a few words? Anyway, the ending is either that the male lead and female lead get together or they separate, so what is the point of reading a story? I have planned the plot properly. As for the car accident of Jane’s parents, it’s not arranged by Whitney. I will explain other secrets later on. Therefore, please read patiently. I like to write you a complete and wonderful story. I hope you will understand.

Chapter 367 Run Away from Home

Silvia and I glance at each other and rush towards the room. Sabina is lying on the ground in pain.

It’s probably because she wants to climb onto the bed herself that she falls off.

“Mom, are you alright?”

I walk over to help her up, but she knocks my hand away in disgust.

“You vicious woman, stop pretending to be kind. If it weren’t for you, would I have become like this?! If you want me to die, just say so. You don’t have to shed crocodile tears in front of me. Anyway, Frances isn’t here. Wipe your disgusting look off your face!”

What Sabina said really hurts me.

I suddenly miss Sabina who used to treat me well. She has given me a mother’s love for a short period, but it seems that what I have experienced is just a fond dream.

I wonder if time can wipe off everything.

“Mom, stop talking. Jane is not such a person. Don’t speak like that to her.”

Silvia sighs and walks over to help Sabina up with difficulty.

“Silvia, what do you know about her? Don’t be fooled by her kind look. I used to think that she was a kind

and innocent girl, but she has ruined my life. Now, it’s so hard for me to get into bed, not to mention playing the piano. You won’t realize I am right until you are tricked by others.”

Sabina is very excited. As she speaks, she glares at me with hatred as if she would take any chance to kill me.

I can understand her pursuit of the cause and she is very upset about watching her own dream die, but I really can’t accept the way she looks at me.

“Mom, stop it. You bring trouble to yourself. Who is to blame?” Silvia frowns and says.

I don't expect that Silvia will actually stand on my side so obviously.

I throw a grateful glance at her, but Sabina suddenly slaps Silvia in the face.

"You actually speak for the outsider?! Get out! I don't have a daughter like you!"

Sabina slaps Silvia with her right hand so hard that the red mark of her hand is left on Silvia's face immediately.

Silvia looks at Sabina in disbelief, her eyes flashing with tears.

"I don't want a mother like you either!" After that, Silvia runs out.

Silvia has disappeared for a day. I call her many times, but she doesn't answer. She doesn't come back at dinner time. I can do nothing but call Frances.

"Silvia is missing. Mom slapped her across the face. Could it be that she ran away from home?" "She went to meet Lawrence. He told me on the phone." She went to meet Lawrence?

People that are left vulnerable always want to find someone to rely on.

However, Lawrence likes Whitney. Will he care for Silvia?

When Silvia runs over to him, I am even more worried.

"Is this really good? You know, Lawrence doesn't care about Silvia." I said in a worried voice.

"Don't worry. She'll be fine. I'll be back in a moment. I'll hang up."

I hang up the phone, go to Sabina's room and get her for dinner.

She is lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling with empty eyes. I don't know what she is thinking about. However, when I see her like this, a thought comes to my mind.

She doesn't want to live anymore.

I sigh and walk over to Sabina. "Mom, get up and have dinner."

"I become like this, but you still ask me to get up. Do you want me to fall in front of you again so you can laugh happily?!"

Chapter 368 Make All Kinds of Trouble

When have I ever laughed at her?

I can't understand Sabina's extreme idea.

"Since you don't want to have dinner, forget it."

I don't want to argue with her, so I turn around and walk out.

Just as I step on my legs, I hear Sabina shouting from behind me, "Who told you that I didn't want to have dinner? Can't you come over to feed me? How am I able to get out of bed for dinner?"

Sabina is not a left-hander, so it's not hard for her to have dinner with right hand. In the hospital, she has always had food by herself.

But she has been injured because of me. I feel guilty, so I bring the food over and feed her.

As soon as I feed her the first bite of the meal, Sabina shouts, "It's so hot. Are you going to kill me?" I can only blow the next bite for a long time before feeding it into her mouth.

“It’s so cool. Do you want to hurt my stomach?”

She’s really ... hard to serve.

Actually, I am not good-tempered. I take a deep breath to calm down.

However, Sabina keeps making trouble for me.

“Do you want me to have your saliva by blowing it so hard?!”

“You just let me have rice without any other food?”

“Don’t you know that I need to have some light dishes? I’m a patient!”

“This soup is tasteless. How can I drink it?!”

Sabina has tortured me for a long time. It takes me nearly half an hour to feed her half a bowl of rice.

When dining, she feels that the meal turns cool and orders me to go out to warm it up.

I finish feeding her on a meal an hour later.

I don’t know if there’s anything wrong with her stomach, but mine starts to hurt.

I stand up and prepare to leave with the bowl in my hand. Sabina says coldly, “I don’t have to gargle after dinner? Clean my teeth.”

My stomach is twitching. I almost lose my temper. If it weren’t for Frances, I wouldn’t have put up with her.

But there is no other way. If I want to live with Frances, I have to bear it.

I grit my teeth, get a glass of warm water and brush Sabina's teeth with a toothbrush.

She either asks me to exert more strength or says that I brush her teeth too hard. I really don't know what to do.

"What are you doing?" Frances asks coldly at the door.

"I am brushing Mom's teeth." I want to smile at him, but I feel too painful to force a smile.

"Let her do it herself. She is able to move freely and take care of herself. If she really finds it hard, I can hire a nurse. You're my wife. You don't need to do these things."

I am deeply moved by his words.

Sabina looks at Frances in disbelief and says sternly, "You are my son. How can you be partial to her? She causes me to be like this. Can't I order her around to vent my anger?"

Frances ignores Sabina.

He looks at me and whispers, "Let's go out for dinner."

I seem to be granted a pardon from him and rescued from an abyss of suffering.

After I drop the things, I hold my belly to resist the desire to vomit, bend down and walk out.

Frances notices something wrong with me and asks with worry, "How you doing?"

I say reluctantly, "I just get some pains in my belly. Have you had dinner? I'll go and heat up the meal."

Frances glances at the cool food on the table and Sabina's bowl. He pushes me onto the sofa and says in a low voice, "Have a rest. I'll do it."

Chapter 369 Why Is It Disgraceful

He pours a cup of hot water, takes the medicine for me and then goes to the kitchen to warm up the food.

After taking the medicine, I feel much better.

Frances brings out the food and helps me back to the chair.

"You don't have to help me. I'm not that delicate," I say with a smile, but I am touched by his considerate behavior.

Since he says he loves me, I feel I love him more as time passes.

"Idiot, you are the apple of my eyes."

He smiles at me and picks up the dishes for me thoughtfully.

"My mother must have let you suffer a lot, right?"

"I am okay." I lied.

People say that it's hard for women to get along with their mothers-in-law. If I restrain myself, at least Frances won't be put in an uncomfortable position.

"I think it's better that Mom doesn't live here." Frances surprises me.

"Anyhow, Sabina is your mother. Actually, I can handle her," I hurriedly said.

Sabina indeed makes things difficult for me. However, I can take it apart from feeling a little sad.

I am used to it. Susan has made things difficult for me when Andrew and I are married.

What's worse, Andrew hasn't helped me yet.

Now I am very happy that Frances is on my side.

"You should keep me company in workplace. I will hire a nanny at home. You don't have to bother with taking care of Mom."

After thinking for a while, I feel it the best decision and agree to Frances.

The next morning, the nanny comes.

Even though Sabina is unhappy, Frances still takes me to the company.

Right now, I don't need to hide anything from Frances and draw openly.

While drawing, I feel someone staring at me.

I look up and see that Frances is immersed in his work and doesn't look at me.

Then...

"Frances, are you peeking at me?"

I ask in a deep voice.

"No," Frances says in a very serious tone.

I almost believe him.

I smile and stand up quickly. I stride to Frances by the table soon.

He hurriedly closes the webpage but is caught by me.

“No? You pretend to be working hard every day and end up peeking at me.”

I pretend to be angry, but I feel very sweet.

He peeks at me because he cares about me, though it’s somewhat disgraceful.

“How did you know?”

Frances says somewhat awkwardly.

I look at him and find a sudden blush on his face.

It turns out that Frances will blush.

“If you don’t want others to know about it, don’t do it. When you do such a disgraceful thing, you should have thought that it would be found out.”

“Why is it disgraceful to see my own wife?”

Suddenly, he puts his hand on my waist and pulls me close.

I lose my footing and falls into his arms.

He puts his face close to mine and kisses my lips.

He kisses me so passionately that my heart skips a beat.

The next second, he places his hand on my breast and begins to rub it.

“Frances, stop. We are in the office,” I said with a coquettish smile.

Frances smiles and keeps grabbing my breast.

“This is my office. Who dares to come in?”

As soon as he finishes, the office door is pushed open.

Chapter 370 Save Water by Taking a Ba...

Outside the door stand Lawrence and Silvia.

I break free from Frances immediately, but they still see this embarrassing scene.

In an instant, I just want to bury my head underground and never come out again.

Silvia looks somewhat embarrassed.

Lawrence, on the other hand, calmly walks over.

“What are you doing here?”

Frances curls his lips and asks angrily.

His eyes linger on me with interest.

I am so embarrassed that I don't dare to meet his gaze. I only turn my head to the side.

“I send Silvia back to you. Could it be that she can stay with me for the rest of her life?”

“It would be great if I could stay with you for the rest of my life.” Silvia whispers by the side.

Suddenly, I feel a little distressed for her.

It’s really painful to fall in love with someone who doesn’t love you. No matter how lively Silvia is, she can’t accept it.

“I see. If you can bring Whitney over, I’ll be even happier,” Frances says coldly, causing the atmosphere in the office to be extremely tense at once.

I really hate Whitney.

I don’t want to hide my hatred for her at all. I eagerly look forward to her death.

Lawrence smiles and says, “It’s impossible. I will never hand Whitney over.”

From his tone, I know he will spare no efforts to protect Whitney.

He loves Whitney so deeply that he can’t bear to let her suffer a bit.

However, can she put others through it?

My child is so innocent. Why is it killed by Whitney?

I am full of hatred for Whitney. I don’t even know when Lawrence goes out.

By the time I regain my senses, even Silvia has left.

“Jane, don’t worry. I will definitely handle it well and let Whitney confess her fault. Lawrence can protect

Whitney for a while, but it is absolutely impossible for him to protect her for the rest of her life.” Frances whispers beside me.

I nod as I always believe Frances.

I believe in him, and I am convinced that he will definitely do what he has promised me.

When we get home, the nanny is feeding Sabina.

Since I am not the one who feeds her, she doesn’t make any trouble and finishes her meal quickly and quietly.

Silvia locks herself up in her room, unwilling to come out. I ask her what has happened with Lawrence yesterday, but she keeps silent.

I have no choice but to take a bath alone.

Halfway through the bathe, Frances comes in with a towel.

He smiles mischievously, and I know what he wants to do with a single glance.

“Can you let me finish my bath?” I plead.

“Don’t you think that we can save water by taking a bath together?” Frances walks over, hugs me and whispers in my ear.

Save water?

“As a president, can’t you afford the cost of water?!” I roll my eyes at him.

“Environmental protection depends on everyone.”

As he speaks, he takes off his towel and presses his hot body against me.

This bathe lasts for two hours.

I feel like it's not until I get dehydrated that Frances carries me back to bed.

After he falls asleep, I creep up to the study.

I've always been curious about whom Frances sees on the photo. No matter what, I must find that photo today!

I take out all the books on the bookshelf and flip through them, but I can't find any photos.

Where is it?

As I am feeling annoyed, Frances' joking voice comes from behind me, “Are you looking for this?”