

Desperate Time 391

Chapter 391 I Don't Know Him

"Who gave this to you?"

Frances looks up at me, his voice trembling slightly.

I know he is as excited as me and also finds that hard to believe.

"I don't know. But somehow, I feel it is true," I whisper and take another look at the note.

Although I realize how ridiculous this is, I am convinced.

I will buy this even if there is only one thousandth of a chance.

"But you saw the baby's corpse," Frances sighs and says to me.

"No, I fainted before the baby was out. When I woke up, I only saw a body of some infant. No one can prove that dead baby was mine. What if it was never my child to begin with, but a ruse of Whitney to screw me over?"

I think of all the possibilities to justify what is written on this note.

If there is no hard evidence that the dead baby was mine, then he might be someone else's.

Perhaps my child is still alive.

Frances purses his lips and shakes his head. "Do you think Whitney would do something like that? She sent someone all the way to Prague just to substitute your child? From what I know about her, I find that far-fetched."

Although Frances knows Whitney well, I don't want to hear that.

"But what if my child is really alive? Frances, can you help me find him?"

I pull Frances' arm and plead in a low voice.

My child means too much to me. Now that I know he may still be alive, I can't sit idly by.

Frances grabs me and stares into my eyes, saying seriously, "It's not that I don't want to help you, but the chance is too slim. It's probably just a prank from someone who wants to agitate you."

No matter how hard I beg, Frances wouldn't help me find my child.

I am sick of hearing him denying the possibility of it.

I grow furious and stop talking to him, going home alone.

For the next two days, we are not on speaking terms.

He tries to break the ice, but I don't have the mood to bother with him since he still wouldn't do me the favor.

Whatever. If he won't help me investigate, I'll do it myself!

I don't even want to go to Prague with him. However, figuring that there might be news about my child in Prague, I tag along anyway.

We bought the tickets together, so I sit beside Frances, which makes me uncomfortable all over.

Frances has booked a room in a hotel, but I rush to my parents' house the minute I get off the plane.

Frances knows what happened while I was in Prague.

As my husband, he naturally follows me.

I called my parents before coming here. When they see me, they smile so brightly.

“Jane, we thought you weren’t coming back. We missed you so much while you were away. How have you been recently?” Mom greets me with care and takes my hands, which warms my heart.

After a short chat, she notices Frances standing behind me.

“Is this your husband? He’s so handsome!”

Mom looks at Frances with admiration in her eyes.

What’s the good of that? He wouldn’t even help me find my child. I’m still mad at him.

“No, I don’t know him.”

I glance coldly at Frances and walk inside.

Chapter 392 I Even Love Her Flaws

Behind me, Mom whispers to Frances.

“What’s wrong? Did you quarrel?”

I turn around and glare at Frances, my eyes speaking of death, deterring him from blabbering.

He looks at me dotingly and smiles at Mom, replying, “She warned me I should say no.” Damn it!

Why did he say that?

Mom rolls her eyes at me and pulls Frances' hand. "That's her. You must be more tolerant of her. Don't lower your opinion of her because of her flaws."

I feel embarrassed when she says that.

I don't understand why Mom has such a good impression of him on their first encounter.

Am I looking at the so-called bias from a woman toward her son-in-law?

Frances shakes his head and says something moving, his voice deep and melodious.

"I love her for who she is. I even love all her flaws."

For a moment, I really want to throw myself at Frances.

If it had been said by someone else, I would definitely get goosebumps all over myself.

However, when Frances said that, it sounded particularly touching.

Fortunately, I finally find an excuse to restrain my impulse.

He must be trying to gain Mom's favor.

After all, Mom and Dad know how he used to hurt me.

Otherwise, I wouldn't have left for Prague, far away from home.

Mom has prepared a sumptuous dinner to welcome us. She somehow knows what Frances fancies and cooked his favorite food.

Moreover, she keeps helping Frances with the dishes, making Dad jealous.

After dinner, Frances wants to take me back to the hotel.

But I don't want to spend the night with him at all, so I say I want to catch up with my parents and stay.

Of course, Frances also chooses to stay.

There are only two rooms. I have no choice but to sleep on the same bed with him.

Because of all the traveling, I fall asleep in bed fast after taking a shower.

I don't know when Frances comes out of the bathroom, but in a daze, I feel like I am in a warm embrace.

I've been ignoring him these past few days, and he hasn't forced himself on me. He just insists on hugging me to sleep every night.

And I have been pretending not to know and letting him do that.

This is probably the unique tacit understanding between two people who are in a fight.

Near dawn, I vaguely hear Frances get up and answer the phone.

He keeps his voice low for fear of disturbing me.

I want to know what he is saying, but I am so sleepy that I fall asleep again before he gets to the point.

Faintly, I hear him say "child".

When I wake up in the morning, Frances is no longer in bed.

Freshening up and leaving the room, I still can't find Frances. I can't help but ask Mom where he went.

Mom smiles meaningfully at me and curls her lips, saying, "Aren't you supposed to be in a fight? Why do you still care about him?"

I blush and stop inquiring further.

Mom smiles and says to me, "He went out early in the morning. He said it was something urgent, but I didn't ask him what it was."

"I see." I nod and silently eat my breakfast on the plate.

After dinner, I head out.

I came to Prague to find my child. Now that Frances is gone, I can do some investigation by myself.

Chapter 393 He Doesn't Want to Disapp...

Steven has looked into the clinic for me, so it isn't too hard to find it.

I take a taxi and arrive there with the address Steven gave me.

As soon as I get there, all those unpleasant memories surge forth.

For me, the memory of losing my baby is too painful.

And now, I just hope the message on the note is true. Perhaps I can find some clues here.

The door to the clinic is open and I walk in.

As soon as I enter, I am surprised to see a familiar figure.

Frances?

Why is he here?

Didn't he say he wouldn't help me? Then, what is he doing here?

Why did he say something he didn't mean? He is clearly helping me investigate. Why did he lie? We haven't been talking for so many days for it.

Frances is a little surprised to see me.

"Why are you here?"

"I want to ask you the same question," I say lightly and curl my lips as I walk towards him.

The doctor and nurse stare at me for a long time before crying out in shock.

It looks like they recognize me.

They avoid my gaze and keep their heads low.

Frances talks to them in English. Although my English is average, I figure out what they are talking about.

The doctor's next words shock me and give me more hope.

It turns out that my baby was alive when he was delivered by caesarean section.

Then, Hamlin carried the baby out. When he returned, the baby was not breathing, and his body was cold.

Although the doctor found it weird, he didn't ask questions because he was paid not to, so he placed the dead baby beside me.

When I come out of the clinic, I am pumped.

Even if a newborn baby dies soon after it is born, it can't turn cold that fast.

Therefore, Whitney must have switched my baby. I don't know why she did it.

I grab Frances' hand and tremble slightly despite myself.

"Frances, do you agree that our child is still alive?"

I stare at him and expect a positive answer from him.

On the other hand, I am afraid he will disappoint me.

After all, he mercilessly denied my conjecture once.

To my relief, Frances nods and says gently, "Actually, I have always believed that our child is not dead."
"Then why weren't you willing to help me find him? Why did you say it was impossible?"

I look at him doubtfully and say with discontent.

"Idiot, how can I give you false hope before I know for sure? If this is just a scam, you will be even more disappointed in the end. And I don't want to see you devastated."

Now I finally understand Frances' intentions.

The truth is, I misunderstood him. He has done so much for me without my knowledge.

My heart is instantly filled with his gentleness.

I reach out and hug his waist tightly. "Thank you, Frances," I say softly.

Idiot," he says affectionately and gently, stroking my hair.

Now, it is basically certain that my child is alive. And I believe Frances will find him for me.

When I think of my child is living somewhere in this world, I feel my life becomes perfect.

Chapter 394 The Strange Prague Square

My misunderstanding with Frances resolved, I am in a much better mood.

After supper, Frances pulls me to the hotel where we can be alone.

He hasn't touched me for days. He is like a hungry wolf, devouring me whole.

Frances "punishes" me for most of the night. In the end, I become exhausted and faint.

I don't know when it ended. By the time I wake up, it is about noon the next day.

When I open my eyes, Frances is standing by the door with his back to me. I don't know what he is busy with.

It's already noon. Why didn't you wake me up?" Frances trembles, as if he is startled by me.

He quickly stuffs something under his clothes, then turns to look at me, and says with a smile, "I figured you must be exhausted from last night, so I decided to let you sleep a little longer."

Exhausted?

Thinking of the sexy night, I blush.

It's really strange. He was clearly the one who did all the heavy lifting. Why am I even more tired than him?

"Shameless. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

I mumble and sit up from bed, dressing.

The bruises on me are the evidence of last night's violent pleasure. My face turns red again and I quickly put on my clothes.

Frances stands aside and looks at me with a smile.

Damn it, you pervert!

Besides, he seems to be in a good mood today. Could it be that, like me, he is thrilled to know our child is still alive?

Returning from the clinic yesterday, he sent his men to investigate the whereabouts of my child.

All I have to do now is wait.

After lunch, Frances drags me out of the hotel.

I thought he was going to take me to my parents' place. After some time, I realize the car is going in the opposite direction.

“Where are we going?”

I ask doubtfully.

Frances shakes his head at me and says mysteriously, “You’ll know when we get there.”

Finally, the car stops in front of Prague Square.

After taking me to the center of the square, he says he will be back soon and asks me to wait for him here.

I nod and watch him leave. His figure quickly disappears into the crowd.

Soon, I discover something strange.

Everyone nearby walks towards me.

Men, women, old people, and children, when passing by me, will pass me a beautiful rose.

Not long after, my arms are filled with roses. Afterwards, I can’t hold them anymore, so I put them on the ground.

Quickly, the roses on the floor are piled up into a small mountain.

How many roses are there?

Also, what exactly is going on?

Where’s Frances? Where did he go? Why hasn’t he come back?

I stand there anxiously and don't know what to do.

Then a scream comes from the crowd. Everyone looks in the same direction.

I follow suit and see a luxurious carriage slowly approaching.

Prague has always been a classic city, so it's not surprising to see a carriage here.

But why is my heart beating so violently?

The carriage approaches me little by little and finally stops in front of me.

The carriage door is opened from the inside, and Frances steps out.

He is wearing a straight suit, like a prince dressed in luxury, welcoming his bride.

He walks slowly to me with a faint smile.

Then, he kneels down on one knee before me.

Chapter 395 An Ancient Ring

Is he proposing to me? My heart pounds crazily.

"Jane, ever since we were together, there have been so many misunderstandings. Once I did not know how to express my feelings, and in doing so, I let you down again and again, even hurting you. However, no one knows better than me how much you mean to me. I am not a sweet talker, nor am I romantic, but I think the beloved should be kept in the heart. That's what I thought until I lost you."

"I lost my mind and looked for you all over the world, but I missed you time and time again. What was worse, a huge misunderstanding happened because of me. I pushed you into the depths of despair, and you hated me to the bone for it. However, I am glad this hatred brought you back to me. No matter what you chose to approach me again, even if you came back to shoot me in the heart, I would still be happy."

At least you're back with me. Fortunately, in the end, we can forget about the bad blood and let bygones be bygones."

"I want to give you all the warmth and love in me. I want you to be the happiest woman in the world. I want you to have all the best things, including me."

He's the best? This man is truly shameless.

"Stop it."

I burst out laughing.

However, it seems inappropriate to laugh on such a serious occasion.

This is the first time I've heard Frances say so many words in one go. Normally, he would end the conversation with a few words.

It proves this moment is special.

I clear my throat awkwardly and whisper to him, "Go on."

Frances looks a little helpless as he continues, "Legally speaking, we are already husband and wife. But some gestures are important to me. And for women, such a romantic occasion comes once in a lifetime, so I have been preparing for a long time for today. Now, I have mustered my courage. Jane, I love you.

Will you marry me?"

As he speaks, he takes out an exquisite and elegant box from his pocket, opens it, pulls out a ring, and puts it on my finger.

It is not a traditional diamond ring, but the gemstone on it is ever so resplendent that I can't take my eyes off it.

Everyone lays his eyes on the ring, which are filled with envy.

I don't know where this ring comes from, but it looks ancient. Moreover, it must be valuable.

I stare at the ring and rub it with my fingers. It grows on me as I admire it.

Where did Frances get it? I fall in love with it right away.

"Frances, where did you get this ring? I find it fabulous," I say to Frances with a smile.

However, why is he looking so gloomy?

I gaze at him in puzzlement until the crowd shout in excitement.

"Say yes!"

Only then do I realize that I haven't accepted Frances' propose.

No wonder he looks so glum.

"Then yes."

I nod with tears of happiness welling in my eyes.

Frances stands up and picks me up, spinning around many times. When he puts me down, I feel so dizzy.

Before I can stand still feeling woozy, Frances kisses me fervently.

Chapter 396 I Will Love You for the R...

In the crowded Prague Square, Frances and I are lost in our amorous kiss.

This kiss is sweet and fresh as ever many years later.

After the fierce kiss, Frances pulls me into the carriage, and we wander around the square.

I still stare at the ring on my finger and can't look away.

"Frances, where did you get this?"

I ask again.

My perseverance prevails and Frances explains to me, "I bought this ring at the auction that day."

An auction?

I remember Frances came back in a good mood then. It turns out it was because he obtained this ring. It is safe to assume that he has been planning on proposing to me since then.

No wonder he has been acting so mysteriously these days. It has been about the upcoming proposal arranged in secret.

I am so touched by him.

I smile and he continues.

his ring was given to his favorite concubine by Ramses II. He loved that woman all his life. I bought this ring to prove I would love you for the rest of my life."

I come to realize every word that comes from Frances can make my heart race.

When he says them, the clichés become the most touching words of affection.

“Gross,” I grumble in a flirtatious manner and lean against his shoulder, my heart filled with happiness. Frances’ proposal drives away all my displeasure from these past few days.

We have fun in Prague for three days. Then Frances decides it is time to go home because a project in his company needs his attention.

After bidding farewell to my parents, we get on the plane to return.

Frances goes straight back to the company, and I go home in a car.

Old Mr. Louis has returned, and Sabina still locks herself up in her room.

“The trip seems to make you so much happier.”

Old Mr. Louis smiles and says to me as soon as I enter the room.

I nod, walk over, and sit beside him.

His eyes are sharp, and he notices the ring on my finger at a glance.

“That brat is considerate. He actually bought this particular ring for you.” Old Mr. Louis is familiar with antiques, so he naturally knows what I am wearing.

I feel even happier when he says that.

After chatting with him for a while, I go upstairs.

I am so tired from the long flight that I fall asleep in bed after taking a shower.

When I wake up, I take my phone to check the time. It is already five o’clock in the afternoon. Frances should be back soon. I get up from bed and intend to go downstairs to cook.

The phone vibrates.

It's a text from Steven.

There is one simple sentence in it.

"My wedding is on the 1st of next month. Will you come?" Finally, Steven is getting married.

I have a hot temper, but I forgive pretty quickly. It has been so long, and in fact, I don't blame him anymore.

However, if I am to go to his wedding, would it be strange? Moreover, would Frances be angry? I don't know how to reply, so I simply put down the phone and go down to cook.

As soon as the meal is ready, Frances comes back.

After dinner, I go back to my room and tell him about Steven's text message in the afternoon.

"Tell me. Do you want me to go or not?"

As I speak, I observe his expression.

This man is petty, so I must get a clear answer from him.

Frances nods and says with certainty, "Yes. Why not?"

Chapter 397 No Progress

Studying his expression, I don't know if he is telling the truth or testing me, so I can only ask again.

"Are you really letting me go? You know how Steven used to..."

I don't continue, but Frances is smart enough to know what I am going to say.

He smiles and hands me an invitation.

"If you go by yourself, I naturally won't agree. However, if I go with you, that will be another matter. It would be most appropriate for you to go as Mrs. Louis."

Opening the invitation, I see Steven and Violet's names on it.

Since Frances puts it that way, it will be fine if we go together.

However, I wonder if Steven will be happy in his marriage.

I think there's something I should give a good thought about," Frances says while lying on the bed.

I lie in his arms and look up at him.

"What?"

"When will our wedding be held?"

Our ... wedding? Anticipation rises in my heart.

Although this is my second marriage, in fact, I have never had a wedding.

When Andrew and I got married, we only had a simple meal with our relatives. We didn't even have wedding photos.

When I think about wedding photos, I get excited.

Every woman wants to have beautiful wedding photos once in her life.

“Wedding photos! I want to get our wedding photos taken. And I want lots of them.” Frances is petrified. After staring at me for two seconds, he bursts into laughter.

“How many are you talking about? I will cooperate until you get sick of it.”

He dotes on me so much that it is almost nauseating.

With him by my side, I feel as happy as they make it.

In fact, the happiness starts to feel surreal.

Truth be told, I am a little uneasy. I have a feeling that this is the calm before the storm.

The time for taking wedding photos is set, and Frances is still hesitant about the wedding day.

I sit at my desk and look at the note. I am not in the mood to work.

Who gave me this note?

Does this person know where my child is?

I have so much doubt, but I don't know whom to ask.

“Frances, any news of the child?” I can't help but ask Frances.

He stops working and walks over, looking at me apologetically.

“Jane, I'm sorry. I haven't found him yet. I don't know why. I've sent people to look for him, but none fits the description of him.”

The news disappoints me.

Who else can I count on if even Frances can't make any progress?

Can I see my child?

"Frances, do you think we will never find him?" I ask somewhat dispiritedly.

Every time I mention the child, it's like adding a new cut on my scar.

"Trust me."

"I will find our child," he says, leaning over and lightly kissing my lips. I feel less agitated.

I can only comfort myself that nothing else matters as much as my child being alive.

In a flash, it is the first day of the next month.

I go to Steven's wedding with Frances.

I am surprised to run into Whitney here.

Chapter 398 A Smaller World for Enemies

Whitney comes with Lawrence. After what happened last time, she has lost a lot of weight and looks disturbed.

I notice that there is fear in her eyes when she looks around at the crowd.

Actually, I feel sorry for Whitney.

It is a woman's sympathy for another woman who has met with misfortune.

It would be a fatal blow for anyone.

Whitney also spots me. When she looks at me, her eyes are filled with hatred. Even the old gentle look in her gaze disappears when she glances at Frances.

There is probably only hatred left in her heart.

Frances and I walk towards Steven and hand him the gift.

Steven's gaze never leaves me.

Today is his wedding. Is it appropriate for him to look at me like this?

I am a little embarrassed. Frances chuckles and says indifferently, "Mr. Steven, you are getting married. Don't stare at other people's wives."

Steven awkwardly withdraws his gaze, smiles sadly, and mumbles.

"Yes, some feelings are meant to be kept in the heart." These words sadden me.

But I don't even have the courage to comfort Steven. In such a happy event, sentimental topics shouldn't be brought up.

Moreover, my consolation is not a good thing for Steven.

I pretend not to hear him and smile generously at him, saying, "Happy wedding, Mr. Steven." The wedding ceremony is about to start.

Violet, dressed in a white dress, looks stunning.

Sure enough, a woman is most beautiful in her life when she puts on a wedding dress for her beloved man.

I'm looking forward to my wedding with Frances.

But if I knew that thing would happen at the wedding.

I would rather it never came.

Of course, it is not the time to talk about it.

It's obvious that Steven doesn't want to marry Violet, because he never smiles once the whole time.

This wedding is destined to be awkward.

Nevertheless, in the end, it is not me Steven marries.

Violet is actually nice. I only hope time can wear away his feelings for me, which would help him to accept Violet.

After the wedding, there is a banquet.

Coincidentally, Whitney and I are placed at the same table. The world is smaller for enemies.

She sits opposite me. Her gaze is filled with hatred and never leaves off my face.

I glance at Frances beside me and hesitate to change seats.

I feel so nervous stared by Whitney like this.

Frances gently grabs my hand under the table and whispers, "Don't be afraid. She doesn't dare to do anything when I'm here."

His words soothe me.

He is right. What's there to be afraid of with him covering me?

I smile at him and sit down calmly.

I ignore Whitney.

After taking a few bites, Frances is called to talk shop by someone at the next table.

I sit on a chair and wait for Frances to come back killing time on my phone.

Out of the blue, a shadow covers me.

I assume it is Frances, so I put away my phone and look up excitedly. However, I meet Whitney's venomous gaze.

Her gaze is like a knife. My skin hurts pierced by it.

Before I can say anything, I am dragged to the center of the hall by her.

With a tear, she pulls my dress off.

Chapter 399 Making a Noise

Noticing my dress is torn apart and slipping, I quickly grab it and squat to cover my private parts.

Whitney is still stepping on the hem of my dress and refuses to let go.

If this continues, sooner or later she will tear my dress off me.

I am standing right in front of the air conditioner, and the cold breeze blows on my back. I get goosebumps all over me.

“Whitney, what exactly are you trying to do?” I frown at her and whisper.

Whitney sneers and ignores the strange gaze of others. She grits her teeth and says to me, “What? Are you afraid? Have you ever thought about how I felt when I was in your place? Jane, I want payback for I have suffered! And your child will be your regret for the rest of your lives!”

She shows her hatred for me outright and steps harder on my dress.

However, why did she mention my child for no reason?

I feel my clothes falling down out of control.

He watch as the tear grows and boobs are about to be exposed.

No! No!

At this critical moment, I feel a burst of warmth on my back.

Turning around, I see Frances behind me, and he takes off his coat to wrap it around me.

He coldly glances to the side and says in a deep voice, “Are you still waiting to watch the show?” That makes the huge crowd scatter quickly.

Whitney looks towards Frances, her old surging love for him long gone.

Any woman would give up treated by her beloved man like that.

“Frances, I just want to know if you can protect her for the rest of your life. I want to see how long you can keep it up!”

After saying that coldly, Whitney leaves.

Frances frowns and takes me to say goodbye to Steven before leaving the wedding.

I wait at the entrance of the hotel for Frances to drive the car over. Steven comes out of the hotel and walks towards me.

Being alone with him is still a little embarrassing, but I speak first.

“Why did you come out?”

Shouldn't he be entertaining the guests inside?

“I have something to discuss with you.” He smiles gently, but I can't read the seriousness in it.

He takes out a cigarette and waves it in front of me. “Do you mind?” he whispers.

I shake my head but feel a bit uncomfortable.

I remember Steven didn't smoke.

Since when did you get into the habit of smoking?

“I heard your child was not dead?” Steven slowly says, faint smoke circling around his head.

I turn around and look at him doubtfully.

“How did you know?”

I’ve never told anyone about this.

“When Frances makes such a noise looking for him, everyone in Virginia knows,” he explains.

Then, he looks at me with a deep gaze.

“Jane, no matter what, I’m glad your child is still alive. Otherwise, I might live a life of guilt. No matter where the child is, I think it will be the greatest redemption for me.”

He finally looks relaxed.

I know he is happy for me.

Although I don’t know where my child is, I have no doubt that I will find him.

Sooner or later, the three of us will be reunited.

Chapter 400 The Jealous Frances

Frances’ car comes. After saying goodbye to Steven, I get in the car.

As soon as I enter the car, Frances says leisurely.

“What? Is there something you can’t say in front of me?”

Sure enough, I know he is notoriously petty.

Helplessly glancing at him, I curl my lips. “What are you talking about? Steven showed his care because you made a huge noise looking for our child. There’s nothing that I can’t say in front of you. He just mentioned it out of concern.”

“You’re saying this like it is nothing. But someone looked at you like he wanted to swallow you up.”
Frances says discontentedly.

I can smell jealousy in the car.

It is too easy to notice when Frances gets envious.

“Alright, alright. He is married, yet you’re still being petty.”

Frances doesn’t say anything else. I think this matter is over just like that.

Who would have thought that he pushes me into bed the moment we get home.

“Petty? Who did you call petty?”

As he speaks, he takes off my coat.

The broken dress is revealed.

The desire in Frances’ eyes burns harder.

I don’t dare to speak or move at all. I am afraid he will eat me alive when I am not paying attention.

I just come back from Steven’s wedding. I feel like I’ve experienced a great battle. I’m tuckered out.

After all, I spent every minute with Whitney being nervous.

Until now, I can’t get her words out of my head.

Steven knows we’re looking for my child, and Whitney probably knows, too.

However, why was she so sure that the child would become our regret? Has she made sure that we won't find him?

I suddenly regret not asking Whitney about his whereabouts.

She took the child away. She should know something.

Although she probably wouldn't tell me, I don't want to give up as long as there is a sliver of hope.

"You're actually distracted now?"

Frances frowns discontentedly and bites me on the shoulder.

I regain my senses and smile bitterly at him. "I was thinking about the child. Whitney must know where he is. Why didn't you ask her?"

Frances loses his mood for sex.

He gets up from me and says in a deep voice, "Do you think I haven't asked? As you know, Lawrence has.

been protecting her like a baby. Today is actually the first time I've seen her since that incident. Before I could ask, she had already left. I asked Lawrence, but he said the child was dead. He's on Whitney's side, so he definitely won't tell us the truth. Instead of being played, we should do our own research."

I nod, feeling sad and disappointed.

Then we search endlessly for the child. One after another, people come to our door and claim that they know where he is.

However, after some DNA tests, we confirm that none of the candidates is our child.

These people are only here to cheat money out of us by bringing their own children over.

They would rather trade their own kids for money. In front of money, kinship always seems so insignificant.

But I'd rather use all my resources to find our child.