

Desperate Time 401

Chapter 401 I'm His Wife

Frances comes back very late recently. I think he is busy looking for Earl.

Until that afternoon, I receive a MMS.

In the photo, there is a man and a woman.

The photo was taken in a hospital. The man is Frances. He is supporting a woman and carefully walking forward.

That woman has a big belly. I feel that she looks familiar, but I can't remember where I saw her.

I just feel that this scene is somewhat familiar.

I am a little uneasy.

I think no one can calm down when she sees her beloved man being so intimate with another woman, who is pregnant.

There are so many misunderstandings between me and Frances. I don't want to make up stories in my head anymore, so I directly call the number.

Someone answers the phone quickly. It is a woman speaking.

"Who is speaking? Why did you send me this photo? Don't think that I would misunderstand Frances. because of such a photo. I trust he, and I won't think nonsense."

I get the drop on her and make my position clear to the woman on the other end of the phone.

The woman chuckled, and her elegant and gentle voice comes from over there.

“Well, you’re making this call. It means that you’ve started to think nonsense, doesn’t it?”

The woman unceremoniously exposes my thoughts. I am glad that I am not face to face with her right now. At the very least, she can’t see my panicky looking.

I clear my throat and say in a serious voice, “I’m not panicking. I just want to tell you that whatever you want to do will be useless. Instead of plotting behind my back, just tell me what you want to do.”

“It’s not suitable to talk about it on the phone. Come out and we’ll talk about it.” The woman tells me an address and hangs up.

She doesn’t wait for my answer. She probably thinks that I’ll go.

I am going to meet her.

I don’t like to be kept in the dark. If the truth is right in front of me and there is no way to know, it would be too uncomfortable for me.

She asks me to meet at a café and tells me that she is sitting at table 2.

I walk into the café and ask the waiter where table 2 is.

Then, I see the graceful and elegant woman.

She is similar to what I have imagined, but it seems to be a little different.

She is quiet and at peace with the world, looking unaggressive.

She slowly stirs the coffee in the cup with a faint smile.

Suddenly, I think of a sentence.

“In the North lives a lady so fair, unearthly but refined, ‘one of a kind’, she defines.”

This is probably the best explanation for her.

I walk over and sit opposite her.

The woman looks up at me and smiles politely at me.

“Hello, my name is Hilda Farey.” Since she is so friendly, I can’t be too aggressive. I can only nod and reply, “Jane Noyes.”

Previously, I had only taken a quick glance at Hilda in the hospital, or perhaps my attention was all on Frances and I didn’t notice how beautiful Hilda was.

Right now, she is so vividly in front of me. Her elegant temperament makes me feel ashamed of myself.

I’m far inferior to her.

Even when I was face to face with Whitney, I had never felt so inferior before.

If Jane has a relationship with Frances, how can I compete with her?

After taking a few deep breaths, I manage to conceal my uneasiness.

I look at her and ask in a serious voice, “What is the relationship between you and Frances?”

My trembling voice exposes my nervousness.

“Like you, I am his wife.”

Chapter 402 She Is More Terrifying

Wife?

Is she Frances' ex-wife?

I think Frances only has an ex-wife, Whitney. Now he seems to have more ex-wives.

Suddenly, I am in a panic and at a loss.

I am deeply convinced of what she says for an unknown reason.

Perhaps, her appearance convinces people that she won't lie.

I force a smile and shake my head. "I don't know that you are Frances' ex-wife." "Ex-wife? Who told you I am his ex-wife?" Hilda smiles faintly and rejects me.

"We registered for marriage abroad. Although our marriage is not recognized at home, we are indeed a couple."

What Hilda said upsets me.

She and Frances are a couple. Who am I to Frances?

Is Frances a bigamist now?

Besides, Hilda was pregnant before, so...

"The child in your belly..."

“Frances is the child’s father. He is not staying at home the past few days, because he is staying with me and our baby.”

Hilda kept wearing a faint smile.

Such arrogant words from her mouth are not annoying.

I am disturbed and I don’t even know if I should believe what she said.

If what she said is true, how should I face it?

I’m in a panic. But I know very well that if I keep being in a panic, it means that I give up.

With great difficulty, I calm myself down. I say to Hilda in a serious voice, “Why did you call me here? Is that all you want to tell me?”

“I never want to ruin your lives. If Frances is willing to be with you, I will sincerely wish you all well. I don’t care what kind of life I lead. I just hope he lives a happy life. But now that our child is getting older and older and he will soon go to school. If he doesn’t have a father, he will be teased by his classmates. He will not have a happy childhood. As a mother, I don’t want to see my child live such a life.”

I’m a mother, too. I know that her child is all she has. But it doesn’t mean that I can give Frances to her.

If she didn’t say those words, I might have thought she was an elegant woman who stood aloof from the rest of the world.

But she said so, I think that she is strange.

I also suddenly think that she might not be as extraordinary as I imagined. She just pretends that she cares nothing and wants to steal Frances from me.

However, Frances is not an item. We can't make the decision for him to stay or leave.

"You can talk to Frances about these things. It's useless to talk to me. Furthermore, I don't know whether you are telling a truth or a lie."

"If you want to know whether it is a truth, ask Frances."

Hilda smiles faintly. She says with confidence as if she prepares to win.

Her looking convinces me that she is a scheming woman.

Or women who look unaggressive like her are much more dangerous than those who look aggressive like Whitney.

I go home with so much on my mind. I am not even in the mood to cook.

I have been thinking about how to talk to Frances later.

The nanny cooks the food. I take a few bites and go back to my room to wait for Frances.

It is late but he hasn't come back. I think of what Hilda told me.

Is he staying with Hilda?

Later, I fall asleep.

Around one o'clock in the morning, Frances comes back. I don't sleep sound, and I wake up the moment Frances enters the room.

He turns his back to me and gently takes off his clothes. I think he is afraid that he will wake me up.

In the past, I would have been touched by his thoughtful actions.

But tonight, I am disturbed and I don't in the mood to care about this.

I swallow hard nervously and speak.

"Did you go to Hilda's place?"

I can feel that Frances stiffens and he slowly turns around.

After a while, he says with a serious expression.

"How did you know that?"

"What is your relationship with Hilda? Is she really your wife?"

I sit up from bed, trembling with nervousness.

I stare at Frances and don't even blink.

I want to know the answer, but I am also afraid of knowing the truth from his mouth.

He purses his lips and says with some difficulty.

"Yes."

Chapter 403 Am I a Home Wrecker

His answer is like a hammer hitting me heavily and I stand there dumbfounded.

What Hilda said is true? Did Frances marry Hilda?

I don't care if they got married at home or abroad, or if their marriage is recognized at home or not. In my opinion, their marriage is real.

They have a child.

How am I supposed to accept this?

Why don't I know all of this before I am devoted to him?

I stare blankly at Frances, unable to say a word for a long time.

All of this is too hard for me to accept.

"Jane, tell me, did she come looking for you? What did she tell you?" Frances walks over and looks at me anxiously.

I pulled out a bitter smile and whispered, "What else could she say? She told me that you are married and have a child. Frances, who am I to you? Did you marry her before or after Whitney? Am I a home wrecker?"

It's so ironic and so funny.

I can't help but laugh. However, tears fall from the corner of my eyes.

I am painful.

I don't know what to do.

If Frances tells me that he loves Hilda, can I leave without hesitation?

Frances sits beside the bed and hugs me tightly.

“Jane, stop thinking nonsense. The truth is not what you think. Calm down first. Ill slowly tell you the truth.”

I look up at Frances and grab his arm tightly, as if I am grabbing the life-saving straw.

Perhaps, only a reasonable explanation can save me.

I only hope that the so-called truth is not too cruel.

Frances tightens his hold on me.

He leans his head gently against mine and explains in a low voice, “Listen. When I was studying in California, I met my best friend in my life, Terence. Hilda was his girlfriend. Terence is the leader of a gang. I know a lot about what he did. As a friend, I tried to persuade him to get out of the game, but he never listened to me.”

“Later, I returned home.”

It turns out that Hilda was his friend’s woman.

What happened afterwards? How did things reach that point?

I am very curious and look at Frances. He has been lost in his memories, and his eyes are filled with deep Sorrow.

I don’t disturb him and listen to him quietly.

“The business of Louis Group is broad, you know. Naturally we offend a lot of people. I almost got assassinated on a business trip to the United States. At that time, I was having dinner with Terence in a restaurant. Several people rushed in and shot at me. As for Terence, he died because he took a bullet for me. Terence had saved my life, so I have to take good care of Hilda. ”

“And then? Why did you marry her?” I finally ask.

I can't do anything about it. This problem is too important to me. What I am most concerned about is also this problem.

“At that time, Hilda was pregnant. After Terence died, Hilda was inconsolable. She even wanted to die with Terence. Later, for the sake of the child, she forcefully bore up. She was the one who proposed to get married.”

Chapter 404 I Believe Him

“As the leader of a gang, Terence had many enemies. Especially there are a lot of conflicts of interest in the gangs, so Terence's enemies were everywhere. However, he had protected Hilda well. Many people didn't even know that Hilda was his wife. However, after Terence died, the gang had no leader. So their enemies would not let go of Hilda and the child in her belly. Hilda had no choice but to find me and ask me to protect her.”

“Originally, I could bring Hilda home, but she insisted on staying in the United States. I had no choice but to go to the United States to get married with her. In this way, those enemies would not suspect her.”

After listening hi explanation, I have a rough idea of the truth of the matter.

Frances was righteous and helped Hilda. And he was not the father of Hilda's child.

Hilda was so confident and let me come back to ask Frances about the truth. She probably didn't expect that Frances would tell me all of this.

And I believe everything he says.

Now, I only have one last question.

“Why did Hilda suddenly return home?” I even saw Frances accompany Hilda for two maternity examinations. What exactly is Hilda thinking?

“Because Virginia is Terence’s hometown. I used to fly to the United States to see her from time to time. But when she was six months pregnant, Hilda suddenly said that she wanted to come back. I thought that she would be safer to come back, so I brought her back.”

“So, Hilda and I definitely don’t have the kind of relationship you think we have. I married her purely to help her. I thought that I married her in the United States and our marriage was not recognized at home, so I didn’t solve this problem. I never expected that she would come to you. That’s all I need to tell you.”

“Do you believe me?”

Frances stares seriously at me. From his eyes, I can see a strong sense of unease.

It turns out that he is so afraid that I don’t trust him.

To punish him for hiding such an important thing from me, I deliberately say sternly, “What do you think? Of course I don’t want to believe you! Why didn’t you tell me about such an important matter before? I

didn’t know it until another woman came looking for me! After that, will there be other passers-by that I don’t know will come and tell me they are all your wives?”

Seeing my expression, Frances panics.

He looks at me nervously and explains to me, “For the sake of Hilda’s safety, I have never told anyone about this matter. I also promised Hilda that I would not tell anyone about it. But you are different. You are my beloved. I don’t want you to misunderstand me anymore, nor do I want you to leave me again.”

His affectionate confession softens my heart.

My inexplicable rage has long disappeared.

Since he tells me, I should believe him.

If I misunderstand him, it just satisfies Hilda.

Sure enough, Hilda is not a simple woman. She thinks that Frances will not tell me about the truth, but she doesn't expect that I will be so important to him.

However, I have to do something about it.

Perhaps Frances doesn't feel it, but from today's conversation, I can feel that Hilda has different feelings towards Frances.

He has taken care of her for so long when she is at her most vulnerable. Perhaps he has inadvertently opened her heart.

I put on a serious face and say to Frances, "How do you plan to solve this problem?"

Chapter 405 I'm Messing Around

Frances turns to look at me and asks puzzled, "Is there anything that needs to be solved? Is there anything wrong with it? I often go to see them just for the sake of Terence."

Frances does not know what the problem is! Won't he understand Hilda's love for him before Hilda says it out loud with a loudspeaker?

"Frances, are you stupid? Hilda likes you. Can't you see that? Do you think why she came to me today? In name, she wants her son to have a complete family. But in fact, she wants you to divorce me and marry her!"

After yelling at Frances, I let out a long sigh.

Frances may be more intelligent than many people.

However, he has little emotional intelligence.

I wonder how he discovered that he loved me.

I have said so, but Frances still shakes his head and says firmly, "Stop messing around. Hilda has been loving Terence all the time. Until now, she often cries sadly when she thinks of Terence. How would she like me? Perhaps she just wants her child to have a complete family. She married me for the sake of the child back then."

No matter what I say, Frances firmly thinks that way. I don't know how to convince him.

Why haven't I found him a stubborn man?

Since he doesn't listen to me, I can only force him.

"Frances, I'm tell you what to do. Firstly, you must dissolve your marriage with her. Secondly, you are not allowed to visit her again."

"Why can't I visit her? I told you that Terence died because he saved me. If I abandon them, how can I face myself in the mirror? I will dissolve my marriage with her, but I won't stop contacting her. You should stop messing around."

"Messing around? Am I messing around? Frances, you must be possessed! Get out! Get out of my sight!" I push Frances away. I am boiling with rage.

It is clear that Hilda has ulterior motives, but now he thinks I am messing around.

I'm willing to believe him, why is he unwilling to believe me?

Frances stands there and stares at me for a while before striding out the door.

When he gets out, he even closes the door for me.

Damn you! You bastard!

“Frances, you’re a bastard!”

I am furious that I take a pillow from my bed and throw it out.

However, I also feel more uneasy.

No matter what Hilda’s goal is, she only said a few words and that’s enough for Frances and I to have a quarrel. If she plays any more tricks, what should I do?

I don’t want to fulfill her wish, but I didn’t do anything wrong tonight. It’s impossible for me to apologize to Frances.

But to my surprise, we haven’t talk to each other for several days.

Frances has been leaving early and returning late these days. I can’t even see him at home.

When he comes back at night, he goes straight to the guest room to sleep.

I lie in bed and looks at the ring on my hand, seeing the irony.

A few days ago, Frances gave me an unforgettable romantic proposal of marriage in Prague. But now he is ignoring me. Isn’t that funny?

I take off my ring and put it in the bedside table. And then I smile bitterly and fall asleep.

In the morning, I get a call from my mother. She says that today is her birthday, so she asks me to go back.

I pack a light bag and go home by taxi.

Chapter 406 Poisoning

I haven't gone back to see my mother these days. Judging from her condition, she should be recovering well.

When I enter the house, she is sitting there trimming vegetables for cooking.

"Mom, I'm back. Where's Frank? Where did he go?"

I walk in and sit down opposite my mother.

I remember Mom saying on the phone that Frank is on vacation today. Why is he not here?

"He went to get the cake. I said there's no need to waste money on the cake, but he told me that the cake was ordered yesterday. So he went out to get it."

Although mom is complaining, the happiness in her tone is obvious.

Perhaps Mom was right to let Sabina go. Otherwise, this family would not be so peaceful now.

Frank returns very soon with a beautiful cream cake.

The cake is small, but it's enough for the three of us.

Mom is the birthday girl today, and I don't want her to work too much, so I push her to the side and I do the cooking.

Very quickly, the dishes are cooked and served.

Frank puts the cake on the table and puts a candle in it. After singing a birthday song for mom, he asks mom to make a wish.

"I'm old. There is no need to do this"

Mom smiles embarrassedly and closes her eyes to make a wish.

I ask her what her wish is, but she refuses to tell us.

Frank teases, "Mom must wish that I can find a wife quickly, so that she can have a grandson."

Mom pats him on the head and glares at him, "It's good that you know about it!"

I am very happy to see the scene.

Frank cuts the cake into three pieces for us. I look at the thick cream on it and don't have any appetite.

I prefer this chicken to the cake.

"I'll eat it later."

As I say that, I reach out to pick up the dishes.

Mom and Frank are chatting as they are eating the cake. Just as they take several mouthfuls of the cake, their faces turn awful.

They fall to the ground. They are having convulsion and their pupils are dilated. They also breathe with difficulty.

What's going on? They just were eating the cake. Why would they become like this all of a sudden?

"Mom, Frank, what's wrong with you?" I was so anxious that I want to pull them up, but I don't dare to touch them at all.

I immediately make an emergency call. Looking at my mother and younger brother who were gradually falling in a faint, I only feel that the world come to a stop.

The house is very close to the hospital and the ambulance arrives in two minutes.

I follow them into the ambulance. On the way to the hospital, the doctors do the first-aid measures.

When they enter the hospital, they are still breathing.

Although I don't know what's going on, I can feel that their situation is not optimistic.

Bad things happened to my family one after another. I don't think I can take it anymore.

I stand outside the ward and wait anxiously.

The longer I wait, the more anxious I am.

I strongly hope that my mom and brother will be fine. I can't lose another relative.

I am so worried and disturbed. I need someone's shoulder too much.

Frances appears in front of me now.

I don't know how he got the news, but the moment I see him, I feel that the string in my mind, which has been tense for a long time, finally breaks.

I run towards him and powerlessly lean against his shoulder. I can't stop shedding tears.

"Frances, what should we do? Will anything bad happen to Mom and Frank? What should I do if something happens to them?"

"Don't be foolish. I'll be with you all the time." He pats me on the back and hugs me in his arms. His words don't reassure me.

But with him by my side, I won't be so panicking.

But I can't do anything but wait.

Every minute and every second is hard for me.

After a long wait, the door to the operating room finally opens.

I hurriedly stand up and run towards the doctor.

"Doctor, how are they? How are my brother and mother?"

"Fortunately, you sent them to the hospital for emergency treatment in time. And the drug dosage they took was not fatal. Their lives are out of danger. Now, both of them are fine."

What the doctor says reassures me.

The keywords that Frances captures are obviously different from mine.

Frances asks the doctor, "What drug poisoning is it?"

“Potassium cyanide.”

Chapter 407 Poisoned by Potassium Cya...

Potassium cyanide?

Poisonous potassium cyanide?

When I hear “potassium cyanide”, I can’t help but break out in a cold sweat.

Fortunately, Mom and Frank took very little of this poisonous substance. Otherwise, there would die.

Frances is shocked, and he tightens his hold on my waist.

He turns to look at me with lingering fear on his face.

“Fortunately, you’re fine.”

One will be poisoned as soon as he touches potassium cyanide. The cake is the only thing that Mom and Frank ate but I didn’t eat.

There definitely won’t be such a poisonous substance in the cake shop.

What is going on?

The doctor asks doubtfully, “How did the patient ingest potassium cyanide?”

What he asks is also my doubt.

However, there are some things that are not suitable to be told to the doctor.

“I don’t know either.”

Mom and Frank come out of the ward. After being under medical observation for a while, they are fine.

And then we go home.

I hand the cake to Frances. He nods at me knowingly.

Even if I don't say anything, he knows that I am asking him to investigate this matter.

"Are you going to throw this away? What a pity," Mom says and doesn't want to waste it.

"It's not a pity. You almost die because of it. You don't need to feel pain for wasting this little money. Where did you buy this cake?"

I look at Frank and ask seriously.

Frank was about to die. He survives and naturally realizes the seriousness of the matter. He immediately says, "I bought it at the cake shop on the corner of the street. The cake shop is promoting sales. But I don't believe that it will kill people because it's cheap."

I roll my eyes at him and say coldly, "You won't dare be greedy in the future!"

I don't tell Mom and Frank that they were poisoned by potassium cyanide and I asked the doctor to keep it a secret.

After all, it will be considered that someone wants to kill us by poisoning. I don't want my mother and Frank to worry, so I just let them think it is food poisoning.

Frank stops talking. I glance at him and say, "You and Mom have just returned from the hospital. Drink some water and get some rest. Frances and I are leaving now. Call me if something happens."

I take the cake and walk towards the cake shop that Frank mentioned with Frances.

The clerk thinks we are going to buy cakes, so he greets us warmly. But when he sees the cake in our hands, he is a little confused.

“May I ask if there is anything you need?”

“Call your manager out.”

Frances says in a serious voice, his entire body emitting a cold aura.

The clerk probably senses that Frances’ identity is extraordinary, so he goes to call the manager out. Very quickly, the manager comes over.

Frances hands the cake over and says sternly, “This cake is made in your shop, right?”

The manager looks at the cake and nods in confusion.

The manager seems to know nothing at all.

Frances continues, “Someone ate this cake and got poisoned by potassium cyanide. Who had come into contact with this cake in the shop?”

Hearing that someone was poisoned by potassium cyanide, the manager is shocked and his face changes. The other two clerks are confused may because they don’t know what potassium cyanide is.

“How is this possible? The cakes in our shop are under strict quality control. How could such a thing happen?”

Cold sweat kept dripping down from his forehead. He is very nervous.

“This has nothing to do with quality. It’s poisoned. I need to know who had touched this cake.”

Chapter 408 Who Is Behind You

The manager thinks back seriously and then says, "There are two cake masters in our shop. This cake was made by Master Lee. When it was made, I packed it myself and handed it to the customer. But I promise, it has nothing to do with me. I didn't do anything."

The manager is so anxious that he almost cries.

The panic in his eyes is real, and his panic is from fear.

I can feel it in his eyes that he didn't poison.

In that case, the master who made the cake is the only one under suspicion.

"Where's Master Lee?"

I ask.

In fact, I have the urge to run to the kitchen and cut the cake master into pieces.

"Master Lee? He said that he had something to do and he needed to go home. He asked for leave just now."

Damn it!

He must flee for fear of being punished.

"Do you have his address or phone number?" Frances asks.

"Yes." The manager nodded.

He immediately writes down the master's address and phone number to us.

Frances and I look at each other and hurriedly walk out.

We don't call the master for fear of alarming him.

Of course, he may not answer the phone even if we call him.

According to the address given by the manager, Frances and I arrive outside a rental room.

We knock on the door, but no one answers or come to open the door.

However, I can hear the sound of tables and chairs moving inside.

There must be someone inside.

Frances gives me a look and signals me to step back.

I take a few steps back, and Frances directly raises his foot and kicks the door open.

When we enter, we saw a man crawling up to the window and he is ready to jump down.

No! How can he escape like this? My mother and Frank almost lost their lives! If he escapes, whom should I get even with?

"Don't..."

Just as I am about to speak, Frances shakes his head and stops me.

I don't know what he means, but I feel that it's good to listen to him, so I obediently shut my mouth.

Frances walks up with a smile and says to the man who is in a panic, "You can jump down, so that no one

can hold you accountable. But you have to see clearly that this is the sixth floor. You know the consequences of jumping down."

Now, I understand what Frances means. I say, "If you jump down from the sixth floor, your body and brain will shatter. But that's not the scariest thing. If you fall down but you survive, you will be paralyzed or in a vegetative state. In that case, you're really suffering and dragging down your family."

The man is frozen for a few seconds before he bursts into laughter and comes down from the window. And then he sits down on the ground.

"I know why you come to me. But it's none of my business. I just took money from someone who asked me to do it. I know what potassium cyanide is, so I didn't add it to the cake as much as the dosage that person said. I reduced half of the dosage. Are they alright?"

I know that Master Lee was directed by someone else. Even if he didn't do it, someone else would do it.

Speaking of which, I would also like to thank him for reducing the dosage so that my mother and younger brother managed to survive.

And I was lucky that I didn't eat the cake.

"Who is behind you?"

Frances looks at Master Lee and asks with a gloomy expression.

His rage scares me, let alone that man.

"Whitney! Whitney asked me to do this!"

Chapter 409 No One Can Stand in the Way

Whitney, it's Whitney again!

When I think of someone is behind, I think of Whitney.

Only she will be so ruthless and tries to harm me and my family again and again! This time, I can't bear it anymore!

"How much money did you take from her to kill us? Do you know that because of your greed, you almost killed two of my closest relatives?"

I walk over, grab the man by the collar, and shout sternly to him.

I am surprised that I will be so powerful that I can lift this man up in anger.

The man is frightened by me. He trembles and says to me, "I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. But my wife is sick and needs money. I had no choice. I'm really sorry."

"Send him to the police station," I say to Frances and go downstairs.

I am depressed. Thinking about how I almost lost my mother and Frank, I am terrified.

These things happen again and again. If I don't do something, I don't know what else Whitney will do.

Very quickly, the police arrive and bring the man away.

Frances comes down and looks at me with affection.

"I'm fine."

I whisper, but I can't even fool myself.

He walks over and stands in front of me, staring at me affectionately with mix feelings. Suddenly, he hugs me tightly.

“But I’m not fine. You know what? Do you know how scared I was when I heard that it was potassium cyanide poisoning? I can’t even imagine what would happen if the master added more potassium cyanide to the cake. If you just ate the cake, I can’t imagine the consequence. Just now, I even wanted to kill that man. Jane, I can’t lose you. I absolutely can’t lose you.”

“Idiot. I’m fine now, aren’t I?” Feeling this man’s deep concern and worry, I also hug him tightly.

I’ve also decided that this man is the person I want to be together for the rest of my life.

So, I can’t allow anyone or anything to get in the way of us.

I make a decision silently.

After returning home, I’ve been thinking about how to deal with Whitney. But after thinking for a long time, I haven’t thought of a suitable method.

However, I don’t want to ask Frances for help anymore.

First, because of Lawrence, it is difficult for Frances to get in touch with Whitney.

Second, I believe that it is impossible to deal with Whitney by legal means. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been able to escape justice after doing so many illegal things.

I believe that the law will punish bad people. However, it may not punish bad people who are rich or powerful.

We don’t mention how to deal with Whitney anymore. Perhaps it’s because we have tacit agreement.

Frances takes me home. After taking a shower, he lies down with me.

It is the first time we have shared a bed after a few days of silent treatment.

Since such a thing happened, Frances doesn't have sex me.

However, he hugs me very tightly the night. I am a little uncomfortable in his arms, but I endure it.

I know that he's afraid of losing me.

I feel warmth and love as my beloved man cares about me so much. I am more determined to be with him for a lifetime.

The next day, Frances goes to work as usual.

I call Mindy and ask her out to meet me.

I tell her about Whitney harming me with potassium cyanide.

"Mindy, what should I do?"

"Whitney is rich and powerful. I'm not surprised that she can escape justice. But don't forget that you're also a rich lady now. Besides, I'm behind you. So, there are some things that you can do."

Chapter 410 She Would Not Give Up No...

I understand what Mindy's means. She wants me to play the same game to Whitney.

But, do I really need to do something illegal? I hesitate.

Mindy reads my thoughts and rolls her eyes at me. She says. "Silly, I don't ask you to do it yourself. Right

now, the main problem is that Whitney has been hiding behind Lawrence, so we don't have a chance to do anything. Otherwise, Frances will not let her go. He would have shredded her into pieces a long time ago.

So, you have to think of a way to get her out and then leave the rest to me. ”

What Mindy says encourages me.

I hate Whitney. I even wish her to die. She repeatedly ruins my relationship with Frances and even takes my child away. I mistakenly believe my child has died and I have been immersed in pain and hatred towards Frances. And now, she directs someone to poison me and my family.

My grudge against her is irreconcilable. How can I let her off so easily?

“But, how can I ask her out?”

I ask in frustration.

Whitney has done something wrong, so she will hide herself. She won't come out to meet me.

“So, we have to think of a way! Think the way yourself. I don't know much about Whitney.”

After I go back, I keep thinking of what Mindy said. I've been wondering what to do.

I am a little surprised that Frances comes back at noon.

“Why do you come back at noon?”

“You're staying at home alone. I'm worried about you.” Frances says in a flat voice. He rolls up his sleeves and enters the kitchen. It seems that he is going to cook for me.

‘I'm not alone.’”

Nanny, Sabina, and Grandpa are all at home, aren't they? "But none of them are me."

He smiles at me and turns to cook.

What else can I say?

I am touched. I sit on the sofa and silently watch his back as he is cooking.

It turns out that a man can be so charming when he is cooking.

Very quickly, Frances finishes cooking. I call Grandpa down for lunch, and the nanny brings the food to Sabina's room.

After lunch, Frances doesn't go to the company but takes me back to the room.

"Are you not going to the company?"

"The company is not as important as you. I want to spend more time with you. After what happened yesterday, I have been very worried."

He stares at me with affectionate eyes, which are filled with love for me.

Actually, I don't want to talk about something sick at such a beautiful time.

But I can't help. I'm a person who can't hold back if I want to say something.

"Frances, can't we do something about Whitney's evil doings?" I look at him and ask tentatively.

After a few seconds of silence, he says to me with a serious expression, "Of course I won't let it go."

However, Lawrence has protected her too well lately. She lives in a place with strict security. I can only wait for a few days until Lawrence weakens defenses. I will not let Whitney off. She keeps doing evil things to you and I almost lose you and our child. I will make her pay a heavy price.”

I know that Frances won't let it go, but I don't know when “a few days” is.

Whitney can hurt me heavily even she is staying at home. I don't know if she will do anything terrible next.

I can't wait, I can't afford to wait.

But I don't tell Frances about my worries.

I ask him, “How many years has Whitney loved you?”

Perhaps he doesn't think that I will ask him this question. He is astonished, and then he says, “It's been more than ten years. She told me that.”

As a woman, I know very well the concept of more than ten years.

I once hated Frances, but in the end, my love for him gained the upper hand. Moreover, Whitney has loved Frances for more than ten years. No matter how much she hates him, her love for him will not disappear so quickly.

A woman will not give up no matter what.

When Frances goes to take a shower at night, I secretly take his phone and send a text message to Whitney.