

Desperate Time 411

Chapter 411 You Are My Weakness

“Whitney, I’m sorry. I really feel sorry for hurting you. After that, I really regretted it. I shouldn’t do that! I shouldn’t hurt you! You love me so much and have always treated me so well, but I have hurt you so ruthlessly. You must be very sad, right? I really know that I was wrong. I don’t love Jane at all. In my heart, from beginning to end, I only love you. I want to meet you tomorrow morning at the golf course in the western suburbs. I want you to give me another chance to make it up to you. I’ll wait there until noon. You don’t have to text me back. If you didn’t come, then I would know your answer.”

After sending it, I quickly delete the text message.

After waiting for a while, Whitney does not reply to my text message, so I’m relieved.

My intuition tells me she should be there tomorrow.

Inside, the sound of water stops. I hurriedly put the phone back where it was and pretend that nothing has happened.

Frances opens the bathroom door and walks out. Then, he returns to the bed and hugs me.

I just sent a text message with his mobile phone. I’m a little guilty.

I break free from his embrace and get out of bed.

“I’m going to take a shower first.”

I take a long bath, perhaps because I’m so worried about what I’m going to do tomorrow.

Later, I don’t open the bathroom door and walk out until I am a little dizzy.

I think that after I have a bath for so long, Frances should have fallen asleep.

But when I walk out, I see him actually looking through his phone.

'Damn it! Whitney doesn't reply to my message, does she?'

'In this way, my plan may fall through.'

I walk towards Frances and ask as if nothing has happened.

"What are you looking at?"

"Browsing your Weibo to see if you've spoken ill of me behind my back."

As he speaks, he waves his phone at me.

I am relieved to hear that.

I lie down beside Frances, but think of a thing suddenly!

Not only have I spoken ill of Frances, but I do it more than once!

Before, I misunderstood him, and wanted to marry him to revenge. During that time, I had to face my so-called enemy every day. I was very depressed.

Therefore, I cursed Frances on Weibo almost every day.

I haven't logged on Weibo during this period of time and have forgotten about it!

I bury my head under the blanket and turn my back to Frances with guilt, hoping to muddle through.

However, Frances doesn't seem to intend to let me off just like that.

He clears his throat and reads behind me word by word, "Frances, you are cruel and unscrupulous! One day, I will chop you up and feed you to the dog!"

"Frances, you shameless bastard, actually did such a thing to me. I really want you to directly become a eunuch!"

I swear more and more at him. I feel that I might not be far from death anymore.

"Frances, you bastard! One day I'll find your weakness and teach you a lesson!"

Frances rests his head on my shoulder and whispers, "How do you want to teach me a lesson?" In an instant, I feel like weeping but have no tears.

I force a smile and say to Frances, "I haven't found your weakness yet."

"Didn't I tell you everything? You are my weakness."

Chapter 412 We Can't Have Wedding Pho...

I'm deeply moved by his words.

I feel very happy.

He did say that to me before, but at that time, I was filled with hatred for him. How could I believe his words?

Now, I believe everything he says.

However, I still say, "Cut out the banana ail. I won't believe you. You must be lying to me." Unexpectedly, Frances directly admits it.

“That’s right. You’re my Achilles’ heel. As long as it’s related to you, I can’t be rational.”

I finally couldn’t help but turn around and hug him tightly.

“Frances, I really want to be with you for the rest of my life.”

I bury my head in his arms and say in a low voice.

“We’ll be together for the rest of our lives.” He says softly, his hands gently stroking my hair.

“What if I break the law and kill someone?” I raise my head and look at him seriously.

“Even so, I’ll protect you. Don’t worry. Besides, I don’t believe that you would do something illegal. After all, you even can’t bear to hurt animals.”

He chuckles.

He’s right.

But this time, Whitney really touches my bottom line.

I have to do something for my missing child and for all the people I care about who have been hurt by Whitney.

I don’t want Frances to worry, so I explain, “I didn’t mean what I said. Forget it, I’m so sleepy, let’s go to sleep.”

After a long yawn, I hug Frances’ waist and feel more eased.

But in fact, I am very anxious and can’t fall asleep.

Frances doesn't sleep either. He seems to be flipping through his phone. Perhaps he is still watching how I scolded him.

Suddenly, Frances whispers to me, "Jane, let's go to have our wedding photos taken tomorrow." Tomorrow?

But I have an appointment to see Whitney tomorrow. How can I go to get photographed?

After thinking a while, I say to Frances, "Isn't it necessary to make an appointment? I heard that we need to make an appointment at least a few days in advance."

"There's no need. The Louis Group has a studio. We don't need to make an appointment."

I am anxious when I hear Frances' words.

I have to find a reason to turn him down! Anyway, I definitely can't go to get photographed tomorrow! After thinking for a while, I continue saying, "I haven't been in a good condition lately. You have fattened me up. My skin is poor and I wouldn't be very photogenic. Therefore, I want to put it off for a while!"

I don't expect that I could be good at making things up.

Frances has no choice but to helplessly agree to my request, saying that he would find another time.

The next morning, Frances goes to the company after breakfast. I tidy up and prepare to go out.

Whitney and I didn't make an appointment for the exact time. I have to go early to be prepared for it.

Besides, I have to rent a car first.

Just as I am about to leave, old Mr. Louis suddenly stops me.

"Jane, don't leave yet. I have something to talk to you."

Since he calls me, I naturally can't ignore him.

No matter how anxious I am, I still stop and say to old Mr. Louis with a smile, "What's the matter, grandfather?"

Old Mr. Louis has been out for a few days. He just came back last night. What does he want to tell me? Old Mr. Louis looks at me and speaks with a serious expression.

"You'd better divorce Frances."

Chapter 413 Birds of a Feather Flock...

I never thought that old Mr. Louis would say such words to me.

Doesn't he like me all along? Previously, when he knew that Frances and I were getting married, he was also very happy. Why does he suddenly say such words?

I really don't understand.

I hope he is joking with me. After all, he is quite naughty sometimes. But his expression is so serious that I panic.

"Grandfather, stop joking." I force a smile and say to old Mr. Louis.

"I'm not joking. I really hope that you and Frances will divorce. This way, it will be good for everyone."

"Why? Grandfather, tell me the reason why I should divorce Frances?"

I can't figure out the reason why he said that.

"There's no reason. Anyway, you must do as I say! Frances doesn't listen to me, so I want you to bring it up with him."

Old Mr. Louis says seriously.

It seems that I don't have the right to refuse.

However, not only would Frances not agree, I would not either.

"Grandfather, I won't divorce Frances. Nobody can stop me from being with him. If there's nothing else, I'll go first," I say firmly.

After saying that, I go out without looking back.

If I continued to talk with him, it would really be too late.

After renting a car at the car rental agency, I drive to a fork in the road near the golf course in the western suburbs and wait for Whitney to arrive.

In this period, Mindy gave me a call.

"Jane, have you thought of how to ask Whitney out?"

"No."

I lie to Mindy.

This is a grudge between me and Whitney. I don't want to involve Mindy in it.

I think of a way. Do you think it's feasible? Send her a message with Frances' phone and ask her out. I think she will definitely come out."

Sure enough, birds of a feather flock together. Mindy and I think of the same method.

However, I'm still not sure if Whitney will come out.

"Forget it, if Frances finds out about it, then the plan will fall through. We should think of another way. I've got stuff to do, so I have to hang up."

After hanging up the phone, I let out a long sigh, hoping that the plan Mindy and I came up with would succeed.

There seems to be a car coming up ahead.

It's a Porsche. I saw Whitney drive it before.

It shouldn't be wrong.

I clench onto the steering wheel with my hands and my foot is trembling with nervousness as I step on the accelerator.

At this time, my phone rings again in my bag.

I think it is from Mindy, but when I look at the screen, I find that it is Frances' call.

Why does he call me at this time? Does he discover something?

No!

I can't let him ruin my plan!

I don't answer the phone. Instead, I put my phone aside and stare in Whitney's direction.

The ring stops. However, he calls again soon.

I don't even want to look at it, I just want to make Whitney pay the price.

Whitney's car is only a hundred to two hundred meters away from me.

It isn't her who is driving today, but a man. He should be her driver.

Whitney sits in the back seat, her face full of tenderness and sweetness.

Sure enough, once a woman falls in love, she would lose her mind.

'If I just hit them like that, the driver would be in danger.'

However, this is the only chance I have. If I missed it, there might not be any left.

After all, asking Whitney out is not such a simple matter.

This innocent driver is implicated. Now he seems to have to accompany Whitney to suffer together.

"I'm sorry." I whisper in my heart, then step on the accelerator and crash into the Porsche.

Chapter 414 That's Your Child

The driver quickly reacts and drives the car to the side.

However, the distance between the two cars is so narrow that the two cars can't dodge but collide.

The front of my car crashes into the back seat of Whitney's car.

It is only when I am so close that I realize that Whitney is hugging Earl in her arms! Although Whitney should go to the hell, Earl is innocent!

I hurriedly step on the brakes, but apparently, it is too late.

My head hits the steering wheel so hard and my skin is punctured by broken glass.

It hurts.

I feel blood flowing down my head and my consciousness is fading.

I want to look up and see how Whitney is, but I don't have the strength anymore.

My head droop down on the steering wheel and my eyes close limply.

The phone vibrates from the side. I try to prop open my eyelids and read the words clearly.

"Jane, don't do anything stupid. I'll be right over."

He'll be right over?

When?

Frances, do I still have a chance to see you?

My eyes dull, and I fall into boundless darkness.

I don't know if I'm dead, but if I can drag Whitney to the hell together. I think it's worth it.

Only when she dies would things really end.

However, what happened to the driver and Earl?

It's the only thing I care about before I go into a coma.

"Jane, don't sleep. Wake up, look at me!"

This voice sounds familiar. It is like a beam of light that suddenly shines into my pitch-dark life.

Who is he?

Yeah! Frances!

My love, Frances!

I want to open my eyes, but I really don't have any strength.

I could only hear him calling my name over and over again.

Later, I hear the sound of an ambulance and the sound of medical staff talking. The environment is more and more noisy, and then turns quiet again.

The last thing I heard is the doctor asking the anesthesiologist to give me an anesthetic.

And then, I lose consciousness.

When I wake up again, I think I am dreaming.

I slowly open my eyes and see the worried Frances.

I don't see him for a while. He seems to be haggard. His dark circles under the eyes are as deep as a giant panda's, and his beard is long.

"Frances..."

I want to call him, but as soon as I open my mouth, I find it hard to say a word.

“Jane, you’re awake!”

Frances excitedly stands up from his chair and strides towards me.

Because of the excitement, his body couldn’t help but tremble.

“Yeah. Water.”

After I say this briefly, Frances pours a cup of hot water and hands it to me.

After drinking a few mouthfuls of water, I feel my throat is much better. Then I say to Frances, “I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

“You’ve been asleep for three days! Do you know how dangerous your actions are? You almost died!” I just wake up and I don’t want to hear Frances blame me.

I know he is worried about me, so I feel really guilty when facing him.

“I want some porridge. Go buy some for me.”

He nods and tells me to call him if I need anything, and then he goes out.

Not long after Frances leaves, an uninvited guest arrives.

Whitney.

She comes in in a wheelchair with a cast on her leg.

Looks like she only hurt her leg.

“I’m not dead, you are very surprised, right?” Whitney sneers.

I don’t say anything and my heart is filled with resentment towards her.

I really hate Whitney too much. I can’t control this kind of hatred at all. If I was able to move now, I would go forward and strangle her.

But now, I’m even weaker than Whitney. It was impossible to attack her.

“I just broke my leg, but that child is still in the intensive care unit.” Whitney looks at me with a meaningful smile on her face.

Earl? Is Earl hurt? Is it serious?

How cold is this woman! Her child is already like this, yet she is actually able to act as if nothing has happened!

She’s not worried about Earl, but I’m worried.

My heart aches for Earl.

On the surface, I have to pretend that I don’t care.

“What does that have to do with me? It’s your child anyway. I don’t care.” Whitney smiles and speaks to me slowly.

“What if I say he’s your child?”

Chapter 415 I Can't Lose Him Again

My son? "What do you mean?"

Whitney looks at me with disdain and sneers, "Don't you understand? Jane, you're really stupid to the extreme. Do you really think Earl is my child? My baby died before it was born due to a winding cord! Then I gave you that dead child to make you think your child was dead. Anyway, making you suffer for so long is worth all the effort I put in."

"It's just that having to help you raise your child is just too much for me to bear. Now that your child could die at any moment, I'm happy to tell you the news. Maybe I'll even get to see you taste the pain of losing a child again."

The expression on Whitney's face is crazy. One could imagine just how much she hates me.

Now that Earl is in the intensive care unit, she is still so happy. I really hate her to the point that I want to strangle her.

However, in my heart, I couldn't restrain my excitement.

It turns out that Earl is my child.

He has always been by my side. I like him and care about everything about him, but I don't know that he is my child.

But now, I personally knock my child into the intensive care unit. How can I forgive myself!

"I want to see my child! My child!"

Earl, you must be fine.

Tears roll down my cheeks.

I struggle to get off the bed, but fall to the ground.

I'm aching all over.

The dense pain coming from my body almost makes me faint.

But I don't care about it. At this moment, I just want to see my child.

I just want to know if there's anything wrong with Earl.

I've already lost him once. I absolutely can't lose him again.

I couldn't get up, so I lumber to the ground and crawl step by step toward the outside.

When I pass by Whitney's side, she stretches out her leg and kicks me hard on the back.

"Jane, you look like a dying dog that is struggling to survive, everyone wants to kick you when they see you."

She kicks me hard.

I feel my organs twisted together, barely able to move forward.

But I am so eager to see my child that I don't care about anything.

Until Whitney kicks me even harder.

I can't hide! I can't escape! I could only close my eyes and wait for her to kick me.

"Whitney, what are you doing?"

Suddenly, I hear Frances shouting.

Then, something falls to the ground.

I open my eyes and see the wheelchair overturned by Frances. Whitney is lying on the ground in pain. She looks desperate.

Her tears flow down the corner of her eyes and she says self-deprecatingly, "I'm so stupid that I believed in the content of that text message. You don't love me, but I still jumped into the trap myself with a glimmer of hope. Fortunately, I'm alive, then you would watch me torture this woman bit by bit."

"Whitney, if you dare to hurt her again, I will definitely kill you!" Frances' eyes are filled with rage.

I know that Whitney doesn't care about anything anymore.

Despair is the greatest sorrow.

A woman who is desperate, could do anything.

Chapter 416 I Want to See Him Right Now!

Whitney sits on the ground, laughing and crying.

Soon, Lawrence walks in.

Seeing Whitney lying on the ground, he frowns and comes in to help her into the wheelchair, pushing her out without a word.

I struggle to get up from the ground. I try several times but fail.

Almost half of my life has been taken away in this car accident.

Whitney's kick just now makes me even worse.

“Jane, are you alright?”

Frances strides over and helps me up.

I grab him tightly and say excitedly, “Frances, I found our child. Earl is our child! But I hurt him. Take me over and see him. I want to see him!”

Frances is shocked. He seems to find it difficult to accept this shocking fact for a moment.

“How did you know?”

“Whitney just personally told me that her child died in her belly, so she took my child away and raised him.”

Before, I wondered why Whitney treated Earl so cruelly and abused him. Now I finally understand, because of her hatred for me, she vents all her anger on the child.

The reason why she hates me so much, but brings the child back to raise is probably because the child in her belly is not Frances', and Earl is definitely Frances' child. At that time, to make sure that everything would be all right, she brought the child back.

Later on, she fights for custody of the child just because she doesn't want to give the child to me.

All her strange and unreasonable actions are reasonably explained.

I am very excited when I finally have found my child. But I'm also worried about Earl.

Whitney used Earl to block the impact for her. Is Earl injured seriously? Otherwise, he wouldn't have entered the intensive care unit.

“Frances, quickly take me to see our child!”

I grab Frances' arm and am very anxious.

"But you are so weak now that it is difficult for you to even walk. Wait until you feel better." Frances looks at me worriedly and says somewhat awkwardly.

But I can't wait anymore.

I can't wait a minute! I have to see Earl right away!

"No, I want to see him! I want to see him right now! If you don't take me, even if I risk my life, I will still climb in the intensive care unit!"

In the end, Frances has no choice but to order someone to carry me to the hospital bed. He pushes me towards the entrance of the intensive care unit.

The intensive care unit has a set visiting time each day, and it is past that time now.

Frances calls the leader of the hospital, and soon a doctor opens the door.

After disinfection, Frances and I enter the ward together.

The moment I see Earl, I burst into tears.

Earl's face is pale as he lies in the incubator, breathing in oxygen, and his body is covered with tubes of all sizes.

Although he is asleep, he looks painful.

Just looking at the scene, my heart aches to the point of dying.

I cause my own child to be like this.

I really wish that the person lying there right now is me, and I don't want him to endure all of this!
"Doctor, how is the child?"

"The child suffered a violent impact that resulted in three broken ribs on the left side, one of which was also inserted into the lung. There was also contusion on the kidney resulting in bruising, and we are still observing the rest of the situation."

Chapter 417 Blame Me for Being Impulsive

How painful is it that his ribs are sticking into the lungs?? "Then hurry up and have an operation. What are you waiting for?" I say anxiously to the doctor.

The doctor shakes his head and says, "Right now, the child's vital signs are still unstable and his body is particularly weak, so if we rushed into surgery, he would be at risk of hemorrhaging. We can only wait for the child's condition to stabilize before making plans."

Looking at the poor child, I feel very sad and guilty.

I really regret it. Why did I bump into them without seeing the situation clearly? Right now, Whitney is fine, but Earl is injured so badly.

If there was anything wrong with Earl, then I wouldn't want to live.

Originally, I want to see him a little longer, but the doctor says that he is afraid of cross infection, so he reminds us that we should go out.

For the sake of the child's safety, I could only let Frances push me out.

As soon as I get out of the intensive care unit, I couldn't help but break down.

“Baby, I’m sorry. I’m sorry...”

Frances looks at me with distress and whispers, “It’s not your fault. If you had seen him, you wouldn’t have done it. It’s my fault for finding out too late so that you and our child were in danger.”

“How did you know I was going to attack Whitney?” I look up at him with tears in my eyes.

“Whitney sent me a text message telling me that she had arrived. I found it strange and remembered your strange behavior last night. I asked my men to check my phone call and text message records. If I had found out earlier, I would have stopped you.”

He pushes me into the ward and gently hugs me.

“It’s all my fault that I am too impulsive to cause such an outcome. Right now, I only hope that nothing will happen to our child.”

For the rest of the time, I feel very uneasy. I want to know the news about Earl, but I’m afraid that I would hear bad news.

Frances is afraid that my mother would worry about me, so he doesn’t tell my family about my car accident.

I am grateful to him for this.

Things are already in a mess. I don’t want my mother to be more worried.

The next afternoon, news comes from the intensive care unit that Earl’s condition has stabilized and he is ready for surgery.

But his surgery has risks, so doctors ask us to be mentally prepared.

My hands are trembling when I sign the family agreement. I couldn’t even move my pen for a long time.

Frances takes it and signs his name. He says to me in a low voice, "Don't worry, everything will be fine. I've called the best doctor in the country, so the surgery basically won't be risky."

"Basically?" I look up at Frances, still worried.

I want 100% certainty.

"Jane, you know that surgery is definitely risky. I can't guarantee you that nothing will go wrong. But you should believe me. Our child will definitely be fine."

I nod.

Now, I could only hope for the best.

I have recovered a lot in the past two days. Ignoring Frances' obstruction, I run outside the operating room and sit waiting for news of the child.

Halfway through the operation, several police officers come to look for me.

"Ms. Noyes, you are suspected of being involved in a premeditated murder case. Please come back with us to assist in the investigation."

Another premeditated murder? Last time, Whitney framed me.

But this time, I really want to kill her.

Chapter 418 I Don't Want to Go to Jail

"Ask her here. She hasn't recovered yet, so she can't go to the police station with you." Frances says in a low voice.

One of the policemen recognizes Frances at a glance because he handled the matter of old Mr. Louis last time.

He immediately calls the higher-ups and they immediately agreed.

Afraid of disturbing the doctor's operation, I go back to the ward with the police.

"Ms. Noyes. Ms. Whitney reported that you tricked her out of her home and caused a car accident to try to kill her. Is this true?"

I am stunned and don't know how to answer.

If I admitted it, I would be convicted of a felony.

But if I don't admit it, this is the truth.

Frances who stands aside speaks up for me.

It's not true. There's a child in Whitney's car. We are his parents. Jane is his mother. Do you think a mother would do this regardless of the safety of her own child?"

His words leave the police tongue-tied.

The policeman flips through the records before continuing, "But there are text messages provided by Ms.

Whitney. The driver of the car also testified that Ms. Noyes' car was parked there at that time. After seeing their car, she crashed towards them like crazy."

What they said is the truth. I don't even have a chance to refute it.

But I don't want to go to jail.

Earl is still in the operating room. He is still so young. I have a long life to spend with him. I absolutely cannot leave him.

I have no choice but to look at Frances for help.

“I sent those text messages to Whitney. At that time, there was something wrong with my company, so I let Jane go over first. Later, because I called and she was busy answering my phone, she didn’t see Whitney’s car, so she crashed into it.”

When Frances speaks, he is very calm. His serious appearance almost convinces me.

Sure enough, compared to Frances’ sophistication, I am too simple.

Finally, after we made the record, the police went back unhappily.

“Frances, will I go to jail?” I ask worriedly.

“I told you that I would protect you.” Frances grips my hand tightly and smiles at me.

I nod and continue to wait outside the operating room.

After staring at the door of the operating room for two hours, the door finally is opened.

The doctor walks out and says to us, “The operation went smoothly. Your child is out of danger now. Let him be in the intensive care unit for another day today. If the condition is stable, you could transfer him to the general ward tomorrow.”

I nod. I don’t take my eyes off the child until he is in the intensive care unit.

Although the doctor said that the child was out of danger, I couldn’t be at ease for a moment before he comes out of the intensive care unit.

I didn’t sleep that night.

By dawn, the doctor comes and tells me that they have transferred the child to the general ward.

I hurriedly rush towards the ward and run to the hospital bed. I hold Earl's small hand tightly and am reluctant to let go for a moment.

Fortunately, Earl is fine. He has finally returned to my side.

After half a month in the hospital, we take Earl home.

When old Mr. Louis sees Earl, he is extremely happy. However, afraid of hurting Earl, he could only carefully carry Earl around.

Earl is the great-grandson of old Mr. Louis, and old Mr. Louis likes him very much.

But in my mind, I still can't help but think of what old Mr. Louis said to me that day.

Judging from his indifferent attitude towards me now, he must have made up his mind to let Frances and me divorce.

However, I don't want to leave Frances.

Now that the three of us are finally reunited, how can I leave Frances at this time?

Frances is downstairs talking to old Mr. Louis about Earl's situation. Sabina wants to come over to see Earl, but because old Mr. Louis is there, she could only watch from afar.

I go upstairs alone, wanting to put on the ring I took off that day.

But after searching the entire room, I don't see the ring.

I clearly remember that I took it off and put it on the bedside table. Where is it now?

Chapter 419 Do What We Love

My memory rarely goes wrong, but out of caution, I decide to search the entire room again.

To my dismay, I searched the whole room, including under the bed and in the cracks of the bed, I still did not find my ring.

“What are you looking for?”

Frances stands at the door with Earl in his arms and asks me doubtfully.

That’s the proposal ring that Frances gave me. I can’t let him know that I accidentally lost it.

Since it was lost in the room, if I spent more time, I would find it.

“Nothing much. I dropped my earring. I’m looking for it casually.”

I casually find an excuse, but I don’t dare to look at him.

However, I’m not good at lying.

Frances sees through my unnaturalness and walks over with a frown.

“Jane, you know, once you lie, I’ll see through it at a glance.”

“Who said that? Didn’t you believe me before when I said I didn’t like you?” I say with a deadpan voice.

Frances smiles and puts Earl, who is already asleep, into the crib. He says to me, “You’re wrong. I knew from the beginning that you loved me.”

“Come off it. If you’re so sure, why are you so afraid of losing me? Why do you panic the moment I get a little intimate with other men?”

My words make Frances' expression very unnatural.

I think I've finally managed to change the subject.

I finally let out a long sigh of relief.

No matter what, I couldn't let him know that my ring has been lost now.

The ring is very important. I am afraid that he would be angry with me after he knows that.

I didn't even have a good bath in the hospital. Therefore, I go to the bathroom to take a long bath before I finally come out satisfied.

Frances sits beside the bed and looks at the baby in the crib with a gentle expression.

"You look like a loving father now."

I tease him as I wipe my hair.

"A loving father? Looks like I can't be too gentle with him in the future. Otherwise, I'm afraid that he would be very naughty."

Frances jokes with me.

He takes the towel in my hand and gently wipes the droplets of water from my hair.

Then, he takes the hairdryer from the side and helps me blow-dry my hair carefully.

I've fantasized about this scene many times before.

I hope there is someone I love, we have a cute child, living in a small room. He gently helps me blow-dry my hair, as if taking care of the most precious treasure in the world.

Now, apart from the room being bigger, everything has come true.

I couldn't help but smile sweetly.

"What are you laughing at?" Frances turns off the hairdryer.

"Nothing."

Although I said that, I couldn't stop laughing.

It turns out that I could also have such a happy life.

Frances doesn't ask any further and continues to blow-dry my hair.

After Frances blow-dried my hair, he put down the hairdryer and pressed me on the bed.

"I see. You must be thinking about how you're going to spend the night with me."

He murmurs softly in my ear, and the hot breath coming out of his mouth makes my body go limp with it.

I blush and shyly say to him, "Nonsense! You are thinking about such shameless things. What does it have to do with me?"

"Why is it shameful to do the thing we love to do with you?"

Frances raises his head and says seriously to me.

Chapter 420 A Sleepless Night

I am embarrassed by his look, feeling so shy that I bury my head in his arms.

He moves my head out of his arms a little bit and gives me a sweet kiss.

His kiss goes down on my body, first on my lips, then on my breast, my belly, and at last it reaches my private parts.

I blush and my private parts can't help getting wet.

My whole body is lit up by him.

He lingers for a while at the softest place there, and then he kisses the scar on my belly again.

Recently, every time when we make love, he would kiss the scar again and again.

His kiss is so affectionate that my soften with it.

"Jane, I'm so sorry for making you suffer so much. But thank god you're with me now, and we also find our child back. From now on, I will protect you two from any harm."

"Well."

I nod my head, and my heart fills with his tenderness.

Soon after, he gets in my body, and instantly I feel something hot and huge sticking in.

At the beginning he moves gently considering that I was just discharged from hospital, but when he finds there is no sign that I'm not feeling well, he completely sets his desire free on me.

This night, I am like a fish in the pot at his tossing and turning.

I don't know how many times I comes in his raced movements, during which I also beg him for mercy many times, but he doesn't listen at all.

In the end, it's the baby's crying for feeding that stops Frances, or I really don't know how long this will be.

"You naughty boy, spoil your daddy's good deed. Daddy must punish you later!" Feeling unsatisfied, Frances sits aside and looks indignantly at Earl who is been feeding.

I glance at him and counter in a muffled voice, "Don't be so mean to our child, or you can wait and see how I'll punish you first!"

Hearing this, he takes back his complaining look.

However, he pushes me back to bed again as soon as I finish breastfeeding, continuing the episode.

Tonight is bound to be a sleepless night.

The next morning, I get up, holding my sore back. It's rare to see Frances sleep so late, so I don't wake him up. I search for the ring in the room again but get no results.

If it's not in the room, did someone take it?

There are not many members in the family, excluding Frances and old Mr Louis who have no reason to take it, the left are Sabina and nanny.

It's not decent to be suspicious of others without evidences, but I still go down to ask the nanny.

After all, this ring is really important to me.

"Did you get in my room?"

Nanny shakes her head and says, "You know me Mrs Louis, that I have never even been to upstairs, how could I possibly get in your room? The most important for a nanny is knowing what to do and what not, so I will never do what I'm not asked by house master."

It seems that the firm and sure look on her face is telling me that I have no reason to ask more, so I can only ask Sabina.

"Mama, have you seen my proposal ring that Frances gave to me?" Sabina changes her face as soon as I open my mouth.

"What do you mean? Are you doubting me? I've got plenty of money. I can buy anything, and I won't give it a shit to touch your thing. Though Frances likes you, it doesn't mean you are the queen in the family.

The fact that I'm his mother will never change, so don't go too far!"

Looking at her, I don't know what to say for a moment.

Suddenly, Frances' voice is heard behind.

"What happened?"

"This woman, she lost the proposal ring you gave to her and now she comes to question me." Sabina snorts coldly and replies.

Well, it's impossible to keep it as a secret now.