

Desperate Time 431

Chapter 431 A Perfect Couple

Violet wants to see me?

Does she want to spill coffee on me again?

“Why do we have to see each other?” I rejects her request.

“I want to talk to you about Steven. He’s not doing well these days.” “As his friend, I hope you can come out and meet me.”

Violet pleads. I can tell that she really likes Steven.

Actually, I want to say that I don’t care.

However, I cannot restrain my true feelings.

I owe Steven much. Now something goes wrong with him. I can’t just sit back and do nothing.

Even if Violet sets up a trap for me, I have to see her.

“Alright, where should we meet?” I ask in a deep voice.

“Let’s meet at the clubhouse next to your house. If I choose a place too far away, I’m afraid you’ll think I’m up to something.”

With her saying that, it seems like I have no other choices but go.

“Alright, when?”

“Two o’clock in the afternoon.”

After making the appointment with Violet, I put on my clothes and go downstairs.

I see Frances and Hilda sitting on the sofa, each holding a child and talking with a smile.

They are like a perfect couple. What a harmonious picture. But to me, it is really an eyesore.

Frances is my husband. How can he be so intimate with other women?

I walk down without a word, sit opposite them and watch them talking.

They notice me after a long while.

Frances stands up and walks towards me. He smiles and says, “You’re up. Why don’t you sleep a little longer?”

If I sleep a little longer, I’m not sure what I will see.

Of course, I only dare to say it in my mind.

Otherwise, I would look very narrow-minded.

I force a smile, take the child from Frances and ask softly, “Has Earl eaten?”

“Yes. When I fed my baby, I also fed him,” Hilda said with a smile.

I don’t ask her. Why is she the one answers?

I roll my eyes at Hilda and don't want to talk to her.

She hands Earl to the nanny and goes to the kitchen to make breakfast.

Hilda finishes cooking and goes out soon.

At the same time, old Mr. Louis walks out of the room.

He is still a little weak, so he trembles when he walks.

I want to go up and support old Mr. Louis, but Hilda steps ahead of me and goes forward to support him.

"Grandpa, be careful. Don't fall again."

She helps old Mr. Louis over and sits down at the table. Then she sits down beside old Mr. Louis and serves him half a bowl of porridge.

Then, she gives Frances another bowl.

Of course, she doesn't give me.

But I didn't expect her to do so.

I hand the child to the nanny and silently serve myself a bowl of porridge.

During the meal, Hilda keeps helping old Mr. Louis with the dishes. I've never seen old Mr. Louis smile so happily before.

I have to say that Hilda really knows how to bribe people.

Both Frances and old Mr. Louis have a good impression of her.

If it goes on like this, what should I do?

After the depressing meal, I put away dishes and go to the kitchen to wash them.

Hilda insists on helping and follows me into the kitchen.

I feel very uneasy to be in the same space with her.

After all, bad things happens every time when I am alone with her.

“Just go out. I don’t need your help.”

I say coldly.

Hilda smiles and looks around the kitchen. I don’t know what she’s looking at, but it makes me uneasy.

Soon, the water in the pot boils. I take the pot to the side and prepare to wash it.

Suddenly, Hilda cries out in alarm. Then, a heat wave rushes towards me.

Chapter 432 Am I Crazy

Turning around, I see my dress burning.

It burns very quickly because it’s made of silk.

Without any hesitation, I quickly take off the dress and jump to the side.

Frances and old Mr. Louis notice the sound and rush over. They see me standing there with a panicked expression.

I am wearing leggings inside, but I still feel a little embarrassed when old Mr. Louis comes over.

But right now, I'm not in the position to care about that.

If it weren't for my quick reaction, I probably would have died because of the fire.

The dress burns out quickly, and the entire room is filled with a pungent smell.

"What's going on? Are you alright, Jane?"

Frances walks over and looks at me anxiously.

I shake my head, but my gaze is locked onto Hilda.

I don't know how it happens, but it happens the moment I turn around.

I forget to turn off the gas when I pick up the pot. My dress is probably ignited by the flame.

However, I don't know how it touches the flame.

"I don't know. I didn't see anything. You should ask Hilda about this," I said coldly.

Hilda put on an innocent look. She shakes her head at me and says, "It's none of my business. I only noticed it when it began to burn. Your dress probably got caught by the gas range."

"How could it be possible?" I snort and snap at Hilda, "How could an ankle-length dress get caught by the gas range? Come up with a better excuse. Otherwise, nobody is going to believe you."

No one would have done this except Hilda.

She can even do such a terrible thing. I can't imagine what will happen if she continues to live here. I won't even be able to have a sound sleep.

“I really didn’t do that. Frances, do you believe me?” While crying, Hilda runs to Frances and grabs his arm.

Frances purses his lips tightly without saying anything. He may be thinking about what is actually going on.

Seeing this, Hilda suddenly clenches her fists, her eyes filled with determination as she walks towards the gas.

“I never lie. How could I do such a terrible thing? Jane, even if you want to set me up, this is over the line.” I set her up?

“Are you saying that I risk my life to frame you?”

I feel it more and more ridiculous.

Only I know how dangerous it was.

I can’t stop sweating on my back until now.

Hilda turns around and looks at the flames that are still leaping. She firmly says, “Since none of you believe me, I’ll prove it to you. I didn’t do it.”

As she speaks, she lifts up her skirt and places it on the flames.

Seeing this, Frances strides over and places down her dress.

“Alright, stop messing around.”

“I trust you.”

“Frances!”

Hilda calls Frances with grievance and immediately jumps into his arms.

I stand here and watch them in silence, finding it really ridiculous.

My dress is made of silk. It burns quickly when it touches the flame.

However, her skirt is made of cotton, and it will take a while before it ignites.

I’m sure she does it for show, for Frances.

But Frances believes her.

Hilda is really something. Step by step, she’s making things worse between Frances and me.

Do I really have a chance of winning against a woman like that?

Chapter 433 Only You Can Help Him

What happened in the morning unsettles me. Even when Frances talks to me, I just give him some perfunctory responds.

Actually, I don’t want to say a single word to him, but I’m afraid that Hilda will put on a triumphant look if I keeps silent.

After this incident, Frances bans me from the kitchen again.

He doesn’t even allow me to touch anything related to fire.

I know that he’s scared.

I am even more frightened. Even if he doesn't say it, I won't have the courage to be in the kitchen for a long time.

Most importantly, I can't be alone with Hilda.

At noon, Frances goes to the company. Hilda and I sit in the living room.

Of course, nanny is here, too.

I'm not scared when someone else is here.

"You did that, didn't you?"

I say with a positive tone.

Hilda probably pulled my dress towards the fire when I didn't notice.

She smiles at me and shrugs innocently.

"Frances believed that I didn't do it. Do you think there's any point in having this conversation with me now?"

Although I hate her and think she did it, I have no proof. No matter what I say, no one will believe me.

Sitting on the sofa for a while, I find it's half past one.

Although the place where Violet and I will meet is close, I would rather go out early since I really don't want to stay with Hilda.

On the way, I feel a burning sensation in my wrist.

I look down and see that it's red and swollen.



It's probably burned when I take off my dress. I didn't feel any pain. Now with the sun, it starts to hurt.

There happens to be a pharmacy nearby. I buy a scald ointment and put it on my wrist before I go into the club.

Just as I walk in, someone is calling me from behind.

Turning around, I see Violet with an exquisite make-up.

However, there's a faint sadness on her face, which looks pitiful and lovely.

Although I don't like Violet, I have to admit that she is much better than Hilda.

After we go into the private room and order some coffee, she speaks first.

"Jane, I have nothing to hide. I hope that you can help Steven." Her words puzzle me since I don't understand what she means.

She frowned and said sadly, "You probably don't know how much Steven loves you. We've been married for a few days, but he never touches me. He even goes to the bar every night to get drunk and comes back at dawn. Even when he falls asleep, he calls your name."

I thought that he was a playboy and I never expected that he would have such a deep affection for you.

Although he marries me, he never forgets about you. You're a drug that he can't quit. He takes out his phone, wanting to call you every day. But he never does. I want to go into his heart and warm him up, but he doesn't even give me a chance."

Violet says as tears flow down her cheeks.

If Violet didn't tell me, I wouldn't know that Steven treated her like this.

I don't expect that Steven can't get over me even though he's married.

It is too cruel to his wife.

However, when it comes to a relationship, outsiders' hands are tied.

I sigh and say to her.

“What do you think I can help you with?”

Chapter 434 We Still Have Chance

I really don't know what I can do to help.

I've said harsh words to Steven before. I even haven't contacted him or meet him recently, except at their wedding.

I've thought that should be enough.

But I haven't expected that he would be so persistent.

“I don't know. I really don't know. That's why I come to beg for your help.” Violet holds my hand tightly and says sincerely, “I know that I've done something wrong. It's OK if you want to hit me or scold me, as long as you can cheer Steven up. Even if that means I have to divorce him. I really love him and don't want see him this upset.”

Even a divorce?

Violet must really love Steven that she would rather let him go to make him happy.

Steven is my friend and I will help him even if Violet doesn't come to ask for my help.

I see. I'll try. Give me some time to think about it and I'll contact you as soon as possible.” “Thank you, Jane. Only you can help Steven now.”

Violet says to me gratefully.

Then we chat about something else, but she's obviously absent-minded.

Although I don't want to go home, I can't have her stay here forever, so I get up and say goodbye to her.

On the way home, I think about how to avoid Hilda.

And the only way is to go to the company with Frances every day.

Then I don't have to see Hilda during the day, and for dinner, I can eat out so that when I go back home, I can go straight to sleep without talking to Hilda.

At night, I tell Frances that I want to start working in the company.

He sees through me but doesn't debunk my intention. Instead, he nods in agreement.

I can't leave Earl alone at home, so I'll just take him with me.

On the way, Frances calls his secretary.

"I will bring the child to work. Go prepare everything that I need."

When we arrive at the company, the secretary is moving stuffs into the office.

Cat, toys, milk powder, diapers, clothes and so on.

Is Frances going to move the whole house here?

I put up a smile and say, "Actually, you didn't have to go to all this trouble." "Earl is my child and I want to give him the best things in the world."

Frances is rich and he is willing to pay for Earl. I can only accept it with ease.

After lunch, I hear some people talking about it in the toilet.

“Hey, do you know that Mr. Frances has asked his secretary to buy a lot of baby products? Is he going to settle down here?”

“Oh, stop it. Mr. Frances is handsome and rich. He dotes on his wife and treats his child so well. I really regret that I didn’t try my best to seduce him and become his wife.”

It turns out that Frances is also popular in the company.

I smile and hear them continue, “Don’t give up. Mr. Frances is now in his second marriage. Perhaps there will be a third and even a fourth marriage. We still have a chance.”

They laugh out, but I can’t smile now.

What they said is exactly what I’m worried about.

With Hilda, I will never be at ease.

Unsettled, I come back to Frances’ office. Frances hands the child to me and puts on his coat.

“I have a meeting. Wait here for me.”

I nod and watch him leaving.

I’m bored when he is away, so I go to check if he is still watching me through the surveillance camera.

There are many documents that I can't read on the desk, but the surveillance window on his computer has gone.

I suddenly feel upset.

Does he no longer care about me?

Earl falls asleep soon. I put him on the cot and begin to go through Frances' desk out of boredom.

One of the drawers is locked, but the key is right on the desk.

I am curious about what is inside.

With nervousness and curiosity, I unlock the drawer with trembling hands.

Chapter 435 What Should I Remember

I am surprised at how empty the drawer is.

There is only one photo inside.

One single photo.

However, it startles me.

Judging from the rim of the photo, it's the one I saw in Frances' study last time.

Didn't he throw it into the trash can? Did he lie, or does he have a backup? I don't know.

I can't think straight now.

Because the person in the photo really shocks me.

Actually, I have guessed that this photo might contain Frances' secrets.

Perhaps, it's about his secret love in the past.

However, I haven't expected the person in the photo to be me.

To be exact, it was me ten years ago.

If I haven't seen this photo, I would have forgotten that I had days like that.

Ten years ago, I was only fourteen years old and was a sophomore in junior high school.

Back then I was a famous bad ass in the school. I spent every day with those so-called cool guys because I thought that they were loyal to friends.

And because of my good grades and pretty face, the teachers never said anything about it.

In the photo, I am wearing a ponytail and talking to the people next to me.

It was obviously taken secretly.

However, I don't understand why Frances has this photo.

Did he ask someone to investigate me? Or did he know me before?

As I am pondering over it, here comes Frances' voice.

"What are you looking at?"

I pick up the photo subconsciously, stand up, and stare at him in confusion.

“Why do you have my photo?”

Frances suddenly becomes serious as he looks at me, somewhat nervous.

After a while, he says to me in a deep voice.

“You really can’t remember?”

What should I remember?

I am even more puzzled.

Frances’ expression becomes even stranger.

And it looks even a little gloomy.

Is it because I’ve peeked at the photo or is it because that I forget something I should remember? After a moment of silence, he sighs helplessly.

“You really can’t remember. It seems that I’m the only one that still holds onto it now.”

What does he mean by that?

I’m tortured by curiosity.

I can’t help but ask in a commanding tone, “Tell me. What on earth is going on?”

“Let me take you to a place first.”

Frances holds my hand and is about to lead me out. He takes back the photo back by the way.

“What the hell is going on? Can you tell me now? I’m going crazy.”

I almost beg.

Curiosity can really kill.

And how can I suppress my curiosity as it has something to do with me and Frances?

But Frances ignores my pleading and remains silent. He just takes me into the car and drives away.

“Frances, I swear to God I won’t let you get away with it after I know the truth.”

He turns to look at me and doesn’t say anything. He drives faster instead.

Along the way, I have been tortured by my curiosity. But I have to suppress it and patiently wait till we arrive at the destination.

Finally, the car stops at the restaurant where I used to come when I was in junior high school.

Why does he bring me here?

Chapter 436 Damn Viagra

The owner of your restaurant greets us warmly when he sees us.

“Welcome. You two are really loyal fans of my restaurant, aren’t you? I have you guys here often all these years.”



I smile at the owner and sit down with Frances at the door.

I frown and whisper to Frances, "Why do you bring me here? I've no appetite." Only now do I realize that it is noon, and I am indeed a little hungry.

So, when the owner comes to take the orders, I order a fried rice.

Frances orders the same.

"We're here to see if it can help you remember."

Frances stares into my eyes and smiles meaningfully.

Damn it! He just won't tell me!

I ignore him and pour a cup of tea for myself.

Suddenly, Frances starts to speak.

"Don't you remember that you had chased me?"

I am startled and the water in my mouth sprays onto Frances' face.

Frances' face darkened right away.

Holy crap! I'm screwed!

But that's not my fault.

His words are so shocking!

Frances suppresses his anger as he wipes the water off his face with a napkin.

“Even if you don’t remember, you don’t have to do this to me.”

I purse my lips and say, “Hey, it’s not my fault. You’re the one talking nonsense, OK? How come I used to chase you?”

He smiles helplessly and says to me, “When you were in junior high school, did you chase a boy in high school and give him a bottle of ... Viagra?”

Speaking of it, Frances blushes slightly.

This is the first time I’ve ever seen Frances blush.

Memories also surge up in my mind.

I remember it when he mentioned Viagra.

That damn embarrassing memory.

Back then all my friends were hooligans and they always did things in their hooligan way.

One day, when I walked by the high school department, I saw a handsome boy with an indifferent and noble temperament.

Although I didn’t know much about love at that time, I couldn’t help but want to have him as my boyfriend.

I told one of my friends about it, and it soon was spread among my friends.

They found the boy for me and told me that the boy was a senior student in high school department. He was handsome and was an excellent student. Most importantly, he hadn't had a girlfriend.

Suddenly my heart rippled and wanted to have a try.

So, with the encouragement of all my friends, I went to confess to that boy.

But one should bring some gift when they confess. I asked a bunch of friends, and they told me that if I cared about a man, I should start from his body.

And it suddenly hit me that the advertisement had said that Viagra was good for men.

So I stopped the boy one day after school. I gave him a bottle of Viagra and asked him to be my boyfriend.

The boy was obviously surprised. And I ran away because of shyness.

Afterwards, I was mocked by a group of friends for a long time because of the Viagra. And that was why I had never showed up in the high school department again.

This memory was so embarrassing that I chose to shield it.

Now that Frances suddenly brings it up...

I gulp with nervousness and look at Frances with a sad face. "You are not saying that you are that boy, aren't you?"

Chapter 437 My Secret

Come to think of it, Frances is indeed four or five years older than me.

Probably...

Perhaps...

Maybe....

No!

That can't be true!

However, Frances nods at me, raises his eyebrows and says, "Yes." I'm screwed.

I'm going to be mocked by Frances for the rest of my life.

If we can be together for a lifetime.

I support my forehead and ask Frances with a bitter face, "Then, how did you get the photo?"

Right this moment, the owner comes to us with food and interrupts our conversation.

"Here you are. It tastes batter when it's warm."

I smile at the owner and say, "I know, so I used to use an insulation box to keep it warm if I want to have them later."

Frances sits opposite me and suddenly peeks at me.

Why is he looking at me like that?

“Alright, enjoy the food. I should go and prepare. Soon the classes will over and many students will come.” The owner smiles and leaves to work. I glance at Frances and signal him to continue.

“To be honest, how can I forget about the girl who gave me the Viagra? Did you think that I’m impotent?” As he says so, he looks at me ambiguously.

I blush, thinking of his extraordinary performance every night.

Damn it. If he is impotent, then no men in the world are potent.

If I can start over, I won’t make this mistake that make Frances laugh at me for a lifetime.

I can only beg for mercy.

“It’s my fault, okay? Continue, please.”

‘I’ve been laughed at for a long time because of the Viagra. That’s when I began to pay attention to you.

There was a platform on the top of the teaching building where I could see the junior high school department clearly. I would go up there to observe you every day. And I was gradually attracted by you as I felt that you had a glow. I couldn’t move my eyes away from you. The photo was taken then.”

Frances spoke gently, falling into his memories.

I look at the man in front of me, feeling so moved.

It turns out that the fate has bound us together long ago.

Thinking about that Frances has liked me since a long time ago, I feel so sweet.

“And I had also discovered a secret during that time.”

“What?”

Frances’ words wake me up from my thoughts.

“It turned out that you would buy a fried rice at noon every day, eat a half and save the other half for dinner.”

I haven’t expected that.

Even my friends then did not know the secret.

At that time, I had a feeling of inferiority because of my poor family. I didn’t want anyone to know about it, and I never told anyone.

I’m still not at ease when Frances mentions it.

It’s nothing. I couldn’t finish it at once. I kept it warm anyway.”

“Do you really think your insulation box worked that well?”

Frances looks at me and says in a slightly sarcastic tone.

What does this mean?

If it weren’t for the insulation box, how could I have a warm meal every afternoon? Suddenly, the words of the restaurant owner popped into my head.

Every afternoon, Frances would come here to pack up a fried rice.

Does he...?

## Chapter 438 Life Is Filled With Dramas

I look at Frances and say in disbelief, “You did it?”

Frances nods and does not saying anything.

I really can’t accept the truth.

Frances is a cold man. I can’t imagine he has secretly taken care of me like that.

No matter what, I just can’t believe that Frances is such a sweet guy.

However, he admits it and I have to believe him.

“So, you bought me dinner and put it in my lunchbox in the afternoon?”

At that time, our lunchboxes were placed together. So, it’s not difficult for Frances to get mine.

Moreover, high school ends 30 minutes earlier than us. After Frances bought dinner and put it in my lunchbox, my teacher didn’t even dismiss us.

“Every time I see the rice in your lunchbox, it’s as hard as stone. I almost want to feed you myself.”  
Frances says coldly to me.

I stick out my tongue and curl my lips, “Then why didn’t you do it? Since you’ve liked me at that time, why didn’t you tell me? I had been hiding from you for so long.”

I can’t help but think what it is like if I had got together with Frances back then.

What would my life be like now?

However, there are no ifs.

I'm destined to go through those things.

Ten years ago, I went for Frances.

That's also the time when his father died in a car accident.

Now Frances probably thinks of that as well, and he looks pretty sad.

"Then my father passed away. I graduated from high school and went to university while handling the company's business. I never get the time to date anyone. And then my family forced me to marry Whitney."

I could tell from his tone that he has been feeling a lot of pressure.

I have to say that the world is small.

It's so small that we already have some connections when we are younger.

If it weren't for those things, perhaps I wouldn't be together with Frances now.

"I must apologize for what happened to your father on behalf of my father."

"It's the past. If I wanted to dig into this, I wouldn't wait for this long."

My father has always been a timid person, so he chose to flee from the scene.



It suddenly comes to me that Frances might have known that I'm the driver's daughter at that time.

"Did you know that I'm the daughter of the man who killed your father?" I ask with a heavy heart.

After the second year of junior high school, I transferred to another school.

However, it is very easy for Frances to know my identity.

But Frances shakes his head.

"No, I only know your father has a son and a daughter, but I didn't want to dig deeper for revenge, until I met you again and investigated you. That was when I found out that you're his daughter."

I nod and feel that life is filled with dramas.

We could not tell who has made more mistakes. There are some things that can be ignored. But I can't forget my parents' car accident.

I believe that Frances didn't do it, but who else would plan it? After lunch, we return to the company.

Now, I know that Frances has liked me for a long time. We like each other, to be exact. I just cherish my life even more.

Therefore, no matter what Hilda does, she can't destroy the relationship between Frances and me.

In front of the company, I stop and say seriously to Frances.

"Frances, can you ask Hilda to leave our house?"

Chapter 439 Insecurity

There would not be so many problems between Frances and me without Hilda.

She's the reason why Frances and I are growing apart.

And she almost killed me yesterday.

So, how could I not hate her?

How would I keep such a big trouble beside me?

Frances stares at me. It looks as if I'm putting him on the spot here.

"You know, my grandpa doesn't have much time left. I don't want to upset him." I can understand his worries.

Frances looks cold and indifferent on the surface. But actually, he's very filial to old Mr. Louis. He doesn't want to upset his grandpa in his last days, and I don't want that either.

But why Hilda is the only one who can bring joy to old Mr. Louis?

I just feel like I'm about to collapse.

"There's gotta be another way." I grab Frances' hand and say anxiously.

Old Mr. Louis is in the terminal stage of cancer, so his days are numbered. But every day I spend with Hilda is fatal to me.

Frances frowns and shakes his head. "Jane, it's not that I don't want that. It's just that there hasn't been a proper way. Since this is the only way, you might have to endure it for now."

"But don't worry. You are the only one I love. No matter how long Hilda stays at the house, I will never have any feelings for her."

“Don’t you believe me?”

Frances looks extremely sincere, and his eyes were filled with love.

However, I’m still worried and it has nothing to do with trust.

Frances will never be able to understand how insecure I am because of Hilda.

I sigh and say anxiously, “It’s not that I don’t trust you. It’s just that Hilda is too scary. I’m really afraid of her. Maybe you don’t even feel that you’re biased. You think Hilda is not that bad.”

“No, idiot. I only love you. I will never love another woman,” Frances insists.

Now I know it’s pointless for me to say anything else.

Hilda just has the knack. She’s such a scheming person, disrupting our life. But I’m the only one feeling threatened, and Frances doesn’t feel it at all.

In his eyes, Hilda is a simple, kind and beautiful woman.

And I might have become that scheming bitch.

Since there’s nothing I can do, I can only be careful.

I’m upset and just say. “I know.” Then I walk upstairs with Frances.

I don’t want to mention this to Frances anymore.

I don't want to talk about unpleasant people and things when I have a great time with him.

After getting into the office, Frances begins to get busy with his work at the company.

I sit beside him and couldn't help but frown. Frances has to look at the data on the computer while flipping through the reports.

He seems to be much busier recently.

Is there something going on with the company?

Although the data are displayed on the computer, I can understand nothing.

"Frances, is there something wrong with the company?"

I ask him.

Frances looks surprised. Then his face changes and he smiles at me. "No. What makes you think that?" Frances' relaxing tone makes me suspect that I have an illusion.

However, is the company really alright?

Why am I so unsettled?

Chapter 440 She Is Faking It

The secretary knocks on the door and carries Earl in.

When we went out, Frances left Earl to his secretary. Now, Earl is up.

And he becomes very excited when he sees me.

That's why we should raise our children by ourselves.

When Earl came back from Whitney's place, he used to cry every time I hugged him. Fortunately, he stops crying now.

I pick Earl up and walk around in the big office.

Frances is busy with his work all afternoon. He finally finishes it at eight. Then we leave the company together.

I have no problem with him working overtime.

After all, the later I return home, the less time I'll spend with Hilda. This is great news for me.

Because I don't want to see Hilda, I ask Frances to have dinner with me before going home.

Frances nods and goes to the restaurant with me.

After dinner, we stroll along the street for a while before returning home.

It's already ten when we get home.

But Hilda is still awake.

She sits alone on the sofa in the living room, curling up in a daze.

When Hilda sees Frances, she jumps off the sofa and runs into Frances' arms barefoot.

It's as if she has waited a long time for her lover!

I couldn't help but say in my heart, "Frances, if you dare to hug her, you'll be sorry for it! Then I glare at Frances.

Frances finds out I'm angry. He naturally pushes Hilda away and says in a deep voice, "What are you doing up this late?"

Hilda raises her head and I notice that her face is glazed with tears.

"Frances, I dreamed of Terence. Why did he leave me alone? It has been so many years, but I still can't let him go. I miss him so, so much."

Hilda says that in a hoarse voice. She has indeed cried.

But I don't believe a single word that comes out of her mouth.

Hilda has admitted that she likes Frances. Now, she looks so pitiful in front of Frances. It's obvious that she wants to get Frances feel a tender pity for her by their shared memories.

Apparently, Hilda succeeds.

Frances also becomes sad. He sighs softly and says, "It's just a dream. Hurry up and go to sleep."

"I can't. I keep thinking of Terence when I close my eyes. Frances, can you talk to me for a while? Tell me about the stories between you and Terence."

Hilda pleads with Frances in a broken voice.

I become vigilant and look at Frances, only to see him nod at Hilda.

"Frances, you..."

“You must be tired, too. Go to bed after bathing Earl. I’ll go upstairs soon.”

I feel very uncomfortable, but I can’t show it. Otherwise, Hilda would only feel even more complacent.

Subduing my anger, I smile warmly at Frances. “Alright, I’ll wait for you. Hurry up, I can’t sleep without your arms.”

A simple sentence is enough to show off my relationship with Frances.

Hearing my words, Hilda’s face changes and she glares at me.

I carry Earl upstairs and bath him. After he falls asleep, I take a shower.

However, after I lie in bed for a long time, Frances still doesn’t come upstairs.

I’m getting uneasy, so I get up from bed and walk out of the room.

I look downstairs, but I don’t see Frances or Hilda there.

Where did they go?