

Desperate Time 511

Chapter 511 I Haven't Smiled for a Lo...

Even if I can avoid prison time for five years, I will never be redeemed.

Besides, where can I go after I get out of prison? I'm tired of wandering, but I won't stay in this city and listen to the love affairs of Frances and Hilda.

Therefore, the best choice for me is to take this baby back to prison, and to stay far away from this noisy city and everything related to Frances.

Perhaps, time is the best medicine.

Frances will slowly fade from my mind, and I will forget him one day.

That's what I believe.

But in the end, it turns out to be very ridiculous.

The deep love can never be diluted by years.

Even if I have tried my best, I can never forget the man that I love more than anyone.

David puts me in a separate room. It's more like a hotel suite than a prison cell.

It is equipped with a queen bed as well as a bathroom.

Clothes of four seasons will be delivered to me, and some people will regularly take meals to me per day.

Apart from not being able to communicate with the outside world, my prison life is almost the same with the ordinary life.

During this period, a doctor came twice and told me that there is nothing wrong with the baby for the time being. However, he can't make sure until he can get the detailed report of the fetus in a few months.

And, how are Frances and Hilda?

I don't know.

I haven't heard from them since I got back to prison.

I don't have guts to ask, fearing that I will burst into tears upon knowing about their sweet life.

Besides, no one can answer me here.

David might have asked the prison to deny me visiting rights. No one comes to see me since I was pregnant.

Time passes day by day.

One month.

Two months.

Three months.

Four months.

The baby in my belly finally moves.

At that time, I am sitting at the side after dinner, watching the policewoman tidy up the dishes for me.

The moment I feel the movement in my belly, a smile appears on my face for the first time.

The policewoman is dumbfounded by my smile.

After a long while, she murmurs to me, "This is the first time I've seen your smile. I thought you wouldn't smile for the rest of your life."

Indeed ... I haven't smiled for a long time.

"Is that so?" I put on a faint smile and touch my slightly bulging belly.

I'm only four months into my pregnancy. If I wear some loose-fitting clothes, no one can know that I'm pregnant.

Standing by the window, I really want to go out for a walk.

Every day, I can only stand here and breathe some fresh air. I wonder if it has some effects on my baby.

But I know, it's just a hope. I won't have the chance to go for a walk these days.

After that day, the happiest time for me is the moment when the mischief little thing kicks me in my belly.

Another three months passes.

I'm getting clumsier, and it's more difficult for me to walk.

One night, I get up and go to the bathroom.

As soon as I get up, I feel an intense pain coming from my belly.

It hurts.

It hurts so much.

I am so painful that I can't even stand up straight, but with a big belly, I can't squat down. Finally, I only move to the door with great difficulty and knock hard on the door.

I feel some hot liquid gushing out of my abdomen.

And it's not a little.

Is it ... that my water broke?

I reach out and touch it. It's red.

Blood...

I suddenly recall what Mindy said.

So, is it... a massive hemorrhage?

I keep rubbing my belly in panic while knocking harder on the door.

"Is anyone there? Please! Save my child!"

Chapter 512 I Wanna See Frances

Blood keeps flowing out of my body, and my consciousness is fading.

In a daze, I hear someone open the door.

Screams and noises come.

Then, I seem to be lifted.

The pain in my lower abdomen is getting sharper, and I get a knot of tension in my stomach.

No! Baby, please be safe.

The moment I am carried into the ambulance, I suddenly open my eyes and tug at the doctor's hand beside me, begging in a weak voice, "Please ... save my child!"

I'm seven months into pregnancy. If the child is born today, it might have the opportunity to survive in the incubator!

As for me ... I don't care.

Soon enough, the ambulance arrives at the hospital.

David and Mindy rush over. Mindy pounces to me and grabs my hand excitedly.

"Jane, please be all right! You can't leave me alone!"

David holds the panicked Mindy and gently kisses her on the crying face.

How lucky! Such a man loves her and stays by her side. Mindy is much happier than me.

I'm pushed into the operating room by the doctor. In a daze, I emphasize to him again and again.

"Save my child. No need to care about me. Save my child! Please!"

The doctor just remains silent and gives me an anesthetic.

My eyelids are getting heavier, but I'm still awake.

I clearly hear the doctor saying, "The uterus is ruptured. The abdominal cavity is bleeding. Her water is not broke. The baby is still breathing, but she has few chances to survive."

The baby's still breathing? Upon hearing it, I breathe a sigh of relief. I finally rest assured and fall into a deep sleep.

My body seems to be lighter, and my limbs are weak. I'm unable to exert any strength.

Finally, the doctor says, "The baby's born! Time, 5:20 a.m. March 18, 2017."

At this moment, I open my eyes as if I get God's call.

A thin, dry little boy is taken out of my stomach. The doctor pats him a few times and he makes a sound softly.

His voice is more beautiful than anything else. Everyone present heaves a sigh of relief.

I slowly wake up and watch as my child is put into an incubator. I completely relax.

The child is fine. That's enough.

However, the doctor's expression becomes even more serious.

"Why is she still bleeding? Her blood pressure and pulse are slowing down. If it continues, the patient will die of blood loss."

Really?

But why am I feeling good? I'm even more conscious than ever.

At this moment, all my emotions that have been suppressed surge forth.

All my beliefs gather and turn into a familiar name that I'm too timid to call for a long time.

Frances.

I miss him. I really miss him.

"Doctor."

As I open my mouth, I find my voice is extremely weak. I barely hear myself.

The doctor is so focused on saving me that he doesn't hear me.

Perhaps he doesn't even know I'm awake.

I raise my voice and call again.

"Doctor."

"Why are you awake? Anesthetist, she needs more anesthesia."

The doctor looks up at me and turns around to instruct the anesthesiologist.

I raise my hand, and I don't even know where I gather my strength. I pull the doctor and say, "I wanna see Frances. Please."

Chapter 513 He Must Have Been Here

Saying these words seemed to have exhausted all of my strength.

I don't know what the doctor said because I was completely unconscious afterwards.

I thought I'd die like that.

I will use my life to make up for what I did. I can finally settle with Frances.

In this way, although he would still hate me, he would also miss me when he thinks of me.

But I'm not dead.

Moreover, the moment I open my eyes, I see Frances.

He stands at the head of the bed and is frowning as he looks at me.

"Frances ... Frances ... I miss you so much ... I thought ... I would never see you again ... Frances, hug me."

The moment I see him, I can't help crying.

I have tried so hard to forget him, but in the end, I can't drive him away from me.

He bents down and hugs me gently.

His embrace is so familiar. The simple gesture was more than anything.

I hug him tightly and can't stop talking.

"Frances ... I didn't mean to shoot you ... I would rather hurt myself than hurt you. You don't know how much I miss you. You don't know ... how hard it is for me to not think about you ... child... our child..."

I don't know what I'm talking about. It's all nonsense.

In the end, I faint again because of excitement.

When I wake up, I see Mindy and David.

I look around and do not see anyone else.

“Just the two of you?”

I ask doubtfully.

“Your mother and brother went down to buy food for you. The doctor said that you can have some porridge after you wake up,” Mindy replied softly.

When she looks at me, her eyes were filled with worry.

No, I’m not asking about my mom and brother.

“Where’s Frances?” I ask.

“Frances? You almost died for him. What do you get? He is on vacation with Hilda in the United States.

They are having a good time now! In the past, I thought Frances loved you very much. But now, I really feel sorry for you.”

On vacation with Hilda in the United States?

How can that be?

He has clearly hugged me just now, and I could still feel him.

“No, he was here. He must have been here! Where is he now? Let me see him! Let me see him!”

I grab Mindy’s arm and want to get out of bed.

Mindy reacts quickly and presses me down.

“Do you want to die? The doctor took so long to save your life. Lie still and don’t move! You shouldn’t see that bastard Frances again for the rest of your life! He won’t come to see you. When the accident happened, I called him and he hung up the phone the moment he heard your name.”

“Jane, I didn’t want to tell you the truth because you are still very weak. But I can’t let you torture yourself for Frances.”

Mindy’s words shattered my heart into pieces.

Is it true that he didn’t come here? Could it be ... that what happened before was all in my dream?

But why does it feel so real?

“Don’t think too much. The doctor said that when you wake up, you will have hallucinations. Seeing Frances must be your hallucination. Take a rest and the meal will be ready later. ”

I sit there dully and nod.

Suddenly, I think of my baby.

I did hear him crying in the maternity ward before. How is the baby now?

Chapter 514 These Three Days Feel Lik...

“Where’s the child? Where’s my child?”

I grab Mindy’s hand and ask.

Although, I think I have seen the doctor carry the baby out.

But I’m afraid it is also a dream.

I have already lost Earl. I can't bear the pain of losing this child.

Mindy holds my hand and whispers, "Don't worry, the child is fine. It's a girl. Her heart and lungs are still not fully developed and she has been sent to NICU for observation. When you feel better, you can go to see her."

Despite Mindy's words, I still don't feel at ease since I haven't seen my child.

I struggle to get up. Mindy quickly presses me down and says, "You are very weak right now. Don't move.

Otherwise, you might bleed again. And now that visiting hours have passed, you will have to wait until three days later to see your daughter. Now, you should lie on the bed and have a good rest!"

I can't wait for three days. It's too long.

Mindy looks at David for help as she speaks.

David understands her intention. He nods and says to me, "The doctor said that you should stay in bed for at least three days. I will send someone to guard the door of the ward for these three days." I know what David is capable of, so I can only do as he says.

These three days feel like ages to me.

The effect of the anesthetic has passed, and the pain in my lower abdomen is piercing.

I've experienced this kind of pain before.

I was in such pain when my stomach was forcefully cut open before.

At that time, I knew that Frances and I are over. It's the same now.

I lie in bed every day, watching the sunrise and sunset.

Finally, it is the afternoon of the third day.

“Mindy, can I go see the child now? Can I?”

“Alright. I’ll take you there right now.”

Mindy rolls her eyes at me and then helps me out of bed.

When my feet touch the ground, I realize that my body is very weak and there is no strength in me.

I have to put all my weight on Mindy.

“Damn, are you trying to crush me?”

Mindy rolls her eyes at me.

“Sorry, I don’t have much strength.” I say to her helplessly.

“It’s alright. I forgive you. After all, you almost lost your life.”

Mindy says as she helps me walk forward.

Finally, we arrived at the entrance of the NICU. We have already registered before. As soon as the door opens, the doctor leads us in.

After changing into aseptic clothes, I walked in nervously.

There are more than a dozen newborns inside. Each of them is covered in tubes and is taking oxygen. They are all very thin and look very pitiful.

And the one on the innermost bed is my child.

I haven't named her yet, so the medical record card at the bedside states that she is Jane Noyes' daughter.

When I see the little fellow, tears immediately fall down my face.

She is so thin and so small.

Her face is also very thin. She doesn't look beautiful, but her quiet sleeping face still warms my heart.

The doctor stands at the side and says to me, "Your child's vital signs have been stable. But since she is a premature baby, she can't drink breast milk now and can only rely on nutrients to support her life. After she can drink breast milk, she should stay here for observation for another week. If she's stable then, she can be transferred to a general ward."

I nod to the doctor with my eyes still on the child.

I can't bear to look away from my daughter for a moment.

Chapter 515 I Can't Take It Again

NICU is open twice a week. I am not sure when I will have to go back to prison.

In prison, it would be very difficult to see my daughter.

And I don't want her to know that her mother is a criminal who has been put in jail for trying to shoot her father.

How could she face such a life in the future?

I reach out, eager to touch her face. But she must stay in the incubator.

I can only feel her little face through the glass.

When the visiting hours are over, I reluctantly leave.

After returning to the ward, I stare at Mindy who is sitting opposite and flirting with David for a while and finally make up my mind to make a request.

“Mindy, please be the mother of my child.”

It is much harder than I have imagined to say that personally.

“I am the godmother of this kid. She’s my daughter too, isn’t she?” Mindy was puzzled.

It seems that she still doesn’t understand what I mean.

I shake my head and explain to her, “What I’m saying is, you and David should be her parents. Don’t let

her know that her mother is in prison. She’s so young. She shouldn’t live such a miserable life. If you can raise her up, she will have a bright future. At that time, I’ll stay by her side as her godmother.”

“What are you talking about? This is your child. Of course, you must take care of her yourself! Don’t talk to me as if you were saying the last words. I can’t take it.”

Tears roll down Mindy’s face.

She walks over, holds my hand tightly, and whispers, “Jane, I can’t bear the pain of losing you anymore.

I’ve been in fear once. I can’t take it again.”

For some reason, her words make me feel like crying.

I sniff and say to her in a deep voice, "I'm almost recovered. I guess I'll have to be back in prison in two days."

I have to pay the price.

Even if I am reluctant to part with my daughter, I have no other choice.

"Who said you still need to go back to prison? David, haven't you got this done?" Mindy turns around and glares at David.

David is not annoyed. He smiles indulgently at her and says, "Your highness, your wish is my command."

He stands up and walks towards me.

"You don't have to go back. You're on parole."

"Parole? Shouldn't I become eligible for parole after serving at least half of my sentence?" I ask doubtfully.

"Special case, special treatment. If I say your case is special, then it is."

David says casually.

No matter how he makes it, I know it's not easy.

I don't need to go back to prison!

Does that mean I can keep company with my child all the time?

However, it's too early to celebrate.

A serious problem comes to my mind.

What would happen if Frances knew that I have been out of jail?

He hopes that I would spend the rest of my life in jail, doesn't he? He will certainly do something to me.

But right now, I don't care.

"I see. Thank you, David."

I smile at him and say softly.

If you want to go away, I'm your man."

David says.

However, he is looking at Mindy.

I know, he does so for the sake of Mindy rather than me.

I used to think about running away, but once I leave, I might not be able to see Earl anymore.

If I don't leave, at least I have the chance to look at him from afar.

So, I shake my head and say firmly, "I'm not leaving. I want to stay here."

Chapter 516 The Embarrassing Meeting

After one week, I am discharged from the hospital.

During the hospital stay, I pick out a name for my daughter: Penelope.

It means love that never dies.

But I guess I'm the only one who knows why I give her that name.

Penelope has yet to be discharged from the hospital, but now she can take her bottle herself. That's something!

The doctor gives her a checkup and tells me that if it goes well, Penelope will be transferred to the general ward in two days.

Since I can't see Penelope except in visiting hours, my mother and I go back to our hometown together.

On Monday afternoon, we rush over to see her.

Three days later, Penelope is transferred to the general ward. And I stay in the hospital so that I can take good care of her.

Seeing her increasingly round chubby cheeks, I feel extremely happy.

But my mother really worries about me.

"Jane, you've lost a lot of weight."

I know I'm thinner than I was during pregnancy.

After just having given birth to Penelope, I decide to take care of Penelope myself even without being confined in a month. My mother wouldn't let me. If not for my tears and pleas, I wouldn't have been allowed to stay by her side.

But I'm barely holding on.

When I look in the mirror, I'm even afraid to look at myself. I'm afraid that it might make me feel painful to see how skinny I am.

But I must hold on. If I fall apart, what will happen to Penelope?

My mother finally manages to persuade me to rest in the bed next to Penelope's after I've taken care of her for a whole day. For me, the happiest thing to do every day is to look at Penelope.

After half a month, Penelope has gained from 1.6 kilograms to 2 kilograms.

With the advice of the doctor in mind, I carefully bring Penelope home.

Penelope gets better day by day. It requires a lot of money to raise a child.

But I have no money.

So, all I can do is to get a job.

25 days after giving birth to Penelope, I go to the job market for job seeking, regardless of the fatigue.

I don't want to be a designer anymore.

As soon as I pick up the brush, I would think of my old life.

Frances would suddenly come to my mind and linger on.

I still have recurring flashbacks of the bygone days. That shot has brought me great pain, reminding me that it was me who personally destroyed my love with a gun.

Every time I think about it, my heart aches so much that I feel suffocating.

I thought I could be away from Frances if I didn't think about him or ran away.

However, he suddenly shows up.

To be exact, he shows up with Hilda, Albie, and Earl.

They look like a family of four.

At this moment, I'm carrying a lunch box, squatting on the side of the road and eating my lunch. I look like a real mess.

The job fair in the afternoon is about to start soon. I don't want to miss it.

A car stops in front of me.

Four people get out of the car and I can't take my eyes off them.

I don't dare to look at Frances. I'm staring at Earl.

It has been eight months since I last saw him. And he can walk by himself now.

He follows behind Albie and calls him "brother" with a lisp. How cute he is!

I can feel great joy and my strong love for him.

But Frances and Hilda stand in front of me. Their condescending looks embarrass me a lot.

But I don't want to go away because I can't bear to leave Earl.

"I heard that you've been out of prison. Look at you! Poor thing."

Frances' cynicism hurts me a lot.

He used to hold me in his arms and promise to love me forever.

But now, he is holding someone else's hand and standing happily in front of me, which is a heavy blow for me.

I look at the woman in the rearview mirror of the car. Although she wears light makeup, her black eyes and haggard face cannot be concealed. The protruding cheekbones caused by rapid weight losing make her look more miserable. That woman is me.

Chapter 517 I'm Hopelessly in Love wi...

No wonder I haven't landed a job now.

I think it owes to my appearance.

Trying not to look distressed, I smile at Earl and stretch out my hands towards him.

"Earl."

I say in a low voice.

Earl stares at me with his big eyes and cries out loud.

"Mom.... Mom...."

"Mom's...."

Here.

Before I can finish speaking, Earl is picked up by Hilda. Then, she pats Earl's back to comfort him.

"Don't be afraid. Mom's here."

"Mom.... Mom.... Scared..."

Earl hugs Hilda, sobbing.

I'm hurt.

And Tears streak my face.

I'm your mom.

Frances has left me for Hilda. Now, because of her, Earl can't recognize me? My baby boy is calling another woman Mom. How can I take that?

The sadness is more than I can bear.

My heart is being torn part.

I'm overwhelmed with great sadness that I was almost suffocating.

Then, everything goes black, and I fall down.

Frances reaches out and catches me.

I look at him, and I can only see indifference in his eyes. It's like that a lifetime has passed since we were being together.

Does he no longer love me? My heart breaks and I lose consciousness.

When I wake up, I'm lying in the hospital and Mindy is looking at me. She seems angry and disappointed with me.

"You are so lame, fainting just because of seeing Frances! How embarrassing!" Not only that, but it also hurts me when I heard Earl calling that bad woman Mom.

Hilda takes everything from me, and she doesn't feel guilty at all.

I want to do something, but I can't.

I don't want Mindy to be sad, too, so I decide not to tell her what happened.

"I just don't get enough nutrition." I curl my lip, saying.

Looking at my haggard face, Mindy says to me with a worried face, "I know what's going on with Frances, but I didn't tell it to you for fear of upset you. Jane, it must be killing you when you see them together, isn't it?"

I nod.

Mindy's right.

Even now, I'm still hopelessly in love with Frances.

I don't blame him. We are destined to meet but not meant to be together.

As long as Hilda truly loves Frances and treats him well, and he's happy, that would be enough.

I feel better deceiving myself.

But, the old Mr. Louis...

I suddenly think of him.

Before I went to prison, he had only a few months to live. Now....

I bite my lip and ask, "Has old Mr. Louis...?"

Mindy is stunned for a moment before nodding.

"Yes. On your second day in prison, he died of a heart attack."

I'm stricken with grief.

However, I thought old Mr. Louis would die of liver cancer. Why did he have a heart attack?

"But you don't have a heart attack for no reason. Perhaps he was provoked or something?" Mindy frowns and concentrates on her thoughts.

That's also what I'm thinking.

"Perhaps." I sighed, unable to say anything else.

Old Mr. Louis tried to distance himself from me. But I think he did it for me. Therefore, I never have blamed him.

"The chances are that Hilda did this. Old Mr. Louis might know something about her, so she killed him." Mindy says for sure.

I'm wondering why she is so sure.

“Why did you say that?” I ask.

“You don’t know who Hilda is.” Mindy rolls her eyes, saying.

She is serious.

I’m more curious.

“Who ... is Hilda?”

“Don’t be shocked. Hilda...”

Chapter 518 She’s Scary

Mindy pauses in the middle of her words.

I look up, seeing her swallowing hard.

“What’s wrong? Just tell me!” I urge.

I have a feeling that Mindy’s next words will shock me.

I am so nervous that my heart jumps into my throat.

“Every time I think of Hilda, I’m frightened. When David told me this, I was really shocked.” Mindy takes a deep breath, sits beside me, and tells me the details.

“Terence was a gang leader, right? Frances thought that after Terence died, those who had a grudge with Terence inside and outside the gang would hurt Hilda, so he tried to protect Hilda. However, according to what David found, Hilda took over the gang within a month of Terence’s death and eliminated those who were against her. So, you can imagine how terrifying this woman is.”

I'm really shocked at her words.

I know that Hilda is scary, but I don't expect her to be this scary.

She must be cruel and meticulous since she can be a gang leader.

No wonder I end up losing everything. Because of her, old Mr. Louis distanced himself from me, and Frances and I can no longer be together.

She would do everything to get what she wants.

I'm more certain that old Mr. Louis was protecting me.

Thinking that old Mr. Louis might be killed by Hilda, I'm terrified.

"Why did she get close to Frances? Does she like him?" I ask with a worried face.

If she likes him, it would be fine. However, if she has a hidden agenda, Frances would be in danger.

I won't let that happen!

I'm going crazy just at the thought of it.

Fortunately, Mindy says while nodding and frowning, "I think she likes Frances. She was with Terence to get close to Frances, but Frances didn't know that and managed to fix up Terence and her. David is still investigating her. He suspects that Hilda is the culprit for Terence's death."

I get goosebumps all over my body.

It can't be more terrifying.

How could a woman kill her own husband?

"It's scary. Why did she kill her husband? Frances told me that Terence treated her well."

"She probably wants to take over the gang and get Frances. You don't know what such a woman would

do. After all, the gang is the largest in the Americas. They do almost everything. Smuggle weapons, drugs, humans, and organs. You name it."

Mindy curls her lip and shrugs.

I don't want to stay here.

Hilda likes Frances now, but what if she doesn't one day? Or what if Frances does something unforgivable to her?

Will she kill Frances?

I lift the blanket, pull out the needle, and get out of bed.

"What are you doing?"

Mindy grabs hold of me and asks with an anxious face.

"I'm going to tell Frances what kind of woman Hilda is. He can't be together with Hilda!"

Chapter 519 How Have You Been

“Do you think that telling Frances the truth will bring you and him together? You should be more careful. If Hilda finds out, you will be in danger. If you fall into her hands, we might not be able to do anything, not even David.” Mindy tries to dissuade me.

“I’m not doing this to bring Frances back. Even if we won’t be together, I don’t want him to be in danger.

You know, I love him. I love him more than I can say. How can I watch bad things happen to him? Moreover, it’s not just for Frances, but also for Earl. Earl is my child, how can I let such a terrifying person as Hilda stay with him? How can I let Earl call her ‘mother’?”

Thinking of that the two most important men in my life could be in danger, I’m almost out of my mind.

Mindy purses her lips and finally lets go of me. She whispers, “If you insist on going, then go. Be careful not to risk your life. If anything happens, remember to call me.”

I nod at her and leave the ward.

Walking out of the elevator, I dial Frances’ number.

After a long time, still no one answers.

Later, Frances just hangs up the phone when I call again.

I am so anxious and I text him.

“Please, answer the phone. I really have something very important to tell you.”

A minute after sending the message, I think he should have read it and call again.

This time, after the second ringing, he picks up the phone.

“So, what’s the matter?”

His voice is so indifferent, as if I’m a stranger.

I can’t help but wonder, is this really the man who once loved me and doted on me?

Why are we in such a state now? I hate Hilda, but more than that, I’m afraid of her.

“Is Hilda by your side?”

“No. Just go ahead.” He says in a deep voice.

“Can we talk about this face to face?” I plead in a low voice.

Hilda is such a shrewd person, I’m afraid she will be eavesdropping or something.

Anyway, it’s better to be careful.

After pondering for a while, just as I think he is going to refuse my request, he whispers, “Alright. I’ll see you tomorrow, nine a.m. at the company gate.”

Then, he hangs up the phone.

I am finally relieved.

The next day, after I hand Penelope over to my mother, I head to the entrance of Frances’ company.

At nine o'clock, he appears on time.

He gets out of the car and walks against the morning sun, his slim figure shining in the light.

I remember that he had appeared like a god to save me when I was in danger several times.

From then on, this man's figure has been an imprint in my heart, lingering until now.

However, his deep affection will never stay for me again.

Just as I think of this, he has already walked in front of me.

He is almost a head taller than me. He lowered his head and stared at me.

"What is it?"

His tone sounds as indifferent as ever.

My heart feels like being stabbed severely by his words.

I smile at him, concealing the disappointment in my eyes, and whisper, "How have you been recently?" He seems to have lost weight.

His thin face had many edges and corners added to it.

I still think he looked better before.

He frowns and says in a deep voice, "Let's get down to business. I don't have much time." His attitude is so cold.

My heart aches again.

I bite my lips and stare at him, saying in a serious tone, "I'm here to warn you something. Be careful of Hilda."

Chapter 520 He's So Heartless

"What do you mean?" He gets a bit impatient.

"Hilda doesn't need your protection at all! She has already taken over the gang. Now she is in charge. I only shot you because I really believed that she had planted a miniature bomb in Earl's brain. She threatened me. It was also possible that old Mr. Louis didn't die a normal death, but because of her. Also, Mindy told me that Terence might have been killed by Hilda. You can't be with her. She's really dangerous."

Frances looks at me, his brows furrowing.

No, he doesn't seem to be looking at me. He is looking behind me.

Is there anything behind me? Isn't it just a glass wall?

"Enough, stop talking," Frances says in a deep voice.

"Don't you believe me? What I said is true. Hilda..."

Suddenly.

His hand lands heavily on my face.

His strength is so great that I can't keep standing and just fall to the ground.

My palm press down on a small stone and those edges pierce deeply into my palm.

My hands hurt.

My face hurts.

My heart hurts even more.

Did he really just hit me?

I look at him in disbelief, but he says coldly, "Do you think I'll believe you? Do you think I'll be with you if you tell me this? Don't be naive! When I see you, I'll think of the shot, and I feel sick! From now on, don't you ever appear in front of me again!"

Every single word of him is like a knife, deeply piercing into my heart with breathtaking coldness.

The blood in my heart oozes out from the corner of my mouth and falls to the ground, growing out blooms of despair.

How deeply does he love Hilda that he didn't believe what I said and hit me so heavily?

It feels so painful.

My heart aches. It's killing me.

His ruthlessness has made me feel incredibly miserable over and over again.

I think I will be numb after a long time of pain, but I never imagine that every time it hurts even more.

Frances, have you really changed so fast?

How naive am I to believe your vows of “love me forever”?

After the man finishes speaking, he resolutely turns around and walks towards the company.

I sit on the ground and look at his back, crying my heart out.

“Frances, what I said is true! Trust me! Come back, please.”

My shout doesn't move him. He just enters the company, never looking back.

I run to the door of the company and try to talk to him, but the security guards stop me mercilessly.

After several unsuccessful attempts, I take out my phone to call Frances.

I call many times, but either the line is engaged or the user is busy.

I think he put me on the blacklist.

Why? Why is this man so heartless?

The warmth and sweetness of the past are still vivid in my mind. But now, he won't treat anyone like that but Hilda.

I regret it. I regret believing in Hilda's words back then. Now, I'm like a stranger to Frances. I'm responsible for having a time bomb by his side.

What can I do? What should I do?

I return home in despair, unable to calm my heart down.

I can't sleep at night, so I get up and call Mindy.

Mindy is probably in the middle of a love scene. When she answers the phone, she pants for breath.

"It's so late. Why are you calling?"

"Ahem." I cough awkwardly and ask her, "Am I disturbing you and David?"

"Never mind. Just ignore him." Mindy says like she doesn't care at all.

As soon as she finishes speaking, a wave of coquettish protest bursts out.

Knowing that I have disturbed the pair of lovebirds, I have no choice but to continue saying to Mindy, "Can you have David arrange some people to monitor Hilda's movements and protect Frances and Earl in the dark? I am so worried."