

Desperate Time 531

Chapter 531 I'm Willing to Wait

I am disappointed for a moment.

Looking at Terence in front of me, I am wondering what to say.

He may have noticed the change in my facial expressions and says to me, "You don't have to look like this. Actually, if you know me, you should know that I became the leader of the gang after fighting alone for two years. Therefore, there is a chance that we can deal with Hilda. As long as you are willing to wait, perhaps for two days, or two years at most, I will definitely make Hilda pay the price."

Two years? Although I feel it hard to get through each day, but I am willing to wait.

As long as Hilda can come to a bad end and leave Frances and Earl, I will be willing to wait no matter how long it takes.

"Alright, I can wait. As long as you have a way, I'm willing to wait. You can contact me whenever you need me. As long as you can make Hilda pay a heavy price, I'm willing to do anything, even if it means my death."

I look at Terence and say firmly.

In this way, Terence and I reach an agreement.

I believe him.

It's because of the hatred in his eyes.

Afterwards, I watch Hilda and Frances showing affection to each other every day. I tell myself that I have to get through it.

Only in this way can I get what I want.

Fortunately, Hilda does not bother me again, so I spend quiet days.

It's not until half a year later that quiet days are over.

Time flies and Penelope is half a year old.

With the change of the seasons, Penelope falls ill.

I take her to the hospital, but I don't expect to run into Frances.

He comes alone.

Is he ill?

However, judging from his look, he is in good spirits. Why does he come to the hospital? He looks at me and Penelope in my arms indifferently as if we were strangers to him.

When I am walking past him, I think I can stay calm.

However, I can't help but call out his name.

"Frances."

His name is like a sharp blade that stabs deeply into my heart.

Every night when I toss and turn, his figure appears repeatedly in my mind.

He lets me know that it is so difficult to forget a loved one.

What should I do?

How can I let it go?

He stops and throws a cold glance at me.

Then, he steps forward with long strides and goes to the entrance of the hospital.

I seem to have fallen into the abyss.

Does he feel disgusted even if he just takes a glance at me?

He doesn't want to know whose child I'm having.

Perhaps, he won't care no matter what I do? I take a deep breath and take child to the doctor's office.

Penelope has a fever and mild pneumonia, so she needs to be hospitalized.

After going through the admission formalities, I call my mother over to look after Penelope. Then I go out to buy diapers and some daily necessities.

Penelope is sick, and I must accompany her.

When I enter the baby store, I bump into a man that surprises me.

Noah.

It has been a long time since we last met.

I don't have a good feeling about him at all.

After all, he has done such a terrible thing to me.

But I don't expect that he has the nerve to greet me.

When he speaks, he offends and insults me.

"What are you doing here? The man you love has a new sweetheart and sends you to prison, doesn't he? I heard that the child custody was granted to him, so why do you come here? Are you pregnant with another man's bastard?"

## Chapter 532 Leave Easily

Noah's words are so unpleasant to hear that I don't want to respond.

In the past, I didn't expect him to be such a shameless man.

I throw a cold glance at him, walk past him and go into the store, since I don't want to talk to him.

After choosing the commodities, I am about to pay, but I find that my purse is missing.

I remember that I have put my purse in my pocket before I come in. How is it missing in the blink of an eye?

When I bump into Noah, perhaps it falls to the ground and someone picks it up.

Although there isn't much money in my purse, there are ID cards, bank cards, and the admission card that I prepare for Penelope.

If they are missing, it will be troublesome to renew them.

I look at the door and find that there is a monitoring camera.

I tell the cashier about my difficulties. Fortunately, she is kind-hearted and willing to help me check the monitoring video to see who picks up my purse.

It turns out that Noah has picked up my purse.

He knows that it is mine, but he doesn't give it back to me. He just goes too far.

He doesn't lack money, so why does he pick up my purse?

Although I know that he may have evil ideas, I call him to see if I can get my purse back.

"I'm wondering when you will know that your purse is missing."

I hear his gloating voice on the other end of the phone.

I suppress my anger and say to him coldly, "Give me back my purse."

"What kind of attitude is that? Do you think I will return it to you when you are so impolite to me?" The way he speaks is too annoying.

I would not put up with him if I hadn't wanted my wallet back.

But now, I have no other choice.

I take a deep breath and speak softly, "Please give me my purse back. Thank you."

"You take it yourself. I'm at the Cairns Hotel 500 meters to the right of the baby store."

After saying that, he hangs up the phone.

In the hotel?

I am alone with him? I really don't want to go.

But after weighing the pros and cons, I decide to go alone.

To protect myself, I buy a knife at the stationery store and pay it through mobile payment.

When I am about to arrive at the hotel, it occurs to me that Noah doesn't tell me the room number.

Just as I am about to take out my phone, I find that he is waiting for me at the gate.

That's good. I don't need to be alone with him.

I walk over, reach out and say coldly, "Where's my purse?"

"Why are you in such a hurry? Seeing that it's so valuable, I leave it in my room. If you want, follow me in to get it."

He wraps his arm around my waist and leads me inside.

He takes advantage of me!

How can I put up with it?

I twist my body to break free, but he says coldly, "Do you still want your purse?"

With him saying that, I can only clench my teeth, endure it and enter the room with him.

I see the purse on the small round table inside. I walk over, pick up the purse and walk out.

However, Noah stands at the door and smiles at me. "Do you think you can leave easily after you come in?"

I put my hand into my bag and question him in a harsh voice, "What do you want to do?" "What can I do? What do you think?"

As he speaks, he puts on an evil smile and approaches me step by step.

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Chapter 534 Don't Do That

My heart is beating hard.

It's been quite long since our last kiss. I feel so dizzy that I can hardly think.

The air in my lungs is reducing, but I can start to think.

I push Frances away and frown, "Frances, are you out of your mind? What are you doing?" His kiss used to be sweet and warm to me.

But it's different now.

He's already been with Hilda. How could I be so intimate with a man who's already had a beloved? He followed the impulse to kiss me, which I don't want.

I didn't expect that Frances would become such a casual guy.

If he can kiss me when Hilda and he are married, then he'll kiss any other woman.

I don't like what I'm seeing.

I wipe my mouth hard with a look of disgust.

I do feel sick.

I think all the intimacies that don't come out of love are disgusting.

Frances' gaze becomes sharp.

Sensing his frosty stare, I'm scared and step back.

I wanna escape from the place, but I fail.

It's been long, but I still can't help being scared when facing Frances.

His gaze becomes frostier.

I swallow and dart a tentative look at him, "Frances, what are you gonna...?"

Before I can finish my sentence, Frances reaches out his hand towards me and tears my clothes off abruptly.

I shudder as my smooth skin is exposed to the air.

But I feel more frightened than cold.

I can clearly sense the familiar glitter in Frances' eyes.

That's...lust.

"Frances, don't... don't do that."

I step back as I'm saying it to him.

Giving a sneer at me, he's getting closer to me.

He reaches out his hand towards my back and unbuttons my bra.

I subconsciously cover my chest and keep shaking my head.

"Don't ... please... don't."

Intimacies are sweet for those who are in love.

But it means humiliation for me now.

I can't stand him doing it to me when he doesn't have a thing for me anymore.

Now he really is an embarrassment to me.

Ignoring my rejection, he carries me in his arms and directly places me on the bed.

His sturdy body comes over and swallows all my rejections.

I can hardly resist his lingering and overbearing kiss.

My body becomes jelly, and it also turns to be hot because of her kiss.

He knows so well of my body, so each touch of him can hold me spellbound.

I can feel the wetness from my precious part, and my body becomes hot.

I keep saying no to myself in my heart, but my body doesn't follow my heart.

And then he takes off my underpants.

When he's pressing his hot manhood at my entrance, I can't help trembling.

What should I do? Can't I really stop him?

"Frances, don't... don't."

My voice sounds a bit hoarse, since the passion clouds me.

This kind of rejections sounds more like a warm welcome to myself.

Frances touches my precious area and show me my wetness with a chuckle.

"Are you sure you wanna stop?"

Chapter 535 Can't Control Myself

I don't know.

Sometimes, my body is more honest than my words.

I know that I should have refused to sleep with Frances, but my body misses him very much.

Forget it.

Just this time.

I close my eyes and stop struggling.

Frances suddenly moves his waist forward and thrusts into my body.

I groan.

It has been too long since I slept with him last time, so I don't get used to his big size. My whole body tautens for his thrust.

I clutch the sheets and curl up involuntarily.

Frances stops, frowns and says to me, "Splay your legs. Relax."

The more he says, the more nervous I become. My whole body tautens more tightly.

Frances is unable to move at all.

I look up at him and blush like a ripe tomato.

Logically speaking, I am very familiar with his body.

However, I'm still extremely nervous.

He and I stare at each other.

In the end, he can't stand it and moves, although he feels uncomfortable.

"It hurts. Frances, it hurts!"

I frown and push the strong Frances with all my might.

However, he doesn't have the slightest intention of stopping. Instead, he is getting faster.

"Be good. It'll get better."

He presses my hands, so I can't resist at all. I can only endure his fierce thrusts.

Finally, the discomfort gradually fades away and I feel an unspeakable sense of pleasure.

Beneath him, I sway with him.

I hand over myself to him and have an orgasm.

I don't know how long it lasts. I just feel like I'm getting lost in waves of pleasure.

He finally stops.

As for me, I'm so exhausted that I fall asleep.

In a daze, I feel that I'm pulled into a warm and tight embrace.

I feel very safe in his embrace and get closer to him.

I sleep soundly this night.

I don't remember how long it has been since I slept so soundly last time.

When I wake up, it is still dark.

I look at Frances who is sleeping soundly beside me and have mixed feelings.

I clearly know that I shouldn't have slept with him, but I can't control myself.

His presence completely disturbs me.

What should I do after he wakes up?

What if Hilda knows that I have slept with him?

I dread to think about it.

I sigh, get out of the bed with difficulty, get dressed and leave the hotel.

Penelope is still in the hospital, but I spend the night with Frances.

I buy diapers and daily necessities and rush back to the hospital.

When my mother sees me, she walks to me and says in a low voice, "Where were you last night? I called you many times, but you didn't answer my phone. If you don't come back, I'm calling the police."

"Nothing. I went home and fell asleep." Luckily, my mother lets it go and goes home.

Penelope's fever has been reduced a little, but she still needs to stay in the hospital for observation for a while.

I stay by Penelope's side and frown as I look at her.

The more I think about it, the guiltier I feel.

Compared to other children, Penelope has always lacked the care of her father.

All of this is because of me.

As for Frances and I, we have broken up. There is no way to make up for it.

As I'm lost in thought, a familiar voice suddenly sounds from the door.

Chapter 536 Collapse



“Jane, it’s really you. I almost mistake you for someone else.”

I look at the door and see somebody that I haven’t seen for a long time.

It’s Nicole.

I don’t know how long it has been since I saw her last time.

After I left Steven’s company, I haven’t seen her any more.

Now I’ve got over those past disputes.

I smile and get up, walking towards the door.

“What a coincidence. I didn’t expect to meet you here. What are you doing in the hospital? Are you sick?” She shakes her head and whispers, “I come here to have a check-up. What about you?”

“My child is ill and now she is in hospital.”

She nods and walks in, looking at Penelope through the glass. Her eyes are filled with love for my child.

“She is so cute. I also want such a cute child. Pitifully, I don’t even have a boyfriend.”

As she speaks, I can see her disappointment from her eyes.

She is still waiting for a man who will never appears, and after such a long time, it seems that she still hasn’t seen the man.

I let out a sigh, and don't know what to say.

After a long time, I finally squeeze out a sentence.

"Since you're so beautiful, I think in the future, you will have a cuter child." She smiles at me and says, "Let's not talk about this subject."

After a long moment of silence, she suddenly remembers something and turns to me, "Oh, Jane, there's a design competition. Do you want to participate in it?"

Design?

It's a long time since I designed.

It's such a long time that I almost forget that I can design.

I smile bitterly and say to her, "I haven't designed for a long time."

"Why?" she has a puzzled look and says to me regretfully. "You are the most talented designer I have ever met. If you don't design, it will be a huge loss for this industry. This time, the champion of the competition can directly join the DS Company, let alone the 5 million bonus."

When Nicole utters these words, there is a sparkle of excitement in her eyes.

I know what she cares about is not the bonus, but the opportunity to join the DS Company.

However, these things are no longer attractive to me.

I'll not participate in the competition. I think my life is good at present. As for the competition, I congratulate you in advance on your good performance."

Nicole purses her lips and stares at me for a few seconds. Finally, she sighs and leaves the ward.

I sit there and feel somewhat regretful.

I used to like design, and I like it now. However, sometimes I can't do what I want.

Designing will remind me of Frances.

When I think of him, I will fall into despair.

So, I don't dare to design any more.

However, there are times when people couldn't help but feel more helpless than they think they are.

At first I thought Penelope's fever was just a minor illness.

But when the results come out, I am completely devastated.

Thalassemia.

Such illness was no different from a terminal illness.

It needs a lot of money to cure the disease, and most people can't live beyond their teenage years.

After knowing Penelope's illness, I am seriously ill.

For a long time, I can't eat anything. I'm so gaunt, as if I was about to collapse when there is a breath of wind.

Every day, I am in deep despair.

I can't accept the fact that my favorite child has to suffer from this serious illness.

But very quickly, I tell myself that I have to pull myself together.

Penelope's illness requires a lot of money, and I want to earn enough money in the short time.

At this time, I suddenly remember what Nicole said before.

### Chapter 537 An Encounter

I really need that five million of the design competition now.

So I call Nicole quickly to ask her how to register and the exact theme of the competition.

She is very happy when she hears that I want to participate in it and tells me all directly.

"The theme is about lovers, the same as the one in France that we have taken part in before, but this time the venue is in the United States and your design work should be based on the American culture. I think you'd better go to the United States and live there for a while."

'Go to America?' I hesitate.

I can't leave Penelope alone. How can I go to the United States?

But if I don't get the prize money, I can't afford the medical bills of Penelope at all.

I have no choice.

There is still a month from the deadline of the competition and to design a work I must involve myself in the resonant material to get inspiration.

I quickly book a flight ticket to the United States. There is no economy class left, so I buy the first class, which I never do before.

Anyway, what I really need is a ton of money not the price of a plane ticket.

I pack up my stuff and head to the airport the next day.

I leave Penelope to my mother and all my savings as well.

Penelope needs regular blood transfusions to prevent her illness from deteriorating and I will be away for at least a month, so they need a lot of money at hand.

I take a taxi to the airport. Unexpectedly, when I arrive at the airport, I see Terence.

He still wears a cap and beneath it are his alert eyes.

To be exact, he comes looking for me.

“How do you know I am here?”

I look at him and ask doubtfully.

“I’ve been keeping a good eye on you these past few days. Since I’m teaming up with you, I need to be cautious about your every move.”

From his tone, I can feel a faint of distrust.

And I quietly understand. After all, he has been betrayed by the person whom he trusts and loves the most, so he hardly trusts others now.

“Okay. I’m going to the United States to participate in a competition.” I nod at him.

“Are you still in the mood to participate in the competition? Or are you short of money? If you need it, I can help you,” he says.

I know he's rich, but I don't want him to know too much about me and get him involved in my business. What's more, I don't want to owe him any favors.

Without Hilda, I wouldn't even have known him.

I shake my head and refuse, "Never mind. I just want to participate. You know I like design very much."

Just as he opens his mouth, his phone suddenly rings. He takes a look at his phone and whispers, "Hilda and Frances are at the airport. I have to leave now."

He has to hide his whereabouts, so he naturally can't let Hilda see him.

As for me, I don't want to meet them either.

After thinking for a while, I decide to pass through the security and just enter into the waiting area.

Then I board the plane.

To my surprise, they are actually on the same flight as me.

They are the last two persons I want to see but I just can't escape them.

I sit near the corridor and they sit across the aisle from me.

Between her and me is only an aisle.

The plane flies into the stratosphere and a flight attendant begins to serve drinks.

"Hot water, please!"

I say in a low voice.

The flight attendant nods to me and pours me a glass of hot water.

When she is about to hand it over to me, she suddenly loses her balance and falls towards me.

The hot water splashes upon my hands.

Chapter 538 I Hate That I Love Him

It hurts.

With my hand red and swollen, I gasp in pain.

The plane clearly didn't shake just now, so...

The stewardess panics and keeps apologizing to me, "Sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. It was because of the lady behind me who accidentally touched my hand that I slipped."

Hilda touches the stewardess?

Was that really an accident?

"It doesn't matter." I force a smile and say to the stewardess through the pain.

It's obviously not her fault. If I blame her, it'll definitely get her in trouble.

The stewardess looks at me gratefully and apologizes to me again before continuing to serve other passengers.

I turn to look at Hilda, who looks quite uninterested.

I can pretend to be ignorant of her identity, but that doesn't mean I can endure her harm to me at will again and again.

Now, without Frances around me, I have to learn how to protect myself.

“Hilda, don’t go too far,” I say to her coldly.

“What? Don’t go too far? I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Hilda looks at me as if she knows nothing.

Then she turns to look at Frances and says softly, “Darling, I didn’t touch the stewardess, but why did your ex-wife pin that on me?”

Hearing how she calls me, I feel a great deal of heartache.

At the thought of what happened between Frances and me that day, my mind wanders.

Frances’ eyes range over me and he says coldly, “I know. You don’t have to argue with someone unimportant.”

Someone unimportant?

Indeed.

He was just consumed with lust that day, without having any feelings for me.

Fortunately, I am clearly aware of this.

The back of my hand is burning, but my heart hurts much more.

I hate myself.

I hate that I love Frances.

I hate that I can’t forget him no matter what he does.



I also hate that he only loves Hilda no matter how much I love him.

I feel like I'm about to be a whiny and tragic woman because of him.

Hilda smirks at me and says softly, "You also heard it. Frances didn't see me touch that stewardess. Even if you don't want us to be with each other, you'd better not do something childish like this again."

"It's true that I hate to see you together, but I'll never do such a ridiculous thing. You know it very well and I don't need to say anything else."

I look coldly at Hilda, wishing to expose her true face and have Frances know how hypocritical she is.

But I know now is not the time.

I have no other choice but to endure.

It will take more than ten hours to fly to the United States. I am exhausted, but I don't dare to sleep at all.

With such a dangerous person as Hilda sitting beside me, I have to be under caution all the time.

In the midway, Hilda goes to the bathroom.

Frances suddenly looks at me.

I don't know what that gaze means, but I just feel uncomfortable all over.

He looks at me and whispers a sentence.

"Since you're easily hurt, can't you stay away from her?"

Is he talking about Hilda?

Can I regard it as his concern for me?

But he's obviously on Hilda's side. Doesn't he find it ridiculous to pretend to care about me?

Or he thinks that this can make him noble?

"Frances, stop playing nice."

Chapter 539 What Should I Do

His concern makes it hard for me to give up on him.

I don't need this kind of concern at all.

He wants to say something, but he remains silent in the end.

Hilda returns from the bathroom and sits down, leaning on his shoulder.

"Frances, I'm so tired."

"Have a rest. I'll wake you up when we arrive."

Frances' voice sounds gentle and affectionate, tearing my heart.

He used to be this gentle to me.

But now, that'll never happen again.

These ten hours of the flight are the most lasting torture for me.

I don't know how I survive this torment. When I get to the United States, I am more than exhausted.

I don't want to stay any longer and get off the plane.

I need to stay in the United States for a month. I have already asked Mindy to find a dwelling for me.

After arriving at my residence, I finally get a good night's sleep.

However, when I wake up the next morning, I realize that the scald on my hand seems to have gotten worse.

Yesterday, I was too tired to pay attention, but now I find it is red and swollen.

There are even a few blisters.

Being burned is really painful.

I suddenly think of old Mr. Louis. At that time, old Mr. Louis saved me, so that I dodged a calamity.

Unfortunately, before I can express my gratitude to him, he is already gone.

His death is definitely related to Hilda.

If I get the chance, I will definitely avenge him.

The scald on my hand affects my work very much. I can't help but go to the hospital.

In the public hospitals in the United States, I have to wait in a long queue, and I can only go to the expensive private hospitals.

Fortunately, the scald isn't so serious. The doctor prescribes some medicine for me, so I go back.

For the rest of the days, I spend almost every day wandering around the United States, looking for inspiration.

Soon, I discover something terrible.

I can't find any inspiration.

There is no one I can love.

What should I do?

What should I do?

If I can't get any inspiration, how can I draw the design I want? How can I win the competition? Without the five million, how can I save Penelope?

I can't lose Penelope, absolutely not!

The phone suddenly rings. It is Mom.

Overseas calls are expensive. Mom doesn't usually call me. So, there must be something very important.

Just as I pick up the phone, I hear her crying.

"Jane, what should I do? Penelope has been suffering from fever, vomiting, and diarrhea. She is extremely weak."

"How did this happen?" I ask anxiously, my heart clench into a ball.

She is so little. Why should she suffer like this?

If only I could bear all of this for her! Unfortunately, there is nothing I can do but watch her suffer.

No, now that I'm overseas, even a glance at her becomes a luxury.

"Jane, the twenty thousand left has been ran out. The doctor said that Penelope's illness is very serious. If she doesn't receive another blood transfusion, maybe...."

Mom doesn't say anything else, but I get her.

I don't have any extra money. Right now, I can only borrow some money from Mindy for the time being.

I call Mindy, but no one answers.

Sitting in a quiet café, I finally burst into tears.

"Penelope, Penelope. What should I do? What should I do?"

Chapter 540 Please Let Me Go

I'm so useless. I've never hated myself more.

I know I can't let anything bad happen to Penelope, but I can't draw anything now. What should I do? Suddenly, someone sits down on the other side.

I can still recognize at a glance with my misty eyes that the person sitting opposite is Frances.

Why is he here?

I hurriedly wipe away my tears and look at him as if nothing has happened.

“What happen to Penelope?”

He frowns and asks softly.

Why does he know Penelope?

I always think that he doesn't know about Penelope's existence.

But now as he asks me like this, he obviously knows it.

He is Penelope's father, but he isn't deserve it at all.

I bite my lips and stubbornly shake my head at him, “Nothing.” “Jane, she is my child. I have the right to know about her.” He says in a deep voice.

I have never thought of denying that Penelope is his child, but that doesn't mean that he has the right to intervene.

If he really wants to know, how can I cover up?

He doesn't even know how serious Penelope's illness is. It means that he doesn't care at all. He has never secretly investigated, which is obvious enough to show his unconcern.

“Frances, you don't have the right,”

I say coldly. Then I get up and walk out.

Suddenly, my wrist is pulled.

“Jane, what do you want?”

“What do I want?”

I turn around and look at his familiar face. I just feel ridiculous.

It is my fault to almost cost his life, but I already paid the price.

I suffered so much inhuman torture in prison.

When I gave birth to Penelope, I also had a close brush with death.

Most importantly, I lost the person I loved the most.

But now, he still keeps asking me what I want.

“I just want to stay away from you. I beg you not to disturb my life anymore. Frances, please, let me go.”  
My heart is tightly clenched together, and tears cannot stop flowing down my cheeks.

How can he possibly know how painful my life is when he flirts with Hilda?

Frances stares at me with a deep gaze, but he finally lets go of my hand.

My tears never stop when I get back to my room from the coffee shop.

My emotions, which I exhaustively hide, are getting out of control because of Frances' appearance.

If he makes me enchanted again and again, I think I can never forget him.

It doesn't matter to him, but this is too painful for me.

While dealing with Frances, I also worry about Penelope's situation. This makes me unable to calm down.

I don't know how to design, either.

Luckily, Mindy finally calls me back.

I tell her about Penelope's condition. Then she immediately says that she will bear all of Penelope's medical expenses.

I know that David is rich, and it is just a piece of cake for him to pay.

But David is Mindy's husband, not my husband. I don't want to owe him a favor.

I am pretty stubborn sometimes.

But, I am clear about owing a debt of gratitude.

"Mindy, I can't accept your money unconditionally. Besides, this isn't your money. It's David's. But now, I want to borrow one hundred thousand from you to temporarily stabilize Penelope's condition. When I have money, I'll definitely pay you back."