

Desperate Time 631

Chapter 631 You're the Best Gift in M...

I am surprised that she directly refuses me.

I look at her coldly and step forward to her.

"What are you doing? I'm injured. You can't touch me!" She tries to threaten me, but what she says is no deterrent.

"You're my mistress. What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going to sleep with you!"

As I spoke, I throw her onto the bed.

I don't know why I said such a thing.

But I am excited and I can't control myself.

I directly lie on the top of her and touch her shoulder.

"Let go of me. I am your mistress, but I am not your slave!"

She says and pushes me away. And then she covers her wound and flinches.

Her expression is a little painful. Is she feeling bad?

Thinking of that she cared about Noah so much, I can't hold back my anger, so I ignore her injuries.

The most important thing for me now is to throw away that annoying coat.

“Are you scared now? I told you to take off the coat. I am annoyed at other man’s coat. If you like men’s coats, I can buy you a hundred coats.”

She looks down and takes off the coat. She mutters, “It’s just a coat. What’s the big deal with it?”

When I see her take off the coat so obediently, I feel a little relieved, but I notice the blood on her clothes.

I stare at her waist and frown.

I purse my lips and point at her waist, “Why are you bleeding?”

“It’s all because of you!” She rolls her eyes at me and gives me a look of reproach.

I take a look at the bed. There is a box of face powder at where she lies. Presumably her wound was pressing against the box.

I guess I hurt her when I threw her on the bed.

Instantly, I feel extremely guilty and somewhat puzzled by her stubbornness.

She is clearly injured. Why doesn’t she tell me?

It wrenches me and I stop blaming her for her relationship with Noah. I directly say to her.

“Go to the hospital.” I carry her out of bed and go out without changing shoes.

“I can walk on my own....” she whispers in my arms.

“Shut up.” Before she can finish speaking, I interrupt her coldly.

How can she walk on her own since she is injured? Does she want to bleed to death? I feel so guilty. Can't she stop torturing me?

Fortunately, she finally shuts her mouth.

After an examination in the hospital, the doctor says seriously with a stern face, "I told you not to do strenuous exercise. How did this happen?"

Strenuous exercise? Why do I feel like the doctor is looking at with a strange look? "He knows how this happened." Jane points at me angrily and says with blushes.

The doctor is a little embarrassed and he doesn't continue to ask. He warns me, "I know that you young people are more impulsive and energetic, but sometimes you should restrain yourself. You shouldn't be so eager. You have ample time after she recovers.

For some reason, the doctor's misunderstanding delights me.

Especially when I see Jane's blushing face, I don't want to explain it to the doctor.

"We are eager to have a child." I stop explaining when I see Jane's embarrassed expression.

The doctor clears his throat and doesn't say anything more. He takes Jane into the operating room to stitch her up.

The operating room is not open to outsiders, but I am really worried about her, so I call the dean.

Soon, the doctor lets me in.

Jane seems to be a little surprised to see me.

The anesthesiologist is at the side, preparing the anesthetic.

I suddenly think of that I have sex with her without birth control recently.

If we're lucky, she should have a baby in her belly.

The anesthetics will harm the child, so it is better not to use them for the time being.

However, she has to suffer.

After much thought, I say to the doctor.

“No anesthesia.”

Jane’s eyes instantly fill with rage when she looks at me.

“Why don’t you endure the pain?” She changes her tone as she is angry.

I know that she must be angry.

But I make the decision for the sake of child who might have been in her belly.

I hope that when she knows my intention, she won’t blame me anymore.

“I can endure it. Can’t you? There are many things that are much more painful than not taking anesthetics.” I smile gently at her. I want to explain to her, but I am afraid that she would laugh at me for my caring the baby who might not exist.

She looks at me as if she is going to die a heroic death.

I am very moved by her adorable look.

But the next second, I am distressed.

When the doctor stitches her up, she looks extremely painful. She bites her lips tightly and tries not to groan.

I count clearly that she has eighteen stitches.

Every stitch seems to pierce my heart, and I feel pain even when I breathe.

“Done,” the doctor says.

I relax at the doctor’s words. But Jane faints.

Because of my fault, she stays in the hospital for another week.

I have been worried about her in the hospital, so I delay a lot of affairs of the company.

The day after I bring her home, I go to work.

At noon, I have lunch with Steven because of the cooperation between our companies.

To my surprise, Jane suddenly appears at the door of the private room halfway through the meal.

Suddenly, my face darkens.

Jane has just been discharged from the hospital. She secretly comes out behind my back! I will punish when I go back.

“There is a problem. You designed it. Come in and explain it.” Jane follows behind Steven and walks in. When she sees me, she is shocked.

I glance at her and pretend not to recognize her.

The Song Group has a large luxury brand that only produces couture. What we are talking about now is one of the belts of the brand.

I’ve already seen this belt. It’s really nice.

I am astonished that Jane is the designer.

Looks like she's quite talented in design.

"This is my assistant, Jane." Steven introduces Jane to everyone and takes her to her seat.

At this moment, there are only two empty seats left. Steven pauses for a moment and sits down beside me, while she sits beside Steven.

I suddenly feel a little disappointed.

I wish she would sit next to me.

A fat man says, "Since Ms. Noyes is here, let her tell us what kind of belt is worth 8.88 million." This man is a famous nouveau riche in Virginia, and he knows nothing about design.

In my eyes, Jane's design is worth 88.8 million.

Jane glances at Steven and begins to explain.

"Belts are the closest decoration to the human body except clothes. Since belts are close to body, they need to make us feel comfortable. Therefore, we make this belt texture soft and tough with best leather through superb workmanship. In this way, while maintaining its shape, it can maximally fit the arc of the human body, thereby improve the comfort of the human body. As for the belt buckle, it is a raised crown.

Each corner of the crown is inlaid with the best diamonds from South Africa. The diamond in the middle is a pink diamond. The whole belt is low-key but luxurious, and it's superb in workmanship and graceful in taste. These material items are originally expensive, and the belt is available in limited quantities.

Therefore, there is nothing wrong with the high prices. Besides, isn't the number '888' is businessmen's favorite?"

I look at her seriously. I don't want to miss every word she said.

After she finishes speaking, I stand up and smile at her, “Ms. Noyes said that this belt is very comfortable.

I feel that it is a bit tight, but I don’t know how to adjust it. Ms. Noyes, can you help me?”

Actually, I am deliberately making things difficult for her.

I can’t help but do so when I see her confident look.

Moreover, this belt actually has a flaw.

People who use belts have difficulties to adjust it on their own. In other words, they have to ask someone else to help them adjust it. I don’t know if she has noticed this flaw.

Jane bites her lips and walks towards me. She reaches her trembling hands towards my waist.

Immediately, my heart is racing.

Her touching me through the clothes increases my heartbeat.

Jane, why am I obsessed with you?

The belt just happens to be in such an awkward position between the upper body and the lower body.

She is a shy person, and now her face blushes.

As she unties my belt with her gentle hands, she explains to the crowd.

“Naturally, this unique belt should be untied by a woman, so that a man can feel noble. Imagine your dream woman unties this belt gently with her soft and boneless hands.”

Jane is very smart. She turns the flaw into an advantage.

The woman I love is indeed very outstanding.

I look at everyone present. They seem to be very satisfied with Jane's explanation.

I think what I do helps her.

However, she looks at me with resentment.

She lets out a long sigh, adjusts my belt, and then goes back to her seat.

"What a good item! Mr. Steven, I'll order one."

"I want one!"

"I think it fits me quite well. I want one, too!"

The other men present all orders this belt.

At this moment, Jane suddenly stands up and says to everyone, "Sorry, I have to leave now. Everyone, enjoy yourself."

"I met my boss. I'll be right over."

When she reaches the door, she picks up the phone and hurries out.

Who is calling her?

I suddenly feel a little uneasy.

After lunch, I go downstairs and lit a cigarette.

I keep wondering who called her just now.

I look up and see her walking out of the restaurant side by side with Noah.

Noah again?

Do they have an appointment for lunch?

I am burning with rage.

Seeing me, Jane looks extremely guilty, but she can only come up and say hello to me.

“What a coincidence, Mr. Frances.”

What a coincidence?

Where will she go with Noah now if I didn't run across them?

I pull her into my car and slam the door shut.

She tries to open the car door, but fails.

When I get in the car, I lock the door.

“Mr. Frances, I have to go to work. Can you...”

Work?

Her so-called work is to have lunch with a man, right?

I turn around and look at her with narrowed eyes. I ask though I know the answer.

“Who is that man?”

“He is just my high school classmate. We just have lunch together.” She explains.

Just a high school classmate?

I have investigated everything about Noah.

I sneer and look sideways at her. “Classmate? I heard what he said outside the Cloud Heaven the other day. You wore his clothes back that night. Now that you meet him so often and you’re having lunch together, do you think I’ll believe that you’re just classmates?”

Jane says, “I loved him when we were in high school. But that was in the past. Can’t I meet my classmates now?”

She finally admits it! I want to hear the truth from her, but why do I feel even more upset when I heard her admit it?

“Jane, do you think he will still love you if he knows your current situation? You know how embarrassed you are, don’t you?”

I know what I say is very hurtful, but I can only say these words to persuade her give up on Noah.

She says, “I see. I will pay attention to it.”

And then she dully asks me to unlock the door.

What does she mean? Is she leaving? She doesn’t listen to me at all, does she?

I am so anxious that I pull her back.

I kiss her domineeringly with anger.

I kiss her hard and bite her lips, as if I am venting my anger.

I can't care about that much. She's my woman, so she can't think about other men!

Kissing her for a long time, I let go of her.

Her shy and helpless look satisfies me.

"This is a punishment for your sneaking out to work behind my back."

I have punished her, and Noah has left as well.

She should be obedient now.

I have things to do in company. I'll give severer punishment to her in the evening.

I open the door and signal for her to get off.

In order to get home early in the evening, I finish my work quickly and left the company before five o'clock.

When I get home, Jane hasn't returned.

Thinking that she may go to work at the company and she hasn't off work now, I don't call her.

Anyway, judging from her condition at noon, I think she feels pretty good.

However, after I wait for a few hours, she hasn't come back.

It is raining heavily outside. She doesn't answer the phone. Where is she?

I sit on the sofa, waiting for her to come back.

My mood grows gloomy.

It isn't until ten o'clock that she finally comes back soaked.

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"Where have you been?" I snap at her.

I am a little worried when I see her drenched.

Where has she been?

I am worried about her. But the words of concern are on the tip of my tongue.

"It's raining. I can't get a taxi. So I'm late."

She says to me.

When she raises her head, I suddenly notice a bright red mark on her face.

Who hit her?

Who dares to hit my woman? But it's like a burn.

One thing I dislike about Jane is that she always doesn't tell me anything.

No matter how much I do, I don't seem to be able to open her heart.

So, I just don't say anything.

“You got off work at 5:30 in the afternoon. It didn’t rain at that time.” I chuckle.

I really want to know where she went after work.

Go to Noah? What about the bruises on her face?

She looks away unnaturally and says to me, “I went shopping.”

Shopping?

If she went shopping, then why does she have the bruises on her face?

Even now, she is still lying.

She is still unwilling to tell the truth. What exactly is she trying to hide? “Where’s your purchase?” I look at her empty hand and stretch out my right hand towards her.

‘Damn it! This man has to push me like this, hasn’t he?’ Jane thinks to herself.

She rolls her eyes at me and says coldly, “I have no money and can’t afford it, OK?” No money.

How can my woman have no money?

My assistant happens to apply for a black card for me. I haven’t decided how to use it yet.

I take out a black card and throw it to her.

After getting the card, she suddenly becomes cunning.

Could it be that she wants to pay me back with the money on this card?

And then, she will get rid of me.

Is she this unwilling to be with me?

I feel a great compulsion to throttle her.

“Don’t have any evil ideas. You can only buy things with this card. As my woman, you can’t be too shabby.”

Her clothes are all old styles. It seems that she hasn’t bought any clothes these years.

I know that she wasn’t happy when she was with Andrew.

Since she is with me, I must make her happy every day.

“Thank you, boss.” She looks up and smiles sweetly at me.

This makes the red mark on her face even more conspicuous.

“What happened to your face?” I frown and stroke her face.

“It hurts.”

She shrinks back. It seems that she is in real pain.

“What’s going on?” I ask with a grim face.

“I accidentally burned myself while drinking coffee.”

She looks down and says to me.

Burned herself?

Did she want coffee, or did her face want it?

“You can burn yourself like this? Jane, are you too naive, or do you think I’m stupid?” “Believe it or not.”

She says casually and goes upstairs.

I can’t get the answer from Jane. So, I call my subordinate and know that she has gone to Steven’s house.

I feel even unhappier while thinking about that Steven often looks at her covetously.

Afterwards, a woman who liked Steven asked her to a coffee shop.

When she came out, she had this red mark on her face.

I ask my men to teach that woman called Violet a lesson, so that she will know which people she can’t afford to offend.

After dealing with the things on my hands, I take a bath.

The night is beautiful. I want to go up to the roof for a blow. However, it seems a bit lonely if I go alone.

It has only been less than an hour. So, she probably hasn’t slept.

I walk to her door and knock lightly.

She says loudly inside the room.

“Who is it? It is so late. Do you have a death wish or something?”

The corners of my mouth twitch.

Apart from me, who else can endure her explosive temper?

I'm really cheap. I refuse so many women who please me and just have a crush on her.

"Frances." I reply in a deep voice.

"What's the matter?" She yawns and blinks, asking.

"Drink with me."

I say briefly and pull her upstairs.

I sit down, pour myself a glass of wine, and drink it.

Anyway, with her around, everything is beautiful.

I take a sip and look at the woman beside me, only to find that her eyes are filled with desire.

It seems like she wants to drink it.

She's allergic to alcohol. But it should be all right to drink this wine.

I chuckle and hand the glass to her.

"Would you like to try the fruit wine I asked the winery to brew? It won't make you drunk or have a rash. I took the wrong wine just now. This wine is only suitable for women."

I don't know if I am trying to cover it up.

After all, it takes me a long time to pick out a bottle of wine that has almost no alcohol content.
She hesitates for a moment before picking up the glass and taking a sip.

It's good." She says and gulps the wine in the glass.

Just such a glass of wine makes her face turn red.

Looks like she really can't drink.

I have to keep an eye on her and cannot let her drink in front of other men.

"I'll go get another bottle of wine."

As for the fruit wine, I just leave it for her to drink.

I take a bottle of wine and she continues to drink the fruit wine. Soon, she drinks most of the bottle of wine.

She looks dazed and should be a little drunk.

"Didn't you say I wouldn't get drunk? Why am I a little dizzy? Did you drug the wine?" she murmurs and unconsciously leans against me.

The light smell of fruit wine mixes with the fragrance of her body, which makes me a little drunk.

Hearing what she said, I am lost for words.

"Do you think I need to drug you? What I said is that you won't get drunk with one drink. Look how many cups you have had."

She doesn't say anything else and just leans against me quietly.

The night is beautiful, and the woman beside me is also beautiful.

Everything touches me.

“Frances, do you know what it feels like to love someone but not get him?” she leans against my shoulder and suddenly asks.

How can I not know?

Isn't she the one for me?

Although I get her body, I can clearly feel that she does not love me.

However, who does she love?

Noah? Steven? Or her ex-husband?

No matter who it is, it upsets me.

I jerk her away and stand up. I stare at her tightly and try to see through her. But I fail.

“Sorry, I am drunk.” She says in horror.

Then she stands up and retreats step by step.

Is she so afraid of me? Is she afraid that I will eat her?

If she continues to retreat, she will reach the edge of the balcony.

Doesn't she know that it is dangerous over there?

“Stop.” My face changes and I order in a low voice.

I don't dare to act rashly for fear of scaring her.

Suddenly, she trips over the box beside her. She leans back uncontrollably and is about to fall down.

I am nervous and stride for her, grabbing her and pulling her back into my arms.

She is clearly in a state of shock. I am even more frightened. Even my hands holding her are trembling slightly.

"I asked you to stop. Can't you understand?" I snap.

Does she know that if I have been slower just now, she would have fallen down? The roof is nearly ten meters above the ground. If she really falls down, she will be broken, or even die.

"I thought you were going to hit me."

She feels wronged and says.

Hit her?

Do I look like someone who will hit women?

Even if I will hit women, I won't hit her.

"Am I so scary?"

She pats her chest and says to me, "It scares me. I'm going back to sleep to get over the scare." As she speaks, she leaves in a hurry.

Looks like she doesn't intend to tell me the truth.

As soon as she goes downstairs, my phone vibrates.

It's a message from Weibo.

I know she posts something without reading it.

After all, I only follow her.

Even she doesn't know this.

"Frances, you big idiot! You scare me!"

The corners of my mouth twitch slightly.

Is this how she treats her savior? This little woman is too arrogant.

Since she's so afraid of me, I'll scare her.

I chuckle and leave a comment.

"Oh?"

Her cry of alarm comes from downstairs.

"I am doomed! I am doomed!"

Then, that post is deleted by her.

Looks like the scaring her thing works.

The next day, I am going to Santos on a business trip. After telling her, I leave.

When I'm having talks with a business partner, he suddenly asks how I am going to celebrate my birthday.

Birthday?

I've already forgotten.

I shake my head and say, "No plans. Just work."

Unexpectedly, he smiles at me with relief and says, "That is great. I've prepared a birthday party for you. Please come at ten o'clock in the evening."

With that, he directly leaves before I have a chance to refuse.

It has been arranged. If I refuse, it will embarrass him.

After all, I have worked with his company for a long time. I have to think about future cooperation.

However, I can't go the party without a date.

At this time, I naturally won't invite Whitney. I've never been to a formal event with her before and will also not invite her this time.

If I want to bring a girl with me, the girl will only be Jane.

I buy her a plane ticket and send her a text message, asking her to come to Santos.

I arrive at the airport an hour in advance and wait for her. The moment I see her, even my heart is warm.

We've only been apart for a day. But I miss her very much.

I really can't imagine what I will be like if I lose her one day.

She walks fast.

"Why did you call me over?" after getting in the car, she asks me.

"Let's go to the hotel first."

I reply and drive back to the hotel.

Unexpectedly, she suddenly says,

"Can I not go?"

Not go?

She's already here. Then she tells me not to go now?

"Do you think you have the right to say no?"

I turn around and see her pitiful appearance.

She obediently remains silent. I take her to the hotel and come to the presidential suite I booked before.

I've already prepared her dress, shoes and accessories.

"Take off your clothes."

I say in a deep voice.

“I don’t want to do it. I just want to eat.”

She doesn’t want to do it?

What is she thinking of?

Does she think I want to have sex with her?

I do want to. But this is not the right time.

“What do you think I’m going to do?” I cannot help smiling and ask.

My eyes are vague.

There may never be anything more fun in the world than teasing her.

“What do you think?”

She asks in reply.

It’s getting late and I don’t have time to talk to her. I point at the gown on the bed and say to her.

“You’re overthinking it. Come with me to the 18th floor after you change your clothes.”

It’s a peacock blue dress, which is limited edition in Italy. There are only two in the world. It is handmade, noble, and elegant. She must be very beautiful when she wears it.

She is a little embarrassed and says to me, “Then you go out. How can I change when you are here?” Get out? How is that possible?

I take out my phone and look at the time again.

It's almost eleven o'clock. If we don't go now, the party will be over.

"Frances, could you please move your noble butt and go out for a while?"

I glance at her and say, "I've seen your whole body. Besides, I'm on Weibo and don't have time to look at you."

She may be guilty, take her clothes and go to the bathroom to change.

When she comes out, I feel my heart beating fast.

She is so beautiful.

The peacock blue sets off her white skin, exquisite collarbone, fabulous figure, and slender waist.

I feel a great compulsion to be all over her.

When she walks out, she staggers and falls towards me.

Coincidentally, her head hits my crotch.

This is too bad. I have been excited and can now no longer contain myself now. I have an erection.

"You are shameless! You ... what are you thinking about?"

She looks at me and becomes angry from embarrassment, even stuttering.

I smile and move closer to her. She can feel my hot breath.

“I remember it is you who pounce on me. Why am I shameless?”

“Because you stand at the door and scare me. Why are you standing at the door? Do you want to peep?” Jane retorts.

The more she thinks about it, the more she feels that my movements are suspicious.

“Piss.” I say casually and walk into the bathroom.

I almost cannot control myself. She has a wound on her waist. So, I cannot touch her now and can only release by my hands.

When I come out and see her shoes, I remember that there is still a pair of shoes in the wardrobe.

I walk over to take the shoes and change it for her. Then, I walk out with her.

However, I don't expect that her identity will be completely exposed at the party.

Even though I have asked others to block the news, Whitney still knows of her existence.

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At the party, surrounded by a group of annoying women, I feel uncomfortable.

When I come back to the present moment, Jane is already dancing with Lawrence.

Although I know Lawrence loves someone else, I get upset at the sight of such intimacy.

After the party ends, I give her a good punishment and finally feel a little better.

After returning from Santos, I receive an invitation to a show in Paris.

I'm not a fan of such an occasion.

Whitney is a famous designer. She attends galas like this with me every time.

Every minute with her is torture for me.

I've proposed a divorce several times, but Whitney never compromises. Every time it ends up with her threatening to kill herself.

I suddenly regret marrying Whitney back then.

If I hadn't done it with an indifferent attitude, I wouldn't have been stuck when Jane appeared.

If it weren't for Whitney, I would have married Jane and given her everything I have.

I tell Jane that I am going on a business trip for a week, and she says that so is she.

I don't ask any further and go straight to the airport.

In the VIP lounge, I see Whitney wearing sunglasses with a satisfied expression.

Seeing me enter, she takes off them and walks towards me.

The GUCCI haute couture outfit looks stunning on her. The surrounding men all look at her with affections.

I have to say that she is so lovey a creature, to the extent that any man will fall for her.

Even Lawrence, her brother in name, is no exception.

Unfortunately, I'm not among them.

I only have Jane in my heart. She used to be, is now, and will be my only love.

Whitney walks over and intimately holds my arm. Those men around instantly dim their eyes.

I frown and go to my seat. Looking at her smiling on the other side, I ask indifferently, "Whitney, what exactly do I need to do to get a divorce?"

The smile on her face freezes.

"Frances, why do you want to divorce me? What's wrong with me? You don't want to live with me and I let you move out. You don't want to sleep with me and I have never forced you to do so! We've been married for years, but how many times have we appeared together? I've done so much. Why are you so obsessed with that?"

She says to me emotionally, completely ignoring the crowd around her.

She's mentally ill, and I've always known that.

It is precisely because I know I'm part of the reason that I can't harden my heart to force her.

But now, I want to make Jane my wife, so I don't want to go on with the charade anymore.

"Whitney, I don't love you. You know it. A marriage without love can't last long." I say flatly.

"You didn't love me before! Why are you bringing up a divorce now? Are you in love with another woman? Is that Cindy Leigh?" Whitney gives a grimace of rage as she sneers, "Cindy was already disfigured by me. Are you still thinking about her? Let me tell you, Frances, I'll ruin any woman you get close to! I wonder who else is so bold to approach you!"

I know about Cindy.

To be exact, I'm responsible for Cindy's suffering.

At that time, Whitney kept a close eye on me. I was afraid that she would find out about Jane, so I used Cindy as a shield.

Cindy is really innocent, so I give her a large sum and ask her to go abroad.

“Go with your gut. I have no explanation for you. The divorce will go into effect automatically after two years’ separation. It doesn’t matter if you want to waste your time with me.”

I say coldly, get up and walk towards the gate.

“I don’t care who you love. In any case, I’m the only one who can be with you openly, right?” Whitney says proudly as she chases after me and grabs onto my arm again.

I frown and get on the plane without answering her.

Because the plane is late, and Whitney changes into formal clothes after getting off the plane, we are running out of time. We hurry straight for the show.

When we get there, I see a familiar figure from afar.

It is Jane. I don’t know why she is here.

However, later I realize that this event is sponsored by the Songs. Given how much Jane means to Steven, it isn’t surprising that she shows up.

But the problem is that Whitney is also here!

I never tell Jane that I’m married. If she knows, how will I explain it?

I’ve never been in such a panic before.

Whitney doesn’t notice the change in my expression and whispers to me, “Go, let’s go.”

There are only two empty seats at the main table, right beside Jane and Steven.

I walk over with heavy steps.

Sitting beside Jane, I take every breath mixed with her fragrance.

I get flustered so much.

I can't talk to her and only watch the show on the stage as if I don't know her.

Beside me, she and Steven have been discussing something, and I hear every word.

However, why are they getting closer and closer?

I want to remind her, but I baulk at the idea of saying it directly. I can only rub my leg against her.

Her expression changes while she sits motionless, watching the show.

Whitney's coquettish voice suddenly comes from the side.

"Darling, do you think that dress suits me?"

My entire body stiffens at once.

Whitney has never called me darling. Does she lose her mind today? When Jane is present, Whitney actually calls me that!

Not turning to look at Jane, I hear Steven asking, "Jane, are you alright?" "I'm fine. I'm going to the bathroom."

She gets up and stumbles towards the bathroom.

I glance over at her and see her bump into someone.

When she goes into the bathroom, my phone vibrates in my bag.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let your wife know our relationship.”

I have mixed feelings about Jane’s words.

Does she think of herself as a shameful mistress?

I don’t tell her that I’m married because I’m afraid she can’t take it.

The worse scenario is that Whitney will go at her. Jane is so unsophisticated that she might mistake an enemy for angel.

She comes back from the bathroom very quickly, her entire face pale.

I know that she must find it hard to accept the truth.

Then I’m not in the mood for the rest of the show.

When it ends, Jane takes the lead to get up and go outside.

Whitney and I have always shared a room in order to deceive the public.

But I’ve never slept with her. The sofa makes my bed.

Whitney and her besties here will play cards all night, so she will not come back.

Before she leaves, she goes crazy again, talking about committing suicide.

When I snatch the knife from her hand, I get hurt.

It leaves a wound on my wrist.

It's not deep, but it hurts.

After that, Whitney leaves.

I don't bandage the cut. Instead, I send a text message to Jane to ask her to come over. Perhaps, this can earn me some sympathy.

Unexpectedly, she replies, "No."

Apparently, her anger is for real.

I have no choice but to make a threat that if she doesn't come, I'll go find her.

I get no reply for a whole minute.

I can't stand the long wait, so I just knock on her door.

After entering, she notices my wound. Sure enough, she knits her brow and goes to a pharmacy for gauze and iodophor.

Judging from how much she cares, I don't think she blames me for not telling her about my marriage.

To my surprise, as she finishes dressing the wound, she orders me to leave.

"Alright, go now."

Do I hear her wrong?

How can she say that?

I pretend not to hear her and pull her into my arms.

'I'm very tired. Go to sleep.'

I'm not lying. I'm exhausted.

Dealing with Whitney wears me out. I feel a bit relaxed only when I see Jane.

Holding her in my arms, I sleep soundly that night.

Thinking that Whitney will be back soon, I leave early.

Jane is fast asleep at the moment.

I can't help kissing her when I see her peaceful face.

Not long after I lie down on the sofa in my room, Whitney returns.

She seems to be in a much better mood and drags me to the restaurant on the second floor.

When she sees Jane and Steven, holding my hand, she heads for them.

For some reason, I feel that Whitney harbors a lot of hostility towards Jane overnight.

Although the way they chat seems casual and normal, I can vaguely smell that something is amiss.

After bickering with Jane for a while, Whitney turns to me and says, "Darling, let's find another table. Perhaps we shouldn't share a table with someone not on the same page."

Seeing Jane's grim face, I say nonchalantly, "You shouldn't go extreme just because others don't agree with you. Perhaps, you two have something in common?"

It's just a simple comment. There is no special meaning in it. Whitney stands up and leaves the restaurant.

Steven also leaves for something urgent, leaving only Jane and I here.

"Frances, what exactly do you want?" Jane snaps.

What do I want?

From beginning to end, I only want to be with her. I never change my mind.

"Nothing."

I reply.

"Why don't you tell me you're married?"

Her questioning leaves me speechless.

I don't tell her, because I don't know how to put it in a way that prevents hurting her feelings.

I'm afraid that the quarrel will attract attention, so I stand up and walk out.

She stops me at the stairs.

“Let me ask you something. Why don’t you ever tell me?”

Doesn’t she care about me? Why is she so obsessed with this question?

Is it possible that she cares?

I see a glimmer of hope.

“Jane, what right do you have to question me? Or are you jealous?” I ask, gazing at her.

She remains silent for a long time.

It is just a flicker of hope and all goes back to the dark now.

Suddenly, I feel devastated.

“Jane, you’re just a woman asking for my help. You don’t have the right to ask about my personal affairs.” It breaks my heart to see the sadness in her eyes, though I can do nothing but ignore it.

She bites her lip and says to me meekly, “I know. I just feel that you should at least get me mentally prepared. Otherwise, I don’t know how to deal with your wife.”

Her sudden obedience displeases me.

I don’t like her behaving that way.

Being sharp and straightforward is more herself.

“Just do your part. Don’t worry about her.”

I walk into the room. As soon as I enter, I see Whitney with a gloomy expression.

My voice just now is very low, and she probably doesn’t hear me.

However, why does she look so sullen?

As I’m lost in my thought, she picks up a vase and throws it at me.

But very quickly, I instinctively dodge to the side and it flies past me and out.

I look outside and discover that Jane is still standing there!

The vase smashes right onto her head.

Then, it falls to the ground, making a crisp sound.

I can’t help but suspect that it is meant for Jane not me.

Blood flows down Jane’s head, glistening with shocking scarlet.

I want to run to her, but I’m afraid that will give away our relationship, so I stand there and watch it.

Whitney runs out. When she passes, I detect a cold smile on her lips.

When she gets to Jane, she asks, “Ms. Noyes, are you alright?”

I gawk at them, believing that Whitney is indeed hostile to Jane.

I'm not sure yet what this hostility stems from and if Whitney knows about us.

"Frances, hurry up and send her to the hospital. She's bleeding." Whitney says to me.

I know there's a lot of blood. I see it.

But I can't.

Care brings chaos.

I'm afraid that if her life is in danger, I'll break down.

In front of Whitney, Jane and I have to be careful.

"You take her to the hospital. I have something to do."

With that, I walk out.

Later, when Whitney comes back and tells me that Jane has only a slight concussion, I feel relieved.

It is another show at night. Halfway through it, Jane suddenly covers her mouth and runs towards the bathroom. She is throwing up loudly.

After that, Steven takes her to the hospital.

When I see her vomiting, my immediate reaction is that she is pregnant with my child.

I'm thrilled at the possibility.

Whitney goes out for some errands. I call Jane twice in a row, but no one answers.

I become even more nervous.

After a long time, she calls me back.

“Come to my room right now.”

I say sternly to her.

The moment I open my mouth, I realize that my voice is trembling.

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I wish she can be pregnant. I wish we can have a baby.

But in the end, the reality let me down.

That night, she comes to my room. After a long time of questioning, she finally knows that she is not pregnant.

In the following days, Whitney comes between Jane and me more often.

I can also feel that Jane cares much about her identity.

I've already told her that Whitney has a mental problem, but in the end, Jane and I do not take a step closer.

On the contrary, she has become closer to Noah in the past few days.

I'm panicking.

It's as if she will leave me at any moment.

It isn't until Frank is thrown into jail because of drugs and intentional injuries that the emotions that I have been suppressing explode out of control.

“Frances, let me go.”

Let her go?

How is this possible?

I love her so much. How can I let her go? Why is she so eager to leave me?

“Jane, say it again.”

I stare at her and snap through gritted teeth.

“Frances, you know. Back then, I came to you because I had no choice. Now that Frank is in jail, we have no connection anymore. A wrong thing should end sooner rather than later. I still have a long way to go, and we are not born from the same world. I knew it very clearly, and I never mean to pester you. I know you’ve always been dissatisfied with me. It’s time for me to leave.”

Every word is like a sharp blade stabbing into my heart.

In her opinion, is it just a mistake to be with me?

Or is it that she is in a hurry to go to someone else?

So, I try to threaten her with Noah. I don’t expect that I will succeed.

But I’m not happy at all.

She compromises for Noah. Does it mean that she cares so much about him?

In the days that followed, when I have sex with her, I've never used condoms. However, she isn't pregnant.

For this reason, I go to the hospital to have a physical examination. The doctor tells me that there is no problem with my body. That is a relief to me.

After that, I bump into Whitney several times when I stay with Jane.

My worries grow bigger.

Until that day when Whitney and Jane both fall into the river, I have no choice but to face a fact.

Whitney really knew.

Every day after that, I am so nervous that I even hire some people to secretly protect Jane, afraid that Whitney will do something terrible to her.

At the same time, I also know that Noah and Jane seem to have reached the point of discussing marriage.

I play some tricks to make Noah retreat.

Meanwhile, Whitney tampers with the competition, so that Jane misses out on the championship.

I have a big quarrel with Whitney, and she curses that she will destroy Jane by whatever means.

It is truly terrifying for a woman to go crazy.

The photo of Jane and I kissing in the elevator is put on the front page news. In an instant, Jane becomes

a mistress that everyone hates and curses.

And worse than that, her parents have a car accident during the period.

Most suspiciously, it is my driver who hit her parents.

When I send for the driver, I'm told that he has gone abroad.

Jane loses her father. Although her parents have never loved and cared for her, she is a filial woman.

Such a blow is enough to make her collapse.

I believe that Whitney did this, but after questioning her a few times, she never admits it.

In the absence of evidence, I can't do anything to her. I can only ask my subordinates to continue the investigation.

At the same time, I resolutely ask Whitney for the divorce.

Jane's mother forces Jane to get her brother out of prison.

Jane has no choice but to beg me.

I don't think there's a better time for me to make my conditions.

"Jane, marry me."

However, from beginning to end, she never believes what I said.

I am wondering if she will believe me only if I dig out my heart and show it to her.

Because of her strong resistance, my wish of marrying her just goes up in smoke.

Moreover, I haven't divorced Whitney yet, and I can't give Jane a firm promise.

With Steven's help, Jane's title of "the mistress" finally drops.

But I don't like his help at all.

How can I be happy to hear that Jane is his woman?

In this depressed mood, there is something even worse.

Whitney moves in.

No matter what I say, I can't get her out of my house.

On the contrary, because of her, I can't be close to Jane in public. Meanwhile, Jane also rejects my request for intimacy.

At the very time, Whitney's word almost breaks me down.

She's pregnant.

We just did it once, but she is pregnant?

One day, I was too depressed, so I invited Lawrence out for a drink.

We all drank a lot that night.

In the end, we were both completely drunk.

Just as I was about to get drunk, I vaguely saw Jane coming this way.

She helped me to the hotel and took off my clothes.

I was surprised that she took the initiative, but I have to say, to sleep with her is a very happy thing for me.

I couldn't remember what happened after that.

When I woke up, I just saw Whitney lying beside me.

At that moment, everything went black in my life.

I've never had sex with Whitney before.

But now, since I was drunk, I slept with her.

How can I be worthy of Jane after such a terrible thing happened?

"Whitney, you can't tell anyone about this. Also, you must buy some pills and take them. Don't think you can conceive my child."

With that, I left, but I didn't expect that Whitney didn't follow my order and even conceived my child.

Jane and I have had sex many times, but she doesn't get pregnant, yet Whitney gets pregnant just after that night.

The fate is truly playing a big joke on me!

Old Mr. Louis plays a high value on the offspring. Now that Whitney is pregnant, he firmly rejects me from divorcing her.

Every day after that, when I face Jane, I feel incredibly guilty.

Perhaps she realizes my uneasiness, so she rejects me every time when I ask for an intimacy.

Moreover, I feel that she has something to hide from me, but I don't know what it is.

This day, I have to go on a business trip for two days. Early on the morning, Jane has prepared the breakfast.

After breakfast, Whitney tidies up my tie intimately.

I glance at Jane and find that she looks somewhat lonely.

Moreover, there is a trace of sadness that I do not understand.

After a long time, I keep thinking that if I had asked her that day, many things would have turned out differently.

I really do not expect that this business trip would cause us to be separated for more than half a year.

When I come back, she is no longer in my house.

Every time I call her, her phone is always off.

Whitney!

It must be Whitney who did it!

I am furious and go ask Whitney about Jane's whereabouts, but she insists that she has no idea.

Steven comes to me and gives me four million dollars, saying that it is from Jane.

I don't know where she got so much money, and I don't care where she got it.

I just want to know where she is.

Steven stares at me and shakes his head. "Frances, let her go. Didn't you see how painful her days with you were? It doesn't matter if it's just that you can't go public with your relationship. More importantly,

Whitney is such a crazy woman. She keeps targeting her again and again. Jane might be killed at any time. If you really love her, then let her go. Don't torture her."

I knew it. When Jane stays by my side, she has never been happy.

However, how can I let her go? I have loved her for ten years. How can I let her go?

I shake my head and reply to Steven, "I won't give up. Even if she doesn't love me, she will never fall in love with you. Steven, stop wasting your time and tell me where she is."

"I won't tell you. With me here, you'll never find her."

With that, Steven leaves.

In the following days, I've been sending for her.

I've searched almost every country, and I've also sent people to secretly track Steven's whereabouts.

However, Jane seems to have disappeared from the world, and I haven't seen or heard from her.

I call her every day, but it is just a mechanical female voice that answers me.

"Sorry, the number you dialed is off. Please dial again later."

I can only text her every day, hoping that one day she will turn on the phone, see the texts, and return to me.

Jane, where are you?"

Jane, come back. I miss you."

Jane, even if you hide in the ends of the earth, I will find you."

Jane, I love you.”

The messages go one after another. Every day that she isn't around, I keep texting her.

However, this doesn't make me feel any better. On the contrary, I miss her even more.

Whitney stays at home all the time, her belly growing bigger and bigger day by day.

I don't like Whitney, but she's pregnant. After all, she has my child. I can't kick her out without caring about the child.

Afterwards, Whitney gives birth to a boy named Earl.

Actually, I want to name him after Jane.

However, I am afraid that my yearning appears to be so obvious that it will become a joke.

Whitney gets more and more irritable. She even doesn't like the boy that she gave birth to.

This, in fact, puzzles me a lot. After all, I don't see any maternal love from her.

After Earl was born, I explicitly file for divorce.

I don't care whether Whitney agrees or not. She even threatens me with her life, but I really can't stand to live this life anymore.

In this world, Jane is my only beloved woman.

She was, she is, and she will be.

Just when I think that I will never see Jane for the rest of my life, she suddenly shows up.

The moment I see her at the bar, I feel as if I'm in another world.

Standing in the crowd, we look at each other, but her gaze is filled with hatred.

Previously, although she didn't like me, at least she wouldn't look at me like this.

What exactly happened during this period? How did everything go to this point?

She even glares at me and curses me to die.

It is undoubtedly like a needle piercing my heart. But what I'm even more curious about is, why did her attitude change?

I knew Jane returned, and Whitney naturally knows it soon.

The day I divorce Whitney, she comes to Jane.

When I find that Whitney tries hurting Jane with sulfuric acid, I'm even more convinced that she should stay by my side so that I can protect her well.

I ask Jane to marry me, and as expected, she refuses.

But I do not expect that in just one day, she changes her mind.

When I get her call, I'm in utter shock.

I don't know what changed her mind, but I'm afraid that she would go back on her word, so I take her straight to the Civil Affairs Bureau.

When I come out and look at the marriage license in my hand, I feel I'm in a dream.

Jane's condition is that I should take back the custody of Earl.

In fact, I am very reluctant to part with Earl. He's a lovely child. Naturally, I come up with every way to get him back.

After Earl comes back, the smile on Jane's face deepens. Looking at the maternal love emanating from her body, I really want to have our own child.

However, she seemed to be very resistant to this idea.

She refuses it, so I can't force her. I can only follow her wishes, afraid that she will leave me again.

I become extremely worried after I lost her once. I'm like a child holding a crystal ball, carefully protecting it, in case that it will fall.

Whitney is very unwilling to let me take Earl away. After that, she grabs a chance to frame Jane and almost gets her in jail.

I take advantage of my connections and resolve this trouble.

But I know it's just the beginning. After that, Whitney will definitely do a lot of things to deal with Jane.

To my surprise, Whitney takes the initiative to tell the truth that Earl is not my child in order to snatch him back.

Only then do I find that nothing happened between Whitney and me that night.

If it were any other man, he would be furious about the fact that he is cuckolded.

On the contrary, I am very happy.

At the very least, I never cheat on Jane.

At the very least, I am loyal to her from my body to heart.

However, since Earl is not my child, Whitney takes him away from me again.

Because of that, the smile on Jane's face suddenly fades, and she becomes despondent.
I can see that Earl and Jane are very fond of each other, and Jane likes children very much.
But why is she so unwilling to give birth to her own child?

Or is it that she just doesn't want to have a baby with me?

This conjecture frightens me a lot.

Afterwards, during a foreplay, I accidentally see a scar on her lower abdomen.

In that instant, I feel like being struck by thunder.

Although I have never seen a scar like this before, I know that it is a mark left after giving birth to a child by caesarean section.

It didn't exist before she left.

She disappeared for more than half a year.

So, does it prove that she has delivered a baby for another man?

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I ask her, but she refuses to say anything.

I'm more convinced that she really has a child with another man, but is unwilling to mention it to me.

But who is the man?

We haven't talked to each other for a long time.

Whitney takes the child back in the court.

When I see her desperate expression, my heart aches.

Would she be happier if we had a child of our own?

“Jane, I’m sorry. I know you like kids. It’s my fault that I couldn’t keep your child. Let’s have a child. I want you to be happy,” I say seriously.

After a shower, I hug her tightly.

However, she freezes, her face full of resentment.

When I kiss her, she bites my lips.

“Jane, are you crazy?” I say sternly.

Jane is really like a rose. I try to please her. But in the end, I only get hurt.

I’m really annoyed that I can’t figure out what she is thinking.

“Frances, leave me alone. Every bit of you is disgusting!” She sneers.

Disgusting?

Does she feel disgusted when I touch her?

Her words ignite my anger.

Why is her so sick of me? For which man she is keep her chastity?

“Disgusting? We had sex for so many times. You’re my wife. What’s wrong with having a child? Or is it because you just want to have children with another man?”

This is not what I think, but I can’t refrain myself from saying those harsh words.

While I regret what I’ve said, Jane said, her teeth gritted, “Can you stop talking about the child? You are the last person who has the right to blame me for not having children!”

Here we go again.

Whenever I mention kids, she is like that.

What has happened to the last child? Why is her so emotional every time I speak of the child? Puzzled, I want to figure out what’s on her mind. I want to see through her.

I stop and sit to the side, staring at her in half seriousness and half doubt.

I need an answer, very urgently.

“Why are you so emotional every time I mention the child? What’s wrong?!” “Frances, you killed our child! Do you know how much I hate you?! I want you to die!” She shouts at me, tears rolling down her cheeks.

What does she say?

Our child?

I suddenly have a bold guess.

“Our ... child?” I stare blankly at her, even more puzzled, “You said the child is ours?” My heart beats faster.

It's no exaggeration that I've never been so nervous in my entire life.

I am waiting for her reply bated breath.

Jane glares at me angrily with a sneer, "Will you stop pretending?! You make me sick!"

It seems that my guess is correct.

This child is really mine.

Why on earth have I been jealous of myself?

I am overwhelmed by ecstasy. Right now, I just want to hug her and dote on her.

"It's my child. It's our child."

I whisper, my voice trembling.

My tears are flickering in my eyes.

"Tell me, where is our child now? Where is he?" I ask cautiously.

I hold her shoulders in excitement.

The thought of our child perks me up.

"Enough. He has been murdered by you! You sent Hamlin to Prague to kill him, and you are still pretending. Do you really think I'm a fool?"

She shouts at me furiously.

Hamlin? When did I ever ask Hamlin to do this?

However, the underlining, yet more important message makes me almost collapse.

She says ... our child is already dead?

I just find out I have a child. But in the blink of an eye, she breaks such a piece of bad news to me. How can I accept it?

“What did you say? When did I ask Hamlin to do such an evil thing? How could it be?! I didn’t even know that we had a child. Why didn’t you tell me?”

My heart wrenches. It aches more violently when I sense her despair.

Now I understand why her collapses at the very word of child.

It turns out that our child has long been dead.

But I never knew that we have a child. If I knew, I would not allow her to leave me. I would definitely take good care of them.

Unfortunately, I didn’t know when the child came. I didn’t know when he died.

I have to know what has happened.

She says with a sneer, “Sorry, I don’t believe in you. I don’t believe a single word of you!”

There must be a reason why she says decisively that Hamlin does it.

All I need to do now is to ask Hamlin about it.

I look at her in distress. I want to say something, but words fail me. I let out a sigh and call Hamlin.
The phone rings for a short while before it's cut off.

I call again, but he turns it down.

What's going on? Why doesn't Hamlin answer?

I turn around to look at Jane and say seriously, "You have to believe me. It's not me. You say it's Hamlin. I will investigate it. I will not let our child ... die in vain."

She is devastated to lose her child. I am, too.

So I need to know the truth. At any cost.

However, the way Jane looks at me seems to show she doesn't trust me at all.

"No matter what you do, it doesn't change anything. My child is dead because of you. Even if you kill Hamlin, my child won't be alive."

Tears roll down her cheeks.

I really want to ask her what has happened to the child.

But I can't. She is already hysterical. Recalling the tragic past is so heavy to her. It will overwhelm her.

Plus, she blames me for it. No matter how I can't explain, she won't believe me.

The only thing I can do now is to ask Hamlin.

"I'll go find Hamlin now and ask him to explain it to you."

With that, I rush out.

Jane's firm voice spreads from behind.

"Frances, I'll go with you."

So, I go to find Hamlin with her. But we only find his cold body.

Coincidentally, just when we arrive at his place, he dies of gas poisoning.

Of course, I don't believe there is such a coincidence. There must be a deeper cause of Hamlin's death and Jane's belief that our child is killed by me. There's a mastermind behind.

As for who the person is, I have a reasonable guess after pondering for a while.

Other than Whitney, I probably won't be able to find anyone else who doesn't want me to get along with Jane.

It's just that there's no evidence right now. This is just my guess.

Hamlin's death infuriates Jane, so much so that she says coolly, "I want a divorce."

Divorce?

Impossible!

It's already difficult for me to see her again and for her to return to me. How can I let her go again? Only death can set us apart.

But she still misunderstands me. That's why she says she wants to divorce.

When truth comes out, she will not say that.

But her resolution really hurts me.

“You want to leave me? Nonsense. You won’t leave me even if you die.”

As expected, my words instantly stir her emotions.

“Frances, you lunatic! You have done so many bad things, you will go to hell!” She shouts at me.

I gently pinch her chin, whispering, “Then let’s go to hell together.”

Even if we both will suffer, I will ... not let go of her again.

When Andrew, her ex, causes troubles, I block a knife for her, and our bad relationship eases a bit.

I’m satisfied with our current relationship.

Later, we find out the person who bribes Hamlin to murder our child is Whitney.

In order to destroy Jane, she plots against her.

Jane doesn’t blame me when she knows the truth.

However, not long after the good, peaceful days, another thing happens.

Mom kidnaps Jane’s mother because she knows her husband died in a car accident. The culprit is Jane’s father.

I have known about it for quite some time.

But I can’t hate him because he’s Jane’s father. So I let it go.

Originally, I thought the matter would remain a secret.

But I didn't expect Mom to investigate it and figure it out.

When Jane knows it, she collapses and looks at me in guilt.

The good news is I manage to save her mother, preventing a disaster from happening.

But mom is too stubborn to let it go. In another attempt to attack Jane's mother in the hospital, she rolls down the stairs and becomes paraplegic.

Getting ill-tempered, she targets Jane from time to time.

It's only when grandpa comes back that she restrains herself from treating Jane harshly.

I keep Jane in good company, afraid that she will leave me again.

Whitney murders our child. I won't let her get away with it.

It's just that Lawrence protects her very well, so I've never found an opportunity.

When Whitney takes Earl to see a doctor, I finally get the chance to capture her.

I have never hated a woman this much. I have never imagined that I would take so much pains to punish her.

I have done evil things to Whitney.

She's raped by a few gangsters. She has lost her virginity, the most important thing for a woman.

Whitney hates me, but this doesn't make me feel better. My hatred never subsides.

The pain of losing my child keeps me up at countless nights.

But my sorrow is nothing compares to Jane's. It would be a heavy blow for her to lose her child eight months into pregnancy.

The more I think about it, the more suspicious I grow. I notice something strange.

Jane has never seen the child die personally. Why is she so sure?

To resolve my doubts, I'm going to Prague with her.

But there's something even more important than figuring out why our child dies.

I'm going to propose.

I've arranged everything, the ring and where to propose. I only need to wait for a good timing.

We visit Jane's parents in Prague. We also go to the clinic for information.

We are convinced that the child is still alive.

That way, I finally propose without any hesitation.

I take her to Prague Square and tell her I have some business to attend to. Then I leave to get prepared.

I ask each passer-by to give her a rose.

Seeing her surprised expression, I couldn't help but smile.

I drive a carriage slowly towards her and stop in front of her.

I say affectionately, "Jane, there have been many misunderstandings since we were together. I didn't know how to express my feelings. I have disappointed you time and time again. However, no one knows better than me how important you are to me. I'm not good at sweet talk. I'm not romantic. To me, love should be better kept at heart. That was what I thought until I lost you."

"I was completely beside myself. I looked for you frantically, but I missed you again and again. It was my fault that you misunderstood and hated me. But I am very glad your hatred has led you to return to me. No matter why you approached me, even if you did so to shoot me in my heart, I would still happily accept it.

At least you're back with me. Fortunately, in the end, we can forget about all those entanglements in the past."

"I want to give you all the warmth and love in the world. I want you to be the happiest woman in the world.

I want to give you all the best things in the world. I want to give you myself."

"We are already legal husband and wife. But I have a sense of ceremony, especially when it comes to marriage. Weddings are once-in-a-life time and will become precious memory. I have prepared it for a long time. Now, all I want to say is, Jane, I love you. Will marry me?"

As I speak, I take out an exquisite, elegant box from my pocket. I open it, take out a ring, and put it on for her.

No one knows how fast my heart beats when I'm doing this.

Although I have prepared it for a long time and we are already husband and wife, I'm still very nervous.

It isn't until she nods and says yes that my heart stops beating so violently.

I feel I'm probably the happiest man in the world.

One morning, I get a text message from Whitney.

“Are you there? I will be at the gold course about ten minutes later.”

Chapter 636 You're the Best Gift in M...

Why would Whitney send me such a text message? It sounds like she wants to meet me.

But I've never made such an appointment.

I suddenly remember Jane's strange behavior. She even refused to take wedding photos with me today.

Anyway, she looks a little suspicious.

Did she secretly go to find Whitney? What does she want?

My heart sinks. I immediately ask someone to check my text messages and phone calls. At the same time, I tell them to locate Jane and send her position to me this instant.

I tell them to act quickly. We must be quick. If it's too late ... I really don't know what Jane will do.

Whitney nearly robs Jane of her two families again. I know that Jane hates Whitney, and hatred can drive her crazy.

Very soon, a subordinate gives me an answer.

I also notice the message Jane sent to Whitney.

“Whitney, I'm sorry. I really feel sorry for hurting you. I really regretted what I did. I shouldn't have done that! I shouldn't hurt you! You love me so much and have always treated me so well, but I have hurt you so ruthlessly. You must be very sad, right? I was truly wrong. I don't love Jane at all. From beginning to end, you are the only one that I love. I wonder if I can meet you tomorrow morning at the golf course in the western suburbs. Could you give me a chance to make it up to you? I'll wait there until noon. You don't have to text me back. If you don't come, then I'll know your answer.”

They're meeting at the golf course in the western suburbs?

What exactly does Jane want to do?

I call her at once. The bell rings for a long time, but no one answers.

I have no choice but to text her.

“Jane, don’t do anything stupid. I’ll be right over.”

I drive towards the golf course in the western suburbs and get a call from the hospital on the way.

Jane... She hits Whitney with her car.

Now, both of them are in the hospital.

Earl, who happens to be in Whitney’s car, is also affected.

When I rush to the hospital, I see Jane. She has just been pushed out of the operating room, covered in blood.

Her face is very pale, and her breathing is extremely weak. She inhales oxygen all the way to the intensive care unit.

I follow her into the ICU.

I have told the hospital about the situation, so the doctor does not stop me. I get into the ward.

Looking at Jane, who is still unconscious on the bed, my heart tenses up.

Fortunately, she is still alive.

If I lose her this time ... I really don't know what to do.

"Jane, why are you so stupid? I told you that I would settle Whitney's matter. Why can't you wait any longer? Why would you go front her yourself? Do you know how dangerous it is? You little fool, can you hear me?" I whisper to her.

I talk to her over and over again, but she still won't wake up.

The doctor tells me that she is badly hurt. She is lucky to survive.

When she will wake up depends on herself.

If someone she loves is by her side, she might wake up faster.

I stay with her for three days and three nights. She finally wakes up.

The moment I see her open her eyes, I finally feel relaxed. These days, I have been too nervous, too worried.

After Jane wakes up, she asks me to go out and buy her some food.

When I come back, I see Whitney kicking her fiercely.

I panic so much that I immediately rush over and push Whitney to the ground.

Whitney had only broken one leg in this car accident.

However, Earl, that cute child, is still in ICU. His life is uncertain.

When I see him, I feel really sorry for him.

I haven't told Jane about this yet.

She has just woken up. I know that she cares about Earl very much, and I'm afraid she won't be able to accept it.

Whitney turns to look at me with grief and indignation. She says, "I'm so stupid that I actually believed what you said in that text message. You don't love me, but I still jumped into the trap myself with a glimmer of hope. Fortunately, I'm alive. Next, just watch me torture this woman bit by bit!"

I don't care what Whitney says. I'm here, and I won't allow her to hurt Jane.

What really hurts me is seeing Jane sitting on the ground. She's really down.

Lawrence arrives very quickly. He pushes Whitney out of the room in the wheelchair.

Jane struggles to get up from the ground, but tries several times in vain.

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

Whitney's kick just now makes her even worse.

"Jane, are you alright?"

I stride over and help her up.

She grabs my hand tightly and says excitedly, "Frances, I found our child. Earl is our child! But I hurt him.

Take me over and see him. I want to see him!"

What?

Earl is our child?

The news is undoubtedly shocking to me.

Isn't Earl Whitney and Lawrence's child? Why is he ours all in a sudden? I don't understand.

But looking at how excited Jane is, what she said should be true.

"How did you know?"

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

This makes sense.

Speaking of which, I really find it strange. Although Whitney has a relatively extreme personality, she shouldn't have cared about nothing about her own child.

It turns out that Earl is not her child at all.

Whitney is too vicious. I have to admit it.

She really can do anything to inflict the pain of losing a child on Jane.

She has swapped out our child with her own. Even I am deceived.

Jane must be very happy to know that our child is still alive.' Just as I am thinking about this, Jane grabs my arm and pleads.

"Frances, take me to the child now!"

"But you are so weak now that it is difficult for you to even walk. Wait until you feel better."

I look at her worriedly and say somewhat awkwardly.

I know how much she cares about this child, but in this world, what I care about the most is always her.

Since we've known that Earl is our child, it's only a matter of time before she sees him. There is no need to rush.

Most importantly, if she knows that the child is suffering, she will definitely feel heartbroken.

"No, I want to see him! I want to see him right now! If you don't take me, I will climb to his ward even if I risk my life!"

I know that Jane is stubborn.

She's as good as her word.

In the end, I have no choice but to order someone to carry her to the hospital bed. I push her towards the entrance of the ICU.

ICU has a fixed number of visits per day, and now the time has passed.

I call the leader of the hospital, and soon a doctor comes to open the door.

After disinfection, Jane and I enter the ward together.

As I expect, the moment she sees Earl, she bursts into tears.

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

Although asleep, he looks painful.

Even a look at him hurts me, let alone Jane.

She looks worried.

She presses her hand on her chest and asks the doctor beside her in distress.

“Doctor, how is he?”

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

Fortunately, the child is safe and sound in the end. He is soon discharged from the hospital.

With Jane and Earl, it is as if my life has been completed.

However, Whitney has brought Jane to court on the charge of intentional murder. This matter is really tricky.

There’s still some time before the hearing. I find the best lawyer for Jane. No matter what, I want her to be OK.

Grandpa rolls down the stairs because of an accident. After that, he invites Hilda to stay at home.

Jane is instantly unhappy.

She has never liked Hilda.

The last time Grandpa asked me about Hilda, he told me to divorce Jane no matter what.

However, now that Hilda is staying in the house, things seem to have become very troublesome.

How can I tell Grandpa that I don’t want to divorce Jane?

Grandpa doesn’t have much time left, so I can only think of a way to make him happy.

Therefore, I can do nothing but agree that Hilda can stay here.

Afterwards, Jane is very unhappy.

Many things happen between her and Hilda.

I gradually realize that Hilda isn't as simple as I think.

I used to think that Hilda is innocent and harmless, but Jane has had conflicts with her several times.

Once, in the kitchen, Jane is in danger and is almost burned by fire.

I naturally believe in Jane.

However, I feel more and stranger about the things that Hilda does. I don't want to alarm Hilda, so I bide my time and watch her in secret.

Then, I look for Grandpa one night. He tells me to be careful of Hilda, and tells me her hidden identity.

Only then do I realize that the innocent and cute woman I remember is so terrifying.

But for Jane's safety, I can't tell her about it.

Jane is impulsive and bad at keeping secrets. It is likely that she would screw things up once she knows about it.

Although I don't want to hurt Jane, I can only favor Hilda time and time again.

Fortunately, the lawyer I find for Jane is good. Whitney fails in the first trial, and Jane is acquitted.

And the secret that I've been hiding for more than ten years is finally discovered by her.

Speaking of which, Jane is really slow. Even when she sees the photo, she can't remember what happened back then. What's more, she doesn't recognize me at all.

I really want to open her little brain and see what is inside.

Although a lot of troubles are around us, it is a pleasant thing that we are getting closer to the date of our wedding.

I've been waiting for so long time until today.

I always think that Hilda will do something before the wedding, but to my surprise, she has done nothing.

Soon, it is our wedding day.

When I see Jane walking towards me, my heart is beating wildly.

Perhaps, I have never been so nervous all my life.

I have loved her for eleven years. Now, she is finally going to be my wife.

However, she doesn't look very happy.

On the contrary, she looks solemn.

As the wedding goes on, she looks at Earl uneasily several times.

What's wrong?

She walks slowly in front of me. I gently hold her hand, only to find that it is ice-cold.

It shouldn't be cold in this kind of weather.

The priest looks at us with a smile and slowly says,

“Frances, will you give yourself to Jane, to be her husband...? Will you love her and stay by her side forever?”

“I do.”

Of course, I do.

Marrying her is the luckiest thing in my life.

“Jane, will you give yourself to Frances, to be his wife? Will you love him and stay by his side forever?”
Naturally, she wants that.

It is too obvious that she loves me. How can she say no?

To my surprise, she suddenly raises her head and looks at me. She takes a step back and says coldly, “I won’t!”

What’s wrong with her?

She is still joking with me on such an important occasion?

I inadvertently glance at Hilda. She is sneering.

In front of me, Jane slowly says,

“Frances, let me tell you. I got close to you for your money! Andrew and I loved each other, but I have to stay with you, betray myself, pretend to love you, and even give birth to a child for you. Do you know how painful this is for me? I and Andrew should have kidnaped old Mr. Louis and taken away your money and run away, but you shot him to death! You killed my beloved. Do you know how much I hate you? I stay with you for revenge! Frances, I hate you. Go to hell!”

With that, she quickly pulls out a gun from her wedding dress and aims it at me.

What she says...

I don't believe a word of it.

What I want to know is what exactly has happened. Why would she do this all of a sudden? Maybe she is threatened by Hilda, right?

I think of what she did before. Is all this related to Earl?

There is an uproar in the crowd around. The bodyguards want to come up to protect me, but I stop them.

"Don't come here."

I wave my hand, signaling everyone not to act rashly. The bodyguards block everyone outside.

I smile gently at Jane and walk towards her step by step.

The gun rests on my chest. As soon as she pulls the trigger, my heart will be shot.

"Jane, if you want to kill me, I won't escape. As long as you're telling the truth, shoot."

I see her retreat a little instinctively.

It seems that she doesn't really want to hurt me. There must be something hidden in this.

"Jane, before that, look at me in the eyes and tell me. Do you really hate me?"

“That’s it. Frances, I hate you! From the beginning, I hate you. I hate everything you’ve done to me! I hate you so much, but I have to pretend to love you so much every day. It’s painful for me. I don’t want to lie to myself anymore, nor do I want to stay with you! I’m going to kill you and end all this.”

She raises her gun again and shoots at my heart.

I fall to the ground, covered in blood. The last thing I see is her desperate and helpless face.

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When Jane wakes up, she has already been detained in the police station.

But I know she didn’t mean to shoot me. Although there is no evidence, I believe her.

Jane will never do that.

She must have her difficulties.

I even know that this must have something to do with Hilda.

Unfortunately, there’s nothing I can do to help her. Instead, I can only push her into the abyss of suffering.

Since old Mr. Louis reminds me, I start investigating Hilda.

After some investigation, I finally understand why old Mr. Louis has changed his attitude towards Jane.

It turns out that Hilda is much more ruthless than I imagine.

She has close ties with the gangs in the Golden Triangle, Middle East and Europe. Her business includes not only arms, drugs, black money, but also all kinds of materials for terrorist activities. In fact, there is no business that she's never involved in.

Hilda's hands are stained with the blood of countless people. She is even the culprit for Terence's death.

At first, I thought that she needed my help and pretended to marry her, but I didn't expect that she is such a person.

I will definitely protect Jane well, but I'm afraid that I will make some slips.

As for Jane, she absolutely can't take any risks.

I have no choice. This is an excellent opportunity to earn Hilda's trust. I can't just lose it.

Therefore, I can only pretend to be ruthless and let Jane stay in the safest place.

I hear that she has a very bad time in prison.

I hear she wants to see me.

I also hear that Hilda goes to see her and says a lot of cruel words in my name.

Forget it.

As long as she's safe, I am satisfied.

After Jane goes to prison, Hilda shows her love for me without restraint.

I finally know why she is so ruthless against Terence.

A woman can be more ruthless than anything else.

I never go to visit Jane in prison. However, I never stop thinking about her.

While Jane is in prison, Hilda tells me that she wants to marry me.

But I don't want to marry her, nor do I want to look at her.

Her face makes me sick.

However, in order to gain Hilda's trust and destroy her in one fell swoop, I have no other choice.

Soon, the court passes sentence. That day in court, I finally know that Jane fired at me because Hilda had planted a miniature bomb in Earl's brain.

Or rather, Hilda lied to her. Actually, there wasn't any bomb in Earl's head. But Jane was too worried to keep herself calm and rational. It was not easy for Jane to recognize Earl. She loves this child so much, so how can she see him suffer a little?

The court then sentences her to five years in prison. Five years is enough for me to deal with Hilda.

Hilda is a very proud person. She wants to tell everyone about her marriage.

The wedding billboards are everywhere. But I never expect Jane will come out of jail soon.

Not surprisingly, she knows about my marriage to Hilda.

One day, when I am writing an invitation in my office, I suddenly hear a familiar voice from outside.

"Let go of me! I want to see Frances! Let me see him!"

Jane.

It's her.

My heart, because of her voice, fiercely palpitates.

I miss her.

I miss her all the time. This kind of longing is driving me crazy.

But, isn't she in jail?

Why is she out?

Doesn't she know how dangerous it is outside?

I can't see her. No matter what, I can't see her.

I'm afraid that once I see her, all my emotions will no longer be concealed.

"Not everyone is qualified to see Mr. Frances. We will call the police." The voice of the security guard also comes in.

Jane's excited voice follows.

"Frances! Come out. I have something to say to you!"

"Frances, open the door!"

"Frances, you coward, don't you even dare to see me? Are you afraid that I'll shoot you again?" I'm not scared.

I'm just afraid that Hilda will hurt her.

But I really can't hold back my longing for her.

Forget it, I'll just see her this time.

Just this one time.

I open the door and whisper,

"Let her in."

Then, I return to my seat and continue to write the invitation.

It is as if this is the only way to calm my heart.

"Don't beat around the bush. I'm very busy and don't have that much time." I say coldly. But the pain in my heart is so great that I can barely breathe.

She walks over, smiles at me and says, "Are you ... going to marry her?"

I nod and reply indifferently, "Yes."

Actually, I don't want to marry Hilda. The one I wish to spend my life with is her.

I've never expected that I will be so helpless. I'm actually afraid that I won't be able to protect her well.

“Why? Didn’t you say that I will be the only one you love in your life? Why are you marrying another woman now? Frances, didn’t you say you love me? Then why would you rather believe in Hilda than in me? Is this the way you love me? You lied to me! You lied that you would love me forever! Frances, you liar! Liar!” She says hysterically.

I look up at her. She is still wearing a prison uniform, and her thin, pale face is full of tears.

Why does she lose so much weight during this time in prison?

My heart hurts.

However, I can only use harsh words to break her heart even more.

“Well.” I snort coldly and grab her hand, placing it on my chest.

“Why would the woman I love shoot me so accurately in my heart?”

At this moment, I feel extremely uncomfortable as if my heart has been pierced through by ten thousand arrows.

I clearly know that she has no choice but to do this, but I must act ruthlessly and hurt her.

She hurts, and my heart hurts even more.

‘I’m sorry.’ She whispers, her eyes filled with guilt and pain.

At this moment, I really want to hug her tightly into my arms and tell her that I believe in her and I love her, but, unfortunately, I can’t.

“Don’t cry crocodile tears. Go back to prison or I’ll call the police.”

“Do you really hate me this much?” She asks, her voice trembling with fear.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you!

However, there are some things that I can't speak out.

"I told you, I wish you would stay in prison forever."

She looks at the invitation sadly and asks me, "Why is there no one in the Louis' now? Where is Earl?"
"Earl is my son. You don't need to worry about him."

I will take good care of Earl and definitely won't let Hilda hurt him in the slightest.

All she needs to do is protect herself.

"Please, let me see Earl!"

She pleads to me.

I bite my lips and lower my head to continue writing the invitation.

Suddenly, Jane kneels in front of me.

Her helpless and desperate appearance makes my heart ache even more.

"Frances, please let me see Earl. I won't bother him for long. I really miss him and want to hug him.

Without him, I really don't know if I can.

No.

One more second and I won't hide my emotions.

Jane, don't let all my efforts fail.

Wait for me, wait for me.

I frown and shout, "Security!"

Very quickly, the security guard comes in and takes her out of the office.

The moment the door closes, I stare at the place where she has just stood, at the tears on the ground that haven't dried up yet, and I am torn with grief.

Afterwards, I send people to investigate Jane's whereabouts after she gets out of prison. I want to know why she gets out of prison.

Then I learn that she has only gone to David's house.

However, David calls a private doctor to his house. I guess she should be sick.

I have long heard that she suffers a lot of inhuman torture in prison. Although my heart aches, I can only endure it.

I am tormented over and over again.

I only hope that she is not seriously ill.

I've thought she gets out of jail because of some illness.

It is not until I hear that she is bleeding that I find out that she is pregnant with our child.

It is undoubtedly dangerous for her to give birth to another child after just a year of caesarean section.

I don't think I deserve to love her.

I don't know when she was pregnant with Earl. And I don't know when she is pregnant with this child.

Moreover, I let her suffer so much.

How has she endured these past few days in prison?

Hearing that her life is in danger, I can no longer control myself and secretly go to the hospital behind Hilda's back.

Fortunately, she manages to escape death.

However, her face is even thinner and paler than the last time I saw her.

I look at her, who is still frowning in her sleep, and my heart aches.

I only stay in the ward for five minutes before I leave, and I don't even have time to see the premature baby.

I can't stay long. There's been no progress in my investigation on Hilda.

If she knew that I have come to the hospital, all my efforts would be in vain.

Because of the baby, Jane is released from prison early.

Afterwards, she comes to see me twice and is ruthlessly turned away by me.

I even slap her.

This slap on her body makes my heart ache so much that I can't breathe.

However, I have no choice. Hilda is very cautious and has always sent people to follow me.

My indifference to Jane, on the contrary, is beneficial to earn Hilda's trust.

Sure enough, Hilda is very satisfied with my actions and trusts me more and more.

Jane works in a restaurant near my house. I've seen her several times.

I know she wants to see Earl, but I can only refuse her time and time again.

After that, she is depressed for a while and change jobs. I hear that she is going to work as a designer that she likes.

I'm happy for her after knowing that she's back in her profession.

At the very least, her life will be meaningful because of the job.

Afterwards, Hilda takes me to the United States more and more often, and I know that the opportunity is getting closer and closer.

But I don't expect to meet Jane again in the United States.

She comes here to participate in a competition.

She likes design, so it's not surprising for me to see her here.

But I am surprised to receive an invitation from her. She wants to meet me at a seaside resort.

I reject her without thinking.

The United States is Hilda's territory, and every move of us will attract Hilda's attention. Regardless of the reason behind her invitation, she absolutely can't do such a dangerous thing.

However, she repeatedly stresses that she wants to see me because of something important. I have no choice but to see her.

However, the result is far beyond my expectations.

I don't expect that Terence is still alive, nor do I expect that they will plot to kill Hilda by explosion.

What surprises me the most is that Terence gives up in the end.

I've always known that Terence likes Hilda. However, he has already been hurt by Hilda once.

Now, he is destroyed by Hilda again.

This woman is much more horrible than I think.

I'm really scared that she'll deal with Jane, and Jane's family.

However, Hilda has not made a move yet. I am even more suspicious that she is plotting something big.

The first thing I think of is protecting Penelope.

This also allows me to discover that Penelope has thalassemia.

I finally understand why Jane works so hard. Last time in the United States, she lost the chance to get first place because of Hilda's interference. She must be very desperate.

It requires a lot of money to cure thalassemia.

Jane doesn't have any money, nor does she have enough ability to protect Penelope. I can only send someone to secretly hide Penelope and treat her.

But Jane does not know that. Every day, she acts like a walking corpse, living without life.

It breaks my heart after knowing that.

That day, she can't bear any more and comes to see me.

She sees the photos I has been hiding and questions me about Penelope.

However, I can't tell her the truth.

I have neglected that Jane is such a stubborn woman. Many times, she would rather die with dignity.

Of course, when she puts the knife towards her heart, I can only compromise.

I tell her the reason why I must be heartless to her, and our misunderstanding is cleared up.

But I also know that this is not a good thing.

Jane is really not someone who can hide anything.

When I finally have a good chance to knock Hilda down in one fell swoop, she also follows me.

She falls into Hilda's trap and is accused of murder. Although she is safe and sound in the end, this is not her place to stay for long.

I advise her to go back, but she doesn't listen at all and insist on staying.

In the end, I wait until that day when the chance to destroy Hilda comes.

Hilda wants to meet Mike, the drug trafficker of Thailand. Because of Mike's request, she has to bring me with her.

I am ready to follow Hilda on the cruise ship.

However, when I see the person who comes with Linda, I fall prey to panic.

Wearing makeup, the person looks and behaves like a man.

But I recognize her at a single glance. She is Jane.

So when Mike asks that one of us has to eat the drugs, I take a step ahead of her and throw myself into an abyss of catastrophe.

When Interpol arrives, I know it is over.

I finally fulfill my promise to her.

Jane, I've protected you.

Finally, I smile and close my eyes.

Next, there is a long slumber.

In my sleep, I feel as if I had returned to the school playground that year. A cute girl walks in front of me and hands me a bottle of Viagra.

If I could go back in time, I would stop her from running and hug her tight, saying affectionately, "Idiot, don't run away. Even in ten years, you will still fall in love me. Let's start at this moment and be together for the rest of our life."

The end.