

Desperate Time 111

Chapter 111 All Businessmen are Profi...

“Antique? What antique?” I withdraw my hands embarrassedly from Frances Louis’s neck, pretending to know nothing.

But I feel very guilty in my heart.

‘Jane Noyes, don’t challenge my patience.’”

Frances Louis’s eyes darken and he looks at me with a cold face.

The air in the room is extremely tense.

I know, if I kept hiding the truth, Frances Louis would definitely be mad.

I clear my throat and look at him confidently, “I bought an antique, so what? You forced me to receive your card to buy something I like. You can’t be regret now because I spent too much money, right? In that case, ‘ll give you back your card.”

Then, I get up from Frances Louis and prepare to take the card out of my purse and return it to him.

But he forces me down to sit back on his laps, his arms holding my waist tightly.

The man’s breath sprays in my ear slightly.

‘I heard that you broke my vase, so you went to the antique store trying to buy a new one, and then you broke another vase. Finally, you bought a similar one, right?’”

I gasp and look at Frances Louis in surprise, “How do you know?”

Betty betrayed me? It can't be her. I didn't tell her about breaking the vase in the antique store.

Was I being watched by his subordinates?

"What a coincidence. That antique store you went just happens to be mine."

It turns out that the so-called boss is just a store manager.

Damn it! I really can't get out of the claw of Frances Louis!

"You know it and still make me to pay the money! That's too much!"

I say angrily.

"Even brothers keep careful accounts. I gave you money to buy things you like, not to consume in my stores."

Frances Louis says lightly.

I already have a bad feeling.

'I have said that's because I like antiques.'

"All right." Frances Louis nods smilingly.

I am relieved that he is not so bad as I thought. But the next second, he sends me to hell again.

'Finally, you bought the vase to pay me back. I will get over your breaking the vase. The two vases are 3.2 million, plus the nine hundred thousand you owe me before, that's 4.1 million. You are a regular customer, and I will not count the small change, then, it's four million.'

Every word shows that he is a profiteer.

Suddenly, I want to strangle Frances Louis.

I bought that vase for avoiding to pay him one million dollars. Who knows why all of a sudden, I am in debt for four million dollars? Does he, a rich person, know what four million means to a common wage earner?

'Frances Louis, you want to force me to die, don't you? You are not lack of money, why you haggle over every once with me? Besides, the original price of your vase must not be so much money. You wouldn't run an antique shop if that sells at a loss!' I argue with Frances Louis in the hope that he suddenly show some mercy and spare me, a poor woman.

Yet I seem to have underestimated the relentlessness of capitalism.

Frances Louis smiles lightly and says to me, "all businessmen are profiteers. I won't do a losing business. Considering your hard work on bed, I won't charge you interest, are you not satisfied?"

I push the man away whom I am clinging to. I stand up and go back a little, glaring at him and saying, "No! I am not satisfied! Do you know what four million is? I won't pay you off until I die!"

Just thinking about that huge amount of money makes me hopeless. I have dreamed of one day earning nine hundred thousand to leave Frances Louis. But the debt is like a bottomless pit, which can never be filled.

Today I broke his vase and tomorrow I don't know what I will break. Stay with him, there are a million ways to vanish my hope in escaping.

What should I do? The man doesn't get mad. He stands up and approaches me step by step.

“You can pay me off. You can pay me ten thousand dollars every month, and you will pay twelve thousand a year. Then you can pay me off with only thirty- three years.”

Chapter 112 Be Careful in the Future.

Thirty- three years, what can I say? I can only say that Frances Louis is good at math.

I am twenty-four years old this year. Thirty-three years later, I will be fifty-seven years old. Will all my youth be wasted on this man?

God knows how desperate I am to get away from this fate and live the life I want.

‘No matter what, I can’t give up.’

‘Four million, I will pay you off.’

I say to Frances Louis confirmedly.

His eyes fall on me and he stares at me for a while.

I don’t know what he is thinking, and I couldn’t see through that look. The unreadable Frances Louis frightens me.

Frances Louis’s phone rings in front of me, breaking the eerie silence.

He looks at the screen as if hesitating whether to answer it or not.

Whose call makes Frances Louis look like this?

I peep at it and see Whitney Jordan’s name.

That name makes me panic.

Apparently, a woman should be psychologically tough to be a mistress.

For a long time, Frances Louis doesn't answer the phone. I could not help saying, "Are you not answering your wife's call? Perhaps she has missed you?"

Frances Louis glances at me with a frown, then he taps on the screen and answers the phone.

"Hello."

The volume of Louis's phone's phone is large, plus the room is quiet, or because I'm listening intently, I can hear Whitney Jordan's talking clearly.

"Why didn't you answer my phone for so long?"

Whitney Jordan is questioning with no coquetry.

'I was driving." Frances Louis answers lightly.

"When will you come to see me?"

The two make small talks, but it sounds like flirting over the phone to me. I can't bear to listen anymore.

Until I hear Whitney Jordan suddenly ask, "Did you lose your Black Card?"

Frances Louis frowns. He looks in my direction, and then says dryly, "Why do you ask?"

'I went to the antique store today, and I saw a woman using your black card. It is the employee at Song Group and her name is Jane Noyes." Whitney Jordan continues.

My heart skips a beat and I am too nervous to breathe.

“No, I happen to have a big cooperation with Song Group, so I gave it to Steven Song. Maybe he gave it to his employee. It’s late, go to bed early and have a nice dream.”

Then Frances Louis hangs up.

But I feel uneasy.

As expected, Frances Louis’s expression becomes serious and he says in a grave voice, “Did you run into Whitney Jordan in the antique store today?”

“Yes. She happened to be at the antique store with Nicole Snow, and I was surprised to see her, too. But how did she know I was using your card? Aren’t black cards all the same?” I ask lamely.

Frances Louis shakes and explains, “My black card is specially made by the bank. It has my initials on it.”

I take out the card from my purse and it really has his initials.

Whitney Jordan saw me using his card and she would definitely suspect me. Although Frances Louis has explained it, she may not believe it.

What should I do?

I look at Frances Louis blankly.

‘Don’t use this card in front of acquaintances from now on.’ Frances Louis says to me lightly.

I nod.

I wouldn’t use his card if I didn’t have to.

‘I want to return your card.’

'I won't take back the thing I gave out. Use it carefully in the future.'

Frances Louis says and goes out.

I am left alone in the room, still haunted by the memory of what happened.

Whitney Jordan has a mental health problem. Such people tend to have extreme ideas. Can I really avoid it?

My worries are right. Soon after, Steven Song calls and tells me Whitney Jordan has called him to ask about the black card.

I feel so scared. I preserve the card in the room. No matter what happens in the future, I will never use this card again!

Chapter 113 Frances Louis is Careful

I stay up all night thinking about how to make four million dollars as fast as I could.

The more I think, the more desperate I feel.

I couldn't really have stayed with Frances Louis for so long. When I am fifty-seven, he would dislike me being old and wrinkled. I just hope one day he would get tired of looking at me and tell me to fuck off!

I go downstairs with dark circles under my eyes. I have a bad appetite during my period, so I just drink a glass of milk and prepare to go to work.

While I am changing my shoes in the hallway, Frances Louis comes downstairs, his face as cold as ever.

This man, in addition to talk dirty jokes, is usually serious and terrible!

Otherwise how would I think of this man as a beast in clothes!

“Where are you going?”

Frances Louis says lightly, apparently speaking to me.

“Go to work.” I roll my eyes.

He asks me while knowing the answer!

As a poor civilian, what else can I do besides go to work?!

“Go after you have breakfast.”

“No. I will be late for work, and I have drunk a glass of milk.”

I only wanted to have a glass of milk before I leave, so I didn't get down early. It's already eight o'clock, I can't catch the bus if I don't leave now.

“Sit down and have breakfast. I will drive you to work later.” Frances Louis says sternly.

Money is the boss! I dare not offend him because I owe him so much money, so I go back to the table for breakfast.

Since he will drive me to work, I am in no hurry.

Betty sits beside and laughs, “Lady Jane wouldn't listen to me no matter how I try to persuade her. Sir, you just said one sentence and she sit down to have breakfast.”

Of course, Betty doesn't understand my grievance. I don't want to waste my time to explain to her, so I lower my head to eat my food.

Betty's not good at cooking, but the porridge she made is delicious. The pickles are bought outside, which taste good.

'Don't eat that.'

Frances Louis says coldly and takes the salad away from me.

Why?!

My fork has already poked at it and he doesn't allow me to eat!

What's more, he doesn't eat it, either!

I feel angry, so I give up eating more, just eat one more bun and finish the porridge. Then I sit on the sofa waiting for this big boss to send me to the company after breakfast.

Soon, Frances Louis finishes his breakfast and walks out together with me.

Before leaving the house, I hear Betty muttering to herself, "How careful master is!" Careful?

Why he is careful?

I turn my head and look at his iceberg face, secretly despise him thousands of times.

As we approach the company, I ask Frances Louis to stop and say I would walk by myself.

I have already become eye-catching in the company, and I don't want to be the target of another criticism by taking Frances Louis's car to work.

“Go home early.”

He says and drives away.

I check the time. There are only a few minutes to be late, so I quicken my pace and head for the office.

Probably because she framed me yesterday, Nicole Snow doesn't bother me today for the first time. After I finish my office work, I begin to work on the unfinished drawings.

In the end, when it comes to the middle jewel on the belt, I'm stuck with how to choose the color.

Ruby is noble, but it doesn't go with the ice-blue bottom color.

If I used black, it will be a little dark, and the whole belt will appear to be cold and distant.

But with diamonds, it will attract all the attention and eclipsed the belt itself.

No matter what color or material I used, I couldn't get the result I want.

I really can't come up with any good ideas. So, I find the business card and call Donny.

Of course, to keep a low profile and not be a target again, I go to the tea room to make the phone call.

Quickly, the phone is got through.

“Hello Donny, I'm Jane Noyes from the Song Group. I wonder if you remember me?” I say politely.

“Of course, I must be impressed with such a gorgeous and talented beauty.” Donny jokes.

His words make me embarrassed. I continue, “If it's convenient for you, I'd like to have a meet with you to discuss some problems I met for my design. Do you have time?”

'I'm out now and I'll be home in about two hours. Come and see me.'

Chapter 115 The Hidden Rule

That's so terrible. Whitney Jordan is too alert.

I can also see that she really cares about Frances Louis.

Actually, I have a lot of questions wanting to ask Frances Louis, but I don't know how to open my mouth.

For example, why don't they live together since they are married? Why is Whitney Jordan insane? Why would Frances Louis choose me even though I'm so inferior to Whitney Jordan?

These questions have been lingering in my mind, which makes me very uncomfortable, like a hundred claws scratching my heart.

I go back to the office and start drawing according to Donny's advice. Changing the belt to a choker re seems a great idea.

Around 3pm, the company suddenly holds a meeting.

The whole staff goes to the lobby.

There is a box on the middle table, and Steven Song, standing behind the box, is smiling.

'President Song is so charming. If only I could marry him.' A new-coming girl says with her eyes shining.

'Don't you know President Song has been hooked up for a long time? People like you are so unrealistic to want to marry President Song.' Says another jealous girl, pointing in my direction.

I have heard so many gossips like this, so I don't care.

Steven Song smiles to the staff, his sweet voice ringing in the lobby.

“Tomorrow is the weekend. We think everyone has been working hard all week, so we prepared a lottery for the one-day luxury cruise. The winner can take the latest Scenery No.1 for a one-day trip out to sea.”

Everyone is cheering and itching to try. They line up one by one to draw the lottery. People in the back are impatient, being afraid of the big prize would be drawn by others.

I am not interested, so I line up behind. I go to the box until everyone picks their own lottery.

Finally, it's my turn, I go up to the table timidly.

I reach my hand into the box but touch a hand, which frightens me.

I scream.

Steven Song winks at me opposite and gives me a ball into my hand secretly.

What? Is it cheating?

While, I can only take the ball that Steven Song gave me and stand beside.

Then, Steven Song takes out a piece of paper and reads the number on it.

“The winning number is 17. I forgot to say that if the winner is a beautiful lady, I can accompany her on the cruise for a whole day.”

All of a sudden, every woman gets excited. They check their numbers but all sigh disappointedly.

I look down at the number in my hand and, unsurprisingly, it is 17. Why else would Steven Song have taken so much trouble to give me this ball?

But what does he want to do?

“Who gets 17, let me see.” Steven Song is still pretending.

No body answers.

I purse my lips and raise my hand.

“Me.”

“Congratulations to Jane Noyes. Please keep working hard, and there are still a lot of activities held by the company. Wish you big prize next time. All right, let’s get back to work. Jane Noyes, stay and I’ll tell you something you need to prepare.”

All women leave with their heads down, and all glare at me as they pass.

I also hear someone say that it is obviously decided internally, so why bother?

I also want to ask.

After everyone has left, I turn to Steven Song and say, “Look at you, you’ve made me an enemy of those women again. What are you trying to do?”

‘Just bored, looking for someone to go out with me. But suddenly I change my mind, for the whole company, you are an employee I trust most. So, you are the best choice.’

My lips twitch.

That’s so Steven Song! He only cares about his own feelings, but never considers the consequences.

'I don't want to go. I just want to work and make a lot of money, or when will I be able to pay Frances Louis off?' I say sadly.

It's not that I don't want to go out. It's really Frances Louis who wouldn't give me the chance. I don't even have a chance to catch my breath now. All I want is to work hard, pay off the money and be free again."

"Nine hundred thousand only, I can pay you more commissions and you will pay it off soon." Steven Song says it lightly.

The company is of his family, so he has the authority and confidence to say so! But now nine hundred thousand dollars can't solve the problem.

'Its not nine hundred thousand dollars. It has turned into 4 million. Please tell me, how can I pay it off as soon as possible?' I say, looking at him desperately.

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Chapter 116 It is Blocked off

"4 million? Did you eat his one-thousand-year ginseng?" Steven Song asks me surprisingly.

He's still in the mood to joke. I'm nervous to death!

"Never mind. Anyway, I can't pay it off for a while. So I'd better go out to relax and get some inspirations.

When do we leave tomorrow?"

"Eight in the morning. I will pick you up at Louis's house." Pick me up?

Forget it. It is difficult to figure out Frances Louis's minds. Steven Song is also a man. I am afraid that he will be unhappy and lose his temper.

"At the dock, right? I'll go there by myself." Then I go back to my office.

If I stayed here much longer, I'm afraid that people will think I'm doing something shady with Steven Song.

This morning Frances Louis told me to go home early. So as soon as I get off work, I hurry home without stopping.

When I get home, he hasn't gone home yet.

Damn him! He asked me to come home early but he doesn't come back?

Then why did he order me to come home early?

I feel hungry, so I roll up my sleeves and go into the kitchen. I let Betty sit down on the couch to watch TV.

Betty bought the spareribs. I'm going to make sweet and sour spareribs.

I pour oil into the pot, and smokes rise up. I hold the ribs and stand a little further, afraid to be splashed by the hot oil.

'I have told you not to go into the kitchen.'

Frances Louis's voice comes behind me.

I am so startled that the ribs I am carrying drop into the pot. The oil spatter out and burn my hands.

The pain is sharp.

Frances Louis rushes over. He quickly turns off the fire, and takes my hand to flush under the water for a long time.

I feel comfortable when the cold water flushing my hand, but after the flush, it is still burning pain.

There are many red spots on my hand, someone is big and someone is small, and the biggest one is probably as big as a coin. I've burned myself before, but not as bad as this time.

What a bloody year!

I just cut my face and now my hand is burned. Now these are only red spots, but it'll probably be blisters later.

'I have told you not to go into the kitchen. You treat it as nonsense?'

Frances Louis takes me out of the kitchen, his face horribly pale. It is the first time I ever see Frances Louis swear.

No matter how angry he was before, he had self-control. But today, he is too abnormal.

But how can I be blamed for the burn? I've been so careful.

"But for your sudden entrance, I should not have been frightened, nor burned."

I murmur.

“What?” Frances Louis frowns, his sharp eyes make me shiver.

I wuss out immediately.

“Nothing.”

Frances Louis takes out a first-aid kit, searching in it for a while, then looks up and asks Betty.

‘Betty, where’s the scald ointment?’

“We don’t have scald ointment. My hands are hard and rough. Besides, I have been cooking for so many years. Usually I won’t be burned.” She says for a while, looking at the long face of Frances Louis and saying, “I will go out to buy scald ointment.”

Soon, Betty comes back with the scald ointment.

Frances Louis’s face is dark the whole time. He applies medicine to my hand gently, but I still feel the pain.

“Ouch.” I gasp and draw back my hand.

“Now you know the pain?”

He says in a cold voice, but his movements become gentler and softer. After applying the burn cream, my hands feel much better. I hope they don’t get blisters.

After it, Frances Louis turns to Betty and says, “Betty, you’d better go back home. In the future, the kitchen shall be blocked off. We won’t cook at home. You can take care of your grandson and have a rest at home. It’s okay that you just come over and do the cleaning from time to time.”

Betty goes home and there are only Frances Louis and me in the big house.

He sits on the couch, and he hasn't said a word since Betty left.

I am hungry.

I wouldn't be in the kitchen if I weren't so hungry and Betty's cooking was so unappetizing.

'Lam hungry.' I look piteously at Frances Louis.

My stomach will ache again if I keep on being so hungry.

"Stay hungry, or you won't learn your lesson."

Frances Louis says and goes upstairs. I sit there, not daring to cook. I can only drink a glass of milk, but still feel hungry.

I am about to go upstairs when the doorbell rings.

Who will be coming so late?

Chapter 117 A Girl will Doll Herself...

Actually, I dare not open the door.

I'm afraid it's Whitney Jordan. After all, she's Frances Louis's real wife.

It doesn't matter if we meet outside. If we meet here, how can I explain it?

I stand there, listening to the doorbell ringing for a long time, but I don't have the courage to open it.

"Why don't you open the door?"

Frances Louis comes down and asks me in a low voice.

I move my lips but no answer.

He glances at me, goes to the door and opens it. Then I see a man in a suit with a bow tie standing in the doorway. He looks like a waiter in a western restaurant.

No matter who he is, as long as he is not Whitney Jordan.

I hear him say something to Frances Louis in a low voice, then he gives him a large box and leaves.

Frances Louis takes the box to the table, then he turns to me and says, "Come here."

He called me to come over, and I did.

He opens the box and takes out two dishes from it.

The smell of food floats out.

They are two well-done steaks, and depending on the shape, it should be Kobe Beef.

"Steaks can also be delivered?" I look at Frances Louis confusingly.

This fancy restaurant should be located in the center of the city, but we live in the suburb. It should take half an hour to drive here. The waiter who just arrived made a special delivery. Are there so many waiters in the restaurant?

"Usually not, except the boss." Says Frances Louis lightly.

My lips twitch and I roll my eyes to Frances Louis. How could I forget that this man has plenty of money? It is not weird that he has an antique store and a western restaurant.

I have nothing to say as a person who owes my boss 4 million. My stomach is already growling, so I sit down, pick up a plate, and begin to eat.

In the presence of Frances Louis, I don't have to pay attention to my manner and finish half of the steak so quickly.

"Would you mind paying attention to your table manners?" Frances Louis says disdainfully.

I look up at him and keep stuffing my mouth.

"A girl will doll herself up for him who loves her. I don't like you. Why should I pay attention to my appearance for you?"

Frances Louis says nothing. He looks down and eats his steak gently.

He eats gracefully. But I know it's not because he has to pay attention to his appearance in front of me, but because of his well-educated manners.

Suddenly I recall that Frances Louis told me to go home early today, but he hasn't told me the reason.

"Frances Louis, why did you ask me to go home early today?" I ask him.

"Nothing."

He says lightly, puts down his knife and fork, and goes upstairs.

Has he finished his steak?

Doesn't he feel wasteful when he only eats a little of his steak? Why order takeout when he isn't hungry? I look at Frances Louis's back confusingly, and I despise him wasting food.

Well, I still feel a little hungry. So, I take his plate and prepare to eat the portion of beef he doesn't touch.

After a few bites, Frances Louis suddenly goes downstairs, with a bottle of wine in his hand.

As soon as the meat on my fork reaches my mouth, I look at him in embarrassment, ashamed of myself. It turns out that he went up to get wine, I thought he finished eating.

I give him an awkward smile,

"You can tell me in advance that you go to get the wine..."

"So?"

Frances Louis raises his eyebrows at me, but his eyes fall on the piece of meat near my mouth.

So...so I eat your steak.

I murmur in my mind.

The next second Frances Louis comes over, snatches the fork from my hand, and puts the meat directly into his mouth.

"Give it back!" A boom blasts in my mind! It has my saliva on it!

Although we had more intimate connections before. But I still feel a little embarrassed that he eats the food that I have eaten.

Frances Louis takes away the plate in front of me and sits down opposite, with a calm and satisfied expression.

“Not bad.”

Chapter 118 What a jerk.

“Shame on you.” I say in a low voice, and go upstairs. I have to choose the right dress for my cruise tomorrow.

I don't have many clothes, after looking for a long time, only a gauze skirt looks appropriate.

Then I take my nightgown to the bathroom for taking a bath. When I am washing, suddenly there is someone knocking on the door.

Not the door of the bedroom, but the door of the bathroom!

There is no one else in this house but Frances Louis. It must be him!

“Don't come in!”

I say in a panic.

The next second, the door handle is turned, Frances Louis opens the door and comes in, glancing at me.

‘Don't you hear me? I said don't come in!’ I quickly pick up a towel to cover my naked body and shrink back.

“No.” The man comes closer to me with a wicked smile on his lips. “Besides, which part of your body I haven't visited?”

What a jerk!

Will he force me to have sex with him now?

I gulp nervously and tell him, "I am still in menstrual period. Don't try to do anything to me."

Frances Louis sneers, "What do you think I'm going to do to you? What's the dirty thought in your head?" I purse my lips at Frances Louis and say, "You know whose thoughts are dirty."

Frances Louis chuckles and doesn't contradict me. I shall see his silence as approval.

"After you finish washing, go out and I have something to tell you." Frances Louis says and goes out.

I lock the door quickly, afraid that he would break in again. But, did he come in just to say this to me, or did he come to peep at me deliberately?

I think the latter is more likely.

After the bath, I take on the nightgown and get out.

Frances Louis, who is sitting on the bed, sees me coming out and pats the place aside.

I understand, go there and sit down. Most of the time, I am still willing to be obedient to him.

"Go out with me tomorrow." Frances Louis says to lightly.

Tomorrow? Why tomorrow? I will go to the sea with Steven Song tomorrow. I just said that I would be obedient to him, and now I'm going against his wishes.

'I have an appointment tomorrow.' I say.

Frances Louis's face turns dark, and he says sharply, "cancel it."

“No.” I refuse him at once.

I don't like to break my promise. I will never go back on my word if I still have a choice.

‘I beg your pardon!’ Frances Louis’s face turns obvious dark.

The air pressure in the room is so low that I dare not breathe. Instead, I look at Frances Louis with a stubborn expression, ‘I live with you because I owe you money. But I will pay you off and I am not the woman you bought. I have the right to do whatever I want.’

I know my words would irritate Frances Louis.

But on matters of principle, I don't want to compromise.

I want to live as a person, not as a thing, a plaything.

This is the only belief that has sustained me so far.

“You...”

Frances Louis’s words are interrupted by the sudden ringing of the mobile phone.

He looks at me, and answers his phone.

‘Frances, I’d better go with you tomorrow. I promise there won’t be any trouble. I’ve already chosen my clothes. Come and pick me up tomorrow morning.’ Whitney Jordan’s sweet and gentle voice comes.

Before Frances Louis could speak, she adds, “That’s it. Dad is calling me. Bye, I’ll wait for you tomorrow.”

Whitney Jordan hangs up the phone. Frances Louis keeps silent for a moment. Then he says to me in a cold voice, "There are a lot of women waiting to go with me, Jane Noyes, don't think too highly of yourself."

Frances Louis goes out angrily, but I just ignore him and go to sleep.

The next morning when I go downstairs, he has gone.

Perfect, I don't have to look at his long face!

Chapter 119 A Cruise for Couples

I take a taxi to the dock, and Steven Song has arrived and is waiting for me on the seacoast.

"There you are. I thought Frances Louis forbade you to come and I just wanted to call you." Steven Song says to me.

"He has no right to interfere with my decision."

I say and follow Steven Song on the cruise.

The cruise ship is very large and the decoration is very luxurious.

"How do I feel like I'm on the Titanic?" I say sincerely.

"Are you cursing it for sinking?" Steven Song curls his lips and smiles at me.

"Of course not, I don't want to die young."

Steven Song and I look at each other and smile. We walk into the cabin, only to find that the layout inside is like a small hotel.

There are only two couple suites facing each other. The interior space is large, like two independent villas.

The exterior looks very luxurious, but I don't know how it looks inside.

Steven Song leads me to Room 1 and opens the door.

I walk in and find that it is almost as I imagined, just like a villa. The layout and furnishings inside are very

high-end, and the European-style design is full of elegance. Such a place must be very comfortable to live in.

"I never know there would be a cruise like this." While enjoying the world of the rich, I turn back and say to Steven Song.

"This is actually a cruise ship for couples jointly built by our company and Louis Group. It has just been launched on the market. It costs 880,000 dollars each time travelers go to sea. I want to bring you here to experience it first and see if there is any improvement."

Louis Group?

Frances Louis's Louis Group?

"You come as the president of Song Group, then what about Frances Louis?" I ask anxiously.

If I met Frances Louis on the cruise, I would rather choose to jump in the sea.

"Of course, he is here, too. He is supposed to be here, where is he?"

Steven Song's words plunge me into the bottomless abyss.

Did Frances Louis want me to come here with him last night? I refused him and said yes to Steven Song, will he kill me?

The door of the opposite room opens, and I look over.

I see Whitney walk out holding Frances Louis's hand.

Of course, Frances Louis also sees me. His sharp gaze seems to peel off my skin.

"May I get off now?" I lower my head and whisper to Steven Song.

"It was okay a minute ago, but now the cruise ship has sailed." Steven Song's voice is also very low, and he whispers to me, "Don't worry, I am here and Frances Louis dare not do anything to you."

I believe that, but what about later? When I get home, Frances Louis can do what he wants with me.

"Mr. Song, please formally introduce Miss Noyes. You bring her with you every time, I don't believe that there is nothing between you two."

Whitney walks over gracefully on high heels, stands in front of Steven Song, and looks at us with meaningful eyes.

"You can guess." Steven Song says. He holds my shoulders affectionately and smiles softly at me.

I think that Steven Song is helping me.

Only by doing this, Whitney will not doubt my relationship with Frances Louis.

But I don't want to thank him, because Frances Louis looks like he is going to eat me.

I feel uncomfortable all over, I just want to quickly escape from this troubled place.

"Where is the bathroom?"

"I'll show you."

Frances Louis says suddenly.

Whitney says nothing. She doesn't seem to think of anything between me and Frances Louis. If I refused him now, it would be suspicious. I have no choice but to go out with Frances Louis.

My heart thumps nervously.

If I were alone with Frances Louis, he would show his real nature and I don't know if he would throw me into the sea angrily.

When we reach the corner, Frances Louis grabs me and presses me against the wall.

"The thing you want to do is come here with Steven Song?"

Chapter 120 There is no Impermeable W...

My back hits the hard wall, and the pain makes me frown.

"I don't know you would be here, either."

I say honestly.

But Frances Louis doesn't want to listen to me.

"What if you know?" He asks me in a low voice.

"Honey, where are you, I also want to go to the bathroom."

Whitney's voice comes from not far away, which startles me. I tug Frances Louis's sleeve and say, "Go! don't let your wife find out."

I feel pathetic for myself. But life has never given me a choice.

Fortunately, Frances Louis doesn't stay anymore and takes me to the bathroom.

I don't want to go to the bathroom, so I just refine my makeup outside in order to stall for time.

Whitney stops in front of me and washes her hands gracefully.

Didn't she say she wants to go to the bathroom? Why does she wash her hands first? I think it is weird, but I am not familiar with her, so I don't ask.

But Whitney speaks first.

"Miss Noyes is so talented in design. No wonder you are President Song's favorite."

I smile politely at her without denying it, nor admitting it. At this time, I don't mind her misunderstanding the relationship between me and Steven Song.

"I work for Steven Song's company because I like design." I say lightly and apply the lipstick.

Whitney also smiles and talks to me while applying makeup.

"It seems that President Song is Frances's friend. They meet frequently."

I say nothing and I don't know what Whitney wants to say.

She doesn't seem to care whether I answer or not, and says to herself, "Mr. Song often takes you to various occasions. Have you ever seen any woman with Frances? The people around him and the cooperating partners are tight-lipped and no truth I can get from them. But my instinct tells me that he has kept a mistress. If it's convenient, can you pay attention on it for me?"

Whitney asks me to keep an eye on the woman next to Frances Louis?

In fact, I really want to tell her that Frances Louis's mistress is me.

It seems that Whitney has no doubts about me. But I know that there is no impermeable wall in the world.

As long as I stay with Frances Louis, Whitney will find out the truth one day.

I am actually very nervous, but on the face, I have to pretend to be calm, "Since Mrs. Louis can't trust him, why don't you live with Mr. Louis?"

If you live with him, he will definitely let me go.

Whitney gives a wry smile and says, "It was me who asked not to live with him. I'm afraid I will hurt him again."

Again?

Did she do anything terrible to Frances Louis before?

"I'll pay attention on it for you." I say to her.

I know very well that even if Whitney doesn't ask for my help, she will go to others. Instead of letting others discover me, I'd better do it myself. In this way, I can at least guarantee my safety.

Of course, Whitney doesn't know what I am thinking. She smiles gratefully at me and says, "Thank you. If there is anything you need help in the work, I will try my best to help you."

After exchanging phone numbers, we go back together.

The cruise drives quickly, and an hour later, we have been far from the shore.

The cruise is driverless and computer controls throughout. Except for the four of us, there is no one else on the boat.

“Honey, I am a little hungry. What will we have for lunch?” Whitney asks.

“Don’t worry, Jane Noyes can cook. I can ask her to make more dishes for you.” Steven Song says lightly.

“Well, thank you Mr. Song.” Whitney smiles.

Damn you! You don’t cook! I am the one who makes lunch and you are the one who is thanked?

I roll my eyes to Steven Song. Just when I want to cook, Frances Louis stands up and says, “I’ll cook.”

I just remember that Frances Louis has warned me not to go into the kitchen again.

But how could a person like him who can’t even make brown sugar water know how to cook?