

Desperate Time 151

Chapter 151 Make a Comment

I enter the hall and sit down but I keep stealing glances from the direction of the corridor.

The moment I sit down, a man subsequently sits opposite me.

He looks gentlemanly with the way he sports a golden frame glasses. He flashes a polite smile at me.

I return his smile with one of my own while asking, "Anything I can help you with?"

"You are wearing an Armani polo tee, but you're wearing a branded DS silk scarf across your waist, besides using a brooch to pin the fabric on the right side of your silk scarf in a way that forms an irregular pattern on your dress. I am attracted by the way you dress, so I decided to come say hi."

His compliments indeed make me stumped. I have just simply dressed up, yet this has warranted such compliments?

Isn't this a little surprising?

I have used the monetary reward given to me by Steven last time to buy this silk scarf as a reward for myself. However, I have been agonizing over the price itself long after I bought this scarf.

Based on the way this man is carrying himself around, coupled with the way he speaks, I can see at a glance he's also part of the fashion industry.

'Nice to meet you, may I know you are...'

'I am Herman Allison, the director of the department of design of DS. You can also call me Herman.'

As he is introducing himself, he hands me a name card.

I accept his name card and study it, verifying that he's indeed the director of the department of design of DS. In an instant, I am at a loss for words.

I never imagine that the director of design would be a Chinese, and I sure can't anticipate that I will meet him here.

If he acknowledges my talent, then perhaps there is a solution for that issue concerning plagiarism. Initially, I want to introduce myself as Jane, the person who has designed the Chocker sticker.

However, I am afraid that my intentions would be misinterpreted if I raise this matter at this juncture. I would look like I am trying to attract his attention, if anything. After all, my attire is not compatible with my surroundings at all. It is indeed strange for me to appear like this in the hall.

As I am still contemplating, I see Frances walking towards us from another direction.

I lower my head to check my phone and realize that it has only been three minutes since I have come out from that place!

The first thought that flashes through my mind is: Is he that fast nowadays?

Frances stops in front of me and his gaze goes past me as he looks at Herman Allison.

'Hi, Herman. I am Frances. Sorry to keep you waiting.'

At this moment, I finally understand what is happening. The reason Frances is so efficient and fast is because he is rushing to meet his business partner.

Although he has official business to deal with, he still has the time to think about those kind of things. He's really an animal!

'Its my pleasure to finally see you.'" Herman replies with a smile.

It seems like the two of them are ready to talk about some official business, so I am planning to leave because my presence seems out of place. Before I can get up, Frances suddenly calls out to me.

"You can stay here."

"Do you know each other?" Herman peeks at us in surprise.

Frances shoots him a meaningful gaze and Herman immediately nods, "I see, so that's how it is. It turns out that she is Mr. Louis' woman."

Who is his woman?

I roll my eyes at Frances and want to clear up the misunderstanding, but he adds before I can say anything, "Tell me, what do you think about the belt worn by Herman?"

Is he crazy?

He is asking me to give some comments on a stranger's belt. That will make me look like an indecent woman who only knows to stare at men's waist area!

I cock my head in another direction to pretend that I haven't heard anything.

"You can just tell me, I don't mind it."

Herman chips in at this moment as he looks at me with anticipation.

It seems like I have no choice at this moment.

‘Then allow me to make a comment. Based on its materials, it was handmade using the highest-grade of cow leather so that besides its strength and sturdy properties, it will still feel comfortable when wearing it.

If you take a closer look, there are tiny plum blossoms prints all over the surface. If I’m not mistaken, these are imprinted on it by hand, one by one. The whole process must be meticulous and complicated. It must be the handiwork of a craftsman who has decades of experience in doing this.”

‘The buckle is made of gold, and the design is quite avant-garde, making it seem simple yet classy.

Although the belt is subtle in its design, but I suspect the materials used are some rare metals such as Emerald, therefore the colors are quite exquisite. That is very obvious at a glance.”

‘Is there any more comments from you?’ After I have complimented the belt for a while, Frances suddenly asked.

Chapter 153 Shall We Live a Lifetime...

“What’s this?”

“See for yourself.”

He says coldly.

Huh, pretending to be indifferent?

I curl my lips, take the thing in his hand and open it. It turns out to be a dress from DS.

He is buying me clothes.

Frances being considerate is making me more confused.

I vow to hate him just now, but because of his petty favors, my heart is softened.

I look down on myself a little bit.

'It's a gift from Herman, the latest DS model. I don't wear women's clothing, so I am giving it to you.' He said coldly.

What else can I say? Fortunately, I don't want to say what I am thinking. Otherwise, I will be laughed at by him for over-thinking.

'I have clothes, so I don't need to wear the expensive ones. Anyway, fancy clothes only match a fancy person.' I hand the clothes back to him, muttering.

Then I get up, take the clothes I dried, and walk to the bathroom.

He grabs my clothes and throws them directly into the trash can.

"Why do you wear wet clothes? Can't I afford buying clothes for you?!"

'Buying? That one is a gift!' I say.

Frances' face suddenly becomes gloomy again.

For fear that he might throw away this dress, I would have no clothes to wear. I pick up the clothes and walk towards the bathroom.

The clothes really fit me as if they were made for me. I can't help but wonder, is it really a gift from Herman?

'Let's go out and eat.'

Frances takes me directly to the restaurant at the hotel and we run into Herman there.

He greets us to have a meal together and his hospitality is too hard to turn down.

Herman looks at me up and down when he sees me. "This is the latest DS dress. It looks good on you."  
He says.

Isn't this the clothes he gave away? Is it necessary to emphasize that it is DS? Of course, I don't want to ask too much, only eat silently.

Herman talks a lot with me during the meal. I tell him everything I could say, just to leave an impression in his heart. I am a capable person who don't need to plagiarize.

I know that expressing myself like this is a bit ostentatious, but this may only be the only opportunity for me. If I don't seize it, I might never have such a good opportunity again.

I don't know what Herman is thinking. We go straight back to the room after dinner.

Frances and I sleep through the night without doing anything.

I don't know if he can fall asleep, but I can't. We used to have sex when we spend the night together. But now, simply sleeping with him makes my heart beats faster.

"When will you let me go, Frances?"

I whisper softly, not knowing whether I am talking to him or asking myself.

There is no answer from him. Hearing his sound breath, he probably already falls asleep.

Without saying anything, I close my eyes, ready to fall asleep.

In a daze, I hear Frances saying, "Shall we live a lifetime like this?"

It wakes me up.

But I know that it is not for me.

He is still married. And vowing for a lifetime is absolutely impossible.

Over-thinking once or twice may be fine but doing it for too many times make me look stupid.

There is no future between you and Frances, Jane.

I remind myself time after time, finally letting my heart cold down.

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Chapter 154 You Ungrateful Soul

I go back to Virginia with Frances the next day.

Steven calls and tells me that Mangalore had already asked Nicole Snow over to draw again and talk about her design inspiration.

To be honest, I don't hold much hope. Nicole is not an untalented person. It is not difficult for her to do this.

Stealing my drawings is perhaps only for revenge.

I can't go to the company, and I am too afraid to draw at home. All I can do is to sleep in the room.

The strange thing is that Frances hasn't been to work in the past two days. And I don't know what he does in the room every day.

I can only see him at breakfast, lunch and dinner. After all, he is taking me out to eat.

On this day, when I come back from dinner, the car almost runs into two people as soon as it drives into the villa area.

I quickly get out of the car when I see their faces.

I should have seen that coming.

'Dad, mom, what are you doing? Are you trying to get yourselves killed?'

Mom and dad stop in front of the car, looking awe-inspiring.

"My son is dead. What am I going to live for!" Mom wipes her tears, looking stubborn.

Sure enough, they are here because of Frank Noyes.

'He is in jail, not dead!' I shout.

"You unfilial daughter, he is your brother! He hasn't had any hardship since he was a child. Putting him in jail is like killing him!"

Mom rushes over, pulls my hair and throws me to the ground.

I sit on the ground numbly, listening to my mother yelling at me.

"How did I raise a daughter like you? You only care about yourself, and never cared about our family! When I was hospitalized, you didn't even ask about it. I would've strangled you to death if I knew you were an ungrateful soul!"

Each word breaks my heart.

What am I to her? It's not that I don't love my parents, but they hurt me over and over again so that I don't even have the courage to get close to them.

All the beautiful illusions at the beginning are shattered, and I cannot even find the meaning of life.

I used to be a cheerful lively person, but in the end, my heart was pierced by life.

Frances gets out of the car and looks at everything indifferently.

As soon as they see him, they immediately rush over and kneel in front of him.

“Mr. Louis, please let my son go. I will demand Frank to be your loyal server!” Mom says while she cries.

I couldn't even laugh, burst in to tears right away. The two old people in front of me look like strangers.

“He broke the law, and I can't help.” Frances says impatiently.

‘I don't believe it. You have such great power so there must be a way. If you don't save him, my husband and I commit suicide in front of you!’ Seeing that the plea doesn't work, mom starts threatening.

‘I don't care.’

Frances says without blinking.

Mom doesn't know what to do, so she can only put her hope on me again.

“Help me beg Mr. Louis to save your brother.”

I sneer.

Why would Frances listen to me? She thinks too highly of me.

Besides, I really don't want to step in their affairs.

Frances ignores them and walks towards me, pulls me up from the ground, and lightly pats the dust off me.

I don't know if it is my illusion that I feel the way he looks at me is gentle.

But when he looks at my parents, his eyes instantly turn cold.

'If you two don't leave within one minute, Frank will not just be in jail for a few years. You have also said that I am a man with great power.'

My parents look at each other, then look at me bitterly, and finally leave unwillingly.

Frances takes me inside. From a distance, I see Whitney Jordan standing at the door.

The blood in my whole body immediately coagulated.

Chapter 155 Whitney, Don't Be a Bitch

Whitney sees us.

She walks towards us.

But the way she looks at me is filled with precaution.

Though right now Frances and I are not having any intimate interaction, we are both here, she definitely suspects our relationship.

What should I do?

Watching Whitney come close, I can't think of any reasonable excuses.

I just went through the whole plagiarism scandal, if our relationship is disclosed, I'll be ruined, probably.

Frances is standing there with no emotions on his face. I just can't figure out what is he thinking.

Maybe he will just do nothing and let Whitney deal with me. As his sex partner, of course I'm insignificant compared to his wife.

“What are you two doing together?”

Whitney stares at me, full of hostility.

“How do you find this place?” Frances frowns his eyebrows, trying to skip the question.

“You think you can hide this place from me? If I want, I can find any place in the world. I have moved my stuff here. I’ll live with you from now on. You wanna separate with me for two years? Nice try. Tell me why is Jane here living with you?! Are you cheating on me?!”

She is shooting questions at me, and I don’t even know how to answer.

I stand there, at a loss, waiting for Whitney to sentence me.

I have thought about a million possibilities of how we will get caught, and I have come up with a million solutions. But when this really happens, I become a pussy.

I’m the other woman, the freaking mistress. Whatever she does to me, I deserve that.

Whitney is mad at me for being quiet, so she walks over and pushes me hard.

‘I’m talking to you! Say something!!!’

Her emotion is out of control. Maybe it’s her mental disease.

What can I say?

If Frances says nothing about our unethical relationship, how can I?

“Whitney, don’t be a bitch.” The calm response from Frances only makes her more emotional.

'I'm a bitch?! You are always messing around, and I'm the one who's making a scene? Have you ever thought about my feelings? I am your wife. I knew she was trying to seduce you last time we went out. I was right about her!'

Whitney is hurt. She looks at Frances with tears running down her face.

At this moment, I feel like I am a bitch. Even though what I did was not voluntary, I still hurt her.

To this world, I'm a sinner.

"Mrs. Louis, I'm sor..."

I'm about to apologize when Steven's voice comes from behind.

'Jane, why don't you guys wait for me?'

What's going on? Why is Steven here? What should I say in response?

Steven comes over and puts his arms around me tightly, "You're so fast. I was there parking the car. I'll handle the cooperation stuff, you don't have to worry about me, honey."

His words are so intimate that it makes us look like a couple madly in love.

Whitney's face suddenly changes.

She looks at us awkwardly and says, "Well, Ms. Noyes, I don't know you're with Mr. Song and come here for business. I'm really sorry, I thought you and Frances ..."

"We were what?" Frances sneers. Indifferent is how he looks at Whitney.

I guess he is upset.

Nice psychological quality. He's the guilty one, but he insists it's Whitney's fault.

For me, stay quiet is the best choice.

'Frances, it's just I care too much about you.' Whitney grabs his arm, showing her puppy eyes.

Chapter 156 Facing the Ocean

'Don't interfere with any of my business from now on, otherwise there will be consequences. You better have your stuff sent back.'

Whitney's face turns dreadfully pale after hearing Frances's cruel words.

'Frances, how can you do this to me? I'm your wife, we're supposed to live together!' Whitney is literally begging him.

She loses all her arrogance and dignity when facing Frances. I know clearly, it's because she loves him.

Only when you love someone so deep that you will willingly throw all your dignity away.

"Whitney Jordan, you know exactly why we get married. If you don't leave right now, I'll call Mr. Jordan  
~ In the end, Whitney leaves unwillingly.

I stand where I am, witnessing everything.

Today I finally get an idea how detached he is.

He treats his own wife like this, if one day we break up, he's gonna treat me worse.

Their relationship confuses me, because I just heard that they had already separated for two years.

Couples automatically divorce after they have lived apart for two years. I know because I divorced Andrew.



But when I look at Frances and Whitney, I don't see any incompatibility.

Confused as I am, I won't try to find answers.

Steven doesn't let go of my shoulder until Whitney leaves. He says to me, "Can you be more careful, I don't wanna be the one who always clean up the mess for you. One second later, things will turn ugly."

"Why are you here?" I ask him.

"Well, Whitney texted me early, telling me she was coming for Frances. I called both of you, but no one answered. So, here I am."

I check my phone and the missed call shows up on the screen.

None of us took the phone to the restaurant, that was how the drama started.

"What do you want from her?" I ask casually.

"I remember you told me Whitney was there when you asked Donny to check your design paper. Even though that was a rough draft and it was rejected, you can still see some similarities between that one and the final version. I wanted her to testify that it was you who drew it."

His words warm my heart.

He really goes all in for me.

I can't imagine how discomfited I would be in front of Whitney if it hadn't for Steven.

“Steven, I appreciate that, honestly. But she won’t do it, even though she knows the truth. Nicole is her best friend, she has no reason to help me.”

When I met Nicole at the antique store last time, she acted like I didn’t exist. When it comes to plagiarism, which can ruin one’s whole life, she definitely doesn’t want to do me a favor.

‘It’s hard to say. She may have extreme thoughts sometimes, but she still keeps her professional ethics and she hates plagiarism all her life. She might not buy all of my words, but once she knows about you and Frances, she will never help you.’ Steven explains.

‘Mr. Song, you don’t have to worry about that.’

After a long time of being silent, Frances speaks.

But nothing good comes out of his mouth.

It doesn’t seem to bother Steven for he curls his lips and leaves.

Frances takes me home, then he gives a call to have all the stuff moved out.

One day later, we move into a new place.

I have to say I like the new place a lot.

A villa by the sea. I can have the sea breeze on me and listen to the sound of the waves when I have nothing to do. That will be nice.

As long as there is no Tsunami.

I’m quite satisfied with the decorations in the house. It doesn’t look like a place that Frances finds in a hurry, I assume he has bought this place long ago because of all the delicate design.

When I walk into the bathroom, I find two doors.

However, I'm shocked the moment I push open the other door.

Chapter 157 What Do You Intend To Do

Why is it linked to Frances' room?

His room and mine are connected. Then wouldn't he be able to budge in when I'm showering? Although he had previously bugged into my room, at least he shouldn't be so blatant about it! "Frances!"

I walk out of the room and shout at the man who is working downstairs.

"What? Miss me?"

The man raises his eyes nonchalantly and smiles tenderly.

Miss you, my ass!

I scurry downstairs and point at our room and say, "Why are our rooms connected? Tell me what do you intend to do?"

"How about you guess who I want to 'DO'?"

Frances emphasizes the word 'Do' which causes even my ears to blush in red.

Each time when I wish to communicate with him, he becomes mischievous and lecherous.

'I don't care. Seal the door or I won't be able to shower in peace.'" I demanded.

'Relax, this is a private villa. No one else will be able to budge in. If you are still worried, I'll keep a watch out for you, or, we can shower together.'

Frances smiles at me suggestively. I want so much to bite him viciously.

For him to keep a watch out for me?

Doesn't he know that he is the person I'm wary of?

There is no point of saying anymore to Frances. I can only go upstairs in anger.

Frances calls out as soon as I turn around.

"Where are you going?"

"Are you blind? Upstairs!" I didn't even turn back and say impatiently.

'Don't go up. Let's go to the market.'

Market?

I turn around in surprise and look towards Frances.

'Didn't you say that you don't allow me in the kitchen? Then why are we going to the market? Don't tell me you're allowing me to cook?'

My eager anticipation is shattered by Frances' words.

"Dream on. You can't but I can!"

He cooks?

Forget about it!

I've seen him cook porridge which was worse than a witches' brew. But I don't intend to die so soon.

"Can I refuse?" I look at him and say awkwardly.

Frances calmly glances at me and replies sternly, "What do you think?"

Looking at his manner, it doesn't look like I have a choice. I can only pout and go with Frances.

I am stunned when I see his choice of vehicle.

"Ride there in a bike?" I ask doubtfully.

France shrugs, "Why not? It's not far away, there isn't a need to drive."

How can I refuse if even an important company director like him is willing to lower himself to ride a bike? Except, where's my bike? Why is there only one?

"What will I ride? Do I run behind you?" I pout.

"Hop on."

He looks at the seat behind him and says to me cheekily.

He's giving me a ride?

Couples in high school and universities often do this simple and yet romantic action. But it just feels odd for Frances and me to be doing this.

“You can choose to run behind or ride with me.

I can choose not to go!

Of course, I didn't say this and obediently climb onto Frances' bike.

I didn't want to have too many intimate physical contacts with him and so I only grab onto his clothes.

The road to the market goes uphill and the road becomes steeper and steeper. I feel the effects of gravity and almost fall off the bike.

“Hold on tightly.”

Frances says coldly.

I grab onto his waist.

I wanted to do this earlier but I was afraid that he would be unwilling to and that was why I didn't.

We soon arrive at the market.

Frances is wealthy and buys the vegetables without asking for the price. Very soon we are done and, on our way back home.

Naturally, the way back is now downhill. His shirt is bloated by the wind and damp with his sweat on our way up. It looks rather comical.

I stretch out my hand and jab the shirt playfully and start to laugh happily.

I don't know why I am laughing. It is strange but I just feel happy.

"Did you forget to take your medication before coming out?" Frances asks coldly. It is like pouring cold water onto me and immediately put a stop to my laughter.

## Chapter 158 Successfully Erase The Past

Humph. I ignore him.

When I cool down, I realize that all that just happened were like what a couple does.

I don't know when I started to have feelings for this man. It was supposed to be a transactional relationship without feelings but I started to fall too deep into it.

If I don't sort out these feelings, I will definitely be bitterly hurt in the end.

Because Frances will still be heartless even if I give my heart to him.

Frances takes the groceries to the kitchen.

Since it is an open kitchen, I can see his every movement from where I sit.

It's rare to find a man who looks so dashing even when he is cooking.

Frances places his cell phone on one side and looks at it repeatedly. I'm thinking that he must have found a recipe and is following its steps.

His actions are elegant and mesmerizing. Everything that he does is methodical and looks very professional.

If it wasn't for the witches' brew that traumatized me, I will take him as a legit chef.

"You're looking at me?"

He suddenly looks up, which startles me, as I am observing Frances cut the vegetables.

The heartbeat is intense but outwardly I maintain a devil may care attitude and say, "Can't I look at how a witches' brew is been made?"

Frances looks at me but isn't angry and continues with the preparation.

The preparation is complete and he turns around to cook.

The aroma rises from the pan and engulfs the entire house.

It smells rather good.

I rub my rumbling stomach and feel rather hungry.

Frances finishes cooking in no time and starts to serve the dishes.

Sweet and sour fish, stew ribs, stir-fried spinach, and vegetable soup. It looks very appetizing and smells marvelous.

It isn't as bad as I thought.

I pick up the chopsticks and taste the stew ribs and it is delicious!

I look at Frances in surprise and sees him grin at me cheekily.

'It's easy to cook.'

He says nonchalantly and successfully makes up for the porridge incident.



It is more important to fill my stomach first rather than to bicker with him. I stand up and ask, "Where is the rice, I'll dish them."

Frances' expression turns awkward.

I understand immediately.

'Don't tell me that you forgot to cook rice?' I roll my eyes.

'To be exact, I didn't even buy any rice.'

Just like that, Frances and I simply ate the dishes. At least the dishes are well seasoned and it is fine without the rice.

In the end, we finished everything including the soup.

Needless to say, I ate most of it.

Naturally, I am the one who washes the plates after the meal.

After doing the dishes I find Frances sleeping on the sofa.

I'm not sure if something happened to his company. These few days I often see him working late into the night.

I walk over and take a blanket to cover him.

Frances opens his eyes and looks defensively at me.

Only when he realizes that it was me did his glare soften.

“Sleep if you are tired. You can always do it tomorrow.” I say softly.

He looks at me, sits up, and starts to look at the data on the computer.

“Go ahead and sleep.”

I know that Frances will not listen to what I say and proceed upstairs.

I take a shower and then go to bed early.

When I wake up early the next day, Frances is no longer downstairs. I look in his room and he isn't there as well.

This place is rather far from his company. It's a good thing that I don't have to work and don't have to worry about being late.

It is too boring without anything to do. I return to the bedroom to draw but my mind was blank.

Perhaps my previous plagiarisms affected me too much. Now my mind is blank without a trace of inspiration.

Whitney calls.

I look at the vibrating phone not knowing if I should answer.

Chapter 159 Nothing Can Calm the Trou...

I pick up the phone at last.

If I don't answer it, then I'll seem like the one with a guilty conscience, considering what happened just now.

Whitney says nothing but apology first.

'I'm really sorry, Ms. Noyes. I was acting impassively last time. I forgot that Mr. Song and Frances were close friends. You and Mr. Song are so in love, it's impossible that you have a secret relationship with Frances. Since we're all women, I believe you understand why I did that.'

"Of course."

This calm response doesn't show my mixed emotions.

It's me that should be apologizing.

I feel sorry for her that she still doesn't know the truth.

'Mr. Song asked me to make this call. Later I'll go to DS and the Mangalore center to prove that design belongs to you.'

I'm at the brink of tears after hearing her out.

I can't believe she's doing this for me.

Thank god she's unaware of my relationship with Frances. Thank god.

Otherwise, she's gonna push me into hell instead of pulling me out of the chaos.

'Thank you, honestly, I really appreciate you can testify for me.'

I'm so excited that I can't even find words to say.

As long as she proves that I'm innocent.

Then, I still can hope for the good for my life.

'It's nothing. I just want you to put an eye on him. I suspect that he has moved out from the original place for that's an empty house now.'

Of course I know where he lives, but I won't tell her. I can only say something at random.

I'm drenched in joy the moment she hangs up the phone, and the dopamine stays with me for a long time.

Next morning, Steven calls me by saying everything is settled down, and he wants me back to the company.

Nicole is sitting in the office. Once she sees me walking into the room, her facial expressions become awkward.

She takes a few deep breaths, mustering all her courage and walks to me. She says to me with her head down, "Jane Noyes, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to copy your design, I was trying to embarrass you at that time."

And karma came back to you.

Steven told she was going to apologize before I came. She's such a talented designer that her company can't lose her, so they keep the news from going public and they want me to quash the affair.

My purpose is to prove my innocence. A proud person like Nicole apologizing in front of a large crowd is not something you can see every day.

To my disappointment, neither DS nor Mangalore wants my work after the whole scandal. My five million suddenly vanishes into thin air.

The good news is that I'm an optimistic person, and I don't hold on to the impossible money. Two days later, I'm the same old happy me again.

What I benefits from this event? Nicole finally quits coming after me.

Today, I haven't been to work for long before I hear some noise.

Later, someone storms in.

'Jane Noyes, you better come out!' It's nobody but my mom.

She hasn't showed up or called since she left Frances's place last time. She doesn't give up so easily, I knew it.

Frank Noyes is the apple of her eyes, how can she stop spoiling him?

"Mom." I stand up, trying to pull her out of the room.

I know her so well. One more seconds she stays here, there's gonna be drama.

My mom, however, gets rid of my hand and sits right down to the floor.

Everyone on the first floor is gathering. It's too good a show to miss.

I'm completely embarrassed, and this is exactly what my mom wants to see.

She screams and wipes out fake tears, "Come and see, I have such a cruel daughter? She doesn't care about me and her dad, she even send her brother into jail. She pretended that I didn't exist when I was in hospital. You don't know how much I love her. If it hasn't for me, she'll never have the life she's having right now. She's with a rich man and thinking about ditching me. She even moved secretly..."

"Enough!"

I shush her at a hurry right before she spills the tea about me.

Chapter 160 It will Bother You too much

'I have to let everyone here know how shameless you are! I can tell everyone!'

To their surprise, Nicole Snow starts to say, "Please call security staff to make the lady out of our office.

How can a person shout here in the office hours? All are working now!"

Just when she finishes talking, the security staff comes to hold my mother to leave.

But my mother tries to talk, "No, I won't go. Everyone should know what is she like..."

Finally, my mother is blocked out of the office before she talks more.

I hear that the security staff tell her to leave here as soon as possible or they will call the police.

Soon, there is not any voice left.

I would not know what to do with my mother if Nicole did not give me a hand just now.

So, I turn around to say "Thank you" to her, just seeing she already leaves for her office.

Due to my mother's interruption, I get distracted too much in the whole morning and worry that she will come back again to bother me.

Although I understand others will know my secret sooner or later, I have not prepared myself well enough at this moment.

I cannot wait to take a bus back home when I am off in the afternoon.

My home locates too far from the office. I have to take the bus to the furthest station I can reach and then take a taxi for no bus directly to my destination.

Today, I feel some of strange after getting off the bus.

Looking behind, I see a black HONDA car following me in a low speed as a snail.

In case of danger, I rush to walk ahead.

There is the transferring station in the corner ahead which I need to walk to.

Without knowing who he or she is behind me in the car, I believe there is some danger.

Thinking a lot in my mind, I hit someone by accident.

“Oops, my bad. I didn’t mean to do it.” I don’t raise my head to make an apologize and walk on.

‘Hi, Jane Noyes. You are here!’ someone says.

This is a really small world that I can hit Noah Jefferson here.

Now it occurs to me that the school he works for is around the corner and it’s not difficult to meet him here.

I answer him, “Yes. I am going home.”

I look back to see the following car which parks along the road.

He says, “So glad to see you here. Why not go to eat something together?”

I should refuse him, but I am afraid someone in the car will do something to me if I am alone. Now Noah is here to keep them away.

Considering this, I nod to accept his offer and follow him to a nearby restaurant.

In fact, it is hard time staying with Noah to me.

In my mind, he should be such a perfect partner to me. Unluckily, we met each other at the wrong timing; even though still loving him now, I am not the one who matches him.

Noah is probably destined to be the one who I will always miss but cannot get in my life.

He says unhappily, "Jane, I will have an arranged date with someone. It was done by my family."

I reply him quietly with a smile, "Good for you."

Noah puts down the chopsticks all of sudden and grabs my hand. He says, "No! You know I love you!" He speaks in a lower voice which also attracts the attention of customers at the other table.

I am kind of embarrassed about it and reluctant to keep smile, "Don't do that, Noah. I told you I cannot be your girlfriend. You deserve better girls instead of wasting time for me."

'Hey, Jane, you are only divorced. It is not your fault to marry a wrong man before. Why do you look down yourself so much? I don't care about your past story at all! Actually, I am eager to take good care of you to let you forget the hurt you got before.'

Noah talks much about his feeling with Jane.

I think I would say "yes" to him if I didn't meet Frances.

I love Noah.



First love is so amazing that will not be forgotten forever.

Until now, I am kind of fascinated by him.

Anyway, what could I do even though I am attached to him?

I smile bitterly and have to answer him, "You don't know the truth; it will bother you too much."

Noah looks at me with great determination and asks, "Please tell me; let me know it! I don't care about that your divorce or your family's situation. Apart from these, I don't know anything that could stop me from loving you."

"Noah, now I am the other woman of a couple, a disgusting mistress of someone."