

Desperate Time 181

Chapter 181 To Love But Not to Get

She looks at me with resentment, just like I stole her man.

Nicole likes Donny and I can see it from her eyes.

'Donny, where are you going? You don't want to stay in China?'

Donny shrugs and says, "There's no other way, DS suddenly makes a competition and surprises me. I must go back first."

"Aren't you an internationally famous designer? Would you not know if there's a competition?" I laugh.

'I might be a fake designer.'

I keep chatting with Donny while walking into the big hall.

I wave my hand at Nicole and speaks to Donny, "This is Nicole. You know her, right?"

"Yes, she's the one who copied your works... Right?" Donny glances at Nicole with slight disdain.

I just want them to chat nicely... I never expected the situation to be awkward like this.

I don't have the nerve to say anything else until we get on the plane.

I don't know if it's destiny... Donny and Nicole is on the same row, while I'm right behind them. Donny clearly doesn't really like Nicole. I immediately close my eyes and pretend that I'm asleep, in case he comes and wants to switch seats with me.

I can faintly hear Nicole's voice faintly from the front seat.

'Donny, you really think that I copied Jane's work? I did it just because I'm jealous that you kept helping her. You already treat her so well after meeting her for just a few times only. We've known each other for more than ten years... Why can't you face my feelings for you?'

I feel a bit shocked.

It turns out that Donny and Nicole have known each other since long ago.

Nicole has always been liking Donny one-sidedly.

"Sophia is the only person I'll ever love." Donny says that indifferently.

'But she's dead! She never came back after she surfed and crashed a big wave! She's long gone, why are you deceiving yourself?! Both You and Herman are doing it, how long will you two keep deceiving yourselves?! Moreover, even if she's still alive... She'll love Herman and not you!'

If I don't hear what Nicole says myself... I really can't imagine that there's such a complicated story within them.

Nicole loves Donny, while Donny and Herman both love Sophia. The leather belt that Herman always wears is Sophia's design.

'Nicole, she can't be dead. Even if she's really gone, she will always live in my heart. No one can replace

her.

Donny's voice weighs down with sorrow. He's totally different from the energetic and bright guy I saw before.

Nicole just walks to the toilet without saying anything else.

I raise my head and look at her.

She faintly holds back her tears.

Right now, I don't feel any hatred towards Nicole.

The design plagiarism matter is solved, and she did it because of her love for a man.

We both understand how painful it is to love but not to get.

In the hotel that the sponsor arranged for us... Nicole stays in the room beside mine and Donny stays in the room next to the room besides mine.

I take a bath and prepare to sleep until tomorrow morning.

Not long after laying down, Donny knocks on my door and says that he wants us to eat together.

I rub my belly... Well, I'm a bit hungry.

I was too busy to eat anything because I kept pretending to be asleep on the plane.

I don't want to torture my stomach so I change my clothes and go with Donny, conveniently see how Paris looks at night.

Frances and Whitney are the first people after closing the door.

I want to hide, but it's too late.

Chapter 182 It's a Small World

I feel nervous whenever I run into Frances when I'm with a man. Moreover, in a situation that I never predicted.

I only know that Frances is in France.

But France is so big, how can I run into him here?

I don't know if it's destiny... It seems that even if the world is bigger than this, I won't be able to avoid him either.

"President Louis."

Donny stays unaffected. He just walks over and greets Frances like that.

'Hello, Donny.'

Frances nods and smiles politely at Donny.

I don't find it strange that they know each other.

This social circle is not so big after all.

Frances glances at me and speaks indifferently, "Ms. Noyes is here too."

He sounds unfamiliar and polite like he's keeping distance from me on purpose.

I take a look at Whitney beside him. She looks happy while leaning on Frances' shoulder.

This scene hurts my eyes.

They're husband and wife. Such action is very normal.

I keep consoling myself at heart, but I don't feel any better.

'Jane, long time no see.'

Whitney smiles and stretches her hand out at me.

I feel nervous once I see Whitney. Especially, when Frances is around.

I'm too scared that she'll notice me and Frances' relationship.

It's my fault for being a mistress.

"Where are you going?" says Donny.

"We're hungry so we're going to eat." Frances answers indifferently.

Donny is glad to hear what he said. He immediately says, "What a coincidence, we're going to eat too... Let's go together."

I look at Frances and shake my head at heart.

No, please...

I don't want to eat together with them. Such a cold and arrogant guy like Frances won't say yes, right? I pray at heart for it.

On the contrary, Frances faintly smiles and says yes.

I can only go with them... Reluctantly.

I didn't expect Frances to have a car here. All the way in France.

Donny doesn't drive and naturally gets on Frances' car.

Frances holds his forehead and speaks to Whitney, "My head hurts, you can drive it."

"Are you okay? Do you need to go to the doctor?"

Whitney asks him with full concern.

Frances shakes his head and speaks in a low voice, "No need. It's an old sickness, I just need a quick rest."

Whitney doesn't say anything else and moves to the driver seat.

'I want to talk about some things with you, sit on the front passenger seat.'

Whitney looks at Frances in slight disappointment. Her mouth slightly moves like she wants to say something.

Frances just goes straight to the back seat.

There's no other choice, I reluctantly sit beside Frances.

Of course, I keep my distance from him.

I don't want Whitney to sense anything, so I should be careful.

"What kind of judge will you be this time? If you're the strict one, I'll just be the easygoing one." says Donny.

It turns out that Whitney is also the judge of this competition. No wonder she's here. Then what about Frances? What is he doing here? Accompanying his wife?

“You know, I’ve always been strict.” Whitney says that indifferently.

They start to discuss about the competition. I’m a newbie so I can’t really say anything.

I just sit there, feeling fully bored... Hoping that we can arrive at the restaurant faster.

Sitting with Frances is difficult for me, after all.

When I was thinking, a slightly cold hand suddenly lands on my hips.

Chapter 193 Honey, I Miss You So Much

I’m frozen there.

When does Frances come? Does he hear what I say?

I don’t have the courage to look back at him. And Whitney shows a sinister smile. She stands up, walks over to Frances and holds his arm.

“Frances, I’ve said that I’m the only one who really loves you in the world. I want you to see what these women really are. They just love your money. Don’t be with these bad women, OK?”

Her voice is sweet. She is acting like a spoiled child, but all her words belittle me.

She really loves Frances. She knows clearly that Frances has a lot of mistresses, but she still doesn’t want to leave Frances. Compared to Whitney, my love for Frances is nothing.

“Go back to your room,” Frances says faintly.

“You’d better watch your back,” Whitney says this in a low voice and stomps back to the room.

I think Frances is gone. After breakfast, I stand up and want to go back. I turn around and run into Frances.

“Why haven’t you left yet?” I’m startled, pat my chest and look at him.

“What you just said is true?” Frances stares at me quietly and asks me.

Is the truth of my words so important?

If Frances knows I love him, he will laugh at me and trample on my dignity.

I swallow nervously and say, “It’s true. I have something else to do. I’ll go first.” Then I ignore Frances and walk out.

But Frances still stares at me fiercely behind me. It seems that he want to tear me to pieces. I don’t feel eased until I get to the door.

I take a taxi to the airport in a hurry. About half an hour later, Noah comes out of it.

Actually, I don’t want him here. I agreed to his proposal that night, not because I love him, but because of other reason. Before, I couldn’t find an opportunity to explain to him. This time he flew to France to meet me. I don’t know how to gently refuse him.

“Honey, I miss you so much.”

As soon as Noah sees me, he strides towards me and holds me in his arms.

I really don’t like the way he calls me.

There are some words that I must tell him now, or it will cause more harm in the future.

After thinking about it, I push Noah aside and say to him, “Noah, actually I have something to tell you.

That night...”

Noah looks away from me. He says to me, "I'm so sleepy. I want to have a sleep first. I'll talk with you later."

He looks tired. Without saying anything else, I take him back to the hotel.

He follows me to enter my room and lies in my bed.

He probably hints that he wants to sleep with me, so I say to him, "I'll get you another room."

Noah doesn't answer me with his eyes closed. I don't know whether he hears me or not.

When I go to the front desk to make a reservation, I feel very sad.

It costs 1000 francs, about 7000 yuan, to book a room. But in order not to live with Noah, I have to bite my teeth and pay for the room.

I wish Noah won't stay here for so many days.

When I get back to my room, Noah is snoring lightly. In order not to disturb him, I just sit by and wait for him to wake up.

At noon, Nicole knocks on my room.

"Have lunch together?" Nicole asks me.

I look into the room. Noah is still sleeping. I'm not sure if it's right for me to leave without telling him.

Nicole seems to hear the sound inside and she also looks into the room.

"Who? You have a love affair after you come to France?" She blinks at me and suddenly walks into my room.

To my surprise, Noah, who was just asleep, now wakes up. He opens his eyes and smiles politely at Nicole, "Hello, I'm Jane's fiance. We're going to get married soon."

Chapter 184 Bitch Goes to Hell

"Ah" Right opposite me, Frances screams and takes his foot back.

I roll my eyes at him complacently.

Whitney instantly puts down her fork and asks anxiously, "Are you all right, Frances?" "It's okay, just accidentally bite my tongue."

A faint smile comes across his face and he gives me a cold glimpse. I act as if nothing had happened, moving away my sight.

'Eat slowly, don't bite it again.'

Whitney is very attentive to Frances. She cares him very much even though he's telling a lie.

A woman who falls in love is truly a fool.

And Frances stops harassing me under the table after I kicked him.

Opposite the hotel is Seine River. At night, the whole city becomes stunning and beautiful against the shining lights on the river.

I come to the riverbank, letting the cool breeze sweep my face gently, enjoying the ineffable comfort and relax.

Whitney comes over and stands next to me, looking at the scenery not far away.

Donny and Frances don't come over. It seems that they are talking about something, both smoking during their talk.

They'd better not come. I don't want to ruin my good mood for the scenery.

'Jane, do you think that all women who are others' mistresses should die?' Whitney's sudden utterance freezes me, as if the blood in my body stopped running.

Why did she say that to me? Has she known anything?

Panic inside, but I have to stay calm before she knows the truth.

'P.....perhaps.'

I force a smile and don't dare to look into her eyes.

'Then why don't you die!'

Just beside me, Whitney says viciously with an extremely cold voice.

Before I could know it, she gives me a sharp push.

I lose my balance and fall straight into the river.

At the time, Whitney reaches her hand to pull me, and I grab her hand instinctively.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Whitney screams and drops into the water with me.

I see both Frances and Donny looking over here before into the water.

It's already winter. My whole body becomes stiff in bitterly cold and chilling water. I can't swim at all, so I only flop and doggy-paddle blindly towards the shore.

Surprisingly, it works. The shore is near me.

When I am about to climb ashore, I feel hands tugging at my feet. It is Whitney. She sinks beneath the water and tries to pull me down.

My body, falling uncontrollably, and the top of my head are quickly submerged in the water. I choke several times and my consciousness fades gradually.

Lights from the shore let me see clearly Whitney's cold and mocking face.

She is mouthing the words to me, "Go to the hell, bitch."

Bracelet falls from my wrist during the struggle.

It is a gift from Frances. I try to grab it though I'm nearly out of my consciousness.

Whitney snatches the bracelet and laugh coldly.

I want to take it back but I have run out of my strength.

I don't know how many times I've choked, and my consciousness gets weaker and weaker.

A name is echoing in my mind.

Frances!

Right now all I'm thinking about is him.

At the time I realize that I love him so deeply, beyond my imagination.

Goodbye, Frances. Maybe I am destined to end up like this from the moment when fate led me to him.
I, smiling, close my eyes weakly.

In the water, there is a sudden pounding.

Chapter 185 Innocent Face, Vicious Heart

Frances jumps into the water.

His arrival, like a spray of sunshine, brightens my dark life.

‘Frances, help! Help!’

I splash and scream for help in a faint voice.

But he swims directly towards Whitney as if not hearing me.

Truth love manifests in crisis.

As it turns out, he cares nobody but Whitney.

My heart sinks with my body.

It hurts so much, as if I’m dying. I didn’t know before it is so painful being hurt by the one you love.

That’s it. Just die like this.

I thought I would never wake up again.

So I'm dazed when I open my eyes and see everything in front of my eyes.

I am in the car now?

"You're awake."

Donny says beside me.

He is dripping wet, as I am. Frances went to save Whitney at that time, so it must be Donny who saved me.

"Thank you for saving my life." I say to Donny.

He chuckles, "There's an old Chinese saying that saving one person from death is better than to build a seven-story pagoda for the dead. I think I might go to heaven when I die."

I am amused by Donny, but in the front of the car comes an aggrieved voice from Whitney.

'Jane, why did you push me into the water?' I pushed her? She's the one that pushed me. How can she counter accuse me?

'I didn't.'

I retort slightly, but my eyes are involuntarily looking towards Frances.

Will he believe me? He is driving the car, neither speaking nor looking back. It seems that he acquiesces in Whitney's words.

He loves Whitney, so it's not strange he would choose to believe her. Though it is an obvious truth, I still feel great pains in my heart.

The heater is strong in the car, but what all I feel is chilling cold.

Donny speaks for me, "How is that possible? Jane doesn't look like someone who would do such a thing. Even if she did, it would definitely be an accident. Don't take it too seriously, Mrs Louis."

"Sometimes, face is no index to the heart. The more innocent and harmless one appears, the more vicious and dirty one may be inside. But of course, I do hope it was just an accident."

Whitney replies slowly. The sarcasm in her words simply can't be more obvious.

Now I'm sure that she has known the relationship between Frances and me. Otherwise, she won't treat me so badly all of a sudden.

But I have no idea why she doesn't point it out directly.

When stepping out of the car, I can't stop shivering and hurry into the hotel, heading to my room.

I am soaking wet and all I need is a warm bath or I'll definitely get a cold.

After taking a hot shower, I make myself a cup of medicine granules for cold. Then I dry my hair, deep in thought.

Does Whitney know about my relationship with Frances or not? Should I ask Frances for sure?

As I am wandering, a knock sounds on the door. I open the door and find Frances standing right there with a gloomy face.

What makes him so upset? He really thought that it was me who pushed Whitney? 'I didn't push her. She did that to me.' I explain.

Frances purses his lips but utters nothing.

'I'm wondering if she has known our affair. She didn't treat me so badly before, but now her attitude towards me totally changed. She must know something. What should I do?'

He moves into my room with his two long legs, gazing at me for seconds, and says in a deep voice, "Jane, go back to our own country and forget the competition."

Chapter 186 I'll Watch You Be Destroyed

"Why? I'm not going back." I reject his proposal firmly.

My heart still hurts when the scene comes to my mind that he rushed to save Whitney only but ignored my call.

The man standing in front of me just doesn't care about me, no matter how intimate and happy he is in bed with me. How can a woman that only gives him sexual pleasure be as important as his one-in-a-million wife? I'm his nothing. It's ridiculous that I thought he would save me at that time.

I feel like tens of thousands of ants are taking the bite of my heart, so painful that I could hardly breath 'I'm not here to ask your consent. It's an order." Frances says coldly, giving me an impatient look.

"Who are you to order me around? Why should I listen to you! Please get out if there's nothing else. I don't want your wife to see you in my room, or I'll be dead."

I point towards the door and ask him to leave.

I don't want to be controlled by him anymore, neither my mood nor my freedom.

This competition is pretty important to me, because Donny just told me the prize for it is one million dollars.

Anyway, I'll try my best, whether it's for the prize or the cooperation with DS Company. Though my heart tells me that I really don't want to part from him, I have to make a clean break with him as soon as possible.

What happened today makes me realize how horrible Whitney is. She has known it. Staying with Frances will not end well for me.

'Jane, can you just calm down? I'm doing this for your good.' his tone softens a bit. But I don't want to hear him at all.

For my good? When has he ever done anything for my good? I never dream that he would consider things for me.

I say to him with a sneer, "I know you're afraid that I will leave if I win the prize, so you can't control my life again. How can an arrogant man like you bear a woman abandon you? You think you must be the one to dump me! Is that right?"

Wearing a cold look, he gazes at me for a while, mocking, "You're right. How can you escape from me? I'll watch you be destroyed in my hands, little by little." As he says it, it seems that the sharp look in his eyes will kill me in a moment.

"Can't you just love your dear Whitney with all your heart? Why you have to disturb my life! Can you just let me go, I'm begging you?" I say in despair.

"You want me to only love Whitney? All right! I'll do it as you wish!" Frances storms out of the room, and the door slams shut behind him.

I sit down on the bed, with holding tears streaming down on my face.

The heart hurts.

Why should I fall in love with him?

Would my life be better if I didn't love him? But now it has happened already. What should I do? On the evening of the next day, it's the opening ceremony of the competition.

I sit in the auditorium with Nicole as well as other designers from all over the world, watching the sponsor and investor of this competition go up the stage.

I'm surprised to know that the Louis Group is the investor of this competition when seeing Frances step on the stage.

So it is the Louis Group that will offer one million dollars as the prize for this competition.

If I win the prize, it means Frances will pay me to leave him. No wonder he was so angry before.

Although I have great confidence in myself, the contestants are top-class designers. I'm afraid my chance to win is weak. Even so, I'm not the one to give up easily. I have to come up to the challenge. What if I get good luck and win the prize.

As the investor, Frances is giving a speech on the stage.

When he mentions the prize, his eyes suddenly fall on me.

Chapter 187 He kissed Whitney

I'm flustered by his look, as I always would be.

Whitney, as one of the judges of the competition, is two seats apart from me to my right.

She looks over my direction as France's eyes.

I lower my head uneasily, with my breath being uneven.

“Are you nervous?”

Nicole seems to have sensed that something is wrong with me and turns around to ask me.

Her attitude towards me has literally changed since I was cleared of the last plagiarism. Now the way she talks to me can't be gentler.

I give her a forced smile and shake my head.

‘I'm good.’”

‘The competition will start in three days, so don't worry. We still have time to collect materials and get the spark of inspirations.’”

Nicole pats my shoulder to comfort me.

As the ceremony moves on, the host invites judges of the competition to the stage.

There are three judges consisting of the jury.

They are Donny, Whitney and a foreign old lady with a benign face. The old lady looks familiar, but I can't remember who she is.

Whitney stands beside Frances.

The host looks towards them and suggests in a smiling tone, “I heard that you are a couple. Now that the theme of this competition is ‘love’, may I ask you to kiss each other in public?”

The host is talking in foreign language. I'm not good at it and I also don't understand what he is saying, but strange enough, I understood the request he made to Frances and Whitney.

Every word of it injures my heart.

It's just miserable for me to see them being intimate and close.

The audiences are already excited.

It seems that everyone likes to cheer up for the fun, on matter which country he is in.

Whitney blushes slightly in the cheer, as shy as an innocent young girl.

My eyes involuntarily fall on Frances's lips. The way he kissed me has printed in my mind. Thinking of his lingering kiss, my lips seem to be burning.

Frances smiles at the audience, but I feel he's smiling at me.

Then, he turns aside and cups her face in his hands, bending forward and laying a soft kiss on her lips.

At the same time, there are cheerful yells and whistles in the audience. I bite my lips tightly, watching him deepen the kiss, as if kissing a beloved lover.

He never kisses me like this. His kiss on my lips is always overbearing and wild, without any love. Whitney is different to him.

I realize it's so hard for me to accept the fact that he loves Whitney.

I feel wretched. Such a beautiful and romantic scene of them makes me miserable.

I stand on my feet and say to Nicole with a quite low voice, "I'm not feeling comfortable. I want to go back to the hotel."

Then, I leave there quickly.

At the door of the hall, I run slap into a man.

I look up and find he's Herman.

'Its you?" lam amazed.

But soon, I just realize that DS Company is the sponsor for this competition, and Herman is the company's director. So it makes sense that I met him here.

"What's wrong with you? Your eyes are red." Herman asks me with confusion.

I look at him but don't know how to express my feelings.

But he knowingly glimpses at the stage and immediately understands what's going on.

"Come on. Let me take you out for something fun." Then he takes me out of the hall.

A call of an old lady is heard behind us when he is about to start the car.

I turn around and find it's that foreign old lady, one of the judges.

"Grandma, what are you doing out here?" Herman asks with amazement.

'I'm no longer young for such a lively scene." Then she gets in the car and is kind of shocked to see me in the car too.

"Where does this beautiful Asian girl come from? Your girlfriend?" the old lady asks with a smile.

Chapter 188 Are You Dead

'Just a friend. She's a very talented designer." Herman embarrassedly rolls his eyes and replies.

'Designer? Is she one of the contestants of the competition? To avoid suspicion, maybe I shouldn't stay in the same car with her.'

The old lady intends to get off the car but Herman stops her.

"You have already stayed in the same car with her. Even if you leave now, there is already suspicion. You're the founder of DS Company. It's all right for you to give advice to designers."

So she is the famous founder of DS, Lady Catherine, known as Golden Designer.

That explains why I feel she looks familiar! Now I feel a little excited.

Lady Catherine insists to get off. She has her own principles.

When she leaves, she says to me, "The theme is love. Think about the beloved one in your life when you design your work. Now, I hope you young kids have fun tonight."

Herman takes me to a lot of places, like Eiffel Tower, night market of Paris, the bar and Chinatown.

There's no inspiration comes to me, but at least, Frances and Whitney has been out of my mind for a while and I feel better now.

I feel that Herman wants to say something to me in the driving, but he just didn't.

Until he drives me to my hotel, he says, "Though I don't know you well, as your friend, I have to advise you that good works come from healthy and proper values."

I know he is talking about my relationship with Frances. Last time he didn't know Whitney is Frances's wife, so he thought Frances and I was a couple of lovers. Now he knows all about it. He must be disdainful of me as a mistress.

I manage a smile and thank him for his advice, then heading inside the hotel.

There are a lot of things that I can't control.

Being a mistress of Frances is not my own willing.

I press the button of elevator and wait there.

The elevator arrives with a ding, and Frances steps out of it.

Whitney is not with him.

I pretend not to see him, lowering my head and striding into the elevator, but he blocks the door. He moves as I move to block my way.

“What do you want?”

I finally lose my temper and look up at him with rage.

“Nothing. I just don’t want let you go.”

He replies with an indifferent voice.

He’s mad!

I roll my eyes at him and ignore him.

My room is on the fourth floor. I can walk up stairs there.

But he suddenly bangs me against the wall as I reach the stairway, his cold lips falling on mine.

I still can smell Whitney on him, which reminds me of the scene when they kissed.

Feeling sick of it, I push him hard.

He falls straight backward. Perhaps he doesn't expect I would be against him suddenly.

"Frances!"

I instantly get frightened and reach my hands to grab him but still miss him, only watching him rolling down the stairs.

He's lying still on the ground with his eyes closed.

I am scared and immediately shake him by his shoulders, expecting to wake him up.

'Frances, are you dead?'

There is a clear twitch of his mouth. He opens his eyes and sits up slowly, with his hand pressed on the right arm, "Sorry to disappoint you, I'm alive. But arm seems to be broken."

Chapter 189 Don't Touch Him

I look at him with a sense of guilt and apologize to him with my head lowered.

"Humph! You think your apology can help?" he says coldly.

'That's all I can do whether you accept it or not. I can't help you.' I retort back.

His chest is heaving, as if suppressing the anger inside.

After a while, he says with clenched teeth, "Take me to the hospital."

'Tis your arm that is broken, not your legs.'

“Jane!”

He gazes at me with a cold and sharp look. Then I have to help him walk outside.

As soon as we come to the door of the hotel, we run into Whitney who is walking in.

Seeing my hands on Frances’s arms, she immediately rushes over and pushes me away.

“Don’t touch him.”

She stares at me defensively with great disgust in her eyes.

Everyone in the hall is watching us. Though many of them don’t understand our language, anyone with a discerning eye could guess what happened.

For a moment, embarrassment permeates the air.

‘I’m injured.’ Frances furrows.

Hearing this, Whitney ignores me and entirely focuses on Frances, asking worriedly, “How? Where did you hurt?”

“My arm. I fell and hurt myself accidentally.” he replies lightly.

“How did you fall?” Whitney asks, looking at me confusedly.

Suddenly, the scene of him kissing me just now comes to my mind, which makes me feel nervous.

Fortunately, he helps me out.

‘Let’s go to the hospital first.’

Whitney drives him to the hospital, and doubtlessly, she wouldn't let me go with her. So I have to go back to my room alone, with a sense of loss.

I really hope Frances's arm will be all right, or I'll be the guilty one, although it's his rudeness makes me push him.

Lying on the bed, I couldn't sleep.

It seems that sleep has eluded me every night.

I get up and surf Weibo to kill time, then my phone vibrates twice.

I got two messages.

One is from Noah.

'I miss you so much. I'll see you tomorrow.'

I instantly reply, "I'm in France for a competition. I'll come back in a few days."

The other message is from Frances.

"Come to room 419."

He is back?

419? The room number sounds so impure. It sounds just like his room, a lecher's room.

'I won't. I'm not going to go for death.' I reject him.

"You have one minute." He just sends back a short reply.

The less his words are, the worse his temper is. Finally, I choose to come to his room, putting away my pride and suppressing my anger. I don't want him to hurt Noah.

Whitney should stay with him in his room. Now that she has known our affairs, I'm finding myself death to come to his room.

But to my amazement, Frances is standing in the doorway, with plaster cast on his right arm.

"Come in. Whitney has gone back on business."

Then he pulls me in with his other hand and shut the door.

I take a quick look around the room and find that Whitney is really not here.

"What do you want?"

I step back a little, looking at him alertly.

'Pare an apple for me.' he raises his eyebrows and looks towards the table.

What!

I'm not in the mood to serve him!

'Do it yourself. I'm not your maid.' I reject coldly.

He points to his injured arm with a smirk.

"Who did this to me?"

Yes, it's me. It's my fault!

With a deep breath, I grit my teeth and suppress my anger, coming to the table and paring apples for him.

Damn him! I'll pare ten to stuff him to death!

He comes over and sits opposite me, speechless, just watching me.

His blazing eyes make me feel uneasy and I almost cut my hands several times.

My phone buzzes twice on the table.

Maybe Noah messages me back.

I put down the knife and reach for my phone, but Frances snatches it away before me.

Chapter 190 Who do You Think You Are

No, I can't let him see the messages. I rush to grab my phone back from his hand.

He stands on his feet, holding the phone up high. I can't get it even if I jump to it.

"You have problems. Who sends you the messages?"

He smirks and clicks on my phone screen.

I don't know what he has seen on my phone, but I do feel nervous. He's such an emotional person. I really dare not irritate him.

"Give it back! That's my privacy." I say angrily and try to jump to get it but fail in the end.

"Your privacy? Even you are mine! You have no privacy." he looks at me from head to feet, his eager gaze making my body feel hot and nervous.

Then he turns his eyes to my phone again.

He perhaps hasn't seen the messages. Anyway, I can't let him see them.

I'm so afraid he would see the messages, so I jump at him with all my might.

He gasps and frowns.

"You are on my injured arm."

I stop and take a look at him, finding I'm exactly on his wounded arm!

I move away my body quickly, but still looking at him intently.

Still frowning, he reads my messages, but there is no change of expressions on his indifferent face.

I get so nervous that I nearly can't breathe.

'Just a message of phone bill makes you so nervous?'

He gives my phone back and sits back, slightly curling his lips.

I check the message again. It's a message from Mobile Company reminding me that it's time to pay the phone bills.

Thank goodness my heart now is at ease.

Now I can argue confidently, "That's right. You can't check my phone, even though it is a phone bill message. I don't like it. If you know I haven't paid my phone bill, you must think I'm leading a dog's life and look down upon me."

He says nothing but with a light sneer at me. I'm not sure if he believes my words.

I'm done with the apple, handing it to him.

He looks down at the apple and says coldly, "This is the apple you want me to eat?"

"Any problems? Or you want to eat with sugar or vinegar?" I reply impatiently.

There is a clear twitch in his mouth.

"Cut it into small pieces." He says in a deep voice.

Damn it!

So fussy!

I glare at him with gritted teeth, cutting the apple into pieces on a plate. But I try to feel better by thinking that the apple under my knife is Frances.

The pieces are elaborately arranged on the plate with toothpicks on them. I feel my service couldn't be nicer.

However, Frances is much more difficult to deal with than I thought he would be.

'Feed me.'

He says idly to me, lolling back in his chair.

Feed him?

Impressive. Who does he think he is?!

“You only hurt one arm, and the other hand is totally fine.”

‘I’m unused to eating with my left hand. The left hand should be used for something more meaningful.’
he looks at me with ambiguous eyes.

I suddenly remember that he often caresses me with his left hand when we are in bed, and my face can’t help blushing.

“Indecent!” Angrily, I stuff his mouth with a piece of apple.

The conversation can’t continue as it develops, or more filthy words would be uttered from his mouth!