

Desperate Time 21

Chapter 21 I can get you a doll

What's going on here? I have no idea what the purpose of these people is.

I struggle desperately to get out of the hands of these two men. But apparently in vain, the man's strength is much greater than I expect.

The car stops at a red light, my face is pressed against the window, and suddenly I see a familiar car. In the driver's seat, it is indeed Frances Louis's handsome profile.

I couldn't speak, my hands controlled, and I could only think of striking my head against the window to attract Frances Louis' attention.

The distance between the two cars is less than half a meter. I wondered if he could hear me knocking the window, or recognize my twisted face. But this is my only chance.

Frances Louis turns his head and looks in my direction.

Two men next to me, perhaps sensing my motivation, pull me back.

At that moment, the light turns green, and Frances Louis turns his head back and drives away.

Instantly, my heart is like dead ashes.

I am doomed this time.

The man next to me stares at me more and more disgustingly, and the fat man on my left even reaches over to touch my thigh several times.

I feel so sick, but I don't even have the chance to resist.

"What's the hurry? You'll enjoy it later."

Another man says obscenely, and the fat man unwilling to withdraw his hand.

I don't know how long the car drove, and finally it stops in a deserted area.

The men take me out of the car, and the fat man pushes me to the ground and pulls the towel out of my mouth.

"You can scream now, but no one will save you even if you cry your throat out."

"Why did you kidnap me?" I ask them.

I peek around, trying to find a way to escape, while talking with them to buy time.

"What do you say? Isn't obvious enough?" says the fat man. He has begun to take off his clothes in a great hurry.

"Hey man, I am a very boring woman. Actually I am frigid, like a dead fish. I'll definitely disappoint you. If you want, I can get you sex dolls."

"Yeah?" The driver snorts coldly, "That's not what someone said, ok? He said you're horny, you're a slut, it will be damn great to get in you!"

I frown. Only Andrew Malan would defame me like this.

But will he be so heartless to find someone to do this to me? We were husband and wife before. I don't want to believe it.

“All right, cut the crap. Let me fuck her first,” says the fat man. Then he comes straight at me and begins to tear my clothes.

Chapter22 He comes in time

I struggle desperately, resisting for a long time. Finally my strength is exhausted and I give up with all hopes dashed to pieces.

I never thought it would happen to me, by four men.

This is a thousand times more disgusting than what Andrew Malan did to me.

“Give her a pill first. Itll be more comfortable later.” The fat man says and wedges my mouth open.

I know what this medicine is clearly. When a drug slides down into my stomach, it chills my heart suddenly.

Thinking that I would be like a slut ridden by these four wretched men in a few minutes makes me feel sick that I would bite my tongue and kill myself.

They have unzipped me and my clothes are half off.

At that time, the sound of a car horn comes from the distance.

Just before, I called for help to that car.

Unexpectedly, he really notices me in the car, and arrives at the last minute.

Those four men panic and get up from me, looking nervously ahead.

Frances Louis gets out of the car. Seeing he is alone, those men are obviously relieved. They tub their hands and walk towards Frances Louis sneeringly.

I untie my feet quickly and get dressed. Seeing Frances Louis tipping me a wink, I run to hide behind Frances Louis while the other men are not paying attention. Hiding behind him makes me relieved.

“Get in the car.” Frances Louis says to me in a low voice.

I freeze and don't move.

It's so dangerous for him to come alone to save me, and the other four are burly chaps. I can't leave him here alone!

“Move, don't be a hindrance here.”

Seeing me unmoved, Frances Louis begins to get impatient.

I feel a little dizzy. Maybe the medicine is working. Staying here would not only help Frances Louis, but also might drag him down and put myself in a more dangerous position.

After thinking, I listen to him and get in the car.

The air conditioning is on, which makes my hot body finally feel some relief.

I look out of the car nervously. The four men rush toward Frances Louis together.

I think Frances Louis is supposed to be outnumbered, but he settles them all, neat and quick.

Shortly afterwards, the police arrive and take the four men away. They should have asked me to take a statement, but Frances Louis settles it in a few words.

I tear my clothes because of the heat. I look myself in the rearview mirror, disheveled and dusty, but with

blurred eyes, flushed cheeks and horny look.

Frances Louis comes towards the car. He shivers obviously as he gets in. The air conditioner has been set to the lowest temperature by me. I feel hot. I feel so hot. There is a ball of fire in my body, which needs to be let out desperately.

Frances Louis looks at me with his deep eyes. I feel thirsty and could not help licking my lips.

He leans forward, his breath just inches from me.

The strong scent of male hormones emanating from Frances Louis has wrapped me around. I swallow hard and ask him, "Is there any water?"

"Yes."

His lips raise an ambiguous smile, his hands holding my head, and then a hot kiss sweeps over me so overwhelmingly.

His lips are soft and cool, encroaching on my consciousness.

I don't know why I don't resist. Maybe it is the domination of internal medicine, or maybe it is the cry of my subconscious. I am lost in this kiss.

I can feel Frances Louis's breathing thicken and finally leave my lips and begin to attack me downward.

Chapter 23 I feel so hot

He tears up my messy clothes. The air-conditioning is on, and I feel a chill on my chest when there is no clothes covering me.

My brain is still dizzy, my skin is cold, but my body is hot. I don't know when I have straddled on Frances Louis's legs.

Did he hold me up? Or did I sit on it by myself?

'Hot, I feel so hot.' I hold Frances Louis tightly. My body swirls uneasily and I can feel his part has become as firm as a stone.

I have no consciousness now, only untouchable desire left in my heart.

I am ready for what is going to happen, but my shaking body still betrays my nervousness.

Frances Louis stares at me, and the fire in his eyes seems to devour me at any moment.

'What dirty things are you thinking? You blushed.' Suddenly he asks me with a smile on his lips.

I roll my eyes. It's because I am drugged. Now I can't help doubting myself, my look looks so much like flirting.

The temperature in the car is very low, but my whole body is very hot.

The narrow space makes me nowhere to hide. I can only be held in his arms again, and his hand slips under my skirt...

'Hey, let go of me! Frances Louis, shame on you!'

It is a thousand times more shameful than having sex with him!

Something is like a fate. I am drugged twice and get into Frances Louis's car twice. Perhaps having experienced once would make the second time indifferent. If he's the one who is my antidote, actually I don't seem to mind so much.

Frances Louis probably knows what I want. He just glances at me and says lightly, "I won't have your body when you are unconscious. Don't worry, you'll be comfortable anyway."

I want to retort, but he quickens his hand...

I know for the first time that aphrodisiacs can be solved like this.

I am surprised to look up at him. His forehead is full of sweat. His looks show me that he must have been endured for a long time.

While I am hesitating, Frances Louis suddenly approaches me and whispers in my ear, "Jane Noyes, be my mistress."

Chapter24 Be his mistress

He holds me in his arms. Maybe his voice is too soft or maybe my mind is too dizzy. I almost says yes.

But soon after, I come to my sense.

If I become Frances Louis's mistress, I will never keep my head up in front of others for the rest of my life.

I open the car door hurriedly and get off Frances Louis.

Because the action is too fierce, my legs softened, and I fell to the ground awkwardly, but I stubbornly say, 'I will not be your mistress. I'm very grateful that you saved my life today. I will try to repay your kindness and the money I owe you. But I will not trample myself.'

I do not know whether my words will irritate Frances Louis. For a long time, he doesn't speak, which o1 makes me more nervous.

He starts the car and pauses as he passes me.

I know he is waiting for me to change my mind.

Finally, seeing that I don't mean to nod, Frances Louis gives me a deep look and drives away in the dust.

This man is so irresponsible! He leaves me in the middle of nowhere. How am I going to get back?

I don't want others to see me in a mess. I can only call Steven Song, I give him my position, and he doesn't ask details and agrees.

By the time Steven Song arrives, it is already getting dark.

He gets out of the car and sees me, but he doesn't dare come over. Instead, he stands there and asks, "Are you all right?"

I know, looking at the way I am now, anyone would freak out. I have been rolling on the ground covered with mud, and my clothes have been torn by Frances Louis. There are only a few rags that could cover me hardly.

I smile to Steven Song, "I am okay."

Then he comes over. He takes off his coat and puts it on me, but never asks me what happened.

When we get home, Steven Song kindly orders the takeout. I eat some and go back to my room.

I can't sleep for a long time.

My mind is full of the things I did with Frances Louis in the car. I feel my skin still burning when I think of his kisses on me.

After a long time, I finally fall asleep.

Early in the morning, a rapid knock on the door wakes me up.

'Jane Noyes, open the door.' The sleepy sound of Steven Song comes from the next room.

I walk to the door in my nightgown. I open the door, there are two beautiful women.

One is about thirty years old with the grace of a mature woman, and the other is delicate and charming, estimated to be about twenty-two or twenty -three, same of my age.

Both women see me with angry faces.

"Who are you?" The mature woman speaks first and gives me a disdainful look.

'Jane Noyes.' I answers truthfully.

"What is your relationship to Steven Song and why are you here?" The younger woman questions me quickly.

She is full of arrogance. Suddenly I don't know how to explain. I don't want to say something wrong and bring me trouble.

'Do you have any problem with her living in my house?'

Steven Song's lazy sound comes behind me. I turn my head and see him come out with only a pair of shorts on. I turn my eyes away and grumble. He is really casual in his own house.

"Steven." As soon as the two women see Steven Song, they all change their faces.

Instead, Steven Song comes over, wrapping his arms around my waist, and saying vaguely in my ear, "Honey, you wake up so early."

I freeze there, not knowing how to react.

Chapter 25 Rotten wood doesn't want to...

What's going on?

It looks like Steven Song is using me as a shield again. But are these two women so easy to fool around?

"Steven, before someone in the company sends me a picture that you have a fancy for an ordinary woman. I don't believe it. Now you take her home to live together? Violet is such a perfect match for you to marry and you don't want her. But how could you like a woman like this, what are you thinking?"

The older woman fumes at Steven Song. She has been looking at the album just now. I wonder what she is looking at. It turns out that she is looking at the picture of Steven Song and me.

Violet, she mentioned just now, is definitely this young woman. I know I am not equal to compare with ..-, but it goes too far to magnify her by despising me.

"Mom, what are you talking about? I think Jane Noyes is good. She is so clever and tender, she cooks well, and also she looks beautiful."

Steven Song says and looks at me with satisfaction.

But I am lost in the first word he says and couldn't get coherent.

Mom?

This young woman is Steven Song's mom? God!

I've read some information about Steven Song. He's only a year or two older than me. I don't think his mother could give birth to him at 10. I can only say that the rich are just so good at maintaining themselves. She is at least 40 years old, but she looks as old as her son!

Being as a woman, my mother looks like 50s in her 40s and this woman looks like she's in her 30s. That's a big difference.

Then Steven Song's mom throws a bombshell at me.

"As a shareholder of Song Group, I hereby inform you that you do not need to go to work today. You would better have a clear understanding of yourself if you want to climb up depending on a man!" What this noble and elegant woman says is unpleasant to hear.

Violet stands behind her, with a proud smile on her lips.

"If you fire her, I can only fire the whole company. The weather has started to get cold recently, so there is not much motivation to work. It would be nice to stay in Maldives for three or two months."

With his hands wrapped on my waist, Steven Song takes me to sit on the couch.

His mother and Violet also come over, they both look not well.

His mother sits opposite to him and says in disbelief, "you don't even care about your company for a woman. It seems your father is right. You are a rotten wood that cannot be carved!"

Steven Song smiles lazily and sinks down on the couch.

"You have always wanted to force the rotten wood to be carved. But have you ever asked the the rotten wood if it wants to be carved?"

To be honest, Steven Song really looks like the v. His words are amazing, but also make me want to laugh.

But the two women sitting on the opposite don't look well. Especially his mother, she is so angry and stands up and says, "Do you really want to piss me off? I care about you but you, ingrate, how can you say this to me!"

His mother takes Violet out angrily. Violet seems unwilling to leave, but she has no choice, she can only follow Steven Song his mother to leave.

The door is slammed. The cynical look on Steven Song's face suddenly disappears.

'Is it okay to piss your mother off like this?' I ask worriedly.

'It's fine. She is faking. She comes with Violet Sue deliberately. She doesn't like Violet Sue, either. She knows you living with me and just comes here to find an excuse. Why don't you think about it, how much hatred could I have with my mom.'

He gets up from the sofa and goes to his room to dress up quickly.

Since it is late, I don't have breakfast and drive Steven Song to the company. I buy some food downstairs for breakfast.

Just as I sit down, Frances Louis calls.

It is not strange that I have Frances Louis's number. But from where does he get my number? Besides, what happened? Why does he call me?

I look at Steven Song, who is sleeping on the opposite couch, and go to the corner to answer the phone.

Chapter26 He is not husband, but ex-h...

“What’s up?” I ask.

The lazy voice of Frances Louis comes from the other side of the phone.

“What happened yesterday has been figured out. Do you know who did it?”

“Of course it is Andrew Malan. Who else could do this except him?” I purse my lips.

I feel helpless to have an ex-husband like him.

“Frances Louis chuckles and then says, “You know your husband quite well.” “What husband, he is ex-husband.” I stress.

Frankly, I really don’t want to get involved with Andrew Malan anymore.

“Then what are you going to do?” Frances Louis asks me.

I know that Frances Louis is not an ordinary person, and that there are so many ways to make Andrew Malan suffer as long as he opens his mouth. And now he’s asking for my opinion.

I don’t know why he is interested in me and willing to do this for me. But for what Andrew Malan did to me, I’m not going to let it go.

“As cruel as possible.” I say bluntly.

If I could, I really hope Andrew Malan can be imprisoned in jail forever.

“Okay.” Frances Louis answers me softly.

My heart finally settles down.

The thought of not having Andrew Malan harassed for a long time makes me feel at ease.

And all this, thanks to Frances Louis.

“Than...”

I haven’t said my thanks out and suddenly a woman’s moan comes from the phone.

“Mr. Louis, help me zip up. I can’t put the dress on.”

Then the phone beeps and it has been hung up.

I can’t help wondering where exactly Frances Louis is calling me. Is it early in the morning, as soon as he comes out of the warm bed, that he is impatient to tell me news?

I should be happy that he takes my business so seriously.

But I can’t laugh out, also, I feel painful in my heart. He only asked me to be his mistress yesterday. I didn’t agree. And then he just takes another woman home?

I am not an innocent virgin, I know what it means.

I feel afraid about my thought. I shake my head and throw this terrible idea away.

Frances Louis and I belong to two different worlds. Maybe I shouldn’t have gotten into his car that night. In that case, things like yesterday won’t happen.

I only hope that after this Andrew Malan things, there will be no more contact between him and me.

“Who called, look at your disappointed face. Break up?”

The voice of Steven Song comes. I notice that he has woken up at some point and is leaning sideways and holding his cheek to look at me.

‘There is no love, how can I break up with someone?’ I roll my eyes to Steven Song and sits back on my seat.

Of course he doesn’t know about me, and I don’t have to tell him since we are not that familiar.

“Then how do you think about me? Would you like to have a date with me?”

His face is undignified, and I continue to cast a scornful look at him, “Not good.”

As for a playboy like him, he has the time and feelings to waste, but I can’t afford it.

“You are boring.”

Steven Song pouts. He stretches and then sits opposite to me.

‘I will tell you something interesting. We will have the shareholders’ meeting at 10am. We will inspect the factory in the south of the town at 1pm. We will have a video meeting with American GD Company at 3:30pm. We will have dinner with the representatives of Promoting Company at 6pm, and at 9...’

“All right all right, stop it. You win.” Steven Song lies on his desk in a helpless manner.

You little boy, you still have a long way to go!

Chapter27 Stomachache

In the afternoon, Steven Song and I go to inspect the factory together.

Because I am busy with a document at noon, I don't even have time to eat and go straight to the south of the city with Steven Song.

A large part of the Song Group is making electrical appliances. The factory we are going to inspect is the factory that makes refrigeration parts for refrigerators.

I'm an interior designer, and I don't understand these things. I don't know why Steven Song brings me here. But there is nothing I could do but say yes to my boss's request.

The director of the factory introduces the parts to Steven Song while they walking, I feel dizzy and almost hypnotized.

I turn to look at Steven Song next to me, who is no better than me, he has yawned repeatedly.

'Look what's going on here, director?'

Fortunately, we are able to take a break when the head of the workshop asks the factory director some questions.

'It's so boring. Why do you take me here?'' I look at Steven Song helplessly.

'It is because of boring that I have to take you with me, because you are very funny and I won't feel bored.'

Steven Song says naturally.

Looking at his face, I really want to beat him!

How could he be funny. Even Andrew Malan says I am so boring to death. I really don't know how could Steven Song think I am funny.

Steven Song is sitting there dozing off. I'm not the boss, so it's impossible for me to be as leisurely as he is. I can only play with my phone to kill time.

Suddenly, I feel a sharp twitch in my stomach.

Oh crap!

I have stomach illness. It must be because I didn't eat for lunch. Now my stomach is protesting.

As expected, I feel my stomach start cramping the next second.

I snort and press my stomach. I bend into a ball, sitting on the chair.

Steven Song, sitting opposite, suddenly opens his eyes.

"What's the matter?"

He stands up and asks me with a frown.

'I didn't have lunch. My stomach is aching.' I say breathlessly.

It is so uncomfortable to have a stomachache. It feels like a knife stirring in the stomach, even the gentle breathing pains.

"Why didn't you tell me that you didn't eat anything? You can come after lunch." Steven Song complains and he has come over to help me.

After the meeting at noon, Steven Song goes to have lunch with the shareholders. He comes back almost 1pm. He thinks I might have ate, so he doesn't ask me.

'I am afraid to delay the work.' I says frankly.

The pain keeps gnawing at me, I feel so pain that I don't have the strength to speak.

Steven Song comes to hold me, taking me outside. He scolds me as he walks, “you have to eat even it’s busy. If you are dead because of the stomachache, others would think I maltreat my employees in order to make money.”

His words make me want to laugh, but I couldn’t.

I even want to cut off my stomach and throw it away. At least it would make me feel better.

The factory director comes out after finishing the work. He doesn’t know what happened. He sees Steven Song taking me outside, he also comes to help, and sends me into the car as a driver.

The pain really drains my strength. I lie huddled in the back seat, hoping to get to the hospital soon.

After arriving at the hospital, Steven Song goes to register me in person and pay the fee. After the doctor’s examination, it is an acute gastritis, which needs hospitalization.

Steven Song helps me to walk towards the ward. When I passed by the department of obstetrics and gynecology, I suddenly see Frances Louis and a woman coming out.

Chapter28 I am not your woman

The woman’s stomach is slightly bulging, and it looks like that she is three or four months pregnant. Frances Louis holds her with great care.

What is the relationship of this woman to him? Is that the woman on the phone this morning?

I don’t expect to run into a scene like this. My whole head is in a mess

Instinctively, I don’t want Frances Louis to see me.

I can’t care so much to avoid him. I directly bury my head on Steven Song’s shoulder and walk by him.

I walk along the porch, Frances Louis and the woman are on the other side. Although it is a face-to-face encounter, if I hide well enough, Frances Louis would not have found me out.

After all, we are not that familiar.

A short walk, for me, is like the long march. When I get to the ward, my legs have become soft.

Damn it, why am I acting like a coward? Why I hide from Frances Louis?! It is because I owe his money? 'I go to buy some porridge for you, you can drink a sip of water and lie down for a while. The nurse would come to give you infusion in a minute. If something happens, just call me.'

Steven Song says and goes out.

I have to say, Steven Song may look goofy on the surface, but he's actually quite sweet.

After drinking a cup of hot water, I feel more comfortable and take a nap in bed.

I didn't sleep well last night, and with the pain killing me, I'm so sleepy now.

There comes a steady, powerful sound of footsteps at the door. I don't open my eyes, thinking it must be the nurse.

But after a while, I sense something is wrong. The nurse should have given me an infusion, and the nurse's footsteps shouldn't have been the sound of leather shoes kicking.

I open my eyes and see Frances Louis standing beside me.

There is no expression on his cool face, but I feel an invisible pressure.

"Why would you come?" I ask and move back instinctively.

He finally finds me!

It's okay to be a coward. I don't know why. As long as I see Frances Louis, I am afraid.

"Where do you feel uncomfortable?" Frances Louis asks me in a deep voice.

Is he caring about me?

His simple words are heavy enough to disturb my heart.

However, I hate this feeling, I hate my own mood would be so easily to be controlled by others. Frances Louis, like a deadly poppy, makes me feel deadly dangerous.

As a recently divorced woman, I'd better stay away from such a man.

I change my sullen face and glances at Frances Louis coldly. I say without feelings, "My uncomfortable has nothing to do with you. Creditor doesn't need to care so much about the debtor's health."

"But if you die now, who will pay my money back?" Frances Louis raised his eyebrows.

Damn him! He is the one who will die now! I am going to live for a hundred years!

'I have already said that I will pay you back. If you are free, you 'd better to care about your woman, don't come here to hinder my eyes!'

'My woman?' Frances Louis looks at me up and down.

Damn you! I am not your woman!

It seems that there is a group of fire in my heart and I have nowhere to vent. I shout directly to Frances Louis, "It is the woman in your room this morning, and the woman with a big belly you just held. You are about to become a father, and you are always flirting with women. You are a man who cheats and plays with women's feelings!"

Frances Louis narrows his eyes and stares at me for a long time.

His a look makes me uneasy.

Would he beat me up or just ask me to pay me back right away?

I'm a little nervous just thinking about it.

After a while, Frances Louis suddenly bents over me, and whispers in my ear with a magnetic voice

"Are you jealous?"

Chapter29 You can ask my wife

Jealous?

That's so funny.

How could I be jealous? I have nothing to do with Frances Louis.

It wouldn't be my turn to be jealous.

But, he suddenly approaches to me, which disorders my mind.

My heart begins to beat violently without control.

"You think too much. I just care about your personal life. I am afraid of you might be exhausted. Maybe someday you would die in bed suddenly. After all, I still owe you a lot of money," I grind my teeth.

"Whether I am exhausted, you know it clearly." He leans his head forward and bites my earlobe.

This close contact makes me shudder. I feel like getting a shock and couldn't move.

By now, his body is almost pressed against mine. Half of his body lies on the bed. Although his hand on the bed supports most of his weight, it is still crushing me.

How could this man be so heavy?

"Will you stand up? You're killing me" I push the mountain on me, unmovable.

He smiles, saying nothing and not moving.

"Sir, what are you doing?" a serious sound comes from the door.

I turn my head. The nurse is standing at the door holding a medical tray, looking at Frances Louis with confusion.

My savior!

"Nurse! He is a pervert! Expel him out!" I say hurriedly.

For a long while, the nurse doesn't answer me.

When I looked at her, I realize that the nurse is staring at Frances Louis. Her little face is full shyness.

She couldn't be bewitched by Frances Louis's face?

Fortunately, Frances Louis also knows to pay attention to his appearance in public. He steps down from me with her suit neatly and stands aside.

He looks so calm like nothing happened.

Damn it! I used to think that Andrew Malan is a beast in clothes, but now it seems that compared with Frances Louis, he is a drop in the ocean!

'Hello sir, I have to give the patient infusion first. Would you please sit aside?'

The voice of the nurse becomes soft, nothing like before.

Frances Louis walks away with my chart, sits down aside and looks through it.

From time to time, the eyes of the nurse glance at Frances Louis, and I am afraid that she would stick the needle in the wrong place.

After giving me the infusion, the nurse doesn't even say a word to me, but runs straight to Frances Louis and says shyly, "Sir, can I have your Facebook ID?"

Nowadays women chasing men is really not ambiguous at all.

Frances Louis looks up at her, smiling gracefully and gentlemanly.

'I am sorry, I can't remember it. You could ask my wife.' Then he points into my way.

Wife?

When did I become his wife?

I know this man wants to use me as a shield! Do I look like a shield? Steven Song did that, now even Frances Louis?

I don't want to help him at all.

I just want to retort when the nurse turns to me and says, "It can't be true. The man who accompanied her just now should be her husband. They are so close."

Well, I don't want to explain. I just want to watch his reaction Frances Louis says lightly, "You must misunderstand. He is not her husband. He is our chauffer." "Who is your chauffer?"

The angry voice comes from the door.

Chapter30 As the first aid

Suddenly I want to laugh seeing Steven Song standing at the door with an angry face.

Although Steven Song looks careless, he is actually as fierce as a chaste girl. I don't know what sparks he and Frances Louis will strike.

Seeing two handsome boys, the nurse is unable to move legs. But noticing the complicated situation, she retreats tactfully.

Leaving Steven Song and Frances Louis there, gazing at each other in speechless dismay.

'President Louis, would you repeat what you said just now?'

Steven Song comes over and gives me a bowl of hot porridge.

I takes it, and the scent of Egg & Pork porridge gets into my nose.

I am starving. I lift the lid and began to eat. It tastes good together with some pickles.

As for Frances Louis and Steven Song, I don't care.

'President Song. Just use you as a first aid. I Know you could understand me.'

Frances Louis smiles lightly. He puts my medical records aside and stands up.

It seems that he is leaving.

Get out! Quickly!

I muse in my mind.

Considering the partnership between the two companies, Steven Song doesn't say anything, but shrugs his shoulders at Frances Louis and lies down on the couch.

I used to think that collapse is amazing, but now I find that it's because I haven't seen Steven Song's collapse before.

Frances Louis comes straight to my bed, as if Steven Song doesn't exist, and says, "I am not a casual man."

I don't why did he say this to me. I just feel ridiculous.

What kind of man he is has nothing to do with me? Why does he tell me this?

"None of my business."

I purse my lips, pointing to the door, and give the order to leave silently.

After a night of observation in the hospital, there is no big problems, and Steven Song takes me out of the hospital.

The wind is blowing hard and I feel cold.

It seems to be cooling down. The clothes I take are not thick enough. It seems that I have to go home to get some clothes some time. It's just the thought of meeting my parents makes my head ache.

“Cold?” Steven Song walks in front of me. Suddenly he turns back and asks me.

“Yes.” I nod, looking at his suit jacket.

Normally, if a general man asks a question like this, then he will definitely give his own clothes to the woman to put on.

But, I overestimate Steven Song. He has nothing to do with gentlemen

‘I feel cold, too. Hurry to get in the car. There is air-condition.’ Then he quickens his steps to run to the car.

Well, I think too much.

The next few days, the temperature is getting lower and lower, I really have no other ways. So I get back home at two o’clock in the morning to get clothes.

I open the door with the key. My mom and dad are sleeping on the sofa. I tiptoe inside, afraid that a noise might wake them up.

I feel helpless to go my own home and act like a thief.

To my surprise, there is a woman in the room, lying on the bed with Frank Noyes.

They really take here as their own house. The house is rent by me and now they live here happily!

I don’t want to care too much, just want to take my things and leave. Anyway, I only pay the rent for half a year, and when it’s due, they’ll figure it out for themselves. I shall never pay the rent for them.

By the faint light outside the window, I collect my clothes carefully. I have a silk nightgown that I like very much, but now I couldn’t find it.