

Desperate Time 261

Chapter 261 It Seems Ages Have Passed

I really don't want to remember so clearly, but I just can't forget his birthday after joining his birthday party last time. Even if I hate him to death now.

Sitting in a trance in the pub corner, suddenly I find that it is unusually quiet tonight.

Looking around, I can only see a few people. Usually there are hundreds of people in this pub every night, but tonight, there are only a dozen people in total.

They all sit in the largest open private room, watching the pole dancer on the stage with intense interest.

Seen from their dresses, these people should be either rich or famous. Upper ones occasionally will come to this pub, but it's the first time to see so many people at once.

At this moment, Fiona, another waitress comes over. I hurriedly stop her and ask, "What happened tonight?"

'Don't you know? Manager said in the meeting that someone booked the whole pub tonight.'" I seemed to be absent-minded in that meeting. I give Fiona an embarrassed smile, "I know but I wonder who books it."

'I don't know, seems to be a big shot. They must be generous with tips. Let's provide our best service.'" Fiona smiles and goes to the restroom for make-up fix.

Staring at those playboys in the opposite direction, I don't have any interest. In the world, only Frances Louis can arouse my interest. I can only feel I am alive when seeing him. It's the hate to him that supports me till today.

When Frances Louis shows up in the private room, I guess whether it's my illusion because I want to see him so much.

'Frances, you finally come.'" Someone stands up and warmly welcomes Frances Louis.

Staring at the man blankly, I feel like ages have passed.

He is still that distant and cold, treating those who flatter him indifferently. When I was by his side in the past, I often wondered if there is anyone in the world who can make him smile from his heart. As he even treats Whitney Jordan that indifferently, I don't know who can do that.

Frances Louis seems to notice my staring and suddenly turns his head to look toward where I am. I am shocked and immediately move to the blind angle. The wall hides me that he will not find me.

My heart beats like a drum, fiercely and wildly.

Just a casual glance can scare me, I am really a coward. If one day he give me a gun, I don't know whether I dare to shoot at his chest.

I imagined all of this in my illusions before. I never expect one day it would come true.

Now only them are in the whole pub, so I can hear clearly what they say.

'Frances, the pole dancer here is the most famous in Virginia, you don't know how many men will come here for her every night. Moreover, I heard that she is still a virgin. This birthday gift, I bet you like it, right?'

For what I know about his taste, he should not like pole dancers.

However, it's really hard to guess a man's thoughts, especially when this man is Frances Louis. Like I never thought Frances Louis would let me be his mistress. How can I understand him? See, after a second, his cold and low voice is heard. "Let her in."

Chapter 262 We Look Alike

The pole dancer is relatively arrogant and has little contact with me. I know nothing about her except her stage name Meow. However, I always have an inexplicable sense of familiarity whenever I see her.

This doubt lasts until I hear a joking voice, "Don't you think this woman looks like the last one Frances brought to the birthday party?" The so-called "last one" should mean me. After hearing this word, I have a good look at Meow who is standing in front of them. Although I can only see her side face, her facial features really look similar to mine at the first glance.

'Frances, what do you think?' Someone asks.

I spontaneously look at Frances Louis who is sitting in the middle of the crowd and shaking the glass in his hand cozily. After a few seconds, he raises his head lazily and replies softly, "Yeah."

What does he mean? The answer confuses not only me but also those people. They seem to try to flatter Frances Louis, so his unclear attitude worries them.

"I think they look much alike, too." At this moment, I hear Lawrence Jordan's voice. I just notice that he has gone upstairs at some time. As he has a good relationship with Frances Louis, it's not strange that he also comes here.

However, I find it's harder to know a man's thoughts compared to that of women. He likes Whitney Jordan, so doesn't he feel embarrassed when seeing Frances Louis? "What about letting this beauty stay with Frances tonight?" Lawrence continues.

"Lawrence, you are so light-hearted. Frances is your brother-in-law, won't your sister blow up at you when learning your word?" Someone jokes.

"Never mind. No need to let women know what we men do outside."

"You are right." The crowd starts a lively discussion while Frances keep a poker face, as if it is none of his business.

'Jane, let's go serve them to earn some tips.'" Fiona comes over and says.

'I don't feel well now, you go first.'" I shake my head and chuckle. Fiona nods and go upstairs happily.

Having nothing else to do, I plan to have a walk to get some air. Staying where Frances Louis is will make me depressed and breathless.

Then I hear Meow saying coldly, "I come here perform to make a living, not to entertain you rich guys. If there is nothing else, I will leave now." Although I know Meow has a cold personality, it's improper to say that in front of these rich and famous.

people. So I start to worry about her.

"Stupid. It's your honor to stay with Frances, so many people long for it!" Sure enough, someone pounds the table and says coldly.

'I don't care about this kind of honor.'" Meow says before turning and walking down.

At this moment, I find that Meow is really very similar to me, at least we have the same stubborn character.

I stop to see how the affair ends up.

Suddenly, Frances Louis who is keeping silent before, now stands up and stares at Meow for a while.

'Tonight, you stay with me.'" Finally he says in a deep voice.

Chapter 263 Don't Go Too Far

Damn! He is such a beast! Can't he see the girl is unwilling? How can he force a girl into prostitution?!

“No. I have a boyfriend. Please show me some respect. You can’t do whatever you want with money.” Meow says firmly.

There is more appreciation in the way I look at her now. I used to think that pole-dancing girls usually frivolous, but now my opinion on them has changed because of Meow.

“Yes, you’re right. But it’s easy to buy you a night.” Frances says quietly.

His words exactly disclose how possessive he is.

Ha!

I chuckle and look towards Frances angrily.

He’s always been such a kind of man, only caring he himself is happy or not but ignoring others’ feelings.

Knowing this, I have no way not to worry about Meow.

“Why not? God bless you that you are chosen by Mr Louis. Just go to him.” someone in the crowd pushes Meow into Frances’s arms.

Meow’s eyes well up with tears. Looking at the insistent crowd, she suddenly breaks the glass on the table and pick up a shard against her neck.

“I die in front of you if you push me again!”

She can’t stop trembling. And I don’t know it’s because of fear or anger.

I really can’t stand it anymore.

That’s going too far!

Frances stands on his feet, looking at Meow with a condescending attitude, and says coldly, "Do not just say it."

She is shocked at first, and then her hands are shaking more wildly. The resolution takes place of the hesitation in her eyes.

I'm really afraid she'll do something stupid if let it be.

Oh god! He's gone too far. No one could bear it!

'Frances, don't go that far!' It's too late when I realize that it's too impulsive to stand out.

I take a step out, right in Frances's sight.

Some people upstairs who have seen me before immediately recognize me, and all of them turn their sight at Frances with a complicated look.

Separated by a short distance, France and I gaze at each other silently.

The look in his eyes is dark and deep and his expression is as indifferent as it could be. I can't guess his feelings at the moment, nor did I want to.

Either way, I am already standing in front of him, no way returning back.

After a long while, Frances slowly spits out a word.

"Jane." His voice sounds dry and wavered. Probably he drinks too much.

Before this he has kept drinking while others were talking, and he probably drank about seven or eight glasses.

I just keep looking up at him, not knowing whether to say hello or go up to him and beat him badly for my dead child.

Just one moment of wandering, Frances is out of my sight.

And when I come back to my senses, his tall figure has been standing in the near front of me.

'I can't believe you should come back?' he sneers and says condescendingly.

I'm not in the mood to smile when faced with him. There is only hatred in my heart.

If it's not for the brutal thing he did to my child, how would I come back?

'Don't you know the reason I come back?' I snort and ask him in return.

He says nothing, with his deep eyes staring at me.

Suddenly, he grabs my hand and takes me out.

Chapter 264 The Hatred Will never Die

'Frances, what are you doing, let go of me!' I yank my hand out with all my might but in vain, even though my hands chafe.

I don't know what he wants to do. As time passes, his silence makes me feel scared.

I am seeking revenge on him but I find I'm totally not ready for it when he abruptly appears in front of me.

I'm stuck and lost at this moment.

He takes me out of the bar and from a far distance away, I see that familiar Maybach.

I'm so terrified that I lean over and bite hard on his arm.

It is literally a hard bite.

However, Frances doesn't stop his steps and instead he walks even faster.

I loosen my mouth and look at the dental print on his shirt, a faint trace of blood seeping out.

It looks hurt very much, but he has no response at all. Does he lose his feelings?

When he gets to the car, he pushes me into the back seat, and then he follows me in, with the door locked.

There's plenty of room in the car but I feel depressed with him there.

It's useless to be panic now that I've been in his car.

I simply sit there and ask coldly. "What do you want to do?"

'Jane, where have you been these days?'

He looks at me with the dim light in the car. There seems to be a sparkle in his eyes.

I sneer and turn to him, say nastily, "Why do you ask me? Is it fun?"

He sent his men to Prague to kill my child, and now he asks me where I have been without any shame?
Does he really think I'm a fool?

“What do you mean?” he asks me with a deep voice, with eyebrows furrowed.

“Nothing. Then let me go if you’re finished. We definitely will meet again sometime, but of course, I won’t make it easy for you then.”

I thought I only have hatred for him, but when I see him again I find that there is irresistible love mixed in hatred. My heart races uncontrollably in sight of him.

I force myself to regain senses by thinking over and over again about the untimely death of my child.

‘You’ve already made it hard for me.’ He says quietly.

I don’t know if it is my illusion, but there is a touch of sadness in his words.

My heart jolts wildly with his words.

What should I do? Why I have no way to completely resent him even he did me such terrible and cruel thing?

“You have a hard time?” I laugh ironically, with the tears dropping from eyes.

He’s indulging in a gay life and debauchery, and how could he say he’s suffering without shame? What about me?

Is my miserable life good after losing my child?

‘Jane, tell me, why did you leave me? Am I not good enough to you? Or there is someone else in your heart?’ he suddenly asks me.

None of what he says is the reason I left him.

He doesn't understand me, nor did I to him.

"Whoever lives in my heart, it will never be you. Frances, I hate you, since the first day I met you. And this hatred never dies."

I say to him, with a low voice.

These words are for him but also a warn for myself.

Chapter 265 A Nasty Bite

"Hate me?" Frances chuckles and his strong body just presses against me.

"Actually I don't mind if you hate me further. At least, hating me also means you can't forget me." Just trying to understand his meaning, I am kissed.

The familiar and intoxicating smell makes me unable to resist.

I know what he is going to do next, but there is no way!

I hate him, how can I bear him to do this to me?

"Get away!" I push Frances Louis away with all my might and turn the door handle desperately. The dc rattles but I fail to open it. With Frances slowly approaching me, I am scared to death.

"Soon you will beg me not to leave." The man presses one leg on my thigh, with one hand easily holding my shoulder, and the other hand taking off my panties skillfully.

'Frances Louis, you can't touch me! You can't!' I twist beneath him, but he becomes much ruder. In the end, he tears up my pants, holds my waist and thrusts his penis into me.

I haven't had sex for a long time. Without foreplay, his big size makes me feel even more painful, piercingly painful like the first time I had sex with him. My whole body is tense, and my face twists. From body to mind, I resist him.

'Long time no see, you are more tight than before.'

'Let me go. I returned you the money a long time ago, now I have no relationship with you. It's rape! It's rape!' I desperately thump Frances and cry with disgrace.

Even now, Frances treats me as a tool to vent his sexual desire. He never cherishes me. He doesn't love me and even kills his own baby. He is not worth any affection. At this moment, my remaining love to him also disappears.

He says something with his deep voice, he holds my waist tightly and quickly thrusts.

As the space in car is limited, he can thrust most deeply into my body. I feel rather upset that I hate him but I can't escape or stop him raping me. I hate him more than before.

The car shakes along with us. I see someone walk by and look inside for a while, then he leaves with a meaningful smile. I am too exhausted to struggle. Staring at the man above blankly, my heart freezes like falling into an ice-house.

Not knowing how long passes, finally his cum in me and my clothes has been soaked with sweat. He starts putting on clothes, slowly as usual.

"Can I go now?" I also mechanically put on my pants and say coldly. No doubt it's a rape but I won't sue him because of his status. Big deal, I just regard it as bit by a dog, a nasty bite.

"Go back with me." The man says slowly.

“Go back with you? Where?” I sneer at him, thinking it’s funny and ridiculous. I have no relationship with him, does he think I am still his mistress?

“Go home.” Frances answers shortly.

“Hahah, you’re so funny. Do we have any relationship? Why shall I go home with you?” I laugh with tears, only I can feel the pain.

“What do you want?” Suddenly the man asks.

My smile freezes, not knowing what he means.

“What can I do to let you go with me?” The man stares at me and says helplessly.

‘I won’t tell you before you open the door.’ I raise my head and show him a bright smile.

He hesitates, must considering whether I will run away. After a few seconds, he opens the door and says lowly, “Now say it.”

I smile more brightly, then raise my hand slowly, touch the man’s delicate and upright features. finally stop at his Adam’s apple.

Given me a knife, am I brave enough to cut it?

Although I fear for leaving Frances, my hate surges as long as I recall the poor baby. Looking at the familiar but strange face, I reply gently, “I want you to die.”

My word stuns Frances Louis. Making use of this timing, I immediately get off the car and run forward.

Anyway, I can’t go back to the pub tonight. I’m afraid that Frances would want another sex or kidnap me.

Tortured by Frances Louis for a long time, each step I make, I feel piercing pain from the private part. But I know I can't stop running. When running, I can always feel a pair of eyes on me that nearly ignites me.

During the time I lived in Prague, I worried every day whether Frances Louis would also come. The only advantage of this, is that my anti-reconnaissance ability becomes very strong.

After confirming no one follows me, I go to a drug store for some medicines and return home after taking several laps around the residence. However, actually it's meaningless. Once Frances wants to find me, it's rather easy. I wasn't founded when I was in Prague months ago maybe only because he doesn't want to.

After going back, I apply ointments to my private part and go asleep after taking a morning-after pill. I come back for revenging on Frances Louis. What happened tonight is totally an accident. I can't bear it to evolve into a more serious accident. I can't bear any further hurt from Frances.

Next day, I still choose to go to work in the pub. I don't want to evade, I come not for escaping from Frances Louis. As far as I know, he would still come tonight. Of course for safe, I have asked those people Steven sends to protect me, that not to allow Frances take me away.

Sure enough, Frances comes at night.

Chapter 267 You May Know One's Face B...

Tonight no one books the whole pub, so there are many people. Frances sits alone in the same private room, having a drink.

From 9 p.m. when he came till 2 a.m. when I get off work, he sit there still. If he doesn't look at me some times, I can hardly feel his existence. As he doesn't come over, I feel both relieved but somehow lost.

After putting on the casual clothes, I plan to leave from the rare door. After stepping out, I run into Frances Louis.

I am surprised how he appears here in such a short time. Only pub employees have access to the rare door, so he should have left from the pub's front door and then arrived here waiting for me. As it's a long distance. I wonder whether he can teleport.

I push him impatiently and walk forward. "What are you doing here?"

"Of course I am waiting for you." The man follows me unhurriedly. The path to my residence is not far, only about 1km. Usually I would go back alone.

After following me for a while, he says like a meddling elder person, "It's very dangerous for a girl like you to walk home alone in the midnight."

Previously his inadvertent word would get me nervous, but now his care makes me sick. "It's none of your business. Besides, are there more dangerous people than you?" I sneer at him.

In my life, the most dangerous people should be him. As I am not afraid of him, how can I fear other people?

Frances stops talking and continues to follow me until I stop outside my residence. I don't want to conceal my address, but it doesn't mean I want him to accompany me upstairs.

"If you don't leave now, I will call the police." I turn backward and say loudly. My private part still hurts. If I allow him to enter my residence, I don't know what to do if he forces me to have sex.

"Do as you wish." Frances raises his eyebrows and chuckles. He seems not to believe I would call the

police. Why is he so confident?

I roll my eyes, taking out my phone from the bag to call 110 immediately. "Hello, there is a hooligan following me along my way home. I am so scared. Could you please send some people to arrest him? My address is..."

I make the call before Frances. With mouth twitching, he looks angry.

So what, I don't care. Then I say like a winner, "The police would come if you don't leave asap." When we are talking, I find someone is shining the flashlight toward us. Soon, two policemen come over.

"Why so quickly?" I look at the policemen in surprise, because I made the call just 2 minutes ago. It's true that when talking of the devil, he will appear.

"We just go on patrol nearby because another woman reports being followed. Is this man whom you call a hooligan? He seems not." Policeman is a little surprised after looking over Frances Louis.

"As there is an old saying, you can know one's face but not his mind."

Chapter 268 He Must Love Me

In fact, I just want to frighten him, so I called to police to frighten him away. But I didn't expect that he would wait here for the policemen.

But I won't explain for him to the policemen, or I'll become the one who plays the policemen around. I should leave the judgment to the policemen of what kind of person he is.

And finally this night passes without a hitch. But I know that the peace will not last long.

The work at the bar reverses my life routine, working at night and sleeping at daytime. I'm still sleeping at noon.

But there comes a hurry and sharp knock at the door.

I wake up with a startle and have no desire to sleep at all.

Only Steven knows where I live. If anyone else, Frances followed me to the building in which I live last night, so it would not be hard for him to find out the floor I live on.

My first thought is that it should be Frances. But the house I rent has no peephole in the door, so for the sake of security I ask, "Who is it?"

'Its me, Whitney."

Whitney?

How does she know my place? Is it Frances that told her? And what does she come here for? I'm shocked and not sure whether to open the door or not.

'Please open the door. I want to talk to you."

She says in a low voice.

And now I realize that she sounds hoarse. She cried?

As a woman, I feel sympathetic towards her.

She should bring no hostility now that I have lost contact with Frances.

So I open the door after thinking a while.

When I open the door, she suddenly kneels down on her knees in front of me, which gives me a fright.

The proud and arrogant Whitney at this moment becomes so humble to me? Apparently, it's because of Frances again. Frances is the only reason to make her as lowly as the dust.

"What are you doing? Get up!" I reach out and try to raise her up, but she stubbornly kneeling there, not even moving a bit.

She got pregnant a bit later than I did. So she should have given birth to her baby not long ago. How can she hurt herself like this while she is still recovering?

'Please, don't let Frances divorce me. I can't lose him. I can do anything for him. As long as he doesn't divorce me, I'll agree with everything. I won't mind even if he wants to continue that relationship with you.

But please tell Frances not to divorce me."

She tugs at my trousers and plead with me in tears.

I have a great sympathy for her but I also feel she is very pathetic.

Even though she has been driven into a corner, what is the use of her asking me for help if Frances insists to divorce her?

'Mrs. Louis, you are asking the wrong person. I have nothing to do with Frances since I ended our relationship long time ago. So I really can't help you."

However, she shakes her head vigorously and insists, "Yes, you can help me. And only you can help me.

He only listens to you. I can't lose him, absolutely not!"

In fear that she would go crazy and be out of control, I get her up with an immense effort and take her in, pouring her a glass of water.

"Can you tell me why Frances want to divorce you? Is it because he found out that your child is actually.....' "

I don't finish it but doubtlessly she knows what I mean.

She shakes her head, and says, "No. He has wanted a divorce since the day when we got married. But I know he loves me. Perhaps he just hates the arranged marriage by his family so he insists to get a divorce. I'm sure he must love me. Even not for me, just for the sake of our child, he won't divorce me."

Chapter 269 Her Craziess

What she said makes sense.

It's true that Frances doesn't like others to arrange his life, since he is such a proud and arrogant person.

Not to mention the big event of life like marriage. Perhaps, his initial resistance to this marriage makes him ignore his feelings for Whitney.

In fact, Whitney can be viewed as a perfect woman without any flaw except the occasions when she goes mad. And her madness is caused by her crazy love for Frances. She won't lose her temper as long as Frances is with her.

I can't find the reason why Frances doesn't love her, such a good woman.

'If it is, you should go and talk to him about it. Telling me doesn't help.' I say quietly.

I don't want to get involved between them.

"He hates me, and he won't listen to me. You can tell him that you don't love him, you hate him. So he will know that I'm the one who loves him best in the world. And finally he will come back to me." she pleads with me, clutching my hands excitedly.

My eyebrows furrow together. Her words confuse me.

What an impressive idea! If I say to Frances that I don't love him, then he will go back to her? Besides, how does she know that I hate Frances?

'I've said thousands of times to him. And I don't want to have any connections with him now. Please don't make me feel embarrassed.'

At the same time, I point towards the door, expecting her to leave.

She is probably driven desperate to turn to me for help? But I'm just an unimportant woman to him. What's the point of counting on me?

She gives me a long searching look and leaves reluctantly.

In the afternoon, Steven calls me and tells me that Frances and Whitney have divorced.

'It's all you call me to tell?'

I reply calmly, but I couldn't tell the mixed feelings in my heart.

'I feel I need to tell you about it. Whitney is so madly into Frances, so she must gonna do some crazy things. You should be careful.'

'I've broken up with Frances. Even if she does, she shouldn't come for me.'

I don't tell Steven that Whitney came to me at noon. After all, she didn't get me any trouble and I don't want him to worry.

'Anyway, just be careful. If necessary, I will send several men to protect you around your living place.'
he says worriedly.

'Don't do that. I'm not the president of the country. There is no need to get so many men protecting me. I'll be fine, don't worry.' I comfort him.

He keeps reminding me several times more before finally hanging up the phone.

And it turns out that Steven is true.

Whitney is such a mad dog that bites anyone when going crazy.

In the evening, I go to work at the bar. Disappointedly, Frances doesn't come, and surprisingly, Whitney comes to the bar, looking indignant and horrible.

She is followed by two big and tall men, and they walk directly towards me.

Customers in the bar are somewhat stunned and involuntarily give way to them.

The men sent by Steven for my security also sense that something is wrong here, so they walk over quickly.

'Bitch! I demeaned myself to beg for your help and you choose to stand by. I won't make it possible for you to stay with Frances!'

She names me viciously, and then she takes a bottle of liquid out of her bag, splashing it towards my face.

Chapter 270 Can You Stop Getting Me I...

Pungent smell spreads in the air. Thinking of what she did to Cindy Leigh, I instantly realize that the liquid is sulphuric acid!

And it's too late for me to dodge away.

I don't want to be disfigured! And I don't want to go blind or anything like that.

I block with my arms and close my eyes in fear.

But the pain and feeling of burning doesn't come as expected.

A deep and painful man's voice is heard beside me.

And the surrounding crowd exclaims.

What happened?

I open eyes confusedly, only seeing that one of the men sent by Steven is blocking in front of me.

He silently takes all this for me.

With his back facing me, although I can't see his expressions, I can feel he is painful and miserable from his slowly crouching body and wailing.

I know very well that what Whitney splashes is sulphuric acid. That is to say, the man saved me is disfigured or even worse.

'I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You shouldn't have done this for me. I'll send you to the hospital soon.'" I walk up and hold him, full of guilty and shame.

Although I know how horrible sulphuric acid is, but I'm still deeply shocked when I see his badly burnt face beyond recognition.

Everybody is watching at Whitney in fear and steps back away from her, as if she is a human-eating monster.

'Manager, please help me call the police.'" I say to the manager not standing far away.

The manager is on Steven's side, and he immediately does as told.

Instead of getting frightened, Whitney takes the bottle again and splashes at me.

This time, no one blocks for me and I can't find a place to hide. But fortunately there isn't much left in the bottle, so there are only one or two drops flying out.

One drop spills on my ear.

Immediately, my ear burns hot like fire, which makes me feel so painful. Just one drop tortures me like this, and I can't imagine what kind of pain the man blocking for me has suffered.

I have to take him to the hospital quickly.

But Whitney blocks my way. She tugs at my hand and says coldly, "Jane, you won't feel it's lucky that you just hurt your ear. Frances always pursues perfection. Even the slightest flaw is fatal to you."

Even now all in her mind is how to calculate between me and Frances. She is really hopeless!

"Are you insane?! I have nothing to do with Frances now. Why can't you just get out of my life?! Getting married or divorced, it's your business. What does it have to do with me? Can you please stop involving me between you?"

'Have nothing to do with you?! If it's not for you, how can he divorce me?! And now you are still playing nice and angling for sympathy? You're nothing but a shameless bitch that stole my husband. Everybody's here, I hope you all can see clearly what kind of person this woman is. Be careful that she would seduce your husbands!" she sneers and speaks to the surrounding crowd.

It seems that they've forgotten how horrible Whitney was just now when she splashes sulphuric acid, and they shoot their sight at me in disgust.

This is the society. The one steps into others' marriage is always to be condemned.

But of course I will never say that I'm completely innocent or virtuous.