

Desperate Time 41

Chapter 41 Frances Louis, Open the door!

I think I may have personally pushed myself into the abyss as Steven Song said.

But I have no way, my heart is made of flesh, and I can't be so ruthless.

Steven Song has come downstairs and helps me take my mother to the hospital.

Even though the fever has reached 40 degrees, my mother still reminds me to help my brother.

Frank Noyes hides at home. He doesn't go to work, and my father takes care of his meals and life.

As soon as he sees me, Frank Noyes pounces on me as if he is grasping a life-saving straw.

"Sister, you must help me. If you don't help me, I will die! I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to go to j
'Tell me what happened. Do you work at the company of Frances Louis?"

Frank Noyes nods and says, "I work for Frances Louis. Judy Wilson is the leader of our group. She is the one who gives me the hint to leak the plan to Bart Company."

"Do you have any proof?"

Frank Noyes shakes his head.

I sneer, "Things like this, even if you have proof, it may not be able to keep you safe, let alone you don't have evidence. Who will believe you?"

But I always have a feeling that there is something wrong with it. It feels like Frances Louis has dug a hole for me.

That night, he said that I would come to see him sooner or later. Was it at that time that he was aware of the it and knew the relationship between Frank Noyes and me?

But even if I know it is a trap, I could only jump down.

'The plan I leaked doesn't do much damage to the company at all, but now they're biting me in there and they're going to send me to the jail. I know there is something between you and Frances Louis, and you can certainly help me.'

'Jane, you must help your brother. He is the only son of nine generations of our family. You can't let anything happen to him. This family depends on you.' My father backs him up, which makes want to laugh.

Or actually, I want to cry.

If this has not happened, I would not have known that I am so important to the family.

But for the remaining use value, I am afraid they have forgotten that I am their daughter.

Fighting back my tears, I say quietly to Frank Noyes, "I want you to promise that after this, you will get out of my sight with mom and dad. As a sister, I will try to find a job for you in our hometown, the salary is enough to support you. And you, don't disturb my life anymore."

"Okay! No problem! We promise!" My father and Frank Noyes agree to my request without thinking.

I taped everything they said, just in case they would go back on their words.

After telling them my mother is in the hospital, I go back to Steven Song's house and change into a sexy red dress.

Steven Song keeps looking at me without speaking. When I go to the door, he finally speaks up.

'Jane Noyes, this is so weird. With a company as big as Louis Group, they could have handled your

brother's business in private. Perhaps this is a trap set by Frances Louis for you to jump into. If you go, you really can't go back. I can find a way to help you.'

"Thank you, Steven Song. I will always remember your words today." I smile at Steven Song and walk firmly out the door.

If this is a trap set by Frances Louis, there is no way for me to go back. I can't hide from him for the rest of my life. I'm sure that Steven Song can help me with this, but I have owed him too much and I don't want to get him involved anymore.

The night of Virginia is really beautiful.

I walk along the street of bright lights to the door of Frances Louis's house.

'Frances Louis, open the door.' I stand outside the door and send a message to Frances Louis.

Half a minute later, the door opens and Frances Louis stands calmly in front of me.

His long slender arm reaches out and pulls me in. I looked down at his hands. They are red and the smell of blood assaults me.

Chapter 42 You play me like a fool

Why there is so much blood? I am shocked.

"Your hand... Lots of blood." I say lamely.

'I want you.'

Ignoring my words, he pushes me against the door, his whole body presses mine., his hot breath gushing on my face with the nice smell of wine.

I don't like men getting drunk, because it feels like they stink. But why? Frances Louis smells so good.

The light in the room is dim, and Frances Louis's eyes are burning like fire, which could melt me at any moment.

"Did...did you drink?"

I swallow, shrink back, and say nervously.

"Yes." Frances Louis answers softly and looks at me with deep eyes.

I was going to say something to ease the tension, but it seems even more awkward.

Frances Louis knows why I come here, or he wouldn't be waiting for me at home. But he doesn't mention it, and I couldn't say it, either.

I have vowed solemnly that I would never be his mistress, but only two days later, I send myself to his house.

I think I'm a joke. Those pride and self-respect, now all become my laughing stock.

His fiery kisses come over me, and I can't resist. I can only let his tongue invade my mouth with the smell of alcohol.

Hot, so hot.

This time, I am not drugged, but my body, is still so hot.

Steven Song is right. I can't resist a.

But now there is no way for me to turn back.

His hands stroke my hair and then, all the way down, stop at my chest and rub vigorously, leaving the blood with warm breath on my skin.

My heart skips a beat.

I pull back instinctively, says shyly, "no... don't."

"Why don't?" He stops, putting his head on my neck and says with a smile.

My words stuck in my mouth and I couldn't speak.

I send myself to him. It would be too pretentious to say no now.

It is my own choice, and I have to accept it.

I close my eyes and say nothing.

My body is trembling because of nervousness.

Suddenly, I am lifted up in the air.

I open my eyes. Frances Louis picks me up and go straight upstairs.

I clutch the hem of his shirt, but I couldn't hold the tension down. I catch the wrinkles out of his shirt, which is notin keeping with Frances Louis's usual dapper appearance.

He holds me into the room and directly put me on the big bed, then his strong body press on mine.

'Jane Noyes, I know you're coming.'" Frances Louis whispers.

His words make me sure that all of this is the result of his premeditation.

'Frances Louis, did you set this up?" I stare at him, unable to say my suspicion out.

"What?" He smiles lightly, seems not knowing what I am talking about.

But I know very well that he is playing the fool.

I want to ask more questions, but his body come up, one hand rubbing my softness, and the other hand begins to untie my clothes skillfully.

His hands are cool, but his lips are hot, falling on my hot skin.

I feel so nervous.

Frances Louis says that he didn't touch me before, that is to say, my first time is still there.

Perhaps, only my hymen has some value, which gives me a bit of bargaining capital.

I make myself become a commodity; it is really sad.

His kisses fall on every part of me like the heavy rain, all the way down to the most sensitive place. Both hands are not idle, rubbing in my sensitive place.

I hear his breathing become heavy. My body gradually soften down because of his teasing, and the shame liquid also flows out from my private part.

When the time is right, Frances Louis comes up and pushes himself forward, stretching all over my body.

"Pain..."

The pain makes my whole-body tense and my sensitive part shrinks.

“You...”

Frances Louis stares at me for a long time before he says, “is this your first time?”

Yes.

It’s my first time.

I believe that Frances Louis has made a thorough investigation of my situation, but he certainly doesn’t know that a woman who has been married for six months can still be a virgin.

That’s why he shows an unexpected expression.

I say nothing. In other words, I am too sore to speak.

I’ve heard people say it hurts the first time. But I don’t expect that it would be so painful like this.

So far, even Frances Louis’s movements have stopped. But his big organ staying inside still pains me.

The next second, however, I hear Frances Louis sneer and say, “how can you still be a virgin? Now going to the hospital and repairing the hymen doesn’t cost much money.”

His words, like a pot of cold water, pour me over.

Although the hymen is not a rare thing now, what he said still makes my heart aching.

In the eyes of Frances Louis, I am such a person.

I want to explain.

But I feel that the explanation is redundant. Woman will bleed the first time. We will see if I'm lying or not later.

I smile and say nothing.

Frances Louis's face darkens. Not waiting me to get used to it, he continues to move inside my body.

I bite my lips tightly so that I wouldn't cry by this humiliation. Like an unconscious marionette, I heave with the movements of Frances Louis.

Waves after waves of pleasure sweep over me. I, like a lost boat in the deep sea, float and sink, but can never reach the shore. His movements overwhelm me like a storm and make me indulged in.

It takes a long time for Frances Louis to release at the deepest part of my body, filling me up completely.

And I am as limp as a puddle of mud, lying on the bed and having no strength to turn over.

He pulls away from me, sits down on the edge of the bed, putting on his trousers. He looks at me in the bed, and laughs.

"When I find you, I didn't expect you to be a virgin. But you make up such a bad joke and treat me like a fool?"

His eyes fell on me as he carelessly deals with the wound in his hand. I support myself up and look at the place where we united so intimately before, and I am stunned.

The sheet is clean and free of impurities.

Even the seed he has just sown are still in me, not a drop of it flowing out.

God may have played a big joke on me. I feel so painful just now, but there is no blood on the bed.

Frances Louis' disdainful and sarcastic eyes, like a sharp knife, obliterate my dignity.

Chapter 43 Jane Noyes, who do you thi...

I run to the bathroom and lock the door.

I lean against the door, and my heart feels like being pressed by a heavy stone, which makes me breathless.

I see things simply. I didn't expect that things have just started and I have begun to think that it is not easy to stay at Frances Louis's side.

I have prepared to throw my dignity away, but in the end, he tramples me to pieces.

Below me, there is a muddy liquid flowing out, with a silk of red.

Of course, I know. It's not my period. It's my transformation from girl to woman.

How ironic!

What's the point of this blood coming out now?

Can I bring Frances Louis in and show him?

'Jane Noyes, maybe your life is just a joke.'

I walk to the shower with a wry smile, open the shower head, carefully wash my soiling body, and wash off the blood on the floor.

Let all these unimportant things go with the water. I just want to solve my brother problem through Frances Louis, and I don't want to think about anything else.

I don't know how long I've been in there. The foggy water fills in the bathroom, and I feel a little dizzy. But I don't want to go out, I don't want to face Frances Louis' scrutiny.

At least, not tonight.

There is a rhythmic knock on the door, followed by the voice of Frances Louis.

"How long will you be in there? You wash yourself so long, Are you not clean, or I am not clean?"

I am shocked and don't know what to do.

I am glad I have closed the door, or Frances Louis might have come in.

"Right...right away."

I reply quietly, ready to get a towel to wipe the body, but suddenly I slip down, and fall to the ground. The back of my head hits the floor so hard that I black out.

'Jane Noyes, Jane Noyes, what are you doing? Get out?!' The unhappy voice of Frances Louis comes from outside.

I want him to come in and save me, but I don't want him to see me naked. Although, he has seen everything.

Actually, I am conscious. I can hear everything around me. But my tongue is like knotted, I can say nothing and my body is limp, I have no strength.

God, no! Can anything worse happen to me?

Frances Louis calls me again outside door and knocks fiercely.

Then, the world becomes quiet.

I think he has gone, but the door is kicked open.

Then, Frances Louis rushes in.

I could feel his burning eyes on me, and my skin is boiling hot. But I couldn't open my eyes. I have no idea what expression of Frances Louis is.

Never mind. It is better not to see him, so as not to die of embarrassment under his eyes.

Frances Louis holds me up. I feel soft under him. He probably put me to bed.

It takes me a while to feel less dizzy and regain some strength.

Most importantly, I was conscious the whole time!

The room is terribly quiet. I don't know whether Frances Louis is in the room or asleep.

I open my eyes a little, and meet Frances Louis's eyes.

He looks at me with no expression on his face, but it is enough to embarrass me to death.

I am still naked. The air conditioning opens, he could at least give me cover.

Is that how Frances Louis has been looking at me? At the thought of this, my face suddenly blushes. I pull over the quilt and cover my body.

"Why are you still up?" I turn my head away to skip the awkward subject.

"Don't wash so long next time, you lock the doors and windows. If I had come in later, you would have been in heaven."

Frances Louis glances at me and says lightly.

Hearing what he said, I guess I was poisoned by carbon dioxide.

Damn it. I have not solved the problem, I can't die!

Frances Louis's cell phone rings, and he picks it up gently.

"Well, I know. Wait. I'll be right there."

I think it is a woman on the other end of the line. He would be so gentle to a woman.

Who is she? Is that woman I saw in the hospital?

My heart ripples lightly. But I know it isn't my business. Frances Louis and I just take what we need, and neither of us has any say in the other's private life.

I come to him for Frank Noyes.

I am about to talk to Frances Louis about my brother, but he gets up and says, "you sleep first. I have to go out for a while."

"I have something to talk to you." I say quickly.

"After I come back."

Then, he leaves, blocking my words back.

All right, I can sleep first. He can run over. I will talk with him after he comes back.

My phone rings as I want to sleep.

It's my mother.

'Jane, is everything all right?'

My mother's voice is full of strength. She must have recovered from the fever.

'I have come to see Frances Louis, don't worry.' I say coldly.

I can't tell you how it feels. Just suddenly, I feel lonely.

My family never cared about my life, but put their interests first.

My mother is relieved and enjoins me to get things done before she hangs up.

From beginning to end, not a word to care about me.

Although I have expected this to happen, when it happens, I still feel so sad.

I close my eyes, trying not to think about it, and it takes me a while to fall asleep.

Frances Louis doesn't return until the next morning, looking tired.

I haven't gotten up, he lies on bed and holds me in his arms, closing his eyes wearily.

I've never been carried to sleep like this. My heart beats like a drum.

'It's okay. It's okay. Just get sed to it.'

I tell myself several times before I finally calm down a little.

Maybe it's time to talk to him about Frank Noyes.

"Well, my brother, can you stop suing him?" I ask shily.

He opens his eyes and looks at me steadily. After a while, he sneers and says, "Jane Noyes, who do you think you are? When did I say I wanted to help you?"

Chapter 44 You don't worth it

I am stunned.

I realize how much I have made a fool of myself.

From the moment I arrived at Frances Louis' house, he never promised to help me.

It is my wishful thinking that he leads me into the game, so he would help me.

And now his cruel words have made me understand that my actions are not even a trade. To put it crudely, I send my vagina to him by myself, no man would refuse it.

"Frances Louis, what do you mean?" I struggle to get out of his arms, but he holds me tightly and I can't get out from him.

"You guess, what do I mean?" He raises his eyebrow and asks me.

"You know I come here to help my brother, and I come to you because I want to help him. Are you playing me as a fool now?"

The anger in my heart is lit up by him in an instant.

I glare at Frances Louis, and really want to tear off his hypocritical face.

'Jane Noyes, do you know what your brother did has made Louis Group lost millions of dollars. Although it means nothing to Louis Group, do you really think you sleeping with me is worth millions of dollars?'

His words make me speechless.

Of course, I know I am not worth millions of dollars, even ten of me are not worth that much. Although Frances Louis' words are sharp, they also make me realize how ridiculous my behavior is.

But now, I've come into this situation. What can I do if Frances Louis doesn't help me?

"So, what do you mean... you won't help me?"

I stiffen and lie in his arms. The man behind me is warm, but makes me feel chill.

'I didn't say that.' He rolls over and presses me under him, his eager desire pressing against the softest part of me. "If you would serve me well, I may help you. And it all depends on whether you can work hard."

Frances Louis says as his long hands takes off my underpants and his gun goes straight into the deep of my body.

There is no foreplay, and his movements are so violent that I haven't gotten over from the last night. I feel obvious uncomfortable and my lower body is about to be torn apart.

However, Frances Louis doesn't slow down at all, but becomes fiercer and fiercer, severely destroying my body.

I don't know whether Frances Louis treats every woman the same, and has no compassion for women.

My body is extremely uncomfortable, and my heart is also like pressed by a big stone, very uncomfortable.

But even so, I still have to act like a prostitute, trying to cater to the man in front of me. In my heart, I still hold a fluke mind. Perhaps, as long as I please him, he can really help me out of trouble?

I know I am cheap, but forced to today this step, I really have no other ways.

I take a deep breath, put my hands around Frances Louis' neck, and my body moves toward him.

Frances Louis, like an indefatigable beast, bit by bit swallows me up and carries me through the waves until we both are exhausted.

When everything is over, it is already noon.

Frances Louis dresses slowly, his tall figure stands back to me, his voice is so cold.

'From now on, you will live with me here. If you serve me well, I won't pursue the matter about your brother.'

Live here?

How could it be?

I shake my head and say quickly, "I don't have to live here. I promise I'll be here as soon as you need me." What I said makes me feel that I have been humbled to the dust.

How could I possibly live with him? Even the occasional encounter with a man like him would take my breath away. If we live together, I think I definitely will die.

Also, I'm living with Steven Song now, working as his nanny, and making at least tens of thousands of dollars a month. When I pay back Frances Louis, I may be able to get rid of him.

But Frances Louis didn't seem to buy it. He turns and looks me up and down with ink-like eyes.

"Do you think you have the right to bargain with me?"

No, I don't.

I accept my fate.

'I have to get back to pack my stuff.' I say quietly.

This answer seems to satisfy Frances Louis.

With a soft smile on his lips, he comes, holding my shoulder, and says softly, "That's a good girl. Only if you obey me will I relent. You don't need to pack anything. I'll buy you a new one."

If I were another woman, I might like to hear such a domineering attitude from a man.

But I don't like it.

Frances Louis's attitude now is like that he wants to keep me like a mistress. I am quite clear about the relationship between us, but instinctively I do not want to admit, do not want to face.

'I must go back and get packed. There are some things that money can't buy.' I look at him firmly, but my heart is beating the drum, I don't know if my attitude would offend him.

There is the breathless silence in the air. I peek at Frances Louis's face, which doesn't look good.

Damn it. His face shows that he might not agree.

After a long time, he opens his mouth, and says to me in a deep voice, "I will send you there after breakfast."

Then he goes downstairs, and I get up and take a shower in the bathroom. I'm not a neat freak, but since last night, I feel I am dirty.

For fear of fainting in the bathroom, I don't wash too long.

Frances Louis is sitting on the sofa playing with his mobile phone. I walk down and he glances at me.

I remember before he goes downstairs, he said he would not leave until he had eaten, but there is no food on the table.

"Breakfast..."

"You cook in the kitchen. I am in a hurry. Hurry up." Without looking up, Frances Louis points in the direction of the kitchen.

Damn him! Am I his mistress? Shouldn't the mistress's jobs be eating and playing all day? Why I also have to cook?

But Frances Louis has never given me a chance to say no.

I purse my mouth, helplessly go to the kitchen, casually cook two bowls of noodles. Anyway, Mr. Louis is in a hurry, and I'm not in the mood to do anything elaborate.

Fortunately, Frances Louis is not picky. He eats up silently, and drives me to Steven Song's house.

Today is Saturday. According to Steven Song's restless nature, I don't think he is home. It's better so that he won't see me with Frances Louis and I won't be embarrassed.

I am a little afraid that he would misunderstand.

And from where does this fear actually come; I am more afraid to think about it.

When we get downstairs, I get out of the car quickly.

Frances Louis follows me into the apartment.

Chapter 45 He doesn't dare to touch you

"Aren't you in a hurry?" I turn to ask him confusingly.

It's not your turn to ask about my business." He says lightly. Then he walks ahead of me and stands at the door of Steven Song's house.

He knows Steven Song's home. Did he secretly investigate or know Steven Song well?

I am curious but don't ask him.

He's just said it's not my turn to take care of his business, and if I ask more, I might annoy him again.

'It's okay for me to go in alone."

I open the door and close it quickly.

Because Frances Louis doesn't play by the rules.

If I let him in, wouldn't that have been like setting the tiger free? As to whether he will be angry, we can talk about it later.

On entering the door, I see Steven Song sitting on the sofa with a sullen face.

I am relieved that I didn't let Frances Louis in.

"You are back."

He stands up and moves his lips. He seems to want to ask me something, but he doesn't know how to begin. All he could do is look at me with a frown.

'I've come to get my things, and I won't live with you in the future. The money you paid me before, I will transfer to your account, if you want to take it as me breaking the contract, I can also pay you the liquidated damages.'

He and I both don't mention Frances Louis, but we all now it is about him.

'That's your choice, I respect it.' Steven Song says to me.

I nod and go in to collect my things, but there is a knock on the door.

Needless to say, it must be Frances Louis knocking at the door.

I know it. This guy's not that easy to deal with.

Steven Song frowns and wants to open the door. I grab him and say, 'I'll open it. It's Frances Louis.' Anyway, Steven Song is well aware of my relationship with Frances Louis now, so I don't have to hide it anymore.

Frances Louis leans against the door and looks at me proudly.

'Please come in!' I grit my teeth.

Frances Louis raises his eyebrows, walks in triumphantly, and sits down beside Steven Song in a triumphant manner.

I didn't know where his pride came from, and I am in the mood to ask. I go straight to my room and begin to pack my things.

Life is really like a play, recently I move like playing games.

Within a few days, I moved from Andrew Malan to a rented house and from the rented place to Steven Song's house. Now I am moving to Frances Louis's house.

Luckily, I don't have many things.

A suitcase and a big bag, that's all.

When I come out, Steven Song is not in the living room.

I look around, but there is no sign of him.

"He's gone."

Frances Louis says quietly, her face looking a little unhappy.

Of course I know why he's so sulky. Men are all the same. Even if he doesn't like you, you can't pay attention to others.

I take my luggage out.

It's better that Steven Song is out, or I don't know how to say goodbye to him.

My luggage doesn't have many things, but it has a computer and a lot of miscellaneous things, you don't say, it's really heavy.

If Frances Louis were a gentleman, he would give me a hand.

But apparently, he is not.

"I'll take you home first. You make lunch and wait for me." He says and gets into the car.

I get my things into the car with difficulties, and Frances Louis watches me silently all the time, with no intention to help me.

Damn it, I get it now. He wants me to be his mistress, but he has never thought of keeping me in captivity.

Fortunately, I've never been a delicate girl.

Frances Louis sends me to the villa and leaves. I feel that I am still dreaming in this vast villa.

My mom calls again, no doubt it is about Frank Noyes.

After a few perfunctory words, I hang up the phone.

I don't know what Frances Louis likes to eat, so I make some dishes with the ingredients in the fridge.

While I am cooking, Frances Louis comes back. He goes straight to the kitchen and takes a bottle of water from the fridge.

"What do we eat today?"

His casual words make me stunned.

Perhaps he doesn't realize that the tone he talks to me like a husband talking to his wife.

When Andrew Malan and I got married, he would come back and ask me the same thing.

Thinking of Andrew Malan, I realized that I haven't asked him how things are going.

"How things going with Andrew Malan?"

I ask, turning the dishes in the pan.

The door of the refrigerator slammed shut. He turns to me, frowns slightly, and says with a sneer, "Why, still thinking about your ex-husband?"

What? What's wrong with this man?

I just ask him one question; how come I would annoy him!

He is the boss. He is the boss. I must endure!

I say to myself several times before I could resist the impulse to fight with him.

'I'm just afraid he would get me in trouble again. There is nothing else" I beg helplessly.

Frances Louis's face softens a little and he chuckles, "Look whose woman you are. He doesn't dare to touch you now."

What woman? I am just a shady mistress.

I say in my mind and put the dishes on the table.

I don't share a room with Frances Louis. Every night after sex, he would let me go back and sleep in my own room.

I'm glad that I don't have to sleep with him. It's just, when he's in bed, I wish he wasn't so crazy. Every morning when I get up, I can't feel my legs.

I really think Andrew Malan wouldn't bother me again.

But it seems that I really underestimate the distortion and madness of his mind.

Frances Louis go on a business trip on Sunday. I go to work alone.

Of course, even if he were here, I wouldn't expect him to drive me to work.

As soon as I get down, I run into an angry face.

Andrew Malan!

I haven't seen him for a few days, he seems to have tanned a lot and looks very discomfited. Usually He is well dressed, but now he is dusty and ragged. I don't know what happened to him these days, but the murderous look in his eyes scares me.

And in his right hand there is a fruit knife. The moment he sees me, the hand that holds the knife tightens again.

"What are you doing here?"

Instinctively, I put the bag in front of my heart and take a few steps back.

For a crazy man like him, I can't beat him, I can only hide.

I am so busy backing up that I don't even notice that there is someone behind me.

There is a glint in Andrew Malan's eye. Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my waist.

I turn my head and meet Susan Felton's sneering face. I look down, she is holding a knife in her hand and the knife is stabbing my kidney in the right place.

Chapter 46 I am an aunty

I feel so disgusting! I am so careful, but still hurt by them.

Parents' words and deeds are very important to their children. The twisted personality of Andrew Malan is must because of Susan Felton.

The pain wakes me up. I know I couldn't die, and I couldn't let them get away with it.

It happens to be a dead end downstairs. No one could see what they are doing. I am worried that I would die here.

'Help! They want to kill me!' I shout as loud as I could.

Susan Felton's face turns pale and she seems alarmed. So does Andrew Malan. They look at each other, then run outside.

They had hardly run out when they were stopped.

But when I see the person standing at the corner, my heart immediately cools down.

Are you kidding me?

A schoolgirl carrying a bag looks no more than 11 or 12 years old in primary school. She looks tall, thin and weak.

Suddenly, I feel I definitely would die.

I pressed on the wound in my waist and almost roll my eyes and faint away.

God! Why you play such a joke with me?!

"You are killing her!" That girl shouts. She looks at Andrew Malan and his mother, then at me.

Andrew Malan and his mother are not afraid of a little girl, but it is the criminal behavior, which is not good for people to find out, so they start to run.

With one horizontal kick, the girl trips Susan Felton to the ground, then a quick catch, an overhead throw, and a clean throw that send Andrew Malan to the ground.

I am stunned.

Are kids so good these days?

Shock, embarrassment, panic, and anger flash across Andrew Malan's face. He gets up from the ground, gritting his teeth, and runs towards the little girl.

He beats children! He is not a man. This kind of man deserves impotence!

The girl gives him a disdainful look, lifting her right leg and kicking Andrew Malan straight in the face, which throws him several meters away.

Andrew Malan screams in pain and there is a big shoe print on his face.

Looking at him makes me want to laugh.

But when I laugh, the pain is so bad in the waist that I almost pass out.

The girl runs over, holding me, concerned asks, "Aunty, are you all right?" Aunty?

I am only twenty-four years old, that is twelve or thirteen years older than her, why does she call me aunty?

"Would you please don't call me aunty?" My mouth twitches.

Once a woman reaches the age of eighteen, she begins to care more and more about her advancing ages. This little girl will definitely don't understand this truth.

“Of course, you are an aunty.” She smiles to me sweetly.

I can't get angry looking at her naive face.

The sounds of ambulance and police cars ring out nearby, and Andrew Malan and Susan Felton flee away. I call the ambulance and police. Although I was just watching, I don't forget to save myself.

As for Andrew Malan and Susan Felton, I'll deal with them when I'm better.

The girl escorts me all the way to the ambulance. She says “Aunty, take care.” And then leaves.

If I wasn't stabbed to death by Susan Felton, I shall be pissed off by her.

Susan Felton's knife just grazes my kidney, it is not serious. It is traumatic, but there is so much blood that I need to be hospitalized.

There is no one to help me in the hospital, so I temporarily sleep in a bed in the corridor

I hold my cell phone, but don't know who to call.

Only then did I realize how helpless I was.

At last, I can only call Mindy Sue.

“Mindy, will you come to the municipal hospital? I am in hospital.”

“Which ward?”

“Outside 305 of surgery department.” I say.

Mindy hangs up without saying anything. I am not sure if she is coming or when.

Two minutes later, Mindy Sue and David Gibbs appear in front of me.

“So fast?” I ask, looking at them holding hands in front of me.

The relationship of David Gibbs and Mindy has always been great, and they’re still so close now. It’s like spilling a handful of dog food on me, a newly divorced woman.

“We will talk about it later. Tell me what happened to you.” Mindy comes to me and looks at me with concern.

I roll my eyes and tell Mindy what happened this morning.

Of course, I haven’t told her about my affair with Frances Louis. Mindy is my best friend. We usually talk about everything. But this, I do not know how to say it.

“Damn it! Andrew Malan his scum! We will wait and see!” Mindy Sue is angry and gnashes her teeth.

Even she is cursing, David Gibbs looks at her with spoiling eyes.

I think this may be love. What David Gibbs loves about Mindy is that she is straight and innocent.

“David Gibbs, you bring Andrew Malan and his mother here, I must teach his mother a lesson!”

I’ve always thought Mindy is a little grumpy. But now I agree with her. Because I want to eat Andrew Malan alive, too.

David Gibbs nods and go off to make a call.

I’ve always wondered who David Gibbs really is. I always feel that this man is not easy, but every time I ask Mindy, she always says that David Gibbs is just the general manager of the company, not a big deal.

My intuition tells me that’s not the way it is. How could a nobody has so many abilities to solve all problems. And I think David Gibbs, with his calm demeanor, must have seen the world.

Soon after, David Gibbs returns. He doesn't mention Andrew Malan, but Mindy Sue looks relieved.

Mindy checks me into the hospital ward. And David Gibbs' phone rings again.

He goes out to answer the phone, again. When he comes back, he shakes his head at us.

"We don't find him. We couldn't find him for half an hour. That means someone got there first."

I can't think of anyone who hates Andrew Malan as much as I do and wants to have him arrested. I guess they've hidden away. Because they hurt people on purpose. Once the police find them, they will be doomed.

Actually, I'm a little surprised that Andrew Malan got released so quickly. He asked someone to rape me last time. Didn't Frances Louis also say he would punish him fiercely?

Thinking of Frances Louis, I take out my phone and look at it. It's already twelve. Frances Louis said he would get off the plane at 9 a.m. If the plane hadn't been late, he would have been at home by now.

Maybe he doesn't call me because he thinks I am at work.

After three days in the hospital, I am discharged. In these days, Frances Louis never calls me, which makes me very strange. Of course, if he doesn't come to me, I won't find him. After all, I was hurt bad and can't serve him.

When I leave the hospital, the doctor tells me not to do strenuous exercise for less than a month to prevent the wound from opening.

This needs to be discussed with Frances Louis. What I said does not count, and what the doctor said does not count, either.

Frances Louis' car is parked just outside the villa. It seems that he is at home. He never calls me. Does he feel I am dispensable to him, or has he found a substitute?

I am a little flustered and depressed.

I open the door and freeze there.

Frances Louis sits on the sofa with a cold face, and beside him is another person.

A woman.

Chapter 47 Frances Louis is melodramatic

To be exact, she is a little girl.

She is the little girl who saved me three days ago.

Why is she here?

I don't think Frances Louis would have received her here to thank her for saving my life.

Because he doesn't even know I am hurt.

"Aunty, you come back." The little girl sees me and runs to me happily.

I can't stand her enthusiasm.

"Anny, don't hurt her." Frances Louis warns her.

The little girl stops pouncing on me.

She turns to Frances Louis in discontent and says, "Uncle, she has been discharged from the hospital.

You are too melodramatic."

Uncle?

It turns out that she is Frances Louis' niece, so she insists on calling me aunty that day. Did she know my relationship with Frances Louis? At her age, she must know what a mistress means.

For a moment, I feel a little embarrassed.

I feel like laughing. Did she just say Frances Louis melodramatic? This is the first time I've ever heard that word used to describe him. Thinking carefully, it is true.

"You know I am injured?" I walk over and ask Frances Louis in a low voice.

He raises his eyebrows. Yes, He does.

Knowing that Frances Louis and I have a shady relationship, he would definitely not come to see me when I am in hospital. But I still feel a trace of loss.

"Aunty I tell you; my uncle is so melodramatic. These days, he wants to see you in the hospital so much, but..." "Anny Louis, I think you want to enroll in more tutoring classes. Anyway, after your brother is born, no one

has time to take care of your study, so you'd better learn more now."

Anny Louis's face suddenly changes and everything she wants to say was swallowed down her throat.

Half of what she said really catches my attention. I wonder what she will say next. But looking at her like this, I should have no chance to listen.

"When I come home, I will tell daddy you bully me."

Anny Louis takes her bag and runs out. Frances Louis chuckles, as if he was not ashamed of bullying the child.

I stand there, not knowing whether I should go upstairs or say something to Frances Louis.

“Sorry.”

He says suddenly.

“What?” I ask confusingly.

“I don’t expect Andrew Malan to come back. If Anny hadn’t shown up, the consequences would have been much worse.”

Is Frances Louis caring about me?

I deny my thought. The relationship between Frances Louis and me is to get what we need. If mixed with emotion, it is not good for both of us.

‘It’s Andrew Malan’s fault. It has nothing to do with you.’

I say lightly and go upstairs.

If I stay any longer, I am afraid that I could not conceal my feelings.

Frances Louis follows upstairs.

I think he will go to his room, so I don’t say anything. But I don’t expect him to stop at the door of my room.

He opens the door of the room ahead of me.

‘Here is a gift for you.’

He says, pointing into the room.

What gift?

I feel puzzled and go into the room, then turn on the light.

I see Susan Felton and Andrew Malan at first sight.

They are tied back to back, their mouths gagged with tape.

They are both in a daze, looking not well. They look as if they have suffered a lot.

Sensing the change of light, Andrew Malan moves his body and opens his eyes.

His eyes glow fiercely as he looks at me.

His eyes are popping out. His staring frightens me.

I turn to look at Frances Louis and ask, "What happened? Why are they here?"

I don't believe David Gibbs when he says someone has caught them ahead of him. Now it's true.

'I already said, nobody can touch my Frances Louis's woman. They are at your disposal now.'" He leans lazily by the door, not even looking at them.

The day I went into the hospital, Andrew Malan and his mother were gone. By Frances Louis's temperament, I would estimate that Andrew Malan and his mother haven't had something to eat for three days. No wonder their eyes glow when they see me.

Susan Felton wakes up and looks at me with cold hating eyes.

I go over and pull the tape out of their mouths.

I rip it hard, the tapes are sticky, and when I pull it off, both of them shout loudly.

It is nice to hear their cries of pain.

'Bitch! you hook up with this man, and you still don't admit it! You just divorced with me, and can't wait to climb to somebody else's bed! Bitch, you bitch!'

Andrew Malan's words are dirty and uncourteous.

I would have been embarrassed to hear his words like this before. But ever since I came to find Frances Louis, I have already thrown my dignity away. Besides, I don't care what Andrew Malan said!

I sneer at Andrew Malan, "so what? He's great in bed. A thousand times better than a man who is still impotent after taking medicine!"

Andrew Malan's face turns pale.

It is taboo for men to be laughed for being impotent. And I laugh at him in front of another man, which humiliating him so hard!

'Bitch, nonsense, It's because you are lewd!' Andrew Malan argues.

I don't want to talk to him anymore.

What I'm thinking about now is how to deal with them to make up for what I've suffered. I used to put up with it before, which leads to where I am today. Now, for those who hurt me, I will never forgive.

The wound in my waist still pains. I could hardly beat them.

I look at the window and smile at Frances Louis, cocking my head, "do you mind, please ask someone to do me a favor?"

He nods. I walk over to him and tell him my thought.

Soon, Frances Louis summons two strong men, following a doctor.

“What do you want? Susan Felton and Andrew Malan cower together.

I point to the window and say lightly, “drop them down.”

Chapter 48 Happy is the most important

This is the second floor. People wouldn't die if they fall down. But I don't know if their arms or feet would be broken.

However, Frances Louis calls the doctor to check on them at any time. Once their bodies can't stand it, I will stop.

Because Frances Louis is here, I can be so arrogant, so securely arrogant.

“Jane Noyes, are you out of your fucking mind? You want to kill me?” Andrew Malan shouts at me, but he is picked up by one of the big men and shuffled off.

Andrew Malan is no more than 177 feet tall, and he is completely unable to fight with a man who is next two meters tall. Before he could yell at me, he is picked up and thrown out the window.

“Ahhhh!” All I heard is a whine, and then the sound of something hitting on the ground.

Susan Felton, pale and unable to speak, is thrown out following Andrew Malan.

“Go down and bring them up. Continue.” I say softly. The two men look at each other, then look at Frances Louis, seeing him nodding and then go downstairs.

I am stunned.

I think of myself as the hostess here and forget that the only person they really listen to is Frances Louis.

A good tree is a good shelter.

I don't mind enjoying a shade for the time being.

It would not be my style to feel miserable about being forced to be Frances Louis's mistress.

I still remember the classic line in TVB: the most important thing is to be happy.

"Happy?" Frances Louis sits next to me, her light eyes sweeping over to me.

"Not bad." I answer.

Frances Louis is a deep man. His mind is so deep that I cannot guess. After a long time of contacting with him, I figure out his habit and character to hide his feelings and I also learn a little.

Andrew Malan and Susan Felton are quickly brought up and thrown out the window again.

At first, both of them are still screaming and cursing me. After a while, they don't even have the strength to open their mouths.

After falling five times, I check on them and call a stop.

The doctor checks on him, and Andrew Malan suffers two broken ribs, multiple leg injuries and a broken right arm.

Susan Felton is a little heavier, and a little thicker, and she isn't badly hurt, but both her legs are broken to varying degrees. She also suffers a moderate neck fracture and now has her head tilted to one side, which looks ridiculous.

"Enough?" Frances Louis raises his eyebrows and looks over at me.

'That's enough. I'm afraid I will kill them.'" I say.

I just want to teach them a lesson, and I don't want to get myself into any trouble.

Frances Louis waves to two strong men and says, "Throw this man down again. I want him to have his arms and legs cut off."

Frances Louis's eyes are so cold which makes me shudder.

I'd better not offend this man in the future.

He knows how to deal with him properly, and I don't say anything. After watching the man throw Andrew Malan down again, I call the police.

'Hello, is that the police station? My ex-husband and his mother break into my house and try to kill me. In the scuffle they fell downstairs and hurt themselves. Please come and take them away.'

When Andrew Malan is brought up, he has collapsed like a corpse.

The strong man bows his head respectfully to Frances Louis and says, "boss, one of his arms is not broken. I broke it."

"Good." Frances Louis gives him an approving look.

In an instant, a strong man excites like a praised child, the smile on his face can't stop.

Andrew Malan looks at Frances Louis. He is angry but doesn't dare to speak. He just stares at me.

I don't care. He can stare at me as he wishes. I don't care.

‘For some things you shouldn’t tell the police. If you tell them, I’m sure you would suffer more.’ Frances Louis says with a smile on his face, but his words are very threatening.

Andrew Malan hesitates for a while. He looks at his disabled hands and feet, and nods unwillingly.

Soon, the police arrive.

The police are clearly stunned when they see the two men injured like that.

I know from their expressions that they know that they are not hurt by falling down accidentally. But they take them away without saying anything.

After all, Andrew Malan and Susan Felton stab me in the kidney, and what I said are perfectly true.

I don’t know if Andrew Malan will come after me in the future, but now I’m relieved.

He’s hurt so badly that he won’t bother me for a long time at least.

Frances Louis stands at the window and looks me up and down with dark, ink-like eyes, not knowing what he is thinking.

He makes me uncomfortable, and I see that the room is untidy, so I want to clean it.

“Come here.” Frances Louis suddenly says this to me.

Chapter 49 Does it hurt

I am afraid about his concern.

Every time he calls me over, I couldn’t get out of bed the next day. Now my waist is not good, if he tortures me again, I will lose half of my life.

Reluctantly, I go over and stand in front of him.

Without speaking, Frances Louis looks at me quietly, her eyes as gentle as water. His gentleness makes me feel that he is not looking at me, but want to see someone's shadow from me.

I don't ask. I don't dare to, nor want to.

My 1.6-meter-figure is completely crushed in front of Frances Louis's 1.8 or higher height, and my neck a little sore.

I still have an injury on my waist. It hurts after standing for so long. I don't have such good spirit to waste time with him here.

"What?" I can't help asking.

My arm is seized by him and moved forward. I slip into his arms defenselessly.

He holds me in his arms, put his head on my head, rubbing my back, and finally his hand settle on the right of my waist.

"Does it hurt?" He presses lightly, and I inhale deeply.

"You tell me." I roll my eyes.

It hurts if you don't touch it, let alone when he presses it.

"You deserve it." He says and then pushes me away. His face blackens again.

Damn him! Why? Why I deserve it? I am the victim.

I want to complain but do not dare to offend him. I can only swallow the complaints down.

But Frances Louis changes his face too quickly! Just know he was so gentle appearance, and after a blink, he treats me like a stranger.

"You won't have to go to work this month." He says.

'If I don't go to work, what shall I eat, and how to return your money?!' I roll my eyes and say coldly.

I have asked for three days' leave. Steven Song is kind to me. I am already grateful that he doesn't deduct my salary. If I continue don't going to work, it will make me like spoiled and arrogant.

Rich people like Frances Louis do not understand the sufferings of the poor. How am I going to get out of this life if I don't make enough money soon?

'If you go to work, your brother will be in jail.' Frances Louis says coldly, and leaves the room.

I am so angry but can't speak out. I can only call Steven Song and ask for a week's leave.

Frances Louis said this month, and today is the 23rd. I can go to work next month. I exploit the advantage perfectly.

I cook the meal, and Frances Louis sits opposite me, eating slowly.

'It tastes not good.' He tastes the sweet and sour ribs and says with a frown.

I know he thinks I made it too sweet. When I put the sugar, I pull my waist and my hand shake a bit. So I put all the sugar into the pot. I tried to take some sugar out, but I failed.

"Oh, I will be careful next time." I answer him casually.

Frances Louis seems dissatisfied with my attitude and frowns. I am about to say something when my cell phone rings.

Not many people would call me, so I can guess who it is.

Yes, as I expected.

'I heard you are in hospital.' My mother asks.

Then she changes the subject quickly.

“How is everything going with your brother? He dares not turn the phone on now, also dares not go out of the house, how long will us suffer a day like this?”

I feel very tired, don't want to listen to my mother say one more word, and hang up the phone.

For those three days, only Mindy and David Gibbs came to the hospital to see me. My heart is very lonely.

I feel I am alone in this world, I only have myself to depend on.

And my mom didn't see me even if she knew I was in the hospital. Is there only my brother in her mind?

Frances Louis heads up and looks at me, knowing everything.

I'm too upset to eat. Then the phone rings again

I pick up and prepare to roar.

“Enough! Would you...”

‘Jane Noyes, what's the matter?’ From the other end of the phone comes a gentle male voice.

This voice is a little familiar.

I look at the screen. My heart skips a beat.

Noah Jefferson.

He was my high school crush, and even now, seeing his name would make my heart race.

'Hey, what's up?' My face is slightly hot and my voice softens.

"Tomorrow's class reunion, I'm afraid you forget, I call to remind you." says Noah Jefferson.

It occurs to me that my high school classmates made an appointment for a class party tomorrow last month. There has been so much going on lately that if Noah Jefferson hadn't called, I might have forgotten.

"Ok, I see. Thank you." I am going to hang up, but Noah Jefferson suddenly adds.

'Jane, you must come.'

Chapter 50 The feeling of first love

After hanging up the phone, I still feel ill at ease.

What does Noah Jefferson mean?

"Who was that on the phone?" Frances Louis looks at me and asks in deep voice.

"No one." I turn my head away with a guilty conscience.

"Why do you blush?" Frances Louis gives me a sneer of disbelief.

All I could do is run upstairs on the excuse that I am tired and want to sleep.

"Stop." Frances Louis says coldly behind me, successfully stopping my footsteps on the stairs.

I know I'm so wimpy! But I can't help it. I'm just afraid of Frances Louis. He treats me not bad, but he has an innate sense of oppression.

My heart is beating, and I wonder whether to tell Frances Louis the truth or not.

But if I tell him, will he forbid me to go?

Slowly, I turn around and look at Frances Louis, don't dare to say a word.

The man wipes his mouth gracefully and comes towards me.

The gradually closed distance makes my heart beat up violently.

Or I can just tell him. It's just a normal classmate's reunion. I have nothing to fear.

"Wash the dishes, clean up the kitchen."

He passes me and goes into the room.

I have been holding a dying heart. Hearing what he said, I am immediately relieved.

Fortunately, Frances Louis has some conscience and doesn't come to see me tonight. But I don't sleep well because of my lumbago.

Early in the next morning, I have a big pimple on my forehead.

Usually I don't have pimples. But why at the time of classmate's reunion and I get a big pimple.

My face is bitter. I have two face masks, which makes that pimple look even bigger.

Desperate!

So desperate!

I put up a lot of concealer and foundation, but couldn't cover up the pimple.

I can only wait for the lights turning dim a little bit and people would not see the pimple on my face.

Frances Louis leaves in the morning, so I don't have to report my schedule to him.

The party is at 6 pm at Golden Hotel. I arrive at the hotel at 5:30 and meet Noah Jefferson at the door.

After a few years, the fresh and handsome young boy, his edges become more and more clear. Every move of him shows the charm of a mature man.

The feeling of heartbeat is very strong, I seem to go back to many years ago, back to the age of first love.

He passed by me at the first-grade classroom and since then, this boy has lived in my heart for three years.

Even in college, he appeared in many of my tossing and turning dreams.

'Jane Noyes, you are here.' Noah Jefferson strides over and gives me a gentle smile.

I feel my heart skip a beat. Thinking of the pimple on my face, I quickly lower my head and follow him inside.

In the private room, most students are here. Many of them bring their families with them. Two even bring their children.

'Jane Noyes, where's your husband? Why you don't bring him here?' Fountain asks me.

She is my high school desk mate and roommate, and we have always been in good relationship. After graduation, we still get connected. She also came to my wedding when I got married.

She knows Andrew Malan, so I don't want to hide. I answer directly, "I am divorced."

Fountain is stunned, apparently, she doesn't expect me to say this. She smiles awkwardly and apologizes, 'sorry, I don't mean to, I don't know.'

'That's all right. Divorce is good for me.' Noah Jefferson sits next to me, which makes me shy away from eating freely.

Everyone is chatting, except me. Maybe the taste of first love is so uneasy. I liked him for three years, watching him change one girlfriend after another, but never dare to tell him I like him.

I don't dare to, not before, not now.

From the conversation, I know that Noah Jefferson works in the college as a lecturer. A man like him, who

always speaks with an air of elegance, is perfect to be a teacher.

I am allergic to alcohol, so no one advises me to drink. But all of them drink a lot. Noah Jefferson is sitting next to me, his face has turned red. Drunk blurred eyes, calm quietly elegant smile. Well, it turns out that being drunk also can so good-looking.

I peek at Noah Jefferson without saying a word.

After the party, people suggest we sing at the club. There is a second-generation rich, he books a senior room at The Cloud Heaven and takes us there.

Everyone is drunk and we have to take a taxi.

As it happened, it ends up leaving me and Noah Jefferson. I have no choice but to get into a taxi with him.

The car is so small that I could feel his breath.

I didn't drink, but I feel like I am going to explode.

Noah Jefferson looks at me several times, as if he has something to say to me, but he doesn't.

He sits next to me and I couldn't even breathe. As soon as we arrive outside The Cloud Heaven, I get off the taxi.

One of my hand is pulled by Noah Jefferson. I turn doubtfully and meet his dark eyes.

He stares at me and says seriously, "Jane, I like you."

The air seems to be frozen at this moment.

I feel a little bit flustered and nervous. And it is not just because of Noah Jefferson's sudden confession.

I can feel that there is a pair of eyes, not far away, staring at me.

Turning around, I find Frances Louis standing at the door of The Cloud Heaven. The distance between him and me is no more than five meters.

So he heard everything that Noah Jefferson said?