

Desperate Time 471

Chapter 471 Would You Like to Be with Me

I step forward, pat him on the shoulder and ask him in a low voice, "Who are you talking to?" Master Lee turns to look at me with panic. He probably doesn't expect to meet me at this time.

After a while, he smiles embarrassedly and says to me, "Nobody, just a friend."

As he speaks, he quietly hangs up the phone.

Liar!

Knowing that he isn't going to tell me the truth, I reach out, trying to take over his phone.

He is panicked. Suddenly, he grits his teeth and throws the phone into the river.

The phone falls into the water. I look at Master Lee and can't help but frown.

Who on earth is that person he has talked to? Why is he so panicked?

If it is Whitney, he won't have to do this, because I've already known about the situation.

What exactly is going on?

Just as I'm thinking, Master Lee has already fled with his suitcase.

"Ms. Noyes, please don't force me," He says loudly as he runs.

"I'm not gonna tell you anyway. And I've already told you that it was Whitney who had told me to do that.

Just leave me alone.”

Whitney? How can he not even remember Whitney’s name? I’m even more curious.

But he runs so fast that I can’t catch up with him at all. After running for a while, the distance between us becomes larger and larger. I can only walk back resentfully.

Mom happens to get a cab for me. So I take Earl and wave bye-bye at them before heading to Virginia.

I get a strange call on the car.

I didn’t save the phone number, but it looks familiar.

I pick up the phone, and Noah’s voice comes from it.

I’ve deleted his number long ago, so I don’t recognize it at once.

‘I’ve been thinking about it for a few days and I think that I should give you one more chance to make a choice as well as to give us another chance before I take the next step.’”

What?

What chance?

I don’t understand what Noah means at all.

“What do you want to do?”

I speak impatiently.

The dream I did in his car last time is still troubling me so much that I don't even want to get close to him.

"What do I want? I want to be with you. Jane, let me ask you again, would you like to be with me?"

Is he crazy?

I smile helplessly and say to him, "Noah, how come you become such a scumbag! You have a fiancée and

she just miscarried because of you. How can you do this to her? We will never ever get back together anymore. Why can't you cherish the people around you?"

Although Steven likes me, he has never given me so much pressure.

As for Noah, he has made me feel more and more uncomfortable.

"You mean you don't want to be with me anymore?"

"Yes, and I've never wanted to be with you!" I say coldly.

"Good. Very good. You will regret it."

Then he hangs up angrily.

I put the phone down somewhat dejectedly and feel sorry for Noah.

He used to be a man of integrity and warmth.

But he has become unkind and inhumane that he doesn't even care about his own fiancée who has just lost their baby and he is still thinking about those nonsense.

A minute later, the phone vibrates.

It is a picture text sent from Noah.

I'm startled at the sight of it.

Chapter 472 His Methods

There are around a dozen photos of me making out with Noah in the car.

His face can't be seen in any of them, but mine isn't that lucky. Even the pores on my face are clear as day.

They are all hard to watch.

Some capture him sitting on me and kissing my shoulders.

Some are about him fondling my boobs lewdly.

Most shockingly, there is actually a picture of me placing my head around his private parts.

Even though my back was facing the camera, anyone who is familiar with this kind of intimacy knows what I was doing.

But I'm sure I never did the most important part with him!

I only got into his car once. Does this mean it wasn't a dream?

Did he really drug me?

Moreover, did he do it for these photos? And is this why he was satisfied with just making out? What purpose can they serve?

I look slutty in every photo. If they get out, I would be in huge trouble.

I panic and call Noah.

“What exactly are you trying to do?”

In my opinion, Noah isn't after money. He is respected and in high status. My money is on revenge against me.

But I really don't want my guess to be true. It would sadden me if the person I had a crush on has become calculating.

Unfortunately, things don't go my way.

Noah's cold voice comes through the phone.

“What do you think? I gave you a chance to choose. I even begged you to be with me. But you treated my feelings for you like trash. The only one you care about is Frances. Do you think he is richer than me and can better satisfy you?”

Now I am certain Noah doesn't love me anymore. It is more like an obsession. He can't handle the fact that he can't have me. Therefore, he was driven to do such a crazy thing.

I take a deep breath, force myself to calm down, and say to him in a deep voice, “On what terms can you

delete the photos?”

“Deleting the photos? Its pipedream and laughable! Let me tell you. I've sent them to all the major media.

Very soon, you'll see what a slut you are on the news! Jane, you brought this to yourself. You can't blame me!”

With that, Noah hangs up the phone.

When I call him again, his phone is off.

What should I do?

What am I supposed to do now?

I am agitated and furious. Gripping my phone, I am out of my wits.

“Miss, we’re here.”

The driver reminds me in the front. When he looks at me, I can sense fear in his eyes.

I figure he is scared by my serious look.

After paying him, I get out of the car with Earl in my arms.

I enter my house and quickly go upstairs to call Frances.

I am sure Frances trusts me. After I explain it to him, he should be able to solve my problem.

The call quickly goes through. Perhaps because he is tired, his voice is tinged with displeasure.

“Frances, I have something to tell you.”

“Okay,” he replies softly.

“Do you remember three days ago we practiced shooting? Well, here is the thing. On my way to you, I couldn’t get a taxi but bumped into Noah, so I got into his car. Who knows he actually drugged me and took a lot of photos of me making out with him in the car. I had no idea what I was doing then, but I am absolutely certain we didn’t cross the line. However, that bastard has given the photos to the media. I hope you can make this go away and keep them private.”

'I've already seen them.'

Chapter 473 Facing the Problem with Him

He has seen them?

My heart trembles.

"Where did you get them?"

A few seconds later, I say nervously.

Perhaps Noah also sent them to Frances?

But the truth is much crueler than I imagined.

"Many places."

Many places?

Is he suggesting ... the media has released them?

I take out my tablet and browse all the major news websites. Sure enough, the scandal has made the headlines.

The picture of my head being between Noah's legs is on the front pages.

The captions are even more unsettling.

"The Newly-wedded Wife of the President of Louis Group Cheated on Him in Another Man's Car!"

"The Wife of the President of Louis Group Gave a Blowjob to Her Paramour in the Car!"

I dread reading another line of these.

I have no idea how many people know about me, but the staff of Louis Group surely do. This is a bombshell!

“What should we do?” I say to Frances dispiritedly.

“I will take care of it,” Frances says calmly before hanging up the phone.

I am on edge.

His tone sounded somewhat cold. Is it possible that he thinks I really cheated on him like everyone else? If even Frances doesn't believe me, then no one would.

Hanging up the phone, I sit on the bedside and flip through the news.

This affair is the No. 1 trending topic on the Internet.

It has been more than ten minutes since the news was released. Anyone who frequents the Internet must have read it. Fortunately, Hilda is not at home. Otherwise, she would make fun of me.

Mindy calls me.

As impatient as she is, it must be hard for her to calm down.

“Jane, what's going on? Why are there dirty photos of you on the Internet? Who is that man?”

I sigh and tell Mindy everything.

“Damn, that bastard! I will expose him and give him hell!”

I smile bitterly and feel despondent.

The photos have been online for so long, so what's the point of exposing him? Everyone must assume I am a slut.

I'm not a big shot, so I can ignore people's judging gaze.

However, Frances is also affected by this scandal.

While I am dwelling on it, Mindy cries out to me, "Jane, something bad has happened. Louis Group's share price has plummeted! It has to be because of this news!"

I click on the stock market page. Although I don't quite understand it, I can see if the price rises or falls.

Recently, perhaps because of Lawrence's tricks, Louis Group's share price has been falling, but it was hanging in there.

But now, in such a short period of time, it has fallen by 10%.

I don't dare to imagine what will become of the company if its share price keeps declining.

"I understand. I'll call Frances immediately about this." Hanging up on Mindy, I'm going to call Frances.

However, I sense he must be on edge. Moreover, this disaster happens because of me, so I should face it with him.

Yes, I have to go to the company!

I put on my hat, sunglasses, and mask, so that no one would recognize me. I instruct the nanny to take care of Earl and go straight to Frances' company.

I am stopped by the security guards outside the building.

I have no choice but to take off my mask and sunglasses. Only then do the security guards recognize me. However, I am confounded by the way they look at me.

I can't care less and take the elevator to Frances' office.

Frances is alone with his secretary on this floor. Therefore, I don't need to hide my identity. I take off my mask and head straight to his office.

The secretary walks over with a weird look. Nevertheless, I can tell she is in a dilemma as to how to treat me.

She frowns and says in embarrassment, "Mrs. Louis, he is not ready to see you." Not ready?

Why is that? I used to walk in his office all the time.

Ignoring her, I push open the door and step inside.

The moment I enter the room, I see him and Hilda hugging each other on the sofa!

Chapter 474 Going Bankrupt

To be exact, Hilda is snuggling up to him, and he looks helpless.

Now I know why the secretary didn't want me to come in. She was afraid I would walk into this.

Frances pushes Hilda away calmly the moment he sees me, walking towards me.

“You’re here.”

He sounds a little flagging.

I look at his haggard face with distress and have an itch to hug him tightly.

But I restrain myself.

It is not the time to be sensitive.

He looks at Hilda and explains, “Hilda is a little uncomfortable, so she leaned on my shoulder.”
Uncomfortable?

Why didn’t she lean on all the chairs and sofas in this huge office? Why did it have to be Frances? Right, she only feels pleased in Frances’ embrace.

No wonder she isn’t at home today. It turns out she is here with Frances!

I know she wants Frances for herself, but I don’t have the time to argue with her. All I can think about is how to solve the problem at hand.

“Frances, nothing happened between Noah and me,” I say to him after biting my lips.

I know he loves me. However, sometimes the more you care about someone, the more upset you feel.

I’m scared he would no longer trust me after he sees the photos.

“I also think Jane has done nothing out of line with that man. She was probably set up, even though these are all good shots and look real.”

Hilda says coquettishly standing.

Instead of helping me, she is actually trying to make me look bad.

I shoot a glance at her and say coldly, "Fake things will never become real. I have a clear conscience. I love Frances too much to do anything to hurt him."

My love for him is limitless. How can I betray him?

Frances looks at me seriously and says softly, "I believe you." As he speaks, he holds my hand tightly.

However, why am I still uneasy?

I have a feeling that he is only slighting me over.

Besides, even if he trusts me, the public wouldn't.

People enjoy watching this kind of drama where someone is cheated on. That is why Louis Group's share price has fallen so drastically.

He holds my hand and walks me to the computer.

He signals me to sit down beside him and resumes working.

Lawrence is making things difficult for him, and Louis Group has suffered a setback in the stock market, so the company is in deep water.

Working on his computer for a while, Frances gets up and goes out to make a call.

I know he doesn't want me to worry.

But there are some things that I know perfectly well even if he tries to hide them from me.

I sit on the sofa nervously.

Hilda's cold voice sounds.

"Jane, do you know how much trouble you have put him into? If he can't handle it this time, Louis Group is likely to go bankrupt."

Going bankrupt?

I am stupefied.

I know it's serious, but this is beyond my imagination.

If that is really the case, what about Frances?

A man's career is as important as his life. I dread to imagine what would become of him if he loses Louis Group.

That is the last thing I want.

But right now, even Frances is helpless. Is there any other way?

"What you do with your boy toy is your business. Leave Frances out of it. All you want is to destroy him when he is devoted to you. You vicious bitch! You don't deserve him!"

Vicious?

It surprises me that my blunder can have such serious consequences.

Albeit I never want any of this to happen.

But the truth is, not only can't I help him, but I've put a whole lot of pressure on him.

I look at Hilda and think of how old Mr. Louis is afraid of her, saying slowly,

“Can you help him?”

Chapter 475 I Must Give It a Try

Hilda smiles faintly and whispers, “What did you say? Look, I am just a weak woman. How can I help him? But at least, I won’t harm him.”

Hilda tries to emphasize how I have hurt Frances.

Nevertheless, I refuse to believe her.

I know there is more to her.

She is by no means as weak as she looks. Judging from what she has done, she is no ordinary woman.

“No, you must have a way,” I insist.

Hilda rolls her eyes and smiles, “You are right. I do.”

“What?”

I grow impatient and grab her hand, as if I am holding onto my last straw.

She glances at me.

Then she shakes off my hand in disgust.

“Don’t touch me.”

At a time like this, I really don't mind if she hates me.

There is only one thought in my mind.

She can save Frances! As long as she can pull him through, I am willing to leave him if she asks me to!

Frances and I have been through so much together. I always think nothing is more important than being there for him. But now I understand I can only feel at ease when he is safe.

Without Louis Group, he would die.

I can never let that happen.

"Tell me. How can you help him? Please, tell me."

I look at Hilda and plead anxiously.

She shoots a cold glance at my face and says indifferently,

"Actually, if Lawrence is down, the company will be fine. A scandal can only harm its stock price temporarily. It will survive all right. When it blows over, the share price will rebound. The real problem is Lawrence is trying to make it worse."

She means if Lawrence stops, Louis Group will be fine?

"I think you know what I mean."

Of course I do.

Lawrence is doing this for Whitney.

Therefore, I must deal with Whitney first to make Lawrence stop.

As long as Whitney lets Frances off, everything will be okay.

So, no matter what, I'm going to beg her.

Even if it is a long shot, I must give it a try.

"I understand."

At that, I get up and walk out.

When I reach the door, I see Frances speaking on the phone standing not far away.

Noticing him frowning hard, I grow anxious.

Frances, I won't let anything happen to Louis Group.

I bite my lip and go straight into the elevator.

I know where Whitney lives. I asked Mindy to help me find it.

I take a taxi and rush to the Jordan's.

When I reach their front door, I am stopped.

Eight sturdy men are staring at me coldly with serious looks.

Most importantly, they are armed with guns.

Frances said these guards were all the best retired elites of the Special Forces. They are formidable as they come.

I found it hard to believe. But now I am truly impressed.

Unfortunately, when it comes to protecting Whitney, what I am looking at is only the tip of the iceberg.

Every corner of the Jordan's Mansion is heavily guarded. Outside Whitney's room, there are people on duty in shifts.

It is no exaggeration to say that a fly would find it difficult to infiltrate into her room, let alone those who want to harm her.

Nonetheless, since I'm already here, I must see her.

"Let me in. I have something to discuss with Whitney."

Chapter 476 Let Me See Her

"I'm sorry. Miss Whitney won't see anyone. If you try to barge in, we will stop you." One of them says to me.

His tone speaks of death.

I'm scared.

But for Frances, I must buckle up.

I force a smile and say to him, "Please inform her Jane is here. I'm begging for her forgiveness. She will come out to see me."

But actually, I'm not sure she would.

Whitney has been hiding here for so long, so she is probably going to stay inside.

However, I am willing to bet her pride will tempt her to see me bow.

Sadly, the guard wouldn't even do that. He shakes his head and says, "Mr. Jordan says no one can see her. If you don't leave, we will use force."

As he speaks, he touches the gun at his waist.

Although I've been practicing shooting recently, I'm still afraid of guns.

The bullet has no eyes. I might die if I am not careful.

I look up and find the villa isn't that big. If I shout, Whitney should hear me.

After pondering for a while, I take two steps back and yell, "Whitney, I want to see you!"

There is no response.

But I'm sure she heard me.

After all, my throat hurts from the yelling.

'I'm here to apologize. Please give me a chance to see you. As long as you can get Lawrence to let Frances off, you can do anything to me!'

I add.

A long time passes, yet no one answers me.

Should I give up just like this?

Suddenly, Whitney's figure appears behind the window on the second floor.

She looks at me quietly through the window.

I can vaguely see there are two bodyguards beside her, and they look even stronger than the ones around me. It is highly likely that they can also fight better.

"Whitney, please let me talk to you."

I quickly shout at her.

However, she only stands there for two seconds before disappearing from my sight.

At least I know she's here.

I think for a moment and decide to go all out for it. So, I kneel on the ground.

As the saying goes, with utmost sincerity no difficulty is insurmountable.

If Whitney sees how serious I am, she might be moved.

However, to my surprise, I kneel there for an entire morning.

At noon, a car drives into the villa district.

Lawrence, who is in a suit, gets off the car and glances at me.

He walks over and gives me a smile.

He looks like he is in triumph.

"What? Are you here to plead for Frances?"

I look at him, bit my lip, and nod.

“Don’t you think it’s too late to come now?”

He gazes at me coldly and says with a chuckle.

“Pleases, let me see Whitney.”

I beg him in a whisper and tug at his hem.

I have no other choice but to ask for Whitney’s mercy. I can’t think of any other way.

Lawrence sneers, shakes off my hand, and walks in.

I want to follow him and barge in, but as soon as I get up, I am stopped by the bodyguards.

Helplessly, I continue kneeling there.

The afternoon sun is scalding, making me feel dizzy.

Sweat keeps oozing out, and I feel I can’t hold on any longer.

Is Whitney really not going to see me?

I turned off my phone before I came. Therefore, Frances can’t find me.

However, how long do I have to kneel like this?

My vision gets blurry, and I am so nauseated that I want to vomit.

It's so hot, and my head is spinning.

I feel terrible.

What if Whitney still wouldn't come out when I have heatstroke?

Just when I think today's effort will be futile, the door opens.

Whitney looks at me indifferently standing at the door.

Chapter 477 Does an Apology Work

I quickly stand up and pounce on her.

Of course, what I predict comes to pass.

I am stopped by the ferocious-looking bodyguards.

Whitney waves and coldly says to them, "Let her in."

The bodyguards give way, and I trot towards Whitney.

Just as I am about to open my mouth, she glances at me and says indifferently, "Let's talk inside."

I follow her in like a doll.

As soon as I enter the house, I see plenty of upright Special Forces soldiers.

Whitney brings me all the way to her room.

When she reaches the door, she says coldly to the room, "Leave us alone. I'll call you when I need you." The two men exchange glances and nod as they walk away.

Whitney closes the door and sits down. She says to me in a chilly tone, "Just say what you come here to say. However, show me your sincerity. I didn't see what you did out there because we were too far apart." I know what Whitney means. She wants me to kneel before her.

If it weren't for Frances, I would never do such a humiliating thing.

But what choice do I have other than begging her?

For him, there is nothing I can't do. Dignity is only trivial in this case. I don't give a damn.

I bite my lip and kneel down before her.

"I'm sorry. I apologize for what Frances and I did. Although I know not all wounds can heal, I still hope you can let Lawrence off. If you agree to my request, you can do anything to me."

"Anything? Does that include sleeping with a man?" Whitney snorts coldly and says to me disdainfully.

My face turns deathly pale.

I love Frances so much. How can I do that with another man? But what if it is to save him? I have no idea what I should do if Whitney really wants that.

"Right, I almost forgot. You already fooled around with some man in a car. I suppose you banged that man a long time ago. I thought you loved Frances. It turns out it is just a show."

Whitney takes out her phone and waves it in front of me.

Apparently, she is talking about the photos of me and Noah in the car.

I don't need to explain that to her.

What Whitney wants is to make a fool of me, so I'll give her that.

Perhaps if she is in a good mood, Lawrence would cut Louis Group some slack.

Noticing I am silent, Whitney grows a bit happier.

She gazes at me with a faint smile.

But very quickly, her face becomes ferocious.

"Do you know how painful that day is for me? Do you really think this can go away with an apology? Let me tell you, Jane. You have robbed me of my favorite man and insulted me. How can I let you and Frances off so easily? You must pay for this! Since you've come uninvited, I will make you suffer!"

As she speaks, she gently claps her hands, and a voice sounds outside the door.

"Ms. Whitney, what is it?"

"Fetch me Jack and Leonard. Also, any one of you who hasn't touched a woman for a long time can wait at the door."

I am petrified and scared.

What did she mean?

Have I made a mistake coming here?

Chapter 478 Let Me Go

I back up to get out of here.

I quickly turn around and walk to the door. I see two tall and strong men as soon as I open the door.

Whitney sneers behind me and says, "Jane, what do you think this place is? You can't get out of here easily."

"Whitney, what do you want to do?"

Knowing that I can't leave here for the time being, I look at her in horror and ask.

"You will know."

An unfathomable smile appears on Whitney's face.

I stand there anxiously until a sound of footsteps comes from the door.

Five or six tall men show up at the door.

They look as fierce as tigers and wolves. I take two steps back in fear.

"That's all?"

It seems that Whitney is disappointed.

I already know what she wants to do.

Frances asked a few gangsters to rape her before. It has become a shadow to her. Now that she has seized an opportunity, she will take revenge.

It turns out that it is not always a good thing to know the truth.

Because I'm even more afraid now.

I look at them, trying to calm down, "You used to be soldiers. Soldiers are upright and law-abiding. You can't do this."

However, they don't respond to me. Their expressions don't change. They stand at the door, waiting for Whitney to give the order.

"Take her to the warehouse. I don't want you to mess up my place. But you can make her shout louder. I'll be glad to hear that."

"Yes, Ms. Whitney."

Two of them walk over and carry me out.

At this moment, I finally know what despair is.

"Whitney! You can't do this! Let me go! Frances won't forgive you!" I shout at Whitney as I struggle.

I don't want to experience what she has been through.

These men are all special force soldiers. I won't be able to run away. What should I do?

I come here to save Frances and I'm prepared for the worst result.

But I don't expect this.

What should I do?

What can I do?

"Frances... Frances."

I whisper his name. Tears roll down from the corners of my eyes.

I'm scared. I don't want to be assaulted by these men.

To me, it's even worse than death.

Most importantly, I can't save Frances in this way.

My sacrifice is of no use.

I feel that my heart is filled with despair.

"Please let me go."

I can only beg them.

However, the hope is soon gone.

People who have received special training are almost emotionless. How can they be soft-hearted to me?
I cry as they take me to a warehouse. They throw me on the ground.

They immediately surround me.

Only then do I understand how desperate Whitney was at that time.

No one will come to save me.

If time travelled back, I wouldn't have come to this dangerous place alone.

Suddenly, I remember Hilda's gaze the last time I saw her.

It seems that she knew what is going to happen. Have I fallen into her trap? “Jack, take it. One for each person.”

One of them says.

I raise my head and meet two men’s fierce gazes. They have leather whips in their hands.

Chapter 479 Endless Torture

They walk over and handcuff me to a pillar nearby.

Then they begin to tear my clothes.

I cry and struggle desperately. My hands are scratched by the handcuffs. I try to dodge, but they grab me and I am not able to move at all.

The man is strong. He tears my shirt apart in a second.

There is only a piece of underwear under my shirt. I want to cover my breast, but I can’t get rid of the handcuffs.

I feel shameful.

I wish I can die at this moment. How can I bear this?

Tears flow down my face.

They drop on the exposed skin. I feel cold.

Frances, where are you?

Do you know that I'm in danger and I really need you?

A man takes out a knife and shake it in front of me. I am scared.

What is he going to do?

All of a sudden, he scratches on my breast with it.

Blood immediately flows out from the wound.

My tears fall on the wound and I almost faint.

Damn! Aren't these people used to be in the army? How could they do such perverted things?

Just as I am thinking, someone takes out a jar. He scoops out some white powder and put it on my wound.

It hurts.

Having salt on wound is way more painful than I have imaged.

I can't see what I am like now, but I must look terrible.

What should I do? Will I be tortured to death by them?

Perhaps it might be a good result.

Anyway, there is no chance of running away. It would be better to die before they assault me.

After I straighten out my thinking, I am not afraid anymore.

However, the pain is unbearable.

I don't know how long I can stand it.

The two people in front are getting more and more excited. Their eyes are filled with excitement. Others standing behind them are impatient, but they dare not say anything. They could only wait. More and more wounds appear on my body.

They use every method they can think of to torture me.

They drop salt, pepper powder, and melted wax on my wounds.

I don't even remember how many times I faint. Every time I black out, I will wake up quickly due to the pain.

I feel rather dizzy, and my ears are buzzing.

Suddenly, a man put down the tools in his hands and says loudly, "That's it. I can't wait any longer."

I am shocked and overwhelmed by a strong fear.

It is only physical pain just now. But I am going to suffer both physically and psychologically.

One of them stretches out his hand to my shoulder and begins to undo my underwear.

Once it is removed, I am covered by nothing.

"Please, don't!" I say weakly.

I didn't beg for mercy while being tortured. But I don't want to be assaulted by them.

They sneer coldly, as if they don't hear my cry. And they ask the man to hurry and take off my underwear.

The man doesn't know how to undo the button. He tries for a while but fails to take it off.

I think to myself, if only he would never be able to undo it.

However, I overestimate their patience.

"What the hell are you doing? Why don't you just tear it?"

The man nods and tears my underwear.

Just when I think that I am going to be insulted by ther...

An alarm goes off outside.

Chapter 480 I Still Have You

Have the police arrived?

The men panic. But as well-trained ex-soldiers, they quickly take out their guns and get out after exchanging glances.

I breathe a sigh of relief and black out.

In a daze, I vaguely hear someone calling my name.

Is it Frances?

I am too dizzy to tell it.

I want to open my eyes, but I feel too tired, sleepy, and cold.

At last, I lose consciousness.

In my sleep, I am surrounded by a few men. They assault me one after another.

I cry and shout, but no one comes to save me. I could only endure the inhumane torture over and over again.

“Frances! Frances, save me!” I wave my hands in the air. Suddenly, I grab a pair of warm hands.

I open my eyes.

And I meet Frances’ sad gaze.

He reaches out and gently wipes the tears off my face.

I look at him blankly and cry.

“Am I dreaming? Frances, tell me, It’s not a dream. You are really here, right?” He nods and holds me in his arms, whispering, “It’s me. Jane, I’m here.”

He holds me so tight that my wounds hurt badly. And I almost lose my breath.

But right now, I need the pain to let me know that it is not a dream.

“You finally came. Frances, I’m so scared.”

Fortunately, Frances has come. Otherwise, I don’t know if I can survive their torture.

And even if I survive, I won’t know how to face Frances.

“It’s alright. I’m here. I am always by your side.”

I want to ask where the men are. But I don’t dare to ask as I’m thinking of that terrible experience.

I wasn’t raped by them, but they saw me in my underwear only.

How could I face Frances now? Frances hugs me cautiously. It seems that he doesn’t want to let go.

I don’t know how long he holds me in his arms. He doesn’t let go of me until I can’t stand the pain on the wounds.

He looks at me as if wanting to say something.

However, he might not know how to say it. He hesitates for a long time and doesn’t utter a word.

But I also have something to ask him.

“Frances, how is the company?”

“It’s fine. Don’t worry.” He says softly.

Suddenly, he stares at me seriously and frowns, “Tell me, why you went to see Whitney?” Why? I don’t know how to reply.

Hilda hinted that I should go find Whitney. She didn't say it directly. Even if I tell him that Hilda asked me to do so, Frances may not believe it.

It seems that I can't compete with Hilda.

I force a smile and say, "I want to help you. I don't want the company to have trouble because of me. I don't want the Louis Group to go bankrupt because of me. And I don't want you to lose everything."

As I finish, Frances kisses me.

It is a long and affectionate kiss.

I am immersed in his kiss. But tears drop down.

I thought that I would never have the chance to kiss him again.

After a long time, Frances let go of me and says fondly, "Stupid girl. Why would I lose everything? I don't care anything. I just want you to be with me. I just want you to be safe and sound."

I have been scared and anxious. What he says touches me. I can't help crying. Tears stream down my face.

At such a cozy moment, a cold male voice suddenly comes from outside.

"Mr. Frances, Whitney has been acquitted."