

Desperate Time 51

Chapter 51 A short distance away

Frances Louis is standing there, watching me quietly.

His eyes are cold, without any expression, but I still feel guilty.

I always feel like a woman caught in bed by her husband.

But it's my relationship with him that's unpresentable.

I think, what should I do if Frances Louis comes over at this moment? If Noah Jefferson knows about my relationship with Frances Louis, I would feel embarrassed in front of him for the rest of my life.

'Jane Noyes.' Seeing me don't answer him, Noah Jefferson urges me again.

I know he is waiting for my response.

If there is a ray of white moonlight in everyone's heart, Noah Jefferson is the irreplaceable in my heart. It never occurs to me that the person I hide in my heart is liking me the same way.

If I had known this, if I can be brave then, maybe now, everything would be different.

But now, I don't know how to answer him.

How could I dare to respond to the feelings of Noah Jefferson when I could not see my own future? And the presence of Frances Louis makes me even more nervous.

Fortunately, Frances Louis only looks at me for a few seconds and then gets into the car. I am relieved to see the car fly away.

All the while, Noah Jefferson looks at me so tenderly that it almost melts me.

“Why haven’t you come in? Come in and flirt!”

Seeing we stand outside, the second-generation rich boy comes out and calls us in.

Feeling like I am grasping at a life-saving straw, I say to Noah Jefferson, “Let’s come in first.” Like I thought, he doesn’t have time to talk about it after we get inside.

During the whole process, everyone is singing and playing games and the whole room is noisy. Naturally, that topic couldn’t have a chance to be continued.

But Noah Jefferson’s words reverberate in my mind. They touch my soft heart again and again.

‘Jane Noyes, I like you.’ The whole time, Noah Jefferson’s eyes are locked on me.

The crowd also see the difference between us and boo, “Noah Jefferson, if you lover her, just get her! Anyway, she is single, don’t be a coward! Just take her home tonight and make a baby! everything will be easy!”

My face blushes at once. My eyes dodge and I don’t know what to say.

It is Fountain who is speaking. We were good friends in high school, but does she mean to embarrass me by saying that now?

‘L will leave if you make any jokes.’ Noah Jefferson says lightly. Hearing what he says, people lost the fun and go on playing.

It looks like they’re staying up all night. At about ten o’clock, I get up and want to go.

Frances Louis doesn’t like me going home too late. He catches me at such a scene tonight. I feel a little guilty. It is better for me to go home early.

“Why go home so early? You are single now and there would be no husband to blame you. Come on, stay and enjoy your life.” Joy, the commissary in charge of sports in high school, says.

‘I have to go to work tomorrow. I am divorced and no one feed me. If I am late, someone would deduct my wages.’

Hearing what I say, people don’t keep me stay anymore and let me go. Furthermore, no one needs me to stay. I didn’t get along well with others in high school. Now I can’t fit into them, too.

‘Let me take you home.’

Noah Jefferson follows me out. It is a bit windy outside and he puts his coat over my shoulders. But I feel a pang of anxiety.

It would be terrible if Noah Jefferson knows that I am living with Frances Louis. I don’t want him to know, and it’s better that he would never know.

‘I can take a taxi. You go back to play.’ I smile to Noah Jefferson and say lightly.

I feel strangely nervous with him, and even get a little tongue-tied when I speak with him.

Fortunately, Noah Jefferson doesn’t notice my awkward. He holds my shoulders, staring at me, and says, ‘Jane Noyes, why are you hiding from me? Believe me, I really like you. When I was in high school, I missed you because I was always afraid to open my mouth. But now, I don’t want to make myself regret.’

Every word he says makes ripples in my heart.

The Prince Charming who I have always dreamed about is saying that he likes me. How could I stay calm?

But why my heart feels like pressed by a big stone, and I can’t feel any happy?

I was wondering if some people in this world has missed each other and would not meet again for the rest of their lives.

“Noah Jefferson. I liked you, but that was before. In high school, I was crazy about you. I’m really happy to hear you say you like me. But it is too late. Noah Jefferson, I was married. And, divorced.” I try to smile at him, but bitterness showed on the corners of my mouth.

It’s hard to accept it, but even harder to say it out.

‘I don’t care. I don’t care about your past. I don’t know who you’ve met before, and I don’t care what your history is. I just want to cherish you for the rest of your life and try my best to be good to you.’”

She’s deeply touched.

No man has ever loved me so much like him.

But in the end reason trumps impulse.

‘But I care. Noah Jefferson, you’re probably drunk and impulsive. We haven’t seen each other for so many years. You may have misunderstood your feelings for me. Maybe you don’t like me as much as you thought. Let’s talk about it when you are sober.’”

A taxi pulls up to the road and I get in and close the door.

A pang of bitterness rushes into my heart.

God knows how much I want to jump into the arms of Noah Jefferson and let this man shelter me.

But between him and me, there is Andrew Malan, and then a Frances Louis, we are far apart and a short distance away.

The car drives to Louis’s house. I get off but don’t dare to go in.

I stand downstairs for almost ten minutes and my waist hurts.

Damn it. Let me die!

I inhale deeply, take up my courage and go in.

The light in Frances Louis' room is off. Perhaps he is asleep.

Relieved, I creep upstairs.

Just as I enter the room and close the door, the cold voice of Frances Louis comes behind me.

"Have fun?"

Chapter 52 Take off your clothes

He is not in his room in the middle of the night. Why come to my room?

And I know from the sound that Frances Louis is angry. Although I don't know where his anger comes from.

I look down at the watch, half past ten.

At this time, Virginia's nightlife is just beginning.

'I didn't come back late.'

I turn and look at Frances Louis, carefully guessing his mind.

But actually, I couldn't see through him, never.

Frances Louis is standing at the window, which is opposite the door of Louis's house. I wonder if he has.

watched me standing outside for so long?

‘Take off your clothes.’ He frowns and says coldly to me.

I am stunned and cover my chest instinctively. I say to him firmly, ‘No.’

I used to think that Frances Louis was a beast, but now it seems that he is worse than a beast. Knowing that there is a wound in my waist, he still wouldn’t let me go. He doesn’t care if I die, but I don’t want to die early!

Frances Louis’s face turns darker than the night outside.

‘I say take off, don’t make me say it a third time.’ I could feel Frances Louis’s anger from so far away. I almost give into his insolence and threats.

I grit my teeth and refuse Frances Louis again.

He looks sharply at me, and his face is horribly dark. Instinctively, I recoil, and by the time I recover myself, he has stood in front of me.

‘What...What do you want to do? I’m hurt, you can’t touch me!’ I’m threatening him, but it doesn’t sound threatening at all.

At least, Frances Louis is not afraid of me.

‘You are my mistress. You guess what I want to do? Of course, I want to fuck you!’ Then Frances Louis throws me hard in the bed.

My wound just touches the powder compact case that has been lying on my bed since morning, and the pain make me sweat.

Before I come to my sense, Frances Louis has fallen on me, one hand controlling my shoulder.

‘Let me go! I am your mistress! But I am not your slave!’

I push Frances Louis away, shrink back, clutch the wound.

The wound gets hit and hurts so much. I break out in cold sweat.

Frances Louis smiles coldly, but doesn't come to me.

"You are afraid now? I want you to take off your coat. Other men's clothes are eyesore to me. If you like men's clothes, I will buy you hundreds of it."

I look down and notice that I am still wearing Noah Jefferson's coat. I leave in a hurry and forget to give him back.

It turns out that the clothes Frances Louis asks me to take off is this coat. I thought it is...

After the false alarm, I take off the coat according to his indication and mumble, "just a coat, what's the big deal."

Frances Louis doesn't say any words. He stares at my waist and frowns.

I think he is angry again. But he comes closer to me, points at my waist and says, "Why are you bleeding there?"

Ahhh! There is red blood on the white dress I am wearing.

The wound reopens.

'It's all your fault!' I roll my eyes to him.

If he didn't throw me on the bed, my wound wouldn't reopen.

'Let's go to the hospital.' Frances Louis carries me out of bed without my permission and goes out on his slippers.

'I can walk by myself...'

"Shut up!" Frances Louis interrupts me coldly.

Arbitrary! This man is so arbitrary!

If he likes holding me, then he can hold me as he wishes. I have no problem with it.

After an examination, the doctor is very angry and says to me seriously, "I said don't do strenuous exercise. How did this happen?"

I purse my lips, looking at Frances Louis.

"You can ask him."

There is a flash of embarrassment on the doctor's face. He stops asking me and educates Frances Louis, 'I know young people are energetic and impulsive, but sometimes you should control yourself. You can wait for the wound to heal.'

Then I realize that the doctor has misunderstood. The wound is on the back and I didn't say it clearly. No wonder the doctor would think in that way.

"We want to have a baby." Frances Louis smiles and says to the doctor. His words hold up my explanation.

Chapter 53 The drinker's heart is not...

Damn him to have a baby! Who want to have a baby with him! He is so shameless that he can say it out without blushing.

Speaking of baby, there is a serious thing. These days, I made love with Frances Louis almost every day. He didn't put on condoms and I forgot to eat medicine.

Will I have a baby? Please no! I pray in my heart.

The doctor gives two dry coughs. He says nothing and takes me into the operating room to sew up the wound.

The operating room is originally closed to outsiders, but Frances Louis follows in. The doctor answers a call and, presumably on command, doesn't ask Frances Louis out.

It is not surprising because this man is rich and powerful. I wonder why he comes in.

"No anesthetic." Frances Louis says suddenly.

What? Has he lost his mind?

At that moment, I want to beat him to death. I have been painful deadly. If don't use anesthetic, does he want me to die?

"You can come and feel it!" I am angry and my attitude changes.

'I can, can't you? There are so many things in this world that are so much harder than not getting anesthetic.'" He smiles at me tenderly, but makes me feel cold from head to foot.

I know he is talking about my brother. His words are the threat.

Whether he's mentally ill or not, I have to put up with it. Don't use anesthetic. Okay, I am okay with it. In old times people never use anesthetic and they can also bear the pain.

Now my eyes look like a heroic martyr. And I have carved the name of Frances Louis deeply into my heart.

Pain! So much pain! Every nerve in my body feels the penetrating pain. I bite my lip so that I wouldn't make a sound.

If I cry out, Frances Louis would look down on me.

The doctor gives me eighteen stitches, and I count them all out.

"All right."

I hear the doctor; my nerves relax and I almost pass out.

Because of Frances Louis, I stay in the hospital for another week.

When I am discharged from hospital, it has been the next month.

I go to work the day after I get home. Frances Louis leaves earlier than me. He should not know that I come to work today. Normally, he also works later than me.

I even think that, if it is possible, maybe I could sneak into work without noticed by him.

Since I still need to recuperate, Steven Song doesn't arrange so much work for me, and I am mostly idle the whole morning.

Around noon, I get a call from Noah Jefferson, who is waiting for me downstairs.

I texted him in the morning that I would deliver the clothes to him in the afternoon, but he insists on coming to pick it up.

Downstairs, Noah Jefferson takes the coat and casually says, "I'm hungry. Would you treat me to a meal?" He has already asked. If I don't treat him to a meal, that would make me look small.

To do the honors, I choose a fancy restaurant and prepare to treat him to the best of my ability.

Noah Jefferson doesn't come to have lunch. He orders two dishes at random and closes the menu.

“You can order more.” I say.

“You know, the drinker’s heart is not in the cup. I don’t come for lunch.”

Although I know it, hearing his frank and honest tone makes me feel powerless.

I excuse myself to the bathroom to have a breath.

Casually wash my hands and repair the makeup, I nervously go back. I just don’t know how to face Noah Jefferson later.

After two steps, I walk past a private room and meet the person coming out.

Chapter 54 Men are lower-body thinkin...

It’s my boss, Steven Song.

As soon as he sees me, his eyes are lit up and he pulls me into the room.

‘I get a tough problem. You designed it. Come in and explain.’”

I follow Steven Song in and immediately see Frances Louis sitting in the main seat.

According to the rules of the business, those sitting on the main seat are either the owner or the distinguished guest.

In Frances Louis’s lofty attitude, I believe he is the latter.

Frances Louis glances at me, then withdraws his gaze and continues talking to the man next to him.

He pretends not to know me. That’s fine. I don’t want others to know about our relationship.

Song Group owns a large luxury brand, which produces only advanced customization. I am responsible for the design of a man's belt.

To be honest, a lot of times my designs are inspired by a single thought. If someone wants me to explain, I wouldn't be able to tell why.

'This is my assistant, Jane Noyes.'" Steven Song introduces me to the group and takes me to the table.

There are only two empty seats left. Being stupefied for a while, Steven Song takes the seat next to Frances Louis, while I sit next to him.

Steven Song knows my relationship with Frances Louis. The reason why he sits there is that he doesn't want me to feel awkward.

'Miss Noyes has come. Let her explain what kind of belt can be sold on the price of 8.88 million.'" One fat ma says.

I look at Steven Song and begin to describe my design according to his indication.

'Belt is the closest decoration to the human body besides clothes. Since close to the body, that the most important thing is comfortable. So, we use the top-quality cowhide, with superb workmanship, to make it soft and tough. In this way, the belt can maintain the stereoscopic appearance, as well as to fit to the radian of us to the maximum degree, which enhances the comfort. The buckle is designed as an embossed crown, each corner of which is inlaid with the finest diamonds from South Africa. As for the middlemost diamond, we used a pink diamond. The whole belt is modest but luxurious, with superior workmanship, and the sense of taste arises spontaneously. These diamonds are expensive at their own value, and the belt are sold in limited quantities, so there is nothing wrong with a higher price. Besides, isn't 888 the number that businessmen like best?'

In fact, I can see that there are people in the room who want to buy it, but don't want to spend so much money on it.

The belt is limited to 500 pieces worldwide and is intended for the richest men. Every belt can bring the benefit of millions of dollars.

Frances Louis, who is sitting opposite me, suddenly stands up and smiles at me, “Miss Noyes said that the belt is very comfortable, but now I may have drunk too much wine, and I feel a little strangled. I don’t know how to adjust the belt. Will Miss Noyes help me?”

Don’t know how to adjust? How could he say it?! He adjusted the belt well when he came out this morning!

I know Frances Louis wants to hassle me on purpose.

But what I know more is that I am really careless in the design of this belt. People who wear the belt don’t feel comfortable to adjust it. In other words, this kind of belt is only suitable for other people to help them adjust.

There are some people in this room who really want to buy this belt and I can’t destroy Steven Song’s business.

Biting my lips, I stand up and reach for Frances Louis’s waist with trembling hands.

He doesn’t have a beer belly, the waistline and muscles at his waist fit into his shirt, and his entire upper body exudes an intoxicating hormonal scent.

And the belt is just at the awkward position between the upper body and the lower body. My face blushes involuntarily.

It feels so weird to unlock Frances Louis’s belt in front of so many people.

I narrate the using method as well as I unlock his belt, trying to ease the awkwardness.

“Something as delicate as this, must be unlocked by a woman to make a man feel noble. Imagine the woman of your dreams, with her boneless little hands, gently untying this belt.”

I peek around at the audience, and their eyes are glaring. It looks like what I just said is working. Men are lower-body thinking animals. My words have pleased them.

Frances Louis locks his eyes on me. God knows how my heart beat when I said that!

Mission done! I am relieved. I adjust Frances Louis's belt, and finally throw this hot potato away.

"Good. President Song, I will order one."

'Don't forget mine.'

'I think this belt goes with me, I want one, too!'

Ten men sitting here, except Frances Louis and Steven Song, order this belt.

I am finally relieved.

When we were designing the belt, Steven Song and I were worried that it would not sell well. But I did not expect that after my explanation, these men would spend so much money to buy this belt. Rich people are surrounded by rich people. After a lot of publicity, it will probably sell more than half in America, and the rest will be all right.

The phone vibrates in the bag, and Noah Jefferson calls me.

It comes to me that I am having lunch with Noah Jefferson.

"Sorry I have to go. Please enjoy."

I go to the door and answer the phone.

'Jane Noyes, where have you been? Why haven't you come back?' Noah Jefferson sounds worried.

'I met my boss. I will come soon.'

I hung up the phone and walk to him hurriedly.

As the dishes are all served, I sit down and we begin to eat.

Noah Jefferson helps me for food gently, his dotting eyes almost melting me.

If I can be spoiled by a man like him for the rest of my life, that must be very happy.

'Jane Noyes, I really don't mind your past. I don't want to miss you again. Will you be my girlfriend?'
whispers Noah Jefferson.

I almost nod to say yes.

Until I see Frances Louis striding to me.

Not only him, and others who have lunch with him.

I sit in the corner. Others are talking and don't notice me. So, Frances Louis's eyes are particularly sharp.

I put my head down and don't dare to see him.

The time he has passed seems especially long.

I breathe a sigh of relief when he goes out of the hotel.

After a quick meal, I say goodbye to Noah Jefferson on the pretext that I have to go back to work on an advertisement. And the request he made has ended up with nothing definite. Fortunately, he doesn't push me and gives me not so much pressure.

I walk ahead, and when I arrives at the office building, I suddenly see Frances Louis's car!

His tall figure leans against the door, cigarette in one hand, and stands there easily. If I want to enter the company gate, I have to walk past him.

If I am right, He is waiting for me!

Chapter 55 Men's desire to be in poss...

I don't want to go head to head with Frances Louis, but there is nothing I could do. I have to walk past him to get to work.

He has seen me and I can't pretend not seeing him, I can only say hi.

"What a coincidence! President Louis."

Before I finish my sentence, I am dragged by him into the car.

Frances Louis slams the door shut, and for a moment the atmosphere inside is eerily quiet.

The low pressure makes me breathless.

Looking at Frances Louis, I notice that his face is sullen, too, and that his eyes are as deep as ink. I don't know what he is thinking.

I try to open the door, but it is locked.

'President Louis, I have to go to work, would you please...'

Frances Louis turns and asks me with his eye half-opened.

“Who is that guy?” I know he is asking about Noah Jefferson.

He is my patron and I am not surprised to know that he doesn't allow me to keep company with any other man.

“My high school classmate. We are just having lunch.” I say to him lamely.

Although what I say is true, why I still feel a little bit nervous?

This man's face grows darker. Frances Louis sneers and looks at me sideways, “Classmate? I heard everything he said that day outside The Cloud Heaven. It was his coat you came back in that night. Now you are having lunch together and seeing each other again, do you think I'll believe you're just classmates?”

I am surprised because I have never heard Frances Louis say so much words at once.

I guess I must have annoyed him. Men are more possessive than I thought.

‘I liked him when I was in high school, and that's the past, do you have any problem?’ I say to Frances Louis with some annoyance.

Anyway, I am just his mistress, and he has my body. Does he also want to have my heart?

I think my idea is ridiculous. Is it possible that a person like Frances Louis will be trapped by love?

‘Jane Noyes, do you think that man will still like you when he finds out what you are doing now? You must know how embarrassed you would be then.’

Frances Louis's words stab into my heart like a sword.

He isn't talking about my divorce. He is talking about the fact that I am now his mistress, the most despised "profession". In the mind of Noah Jefferson, maybe I am still the simple, proud girl, but life has quietly changed me.

I am not good for him, never.

The truth makes my heart pain.

'I know. I will pay attention to my words and deed.'

I say unhappily and unlock the door. Before I could step out, my body is pulled back by Frances Louis fiercely.

His arbitrary and angry kisses rush on me like rains.

He kisses me so hard and his teeth keep gnawing at my lip as if he wants to unleash his fury. I want to escape, but he holds me closer, I can only let his kiss devour me like the strong wind and rain.

He loses me after a long time.

The area of the lip is painful and numb. I guess my lip may have been swollen.

'This is your punishment for sneaking out to work behind my back.'

Frances Louis opens the door and demands me to get off.

Damn him!

I stomp and curse, then go upstairs gloomily.

Steven Song is sitting in his office, enjoying the coolness of air conditioner and playing his phone. He glances at me, smiles and says, "Did you meet Frances Louis?"

Chapter 56 So embarrassed

"How do you know?" I ask confusingly.

Did Steven Song see me dragged into the car by Frances Louis?

He curls his lips and points at my face.

What?

I look myself in the mirror, finding that my mouth is red and my lips are swollen.

Damn Frances Louis! He kisses me so hard.

Steven Song is an old dog in love, so he knows what happened. Embarrassed, I go to the bathroom to wash my face and put on my makeup.

When I get back to my office, Steven Song closes the door and says to me apologetically,

"Thank you today. I don't know Frances Louis would give you such a hard time."

I know he is talking about Frances Louis asking me to take off his belt.

'It doesn't matter. Unlocking his belt makes the company tens of millions of dollars. It's worth it. I don't know if I'll get a bonus for doing so well."

"One hundred thousand dollars." "Steven Song says with understatement.

A thrill runs through me.

One hundred thousand dollars is nothing to Steven Song, but for me, it represents one step closer to paying off Frances Louis and maybe I can get rid of him sooner.

Maybe one year, or shorter. I must try harder!

Holding this thought, I have a lot of energy in the afternoon and design a sketch of a wristwatch. Steven Song looks at it and says there are still some flaws and wants me to improve it.

“Actually, I find that you are quite talented, you are not the mud as your mother said, why don’t you work hard?” I ask Steven Song.

Steven Song’s eyes darken down, and I know I have asked something I shouldn’t have.

But next second, Steven Song turns back to be a playboy.

‘Because it’s easy to be a mud.’

He makes me speechless.

After work, I send Steven Song home as usual.

In the back seat, Steven Song suddenly says,

‘Jane Noyes, would you come and cook for me? I miss your cooking. In the future, as long as you are free, you can cook for me, I will pay you as before.’

I am in need of money and could not resist this temptation. What’s more, Frances Louis doesn’t ask me to go home and cook every day. I still have plenty of time left after cooking for Steven Song.

Steven Song and I go to the market to buy some vegetables. As soon as we get home, his mother is sitting on the sofa reading a book.

His mother's temperament is really good, looking like an elegant lady. Even I, as a woman, am attracted by her.

'Mom, why are you here?' Steven Song goes to her and sits on the sofa casually.

'I come to see if you are still living with her.'

She says and looks at me ambiguously.

I smile and introduce myself, "hello, auntie, I am an employee of Steven Song and his nanny. I don't live with him. I lived here for a while and now I have moved out."

I feel a little strange to call her auntie. Because this man, standing in front of me, looks so young.

His mother smiles and nods to me like she didn't hear what I said, "You can cook, very good."

I don't know what to say and go straight into the kitchen. After I cook the meal, I walk out and ready to go.

Steven Song's mother insists that I stay for dinner, but I decline her.

She takes my hand and gives me her card, "That's my card. Call me if you need me."

I look at her card, "Shelly Harper", a tender name.

I come out of Steven Song's house and a rainstorm catches me off guard.

I run into a coffee shop, take a seat and order a cup of coffee. I want to wait until the rain stops.

The cool weather matches the warm, fragrant coffee.

I am enjoying this moment when a cup of hot coffee is poured over my head.

Chapter 57 Your breasts are too flat

“Ahhhh!”

I scream and jump up. I take a napkin and wipe out the coffee on my face.

The burn is swollen and painful. I look up at the woman in front of me and frown.

I remember her. She is the woman who came with Steven Song’s mother that day, her name is Violet Sue.

“Are you crazy?”

I stare at this woman in front of me.

As soon as I speak, the skin on my face hurt, and I call the waiter to bring me some ice.

“You shameless bitch! How dare you steal my man!”

Violet Sue’s expression is ferocious. It doesn’t match her delicate face at all.

It is true that a woman can’t keep sober as long as she gets involved with men.

The crowd around are all looking this way, waiting for a good play.

The waiter has brought me an ice pack and I feel better by putting it on my face.

I snort and says to the woman, “you know clearly that Steven Song doesn’t like you. Don’t blame me for his neglect of you. If you want to talk to me about it, I’ll bring Steven Song here right now and have him confront with you.”

I just want to scare Violet Sue, but she is scared.

After giving me a passive look, she turns to me and says, "Why bother him? I just slipped. If you get hurt, I can take you to the hospital. Why call Steven Song here?"

'I want him to drive me to the hospital, can't 1?" I say triumphantly, smiling at Violet Sue.

Violet Sue is so angry and afraid to provoke me again. She leaves shamefacedly.

But he hurts my face and I can't let her go so easily.

I grab Violet Sue's arm and shove the ice pack straight into her chest.

She burns me with hot coffee and I will freeze her with the ice bag!

The rainy day is cold. Violet Sue shudders as she looks at me with a frightened face.

She probably doesn't expect me to do this. The expression on her face is very embarrassed.

The next second, something even more embarrassing happens.

She is wearing a dress. The ice bag rolls off through her body and drops on her feet.

I feel excited in my heart that I pretend to be sorry and says, "I'm sorry. I think you are so angry that I want to cool you down with an ice pack. I didn't expect you to be so flat. I thought it would last at least a few seconds."

The sound of laughter comes from around. A lot of people are pointing at me, as if giving me thumbs up.

Hearing what I said, Violet Sue's face turns pale. She gnashes her teeth at me, "bitch, I won't let you off so easily next time!"

She looks around at the crowd of spectators and flees away, clutching her chest.

After paying the bill, I cover my red swollen face and go to the drugstore nearby to buy some medicine.

It's difficult to take a taxi because of the rain. It takes me long time to stop a taxi. When I get back to Louis's house, it has already been ten O'clock in the evening.

Frances Louis sits on the sofa in the living room, staring at the TV.

The TV is off. What the hell is he watching? See your handsome reflection on the screen? I don't think Frances Louis is so narcissistic, is he?

I go in with confusion. As soon as I step in, Frances Louis's eyes come over.

"Where have you been?"

His face is dark and he comes towards me step by step.

Chapter 58 The black card

Frances Louis seems to be interrogating a prisoner.

I just come home late, but why does he stare at me every day like a strict parent? 'tis raining and I couldn't get a taxi, so I come back late."

I say dully.

My face still hurts. I want to go upstairs and take a shower and then apply the medicine. I haven't looked my face in the mirror, so I don't know how swollen my face is.

"You got off work at five thirty and it was not raining then." Frances Louis chuckles, but with an air of danger.

It's terrible that this man knows my schedule so well.

I can't say I went to Steven Song's house, so I lie, "I went shopping."

"What did you buy?" He looks at my empty hand and stretches out his right hand to me.

Does he want to push me to death?

I didn't go shopping. How could I give him the stuff I bought?

I roll my eyes to Frances Louis and say coldly, "I don't have money. I can't afford them." Frances Louis frowns. He grabs a black card from his coat and throws it to me.

"You can buy anything you like."

His movements are perfectly handsome. It is true that the most handsome moment of men is when they swipe their credit cards.

Not everyone can have a black card. Frances Louis's black card can at least overdraw a few million.

If only I could pay him back with this card.

I roll my eyes, and the next second, Frances Louis says quietly, "don't have any evil ideas. You are my Frances Louis's woman and can't be too shabby."

Oh, he is afraid that I would shame him.

I know he wouldn't take the card even if I gave it back to him, so I just take it. I don't want to spend his money, but what if I need it in an emergency? I want to be kind to myself in the future.

"Thank you, boss." I lift my face and smile sweetly at him, as conscious as a lover should be.

Now I finally understand that it is better to please someone as moody as Frances Louis.

“What happened with your face?” Frances Louis frowns and gently touches my face.

“Ahh...” I inhale and push his hand away.

“What happened?” His face becomes sullen again.

‘I accidentally burned myself when I drunk coffee.’

I don't want Frances Louis to know the truth, so I make up a lie.

But apparently such a clumsy lie could not deceive Frances Louis.

“You can burn yourself like this? Jane Noyes, are you being naive, or do you think I'm stupid?” But I don't want to tell him.

“Believe it or not.”

Then I go upstairs. Fortunately, Frances Louis doesn't follow me. After washing, I put some medicine on my face and go to sleep.

My face still feels very painful. I finally fell asleep after a long time. No sooner had I fallen asleep than there was a knock at the door.

“Who's there!” I shout at the door, “It's late at night! You want to die?!” “Frances Louis,” a clear and brief voice comes.

I wake up by the shock. I climb up from the bed and open the door.

I am sleepy and dizzy. I completely forget that this is Frances Louis's house and there are only two persons, me and him.

Frances Louis stands in the doorway in his dressing gown, his strong, tight chest bare, mostly outside, which makes me swallow.

Frances Louis is a man with beauty, ability and he is single, which is a fatal attraction to women.

And I am just an ordinary woman.

“What?” I yawn, asking him sincerely.

I have such a good attitude because I just yelled at him. I hope he can let me go for the sake of my lovable attitude.

“Drink with me.” Frances Louis says and drags me upstairs.

But I can't drink! I get a wine rash when I drink, and that will kill me!

Upstairs is a large platform, the left corner is full of plants and flowers, the top, with more than half of the place, is planted with grapes. The grape season has passed and the vines are bare.

No moon tonight, but the stars are beautiful. It's nice to see the stars lying on the roof.

To my surprise, Frances Louis has refined interests.

Sitting at the little table, Frances Louis pours himself a glass of wine and drinks it to himself.

The wine he drinks is light golden. I thought it was champagne, but it smells sweet and fruity, which makes me almost drunk.

It smells so good.

Frances Louis chuckles and hands his wine glass to me.

'Its a wine I ask the winery to make specially. Would you like to try it? No drunk, no wine rash. I took the wrong wine. This wine is only suitable for women.'

I want to refuse, because it is too intimate to share a glass with Frances Louis.

But the appetite in the stomach is screaming for the wine. Somehow, I pick up the glass and drink it.

It tastes good. It's better than I thought.

It has a sweet, fruity taste and a hint of wine. They mix together and they taste good.

"Very good." I exclaim, and gulp down the glass without resistance.

'T'll get a one more.'

He says and go downstairs.

Two minutes later, he goes back holding another bottle of wine.

I am an ordinary people and don't know much about the wine. But what Frances Louis brought up, with such exquisite packaging, is estimated to be hundreds of thousand dollars for each bottle.

Frances Louis opens the red wine and pours it into a glass, sipping it.

He doesn't talk to me. I am bored and keep drinking the fruit wine. One after another, I have drunk more than half of the bottle.

My head is dizzy.

But I don't feel that I would have wine rash.

There are two Frances Louis in front of me.

'Didn't you say I wouldn't get drunk? Why do I feel dizzy? Have you drugged the wine?' I murmur, unconsciously leaning my whole body against Frances Louis.

I hear Frances Louis chuckle and he says to me, "do you think it is necessary for me to drug you? I said one drink won't get you drunk. Look how many you've drunk."

He makes me speechless.

Although I feel drunk, the wine wouldn't get me rashes, and it tastes so good that I couldn't help pouring another glass.

Or, it's because I feel sad. It is said that drink can drown sorrow. Recently there are so many disturbing things, I do not know whether they can be drowned out.

My family, Andrew Malan, and the 900,000 dollars I owe Frances Louis make me breathless. But it is the presence of Noah Jefferson that bothers me most.

He appears in my most vulnerable period, like a ray of sunshine shining into my dark life. I love Noah Jefferson, and even now I can still feel the crush when I see him. But I don't even have the courage to approach him.

'Frances Louis, do you know what it is like to love but not own?' I lean on Frances Louis's shoulder and suddenly ask him.

Chapter 59 Frances Louis you stupid i...

My head is pushed away fiercely.

Frances Louis's deep eyes are fixed on me, and his face is terribly gloomy.

The surrounding air freezes at once. Under the sharp eyes of Frances Louis, I feel like being cut by a knife.

Then I realize that I have asked a wrong question.

“Sorry, I drink too much.”

A cold wind blows away some of my intoxication. I stand up and step back, trying to get away from Frances Louis.

People say you can't touch a tiger's buttocks. I must have eaten the guts of an ambitious leopard to ask Frances Louis such a question.

“Stop.” Frances Louis commands in a low voice.

His eyes are so frightening that I have no other idea but to run. Instead of stopping, I take two more steps back.

Suddenly I trip on something. My body swings back uncontrollably, and I start to sweat when I see the scene behind me.

I don't know when I've retreated to the edge of the platform. This is the third floor, and if I fall, there's half a chance I'll die, and half a chance I'll be crippled.

Neither is what I want.

I close my eyes and wait in despair to fall, but my hand is yanked and my body leans forward into warm arms.

I open my eyes and meet Frances Louis's sharp eyes.

‘I told you to stop! Don't you understand?’ He questions me harshly.

Then I realize that he was asking me to stop because he was afraid that I would fall, not because he wanted to punish me. He didn't speak clearly, and I almost fell off.

'I thought you would beat me.'" I say with grievance.

His brows twist. He says to me with a dark face, "am I so frightening?"

So frightening. Of course, I don't say it out.

I clap my chest and say, "I'm scared to death. I want to go back to have a sleep."

Then I flee away.

Once I get back in the room, the first thing I do is take out my phone and send a twitter message.

'Frances Louis you stupid idiot! You scare me to death!"

Mindy Sue gives me the first tags.

I look at the time. One O clock in the morning. From what I know of her, she stays up so late and must be too excited after sex.

"What Frances Louis? What happened with you and Frances Louis?"

Mindy Sue sends me a message.

I know I can't hide it anymore, so I have to cut it short and tell Mindy Sue.

'Jane Noyes, are you crazy? Why messed up with Frances Louis? You can come to me if you're in trouble, and I'll ask David Gibbs to help you."

"Mindy, David Gibbs is your boyfriend, not mine, and he has no obligation to help me. Besides, this is the trouble caused by Frank Noyes, so it is better that I solve it by myself. Now things have already been like this, there is no point in saying more."

The dialog box shows that she is typing, but after a few minutes, there is only one sentence from Mindy Sue.

‘Jane Noyes, I will always be your strong support, if Frances Louis bullied you, I will not let him go.’

I answer her “Thank you.” But I want to laugh. There is no bullying between Frances Louis and me. He is my patron, not my man. I don’t have the right to reason with him

However, what Mindy Sue said warms my heart.

The phone vibrates twice. It is a Twitter message.

Someone leaves me a message.

His name is simple but powerful

Frances Louis.

Chapter 60 In the doghouse

His message is as simple as him.

Only one word

“Yes.”

Followed by a question mark.

I could feel the dangerous look in his eyes and the chillness even across the screen.

I am scared and drop my phone.

Frances Louis has twitter?

And he follows me?

I don't care whether he follows my account or not. How could he see this twitter! Isn't he drinking? Why is he playing twitter now?

'I am dead! I am so dead!'

I jump out of bed and pace back and forth, wondering how I would explain to him.

My head becomes dizzy and I couldn't figure out a way to explain. Or I can just delete the twitter.

Even if he wants to pick on me, there's no proof, and I can just deny it.

After comforting myself, I lie down again and go to sleep uneasily.

Early next morning, when I hear a knock at the door, I bounce out of bed.

What happened last night keeps playing back in my mind. I feel cold in the back as I thought of Frances Louis's eyes.

I force myself to open the door and meet Frances Louis's cold face.

'I have to go out for two days.'

Then he leaves.

He didn't ask me about last night? Feeling relieved, I watch him leave. I wash up happily and prepare to go to the office after eating.

Noah Jefferson calls as soon as I cook well.

'Jane Noyes, tomorrow is the weekend, I have bought the movie tickets in the afternoon at three o'clock, shall we see it together?'

"No. I want to sleep late in the weekend." I refuse him.

'Don't stay at home all day long. It's good to go out and get some fresh air. At night, there will be a lot of fireworks in the pedestrian street. It's very beautiful.'

I like fireworks best. That fleeting gorgeousness makes me unable to resist.

But I never told anyone that I like fireworks. How did Noah Jefferson know? But I wouldn't say yes to Noah Jefferson just because of the fireworks.

'Jane Noyes, if I'm putting too much pressure on you, we can start as friends. We can see a movie as friends. You wouldn't turn me down, would you?'

Hearing what he said I would be so ruthless if I say no again.

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow." I hang up and go to work after breakfast.

'Jane Noyes, I think you'd better stop being my assistant. From now on, you don't have to drive me to work or cook for me.'

Steven Song stares at me and says seriously.

I am stunned and ask him sheepishly, "What happened? Did I do something wrong?"

Or it is because of my relationship with Frances Louis that I can't work with him. After all, not everyone can accept such a shady relationship.

If Steven Song fires me, where am I going to find such a good job? "You think too much." Steven Song chuckles and continues to say, "I'm not going to fire you. I can see your talent. The belt you designed have been pre-ordered before it comes on the market, and now y the

next batch is being processed. You are very talented, and I don't want to delay your career with all those complicated things. You should do what you love."

Steven Song's words make me moved.

Yes, he knows me. He knows what I really want to do.

Design has always been my dream. I will be happy if I can realize this dream. When designing the belt, he insisted that I am the main designer, which makes most chief designers unsatisfied. But in the end, I proved myself with my work.

"Thanks, Steven Song." I say to him smilingly and pack up my stuff happily.

'Don't thank me. We are friends.'" Steven Song says casually, then he supplies, "But I can't give you a high position, you can go to No. 1 Design Group and under the command of Nicole Snow."

Nicole Snow, this name makes me nervous.

Nicole Snow is the company's lead designer. After the belt incident, she has never given me a kind look in the office. If I work for her, I would definitely suffer a lot.

But I didn't refuse.

First of all, I don't want to get special treatment for my relationship with Steven Song, and secondly, Nicole Snow is a really talented designer. She has won a lot of awards in the world, and I can learn a lot from her.

"No problem. I will try my best and design something I like." After packing, I go downstairs to Design Group.

Design Group is at the same floor of my former Planning Group. When I pass Planning Group, everyone looks at me with curious eyes, waiting for a good scene.

'Isn't she the phoenix that flies up on the branch, how now fall into the doghouse now?' Some woman gloats.

"Haven't you ever heard a saying, to serve the king with beauty will not last long. She thought she can get the president's heart by his breasts and dirty tricks. Every woman has breasts.

Another woman wearing thick make-up agrees.

Then she squeezes her breasts.

She is wearing a low-cut, sexy dress, and as I walk past her, I saw her two nipples. I don't know who is

dirty.

I don't want to argue with them, I purse my lips and go to the design group.

"Are you a pig? my main draft has already done, I just ask you do some subsidiary design, and you can't do such simple things well, you trash! If you can't do your job well, just resign and go home. Don't stand here and offend my eyes!"

I walk in and Nicole Snow is scolding a colleague.

Her brows tighten as she sees me come in.

'I have told them I am full of hands, and they still send me such a bum! What the...'

I don't like being called a bum. I am not a genius, but I'm not worthless.

I smile politely at Nicole Snow and says, "if you don't want me here, I'll tell President Song." I turn and want to go. But Nicole Snow calls me.

“Stop! I tell you, don’t try to pressure me with President Song! If he didn’t get enough of you, how could you be exiled here?”

Nicole Snow’s thought is same as others’, which makes my heart sink.

I thought Nicole Snow was pure and lofty, but now she is just a worldling.

I don’t care what other people think of me, I say to Nicole Snow, “I will prove myself with my ability.”
Later, I realize that I am the one who is lofty, and that lofty almost ruins my whole life.

In the afternoon, Frances Louis suddenly texts me and wants me to go to Santos.

Then I receive the message of the book of plane ticket.

The plane flies at nine o’ clock in the evening, and the ticket has been bought. My money Lord calls, and I have to go.

After work, I go straight to the airport to Santos

To my surprise, as soon as I arrive at the airport lobby, I see Frances Louis standing out from the crowd.