

Desperate Time 81

Chapter 81 Whatever I did is wrong

“Where is he?”

I put down the bowl and get up from the bed.

‘The Moonlight Club.’

“He goes there to drink?”

I ask frowningly.

Wherever he goes, he should at least tell the family. He knows that our parents are so worried about him.

“No, worse than drinking.” Frances Louis looks at me, he seems hesitating to tell me the truth.

Now I am worried.

“He drinks and fights with others?”

It’s not impossible thinking of Frank Noyes’s impulsive temper.

‘Darn it, he’d better not get into any serious trouble. I won’t give him money no matter how big the problem he gets into. Remember, you mustn’t give them any money, not a cent.’

‘He takes drugs.’ Frances Louis’s words like a bolt from the blue.

I don’t know how to react.

Frank Noyes grows up disobedient, but I never thought he would take drugs.

‘Bring me there.’ I go to The Moonlight Club with Frances Louis. We find the unconscious Frank Noyes in a corner.

I’ve heard about The Moonlight Club before, which is the messiest place in whole Virginia. The high and low are mixed together.

There is a cash folded into a strip in front of Frank Noyes.

I have seen it on TV, and I know what it is.

People who take drugs forgets everything; they don’t even remember their names.

I see the ice bucket on the table, and without thinking, I lift it and pour the ice over his head.

“What are you doing!”

Luckily, Frank Noyes wakes up. He glares at me. His eyes are red and he seems having lost his mind.

Of course, he wouldn’t treat me better when he is sober.

“Frank Noyes, go home with me!”

I drag him out. We attract many eyes from the corner to the door.

But people only glance at me briefly and then fall their eyes on Frances Louis.

Frances Louis drives me all the way to my apartment.

'Please wait here, I will come out soon.'" I say to Frances Louis.

I don't know what I would face after stepping into that door. There is something I don't want Frances Louis to see.

I don't want him to see that my life is a mess.

However, like not hearing what I said, Frances Louis follows me into the door.

"What are you doing here, your brother..." my mother sees me and gets ready to yell. She changes the color of her face as she sees Frank Noyes behind me.

'Frank, where have you been? No matter where you go, you should tell us. Otherwise, we will worry about you. Your father and I didn't sleep last night. Now you are back, as long as you come back safe and sound. But why are you so wet? Did you fall into the water?'

"She poured me with a bucket of ice!"

Frank Noyes turns and points at me, his eyes full of hate, but his body is falling on my mother. It is obvious that drugs are still controlling his body.

"Why did you do that? How can you pour ice on him?" My mother's tone is more conciliatory than usual, but the words are still chilling.

I think it's because Frances Louis is here that she doesn't dare yell at me like she used to.

At that moment I felt it right for Frances Louis to come in with me.

I sneer, "you'd better ask your precious son, what did he do after running out."

"What can he do? The worst he could do is drinking." My mother says disapprovingly, pushing Frank Noyes toward the bathroom. "Take a shower first, and don't catch cold."

She is so distressed before her son catch a cold. I had a fever of 40°C for Frank Noyes, but nobody asks. Frances Louis looks at me meaningfully.

Perhaps he is feeling sorry for me. But the last thing I need is sympathy.

‘He takes drugs! Your most precious boy takes drugs!’

Hearing what I said, my mother falls back unconsciously. Luckily, my father holds quickly so that she doesn’t fall to the ground.

When she gets her consciousness, the first thing she does is scolding me.

“Would your brother be like this if it weren’t for you? If he had a good job and a girlfriend, he wouldn’t be like this. He lost his job and felt frustrated, he can only find some ways to ease the sadness! It’s all your fault! You haven’t solved his problem for so long! It’s you who ruined your brother!”

I stand there, looking at my mother’s face, suddenly it feels strange.

The mother who loved me when I was a child is gone. Whatever Frank Noyes did, she can find a thousand excuses for him.

But whatever I did is wrong.

I also feel embarrassed that Frances Louis has seen all of this.

“Yes, she can’t do anything well. She can’t solve his problem.” Frances Louis, who has been standing by without speaking, suddenly opens his mouth.

“Since she can’t do anything well, then she won’t do it. From now on, Jane Noyes has nothing to do with you, and Frank Noyes has nothing to do with her. Stay at home and wait for the lawyer’s letter.”

Then, Frances Louis pulls me out without looking back.

Chapter 82 Jane Noyes, you are funny.

It is only at the door that I finally realize what has just happened.

Did Frances Louis avenge for me?

We get into the car. I still feel impossible for what happened.

Why Frances Louis speaks up for me? He was mad at me before.

My parents rush out and apologize to Frances Louis, "We're sorry, Mr. Louis. We didn't mean that. Please forgive Frank. Now Jane Noyes is yours, we're family..."

'Jane Noyes is not a commodity, and you and I are not a family. You will pay for bullying my woman.'  
Frances Louis gives them no opportunity to speak and drives off.

Does this mean that I can finally get away from that family?

But why am I not happy at all?

At least, I thank Frances Louis truly in my heart.

"Thank you, Frances Louis."

I look over at him and thank him sincerely.

"You are my woman. Nobody can bully you except me."

His words make my heart warm.

I even think in my mind: If I am really his woman, his only woman, that's not a bad thing.

'Frances Louis, I have a question. There are so many women around you, why do you choose me? I'm not pretty nor special.'

If there must be something special of me, that would be I divorced as a virgin.

But it's easy for Frances Louis to find a virgin. Why does he choose me, a divorced woman? The car slows down. He turns and looks at me with smiling eyes.

'The beautiful skins are all the same in this world, but the interesting souls are one in a million. Jane Noyes, you're funny.'

Funny? Well, I don't know.

What is Frances Louis's definition of funny?

'Are you kidding me? I don't think I'm funny. If you like something funny, go and find a comedian, that will make you laugh every day.'

Frances Louis gives me a cold look and says nothing.

I don't dare to talk. I sit on my seat obediently.

The quarrel between him and me is over now. As for Noah Jefferson, we all chose not to talk about him.

I don't know whether Frances Louis has moved on or he is too lazy to speak to me.

I am happy and feel easy that he doesn't talk to me.

The next morning, I go to work with a refreshing sprit. On entering the office, I encounter Nicole Snow's sullen face.

“Where did you go yesterday? You know how busy I was without you at work? Absenteeism for no reason, be careful to deduct all your salary.”

“You have no right to deduct my salary, and it’s not absenteeism. I asked Mr. Song for leave.” I explain to Nicole Snow.

Yesterday I asked Frances Louis and he said that he had asked Steven Song for leave for me.

“You think I will believe you? Don’t fool me around using your relationship with Mr. Song.” Nicole Snow gives me a disdainful look, clearly misinterpreting what I mean.

“You can ask me in person.” Steven Song’s voice comes from behind and manages to stop Nicole Snow’s mouth.

She glares at me unwillingly, greets Steven Song respectfully, and goes off to work.

‘Jane Noyes, come up, I have something to talk to you.’

Steven Song’s words make everyone pay attention to me. I could tell by those looks that they must think that Steven Song and I are going to do something indescribable.

How mean they are!

But I never care what other people think. I’m an honest and upright person. I don’t care what other people think of me.

‘How are you? Can’t get off bed because Frances Louis treated you so rudely?’ Steven Song looks at me with a smirk, as playful as he used to be.

“You think too much.” I roll my eyes to him and say angrily, “Frances Louis and I quarreled, then my brother disappeared. I thought it was Frances Louis who took him away, so I waited at his door all night, and then I had a fever. It’s nearly 40°C, which almost burned me to death.”

“What a pity! I thought there was a good scene between you two.”

The look of disappointment on Steven Song’s face makes me want to punch him.

“You want me to come up, not just for asking about me and Frances Louis, right?” I ask.

“Of course not.” He shakes his head and says to me, “I’ve called you here because I need your help.” He suddenly becomes mysterious. Not only he closes the door, but also draws the curtains.

He arouses my curiosity.

“What?”

“There is a corporate spy in our company. Keep an eye on who it is.”

Chapter 83 You don’t know the worries...

“Corporate spy?” I stare at him, feeling difficult to digest the news.

I don’t think I can take this huge responsibility.

‘I am sure, but I don’t know who it is yet. Our company’s new product to be launched next month was brought to market early by the rival company. The design and materials are the same as ours, so there must be an inside spy. And, it must be in the design department. Because the design department has the first-hand knowledge of the design.’

Steven Song’s expression is very serious, which makes me understand the seriousness of this matter.

But I don’t think I can take this huge responsibility.



'I have never met this before. Will I be murdered if the spy finds out that I am investigating on it?'

The thought of scenes from the old TV series makes my scalp tingled.

"You think too much. All you have to do is try your best to pay more attention, I'll do the dangerous things." He taps me on the shoulder as a sign to relax.

But I am so nervous.

"Why me? I know nothing, and I am not familiar with other co-workers."

'Because in this company, you are the only one I trust.'

His sincere eyes make me feel that he really believes in me.

He's the second friend I can confide in, besides Mindy Sue. He has helped me a lot since I met him.

I value friends, not because he is my boss, I should help him as a friend.

"All right. I will help You. But I can't guarantee that I will find out who it is."

On my way out of Steven Song's office, I bump into his new assistant.

When I go downstairs, I feel something strange, but I could not tell what it is. People in the same elevator also look at me strangely.

When I go into the office, May Wilson sees me and purses her lips disgustedly.

"Someone cheats and forgets to wipe her mouth, for fear that no one knows what she did."

May Wilson is Nicole Snow's assistant. They sing the same tune. It's not surprising that she doesn't like me. But I can't bear her humiliation.

"Pay attention to your words. Who cheated? Be careful, or I will sue you for libel!" I say to her in a cold voice.

She snorts, pointing at my breasts.

"You are the one who did something shameful. How dare you yelling to sue me? Your shirt is unbuttoned.

It's obvious that you want to show off your relationship with Steven Song."

Shirt? I look down and see that the second button of my shirt is open. I quickly button it up.

I think it was Steven Song's assistant who knocked my button open. No wonder people look at me strangely in the elevator.

That's so embarrassing!

I felt tight when I wore this shirt before. These days, thanks to Frances Louis's "hard work", my breasts become D cup, no wonder the shirt can't cover up.

I smooth down my shirt and walk in front of May Wilson, deliberately shaking my breasts in front of her.

Then my button pops off again.

I button my shirt calmly, look at her "airport", and say proudly, "Sorry, big boobs. How can you "airport" knows the worries of having big boobs?"

Then I swagger past May Wilson. After walking away for miles, I could hear her gnashing her teeth behind.

I can't tackle with this kind of person politely, or she would turn her nose at me.

I can suffer in my own family, but I can't suffer outside.

'Import all these drawings into the computer and there can be no mistake.'

In the office, Nicole Snow throws me a pile of paper.

There are hundreds of design drawing. If I want to import them into the computer, I need to scan first, then convert the format and modify the picture. It's a little complicated.

'I have to go to the shopping mall for investigation. Give it to me at work tomorrow. I need it for a meeting.' Then Nicole Snow goes out with May Wilson.

May Wilson gives me a triumphant look.

Of course, she'll be happy. It would take me two to three days to finish this job. If she needs them tomorrow, I think I'll have to work late into the next morning. Even this, however, I don't think I can finish it.

Although I know Nicole Snow is making things difficult for me, I treat all my work seriously and get down to do it.

At noon I have a bread for lunch. After work, I still stay in the office to work.

All the drawings have been imported into the computer and half of the drawings have been modified. I check the time and it has already been eight o'clock.

Frances Louis calls.

“Why are you not home? Where are you?”

He sounds not polite. Maybe he thinks I am with Noah Jefferson. I have my hands full today! How could I have spare time to think other things!

‘I am working at company. I just finished half of my work.’ I heave a sigh of relief.

“Go home and cook for me.”

Then Frances Louis hangs me up relentlessly.

Such domineering landlord will not care whether we peasants live or die.

Although I am dissatisfied with Frances Louis’s behavior, I get my purse and go home according to his commands. As for the rest, I shall do it after dinner. I’m starving. I can’t work myself to death.

The meeting is tomorrow afternoon, so it’s okay if I give the drawings to Nicole Snow a little later.

When I get home, Frances Louis is lounging on the sofa, playing with his phone.

Seeing I come back, he commands, “I am hungry, cook for me.”

With so much work to do, I simply cook two dishes for dinner, and it only takes me half an hour.

Luckily, Frances Louis doesn’t say anything and eats all up.

After washing the dishes quickly, I take the computer to the room to get ready for work.

Frances Louis comes in and put his arms around my waist from behind.

He nibbles my earlobe and whispers in my ear.

“Have you ever heard ‘when one is fed and warmed, his sexual desires will come up’?”

Chapter 84 Don't worry, you got me.

What? Apparently, Frances Louis is turned on.

But I still have work to do. I can't let him upset my plans. If I didn't finish it today, Nicole Snow will make trouble for me tomorrow.

“No, I have work to do.”

I don't turn my head and say to Frances Louis coldly.

His arm on my waist, slowly going up, wantonly kneading my softness.

Damn him!

‘No... don't. I really...really...want...to work.’ I whisper softly and gasp, but my refusing words sound more like welcome.

‘I support you. There is no need for you to go out to work. And in what you have just said, I heard nothing but ‘really want’.’ With a smile, he quickens his hands and holds me up and throws me on the bed.

From the moment he falls on me, I couldn't think of anything else.

As the clothes off, he leads me up and down on the big soft bed, invading every inch of my body.

I cling to the sheets so as not to be swept away by the tide.

The computer screen lit on the desk seems to be calling me silently.

But no matter how anxious I am, I have to wait until Frances Louis finishes.

But this man's physical strength is amazing, he tortures me for nearly an hour and still doesn't want to stop.

"Frances Louis...You hurry up...I... still have work to do, the formats, photoshop...If it's not done...I...Ah..."

Before I could finish my words, Frances Louis thrusts himself forward, which takes my trembling body to the clouds.

Instead of slowing down, the man's movements continue for another shot.

"How dare you think about work. I will punish you for not paying attention."

It's true punishment.

It takes three hours before Frances Louis bursts in my body, then he lets go of me unwillingly.

I want to finish the work, but now I'm a fish on the chopping board, and I don't even have the strength to turn over.

I am so tired.

I will sleep for five minutes, then I will get up to finish my work.

But after I close my eyes, it is already eight o'clock in the morning when I open my eyes again.

I scream out of bed and want to slap myself.

Oh my god! Not only I don't finish my work, but also, I am going to be late!

I can't finish these things in the company for only one morning. I will die!

"What happened?"

The man asks lazily, stretching out his hand to embrace me into his arms, and kisses me again.

That place becomes hot and hard.

I'm not in the mood to enjoy the romance with him now. Had not he insisted on dragging me to have sex last night, my work would have been finished.

'It's all your fault! I didn't finish my work last night. Now I am going to be late, and all you think about is having sex!'

I try to push Frances Louis away but fail.

'Don't worry, you got me.'

He whispers, his body against mine. I already feel that if I don't get up quickly, I might not be able to go to work today.

"Do you believe I will kick you off bed again?!"

Frances Louis is stunned. Taking advantage of this gap, I get out of his arms, quickly dress myself, take the computer and run out.

Being afraid of being late, I don't have breakfast and take a taxi directly to the company.

When I enter the gate of the company, it is 8:59, one minute to be late.

Nicole Snow is already in the office. May Wilson sees me and snorts, "Someone regards herself as the President's wife. She comes to work just on time."

May Wilson and I had a quarrel yesterday. It's not surprising to hear her sarcasm.

"Whoever she is, if the work is not done, she will take the consequences."

Nicole Snow walks toward me with a sullen face. She stretches out her hand, "Did you finish what I asked you to do yesterday? I need it for the meeting this afternoon."

"There are still some places need to be refined. The meeting is at 3pm and I will give it to you before the meeting." I say guiltily.

"Need to be refined? I guess you haven't finished. You must want Nicole to be blamed on purpose."

May Wilson says and takes my computer away.

Chapter 85 Waste my emotions

May Wilson takes my computer away and gives it to Nicole Snow.

No!

Nicole Snow wouldn't let me go if she saw the unfinished drawings.

"The computer is my personal property. It's my privacy. You have no right to see it."

I try to get my computer back, but May Wilson stops me and I can only watch Nicole Snow open my computer.

I really regret why I didn't set a password for my computer and why I put folders on the desktop. Nicole Snow opens the folder and checks.



My heart lifts, like being sent to the execution ground.

But Nicole Snow frowns.

Somehow, I feel strange.

May Wilson might have noticed. She walks up and looks at the screen with Nicole Snow, then she yells at me, "What's wrong with you, Jane Noyes? Is it fun to lie when you've already finished the work but pretending not to do it yet?"

I go over and push them away. She is right. I really see the refined drawings on my computer.

All drawings are done.

And they are refined better than I do.

I can't get all drawings done while sleepwalking. All I can think is...Did Frances Louis help me with that? No wonder he tells me don't worry. It turns out that he has done everything for me.

Did he stay up last night to help me finish the work?

I am a little moved by him.

Frances Louis does not seem as cold as he shows. He must stay up all night for me.

'Jane Noyes, you think it's funny?' May Wilson adds, seeing that I keep silent.

I don't expect things would turn out like this. I was almost afraid to death!

It's luck for me to spare this crisis. I can't tell them truth, "I have a high requirement for my work, so I want to check it again before handing out."

'Do it quickly.'

Nicole Snow says with a cold face, and goes back to her office.

I can tell from her face that she reluctant to admit that I did all job perfectly. May Wilson also goes back to her seat and rolls her eyes to me.

I close my computer, then go out to call Frances Louis.

"You want to thank me?" Frances Louis's voice is lazy, with a light smile.

'I didn't expect you would finish all work for me. Thank you, Frances Louis, for staying up all night for me.' I feel embarrassed thinking that I said I would kick him out of bed.

"Stay up all night? You don't expect me to do all this work myself, do you? Jane Noyes, I have plenty of staff."

My mouth twitches.

I forget that Frances Louis is a company's president.

I am so naive to think that Frances Louis would stay up all night for me.

'But don't let anyone else know that I got someone to do the drawings for you. They are your company's drawings, and if anything goes wrong, you'll get into trouble.'

Frances Louis is right. If someone else knows that I asked the staff of Frances Louis's company to help me do the drawings, it would be very likely that I would be charged with corporate spy.

I don't want that.

"Ok, I know." I hang up and go back to the office. I collate the materials and give them to Nicole Snow.

Nicole Snow's face has been sullen all morning, but I am in a good mood. The worse she looks, the better I'm doing my job.

Although, it's not me who did the job.

At noon, the front desk calls and says I have a visitor. It is a woman.

A woman? Who is she?

I go downstairs in doubt and see the figure standing in front of the company.

It looks familiar.

'Excuse me, you want see me?' I ask politely.

The woman turns and smiles to me.

Chapter 86 The unique

She is Frances Louis's sister.

I saw her once last time with Lawrence Jordan.

She is the same dress as last time, cheongsam with high heels. But she changes another cheongsam.

She really likes cheongsam.

'My sister-in-law, nice to see you!'

She calls me her sister-in-law, which scares me a lot!

Being afraid that others would know of my relationship with Frances Louis, I hastily put my hand over my mouth and pulls her into a corner.

‘Please don’t call me that! I am not your sister-in-law. My relationship with Frances Louis can’t be exposed in public.’ I tell her.

Actually, I can accept this relationship calmly. But I still feel lost when I mention it to others.

‘I say you are my sister-in-law, then you are my sister-in-law.’

She takes my hand to go ahead liberally. She says casually, “Jane, you haven’t had lunch, right? I got something and need your help. Let’s talk about it over lunch.”

In fact, when the front desk found me, I was eating. I put my fork aside and come down hearing someone is looking for me.

She is a rich lady, but not pursuing fancy restaurants blindly. She keeps asking me which restaurant is good nearby.

“Two hundred ahead, there is a tacos van, which tastes very good. It’s just that the environment is a little...”

Messy...

Before I finish, she nods and says, “Yes, yes, I like tacos the most.”

After ordering, she says, “Jane, I know you are a designer. Today I come to see you because I want you to design a pair of rings for me, a unique pair of rings.”

A pair of rings?

I am confused.

“You are with Lawrence Jordan?” I ask.

She purses her lips, “Not yet, but he won’t get away from my hand.”

Seeing her confident expression makes me want to laugh. The girl in front of me looks so full of energy, that’s what a young girl should look like.

And my heart has grown old.

“What’s your name?” I ask.

‘Silvia Louis.’ She says sweetly.

Her sweet smile brightens my heart. From the first moment I saw her, I thought she was cute.

“Why you keep looking at me?” She asks me with twinkles in her eyes.

‘I am thinking that you are cuter than Frances Louis.’

“Sure I am.”

We have a long conversation, and she tells me a lot about she and Lawrence Jordan. I am deeply impressed by how much courage it takes for her to chase a man from her tens to her twenties.

We finish our tacos. I promise her that I will try my best to design the rings, but I can’t guarantee the result.

It's almost 2 o'clock. After saying goodbye to Silvia Louis, I am getting ready to go back to work when I get a call from my mother.

There are some calls you really don't want to take, but you have to take. My mother's phone is one of them.

I sigh and pick up the phone.

'Jane, come back now! Your brother is addicted to drugs, and neither I nor your father can control him.' My mother is almost crying. I am softhearted again.

But thinking of what happened several days ago, I still can't let it go. And Frances Louis helped me get away from that family, if I become softhearted again, everything would be back to square one.

'I don't know what to do. You can send him to a rehab.' I force myself to ignore them and say coldly.

'I can't watch Frank in so much pain. How about you bring some money and we can solve the immediate problem?' My mother says anxiously.

Suddenly I get her point.

She is crazy!

She makes me give Frank Noyes money to take drugs! Does she know what she's doing? 'I don't have money. All you can do is to send him to the rehab.'

'If you don't bring money back, you will see my corpse!' My mother says toughly.

'Stop! Do as I say. I can't fill this bottomless hole.' Then I hang up the phone.

I think my mother is just threatening me until I get a call from the hospital.

Chapter 87 He is really mad.

Without asking for leave, I rush out of the office, stop a car on the road, and head for the hospital.

I am so nervous and tears keep falling down for my face.

How could that happen?

I thought my mom was just bluffing me, but who knows, she actually jumped off from the balcony!

They live on the third floor. It's not fatal, but my mother is still in coma. The doctor says the situation is not optimistic.

I regret very much.

If I hadn't hung up, if I had brought the money back, this probably wouldn't have happened.

I rush to the ward and find my mother unconscious. My father sees me, he comes up and slaps me on the face.

'If you weren't so heartless, your mother wouldn't jump off?' My father's eyes are red with tears. He seems to have cried.

I cover my cheek and ask my father worriedly, "How's mom?"

'The doctors say there is congestion in her head and it is pressing on her main nerves. They can't do the operation. All we can do is resign herself to her fate. I'm also a doctor, and I know that means your mother may never wake up! We've worked so hard to raise you up, and now you won't give us a cent!'

My father says tremblingly. He is angry as well as being sad.

I want to explain and I know he won't listen to me.

In their eyes, no matter what I did is wrong. But now, we have no time to talk about who is right and who is wrong. I do have a responsibility for my mother's coma.

'I am sorry father. I am sorry.'

I walk to the sickbed in tears. Even though she is in a coma, my mother still frowns.

Anyway, I shouldn't be so ruthless. If I could have the time back, I wouldn't refuse her.

It's too late now.

I cry for a while, then I remember Frank Noyes's problem.

"Where is Frank Noyes?"

"At home, I tied him up with a rope. He couldn't run away. You stay here and watch your mother. I'll go and see him." My father sighs, his face haggard.

'Til go and see him.'

I suggest to my father and then walk out.

My mother's in a coma, and I can't help here. But if my dad goes back and sees Frank Noyes like that, he'll probably have a headache again.

I have a key for the apartment, so I open the door and go in.

There is a chair in the middle of the living room, but Frank Noyes isn't sitting there. The rope is untied and thrown aside.

How did he untie the rope, and now where is he?



Suddenly, I hear a rummaging sound in the room and the murmur of curses.

It sounds like Frank Noyes.

When I enter the room, I see Frank Noyes turn the room upside down.

“Fuck! Where is the money?!”

Frank Noyes curses.

Within a few days, Frank Noyes has lost a lot of weight and his eyes have sunk in.

I suspect that he is still taking drugs these days. He must get the money from my parents by all kinds of means. Now my parents have no money, and they come to me.

‘Frank Noyes, are you crazy? Mom’s in the hospital, and you’re still going crazy!’ I snap at him, feeling chilled by his appearance.

As soon as he sees me, Frank Noyes rushes over and grabs me by the neck.

‘Money! Give me money!’

He pinches me so hard that I almost pass out.

A drug addict is so terrible.

I remember I left my bag at the hospital and now I have no money. I paid the taxi with my phone.

‘I...I don’t take...’ I choke.

But Frank Noyes doesn’t believe me. He looks around, finds a knife, and puts it on my neck.

The cold blade presses against my neck, which makes my goose bumps grow.

It's a real sharp knife!

"You have no money, what about Frances Louis? He has a lot of money! Tell him to send money. Now! Or I'll stab you!"

He takes my phone and dials Frances Louis's number.

Chapter 88 To gain time

He calls Frances Louis and I can hear the other side of the phone clearly.

No body answers.

"Fuck! Why nobody answers?" Frank Noyes keeps calling.

Then the phone is picked up.

"Hello? Who is it?"

It's a woman who answers the phone.

I remember this voice.

Whitney Jordan

Is Frances Louis staying with Whitney Jordan?

“Are you Fran...”

Before Frank Noyes could finish, I grab the phone and throw it out the window.

In any case, I can't let Whitney Jordan know about my relationship with Frances Louis.

Or, Frances Louis won't let me go.

‘Jane Noyes, you bitch, give me money! Make Frances Louis give me money, or I'll stab you to death!’  
With my back to Frank Noyes, I couldn't see his face.

But what he says really sends a chill down my spine.

It's ridiculous that my own brother wants to stab me to death.

I force myself to calm down and tell Frank Noyes softly, “Frank, listen to me, don't be impulse. I have money, but I left it at the hospital. You can go to the hospital with me to get it. I will give you a lot of money.”

The knife is close to my neck and it could have cut through my skin at any moment. All I could do is try to calm Frank Noyes down and keep him from doing anything impulsive.

Behind me comes the sound of Frank Noyes sniffing. I feel as if a slimy liquid has dripped onto my shoulder. Thinking of Frank Noyes's movements, it must be his snot coming down on me.

Gross! Drug addicts can't control their bodies nor consciousness.

‘I'll kill you if you dare to lie to me! Go, go to the hospital and give me all your money! I will buy a lot of drugs from Big Head!’

“All right! I will give you all my money!”

Frank Noyes walks me out. He isn't completely out of his mind. He still remembers to put the knife down on my waist.

We get into the taxi. Frank Noyes sits next to me, like a couple stuck together.

I want to send out a distress signal to the driver, but I am afraid that I could not speak as fast as Frank Noyes's knife.

A drug addict will do everything to get what he wants.

He's holding the knife on the same place where Susan Felton stabbed last time.

I can't get a new injury when I haven't recovered from the old one.

The car arrives at the hospital quickly.

Frank Noyes and I get out of the taxi together and come to the ward.

My father sits inside, looking at mom with a worried expression. Maybe they had fights before, and he almost beat my mother to death.

But now the true love stands out in difficult times.

But for me, I would throw the true love away rather than take it.

"Where is money! Give me money!"

Frank Noyes yells at me, not looking at our mother.

He is loud and the others in the ward look at us strangely, but Frank doesn't care.

"Frank, why are you here?" Feeling confused, my father gets up and walks this way.

I am afraid that Frank Noyes would suddenly go crazy and attack my father. I say to him, "Dad, Mom's saline solution is almost finished. Go and tell the doctor."

My father takes a look at my mother and then goes out.

"The purse is on the night table." I point at the purse. Frank Noyes rushes over like a hungry wolf.

I don't have time to care about my money, so I quickly wink at the patient's family next to me and whisper to him with my lips, "911."

The man understands what I mean. He stands up and goes out.

I hope he is calling the police.

"Fuck! Only two hundred dollars?! You work at a great company, that's what you have? Two hundred dollars?!"

Frank Noyes opens my purse and turns to glare at me.

"I haven't had time to get the money. It's all in my bank card." I say calmly.

All I need to do now is to gain time.

Chapter 89 I need his greed.

"Go and get your money now! There is an ATM at the door. I saw it when I came in!"

Frank Noyes presses one hand against my shoulder and the other, still holding the knife to my waist.

I can only follow him out to the ATM.

We walk out and nobody notices the different.

Maybe they just feel that we walk too closely in public. But who will know, the crisis is hidden under harmonious surface?

I withdraw money slowly and count time secretly.

On the way, I saw a police station about one kilometer from the ATM. The police would be here by now I nothing goes wrong.

“How much do you need?” I turn around and ask Frank Noyes.

‘Don’t waste time, withdraw as much as you have!’ he says impatiently.

I obey his command and sigh of relief.

I need his greed.

I have more than seventy thousand dollars in my bank card, and the ATM can only withdraw three thousand dollars once. It would take a long time to withdraw all of them.

Frank Noyes robs every time I withdraw the money and he counts it greedily.

By the fifth time, I could see out of the corner of my eye that there are several policemen coming this way.

Frank Noyes is still counting the money, so he doesn’t notice.

“Here.”

I give the money to the policeman who come in. The police understand in an instant and tackles Frank Noyes to the ground.

Frank Noyes what happened and snaps at me, “Jane Noyes, you called the police. I’m not going to let you go!”

“Officer, this is my brother. He gives away company trade secrets, he takes drugs, and tries to hurt me with a knife. Take him away.”

It pains me that my brother has become like this. But I know that there is no use to feel sorry for him.

He needs a strong lesson to wake him up.

The police take Frank Noyes away and give me the money back.

I go back to the ward to take my purse.

“Where is Frank?” My father asks me.

“Your son tries to kill me with a knife, and I called the police.” I say coldly, and go out.

“What? It’s not enough for you to make your mother jump off the building. Now you want to kill me! Frank is the only son I have. How can you ruin him?”

My father’s words break my heart again.

I thought I didn’t care anymore, but it is chilling to hear him say so.

I turn to him, “It isn’t me who ruins him. It is you. Your indulgence makes him have no basic ability to distinguish right and wrong, so he has made mistakes again and again. Now he is incurable. You all know in your hearts why he has become like this, but it will be easier for you to lay all the blame on me.”

“You say you are penniless and you drive me to death every time. But now mother is in hospital, where is the money coming from?”

My father stops saying, looking at me with complicate expression.

I take out the money from my purse and give it to him. I tell him in a cold voice, "This is thirty thousand dollars. This is the last money I give you money. No matter what happens in the future, I will not care. Take good care of yourself and take good care of mom. As for Frank Noyes, let him learn his lesson, only by which can he grow up."

My father wants to say something, but he doesn't open his mouth.

I go back to the office and face another barrage of abuse.

I'm in a bad mood and don't want to argue with them.

Nicole Snow probably feels bored to pick on me. She goes away to focus on her own business. I have nothing to do in the afternoon. I look at the pictures on my computer and wonder how I could design something elegant and chic.

These pictures were taken during my last visit to Santos. I am so lucky to have a backup in my computer.

Otherwise, I lost my phone and everything would be ruined.

After work, I am going to buy a new phone before go back. When I get to the door of the company, I see Frances Louis's car.

Chapter 90 She wouldn't know.

My colleagues in the company are almost gone, so I consciously get in Frances Louis's car.

"Why don't you answer the phone?" Asks Frances Louis faintly.

"You come to me for this?" I ask Frances Louis.

I am considering whether to tell Frances Louis what happened this afternoon.



I can't get over how crazy Frank Noyes looked today.

Would Frances Louis be worried if I told him? Would he blame me for going back to my family again? After thinking for a while, I decide to not mention to him.

There is no point in telling him because it is all over.

"Answer me." Frances Louis says in a low voice impatiently.

I know if I don't answer him, I would definitely make him angry, so I lie, "I accidentally broke the phone, I am going to buy new one."

Frances Louis, without any doubt, takes me directly to a mobile phone store and buy me a new phone.

I am wondering if he knows the call that Whitney Jordan got earlier.

Thinking of our underground relationship, I need know all information on both sides, so I ask Frances Louis, "I called you this afternoon. Your wife answered."

If Whitney Jordan is very suspicious, she will definitely find out about me, and that would be serious.

"I know, she asked me."

What Frances Louis said makes my heart beat fast.

"What she asked?"

My heart almost jumps out of my throat. I still remember Whitney Jordan's terrible personality. When the critical moment comes, will Frances Louis tell the truth, or will he save himself and rat me out?

I don't know. This uncertainty makes me nervous.

'Don't worry. I don't have your number. I told her someone must have dialed the wrong number and she wouldn't know.'

I am relieved.

Frances Louis didn't sell me out, and Whitney Jordan probably couldn't find me.

We go home together. The moment I come in; I find an unexpected visitor.

A seventy-year -old man is leisurely sitting on the sofa reading newspapers.

Is he...a thief?

Will a thief act so leisurely?

Until Frances Louis says lightly.

"Grandpa, why are you here?"

Grandpa?

He is Frances Louis's Grandpa?

'I come to see you. Who is she?' The old man stands up and looks up and down at me.

'Jane Noyes.'

Frances Louis answers lightly, trying to take me upstairs.

'I am not asking her name. What's the relationship between you?' His grandpa keeps asking.

'The relationship you thought.'" Frances Louis says.

His grandpa follows up, drawing me away from Frances Louis, and says sharply to him, "Are you mad? Do you forget what kind of person Whitney Jordan is? Do you know what would happen if she found out?"

The grandpa's words make me realize Whitney Jordan's horrors. If she is just a spoiled daughter of a rich family, they wouldn't be afraid of her.

"She wouldn't find out." Frances Louis pulls me back again and takes me into the room.

"You are young. You don't know how crazy a woman can be."

His grandpa says behind us. It seems that he is saying to me. Then he sighs and goes downstairs. I look at Frances Louis. He looks not good.

I seldom go into Frances Louis's room.

I feel uncomfortable as soon as I enter this room.

I don't understand why Frances Louis suddenly pulls me into his room, to escape his grandpa? Frances Louis sits down on the bed, and looks at me seriously.

'Jane Noyes, I have something to tell you. Are you ready?'"