

Desperate Time 91

Chapter 91 You can't abandon your wife who shared hardships with you together

What could make Frances Louis look so serious in the world?

As an expressionless person in any situation, how come he is so serious now? "What happened?"

I ask him with my voice trembling. Although I don't know why I feel so nervous.

"Come here and sit."

He beckons to me to come over.

I walk over according to his commands and sit down beside him.

I usually behave myself in front of Frances Louis, except when he did something crazy.

Like before.

"You've met Whitney Jordan. What do you think?" He asks me suddenly.

I realize that he would talk about something concerning Whitney Jordan.

Does he want to end our relationship? I'd love that.

My joy is beyond expression.

'I think she is nice. She's prettier than me, nobler than me, classier than me. Your union is made by heaven! Why you stay with me? You'd better live your life with such a good wife.'" I ask a question that has haunted me for so long.

But I think what I said is ridiculous.

As a mistress, I suggest he go back to his family. I must be the only and most ridiculous mistress in the world.

Talent, appearance and background, I can't beat Whitney Jordan in any of them.

No, I got one.

My breasts are a little bigger than hers.

"You can't wait to leave me, right?." Frances Louis suddenly turns and asks me.

His eyes are so deep that my heart, which wants to say 'yeas', is suddenly afraid.

'Just tell me.'" I change the subject, "I am ready. Don't tantalize me."

"Whitney Jordan is a psychopath."

The understatement by Frances Louis comes as a bolt from the blue.

I look at Frances Louis blankly. It takes me a while to say, "Are you kidding me?"

I ask but I believe what he said. That's the only way to explain Whitney Jordan's unusual behavior.

'I wish I am kidding."

'The psychopath is not allowed to get married. She is a lady of a famous family, and they wouldn't violate the law deliberately. There is one possibility that she got ill after the marriage. You can't abandon your wife who shared hardships with you together. You can't abandon her because she has mental issues, nor

thinking about getting divorce. The relationship between us isn't right, and ending it early is your right choice."

I say to Frances Louis seriously.

But I don't feel good when I say it.

I have to admit that I have a very special feeling for Frances Louis. But I've been repressing myself, afraid to admit it. Until today, I found that he had carefully completed all my documents, and the hidden love finally breaks through its shackles and becomes clear.

But all I can do is keep suppressing it.

I hate being a mistress, and I don't want to destroy his family.

'Do you really think so?' Asks Frances Louis, frowning at me.

"Yes." I bite my lips, "But why is she mentally ill?"

'Her illness is all because of me.'

Because of Frances Louis?

I don't understand.

I want to ask more, but Frances Louis's phone rings.

He goes out to answer the phone, then he leaves.

Knowing such big news, I am disturbed. I also feel a little hungry.

I haven't seen the housekeeper since I've lived here. I think Frances Louis must have taken me for a cheap housekeeper.

Never mind, I need to eat something. I don't have time to argue with him.

As soon as I enter the kitchen, I see his grandpa stirring something in the pan.  
My sudden arrival frightens him.

He exclaims, and somehow the pot falls upside down and lays over the flames.  
The fire goes out in an instant.

"You scared me. Can you make a sound when you walk?"

His grandpa says to me angrily.

As people get older, they will be particularly bad-tempered. I don't want to quarrel with an old man, so I apologize to him.

His grandpa feels awkward to blame me and goes out of the kitchen.  
When he passes me, he suddenly stops and looks me up and down. Like he has known me for so long.

"Your name is Jane Noyes?"

Chapter 92 Suicide

Grandpa's stare makes me uncomfortable.  
I swallow nervously and reply honestly, "Yes, my name is Jane Noyes."

Has his grandpa met me somewhere before? Or he might have sensed something. Why else would he look at me like that?

Then he goes out.

He sits on the sofa in the living room, still looking into the kitchen from time to time. I feel a little uncomfortable so I close the door.

I always sense something is wrong in the kitchen, but I am too hungry to think twice.

I want to eat dumplings, so I take the flour out of the fridge, and begin to prepare.

As I knead the dough for a while, I feel dizzy and out of breath.

“When Frances comes back, tell him I’m gone.”

Grandpa says outside the door.

“Okay.” I hold the wall and answer with difficulty.

The kitchen smells terrible.

What’s the smell?

I try to keep myself awake. Suddenly I realize that grandpa was startled by me. He knocked over the pan, water spilled out and put out the fire, but the gas wasn’t turned off.

That’s why I feel so uncomfortable.

Breathing becomes more and more difficult, and I plod toward the gas stove.

My strength is running out. I lie on the ground and could not move a little.

It feels like the air in my lungs is being squeezed away, and I feel very sick.

But I am still awake.

The worse I feel, the more awake I am.

It seems that I am waiting for somebody. Deep in my thoughts, I believe that he will definitely come.

I can even hear the sound of a gas leak, it is so obvious why didn't I hear it before? And, why I closed the door?

I think I am going to die slowly and painfully.

Until Frances Louis's voice comes.

'Jane Noyes.'

I want to answer but my lips can't move.

Frances Louis calls my name several times, then everything goes quiet.

Does he leave?

I feel so helpless.

The phone vibrates in my purse. It's not loud. I wonder if Frances Louis can hear it.

A few seconds later, the door bursts open and Frances Louis rushes in.

I couldn't keep my eyes open, but I could feel him picking me up and putting me on the sofa.

At that moment my consciousness collapses and I pass out.

When I wake up, I am in the hospital, muzzled with an oxygen mask and tethered to an IV. Frances Louis is sitting by the bed, looking at me with a sullen face.

My survival makes me want to thank Frances Louis.

I can't even imagine, if it wasn't for him, I would be a cold corpse now.

"Why would you do that?" He asks in a low voice.

Even if my head is still a little dizzy, I could clearly tell that he is in a bad mood.

I just don't understand what he is talking about.

"What? What did I do?" I look at him with confusion.

'Its your own life, and you don't cherish it. I already know about your family. As long as I'm here with you, things will work out. You don't have to go to extremes.'" His eyes are full of contemptuousness for me.

Okay, he misunderstands. He thinks that I want to kill myself.

He thinks that I want to commit suicide because of my family.

"No, I didn't. It's an accident." I explain, "Because grandpa forgot to turn off the gas, and I didn't smell it because I have a stuffy nose these days."

"Grandpa?" Frances Louis asks with a frown, "Maybe it's the right choice for him to travel abroad now." Why did grandpa leave so quickly?

And I always think his attitude towards me is a little strange.

First, he treated me with coldness and hostility, then, he becomes a little conciliatory to me.

‘Jane, are you okay?’

A voice comes from the door. The alarm bell rings in my heart.

Chapter 93 Please stop talking

It’s Noah Jefferson.

He wears a hospital gown and his head is wrapped in gauze.

It seems that Frances Louis has taken me to the municipal hospital so that I happen to meet Noah Jefferson.

Frances Louis doesn’t like him. I hope nothing bad would happen.

And how do I explain Frances Louis’s existence to Noah Jefferson?

didn’t believe my mother when she said she saw you here, but it’s true! What happened? Why are you in intensive care?”

Noah Jefferson’s eyes are full of care.

‘I’m fine. Why are you here?’ I smile at him lamely and glance at Frances Louis.

He sits there with a poker face. I couldn’t read his mind.

Perhaps it is because Frances Louis is so quiet that Noah Jefferson doesn’t notice him and walks right up to me.

“You didn’t come to see me these days. I miss you so much.”



His words catch me off guard and make me gulp nervously. My mouth couldn't help twitching.

Please be mercy and stop talking.

I say to Noah Jefferson with a bitter face, "You were hurt so badly, you'd better come back to your ward and have a good rest."

Noah Jefferson looks at me with delight, "Are you caring about me? You should care more of yourself, little fool."

Once again, I look at Frances Louis, I see his brows frown and a faint smile on his lips.

A dagger must be hidden behind his smile.

I must let Noah Jefferson get out of here, or I'm afraid I'll be killed by Frances Louis the next second.

Noah Jefferson seems to notice my vision. He turns and sees Frances Louis, who is sitting there quietly.

"Who is he?"

He asks doubtfully, looking from me to Frances Louis, with guarded eyes.

Frances Louis doesn't answer, but looks at me as if expecting me to answer this question.

But what shall I say? How to explain it tactfully without angering Frances Louis?

But I am smart. I think for a moment and say to Noah Jefferson, "He is my boss."

It should be right for me to say so.

I look at Frances Louis, he doesn't object.

I am relieved, but suddenly Frances Louis stands up and comes over to Noah Jefferson.

"You are Noah Jefferson?"

Although it's a question, he asks with an affirmative tone.

With Frances Louis's skill, he could guess who Noah Jefferson is by simply observing him.

My just relieved heart is hung up again.

Damn it, no, Frances Louis, please no.

"Yes, I am Noah Jefferson, Jane Noyes's high school classmate." Noah Jefferson is calm and extends his hand to Frances Louis politely.

"Yes, Jane Noyes always mentions you."

Frances Louis smiles and, instead of handshaking, he comes towards me.

Noah Jefferson takes his hand back in embarrassment, his face full of surprise, "Jane, you mentioned me a lot?"

When did I mention him? It was Frances Louis who always forced me to talk about him! I want to refute, but I dare not refute What Frances Louis says. I don't know what he'll do if I annoyed him.

There are some things that I want to stop but I can't. Noah Jefferson seems in a good mood and speaks with me again.

"Jane, I've persuaded my parents. They aren't against us being together now. We can finally be together." The air pressure in the room drops two degrees in an instant.

Frances Louis's face grows darker.

If Noah Jefferson keeps talking, I doubt whether I'll see the sun tomorrow.

"I am tired. I want to sleep."

I close my eyes, hoping Noah Jefferson would get out of this mess quickly.

"All right, take a good rest. I will see you later."

Hearing Noah Jefferson's footsteps fade away, I open my eyes and feel relieved. I implore Frances Louis, "My boss, can I be discharged immediately?"

Chapter 94 No more entering the kitchen

Hearing Noah Jefferson says "I will see you later" makes me scared.

"Why?"

Frances Louis sits aside and looks at me smilingly.

He definitely knows why! He asks me on purpose to make fun of me.

"No reason. I just want to go home. Since I am all right now I'd better go home." "Home."

Frances Louis murmurs. He looks at me deeply and nods.

Soon, Frances Louis completes the discharge formalities for me.

Noah Jefferson doesn't show up before I leave. I feel so relieved.

Frances Louis's mood is uncertain and difficult to guess, so I dare not challenge his patience.

When I get home and see the kitchen, I am still scared.

"From now on, no more entering the kitchen."

Frances Louis says lightly.

"Then what do I eat? Takeaway? Or you cook for me?" I roll my eyes to Frances Louis.

It's just an accident, not a big deal. He can't be so extreme as to ban me from the kitchen!

He doesn't care because he can eat outside, but I'm in debt. If I don't save money, how can I be free soon?

"You have two choices. Eat out with me or I ask Betty to come back to cook." Betty? Is that housekeeper I met with on my first visit to his house?

Without thinking, I say to him, "I choose the second."

"Betty doesn't cook very well." He glances at me and says light.

I think Frances Louis may be out of mind.

He is rich. Why does he employ a servant who doesn't cook well?

I don't want to ask more questions about his life, so I purse my lips and say, "Although I'm not a noble lady, I have a very selective mouth. If I were to eat out with you, every meal would be expensive and delicious."

Frances Louis nods with satisfaction, waiting for me to continue.

“So, I choose latter.” I say slyly.

“You don’t want to eat out with me?”

Frances Louis draws closer to me, frowning. His eyes are full of dangerous breath.

Did I say something wrong?

“You know who I am. The less people know, the better. Don’t be too ostentatious. I am afraid your wife would know.”

I explain.

But my explanation seems not work for Frances Louis.

“Do you have a better excuse? Or you just don’t want to eat out with me?”

Frances Louis sees through my little thoughts, and I feel guilty.

I clear my throat and fawn on Frances Louis, “Of course not. Mr. Louis is so excellent. Lots of women queuing up to have dinner with you, I shall not have the chance.”

“But you are not them.”

Frances Louis puts his arm around my waist and we fall down on the sofa, and I lean against his chest.

I have been in close contact with him many times. I should have been used to it. But why is my heart beating so violently?

I could not even look Frances Louis in the eye.

“Jane, I have given the order that your brother is no longer held responsible for leaking trade secrets. I was going to spare him, but he hurt you and he should pay for that.”

Says Frances Louis, stroking my hair gently.

I am surprised, but it’s reasonable.

I know this day would come. For what Frank Noyes did, he should take responsibility.

I don’t blame Frances Louis for that.

In the beginning, I came to Frances Louis to plead for Frank Noyes. Now that the matter has been settled, does that mean I can leave Frances Louis?

My feelings are suddenly mixed. It’s not as easy as I thought, but a little depressed.

These days seem like a hopeless dream to me. Fortunately, I can finally wake up now.

“In that case, Frances Louis,” I say, rising from his arms and turning to stare at him, “let me go.”

Chapter 95 Let me go.

There is a long silence in the air.

Frances Louis looks at me with deep eyes that make me afraid.

It takes him a long time to squeeze several words from his lips.

“Jane Noyes, say it again.”

I take a few deep breaths and continue, "You know, Frances Louis, I had no choice but to come to you then. Now Frank Noyes has gone into jail, and there is nothing between you and me anymore. The mistake should be ended earlier. I still have a long way to go, but we are different, we don't belong to the same world."

am sober, and I don't want to haunt you forever. I know. You've always not been satisfied with me. So, it's time for me to leave."

As soon as I finish talking, Frances Louis presses his body against me.

His breath is fast and short. His eyes are almost on fire.

"You are so desperate to get away from me. Do you want to be together with Noah Jefferson? Believe or not, I could destroy him right now!"

My heart skips a beat.

Frances Louis is crazy!

"It has nothing to do with Noah Jefferson. We made a deal that as long as I accompany you, you can consider helping me solve the problem of Frank Noyes. Now the matter is settled, shouldn't we go our own ways separately?"

I argue with him. I am so angry and I don't care if I would get him annoyed.

"So, you want to walk your own way with Noah Jefferson?"

What?

Why does he always misunderstand me?

"If I hadn't been in the ward, you would have slept with him!"

The slapping sound rings in the huge room. I look at my numb hands, stunned.

Oh my god! I'm screwed.

I slapped Frances Louis. I will definitely die.

Frances Louis sneers, and his eyes grow colder.

I suddenly think of Andrew Malan. The first time he looked at me like this, the next second, he hit me to death.

Frances Louis is such a proud man. Will he kill me for slapping him? I am scared.

Why I was so impulsive?

"Jane Noyes, you force me to do this."

Frances Louis gets up from the sofa with a cold face, takes out his phone and makes a call.

"Look up Noah Jefferson, Jane Noyes's high school classmate, he seems to be a teacher. My aim is simple, to ruin..."

I jump up, snatch the phone from Frances Louis's hands and hang up quickly.

Frances Louis is really terrible. Just because I upset him, he turns his anger on Noah Jefferson. How could a man as good as Noah Jefferson bear this because of me?

No! Never!

I am so desperate. Because I know it clear what would happen if I beg Frances Louis.

"I am sorry. I was wrong. Please, please let Noah Jefferson go."



I plead in a low voice, no more of my former arrogance.

I can never piss Frances Louis off.

“How can you just leave when you owe me so much money? Now let me make sure, do you want to leave me or not?”

He smiles and takes the phone back gracefully.

Every word breaks my heart.

I can't leave or break free.

I have no right to end the game as long as Frances Louis does not stop it.

“I'll never mention leaving again until I pay you off.” I say. Frances Louis is assured and holds me upstairs.

I have never been so depressed.

No matter what Frances Louis does, I have no response at all.

I don't want to sink.

All I could think of now is to earn enough money as soon as possible and leave Frances Louis.

The man who is moving on me suddenly grabs my neck and snaps at me, “Don't like a dead fish, moan!”  
Then, another push.

To Frances Louis, I might be like a whore. I feel mortified to think so.

He keeps bumping against me, harder and harder.

Finally, my clenched lips loosen and I moan.

Chapter 96 What if I got pregnant

Frances Louis seems determined to torture me. He doesn't let me go all night.

Now I know that he was tenderhearted to me before.

His power is more amazing than I thought.

By the time it is all over, I am too tired to turn over.

But I have to go to work later. I am not a boss like Frances Louis. I would struggle to get to work even if I were to die.

I get out of bed, take a pill from the bedside table and swallow it.

This is the long-term birth control pills I have been taking, which I used to take behind Frances Louis's back. Now he knows, it doesn't matter for me to take pills in front of him.

Frances Louis suddenly comes over and pours all medicine in the drawer into the dustbin.

"Don't take it in the future." He says in a low voice.

I look at the pills lying in a pile of tissue and don't have the courage to pick them up.

"What if I got pregnant? I will buy medicines after work." I say quietly.

Frances Louis behaves so strangely. He doesn't like to wear a condom, and he doesn't like me to take medicine. The only way to avoid having a baby is to have a ligation.

"I said no is no. I will throw them away every time you bring back."

Says Frances Louis seriously. Then he goes back to bed and closes his eyes.

"You..."

I want to argue with him, but I am too tired.

He won't let me take medicine. I can only take it secretly. Or try to persuade him to wear a condom? I wash myself briefly and go to work.

Nicole Snow throws me some drawings and says these need to be modified. She asks me to redesign today.

Hundreds of drawings, almost half a year's work of the design department. How could I finish their six-month work in one day?

Obviously, Nicole Snow wants to make trouble for me.

"How could I finish this in one day? Even if you want to redesign, you should go to their original designer." I say to Nicole Snow coldly.

"The designer left last month and I would be leaking trade secrets if I gave it to him now. Everyone else is working on other projects. You are the most suitable person to do it." Says Nicole Snow.

It seems that I have no excuse to refuse.

I can understand the drawings, but I don't understand the designer's original design philosophy. I can only redesign drawings following my own ideas.

I come up with ideas very quickly, and soon the drawings are almost done.

I check the time. It's 4 pm. I can finish these drawings before getting off work.

I heave a sigh of relief, feeling a little elation and pride in my heart. Maybe I am born to be a designer.  
"Jane Noyes, take this file to the President's office for signature."

Nicole Snow commands me to do other things. I can only put down the drawings and go upstairs.

I stop at the door of the President's office.

Steven Song is lounging on the sofa, with a woman sitting on his lap, in a flirtatious manner.

It seems that they are going to do it next second.

Had it not been for Nicole Snow's insistence that this document is signed immediately, I would have gone away.

I really don't want to go in to face such an awkward scene.

I cough twice, tap on the door and say to the person inside, "I'm sorry, I don't mean to interrupt you.  
Please shut the door the next time you do it."

The woman jumps off Steven Song in a panic and turns her back on me as she smooths her clothes. I glance at her. She doesn't have full breasts. Steven Song's taste is so fresh?

Steven Song looks calm. He gets up from the sofa and smiles at me, "My little Jane, what brings you here?"

Little Jane?

Gross!

I get goosebumps all over.

The woman turns to look at me, surprised.

I know this woman!

Chapter 97 If you doubt my ability, y...

She is surprised, and I am more surprised than she is! She is Violet Sue!

Steven Song said he didn't like her, so why is he still having an affair with her here? Sure enough, men are not credible.

"Here you are, sign here." I curl my lips and hand the document to Steven Song, ready to go out after he signs.

Violet Sue looks at me nervously, probably because she spilled coffee on me last time and is afraid that I'd tell Steven Song.

Steven Song takes the pen, flipping through the document and signs.

"Did you sign it without looking at it carefully?" I ask, a little worried.

If Steven Song doesn't read and sign every document, he won't even know if the company was in deficit.

He rolls his eyes, "because it is given by you. And I skimmed through. It's all right. No problem."

Violet Sue says with sarcasm, "Steven, didn't you say you were going to fire this woman last time? Why is she still here?"

"You can go."

Steven Song says.

As I start to walk out with the file, Steven Song pulls me back, looks at Violet Sue and says, "I'm talking about you."

"What did you say? Steven, you want me to leave?" Violet Sue stares at him in disbelief.

Steven Song raises his eyebrow and understates, "Otherwise, who do you think I'm talking about?"

"I'll go back and tell your mother! Let's wait and see!" Violet Sue is so angry, she looks at me with more vicious.

As a valid shield, what I need to do now is smiling without a word.

"Please do tell her I am not interested in you at all. You must not come again; I have no interest in women with small boobs!"

Violet Sue, looking very embarrassed, stomps out of the office.

Before she leaves, she doesn't forget to glare at me.

I think Steven Song's humiliation goes too far.

Steven Song lounges back on the sofa and explains, "Don't get me wrong, Jane Noyes, that woman got on me and I didn't do anything."

“I almost believed you.” I say lightly. The corners of my mouth twitch.

I don't believe it because there are few men who can resist sexual seduction. Violet Sue doesn't have big breasts, but she's in great shape. She is exquisitely shaped with wasp-waist. Most of all, her face is pretty, all men will be tempted by her.

“It's true. When she came in, the first thing she said was ‘I don't believe that you have no feelings for me, you must be lying to me.’ I don't know why she is so confident. To reassure her, I told her that if she could get my body to react in five minutes, I would consider being her boyfriend. And then what you saw when you came in was she was proving herself.”

“You don't have to explain to me. However, if a beauty seduces and you have no reaction. There are only two possibilities. One is that your heart belongs to another woman, and the other is that you are impotent.

Which one is you?”

I give Steven Song a meaningful wink.

The conversation between us becomes easier and relax after we have been together for a long time. We are just like old friends, not like the boss and employee.

“If you doubt my ability, you can have a try.”

Steven Song says teasingly. I ignore him, roll my eyes and go downstairs.

I can't beat him with dirty jokes, so I'd better go.

After handing over the file to Nicole Snow, I go back to my desk to get back to work.

But no matter how I search, I couldn't find the drawings. They were there before I went upstairs, just a few minutes. Where did they go?

## Chapter 98 Partners in crime

I look all over the table, even under it, but I couldn't find the drawings.

It's not windy today. It's impossible for drawings to fly away.

After a few minutes, Nicole Snow will ask me for the drawings, and if I couldn't give them to her, she's going to make trouble for me!

Speak of the devil and she will appear.

Nicole Snow comes up to me and holds out her hand.

"Where are the drawings? Give them to me."

I freeze and say to her in embarrassment, "I can't find them."

"Can't you find them or have you lost them? Or you gave them to someone else!"

Nicole Snow looks at me suspiciously, like I'm a spy.

"I really can't find them. They were here before I went upstairs. But when I came back, I couldn't find them anywhere." I explain.

I look around at my colleagues, hoping someone testify for me. After searching for a while, I give up.

The people here, except Nicole Snow's running dogs, are cowards. Nobody will help me.

"You think I'm three years old? How can you lose such important drawings? Do you know how much the company would lose if they were leaked?"



Nicole Snow's voice rises up as if she wants to tell everyone about it.

But what is not done is not done. If she has to frame me up, I wouldn't give in so easily.

"I have reasons to suspect that you have taken away the drawings. After all, you have always disliked me.

It is possible that you have taken away the drawings and deliberately framed me up."

Nicole Snow's face changes. She clears her throat and says, "Don't slander me! If you don't give me the drawings, I'll tell the board. Even Mr. Song can't protect you then!"

That's when I learn that Nicole Snow has hated me so much.

"A straight foot is not afraid of a crooked shoe. The office is being monitored. We can see the surveillance video. If I did, I would be willing to take the penalty and leave this company. But if anyone wants to set me up, don't blame me for having no mercy!" I say coldly to her.

Because of Steven Song, I have already made a lot of enemies at the company. If I keep being a cowardly lion, I'll be bullied to death.

Nicole Snow's face changes as she hears that I want to see the surveillance video. She says to the staff in the office, "It is very troublesome to get the video, you can check your seats. We work in the same office, it's possible for someone taking them wrongly."

Then everyone begins to look for the drawings.

Suddenly,

May Wilson shouts, "Jane Noyes, why are your drawings here? Did you drop it on your way upstairs?" Then she hands me the drawings guiltily.

I look at Nicole Snow and May Wilson. They look at each other with some annoyance.

In fact, everything is clear now. They two want to frame me up. Fortunately, I am smart, otherwise I would really take the blame.

If I insist on seeing surveillance now, I'm sure I can expose them. But I don't want to miss this chance to ease our relationship.

"It's lucky to find the drawings this time. But there are certain things that we all know. We work for the same company, and I don't want our relationship to reach deadlock. But if there is a next time, I wouldn't let it go."

Nicole Snow nods and goes back to her office without a word.

I breathe a sigh of relief and go on to finish the rest of the work.

Before leaving, I hand over the drawings to Nicole Snow. She doesn't bother me because she feels guilty.

I walk out of the office to catch the bus. But I see Noah Jefferson stand at the door. He is wearing a sharp suit and holds a bouquet of flowers.

Red roses, so dazzling.

Seeing me come out, he hurries over.

Colleagues around me are whispering, I go to him bravely.

"Jane Noyes, be my girlfriend. I don't mind your past. I'll be good to you. Really, I promise."

Chapter 99 A secret that can't be told

The crowd boos.

I'm so embarrassed that I don't know if I should take the bouquet.

The reason why Noah Jefferson finds me here is that he knows my character, and he thinks it is impossible for me to turn him down in public.

“What a bitch! Hooking up with one guy after another, she must be good at seducing men.” Nicole Snow’s mocking voice rings behind me and the onlookers’ eyes wide open.

Even Noah Jefferson’s expression also changes.

“Please watch your mouth, young lady. Jane Noyes is not that kind of person.” He looks at Nicole Snow, his gentle eyes turn sharp.

Nicole Snow ignores him and snorts coldly, “Are you sure you know about her? Everyone knows the affair between she and our President Song!”

“Who is President Song? The man I met last time?” Noah Jefferson barks questions at me.

I stand there, not knowing how to explain. What about my relationship with Frances Louis if I recognize Steven Song as my boss?

There are so many people here waiting to watch the fun, and whatever I say, it will become the center of attention.

“Noah Jefferson, if you believe me, let’s get out of here and I’ll explain to you later.”

He hesitates for two seconds, then nods his head.

When we leave, he says to Nicole Snow, “I don’t care who you are or what you think of Jane Noyes, she is the pure moon in my heart, which you cannot desecrate.”

Then Noah Jefferson takes me out of here.

I have mixed feelings about what he said just now.

He knows me before. At that time, I was naive and didn’t think about anything. But now everything is different. He knows nothing of my experience, nor of my dark past with Frances Louis.

I am not the pure moon, I am a dark monster, can only live in the dark forever.

If I could, I really wish I could change everything. I wish I can live a peaceful life with an honest person.

But from the moment I met Frances Louis, all this is impossible.

Noah Jefferson takes me to a cafe and orders two coffees. The atmosphere of the cafe is very good and it looks very fancy. Noah Jefferson is a thrifty man, and he must choose a place like this because of me.

He remains silent, waiting for me to speak first.

I want to confess to him, but I don't know where to begin. Now I can't even face myself.

After thinking, I decided to avoid the important and dwell on the trivial.

"Because our boss is so popular with women, I am used as a shield to stop female employees from approaching him. He and I are just good friends, not the relationship they said."

I believe you."

Noah Jefferson says to me immediately.

His sincere look makes me feel ashamed.

That bunch of roses on the table stings my eyes.

"Noah Jefferson, you're a good man. But I've made it clear before that I don't deserve you. You deserve a better woman, and that woman couldn't be me. Today, because so many people were there, I didn't reject you directly. But next time, I'm afraid I'll have to say sorry."

Having no mood for coffee, I stand up and nod apologetically toward Noah Jefferson, walking straight out the door.

I'm afraid this is the last time I see Noah Jefferson.

Those love of youth is always hard to forget, hard to say goodbye. But reminiscence should be buried in the past, if it was forced to bring to now, the favorable impression will be shattered.

“Jane Noyes, I love you. I want to be with you, no matter how many times you reject me, I will not give up.

I said I’d never marry anyone in my life but you, and I will keep my word.”

Noah Jefferson’s voice is loud, loud enough for the eyes of the entire cafe to turn toward me.

Including Frances Louis, who just comes in.

Chapter 100 Don’t Call Me Lady

My whole body is frozen that I don’t dare to move.

If Noah Jefferson comes to talk to Frances Louis now, I would be dead.

Fortunately, Noah Jefferson doesn’t see Frances Louis. Frances Louis glances at me and then goes upstairs.

Without answering Noah Jefferson, I run out of the cafe.

I arrive at home, but Frances Louis is still out.

That’s not surprising. I just ran into him in the cafe.

“Lady Jane, welcome back.”

Betty comes over and greets me warmly.

I remember that Frances Louis told me not to cook, and I chose to let Betty do the cooking.

“Betty, you don’t have to call me lady, call me Jane.” I smile at Betty and say softly.

I am not a lady, I am only Frances Louis’ mistress, or rather, a mistress living in the darkness.

Betty calls me lady. She probably doesn’t know my identity.

“It is Master who tells me to call you lady, Lady Jane, please allow me.”

Betty says to me.

Since she insists, I can’t refuse anymore, so I acquiesce in her calling me lady.

Betty cooks quickly. But it looks not good from appearance.

I taste a sweet and sour spare ribs, but it’s so insipid except the taste of meat.

Maybe Betty’s cooking is insipid, I comfort myself.

Then I take a sip of the soup, and I almost pass out.

Too salt!

If it weren’t for I don’t want to hurt Betty’s feelings, I’d probably throw it up.

It seems Frances Louis is right that Betty doesn’t cook very well.

“It tastes not good, right?” Betty sits across from me and says smilingly.

She sees me through and I am a little embarrassed. I smile awkwardly and say, "not bad."

"Don't lie to me. I know my cooking. I used to be good at cooking, but I had a serious illness two years ago. My hands and feet are less coordinated, and my hands always tremble when I put spices on dishes.

Besides, my eyes and taste are not good. I am so useless. It is master's kindness that helps me stay. He would take care of me most of times, so he doesn't let me work much, but I still get paid."

Betty's words surprise me. I didn't expect that Frances Louis, who seems cold on the surface, could have such a soft side in his heart.

If I hadn't told Betty to cook, she might still be enjoying her retired life at home. I never think my casual words would end Betty's happy life early.

"I'm sorry, Betty, but I didn't know about your situation. If you don't mind, I will cook for you secretly whenever Frances Louis is not at home. I cook very well."

"OK, I will keep the secret." Then, Betty and I have an agreement.

I eat a lot of food for the sake of Betty. As a result, I am so thirsty at night that I have to go downstairs to drink some water.

But there is no water in the fridge.

It's not late, so I change clothes and go to the supermarket to buy some water back. As soon as I go out, I meet Frances Louis.

"Where are you going?" He frowns and asks me.

He asks like I am going to date with a man.

I roll my eyes, "To buy water. I am thirsty."

"Get in the car, I will go with you."

Since Frances Louis wants to go to the supermarket, I have no objection and get directly into the car. Besides water, I also want to buy some daily necessities and snacks.

Frances Louis pushes the shopping cart and paces slowly behind me.

Suddenly I think we are like a couple living a simple life, leisurely strolling in the supermarket.

"What are you looking at?" Frances Louis asks.

"Nothing."

I am ashamed to turn my head aside. I don't dare to say my real thoughts.

I turn my head and see the things on the shelf in front of me, I am a little disturbed.

Should I buy condoms?