

Desperate Time 101

Chapter 101 You Know My Size

Frances Louis would do what he said. Since he told me not to take the medicine, he would certainly throw it away if I bought the medicine back.

But if no protection, things would be complicated if I got pregnant.

I look at Frances Louis. He doesn't seem to notice me. Anyway, I'll buy condoms in case of need.

Shelves are filled with a variety of condoms, different tastes and sizes. I've never bought this before, so I'm stunned.

Which one should I buy?

"Honey, how about the minty?"

Suddenly, a couple comes here and begin to select the condom.

Seeing me standing here by myself hesitating for so long, they look in my direction from time to time.

I feel so embarrassed that I go away and pretend to be just passing by.

After a long time of selecting, the couple finally picks up one box and leave the shelf.

I go back, to avoid being watched again, looking up and down for a moment and reaching for the nearest one.

'I need a bigger size.'" Suddenly, Frances Louis's sound comes from behind.

I am scared and drop the box on the ground.

The man uses his slender hand to pick up the box and puts it back.

Blushingly, I turn to look at Frances Louis and don't know what to say.

That's so embarrassing!

Frances Louis catches me buying condoms! I don't know how to face him!

Frances Louis moves near my ear and whispers, "Don't you know my size?"

His words make me flush with shame.

"Who knows your size! Shame on you!"

I walk away blushingly. Frances Louis takes a box of condoms and put it in the cart.

Frances Louis's chuckle rings behind me.

It's okay. It's nothing.

Well, it's lucky for me that he didn't get angry.

I stand in line to pay the bill. Frances Louis goes out to sit in the lounge area and waits for me.

'Hi. This condom is in promotion. Buy two boxes and get one for free. Would you like to buy two more boxes?'

The cashier smiles at me politely.

But her kind question makes people behind all look at me.

Three boxes? Do I look so horny?

All I want to do now is get out of here. I don't want to be here for a second.

"No thank you. Just these..." I keep my head down and say to the cashier.

"Yes. Get us three boxes." Frances Louis interrupts me.

Then he hints me to get two more boxes.

Damn you! Do you need so many condoms? Aren't you afraid of dying from excessive sex?

People around laugh quietly. The elder woman behind me laughs with her shoulders shaking. She turns to her husband and says, "See how passionate young people are now."

Ashamed and angry, I say, "I said no!"

After checking out, I pack my things roughly and go out.

'Miss! You forgot your condoms.'

The cashier's sudden voice stops me, and I feel that my whole life turns black.

I walk back with my head down, quickly grab the box and flee away.

I have never felt so ashamed in my life, and all of this is because of Frances Louis! “How long do you think these condoms will last?”

“Until you die!”

I say angrily, don’t want to argue with Frances Louis.

Had it not been for him, I would not have been laughed by so many people.

Fortunately, nobody knows me. Otherwise, I might have died under their ridicules.

‘I wouldn’t die for a while, but I can make you feel like dying.’

‘Frances Louis, shut up!’

Usually, Frances Louis looks serious. So, I am unaccustomed to hear him saying dirty jokes.

Frances Louis smiles. He opens the door and says to me lightly, “get in the car.”

“No!” I say angrily, taking a bunch of things and keep going.

Chapter 102 Would you mind moving to...

I’m so angry with him that I really don’t want to be in the same space with him.

It’s getting late now, and the wind is blowing strongly, which makes me feel a little cold.

Frances Louis drives slowly behind me.

I go faster, and he drives faster. I slow down, and he also slows down.

I feel uncomfortable being stared by a pair of eyes.

‘Frances Louis, what do you want? Would you stop following me?’ I turn to him and ask furiously.

‘This is the only way home. Are you sure I’m following you?’

The man shrugs innocently.

His car goes like a turtle and he says that he is not following me?

Never mind. I can’t beat him if he plays rogue.

I can only stop and get in his car.

Frances Louis chuckles. He steps on the gas and it’s totally different from the tortoise speed before.

As soon as we get in the house, Frances Louis pins me down on the table and lifts up the hem of my skirt.

“What are you doing?”

I am scared by him, looking at Frances Louis in panic.

Is he in a full rut? Why is he so horny?

“You want me so much. I can’t sit by.” The man nibbles my shoulder, his voice low and seductive.

“When did I want you?” I ask blankly.

“You bought condoms. Don’t you want to have sex with me?”

What?

“Just in case...”

Then, Frances Louis swallows my unfinished sentence.

He ignites my desire and takes off my underpants.

“Well, Sir, would you mind moving to another place? I want to go the bathroom. I can’t hold it any longer.” Suddenly Betty’s voice comes from behind. I turn around in horror and see her standing in the doorway with an embarrassed look on her face.

‘Hi Betty, you are here.’

Frances Louis probably also forgets that Betty is here.

‘Didn’t you let me stay here so I could make breakfast in the morning?’ Betty rolls her eyes at Frances Louis.

Frances Louis doesn’t contradict her. He points at the bathroom and says to Betty, “Betty, go to the bathroom quickly.”

Then Frances Louis goes upstairs.

I smooth my dress in embarrassment, picking up the dropped bag and follow up.

‘Jane, please tell him to be moderate or he won’t have the energy to work during the day.’

Frances Louis hears what Betty said and turns his head to stare at her. Betty runs into the bathroom quickly.

Frances Louis goes into his room. I feel awkward to go in, so I go back to my room. I have a vague feeling in my stomach. Maybe my period is coming.

I take a bath and lay in bed. Then I hear the door lock turns.

I know it is Frances Louis even without lights.

He doesn't say anything. He lifts up the cover and creeps into my quilt.

His hands and feet are cold, which makes my warm bed cool down.

His cold hands fumble my breasts, making my goose bumps all over.

I want to say no, but I couldn't refuse Frances Louis. I could only endure the discomfort and let him fumble all the way down.

Gradually, his body begins to heat up, and that part of his body is extremely hot.

My legs feel weak under his teasing. His giant member is against my private part. He is ready to get in, but I still have my senses. I push him and say, "wear a condom."

Frances Louis is reluctant to stop now, but he asks me in a low voice, "Where?"

'In the shopping bag on the night table.'

Frances Louis gets up quickly. He goes to the bedside cupboard and comes back soon.

He holds my waist, trying to find the right point.

Suddenly, a warm stream pours out from me.

It feels like...

Chapter 103 Help Me with your Hand

According to my years of experience, it supposes to be my period.

“Turn on the light.” I say to Frances Louis.

Apparently, Frances Louis doesn't know what happened. He says to me with a smile, “Since when you become so bold and like to do it with the light on?”

The man reaches out his hand and turns on the light.

I quickly push him away and look down. It is really my menstrual blood, which looks especially conspicuous under the white sheet.

“Sorry, my period comes. You can only help yourself.” I say to Frances Louis lamely.

His face darkens down, his deep eyes turn to me, and he hums, “What can I do?”

I think and say to him, “there are a lot of women. You can find someone to release your desires. Or...”

I pause and say to him blushing, “You can use your hand, too.”

Anyway, my period comes and I can't have sex with him. Even if he doesn't think it gross, I think it's dirty.

Frances Louis looks at me with a flirtatious smile. He grabs my hand, and says, “Or you can help me with your hands.”

Then, he puts my hand on his hot giant member.

That thing bounces in my hand and scares me.

I never know this thing would bounce.

My reaction makes Frances Louis chuckle, "the pure woman is more interesting than the experienced ones."

He holds my hand and my hand holds his member, shaking up and down.

I have never done it before. My face is so red which almost bleeds.

I am deeply ashamed to do this for him.

"No." I wriggle and want to take my hand back. But Frances Louis grabs it tighter.

"Shush. You know what I will do if you provoke me."

His words stop me from resisting, so I turn my head away and followed his movements up and down.

Frances Louis moans. His face shows that he is comfortable and enjoying.

After a while he loosens his hand, and says to me in a low voice, "Do it yourself."

I shake as Frances Louis just did, but slowly.

Little by little he teaches me, and I become more and more skillful.

However, Frances Louis keeps strong and firm. Finally, he makes me tired but doesn't mean to come.

"Would you finish it quickly?"

I ask anxiously.

I haven't used a tampon yet. I'm on my knees with my legs tucked, and my stomach begins aching.

"You shaking quickly can make me come faster." He says to me in a low voice.

My stomachache is getting worse, and I could do nothing but speed up, as Frances Louis said. The hot thing in my hand grows bigger and Frances Louis's breathing quickens.

At last, with a low roar, his cum was all over my hand.

The cloudy white liquid splashes on my chest, my face, and even on my hair.

My nose is filled with a strong smell of disinfectant.

Frances Louis looks at me with his dark eyes.

His giant penis still firm and strong, having no intention of softening. I am a little afraid, hurriedly get out of bed, take a tampon and run to the bathroom.

I know how seductive I look. If I arouse his desire, my hands would be broken.

I put a tampon in and go out of the bathroom.

Frances Louis lies in bed, his eyes closed. I don't know if he is asleep or not. I was going to change the sheets first!

It is stained with my blood. He doesn't mind?

Usually, he never sleeps in my room. Even if we did in his room, he would ask me to leave. So, I thought he hated being in the same bed with me.

Now he sleeps in my bed, should I sleep on the floor?

My period comes, how could he treat me like that?

After hesitation, I pat Frances Louis on the shoulder and whisper, "Are you asleep, Frances Louis?" He doesn't open his eyes, but answers me in a low voice, "no."

"Would you please move your noble body and go back to your royal bed?" I ask.

"Get on the bed and cut the crap." Frances Louis stretches out his hand and scoops me to bed. Then he holds me in his arms.

Chapter 104 Frances Louis, are you st...

I am surprised. How could he have grasped my hand without opening his eyes? But I am even more surprised that he is going to sleep with me on one bed.

I don't behave well when I am asleep. I'll be too nervous to sleep with him here.

'Is it okay?'

I raise my head from his chest and ask.

"Shut up." The man says lightly and holds me tighter.

He is so tough; I dare not argue with him. I can only lie in his arms quietly, listening to his breathing gradually even.

But I can't sleep.

I don't feel comfortable with him holding me like that. I don't feel sleepy at all.

After a long while, I feel a stir in my stomach, and the pain makes me frown.

And it becomes more and more painful.

I usually have pains during my period, but never as bad as this time.

Beads of sweat come out of my head. I feel so cold that I couldn't help shivering. I struggle to get up from the bed. I slip downstairs and drink a cup of hot water.

Then I go back upstairs.

I lie on the bed carefully, being afraid to wake Frances Louis up.

I thought drinking hot water is a guarantee to cure all diseases, but the pain in my stomach is getting worse. I couldn't help shrinking into a ball with my arms around my body.

Cold, I still feel cold under the covers.

"What's the matter?" Frances Louis's voice comes from behind.

I don't know how he woke up. Is he awoken by my shivering?

I turn to Frances Louis slowly and say with difficulty, "It's all right. Go back to sleep."

But Frances Louis gets up and looks at me frowningly, "Why do you look so pale, are you ill?"

'I am really fine.'

He can't help me even if I say I suffer from menstrual cramps. And it's better not to tell him something that is so embarrassing and private.

The man's face darkens down, "tell me."

Forced by him, I could only say, “menstrual cramps, it never hurts so bad.” “Go to the hospital.”

He says and begins to get dressed.

“No. Nobody would go to the hospital for this. That’s would be so embarrassing.” I stop him and say feebly.

Menstrual cramps are normal for women and there’s no need to make a big deal out of going to the hospital.

‘Then you want to die of pain?’ The man raises his brows.

‘I won’t die of pain. I’ll get up and boil some brown sugar water and drink it. Maybe it’ll help.’

I manage to smile at him and struggle out of bed, only to be pushed back.

‘Lie on the bed.’

Frances Louis says. He gets dressed and walks out of the room.

I think he stayed in my bed because he was so tired and sleepy. Now he wakes up. he must think I am dirty, so now he goes back to his own room.

I’m not surprised that a man like him would behave like this.

I wrap myself in the quilt and drift off to sleep.

“Get up.”

In a daze, I seem to hear the voice of Frances Louis.

It feels like a dream.

What's wrong with me? Why I dream about him? Someone pats me on the shoulder, "Jane Noyes, get up."

Then I realize I am not dreaming. I open my eyes with difficulty, and see the cold and handsome face of Frances Louis.

He holds a cup of reddish-brown water in his hand.

Brown sugar water?

"Drink it." Frances Louis gives me the water and turns his face away in embarrassment.

The proud President Louis would bowl sugar water for me, no wonder he feels embarrassed.

"Thank you." I look at him thankfully and drink a gulp of brown sugar water.

That's so spicy!

"So spicy! Did you put chili just for poisoning me?" I cough and choke, rolling my eyes to Frances Louis.

"Ginger dispels coldness." He says coldly.

"How many gingers did you put?" I ask.

I really want to know how much ginger he puts in to make my throat so hot.

He hesitates for a moment, then says, "All gingers in the kitchen."

'Frances Louis, are you stupid? How could you be worse than Andrew Malan. Even he knows how much ginger to use.'" I say with disdain.

However, I still feel warm in my heart. Frances Louis, who usually does not go into the kitchen, is now willing to boil brown sugar water for me. Somehow, my heartstrings are touched.

I immerse myself in this warmth. Suddenly, the cup in my hand is snatched and smashed on the floor.

Chapter 105 A Moody Man

The crash startles me. I raise my head and meet Frances Louis's sharp look.

His eyes take my breath away.

I just realize what I have said!

Who gives me the nerve to say that Frances Louis is stupid? It's uneasy for him to get off his high horse and cook me brown sugar water. How could I mock him?!

I gulp and look at him nervously, "I'm sorry, I don't mean it. You are a company's president. It's normal that you don't know about kitchen things."

'That's it?' The man's face grows colder and his words smell of danger.

What does he want? Is my attitude of apologizing insincerely?

I wink, look at him with what I think is the sincerest look in my eyes, and say to him softly, "Mr. Louis, I am really sorry. I shouldn't say you are stupid. You are the smartest person in the world, and I am as stupid as a pig. Your majesty please forgive me."

'Jane Noyes!'

Frances Louis calls my name almost through clenched teeth. He looks at me sharply for a long time, and finally, he leaves.

Now I really don't know what to do.

I have never spoken to anyone in my life with such a humble attitude, and Frances Louis is still not satisfied.

I have menstrual cramps, and now I have to get up to pick up the broken cups caused by Frances Louis. 'I don't have the luck to enjoy the president's favor.'

I curl my lips and go downstairs and get a broom to clean it up.

I carry out the rubbish and go upstairs. The light in Frances Louis's room is still on.

I stand at the door and want to knock, but I don't have the courage.

Finally, I sigh and leave.

I am still suffering from the menstrual cramps, I put a warm paste on my belly, but still not much relieved.

At last, I fall asleep because I am so tired.

When I wake up the next morning, I am still a little uncomfortable, but I am much better than yesterday.

I wash my face and go downstairs.

Frances Louis sits at the table, eating his breakfast with a poker face.

"Morning!" I say to him, trying to break the ice.

Frances Louis goes on eating without raising his eyes.

Well, he ignores me.

He'd better leave me alone and never touch me. I will leave when I've earned nine hundred thousand dollars!

Thinking of that makes me feel a little comfortable.

Frances Louis finishes his meal quickly and leaves without speaking a word to me.

'Betty, I go to work.' I say to Betty who is watching TV.

'Lady Jane, would you please hand me my glasses on the TV cabinet. I can't see it clearly.' Betty says to me.

"OK." I go to the TV cabinet and get her glasses.

The moment I turn around, I heard a bang.

I turn my head and see the broken pieces of blue and white porcelain lying on the ground.

"Oh my god! That's master's favorite blue-and-white porcelain!"

Betty exclaims and jumps up from the sofa.

She looks at me nervously.

'Lady Jane, you break master's favorite porcelain. What can we do now?' I look at the pieces in despair.

'Is it ... very expensive?'

Betty points to the antiques in the house and says, "Every antique here is worthy of millions of dollars.

Lady Jane, do something, or master will be angry when he comes back!"

Millions of dollars?! I still owe him nine hundred thousand! I must never pay it off! But it has broken up into pieces. What can I do?

Glue?

Suddenly I get an idea.

'Betty, does Frances Louis usually go through these antiques carefully?'

Betty shakes her head and says, "No, usually he comes home so late at night. He would go upstairs and sleep directly. But if one is missing, he'd find out."

I nod and pat Betty on the shoulder to calm her down.

'Don't worry Betty, I got an idea.'

Chapter 106 That's My Privacy

I pick up the pieces and put them all in a bag, and take it out of the door.

Frances Louis will be back in the evening, so I must solve it during the day.

I call Steven Song and tell him I'd be late. I get the leave permit so easily. It's nice to have a boss buddy. Then I call Mindy Sue. She tells me a shop that restores antiques, and I go there excitedly.

The boss is a woman of about thirty, not glamorous, but graceful, who looks very comfortable.

When I get in, she is cleaning an inkstone.

She sees me come in and gives me a soft smile.

"Hello." I go up to her and take the bag out. "Ms, please have a look at this vase and would you repair it?" The boss puts down the inkstone and takes over the bag.

She frowns when she sees the pieces.

"Broke into pieces."

My heart suddenly stops and I ask her hurriedly, "Can it be repaired?"

Oh no. It must be repaired. Or I can't pay it off even if I die one hundred times.

'I will try my best but I can't promise." The boss replies.

"When? Can it be repaired today?" I ask anxiously.

If this vase can't be fixed today, I would definitely die.

The boss, perhaps touched by my expectant and eager eyes, looks at me and says, "Since you're in a hurry, I'm not going to do anything else today and will focus on this. But I'm not the boss. I'm just an employee."

She smiles at me and dumps out the pieces.

'I remember this blue-and-white porcelain vase. It is not very big. But it must be difficult to be repaired because it has been broken into forty or fifty pieces now.'

'Thank you. I will come again around six in the afternoon.'

I get out of the antique store and go to the company.

'Late again. Who knows what you have done last night?' Nicole Snow says to me sarcastically.

I know what she is saying. Noah Jefferson came here and confessed love to me yesterday. It was she who said gossips that made it so awkward. Much of Nicole Snow's hostility toward me comes from misunderstanding Steven Song and me.

I have explained but she doesn't believe it. What can I do?

'That's my privacy. In this company, I just do my job. You have no business in my private things.' I say to her confidently and go back to my seat.

I had a great idea last night during my menstrual cramps. I must draw it as soon as possible in case I would forget.

When I'm designing the drawings, May Wilson is always wandering behind me. I feel like she wants to see what I'm doing. A designer's work is a private thing. I turn to her and say, 'What are you doing behind me when I am drawing? Do you want to copy it and give to another company?'

I don't mean that May Wilson is a corporate spy, but she did disturb me by watching from behind. Hearing what I say, May Wilson's face changes. She goes back to her desk without a word and doesn't come to my side again.

Now she is suspicious.

If she is not guilty, why does she go back so quickly without a word? It's not in keeping with her usual arrogance.

My work goes on smoothly without May Wilson's prying eyes. I am still working when it is time for lunch.

Once I get into work, I would forget about food and sleep.

"Don't you have lunch?"

Someone taps me on the shoulder when I am working wholeheartedly.

I look back, and Steven Song is looking at me leisurely with his hands in his pockets.

"No. I am working. I can only get free when I earn enough money." I say to him.

"Grinding a chopper will not hold up the work of cutting firewood. A full stomach gives strength to work."

Steven Song says, pulling me out without asking my willingness.

Chapter 107 Prince Charming

Steven Song takes me to a really fancy restaurant.

'It's just a lunch. Why come to such a fancy place? I want to eat quickly and go back to work.'

The drawing is on the table when I left, and I have covered it with something. How May Wilson hid my drawings before still scared me whenever I think about it.

That's my hope to make a lot of money, it can't go wrong.

But Steven Song ignores me and takes me to the private room on the second floor.

There is a blond man with blue eyes and handsome features in the room. When I see him, my blood boils.

all over my body.

Donny!

He is a world-famous Italian jewelry designer! He has already been a director of international first-line brands at a young age. Many of the products he designed are guaranteed to sell out as soon as they come out.

Since I have a dream of being a designer, he has been my idol. Literally, he's my prince charming.

I have never thought that I can meet him here!

"Steven Song."

I turn to Steven Song, my voice shaking with excitement.

"Surprise." Steven Song smiles at me and walks over first to say hello to Donny.

"She is a promising new designer of our company. You will be in China for a month, please help to teach her." Steven Song says and points at me.

"No problem."

Donny says smilingly and nods at me.

I didn't expect happiness to come so suddenly. What's more, Donny's English is so good.

'Hello, my name is Jane Noyes, I work for Song Group.' I say nervously.

I have never been nervous facing Frances Louis. But it feels totally different when I meet my idol.

'Here is my card. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask me. I come to America for traveling and inspiration. If you have time, you can take me somewhere interesting.'

My heart beats violently with every word he says.

I am embarrassed to look at him at lunch. Every time he looking at me would make me shiver nervously. For several times I can't hold my fork stably.

'Why didn't you tell me you were bringing me to see Donny? At least I can change my clothes. White shirt and jeans are so disrespectful.' I lower my head and whisper to Steven Song.

Steven Song smiles at me evilly and says, 'It wouldn't have been a surprise if I'd told you in advance.

Don't worry. Donny likes the designer who is pure and simple. He says only this way can a designer put all his or her heart into designing. So the more countrified you are, the more he likes you.'

Listening to Steven Song's explanation, I feel relieved.

'I heard the belt of Song Group that just went viral around the world is designed by you?' Donny asks me suddenly.

'I was just responsible for designing the outlook, and the craft was done by others.' I say gently, with confidence but not haughty.

Donny nods appreciatively and starts talking to me about design.

I listen carefully, wishing I have a notebook to write down everything he says.

I learn a lot during this lunch.

Donny has other things to do. He says goodbye to us at the door and tells me to give him a call.

“Do you know how horrible you were looking at Donny? It was like you were going to eat him.” Steven Song teases behind me.

I turn to him and roll my eyes, “what do you know, that called thirsts for knowledge!”

I take out my phone and check on time.

“Oh my god! It has already been 3 o’clock! I am late for work again! Nicole Snow would definitely find fault with me!”

“Don’t worry. You come out with your boss. Nobody would dare to find fault with you.” Steven Song says and drives me back to the company openly.

Although they all look at me unpleasantly, no one dared to complain.

“She went out for business with me.”

Steven Song says to Nicole Snow and goes upstairs.

I am under the cover of the boss, and Nicole Snow couldn’t say anything. She gives me a nasty look, and goes back to her office.

I look at the drawing on the table. It seems that nobody has touched, so I feel relieved.

After talking with Donny, my inspiration pours out continuously. I revise the drawing based on the previous one, and finally get the sketch out before getting off work.

I wanted to revise it a few more times before going home. I don't like being interrupted when I'm concentrating on my work. However, thinking of the vase, I feel guilty and couldn't concentrate on drawing, so I just pack up the drawings and go to the antique shop.

'Hi, has the vase been repaired?' The woman, who is accompanying a guest selecting antiques, shakes her head apologetically at me.

'I'm sorry, I've been trying to fix it all day, but I failed.'

Chapter 108 There are so many men beh...

My heart turns cold.

I came to this antique store with high hopes that she could repair the vase, but the result is so desperate.

'I'm really sorry. There are no other ways. I also want to fix it, but the damage is too bad.'

The woman's face is filled with regrets. I can tell she loves her job of restoring antiques so much, and I can't blame her for can't repair it.

But how to explain to Frances Louis?

If Frances Louis asked me to pay for such an expensive vase, how long would it take me before I could pay it off and leave him?

The guest has bought an antique and left. I feel a headache as I look at the fragments on the table.

'If you really like this kind of blue-and-white porcelain vase, we happen to have a similar one in the store, the same technique from the Song Dynasty. Even the pattern is very similar. If you don't look carefully, it looks no different from yours.' The woman comes over and says. Her name is written on the working card in front of her chest, Nora.

"Where is it?" I ask hurriedly.

She leads me inside and I see the vase that she said immediately.

I don't know anything about antiques, but it really looks like the one I broke.

"Welcome." A mechanized sound comes from the door.

"You can look at it carefully. I shall accompany with other guests."

Nora goes out. I look at the blue-and-white vase in front of me, the more I see the more I feel they are the same.

But this is an antique. Frances Louis's vase is worth millions of dollars and this one couldn't be cheap. How can I afford it?

"How do you like it?" Nora takes guests in and asks me from behind.

I like it, but still I don't think I could afford it.

"How much is it?" I ask carefully.

"Don't bother to ask, you can't afford it, why seek for insult." Behind me is a woman's disdainful voice. It sounds familiar.

I turn and see Nicole Snow standing in front of me, holding another woman's arm.

Frances Louis's wife: Whitney Jordan.

I'm not surprised that Nicole Snow and Whitney Jordan, both designers, would know each other.

But I never thought I'd see Whitney Jordan again in a scene like this.

Maybe Nora senses that our relationship is a little complicated, so she goes away to do other things.

Whitney Jordan recognizes me immediately and says apologetically, "Sorry about that last time. Are you okay?"

She's talking about that she accidentally hit me last time.

Because of Frances Louis, I am afraid to face her. I bow my head and say, "It's all right."

"Whitney, how do you know her?" Nicole Snow rolls her eyes to me and purses her lips in disdain.

"What?" Whitney Jordan doesn't understand.

Nicole Snow whispers something mysteriously in Whitney Jordan's ear, and for an instant Whitney Jordan's look on me changes.

Of course, I know Nicole Snow wouldn't say anything nice about me, except my relationship with men.

I don't want to talk to her, so I want to put the vase back and leave. Anyway, I can't afford it, so it's no use to take one more look.

For fear of breaking the vase, I take it carefully, but I don't pay attention to my feet. Suddenly I am tripped down.

I look at the valuable vase in my hand, and a feeling of despair rises in my heart.

Nobody saves me and I fall to the ground. Although I have protected the vase so carefully, I still can't save its fragile life.

The vase is broken with the same sound as the one of Frances Louis. No wonder it is made in the same kiln.

My face is cut by the fragments of the vase.

But I have no time to notice myself. I look at the debris on the ground and want to die.

'Jane Noyes, you are so careless. See, you break the vase. But you would pay it off because there are so many men behind you, right?' Nicole Snow laughs with schadenfreude.

I know very well that Nicole Snow is the one who tripped me.

But now the more serious problem is, I broke two valuable vases within one day!

"What happened?" Nora hears the sound and rushes over. She looks at us seriously.

Chapter 109 Eat your own bitter fruit

I look at Nora in embarrassment, not knowing what to do.

"She broke the vase. How much is it?" Nicole Snow asks Nora, with a look of amusement.

Whitney Jordan stands there with a cool face, her calm eyes showing no emotion. In a trance I think, she and Frances Louis are very similar, no wonder they would be together.

I almost forget that she has an extremely insane side.

Nora looks at me sympathetically and says, "1.6 million dollars. I'd better call the boss over."

Then she makes a call and describes the situation here.

I stand there, desperately, like a prisoner awaiting trial.

After making a call, Nora gives me two napkins, saying, "Wipe your face, there's a lot of blood."

I take napkins dully and wipe my face. The blood stains napkins red quickly.

The cut on my face looks pretty bad. However, I have no time to think about it. All I am thinking about is how I can get so much money.

Whitney Jordan and Nicole Snow still stay. Apparently, they want to sit through.

Soon the boss comes over, a man with a big belly. He sees the debris on the ground and asks sharply, "Who broke the vase?!"

"Its me." I stand up and bite my lips.

"Make reparation. 1.6 million dollars, one cent less and I will call the police immediately."

The boss's words, no room for negotiation, make me completely despaired.

There are only 40 thousand dollars in my back car, far from enough.

Whether Nicole Snow tripped me up or not, I broke the vase, and I must take the responsibility.

I look at the boss sincerely, "1.6 million dollars is not a small one, can I pay by installments?"
'Installments, are you kidding me? Give me 1.6 million, or I'll call the police right now.'" Says the boss coldly.

Nora moves her lips, apparently, she wants to help me. But she's just an employee and can't decide anything. It's unnecessary for her to get into trouble.

"Call your men. Even if other men don't have so much money, President Song can certainly afford it."
Says Nicole Snow with sarcasm.

I know very well that I can't call Steven Song at this time.

If I called him and he came here that would prove Nicole Snow's false accusation to be true.

'L will pay the reparation. I promise." I keep trying, hoping the boss will show some mercy.

The boss snorts and looks at me disgustingly, "I can tell at a glance that you don't have money. Why you come here since you are penniless? A person like you should go to jail!"

The boss takes out his phone and calls the police, fearing that I would escape, he blocks me with his fat body.

The police station is two hundred meters around the corner. Soon, two policemen come.

When I see the police, I really panicked.

Andrew Malan and Frank Noyes went to prison because they committed a crime, but I am not like them, I can't go to prison. If I run into them in prison, I think they'll probably kill me. Especially Andrew Malan, who's abnormal and hates me to the bone.

In a few words, the boss explains the situation to the police. The police come over and say to me deeply, 'Tis you who break the vase. Come with us."

I can't go to the police station. If I get a stain, my whole life will be ruined! Although my life looks not good now.

"When the chips are down, there's no man to lean on. Jane Noyes, those of you who try to charm a man's heart are bound to eat your own bitter fruit." Nicole Snow's mocking voice rings out again.

Eat my own bitter fruit? How funny. If it hasn't been for her tripped me up, nothing would happen.

She looks down on me, and thinks I get my status depending on men. I can't stand her anymore.

I walk up to Nicole Snow, smile and say, "You don't think I can afford \$1.6 million? You are wrong! I can afford it!"

Chapter 110 Guilty of the Crime

Then I take out the black card, which Frances Louis gave me, and hand it to the boss.

“Use this card.”

I don't want to spend Frances Louis's money. But under today's circumstances, I can only use his money.

Although I feel uncomfortable, at least, it solves the emergency.

As soon as the boss sees the black card, he immediately changes his attitude and says to me obsequiously, “This lady is really interesting. You could have said it earlier that you have money, then we don't have to bother the policemen.”

He takes the black card, swipes it quickly, then smiles to the policeman, “Sorry sir, this is a misunderstanding, sorry to bother you.”

The policemen see that the matter is settled, they purse their lips and get out of the store.

“She is an mere designer. How could you get a black card? How dare you say you're upright and honest?” Nicole Snow glances down at the black card in my hand, her face is resentful.

Whitney Jordan's eyes fall on the black card, too, and her expression changed slightly.

Knowing the show is over, Nicole Snow takes Whitney Jordan and leaves.

Nora comes over, she says to me still fearfully, “You scared me to death. I thought you can't afford it and would to be arrested.”

I smile at her, looking around the store, and ask, “Do you have another similar vase?” I have already spent a lot of money anyway. I wouldn't mind spending a little more.

“You really have a crush on this vase. You're lucky. There is still one left.”

Nora gives me a vase. I take a look, and it looks the same as the broken one.

I take the vase home, all way carefully. I am afraid to break it again. I've had a really bad day.

Luckily, Frances Louis is not back yet.

I carefully place the vase on the TV stand, and ask Betty, "Do you think this vase looks like the one before?"

"Pretty much the same." Betty nods with satisfaction, and I am relieved.

Frances Louis, who is not usually at home, probably forgets what the vase looks like.

Betty is busy cooking, and after I deal with the cut on my face, I go to the kitchen to help. The main reason to help with cooking is that the food would not be too bad to eat.

As soon as the dinner is ready, Frances Louis returns.

He comes home early today. Luckily, I got back before he did.

"You are back. Let's have dinner."

I say to him, untying my apron.

"I've had my dinner. Have the dinner yourselves." Frances Louis sits down on the sofa without looking at me.

Opposite him, it happens to be that vase.

Betty and I look at each other, nervously eating our food. Probably it's because of the guilty of the broken vase, I always feel that his eyes are looking at the vase.

I finish my meal in a couple of bites in panic and run away from the scene of the crime.

Then, Frances Louis knocks at my door.

Oh no. did he find out?

I hide in the room, not knowing what to do.

But if I didn't open the door, will I look suspicious?

Finally, I open the door.

Frances Louis's eyes fall on my face, his brows knitting together, and he puts out his hand to touch my wound.

"What happened to your face?" His voice is low and clearly unhappy.

"No big deal." I say casually, I take a step back uncontrollably.

Crap! I get this life depending on my face. If I had a scar on my face, would Frances Louis get tired of me and throw me out of the house?

I feel a little happy about this possibility.

"How did you hurt your face?"

I thought Frances Louis would leave it at that, but he pursues it to the end.

I can only keep lying.

'I broke a glass carelessly and cut my face.'

"Glass?" Frances Louis gives me a meaningful look, then he strides in and sits on my bed. He asks me with a smile, "This afternoon, I received two messages on my phone. You spent three million. What did you buy?"

I am stunned.

I thought a rich man like Frances Louis would not bind bank cards with the phone.

I smile guiltily. I go to sit on his laps, wrapping his neck and act coquettishly, "You give me the money and you want me to spend it, right? Couldn't I buy something I like?"

"Of course, you can." His words make me relieved.

Fortunately, the honey trap works, otherwise I really don't know how to explain. I don't even know what I can buy for three million dollars!

"But when did you begin to collect antiques? Why don't I know?"