

Desperate Time 121

Chapter 121 I won't Flatter Him

He said that he didn't want me to go into the kitchen, so I don't follow him in and stay with Steven Song and Whitney.

About one hour later, Frances Louis comes out with a pot of congee.

Rice congee, which is burnt on the bottom.

'Finally I got a chance for cruise tour and this is what you give me for lunch?' Steven Song looks at the pot reluctantly.

I ate rice congee made by Frances Louis before, but I never thought that he would overcook it again.

He is really a bad cook.

'Eat or starve.'

Frances Louis says lightly, feeling embarrassed.

'I will have some congee.' Whitney takes a bowl, her face full of smile.

She holds up the bowl and nibbles at it, her face full of satisfaction.

I can see that she really loves Frances Louis. She can even flatter him for such terrible food he made.

'I'll go to the kitchen to see if there is anything else we can eat. What about you?' Steven Song says to me.

'I choose to starve.'

I purse my lips.

While Whitney flatters him, but I don't want to. If I choose to eat for his sake, my stomach would suffer.

Fortunately, Steven Song finds two pieces of bread. He gives me one piece and sighs, "Looks like there has to be some waiters to serve, at least there should be a cook, or if the guests can't cook, they would starve to death."

Frances Louis stands aside and looks at his congee in the pot, probably hesitating to eat it or not.

He is an exquisite man. If there is something that is unpalatable for me, it would be harder for him to swallow.

Looking at my bread, I break it off and share with him.

"Mr. Louis, if you don't mind..."

Frances Louis glances at me and says coldly, "I won't eat other people's leftover." What?

What did I hear?

He stole a beef from my mouth last night and now tell me that he doesn't eat other people's leftover? Does he have no shame?

'Have some congee. I think it's not bad, except a little burnt smell.'

Whitney says and gives Frances Louis a bowl of congee.

Frances Louis frowns and picks up a spoon reluctantly.

He looks like he really doesn't want to eat his congee.

He deserves it! He doesn't want my bread, then have your burnt congee! Suddenly the cruise's alarm goes off. Everyone stands up in alarm.

Steven Song picks up his phone at once and makes a call.

"What happened?"

'President, there will be a strong wind on the sea in an hour. There is no time to turn back to the dock now. If you continue sailing, you will definitely meet the storm, which will be very dangerous. For safety, we will steer the cruise to a shore 100 nautical miles east. There is an island. You can only stay on the island temporarily and wait for the storm to pass.'

"What?"

"Storm?"

My heart almost stops.

Damn it! Would the ship sink like Titanic as I said?

Steven Song turns to look at me meaningfully, "I'm wondering whether to make you talk less in the future or not to take you out. This is the first time I sailed out and meet the storm. If our fates are like the people in Titanic, I can only say that you are Rose reincarnated."

The cruise sails to the east quickly, and soon we arrive at the island.

I watch from a distance, and the scenery on the island is pretty good. It can't be so miserable as I thought.

I go to the kitchen and carry all the meat from the refrigerator, so that even if we couldn't leave for a while, we wouldn't starve.

Frances Louis and Steven Song also carry some emergency supplies. I don't check what they take exactly, so we get off the ship.

As soon as we get on the island, we hear the sound of waves crashing.

"Go inside, that would be safer."

Frances Louis points at the depth of the forest.

But, will there be snakes, wolves or tigers in the forest?

Thinking of these things make me gulp.

Chapter 122 They can't Control Their...

Finally, we find an open space and stop.

The howling wind surrounds us, and the sound of heavy rain hitting the sea is extremely loud.

There is no signal at all on this deserted island, and our phones almost run out of battery. Everyone says nothing, waiting for the storm to pass.

"Right, what did you bring down from the ship? Anything to keep out the rain?" I look at these two men.

They both are stunned.

So? Nothing for keeping out the rain?

"What did you take?"

I stand up and take their bags.

Well, Frances Louis takes a suit and two sleeping bags. Steven Song takes an X-box, an iPad, a suit and two sleeping bags.

“What’s the use of these things? I ask you to bring emergency supplies, and these are what you bring?” I roll my eyes at Steven Song, really feeling angry and funny.

“X-box and iPad are for amusement. Sleeping bags are used to sleep in case we have to stay here overnight. As for the suit, I have to change every day, or I will die.” Steven Song says confidently.

Not to mention, Frances Louis’s suit is must for the same purpose.

I am so speechless. They are totally useless at critical times.

“Let’s hide in the sleeping bad, the rain is so heavy.” Whitney says anxiously.

Her hands gesture as a tent to keep out the rain, not for her head, but for her face. I think she must be afraid that the makeup on her face will be messed up and Frances Louis will see her plain face.

Sure enough, once a woman falls in love with a man, she will lose herself. This is how I was when I was with Andrew Malan. Fortunately, now I have escaped from that cage.

Sleeping bags are water-proof. It’s the best choice for us now to go inside.

Thankfully, these two men didn’t forget to take the sleeping bags!

We get into the sleeping bags. The storm doesn’t stop until midnight, the surrounding trees are blown to pieces, and the rain is getting heavier.

I am very hungry, but I can’t eat with such heavy rains. So, I sleep in the sleeping bag all night.

When I wake up, it is dawn and the storm stops.

I climb out of my sleeping bag and feel a little dizzy in my head, which should be caused by the hunger.

I put all the meat in the sleeping bag yesterday and covered them all night. Now they stink.

They haven't gotten up yet. I look at their sleeping bags, but find that Whitney's sleeping bag is empty, and Frances Louis's sleeping bag is bulging weirdly.

Last night, did they. ...?

Was that hard for them to control their desires for even one night? Must they sleep together?

Since Frances Louis loves his wife so much, why he still keeps me? Do all men feel that the wife is inferior to the concubine and the concubine is inferior to the mistress?

That sleeping bag makes me feel uncomfortable, so I go over and kick it lightly.

"Time to get up! Do you want to spend your life here?" Soon, the sleeping bag opens from inside. Whitney first comes out and looks at me, embarrassed.

And I am not surprised to see Frances Louis's poker face.

"I am so sleepy." Steven Song yawns and comes out from his sleeping bag.

"Let's go. The food I brought has gone bad. I am starving." Steven Song and Frances Louis change another suit, which is different from yesterday's suit.

I am speechless. If someday they run into an earthquake, maybe the first thing they want to take are clothes.

We walk towards the shore and find something very serious.

The storm last night rushed our ship into the sea, and now it is about one or two kilometers away from us.

“Call somebody and let them steer the ship to the shore.” I say to Steven Song.

He looks at me hopelessly and replies, “Do you think there is any signal?”

“What can we do now? I just want to eat something. My stomach has started to ache.” I say hopelessly.

If I had a good stomach, I wouldn’t die even if I didn’t eat for two or three days, but I have gastropathy, the pain is really unbearable.

“Ill go and steer the ship here.” Frances Louis says.

Then, he jumps into the sea.

At this time, I hear the alarm go off on the ship again.

Chapter 123 Frances Louis, Come back!

Oh, no! Is it another round of storm? Frances Louis can’t go on the ship now, that’s so dangerous!

I don’t give much thought and shout at the place he jumped off, “Frances Louis, come back! It’s too dangerous! Frances Louis!”

No response comes from the sea. I am so worried, afraid that something would happen to him.

“Jane Noyes.”

Steven Song tugs at my clothes and whispers my name.

“Don’t pull me.” I say impatiently, and continue to call Frances Louis’s name.

I can't be reassured as long as he doesn't answer me.

"Fran..."

"Frances!" Whitney's anxious shouts come from beside and I freeze.

What did I do?

I called Frances Louis's name in front of Whitney so worriedly. What was I doing? What if she found out?

I finally realize why Steven Song pulled me just now.

Fortunately, Whitney doesn't notice me because she is so worried about Frances Louis.

"Frances, Frances, come back! The storm is coming! Come back!"

I dare not call his name again, but stare in the sea anxiously.

A faint sound of crashing waves comes from the distance.

"Lam fine."

Suddenly, Frances Louis's voice comes and I am relieved.

I look down and he has already come out from the sea.

"Thank god you are fine. You really scared me!"

Even though he is wet, Whitney rushes over and hugs him, her body couldn't stop shaking.



"I hear someone was calling my name."

Frances Louis says lightly and looks at me.

I feel guilty and explain awkwardly, "I thought Mr. Louis wanted to drive a ship because I had a stomachache, so I was a little worried."

"For you?" Frances Louis loosens Whitney and raises his eyebrows to me, "Miss Noyes might think too much of yourself."

It is like a slap in my face that makes my situation even worse.

"I also thought Mr. Louis did it for Jane Noyes. After all, Mr. Louis has always cherished girls." Steven Song helps me and says.

He helps me break the ice. I look at Steven Song thankfully.

"I do cherish girls, but I cherish my life more. Being alive is the most important thing in the world."

I always remember these words said by Frances Louis. So, when that incident happens, I am completely distracted.

The storm has not come yet. We find a big tree and hide under it.

Anyway, it wouldn't thunder in this season. We couldn't be stroke by the thunder.

But I feel more and more uncomfortable in my stomach.

I am weak in menstrual period. Besides, I feel dizzy because I got wet in the rain and slept in the wild yesterday, and now here is the stomachache. It feels like I am going to die.

“Steven Song, I feel so bad, would you lend me your shoulder?”

I press my stomach hard and lean towards Steven Song slowly.

“You can’t hold out like this. I don’t know when can we leave here. We have to find something to eat before the storm.”

Steven Song says and stands up. My body, which leaned on his shoulder, involuntarily falls towards Frances Louis.

“I need a helper, but we can’t have two women here. How about Frances Louis staying and watching Jane Noyes, and Miss Jordan will go with me to get something to eat.”

No one objects Steven Song’s proposal. Whitney follows him, leaving me leaning on Frances Louis’s shoulder. I want to get up but I was too weak to do so.

I may have a fever. The alternately hot and cold feeling makes me sick. The state of being half asleep lasts for a long time.

“Frances Louis.”

I call his name in a daze.

“Yes.” The man answers lazily.

“I feel so cold.” I say feebly, but my hand gripping his shirt.

People are especially vulnerable when they are sick. And they always want to grip something when they are vulnerable.

I don’t know what Frances Louis means to me, but just at this moment, I don’t want to let him go.

Frances Louis says nothing. The next second, his warm chest hugs me tightly.

Chapter 124 Don't flatter yourself.

"Frances Louis, are we going to die in this desert island?" Perhaps the fever makes me stupid. How could I say such things to Frances Louis?

"No. As soon as the storm stops, the company will surely come and you'll be all right. If you are tired, take a rest. You may have been home when you wake up."

Frances Louis has never talked in such a tender tone to me.

His over tenderness makes me feel unrealistic.

"I don't want to sleep. My stomach is churning." I say weakly.

Frances Louis says nothing but holds me tighter.

Then, it rains. I hear the rain pour loudly, but there are only a few drops on my body.

The cold rain drops on my face, which wakes me up.

I can't lie in Frances Louis's arms like this. If Whitney comes back and sees us, I couldn't explain then.

Quickly I push Frances Louis away. As soon as my hands touch his outfit, it can squeeze out water easily.

After pushing him away, the rain seems to get heavier and I am caught unprepared.

But it didn't rain heavily just now.

Unless...

I look at Frances Louis and ask, "Did you just block the rain for me? Why are you so wet?"

Frances Louis looks at me coldly and says indifferently, "You think too much. I have just come out of the sea and my clothes are still wet."

He told me that he didn't block the rain for me. Don't flatter yourself, Jane Noyes! I purse my lips and say nothing.

"Jane Noyes, I am back."

Steven Song's voice comes from not far away. I look through the rain and see him and Whitney return with a pile of fruits.

So close!

Fortunately, I pushed Frances Louis away. Or how can I explain if Whitney sees me lying in Frances Louis's arms. That would be the feeling of guilty conscience.

Steven Song holds a pile of jujubes and two pears.

He looks at what he has in his hands and says, "Jujubes are difficult to digest. You already have a stomachache. You'd better eat the pears."

Then he gives me two pears.

Whitney has red Jujubes. She keeps two and gives the rest to Frances Louis.

"You had nothing since yesterday morning, you should eat more."

“You eat, I am not hungry.”

Frances Louis says lightly, not taking Whitney’s dates.

Why he doesn’t eat? Is he worried that Whitney would be starving?

I guess that Frances Louis must have feelings for Whitney. Or why he cares her so much? A surge of bitterness comes into my mind.

Being afraid that Whitney would notice my sulkiness, I lower my head.

Steven Song looks over the sea and says, “You’d better have some jujubes. We don’t know when the storm would stop, or when the rescuers would come. I’ve just gone around the island, and there’s nothing to eat. We’re not Bear Grylls. We can’t survive in the wild.”

His words are helpful and Frances Louis eats some jujubes.

I also begin to eat my pears. The pear is very sweet, but its inside is sour.

I don’t usually eat pears. Even if I did, I would not eat the most inside part. But now, on a desert island, there is nothing to eat. It is better to make the best of everything.

It is said that a woman’s heart is like a pear, which is sweet outside but sour inside. Today, I know why.

My stomach feels a little comfortable after eating some pears. But I still feel a little dizzy and the fever isn’t gone. If the fever keeps going serious, will I become an idiot?

The storm rages for about two hours before it finally blows over.

I feel dizzy, so I sleep by leaning on Steven Song’s shoulders. In a daze, I feel someone looking at me with scorching eyes, but I am too tired to open my eyes.

Half asleep, I hear Whitney's excited voice.

"Frances, look! The cruise ship is coming this way! We can get out of here!"

Chapter 125 She Deserves to be Treate...

I open my eyes and see the cruise ship is coming this way.

Everybody stands up and walks toward the shore.

I want to stand up but I feel limp.

"Let me carry you on my back."

Steven Song says and squats down. He carries me on his back.

My eyes involuntarily glance towards Frances Louis, but there seems to be no expression on his face.

The cruise stops at the shore, we get on the boat and go back to the dock quickly.

It is a close call. Fortunately, I didn't spend a half month on a desert island as I had imagined.

"Let me send you to the hospital."

When we get ashore, Steven Song says to me.

I shake my head.

In my opinion, getting a fever is not necessary to go to the hospital. Just go home, take some medicine, and take an ice pack on the forehead.

“If you don’t go to the hospital, where are you going?”

I am stunned on hearing Steven Song’s words.

He is right, where am I going? Whitney is here and she will probably go home with Frances Louis. As a secret mistress, of course I should hide away as far as I could.

“Go back with me and let me take care of you tonight.” Steven Song knows my embarrassment and says lightly.

Whitney laughs.

“I never thought that a womanizer like Mr. Song would be so considerate. There are always a lot of women hitting on you, I have never heard you have taken care of which woman however.”

“It depends. Like Jane Noyes, she deserves to be treated kindly.” Steven Song says with a faint smile. He opens the door and puts me into the passenger seat. Then he says to them, “We are leaving, enjoy your sweet time.”

Every word of Steven Song sticks in my heart like a needle.

I suddenly feel breathless, but I dare not to think about the source of my depression.

I could feel Frances Louis’ gaze on me, but I have no courage to look outside.

Steven Song drives me back to his house. I take some medicine and stay in bed. He doesn’t sleep and changes the ice packs for me all night.

The next morning, I am full of vim again.

Smelling something delicious, I put on my shoes and head for the kitchen, where Steven Song is making porridge.

“Good morning, feel better?” He senses my steps and asks me.

“I am all right.” I answer, and walk a little further to see what porridge he is making, which smells so good.

He smiles, stirs the bottom of the pan and says, “It’s porridge with lean and mushrooms. Believe me, I am not Frances Louis, I don’t know how to cook, but I know how to cook porridge.”

“Thank you, Steven Song.” I look at him thankfully and say sincerely.

“We are friends. It is my responsibility to take care of you when you are ill.” I shake my head and say, “I’m not just talking about you taking care of me. I also want to thank you that

you’ve been helping me out. If it wasn’t for you, my relationship with Frances may have been noticed by Whitney.”

Steven Song puts down his spoon and turns to look at me, “Actually, it was my fault. I didn’t know Frances Louis would take Whitney with him. He has never taken her to attend any occasions.”

Steven Song’s words surprise me. Is it because of her mental illness that Frances Louis never take Whitney out?

I don’t ask much about the things between them. I am curious, but I don’t want to know.

“I charge your cell phone last night. And I’ve prepared a change of clothes for you.” Steven Song tells me as he serves the porridge.

After I change my clothes and have breakfast, I turn on my phone.

Upon switching on, I receive a message from Frances Louis.



“I’ll give you twenty minutes. Be right back.”

It would take me at least about half an hour to take a taxi to go home. How can I get there in 20 minutes? Why Frances Louis is so bossy?

Then I check the message carefully, and the sending time of this message is yesterday at 3:40 p.m.

When I got to Steven Song’s house.

Chapter 126 How did he take care of you

“I must go back.” I put my phone in my purse and hurry out.

Steven Song doesn’t stop me, and says, “Jane, I will directly let you talk with the brand director about your design. By this way, you can get a higher commission, and maybe you can leave Frances Louis soon.”

I look at Steven Song and nod to him thankfully, then I leave his house.

Normally, such a great chance would never come to me. Steven Song really helps me a lot.

If what he said is true, maybe one more amazing design I finished would be enough for me to leave Frances Louis.

I hurry back to Louis’s house, open the door, and go directly to the second floor for Frances Louis.

I am sure that Whitney is not here, or he wouldn’t let me come back.

But I don’t know why Whitney is not here. Looking at their love for each other, I thought they would come back and have a sweet time.

The door of Frances Louis’s room is open. I go in and look round. Nobody is there.

He told me to come back, where is he?

Feeling confused, I return to my room, and as soon as I enter in, I am startled to see Frances Louis sitting on the sofa with a scowling face.

“What are you doing in my room?” I ask.

Frances Louis sneers and stands up. He approaches me step by step. Finally, he forces me to the wall, leaving no room for me to retreat.

He doesn't speak, just sneers and stares at me, which makes my scalp tingle.

“Don't look at me like that. I am scared.”

I shrink back uncontrollably, and say to Frances Louis lamely.

My voice and body are both shaking.

“You scared? Why weren't you scared yesterday when you left with another man?”

“If I didn't go back with him, can I come back with you? Whitney's there. How can I get back with you?” I explain.

Frances Louis is so weird and I totally don't understand what he is thinking.

“You ought to go to the hospital when you're sick, or go to the hotel, but you go to some other man's place.

Do you want to cheat on me?”

Frances Louis's hand clenches my chin tightly. His words seem to squeeze out from his teeth.

You are so unreasonable!

I am angry and shout back, "what's wrong with you? I was ill and I need someone to take care of me. Can I expect you to take care of me?!"

Frances Louis's eyes become as dark as ink, and the fire in his eyes is so hot that it almost burns my skin.

"How did he take care of you? Like this? Or this?"

He rubs my breasts forcefully with his hands, and seal my mouth with a tyrannical kiss.

He squeezes my breasts out of shape and my lips are bleeding from his bite. He looks as if he was going to eat me alive.

I am also a human of dignity and I can't let him insult me like that.

"Frances Louis, are you crazy? Steven and I are just friends. Don't slander us with your dirty thoughts!" I push him away with all my strength, "Besides," I yell at him, "My period hasn't gone yet. How could I do that with him?!"

Frances Louis is such a wise and calm man at ordinary days. How could he lose his mind because of me? He also imagines so many cuckolds, I am really speechless.

Besides, there is no cuckold in our relationship. I'm just his mistress, what he cares is his dignity as a man, so he can't endure any affairs between me and other men.

His anger is because of his possessiveness, and it has nothing to do with love.

That's so funny.

I thought my words would calm Frances Louis down, but I didn't expect that he would become angrier.

He presses my shoulders and pushes me hard back. My head knocks on the wall and my brain is in buzz.

He says angrily beside my ear.

“What if your period had gone? Will you have sex?! Jane Noyes, you horny bitch! You can’t wait to get to every man’s bed!”

I look at my numb hand in shock.

Did I just slap Frances Louis in the face?

Chapter 127 Unreasonable Man

There is an eerie and desperate silence in the air.

I look at Frances Louis’s sullen face and dare not breathe.

After a while, I say with a shudder, “Would you believe me if I said I didn’t mean it?”

I know I look like a coward now, but if I don’t be a coward now, I think I’ll die miserably.

“How do you think?”

He sneers, his icy tone frightening me.

I had already angered Frances Louis, and now I slapped him. I must be crazy! “Well... You can slap me in return.” I say and close my eyes, waiting for his furious slaps.

But after a long time, the pain doesn’t come as I expected.

I open my eyes with trepidation and meet Frances Louis’s deep eyes.

I am really scared.

But at the same time, I am wondering, would he blow a fuse and ask me to get out of here?

Unfortunately, after staring at me for a long time, Frances Louis finally slams the door and leaves.

When he is leaving, he gives me a cold word.

“Reflect on yourself in the room.”

Reflect? Why do I need to do this?

I gave him a slap. He can slap me in return. He can also give me a good beat and at most knock out a few teeth of mine.

I run after him to open the door and try to make it clear to Frances Louis. I try several times, but can't open the door.

Damn it! Did he lock me in?!

“Frances Louis, open the door! Let me out! Let me explain!”

Nobody answers.

“Why you lock me in here? Let's talk about it. You let me out! Let me out!”

I could feel Frances Louis is standing outside the door, as I don't hear his footsteps.

But no matter what I say, he doesn't answer me.

I am really irritated and shout at him through the door, "Frances Louis, this is illegal imprisonment, you violate the law! I'll Sue you! I'll Sue you!"

Then I hear some noises over the door.

The sound of footsteps goes away. Frances Louis should have gone downstairs.

Damn you, Frances Louis!

I kick the door several times in anger, thinking I would kick it open with all my strength. But after kicking for a while, my foot pains, so I give up.

What a stingy man!

I know it is useless to shout and kick, so I just lie on the bed and play with my cell phone.

I log on Twitter and post a message.

"Some man is really unreasonable. You can't get him to listen to reasons, and he is more unreasonable than a woman."

I know Frances Louis will see my tweet, and I'm fine with it. Anyway, I post it for him to see deliberately.

If nobody tells him, he wouldn't know his problem.

Frances Louis doesn't comment on my tweet, but Mindy replies me very soon.

"You are so right! Men are more unreasonable than women this time."

I know something must have happened from Mindy Sue's comment, so I send her a message to express my concern.

“What happened? Who irritates you, your highness?”

“Who else could it be, the son of a bitch that David Gibbs is! I just smiled at the delivery boy and said you are so nice. Then he went crazy and called to complain that he harassed me. The delivery boy lost his job because of him! And David acts as if he’d done nothing wrong.”

Mindy replies my message quickly.

Then a long pile of complaints bomb, I can see Mindy Sue’s grievance for David Gibbs. That’s similar with me and Frances Louis. Obviously, men are unreasonable now.

After pouring her bitterness, she asks me what my post means.

I send her a video call and tell Mindy about the unreasonable behaviors of Frances Louis. Of course, I skip those creepy movements. Even with Mindy as my best friend, I still find it hard to talk about it.

I’m not like Mindy. she’s the kind of person who can say anything, and I would selectively talk about myself. Otherwise, she would know that Andrew Malan is impotent.

“Jane, David Gibbs did these things and get jealous because he likes me. Is it possible that Frances Louis also...”

Chapter 128 Open the Door

“No way!” I interrupt her.

“I haven’t finished. Why you interrupted me so hastily?” Mindy says.

“I know what you are going to say. You want to say that Frances Louis likes me. But that’s impossible. I can’t compare with his wife, and he is mean to me, he treats me as if I am just a sex doll. The reason why he behaves in such a perverse way simply because he is too possessive. So, he would rather like a pig than me.”

My words make Mindy laugh.

“Only you would compare yourself with a pig.”

“Even pigs have a better life than I do. They have nothing to worry about, their lives are all about eating and sleeping.” I purse my lips.

Thinking about my recent life, I feel it’s been terrible since I got married. Sometimes I really don’t want to think nothing, just be a simple inferior creature.

“Forget it. Do you know how many people admire the life of a ‘canary’ these days? A canary is kept in a ‘cage’, eating delicious food and buying things as they wanted. They don’t have to go to work, and all they think about is how to make themselves more beautiful every day. Frances Louis hasn’t forced you to pay the money back now. How can you not know to enjoy your life?”

“Every one has his or her own will. I don’t want to depend on him for a living. When I have earned enough, I will leave Frances Louis as fast as possible.” I say firmly.

God knows how much I want to get away from my present life.

“If you hate him so much, I’ll help you pay the debt. After all, David has money.” Mindy says.

I shake my head and say, “It’s not a small number. How can I ask you for money? Besides, it’s not your money. It’s David Gibbs’.

I leave the pressure of my debt behind, I say to Mindy, “Never mind. Let’s talk about something else. I am wondering how am I going to get out of this room. This lunatic, Frances Louis, has locked me in my room.”

“Jump through the window. It’s only the second floor. You won’t die if you jump down.” “Yes, I won’t die. But I’ll become disabled.”



As long as I thought about the scene that Andrew Malan and Susan Felton were thrown down so many times, my heart is still fluttering with fear.

“Just sleep in your room. Frances Louis will let you out anyway. I’ve got some business to do. I am leaving. That’s all. Bye.”

“How could you know he will...”

Mindy hangs me up. I put the phone aside and lie in bed blankly.

I sleep until noon. When I wake up, I feel a little hungry. Remembering there are many snacks in the room, I take out some and begin to eat.

Yogurt with biscuit, it tastes good.

Suddenly, I am startled by the sound of a knock on the door. A mouthful of yogurt chokes me and I cough desperately.

“Open the door.” It’s Frances Louis.

I locked the door from the inside because I couldn’t get out. In case Frances Louis would swoop in while I am eating. Unexpectedly, I still got choked.

It takes me a long time to recover from it.

“Time to have lunch.”

Frances Louis says in a low voice.

“No, just starve me to death!”

I say and have a big bite of the bread.

This man is so unreasonable. He punished me before and now he comes to please me.

I won't yield to such a moody guy!

“Don't be silly. Open the door.” Frances Louis speaks again in a lower voice than before.

According to his temperament, I guess if I didn't open the door this time, he'd just break in. I don't want such a nice door to be broken.

After hiding the snacks, I go to the door and open it.

“What are you doing in the room?” Frances Louis asks me suspiciously.

“Confinement. Didn't you ask me to reflect myself?” I purse my lips and say coldly.

The man chuckles and gently wipes my lips, “What is this on your lips?”

Chapter 129 Select Anything You Like

I lick my lips, tasting the sour taste of yogurt.

Crap. I forget to wipe my mouth.

I feel so embarrassed.

I lower my head and remain silence.

Frances Louis says nothing and asks me to go down stairs for lunch.

I thought he has ordered takeout, but when I go downstairs, the table is empty.

“Where is the food?”

I ask Frances Louis who is sitting on sofa leisurely.

“You want me to cook for you?” The man raises his eyebrows and looks at me defiantly.

Thinking of his wicked cuisine, I shake my head quickly and say firmly, “No.”

I am not Whitney. I will not flatter him.

“Let’s go.”

Frances Louis says and goes out.

I follow him to the car.

After having lunch outside, instead of going home, he takes me to a jewelry store.

He has an air of dignity and nobility. As soon as he goes inside, the shop assistants all gather around him.

I’m not exaggerating that women who see him are as excited as the flies at the sight of shit.

“May I help you, sir?” “I could give you some recommendations.”

Frances Louis’s eyes don’t pause on them for any moment. He glances briefly round the shop, turns to me, and says, “Select anything you like.”

Does he want to send me jewelry?

They are so expensive. It would be a waste for me to wear them.

"I don't like anything. These things don't suit a poor office worker like me." I say, smiling at Frances Louis.

Frances Louis frowns and says coldly, "Just pick one. Don't consider anything else."

Since my 'sugar daddy' has requested me to do so, it would be too melodramatic for me to refuse.

I bite my lips and look around.

The shop assistants are supposed to surround me as I am selecting. But except a woman in her forties, all the others, including the manager, gather around Frances Louis and present him with a pile of things.

After a stroll, I find that jewelry here are really frighteningly expensive. A simple necklace is ten thousand dollars, which is too expensive.

I was going to put on a show, just to make Frances Louis think I'd seen all of them. But when I see a necklace, I could not move.

The design of this necklace is very delicate, from the workmanship to the inlaid jewelry, all of them are showing its extraordinary luxury.

I feel like my heart is being pulled by it.

Its price is four million dollars.

My heart tightens.

Frances Louis comes to me. He looks at the necklace and asks, "Do you like it?"

I don't say anything, but my eyes have sold me out.

"Please wrap up this necklace..."

“No! I don’t want it!” I look at Frances Louis and shake my head, “It is too expensive for me. If you’re really willing to buy it, how about offsetting the four million I owe you?”

Frances Louis’s lips curl up a bit.

Does he agree?

Two seconds later, he gives me a disheartening answer.

“No way.”

My mouth twitches. I should have expected the answer.

“I don’t want it. Let’s go.”

I say to Frances Louis and then go out of the door.

Frances Louis doesn’t follow me out. I wonder if he has been haunted by the shop assistants. I wait at the door for a long time, then he comes out with a small bag.

Getting in the car, we drive to a golf course.

Frances Louis gives me that bag and parks the car.

I quickly take out the box, and as expected, it is the necklace I saw before.

Chapter 130 I Think Highly of Myself,...

Frances Louis, he...

I told him that I didn’t want it. Why he still buys it?

Does he really like me? Like Mindy said?

“No, no, no.”

I shake my head and try to get this terrible idea out of my mind and wait for Frances Louis to come.

Then, Frances Louis comes and leads me into the golf course.

I thought Frances Louis was coming in for a round of golf, but he takes me straight to the dining room.

“The Japanese food here is very good. Try it.”

I nod and follow him in.

I don't know much about Japanese food, so I just order a few dishes at random.

When the food is served, I find that many things are raw. In fact, I am not very good at eating raw food, and, not wanting to annoy Frances Louis, I eat a little and put down my chopsticks.

Frances Louis doesn't eat much either. I never see him eat much. He is always so polite and elegant.

Of course, the Frances I was talking about was the Frances in public. When he with me, he is no more than a beast.

Frances Louis's phone rings. He answers and soon his brows furrow.

Because I sit a little far from him, I can't hear what they are saying. I hear him say 'I know', and then he hangs up the phone.

He takes me out without a word, and when he reaches the door, he holds out his hand and says, “Give me that.”

He means the bag in my hand.

I don't know what he means, but I still give it to him according to his command.

"Take a taxi and go home. I have some business."

Then Frances Louis takes the bag into the car.

I am left alone and don't understand what is going on. Didn't I choose this necklace? Isn't it for me? Do I misunderstand? Does he have other plans?

I couldn't figure out Frances Louis's mind, so I just take a taxi and go home.

At ten o'clock in the evening, Frances Louis still not come back.

I don't care, so I take a bath and go to sleep.

It's Monday. I get up early, wash my face and go downstairs.

Passing Frances Louis's room, I find his quilt neatly folded.

Did he not come back last night? Or he has gone?

It is getting late, so I have no time to think about Frances Louis and go directly to the company.

Monday morning is a busy one with the company signing a new partnership.

Thanks to Nicole Snow's prejudice against me, she gives me half as much work as she gives anyone else.

I am busy in my work when suddenly there comes a cry of surprise from the office.

“Oh my god! The president of Louis Group has a mistress, and his wife find out!”

The president of Louis Group? Frances Louis? Does Whitney know about my relationship with Frances Louis?

My heart skips a beat. I can't concentrate in my work, so I overhear them gossiping.

“Where? Let me see.”

“On the headline! The push-news! The news is flying everywhere!”

I quickly take out my phone, my hands shaking, and log on twitter. There is full of news of Frances Louis spending the night with a model.

Not me?

I am relieved. I read the news carefully. I suddenly find that the heroine of the news is Cindy Leigh, who I has met once before.

And around her neck is the necklace I selected yesterday.

It turns out that Frances Louis asks me to select the necklace for her. Of course, I am not the only woman around Frances Louis.

Obviously, I think highly of myself again.

With a wry smile, I continue to look down.

Then, it is the description of Whitney catching their affairs and slapping Cindy Leigh.



The news is like a big boom for everyone in the office. Even Nicole Snow. Also join their gossips.

I sit there, watching them discuss heatedly, feeling uneasy.

If one day my relationship with Frances Louis is exposed, how will I be attacked by these people? I don't dare to think.

While I am woolgathering, Whitney calls me.