

Desperate Time 131

Chapter 131 The Scary Psychopath

I stare at the screen for so long, but have no courage to answer it.

I am scared.

But if I didn't answer it, that would make me look more suspicious.

After thinking for a while, I go away and pick it up.

'Hello, Jane Noyes? Yesterday I found out about Frances Louis and Cindy Leigh. I will torture her to death!'

Whitney Jordan gnashes over the phone.

I could feel her anger through the phone.

"Oh. I saw the news." I say calmly, but my heart is racing.

"Well, Frances Louis thought I knew nothing. I secretly asked someone at the bank to keep an eye on his card details. I know what he buys as soon as he makes a consumption. Yesterday afternoon, he spent four million dollars at the jewelry store. I never like jewelry, so I know he must have bought it for some bitch. Then I caught him in bed with Cindy Leigh at night, and that woman was wearing the jewelry he bought from that store!"

What Whitney Jordan did makes me startled. I didn't expect that she would pay close attention to Frances Louis.

It was me who accompanied Frances Louis to the jewelry store. If Whitney Jordan knows, god knows what she would do to me.

Now, what will she do to Cindy Leigh?

“What are you going to do?” I gulp and ask her.

I want to ask clearly and know exactly about what might happen to me.

“What else can I do? Not only I will ruin her, but also I will torture her to death!”

Cold sweat drips from my body like rain.

Whitney Jordan has a mental illness. A psychopath can do anything.

‘Don’t be impulsive. She has suffered a lot.’ I dissuade her.

She is a not popular star, now she is known as a mistress. Her career has been ruined.

“You don’t need to worry about that. I just want to tell you that if you see Frances Louis having an abnormal relationship with any woman, please let me know. I think he must have more than one woman.

After all, he is so excellent, there must be so many women throw themselves on him.”

Yes, the woman you are talking on the phone is one of them.

The only difference between me and those women is that they are willing, but I am forced.

I don’t know whether Whitney Jordan would listen to my explanation.

“Okay, I will pay attention. I have to go to work, bye.”

Then I hang up with mixed feelings.

I really feel sorry for Whitney Jordan. She trusts me so much, but I am the one who hurt her.

So, I must leave Frances Louis as soon as possible.

It's good for everyone.

In the afternoon, Donny comes to the company.

His handsome appearance with a superior background causes a burst of scream.

And I find that Nicole Snow looks coy when she looks at Donny.

I've never seen her look like this, not even in front of Steven Song.

But I am no surprised. Nicole Snow is so aloof that the person she loves is, of course, the best in the designing industry. And Donny is exactly her type.

Donny takes the elevator and goes to Steven Song's office directly.

Then my phone rings.

I go upstairs in the angry staring of everyone.

By the way, I take my design drawings of my choker.

Donny takes the drawing and nods a lot. He seems satisfied with my design.

"Steven Song, I think Jane Noyes is talented. I can give her drawings to DS personally and see how much they can pay for it."

DS?

That world-class luxury brand?

If I can really get this opportunity, the reward will certainly be a lot.

“Thank you, Donny.” I thank him sincerely.

But Donny shakes his head, “Thanks is something more than words.”

I am stunned.

What does he want? My body?

Chapter 132 I Have Unspeakable Bitter...

Suddenly, I look at Donny with horror.

‘Look at you. I am not going to eat you. Don’t worry, I’m a gentleman.’

Donny smiles at me, which eases the awkward atmosphere.

Steven Song cannot help but tease, “Do you think Donny is like someone who is obsessed with sex?” He is talking about Frances Louis.

I have offended Frances Louis, and I must be careful to others.

It is enough for me to jump in this abyss for once.

‘I just want you to take me out, have a nice meal with me, go to the shopping mall or something like that.

Because I don’t have many friends here. The only one I know is Steven Song. He’s a man and I don’t want to go out with him. I wonder if you’d like to be my guide?’

Donny tilts his head and stares at me with his green eyes. His eyes are full of sincerity that I am completely overwhelmed.

Besides, by shopping with him, I can definitely learn something.

“Of course, I’d love to, but I have to work now.” I say honestly.

“That’s easy. Steven Song, you would allow her to take a half day off, right?” says Donny, winking at Steven Song.

Steven Song shrugs his shoulders and curls his lips, “you’ve already asked my permission, how could I refuse you? It’s two hours till the end of the work anyway, so you guys go ahead.”

Donny and I walk out of the office in full view, and as we pass the design department, I feel Nicole Snow’s malevolent gaze, which is completely different and more horrible from the former one which is full of grudge.

“Donny, do you know how much trouble I’m going to get into by walking out with you like this?” My lips move and I lower my voice to him. I truly feel that I have unspeakable bitterness.

I feel wronged that I’ve become an enemy of women when I’ve done nothing in the company.

‘I see.” Donny stops, and his face, which has been kindly, turns grim at once!

“Are you a wooden head? What I said is so simple, why don’t you understand? Just do what Mr. Song says and record everything you need to buy! You’re not exactly the most beautiful woman in the world, and you’re trying to get me to be nice to you with your beauty? But only if you can understand human language! You’re so stupid, I don’t know how you got into the company! If Steven Song hadn’t said you were the most useless person in the company and made you do the grunt work, I wouldn’t have let you follow me!”

I am stunned by his incessant talking.

I know Donny's sharp tongue, which is as famous as his reputation.

But it still makes me freeze when I hear him scolding me in English viciously.

If I don't know he is acting, I would be really embarrassed.

The good news is that his acting works, and the group of people who were jealous of me just now start to snicker.

In the midst of everyone's disdainful gazes, I walk out of the company with satisfaction.

Only after I get out the door of the company, I say gratefully to Donny, "Thank you for helping me out.

Otherwise, in the future, I guess my life would have been even worse than before. However, you're really good at scolding people."

"I don't have other choices. I have to be picky to work in this industry. I'm a hothead, and if people don't meet my expectations, I get mad."

Donny says with a smile, then he drives the car here.

"Where do you want to go for dinner?" I ask.

"Any recommendation?"

"Well, it depends on what type of food you like," I say.

Donny turns around, looks at me and says, "From what I know, the greasy spoon will have much better food than the fancy restaurants. I am not particular about the surroundings of a restaurant, so you can just find some simple restaurants. That will be good."

Now that he's said that, it would be a lot easier.

I might not know where the fancy restaurant is. But as a poor working person, I know quite a few of greasy spoons.

'Then let's go to the Second Middle School. There is a lot of delicious food around there.'

Donny nods and drives to the Second Middle School.

Chapter 133 The Man You Came With Las...

I take him to a small restaurant that I used to visit when I was in high school. Frances Louis also brought me here last time, and after eating here once, I really miss the delicious food of this place.

It is a rare chance today, so of course I have to come here to eat.

'Hi, Jane, did you change a new foreign boyfriend?'

As soon as the boss sees me, he greets me cheerfully.

"Change?"

The corners of my mouth twitch a little.

Do I look like a flirtatious woman who would change boyfriends frequently? The boss is really good at making up stories.

"No, the last one isn't my boyfriend. This one isn't either, he is just a friend."

I smiled awkwardly at the boss and sit with Donny.

On Donny's face, there is no discomfort and he seem to be adapting well to the environment here.

'I can't really understand the menu.'" After flipping through the menu, Donny hands it to me and says,

"You're a regular customer here, so please recommend some food."

'I usually get the assorted fried rice, and the double-cooked pork over rice is also s very good choice.

Many people would order that. I never ate double-cooked pork over rice in high school, because I have to keep in shape, but every time I see people ordering it, the smell makes me want to drool."

"Okay, then order it as you say."

I nod and tell the boss what we want and he immediately go to cook.

Soon, two plates with super-sized portions of food are served.

Donny's eyes light up when he sees the hot pork over rice. He picks up a spoon and starts to eat.

"Yummy. It's so delicious." His eyes light up and he exclaims as he eats.

Looks like I have brought him to the right place.

He eats a big plate of rice, and the plate is so clean that it looks like it has been licked, which looks so funny.

I also eat a lot, devouring most of the fried rice.

At the checkout, Donny insists to pay the bill. I look at him helplessly and say, "I promised to repay you, no matter how poor I am, I can still afford this meal."

Then Donny stops arguing with me, and lets me pay the bill after a sigh.

I know he is a gentleman, so that's why he feels so uncomfortable to let a lady treat him a meal. But I would always feel like I owe him too much if I don't do something for him.

And I'm a person who hates to be indebted to others.

When the boss gives me changes, he suddenly whispers to me, "I suddenly feel that the man you came with last time looks a little familiar."

'I guess you have seen him many times on the news, after all, he's a big shot." I don't take it seriously and say to the boss.

The boss scratches his head and seems to agree with me.

After leaving the diner, Donny takes me to the mall inside Wanda Plaza.

In fact, I haven't been to such a place for a long time. Before I got married, I would come here once every two or three months after I got paid and bought one or two pieces of clothes to treat myself. But ever since I got married, Andrew Malan never gave me the chance to come to this kind of place.

In his words, a skirt would cost hundreds of dollars, which is a waste of money. Of course, it is a waste of money for him. He only earns a thousand dollars a month. So, after I got married, none of my clothes costs more than fifty dollars.

I'm not a vain person, but if I can't buy things I like with the money I earn, marriage seems too suffocating.

Luckily, I have already got away from that cage.

"I'll take you to DS to see if you can get inspiration and work out more designs that meet their requirements. I heard from Steven that you need money."

Donny says to me.

Yeah.

I need money.

I didn't expect that the reason Donny asked me to go shopping with him is actually to help me out.

The staff of DS know Donny. After all, a lot of this brand's stuff is designed by him.

A group of female fans gather around and ask for his autograph.

I wander around the store, looking at each item carefully.

When I reach the corner, I come face-to-face with a man.

Chapter 134 A Foodie's Nature

"What are you doing here?" Frances Louis lowers his head and looks at me with a cold face.

I am wondering why he is here.

'If you can come, why can't I? Don't I have the right to look around even if I can't afford to buy them?' I purse my lips.

I glance over at Donny, who is surrounded by women and doesn't seem to notice anything over here.

'Jane Noyes, have you been getting bolder lately with some man backing you up?' He smirks coldly and moves closer towards me.

I take a couple of steps back, look around in panic, and say, “don’t get that close to me in public, if Whitney Jordan finds out, I’ll be dead. By the way, don’t ask me to choose any presents to your another woman. If Whitney Jordan checks the store and finds out I was with you that time, I’ll be dead.”

“You don’t have to worry about these things, just do your part. You don’t have to worry about Whitney Jordan.”

He says coldly and takes a large step towards outside.

I look towards where he has just come out and there seems to be an office. He should be here to talk business with someone.

The clerk sees him come out and quickly moves away from Donny and bows respectfully towards him, “Mr. Louis, please take care.”

The staff breathe a sigh of relief until he is out of sight. I breathe a sigh of relief too.

Luckily, Frances Louis doesn’t realize I am here with Donny, or he probably would be mad again.

It is already nine o’clock in the evening when I go out of DS with Donny.

Donny touches his stomach and says, “I am a little hungry.”

He is hungry again? I haven’t digested the fried rice I ate yet.

“How did you get hungry so fast?”

“Maybe I am not hungry, just want to eat something. Life is all about food and drink. Come on, let’s go get a night snack.”

I know a place where, in the midnight, there are many stalls on both sides of the road. And the food there is so delicious.

Donny couldn't move his legs when he sees the food there.

Who would have thought that Donny, the famous designer is a foodie as well?

Donny orders some shashliks and two large plates of crawfish.

"Why did you order so much, can you finish them all?" I look at him in surprise and ask.

"You don't know, my favorite Chinese food is spicy crawfish. But before, I don't know if it's because I went to the wrong place, I can't always get the real spicy crawfish. I just tried one from another table, and it's really good, so if I don't eat enough, that would be a big mistake!"

When the crawfish is served, I really got to see Donny's real appetite.

For two large plates of crawfish, I eat about ten of them, but all of the rest is finished by himself.

In the end, he even packs a big plate to take away before leaving with satisfaction.

After the snack, Donny insists on driving me back home.

But I can't let anyone know about my relationship with Frances Louis.

So, I shake my head at him and say, "No, I'll go back by myself. You go back and finish this pile of crawfish. It won't taste good if it gets cold."

Hearing what I say, Donny dismisses the idea of sending me home.

I take a taxi to Frances Louis's house.

It is already ten o'clock. I come back so late.

I hope he's asleep and has no time to deal with me.

When I get home, I find Frances Louis sitting on the couch, looking down at his phone.

He looks up at me just as I get in.

"Where have you been? Why are you so late?"

'I went out to the mall for a while, you saw me," I say.

I am not lying anyway. I have nothing to feel guilty about.

'Then why didn't you buy anything?" He gives me a faint glance and asks.

"Who says I have to buy something if I go to the mall? I have the right to look around even if I can't afford one." I purse my lips.

I would never tell him that Donny and I have spent pleasant hours together. It isn't that I am guilty, it is that this man is too unreasonable.

Chapter 135 I never Know you Have thi...

'The overdraft of the card I gave you is unlimited, there's nothing you can't afford," Frances Louis says lightly.

'Forget it, I dare not use your card. If Whitney Jordan finds out, she would skin me." I say to him and head upstairs.

Frances Louis doesn't ask any more questions, and I finally get away with it.

I come out of the shower, but find Frances Louis lying on my bed.

"Al"

I squeal, quickly covering my private parts. But it is not enough for two hands to cover three parts.

I turn around awkwardly.

'I never know you have this peculiar hobby.'

Frances Louis teases, making me even more embarrassed.

'I just forgot to bring my nightgown, I don't do this usually.' I explain anxiously.

I'm not Frances Louis. I'm not some exhibitionist.

"What are you afraid of, which part of you I've never seen?"

Darn it! Shame on you! I quickly turn around and run to the bed to put my nightgown on.

It is only after I put it on that I remember that I have locked the door when I was in the shower. I am afraid that Frances Louis would suddenly come in and ask me the details of today. But finally, he still comes in.

"How did you get in here?" I ask cautiously at him.

I keep a safe distance from him for safety's sake.

'This is my house, and it's no surprise that I have keys to every room. So, don't do anything stupid like locking the door in the future.'

Frances Louis says quietly, sweeping his gaze over me and whispers, "Come here." There is undisguised desire in his eyes.

I am afraid.

Ever since I've met Frances Louis, just a sight of bed would frighten me not to mention a bed with him on it.

I stand still.

His patience is running out. He gets up and pulls me so hard that I fall onto the bed.

And, in an extremely awkward position, I fall on top of him.

How awkward is it?

My head is buried just where his private part is.

Then I see that part hold up a small tent.

'Help me get my pants off.'

The man says, his voice a little dry.

I know it is a sign that Frances Louis turns on.

"No. I'm still on my period." I say feebly, but I don't dare look up at Frances Louis.

I am lying.

My period has gone, but I really don't want to have sex with Frances Louis. At least not today.

I am exhausted now after I hanging out with Donny for so long. I just want to have a good sleep.

Frances Louis, however, rolls over and pushes me underneath him. Then he smirks, "Jane Noyes, you think you can fool me?"

Then, his hand goes to my private part, finding my most sensitive area accurately, his coarse fingers gently sliding over my tender skin.

"You only sleep in your panties at night when your period comes, I know that well." The man whispers in my ear, making my ears blush.

It is my private habit, and I feel embarrassed when Frances Louis says it out like that.

I do this because I have read in a book that sleeping naked is good for health, so as long as it isn't the days of my menstrual period, I am used to sleeping naked.

I never thought that Frances Louis would find out my private habit.

"How do you know everything?" I look at him helplessly, knowing that I can't avoid him tonight, and say in a muffled voice.

He chuckles softly, squinting his eyes, "Jane Noyes, you're a bad liar. So, don't try to fool me. I'll teach you a lesson if I find out you lie to me!"

Frances Louis's words make me break out in a cold sweat.

While I am stunned, his finger, suddenly, thrusts forward into my pussy.

"You..." I try to say something, but I turn soft under his 'attack'.

"Tonight, make up for everything you owe me."

Chapter 136 You can Count on Me

At first, I don't understand what Frances Louis meant, until he has sex with me all night.

"Frances Louis, did you have aphrodisiac?" I lie limply and force the words out of my mouth.

Although he usually lasts for an hour or two. But today is completely different. Its been five hours, and he is still not going to come at all.

My waist is about to be broken.

I can't think of any reason for this except that he's on drugs.

"Are you thinking that I didn't work hard enough before?" He stops and says to me with an evil smile.

"No... no."

I shake my head immediately, "You're strong, you're a fighter."

Questioning a man's sexual capacity is the most unwise thing to do, and I wouldn't do such a stupid thing.

Frances Louis smiles with satisfaction and moves a little faster, each time, reaching the deepest part of my pussy.

I don't even have the strength to speak, and I can only let him do whatever he wants with me.

Eventually, his cum is in the deepest part of my pussy.

It is only when he comes that I realize he forgot to wear a condom!

Frances Louis didn't wear a condom and I let him in.

Today is definitely safe, but he should get used to wearing a condom, what if someday I got pregnant. Sooner or later, I will leave Frances Louis, and nothing can go wrong.

If the choker I designed can earn the favor of DS, leaving him will be just around the corner.

“What are you thinking?”

Frances Louis lies next to me and asks.

‘Nothing, just want to learn more techniques later so you can come earlier.’ I say casually.

Next to me comes a soft snort from Frances Louis.

“Good girl.”

What the hell!

It must be because the spermatozoon has occupied his brain that he would have such nasty thoughts. I’m a woman, does he want me to watch porn?

‘I’m going to sleep, I’m so tired. Please go back to your room, your Majesty.’ Then, I close my eyes and turn away from him.

My body is exhausted because of Frances Louis.

Day is breaking, and I need to hurry to have a good sleep.

Then I am asleep.

When I wake up, my quilt becomes warm under the sunlight.

I grope for my phone with my sleepy eyes. I immediately jump out of bed when I see the time.

It's ten o'clock!

I can't believe I sleep till 10:00, I am doomed, I am doomed!

"How come I didn't hear the alarm clock? It's that son of a bitch Frances Louis's fault! He makes me so exhausted that I sleep through it!"

I say angrily as I get up and dress myself.

Behind me, however, comes the voice of Frances Louis.

'Because I turn off your alarm clock.'

I am instantly petrified. Why is he in my room? Doesn't he hate sleeping with me at night?

Did I just call Frances Louis a son of a bitch?

I guess, no?

I slowly turn around and say to Frances Louis, "Please don't do that again, I'm going to get fired if I'm constantly late or absent for my work."

'Then you can count on me.'

The man says lightly.

'Forget it, it's not realistic. I'll eventually get old and you'll get bored of me sooner or later. Men, no matter how old they are, will always like young girls.'

I reply.

Then I go to wash up.

Frances Louis has plenty of money, of course I can count on him. But then I wouldn't be able to earn the money to pay him back.

I don't want to be a canary in a cage, I want to be free.

After a quick wash, I don't even have time to have breakfast, and hurry to the office.

When I arrive at the company, I find Steven Song's car parked right in front of the company.

The window is rolled down, and Steven Song is sitting in the driver's seat, playing with his phone. Seems like he is waiting for someone.

I walk over and say hi to Steven Song.

"What are you doing here? Watch pretty girls?" 'I am waiting for you, of course.'

Steven Song sees me and gets out of the car.

Waiting for me?

Why does he wait for me?

Chapter 137 Be Allergic to Mangoes

"Why are you waiting for me?"

Steven Song goes to the trunk in silence and takes out two boxes.

He hands me one of the boxes.

The box is pretty heavy, and I don't know what is in it.

'Let's go.'

Steven Song says as he leads me inside, "Donny told me about what happened yesterday when you came downstairs so of course I am going to help you too. I found that you were late for work this mornina so I got a chance to help you. Otherwise it would be really hard for you to survive in this company."

"Thanks." I say softly, feeling sincere gratitude for Steven Song.

Thanks to his help, otherwise other employees would really think that I have affairs with Steven, course recently I am always come to work late and leave early.

When colleagues see Steven and I carrying stuff upstairs together, they all think we were going shopping for company. They just give me a glance and go back to doing their own things.

It seems that Steven Song's trick really worked.

After carrying the box up the stairs, I am ready to leave.

But Steven Song stops me.

"Don't be in a hurry to leave."

Then Steven Song opens one box and the rich scent of mangoes comes out.

Yum.

I love mangoes, and when I see him take out a big, red mango, I almost drool.

Plus, I didn't have breakfast. I feel my eyes lightening up as I look at the box of mangoes.

'Eat one before you go.'

Steven Song cuts a nice mango and hands it to me.

"What kind of mango is it and why does it smell so good?" After eating half of it, I turn to Steven Song and ask.

"Someone else brought it back to me from overseas, I don't know, I don't usually eat this stuff. It happens to be in the trunk, so I use the boxes for materials. If you like it, you can have more, since I don't eat it anyway."

'I think you can eat one. It's really good.'

I say, giving the other half to Steven Song.

He looks at me suspiciously, but eventually takes the mango and quickly eats it.

'It tastes really good.'

He praises.

"Am I right? I told you it was delicious."

Half of the mango is not enough for me, so I pick up another one and start cutting it up.

Then, I give another half to Steven Song.

Suddenly, it feels like something is wrong.

“Why do you keep looking at me?” Steven Song asks me confusingly.

“Why do I get the feeling that your lips are a little swollen than they were just now? Also, there seems to be some little red spots around your lips.”

“Well, I do feel my mouth a little numb, and the sides of my lips begin to itch, too.”

Steven Song says, starting to scratch around his lips, and those red spots are becoming more and more noticeable.

“Oh no, are you allergic to mangoes?” I am alarmed.

I’m allergic to alcohol, so the more I look at him, the more I think his symptom is allergy.

“But I remember eating a mango once when I was a kid, and nothing happened then.” Steven Song says.

“You idiot! Allergic reaction won’t show up until the second time you eat it. You weren’t paying attention in school. Stop it and go to the hospital. Allergy can be serious.”

Steven Song nods, put on his mask and follows me downstairs.

He insists that I go to the hospital with him, and as for the reason, he wouldn’t tell me.

He is the boss, I couldn’t argue with him, so I could only go out of the company with him in the presence of everyone.

I accompany him to the hospital and register for him.

“As for your case, it’s better to get an injection.”

“An injection?”

Steven Song slumps to one side, and he is about to collapse on me.

“What’s wrong?” I ask confusedly.

‘I am afraid of needles.’ Steven Song whispers to me with a bitter face.

‘Ha, ha!’

I couldn’t help laughing out loud.

I didn’t expect that someone who is so arrogant would be afraid of a tiny needle.

“Stop laughing, okay?” Steven Song rages at me.

I nod, but laugh even happier.

At the end, I am laughing so loud that my stomach hurts. I cover my stomach, but I am drawn to two figures in the hallway.

Chapter 138 I have Good News for You

Frances Louis ! He is helping a pregnant woman carefully walk in front of me.

If I hadn’t seen such a scene again, I would have forgotten that I saw Frances Louis holding a pregnant woman when I entered the hospital with stomachache.

From my memory, it seems to be the same pregnant woman.

Who is that woman?

Whoever she is, can Frances Louis keep a low profile? Whitney has been watching on him lately, doesn’t he know to conceal himself?

'If you don't want to take an injection, take the pills. But the effects will be slower. I thought you'd like to be healed quicker as you have such a handsome face.'

The doctor prescribes the pills. Steven Song and I walk out of the doctor's office together.

Frances Louis and the pregnant woman have disappeared out of my sight.

Steven Song goes to the pharmacy to get medicine and I head upstairs.

My mother is in this hospital, and I haven't visited her for a long time.

I try desperately to make myself be hardhearted. But there are so many things that I couldn't let go.

When arrive at the ward, I find that there is another patient lying on my mom's previous sickbed.

The doctor told me that my mom required constant observation in the hospital. Is she...?

No, she wouldn't!

I shake my head and walk quickly to the doctor's office.

'Hello doctor, I'd like to ask about the middle-aged woman who was previously unconscious in bed 224?'

"Oh, you mean her, she woke up yesterday and was discharged after a day of observation with no problems."

I finally feel relived.

Luckily my mom is okay.

My worries are unnecessary.

After making sure my mom is okay, I go downstairs. Steven Song gets his medication and is ready to leave.

When we go to get the car, I run into Frances Louis.

In the back seat is the pregnant woman.

I don't know if Frances Louis would lose his temper again if he sees me with Steven Song. After all, last

time I stayed at Steven Song's house for a night, and he had locked me up. I feel guilty and don't dare to look at him.

I guess it is because that pregnant woman is there, Frances Louis couldn't make trouble for me. After taking a meaningful look at me, he leaves.

"Why Frances Louis is so dissolute? There are so many women around him. What's more, he has a wife." I sigh to Steven Song.

But he smiles and says to me, "You can't judge things without second thought. What you see with your eyes may not be true."

I am confused by Steven Song's words. But he doesn't talk more and sends me back to the office.

After dropping me off in front of the office, he leaves.

The reason is that he is now disfigured and his face couldn't be seen by so many women who adore him.

I just ignore him and go back to the design department to start working.

I wasn't at work in the morning, so I have a lot to do in the afternoon.

By six o'clock everyone leaves and I am still catching up on the last bit of drawings.

And that's when Donny calls me.

'Jane Noyes, congratulations! The director of DS has seen your drawings and says that he is satisfied with your design! If they adopt it, you'll get five million dollars. I think you have a great chance to get it!'

I could hardly hide my excitement, and I am almost in tears.

Five million dollars mean that I could pay off Frances Louis. I could also use the rest of the money to buy a small house and live the life I want.

The dream that I couldn't even think of is coming true, and I couldn't be more grateful to Donny.

'Thank you, Donny. I'll treat you a dinner sometime.'

With such good news, I am even more motivated to work.

Quickly finishing my drawings, I go back to Louis's house with glee.

"What are you so happy about? Is there some good news?" Frances Louis asks me.

"Nothing. Just in a good mood." I say shaking my head.

I can't let Frances Louis know, or I don't know what he would do to ruin it.

"No good news?" Frances Louis laughs and says to me, "But I have good news for you."

Chapter 139 His Gift

"What's the good news?" He is smiling, but I always feel like nothing good is happening.

He stands up, walks towards me, and says in a cold voice, "Let's go out for dinner. Let's talk about it when we come back."

Frances Louis wants me to guess. Darn it! He just wants to torture me since I am always being curious for all kinds of things!

I want to ignore him, so I grit my teeth and say, "I am not hungry", then I go upstairs.

Anyway, I ate at four o'clock in the afternoon, and had a snack in the evening, so I'm not hungry at all.

But now it's over ten o'clock in the evening and Frances Louis hasn't had dinner yet, does it mean he was waiting for me?

But why doesn't he call me and tell me to come back? Or has he just gotten back too, and hasn't had time to call me yet?

I couldn't figure it out, so I quit.

'Jane Noyes, I'm hungry.'

Frances Louis begs with soft voice, like a helpless child.

I turn around and meet with his cold face.

It must have been my imagination.

'I'll go cook you a bowl of noodles then,' I say, and head towards the kitchen.

Behind me, Frances Louis suddenly holds me back and says, "I said you're not allowed to go into the kitchen to cook again."

No more cooking in the kitchen? That seems to have different meanings.

"Are you sure you don't want me to go into the kitchen to cook?" I look at Frances Louis and ask extremely seriously.

"Yeah." He says.

"Well, remember what you said," I say, shaking off his hand and running quickly towards the kitchen.

I get the induction cooker, the pot, the spices, and the bowl and noodles. As long as the water is boiling, I could make the noodles.

As I put the spices in, I say smugly to Frances Louis, "You said I wasn't allowed to get in the kitchen to cook again. As you can see, when I go into the kitchen, I'm not cooking. When I cook, I'm not in the kitchen."

Frances Louis is probably really hungry, or maybe my reason is too perfect for him to argue with.

He looks at me without saying anything and sits silently aside to watch me cooking.

Quickly, I cook the noodles and serve it to Frances Louis.

He eats the noodles gracefully. He doesn't say the noodles tastes good or not.

It doesn't matter, I never expect him to compliment me anyway.

While he is eating the noodles, I ask, "You said you had good news for me, what is it?"

Although I didn't expect Frances Louis would say anything pleasant, I couldn't help but want to figure it out.

'I've got something for you, go upstairs and find them by yourself.' He points towards the upstairs and then continues to eat his noodles.

I go upstairs curiously. I feel a bit nervous as I enter the room.

On the bed, there is a small box.

The box is small and looks like it contains clothes or shoes or something.

At least, that's what I thought.

Why would he send me these things? Is it to make up for the guilt of not giving me jewelry last time? I open the box and instantly turn red when I see what is inside.

I take the box and storm outside, yelling at Frances Louis, "Frances Louis, shame on you, what are you giving me this stuff for?"

Frances Louis was drinking the noodle soup, and when he sees me come out, he immediately puts the bowl down, acting as if nothing has happened, and says to me lightly, "You said you wanted to learn some skills, I just want to help you."

"Then why you give me sexy underwear and... this thing?" The thing I'm really embarrassed to say is the vibrator.

In the box Frances Louis prepared for me are three items, besides the vibrator and the sexy underwear, there are dozens of CDs. It must be someone's collection.

I was just saying that casually, but he actually takes it seriously and wants me to use these things. Why doesn't he go to hell?

Frances Louis smiles, looks down at his watch and says quietly, "You have half an hour to learn before I come up there."

Chapter 140 Turn around

Learn what? Shame on you, Frances Louis! 'I'm not learning any of this stuff, shame on you!' I say, throwing the box at the door and going back to my room.

I don't lock the door, because I know very well that the lock doesn't work for Frances Louis, he would always find a way in.

Five minutes later, the door is open.

I am lying on my bed watching a video.

I am startled by a knock on the door and I look back at Frances Louis, "I thought you said it would take you half an hour to come in?"

Frances Louis laughs and says, "Because someone isn't a good girl."

I just notice that he is holding the box I just throw at the door.

"Who is not a good girl? You should look at yourself, look how..."

I don't dare to say the word 'perverted' for fear of Frances Louis punching me.

'It's normal for men and women to have sex,' Frances Louis says bluntly.

Then he gives me the sexy underwear.

"Wear this out after the shower."

Wear this? No way! I am not a sex tool for his amusement, and I would not satisfy his perverted requirement.

But I can't refuse Frances Louis to his face. He is a fierce beast. If I anger him, I don't know what crazy things he would do to me.

"All right."

I say, grabbing the clothes and going to the bathroom.

Turning on the water, I drop the sexy underwear on the floor, which instantly get soaked.

“Yikes!”

I pretend to be shocked and Frances Louis’s voice comes from outside the door.

“What’s wrong?”

‘I accidentally dropped the underwear on the floor and it’s soaked.’ I pretend to be sorry.

I’m a little impressed with my acting skills which could win an Oscar.

I thought I could fool Frances Louis with this trick, but the bathroom’s door is directly opened by him. He walks towards me, unbuttoning his shirt.

His Tanned body is exposed to me, and I gulp.

So tempting!

I am startled by my thoughts. How could I think Frances Louis’s body tempting? I must be out of my mind! “What do you want?”

I look at him in horror and take the towel to cover my body.

‘I suddenly think that the way you look naked in the shower is so much more seductive than wearing sex underwear.’

So... he wants to have sex right here right now?

Frances Louis walks to me within two or three steps, pulling off the towel covering my body and pressing his hot body against me.

And his hot and huge part presses against my belly.

'Don't...not here.'

I usually see this kind of images in movies. I'm blushing just thinking about it.

I bury my head down against his chest.

'Embarrassed to look at me?' He lowers his head and rests his chin on mine, his seductive voice lingering in my ear.

"Yes." I respond, burying my head even lower.

Overhead comes his chuckle, "turn around."

Then he turns my body around.

In an instant, my face faces the wall, while my back is to him.

The water runs down the top of my head, over the skin of my back, and then from my sensitive parts to my thighs.

I am so ashamed, but Frances Louis is suddenly holding my waist and thrusting forward.

"Ahm" I scream. I lean forward unconsciously and brace my hands against the wall to stand still.

This position is humiliating but he can go deeper than each time before, which makes my body tremble unconsciously. I crumble under Frances Louis's continuous 'attacks'.

Eventually, I almost get soaked before Frances Louis finally ends this lovemaking.

I sit limply on the floor, and can't move.

I know I must look awful now, but I really don't have the strength to do anything at all.

It's better that Frances Louis disgusts at the sight of me, so I don't have to stay with him anymore.

Frances Louis stands in front of me, and suddenly, his hands reach out to me.