

Desperate Time 16

Chapter 16 The claws of this little w...

Next to him, sitting the nobody model— Cindy Leigh.

Cindy Leigh rubs him with her big boobs from time to time, which makes my eyes burning.

I can't help but suspect that Frances Louis appears to refute the rumor of Steven Song.

'President Louis, you really save me from fire,' Steven Song smiles and walks there, saying this meaningfully to Frances Louis.

He thinks exactly like me.

Frances Louis laughs. He doesn't admit nor deny. It seems these rumors have no impacts on him.

His eyes look at me, "President Song prefers a light taste recently."

Damn him! He is clearly saying that I can't compare to the big boobs next to him. I roll my eyes and ignore him.

I don't want to explain my inner connotation to a shallow creature like him.

Steven Song looks at me and smiles, "don't judge her from the appearance. The claws of this little wild cat are sharp."

Then he takes me to our seats.

I am a little surprised that Steven Song doesn't seem to be as dandiacal as he appears. At least he sees through me.

I think I have always put my temper down in the company, but he sees through me anyway.

'For a woman, being wild is tasteful. In particular, at certain times...' Frances Louis says lightly, and his eyes fall on me again.

I always feel that he means something.

Because his eyes are too ambiguous.

It seems that he is reminding me of that night.

I blush thinking the condition that he brings up to me that day.

In this world, there are always some people who can touch your heart in a few words.

Frances Louis is definitely one of them.

"Why are you blushing?" Steven Song adds fuel to the fire by asking me this question.

'It's a little hot.' I blurt, and Steven Song have the air conditioner turned on.

'President Song is so sweet.' Cindy Leigh says deliberately ambiguous.

Now I am sure that the entertainment news is true.

Although the picture is blurred, the side face of Cindy Leigh is clear. But in that picture, she leans on the man eagerly.

So maybe she is rejected by Steven Song. No wonder she speaks so crossly.

Steven Song pays no attention to her. He serves me some food from time to time, totally ignoring others.

The women in the room look at me from time to time with jealous eyes. After all, except me, all the other women serve the men.

I don't mind, just eat and drink with ease. After all, I only have ten dollars now, if I don't seize the opportunity to eat, I'm afraid that I can't survive.

At last, I seem to drink a little too much, and feel a faint sense to pee.

Looking at the men who have had three rounds of wine, I am embarrassed to speak out. But after holding it for a long time, I couldn't help and get up from my seat.

Meanwhile, Frances Louis, who sits opposite, also stands up.

'I'm going to the bathroom.'

Then he looks at me, and says smilingly, "together with me?"

Damn you together!

People begin to kick up a fuss.

'President Louis, what are you going to do when you go to the bathroom with this little beauty? She comes with President Song.'

'That's right, you can go with your little model.'

I ignore them and go straight out. I couldn't hold it anymore.

The wind blows over on the corridor, which makes me want to pee more turbulently.

I hurry to the bathroom, but behind me comes the voice of Frances Louis.

"What is your relationship with Steven Song"

## Chapter 17 Stop haunting me

I don't know if it's just my illusion, but I always feel like I'm being interrogated like a cheating wife questioned by a husband.

But what's between Frances Louis and me? If there is anything, it is all about that night.

But we are adults, and this kind of thing is not a big deal. I am a woman and I give him my first time without saying anything, but now he is haunting me.

'Do I need to tell you that? It seems to be nothing between us.' I leave the words lightly. All I want to do is to go to the bathroom.

Frances Louis strides forward and walks beside me, clipping me between him and the wall, leaving on narrow passage for me.

Hearing my words, he turns his head and looks at me with a light smile, "the relationship between creditor and debtor is not enough for me to ask?"

"Enough enough enough. You're rich. You're the best. I beg you to stop haunting me!" Damn it! I just want to go to the bathroom! Why is it so hard!

"Are you sure I'm the one who haunts you? You follow me all the way to the men's room, and I have more: reason to doubt your purpose."

He says and points to the signboard on the door.

Seeing the signboard, I am awkward immediately.

I follow him to the men's room. That's so embarrassing!

I am unconvinced and hum. I pretend to be calm and say, "the female's room is beside, I like to stroll outside for a while before I go in there. You have a problem?"

However, Frances Louis raises his noble chin to the opposite side and says, "No. I just want to remind you kindly that the ladies' room is down the hall. The reason why this hotel designs like this is probably to avoid women like you following men."

The he goes into the bathroom, leaving me crying without tears.

I take a deep breath and run across the hall. I almost can't hold it back.

Frances Louis, you just wait and see!

Unfortunately, as soon as I come out of the bathroom, I see Frances Louis coming out from the opposite side.

A man pee so slowly. He must have a problem with his prostate, also his kidney function, perhaps also the impotence. Yes! It must be like this!

Thinking like this makes me feel comfortable, then I come back to the private room feeling satisfied.

Frances Louis and I go into the private room side by side.

Fortunately, people are drunk, and busy toasting each other, and no one pays attention to us.

Otherwise, there would be another ridicule.

But somehow, they have changed their seats.

Now there are only two vacant adjacent seats.

Frances Louis is natural and sits on the right.

I don't know what to do, but bite the bullet to sit beside him.

Left is Steven Song and right is Frances Louis.

Suddenly I feel myself like a sandwich biscuit.

'President Louis takes so long. You should be punished to drink three bottles of wine.'" Someone sees. Frances Louis and says immediately.

'That's right. The beauty who comes with President Song also have to drink.'" Someone continues. I can't drink. As long as I drink wine. The measles would run all over my body. That looks ugly.

"Sorry, I'm allergic to alcohol. I substitute tea for the wine.'" I say sorry and rise with my tea.

But they don't buy it, and insist to make me drink the wine.

Steven Song also doesn't have the heart to see me suffer, and says hurriedly, "Le me help her, you can't bully a woman. The hero saving the beauty has always been my hobby."

But people don't buy it, "President Song, that's not what you said when you force companion to drink. How could you change the rules when it comes to you?"

Now it makes Steven Song to ride the tiger.

Cindy Leigh has risen up. She pours a glass of wine and comes towards me.

"Miss Noyes, right? I drink a toast to you."

Then she pours that glass of wine into my mouth, almost forcibly.

After drinking, I feel every inch of my body like being on fire, which is so uncomfortable.

It's white wine, and it won't be long before I get red rashes on my body.

If I really drink three glasses of wine, I would definitely die here.

The sinister smile flashes through Cindy Leigh's eyes. Steven Song can't help me, but feeling anxious standing aside.

Frances Louis has already finished three glasses of wine. Seeing Cindy Leigh still try to pour wine into me, he grabs the glass in her hand, drains the whole glass in one gulp, and then pours himself another glass and drinks it.

L will drink the last two glasses for her. If you still don't let her go, you are not giving me face."

His words stop everyone's mouth.

No one speaks anymore.

It seems that the identity of Frances Louis is really different from that of these ordinary bosses.

The dinner is over soon, and the business has been settled.

Steven Song drinks a lot and leans his body on me all the time when he is walking. It takes me a lot of energy to hold him up. I also drink, so I couldn't drive Steven Song home, so I call an agent driver to send him back.

I walk to the bus stop to take the next bus back.

The night wind is blowing fiercely, I doesn't wear too much, plus I am about to get a wine rash, my body couldn't help shivering.

The medicine store is right behind me, but I don't even have the money to buy some allergy medicine.

Ten dollars. I don't know how long I can hold out. I have always been stubborn, and I don't want to borrow money from anyone.

When I get home, I have to face my parents' questions and dilemma. The burden of life is almost overwhelming me.

Even the conditions offered by Frances Louis begin to dance in my mind.

For me now, what he said is really attractive. It's just, I don't want to degenerate to this situation. I shake my head and get rid of my dirty thoughts, then I feel better.

But I don't know where I can go.

"Here."

The sound of Frances Louis comes behind.

I am stunned.

Why is he still here? Apparently he leaves before me.

I look back. He is holding a small pharmacy bag in his hand. Next to him, there is no Cindy Leigh with big boobs.

Chapter 18 I am redundant

"What's this?" I ask.



The wind discomposes his hair.

He seems to stand in the wind for a long time.

“Medicine.”

He says and shoves the medicine to me. Then he leaves.

He drinks a lot, too, and probably calls his chauffeur to pick him up. And his car, parks right behind me, I don't notice it.

Actually, I am thinking, if Frances Louis offers me an olive branch now, perhaps I will really say yes.

Tonight, I am so fragile. I Desperately need a harbor to dock my wandering heart.

I open the medicine bag and look inside. They are all anti-allergic medicine.

I smile sadly. I swallow the medicine without water.

Perhaps only the pain and suffering can support me to go on.

When I arrive home, there is another man except my mom and dad.

My brother Frank Noyes.

My parents sit beside him, one is on the left and the other is on the right. They serve him like serving an empire. One peels orange for him and the other massages his shoulders.

There are full of snacks and fruits on the tea table. I know these are bought with my money even thinking with my toes.

“Why do you come back? Aren't you studying abroad?” I ask Frank Noyes.

He doesn't even look at me. He is still playing a hand game with his phone.

'I'm tired of studying. I don't want to study. And I don't have as much money as other students, so I can't go out to play every day. It's boring. I might as well come back.'

I feel really mad hearing what he says. Although the relationship there is found by Andrew Malan, his expenses abroad have been borne by me. My parents have always given him much money. Other people go abroad would work while studying, but he only wants to enjoy!

'Who permits you can come back? Have you asked my advice? All of your tuition have been paid by me. And now you just quit study. Do you think money just grows on trees?!'

I get really mad. I grab Frank Noyes's phone, throw it on the tea table, and yell at him.

My mom stares at me ruthlessly. She picks up his mobile phone and hands it to him again, 'he is your

brother, why are you so fierce? If he doesn't want to study, then he can just quit. He lives faraway, and I can't often see him. It's better for him to come back.'

I know my parents spoil my brother. But it is still hard to see them being so inconsiderate of my feelings.

Now the whole family are living with me, it is clear that I should be able to support a large family. I can't even keep myself alive. How can I feed them?!

Restlessly, I turn to Frank Noyes and say coldly, 'since you don't want to go to school, then go to work.

You are 22 anyway.'

'No, dad and mon would support me.' Frank Noyes fights me back.

'What dad and mon? It's me who would support you at last!'

My mom feels unpleasant. She stops me and tells me that Frank Noyes is going to sleep in the main room tonight. My dad and she are going to squeeze on the couch, and I need to make a bed on the floor or go to a friend's house, and then I have to rent a bigger house tomorrow.

Suddenly, there is only desperation left in my heart.

There is no extra quilt at home. What can I use to make a bed on the floor? And who am I supposed to find in the middle of the night?!

I look at these three members of the harmonious family coldly, and feel like I am redundant.

Since they don't think of me as their daughter, I really don't want to burden myself any more.

I go to my room and pack my things. I take my suitcase and go out the door.

My mother probably thinks I am going to see a friend, so she just looks at me and goes back serving her precious son.

I breathe after slamming the door.

Looking at the empty street, I don't know where to go.

At this time, I can only find Mindy. I call her but she tells that she is having a vacation abroad.

Now I am driven into a corner.

I flip through the numbers in the phone book one by one. When I see the name of Frances Louis, my hand stops.

Chapter 19 I am not a free nanny

It is David Gibbs gives to me last time when I ask him for the address of Frances Louis.

I look at this name, like a drowning man grabbing a piece of driftwood.

Maybe only Frances Louis can help me now.

I have my pride, my self-esteem. But now, neither pride nor self-esteem can help me live in this city.

Shaking my hands, I dial the phone, the phone rings for a long time, and no one answers.

For me, even one minute and one second are very painful.

I am afraid that he doesn't answer.

But I am also afraid that he picks up.

Finally, Frances Louis doesn't pick up.

But I don't have the courage to call him.

I stand in the cold wind. I think I might really have to sleep on the street tonight.

Dragging my suitcase, I walk slowly under the dim lamps.

After two minutes, my phone rings.

I am so nervous that my heart stops beating.

But different from what I think, it is not Frances Louis.

It is Steven Song.

'Hello? Jane Noyes?'

He is obviously drunk by the sound of his voice, and his tongue is knotted.

“What’s the matter, President Song?” I ask.

“You come to my house. I will send you the address.”

Then, Steven Song hangs up the phone.

I don’t know what he asks me for, but I go there anyway.

First, he is the boss and I am the employee. Second, I really have nowhere to go. If Steven Song doesn’t call me, I might have to go to Frances Louis’s house.

I find Steven Song’s home according to the address he gives me.

It is a luxury apartment.

It can tell from the appearance that there is only one person lives here. He seems not living in Song Family.

Steven Song open the door, his body is full of the smell of alcohol. When he sees me, he collapses and falls on me.

“What happened?”

I hold him up and try to take him in.

To be honest, Steven Song seems very thin, but he definitely has muscles. He presses on me and he is so heavy.

I am exhausted to put him on the couch.

'Make me some sober-up soup. I have to stay awake. By the way, make something delicious. I'm so hungry.'

Then he lies on the couch and rolls over restlessly.

By the light of the living room, I realize that he seems to have cried. At least, his eyes are red.

It is embarrassed to ask private questions about the boss, so I go to the kitchen silently and make a bowl of sober-up soup, and then fried two dishes with the ingredients in his refrigerator.

"Wake up." I slap him, but he has no reaction.

Would he sleep to die? I come so far away to cook for him, if he sleeps, that would be a waste of my labor!

I guess I have got rocks in my head, or maybe I have a long backlog of resentment that makes me kick him straightly.

Being kicked, Steven Song suddenly wakes up from the sofa. He touches his ass and says, "You are the first who dare to kick my ass!"

He is a little angry at first, but he is soon attracted by the smell of the food. After drinking a bowl of sober-up soup, he begins to eat.

'Jane Noyes, you make delicious food. You can cook for me every day in the future.' When he looks at me, his eyes sparkle like a child for candy.

I curl my lips, "I am not a free nanny."

'Then I'll pay you.' He looks at the suitcase I put in the corner and says, "meals and accommodation included."

I think Steven Song know about my embarrassment, but he doesn't ask me why. He just helps me in a very light way without putting any pressure on me.

It is at this time that my attitude towards Steven Song changes. I always thin he is a playboy, but now he's at least a gentleman.

I have no other choice, so I agree to Steven Song's request.

Steven Song's apartment has three rows, so there is a room for me. I simply tidy up and go to bed. As for the salary, I don't talk to Steven Song. After all, I am homeless now and it is good to have a place to stay.

I sleep well this night.

Early in the next morning, Steven Song throws me some money.

## Chapter 20 A shield

I check the money. There is about twenty thousand dollars, but I don't dare to take it. Instead, I look at him blankly.

'Half of it is your salary, and the other half is the money for the vegetables. I am afraid you'd quit suddenly, so I give you the money just in case.'

Yeah, I'm really short of money right now, so I don't pretend to be awkward and just take it.

When I am about to go out, my mother calls.

"What's the matter with you? I don't care whether you went out last night. Why don't I come back today? Your brother's cell phone is broken because of you. He wants to buy a 7Plus, you quickly get the mone back for him to buy a new one."

I laugh bitterly, Do they really think I am stupid! I just threw it on the tea table last night and it was broken? They just want to find an excuse to ask for money.

I hang up the phone directly. They call me afterwards but I don't answer them.

When I arrive at the company, everyone sees me and Steven Song showing up together, and they all cast envious and resentful eyes. In an instant, I become the public enemy of all the women in the company.

"How could she hook up with the President when she just come the company? I've been here for three years, and she gains an advantage!"

"You just come here for three years, I have been here for five years! It can't be your turn speaking of seniority."

"You mean you are old." "Who is old? You coquette!"

The two women beside me, they sim at me at last second, and for the next second they have quarreled with each other.

Steven Song seems to have seen this scene a lot of times. He pulls my hand and strides into the elevator.

As soon as I get into the elevator, I ask Steven Song, "Are you trying to kill me?"

Steven Song lets go of my hand and says, "Sorry, I have no other ideas. These women are so annoying. I need a shield. And I don't think there's anyone better than you."

"Why me?"

'Because you are not attracted by me.'

He is right. All the women in the company are eager to climb into his bed, but I am different.



And that call he made last night actually saves my life. Otherwise, I would have climbed into Frances Louis' bed by now.

But at this time, I do not know, between me and Frances Louis, doomed to be entangled together.

In the afternoon, Steven Song leaves in advance. I pack my things and get ready to buy some vegetables.

Coming out of the office, I always feel as if there are eyes staring at me in the dark. But I turn back and see nothing. Perhaps, it is just illusion.

I buy vegetables and go out of the door. Suddenly, there are two people coming down from a van and they drag me in.

The vegetables roll down on the ground. The car has started before I realize.

Including the driver, there are four men in the car. They are all wearing hoods, so I couldn't see their faces.

I am held up by two men and gagged with a towel, unable to speak.

I begin to feel flustered.