

Desperate Time 161

Chapter 161 I'm not a Good Girl

I don't know what the look on Noah's face is right now.

Shock? Contempt? Helplessness? Or something else.

His complex look traps me in such an awkward situation that I barely can stand it.

What is happening is still too much for me to take in despite the fact that I knew he would be violently stirred if he was told so.

But I know I have to speak up about it.

Otherwise, it would be too unfair to him.

Noah gazes at me for a long time before he finally stands up and says awkwardly, "I have things to do, and I'm afraid I have to take my leave."

In my heart, a slight bitterness spreads.

As expected, this is too much for Noah to accept me.

I even thought if he was really willing to have the present me, I would like to live an ordinary and simple life with him after leaving Frances.

It is definitely unfair to him, but if so, at least I'll lead a happy life for the rest of my life.

After he left, I got to know that he even didn't pay the bill.

Anyway, it doesn't matter anymore.

Having paid my bill, I go out and look around, finding that the car that followed me is gone now.

So the car may have left here.

But what puzzles me is who on earth is following me.

I come back home and find Frances is out. It's already past eight o'clock. But I feel hungry now.

I didn't eat anything in the restaurant.

Frances has set it as a rule that I'm not allowed to go to the kitchen. But this is a place where no restaurants would like to deliver take-out here. Can't I just do something to get rid of my hunger?

Suddenly, the phone rings. It is a call from Frances.

"My mom will come here today. You definitely would like to have a dinner with her." His mother?

I immediately get nervous, having the feeling of meeting my boyfriend's parents in a formal occasion. But why I'm the one to meet his mother. It should be Whitney.

"You have twenty minutes to get yourself ready. I'll pick you soon."

He hung up before I had a chance to reject him. I have no choice but to do as he told. I change into clothes that look appropriate and decent and do a little makeup, waiting for Frances at home.

Soon, a sound of car engine shutting off is heard outside the door.

I walk out, but Frances frowns when he has a sight of me.

"Why do you dress like this?" "What's wrong with my dressing?" I am in a white dress with a V-neckline design, which perfectly shows off my shapely figure.

The Louis is a well-established and prestigious family, so they would definitely go to a fancy place for dinner. What if I got kicked out for not dressing formal suit?

“Go for a simple suit, just the ones you usually wear for dinner.”

I have no idea about his intention, but I still do as he told.

After changing, we go to the restaurant together.

As soon as I walk in, an elegant lady catches my eyes.

That lady looks like Frances in appearance, so I guess she may be his mother.

As expected, Frances take me towards her.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs Louis.”

I greeted her embarrassedly, not sure it was natural or not.

The smile on her face breaks my concern. She says to me, “So you must be Jane Noyes?”

She knows me?

Maybe Frances has told her about me.

I nod and look at Frances with unease, really having no idea on how to continue the conversation.

“You look like a good girl.” his mother continues and wears a gentle smile.

Good girl?

I’m his son’s mistress. How can someone like me be good girl?

I can’t bear such a compliment.

I force a smile and reply, "Mrs Louis, you should know my relationship with Frances. I don't deserve "a good girl".

She shakes her head for denying and says, "I say you are, then you are a good girl. I trust Frances's taste."

I don't argue with her anymore, just smiling at her awkwardly.

Before food is served, Frances gets up and goes to the bathroom.

As soon as he left, his mother's graceful and proper smile freezes on her face.

'Although you are a good girl, I need you to leave my Frances.'

Chapter 162 It's Cold Sleeping Alone

Now it goes more natural when she speaks like that.

At least that's how I see the rich: realistic. How could she really like me when she knew that I am his son's mistress and I am a divorced woman in an inferior class with complicated family?

But it's good that way. At least we share the same goal.

Before I make a respond, she has already taken a check out of her purse and handed it to me.

It is five million!

That's the money that I've been dreaming of.

She looks at me with a cold face and says in a deep voice, "Here is five million yuan. I hope you can leave my son. Your relationship is over."

I do hesitate for a moment in my mind.

I have to admit I'm kind of sad to leave Frances, and his mother, no doubt, is insulting our feelings with money.

Nevertheless, the good thing is that I don't lose myself in this relationship.

Even if I have feelings for Frances, it would be my own wishful thinking, and now it's time to cut the love.

And the five million is just the exact amount to relieve me of my immediate needs.

As long as I pay him back, we will be clear from each other.

"Thanks, Mrs Louis. I will leave Frances." I give her a big smile when I take the check from her.

But my mind is haunted by pathetic feelings.

Perhaps not expecting me to accept her offer so quickly, she is clearly stunned. But immediately, a slight contemptuous look can be revealed on her face.

"Hmm, so you have a relationship with my son only for his money. I told him before he shouldn't have had relationships with complicated women. Every time I have to clear up the mess for him."

I don't say anything, sort of acquiescing to what she said.

Frances comes back and his mother returns to her previous graceful posture again.

My mind can't focus on the meal at all because the thought that what life I should have after paying back Frances occupies my mind.

"Mom, are you staying at my place tonight?" Frances asks his mother during the meal.

It doesn't sound like a sincere invitation.

"No. I know you are avoiding Whitney Jordan, and I don't want to add to your attention as a celebrity. I have a gig overseas tomorrow. The flight is twelve. I'll take a taxi there myself. You take Jane home now."

Frances doesn't try to keep her and drives me home directly.

After taking a shower, Frances lies on my bed naturally.

"Why don't you go back to your own room?" I ask him, helplessly.

"You see. It's winter now. I feel cold sleeping alone."

I curl my lips. Such an excuse is unconvincing for his room has heat.

Ignoring him, I go to the bathroom for shower with the door unlocked. Even if it's locked, he still can get in if he wants to.

Luckily, he doesn't do that.

As I step out of the bathroom, he pulls me onto the bed and hugs me in his arms.

"Throw away that white dress in your closet."

Throw it away?

That dress cost me thousands! I'm not a fool to do that.

"why?"

"No reason, it's just unsightly." he says softly.

At the same time, he covers my lips with his, blocking my rejection in my mouth.

I know he wants me. This is the last night I will stay with him, so I won't reject him.

And because it's the last night, some precautions must be taken.

I nudge him slightly and ask gently, "Can you wear a condom?"

He pauses a moment and smiles, "I like to have no gaps between us."

'I bought the ultrathin ones.' I reply with a shy and red face.

'I know.'

He has no intention to get up, reaching his hand under me. His touching titillates me.

At first, I still want him to wear a condom.

But soon, I give up and fall in his gentle "attack".

So finally, the condoms I bought so long ago still haven't been unpacked yet!

Chapter 163 Wait For Me

I once heard that if a man loves you, he would put on a condom to protect you even if it reduces his sensation during sex.

What Frances did clearly show that he doesn't love me.

So be it.

At most, I'll take some 'morning after' contraceptive pills.

This night Frances enters me deeply and I am very relaxed and achieves an orgasm like never before.

After completion, Frances falls into a deep sleep.

I get up from the bed and go to wash the sweat from my body.

I have trouble falling asleep when I think about leaving this place tomorrow.

When I see Frances sleep so peacefully and elegantly, my heart can't bear to leave him.

After all this time, I am beginning to question myself over my feelings for Frances.

It is a love-hate relationship and all of it has come to an end.

I'll give Frances the cheque tomorrow morning and then leave without a care.

I wake up early the next morning and prepare breakfast for Frances.

Since I am about to leave, I no longer bother about his restrictions on me.

Frances dresses up and comes down the stairs. He frowns when he sees the breakfast on the dining table.

'Didn't I tell that you are not allowed in the kitchen? You disregarded what I said?'

Why is he so moody so early in the morning? Does he intend to make things difficult for my departure?
"Today is a special occasion, so just let it go, okay?"

I wink mischievously and smile sweetly at him.

He is stunned, walks down the stairs, and sits at the table, and begins to eat breakfast.

“What’s the special occasion?”

He asks me solemnly.

‘I already...’

His phone starts to ring just as I start to speak. He frowns and answers the call. After a moment, his expression turns for the better.

He doesn’t say a word but I can feel that he is in a good mood.

I am wondering what news it is to be able to change his mood for the better so quickly.

He places the chopsticks down slowly, walks over and kisses my forehead, and says softly, “Wait for me to come back.”

Frances’ tenderness derails my train of thought and I am in a daze.

Why does he mess up my feelings when I am about to leave?

Frances already left when I come to my senses.

My words of farewell are left unsaid.

I’m sorry, I can’t wait for you to return.

I eat simply and I go up to pack up my clothes.

Each time I put away a piece of clothing, I will feel even more reluctant to leave.

There are several of Frances' clothes in the closet. I am unaware of when he brought over those clothes. Did he intend to continue staying in my room?

I take up his clothes to sniff it. My tears begin to fall and my mind is full of Frances' images.

His grin, anger, sadness, coldness, each expression is playing back in my mind.

My heart starts to ache.

At this moment I realize that I don't want to leave.

I don't know when Frances started to take root in my heart. These roots are full of thorns that hurt when they grow and hurt even more when they are being pulled out.

"What should I do? Frances, I think I have fallen for you."

I grab onto where my heart is and my body begins to slide down. I lean onto the side of the bed and cry bitterly till I lose my voice.

But I have to leave eventually. Frances does not love me. He has his own family. If I remain with him, it will hurt me even more.

After I pack up everything, I place the cheque on the table where Frances will be able to see it once he enters the house.

I also stick a post-it on the cheque with a written message.

'Frances, this is a cheque for five million yuan which will clear the four million yuan that I owe you. Please transfer the remaining one million yuan to my bank account, ICBC 621xxxxxxxxx. You don't need

this spare change anyway so please transfer the amount to me as soon as possible. Let's go our separate ways from now on and never the twain shall meet."

After writing this, I look around the house which although the stay is short, it is full of memories. Thereafter I drag my suitcase and leave.

Until Frances gives me the money to buy an apartment, I can only stay outside.

The hotels are too expensive and I decide to stay at a motel.

I am used to Frances' hug and have difficulty falling asleep when I'm in bed alone. Suddenly, I vaguely hear a knock on the door.

Chapter 164 I won't Give You the Free...

Who is knocking at this hour?

If I'm aman, I might think that this is a special service. But I'm a woman and this should not apply to me.

Can it be a burglar?

After all, the security at a motel isn't as good as a hotel.

Or perhaps it's a psychotic murderer?

Or a rapist?

The knocking doesn't stop. I get up to put on my clothes. As I walk from the bed to the door, my mind already plays back the scenes of horror movies.

My limbs are starting to tremble with fear.

I walk carefully to the door and open the door slightly. As I look out, I see Frances' dark and frightening face.

How is he able to find me?

I shut the door in a hurry and lean against the door.

My heartbeat starts to race.

That's it! Frances found me. From the looks of his face, I'm sure something bad is going to happen!
"Open up!"

Frances' deep and furious voice thunders from outside the door, causing me to tremble in fear.

But I'll be a fool to open the door at this moment.

"No!" I insist.

"I won't mind if you want more onlookers."

Frances is threatening me.

I don't want to cause a scene and can only open the door in defeat.

I stand at the door to block Frances from entering. I am afraid that he'll barge in.

"Just say what you want at the door. I'm going back to bed after you finish." I yawn and say nonchalantly. Somehow, I feel guilty inside me.

"To think that you can still sleep in this situation."

Frances scoffs and grabs me by the waist and walks into the room. He tosses me onto the bed and starts to undo his necktie.

I retreat away and I look at him in fear and say, "What are you doing? Our relationship has been ended. If you do this, I'll charge you for rape!"

"Our relationship has been ended?! Just because of this cheque?"

Upon saying this, he takes out a badly creased cheque from his pocket and glares at me like he is about to devour me.

How did the cheque become so creased?

Is it still valid when it is so creased?

Although I am frightened, I muster my courage and say, "Yes. This was the agreement. As long as I pay up, our arrangement ends."

"You got this cheque from my mom, right?" Frances hit the nail on its head.

There is no point for me to deny since he is already so certain. What's done is already done.

"Yes. This money was given to me by your mother to leave you. I accepted it because I needed the money."

Frances grasps my neck and he says furiously, "Jane, are you so cheap to be bought with this money? Am I only worth five million yuan to you?"

His look of contempt is like countless needles pierce into my body.

Regardless of how hurt I am I maintain a smile from beginning to the end.

“Mr. Louis is a wealthy man. You are unfamiliar with my world. Five million yuan to you is a small amount but to me, it is a huge sum. Furthermore, I don’t think you are worth five million yuan. Instead, my freedom is worth this amount.”

‘Freedom? I won’t give you the freedom that you want!’

Frances tears up the cheque forcefully after he finishes saying.

Chapter 165 Can’t Escape

‘Frances, are you crazy?’ I instantly jump up from the bed to pick up all the pieces of paper scattered on the floor.

I somehow still hold on to a hope that these pieces can be patched up with glue, but at the moment, I am having a hard time restoring the piece of paper to its original state. What can I do now?

“Return me another check now! I don’t care about anything now, I’ve given you this check but you have torn it into pieces like mad. Your actions doesn’t have anything to do with me.”

I am not in the wrong here, so I have no qualms voicing out my opinions.

Frances laughs imperceptibly as he sweeps away the pieces of the check while sitting by the bed.

“Where’s the evidence? You claimed that I have returned the money, but do you have proof? I have proofs that you are owing me money, and it’s all written in black and white together with the short memo. I have everything with me.”

This bastard!

I curse him silently before retorting vehemently, “Frances, it’s not like you are lacking financially, so why do you always want to pester me endlessly? Even if you don’t want to be with your wife anymore, you can always find a woman who is a thousand times better than me. Why do you have to bother with someone like who is divorced?”

I feel quite helpless in my heart. Frances is more difficult to get rid of than I have thought.

Just as he said, I don't have any proof that I have returned him money, yet he is still holding on to the evidences that show me as owner of his debt.

I really don't know how I can return that sum amounting to four million yuan after I have missed my chance last time.

'I have already stated clearly, at my discretion, this game will never stop unless I put it to a stop myself.' Frances' words successfully plunge my heart into a deep abyss.

I really don't have any idea how I should make him get too tired of me to the point of letting me off the hook.

'If you don't want to see a letter from my lawyer coming into your mailbox, you should just follow me back.'

France smiles while pinning some strands of my hair to the back of my ear. Goosebumps sweeps over my skin like a wave.

It seems like I have no other choice other than conceding defeat.

'Frances, I admit that you're ruthless.'

I comment viciously.

Then, I carry the box along with me as I plan to follow him back.

However, he suddenly collapses onto the bed as he says lazily, "It's so late now, I don't want to continue this fiasco anymore. Let's just sleep first. We will talk about what happens after waking up."

When he says that, he pats the empty space next to him, motioning me to lie down too.

His good mood has seemingly returned as he toys around with my hair. He says in a low voice, "You told me that today would be a special day. Are you referring to what has happened just now?"

"Yes." I answer honestly without raising my head to meet him.

'Today is indeed a special day. Jane, you are getting more and more courageous as time goes on.' Frances' tone suddenly dips a few notches.

From his tone right now, I can tell that he's angry.

"So what if I have courage now? It's not like I can escape from you." I complain powerlessly.

From the day I was by France's side, I have been concocting a plan on how to leave him. In the end, after much struggle, I still fail.

'It's great that you know that.' He smiles while he replies.

I know I can't afford to offend him any further, so I decide to stop arguing with him.

Frances is now sleeping soundly next to me, and on the other hand I am struggle to do just that. I have just escaped a wolf's den, yet it seems like I have let myself into a tiger's lair.

It is more than difficult to escape this tiger's lair.

In a wave of dizziness, I finally is able to sink into a deep slumber. By the time I wake up again, it's already eight o'clock in the morning.

Frances is still asleep. I get up to wash up briefly before trying to wake him up.

However, he remains motionless in bed.

Chapter 166 Please Calm Down

“Frances!”

I try to call out to him again, but he is still frozen like a statue.

At that moment, a thought occurs to me. Is he dead for some reason? “Frances, don’t scare me like that.”

I go over and lie on top of him while sticking my ear to his chest. When I hear a throbbing not far away, my worried heart can finally relax.

“Get off me. Even if I’m not dead, I will be dead because of your weight.”

Frances complains in a low voice, but I can sense a fatigue in his voice.

Besides, even though he’s wearing something, I can feel that his body temperature is abnormally high.

Why is his body scorching like he is shrouded in flames?

I touch his forehead, and it is as hot as touching a boiling kettle.

“You have high fever.”

I disclose the news to him worriedly.

Frances lifts his eye lids as he shoots a glance at me, “I only realize today that you really like to be on top.”

Likes being on top?

Since I am not a pure and innocent girl anymore, I immediately understand his meaning. I clamber down from him while muttering, "You're so sick right now but you still can crack useless jokes."

Frances lets out a weak laugh before shutting his eyes again.

This is the first time I am seeing him like this, and admittedly I am a little worried.

While ignoring his massive frame, I help him to get off the bed with all my might and hold him while heading outside.

I don't know whether his car is parked outside. I can only try to hail a taxi for now.

"Sir, send us to the hospital."

I say worriedly.

Frances shakes his head in disapproval, "I won't go to the hospital."

"Why? Are you afraid of getting injection like Steven?"

I just simply blurt out these words, yet Frances suddenly glares at me with his eyes widened, "Never bring up Steven's name in front of me."

He's so sick right now yet he still have the energy to be angered. I am really impressed by his tenacity!

However, I stop saying anything. Since I can handle helping him reduce his fever, I decide to bring him home for now.

Frances hasn't eaten anything yet, and I can't just shove some medicine into his stomach like that. I hastily prepare a hot milk and feed him with great difficulty before feeding him some medicine that can help him decrease the temperature.

I place an ice pack on his forehead but it seems that his fever is still persisting stubbornly.

‘It’s cold.’ Frances lets out a mumble, and he is all curled up into a ball.

It’s rare to see him in such weakened state, so I immediately produce my phone to take some photos for my own amusement in the future.

However, my phone is suddenly snatched away by Frances and he deletes all the photos in an instant.

I am quite baffled by his reaction. His eyes are shut, yet he somehow knows that I am taking photos of him.

The next second, I suddenly lurch forward as he pulls me onto the bed and keeping me stuck to his smoldering body.

He is so hot right now, so why did he claim that he is cold? However, he is indeed shivering at the moment. It doesn’t seem like he is just pretending.

I have no other way besides letting him hug me like that, although the temperature surrounding me is too high for my comfort.

Just when I almost pass out due to the heat, Frances starts to undress himself.

This is crazy. Is this illness-stricken man still thinking about that sort of thing even if he is in so much agony?

“What are you doing? Calm down now.” I try to stop him.

He starts to undress me too while I’m saying that.

‘Frances, please stop. Can you only think about other things after your fever has recovered?’ I scold him vehemently.

However, even though Frances is besieged by illness, I am still no match in terms of strength. I can only watch him removing all of my clothes.

His scorching skin is now directly in contact with mine, which makes me feel even hotter and suffocating.

Chapter 167 Play with Each Other

But Frances does nothing. He just holds me tightly and his breathing becomes steady.

I finally understand that the reason he does it is to make him warmer.

Is my thought too impure?

Being held by him tightly, I feel so hot that I am sweating.

As soon as people lie in bed, they just want to sleep.

Gradually, I fall asleep.

When I'm half asleep, I feel something on my butt. My most sensitive body part is rubbed over and over again. Soon, my vagina is getting wet. I'm completely awake.

Frances's body doesn't seem to be so hot, but his lower body is still very hot.

"Don't touch me." I turn around and touch Frances on the forehead. Making sure he doesn't have a fever, I'm relieved.

"Now, you can relax."

He starts kissing me from my earlobe, kisses and fondles my other sensitive parts.

We are very familiar with each other's bodies. Soon, I start to moan. My body can't help trembling under his caress.

"Your body has long been accustomed to me. Do you really want to leave me?" His voice is really charming. And then, he inserts the penis into my vagina.

"Ah..." I can't help moaning. I hug Frances tightly and can't say a word.

But I am sober.

Women and men are different in love and sex. A man may be obsessed with a woman's body and he may love this woman because of sex. But I won't. Only when I love a person can I have pleasure in bed.

Do I love Frances?

The answer is "yes".

Frances doesn't hear my answer, and he seems to be dissatisfied. Then he frowns and quickens his movement, which makes my groan louder and louder.

I love him, but there are some words I can't tell him, which should be my secret forever.

I give him a faint smile and say to Frances, "If I really fall in love with you, I'm afraid you'll think I will upset you. We're just playing with each other in bed. We don't need to..."

Before I can finish my words, Frances speeds up violently.

Gradually, his body also becomes taut.

I know he's going to ejaculate.

Sure enough, a minute later, he ejaculates in my body.

I'm a little stunned.

This is his fastest ejaculation. Our sex just lasts about five minutes.

He used to have sex with me for an hour or two. He's abnormal today. Is it because he's not feeling well? Frances gets up from me, gives me a cold look and heads for the bathroom.

Soon, I hear the sound of water spray.

After the bath, Frances comes out and dresses in front of me. He seems to be leaving.

When he comes to the door, he suddenly turns around and looks at me.

"Jane, do you really think we're just playing together?"

"So, do you think I will fall in love with you? Don't worry! I will not covet anything that does not belong to me." I smile at him and suppress the bitterness in my heart.

I can't fall in love with people like Frances. If I don't understand this, I'll be hurt deeply in the end.

"You understand it and that's the best."

Frances says coldly and leaves.

In the evening, he doesn't come back.

I finally see him the next afternoon, but I see him on the news.

Chapter 168 He is Drawing My Attention

“Frances and new popular star Elin Smith spent a day and a night at the hotel.” When I see the news, my eyes become a little wet.

Suddenly I understand what Frances meant that day.

Men are always playing with women in bed. For them, it’s the same as having sex with any woman. He can have sex with me, and of course, he can have sex with other women.

I feel a little bitter in my heart. I know I’m jealous.

I’m just one of his lovers, not his wife.

Not long after the news comes out, Whitney calls me.

“Jane, have you seen the news?”

“Yes.” I reply.

“Don’t worry, Elin Smith is not his lover.” Whitney’s decisiveness makes me a little surprised.

She is always suspicious. Any trace will be detected by her. Now that the news has come out, why is she so calm?

“Why?” I ask suspiciously.

“Elin Smith is his half-sister and his father’s illegitimate daughter. He is very clear about this thing.

Although he did not tell me, I have already investigated their relationship. It will not be wrong.”

Whitney’s explanation makes me feel a little more comfortable.

It turns out that I misunderstand the relationship between them. I shouldn’t be jealous of her.

“Well, I see.”

Whitney is silent for two seconds and then says to me, "Jane, I think Frances's affairs with those women are false. It's easy for Frances to hide these things. I think, last time, he let me know about Cindy on purpose. Even if I picked on Cindy, he didn't give some special reactions. So, actually, he doesn't care about Cindy at all."

He doesn't care about Cindy at all?

He generously gave Cindy a necklace worth four million yuan. Does he really not care about her? I don't believe it.

"Why does he do it? There is no need for him to..." I say to Whitney.

"He may be drawing my attention. Sometimes, men also lack the sense of security. Although his behavior

is a little laughable, it is also a little cute. He wants to divorce me because he misunderstands that I have an affair with another man. He's just jealous. That's his character."

They are perfect for each other and they love each other. But, I'm just a funny mistress whom nobody cares about.

"His jealousy shows that he cares about you. Since you know that Elin Smith is his sister, don't pick on her, or he may be angry with you," I say bitterly, feeling so ridiculous of myself.

I'm his mistress, but now I have to pretend to be a considerate friend to comfort Whitney.

"I know, but..." Whitney has a pause, and then goes on, "Maybe, he is using these women to cover for another woman whom he really loves."

I'm shocked. I feel that Whitney may have found something.

But I know that Frances doesn't love me. The reason he does it may just be to get Whitney's attention.

"I don't think so. Frances loves you. Well, I have something else to do. I'll hang up now."

I hang up the phone in a hurry, and I feel more upset.

Chapter 169 Pretend to be Ignorant

Frances is back tonight.

I am cooking when he comes.

On these days without him at home, I have cooked a lot by myself.

Seeing what I am doing, Frances does not say anything to sit by the table.

He has a look at my phone when I am bringing some dish to the table.

I have not closed the webpage of the news on my phone; he smiled slightly to say, "You read my news." I don't reply him, just rolling my eyes at him.

Everyone knows Frances is somebody who is always trending in the social media. I cannot ignore him in these news.

Then I tell him, "Since I read the big news of today, you are there."

Frances keeps laughing, "Do you feel bad with it?"

He looks so happy to make fun of me.

I did get mad with his news before knowing Elin Smith is his younger sister. Now I believe what was reported in the news is a joke.

If Frances supposes me to know nothing about them, I pretend to be ignorant of it.

I tell him, "Frances, you are free to date any woman in the world; that's none of my business. I have my own duty to fulfill."

Giving him a slight smile, I start to eat something slowly.

Frances seems to be annoyed and goes upstairs.

"Do you finish the meal?"

"Yes. I have no appetite today." he answers unhappily.

Frances is irritated too easily.

I also go upstairs after finishing the dinner. As soon as passing by the bedside table, I am surprised to see the new box of condoms.

Oh, my goodness! Last time, Frances did not use condoms on my ovulation, yet I forgot to buy and take

the morning-after pill.

Frances stays in his room for the whole night. In the early morning of the next day, I rush to the pharmacy and get one after pill to take. I know in my mind, two days have passed, but the pill should work within 72 hours.

Out of the pharmacy, I find someone might be following me behind for another time.

I am sensitive enough to feel disturbed for being watched by others.

From the awareness, I am sure someone is following me.

Not to wake a sleeping dog, I don't turn back to check it. But from some glass door nearby, I see the familiar black Honda car again.

I don't wait anymore and call a taxi to take me to the office.

At the off time, I find the car still parking not far from the gate of the office.

What will they do to me for following me one day?

I am too worried to take a bus, ready to call a taxi instead.

Just now, a Porsche Cayenne stops in front of me.

Someone rolls down the window and I recognize Lawrence Jordan inside the car.

I didn't expect to meet him here. "Lawrence?" I call his name.

He smiles to me and says, "Into my car?"

Considering the following danger, I definitely agree with him and get into his car as soon as possible.

Then I ask him, "What are you going to do in Virginia?"

Lawrence answers, "Come to see you."

I feel doubtful, "What's the matter?"

He is one friend of Frances, never contacting me privately. Now I am really curious about the reason he comes to see me.

He says, "Do you know who is following you in that car?"

Chapter 170 The Same Type of Person

“Who’s that?” I can guess but not sure about my answer.

Lawrence says, “It’s too much to say it here. We should go somewhere casual and talk about details.” In his view, some bars should be casual enough for us to have a longer talk.

Finally, he takes me one quieter bar different from those I have been to before.

There is a woman singing on the middle of the stage; the audience keeps listening quietly.

Lawrence watched the singer. I followed his eyes to look at her to find she is really similar to Whitney Jordan. The two women almost look the same.

I have to tell him, “She looks like Whitney.” Lawrence laughs, “I know.” And then he looks at the singer tenderly one more time.

Immediately from his eyes, I realize he gets a lot of problems or concerns in his mind.

I ask him, “You know Whitney very well?” Now he turns to look at me and answers with a smile, “Of course. Actually, she is my younger sister.”

Until this moment, I realize that he has the same family name with Whitney. There are not so many wealthy families in the city; most of persons with the same family name should be kin.

I ask further, “She is your sibling?”

Whitney is the last person whom I would like to meet in the world. Just now Lawrence told me he is Whitney’s elder brother; he knows Frances as Whitney’s husband and Frances has an affair with me.

However, Whitney has never got to know something about Frances and me from Lawrence. It is obviously unusual. So, I am confused why he came to see me today.

Lawrence shakes his head to answer me, "She is not my sibling; I am adopted by her parents. Whitney is someone with great pride, never treating me as her sibling brother. But she has never been my sister in my heart."

His words confuse me more.

I heard he talked about Whitney softly, from which I suppose they get along very well. But it might not be the truth. Is that the reason he did not tell her anything about Frances and me?

I ask Lawrence, "What would you like to talk with me?"

Before Lawrence answering me, the woman singer just finishes a song to walk to us.

Lawrence smiles and shakes head to her who turns around at once.

I don't think they are strangers. I still feel something unusual by instinct, but cannot get to the truth.

He starts to say, "Be good to Frances as much as you can. Try to keep him with you."

I am astonished by what he said.

Even though he does not get along very well with Whitney, he should not talk with me about it. Whitney will hate him badly for his request to me.

I ask him, "Why did you say it?"

He answers, "Since I found she had been suffering a lot from her marriage with Frances, I wish they could live separately. Frances does not love her, but makes her in great pain."

"You dislike Whitney?" I have to ask him the question.

Lawrence laughs and shakes his head, "No. I love her."

This is big news to me!

As the adopted son of the Jordan's family, he is neither allowed to love his sister in name; it will certainly make a scandal of his family to the whole society. But now he is so frank to tell me he loves Whitney.

No wonder he is not fond of Silvia Louis at all even she has kept pursuing him. He loves the one he will not get forever.

I have to say, "Frances and you are of the same type of person, both getting crazy!" Frances does not care about his charming wife, but likes another woman.

Lawrence ignores such gorgeous Silvia after him, just obsessed with his sister.

I curl my lips and continue, "I am sorry I cannot help you."