

Chapter 171 If Money Can Solve the Pr...

Frances Louis has told me before, both of us are just bedmate. I wouldn't expect to be more than his bedmate..

Even at this moment, even when I start to have feelings for him, it makes me feel suffering.

"Oh? Tell me why you feel like you can't help me at all?" Lawrence Jordan raises his eyebrow and says in laughter.

"Do you think Frances would like me? Asides from Whitney Jordan's mental illness, she's gorgeous, she comes from a rich family, which part of her isn't better than me? If he doesn't like this type of woman, I don't think he would like me of all other women, I won't even bother to think about it at all."

From this point, I know myself better than anyone else.

Someone like me will never get into Frances's eye, let alone to get into his heart.

Someday if he comes to look for me, perhaps he's just bored of pretty women and he just wants to try any simple woman. When he doesn't feel me interesting anymore, he would dump me as a stranger.

Although this truth makes me suffer a lot, it also keeps me awake at the same time for not making any unforgivable action due to my emotion impulses.

"Well, sometimes it's worth the try, how would you know if you never try?" Lawrence replies confidently.

He has been very stubborn. I don't want to argue with him. Although he and Whitney are not biological siblings, they have living together for a long time, it is inevitable that they would have same paranoia.

"So, the reason that you come to me is to ask me to snatch Frances away from Whitney, so that you could get Whitney?" I reply while trying to figure out what is in Lawrence's mind.

He nods his head and replies, "Consider it as an exchange, I will cover up the matter between you and Frances."

Well, the whole idea seems tempting.

Even if he doesn't say anything, the relationship between Frances and I will not last long.

I neither nod nor shake my head.

Lawrence continues to say, "I grew up with Whitney, I understand the way she does things. If you allow me to help you, it would be better. Frances thinks that he can hide it from her, but he's not aware that once a

woman falls in love with a man, she would have a sharper mind. In a way that, she would find out right away if he has any unusual behavior.

What Lawrence says have a point. Even if I couldn't reach his requirement, it's okay to agree with him first.

At least, I do have someone who can help.

'Fine, I promise you.'

I laugh a little and say to Lawrence, "But, how are you going to settle with the private detective outside?" Lawrence winks and cunningly replies, "Well, he's just getting paid to do things, if money can solve the problem, then it's not a problem. Don't worry about it, I will settle it by myself."

I feel less worry after hearing what he just says. He and Frances are naturally smart, eventually they will have the ways.

Just that, I still feel worry about Lawrence.

“You plan to blatantly snatch Frances’s wife away, have you thought of him as your brother? What if he do to you if he knows?” I ask.

Lawrence laughs confidently and replies, “I never fight a battle that is uncertain. Oh, Frances. I know him better than anyone else. There’s no fun of it if I tell you everything.”

He moves up as he is talking while walking towards at the female singer’s direction.

I just see him flirting with the female singer and holding her waist while heading towards somewhere private.

‘Doesn’t he just say he loves Whitney and now he’s flirting with another woman? Is a man’s love, such superficial?’

Chapter 172 Frances’s Secret

Walking out from the bar, the car that stops at the opposite never leaves.

Lawrence asks me not to worry therefore I’m not worry anymore and heads back home.

Frances isn’t back home yet but surprisingly, old Mr. Louis is at home.

Of course, I do have high respect on elderly.

I walk towards him and greets, “Good evening, old Mr. Louis.”

Old Mr. Louis nods his head and looks me up and down, “Are you doing okay?”

‘Everything’s fine.’

I look at him with doubt, wondering what he is trying to say.

'Please clean up any room for me, I will live here for quite some time.'

He is Frances's grandfather. He wants to live here, obviously I have no rights to reject.

I quickly clean up and make up a bed for him. When I finish and walk out from the room, Frances just comes back from outside.

'ald Mr. Louis, your bed is ready. Please have a look if there's anything that you're not satisfied.'

"Whose bed is ready? Do you want to live here?" Frances asks.

He lifts his eyes and sweep lightly at old Mr. Louis. It seems like he doesn't want him to live here at all.

I believe that there is something going on between them, so I just sit aside quietly.

'Kid, if I have not asked Betty, I wouldn't know that you have moved to somewhere else. It's fine that you hide yourself away from Whitney, but why don't you tell me the address?'

Frances starts pouting and sits on the sofa, two legs lazily overlapping each other.

"You think too much, I'm not hiding myself away from Whitney. I'm hiding away from you. Don't you know that I hate you more than Whitney?"

Frances's words sound merciless towards old Mr. Louis. I look directly at old Mr. Louis, I'm worried that he might pass out after he hears that.

Fortunately, he simply laughs and replies, "No matter how annoying I am, I'm still your grandfather. If you could, then kick me out from this house right now."

I have to say that the way he deals with his grandson seems cute in some way.

I look at Frances's expression secretly, he seems like he raises a smirk.

The next minute, I see him getting up and move towards the side of the sofa and pick up his grandfather's suitcase and walk out from the house.

'Asshole! Believe it or not, I will tell your secret to Jane Noyes!' His words instantly stop Frances's footsteps.

He turns back looking flustered at old Mr. Louis and says, "You dare!"

"Since I don't feel guilty anyway, I dare." The moment old Mr. Louis says it, it makes me feel curious about Frances's secret.

I literally stare at old Mr. Louis the whole time, hoping that he would speak out the secret. Who knows, he doesn't seem like he is going to say anything.

Curiosity is aroused. It does feel suffering to wanting to know what the secret is.

"Grandpa, which room would you prefer? Second floor facing towards the north seems brighter and spacious, I think it's quite suitable for you."

Frances's expression is gloomy in the beginning and he slowly smiles faintly the next minute.

Although he seems reluctant, but that instant change of attitude seems very shocking.

I never see Frances behaving like this, I start to wonder what is his secret which makes his attitude becomes so good all sudden?

If only I know, perhaps I could use it to threaten him next time?

I think, I should really take good care of old Mr. Louis during his stay. I must maintain a good relationship with him, maybe he will tell me Frances's secret when he's in good mood.

Chapter 173 Don't Eat If You Are Full

"Old Mr. Louis, are you asleep?"

I knock on his door at nine o'clock in the evening,

"Not yet. What's the matter?"

I hear his loud voice, and then the door opens from the inside.

"I just want to ask if you are in the mood for some night snack. I can cook some noodles or dumplings for you." I smile kindly at him, trying not to make myself look different than usual.

The old man shakes his head and says, "I don't like those food. You can make hot and sour noodles for me. Make sure the taste isn't too blend."

I don't expect him to be someone who likes spicy food. But making a bowl of hot and sour noodles doesn't beat me.

"Okay. Wait for a second. It'll be ready soon." I nod and leave the room immediately.

This is one step closer to please Mr. Louis.

Twenty minutes later, I bring the noodles upstairs and knock on the door again.

But nothing happens after knocking for a long time.

Mr. Louis falls asleep in such a short time? Now that is embarrassing.

I try not to eat anything at night to lose weight. And I don't want to eat anything too spicy to upset my stomach.

But throwing it away would be a waste.

Just then, I see that the door of Frances' room is still open, so I knock on the door and walk in.

The lamp in the study is on, and I walk in with the noodles in my hand.

Frances sits at the desk and has his back to me. He seems to be fascinated by something he is reading.

He is so intrigued that he can't even hear the knock on the door, let alone not noticing me coming in his room.

"Are you hungry, Frances?"

Frances jumps when my voice breaks the silence.

He quickly hides what he is holding in his hands under a pile of documents. "What are you doing in here? Don't you know you should knock on the door first?!" He asks me with a straight face while turning around.

"I knocked, but you can't hear it." I answer aggrievedly.

"Don't come in unless I answer next time." He says after a pause.

I also know it is my fault that I enter his room like that. I hand him the noodles after nodding, "This is the night snack I made for you. Eat it while it's still warm."

"Made for me?" Frances has a meaningful smile. "You really think I can't hear the conversation you had with my grandpa?"

When the lie is exposed all at once, I am truly embarrassed. "It was originally for Mr. Louis. but he didn't answer the knock on the door. I assume he is asleep, so I brought it to you." I tell him with a smile.

Without saying anything, Frances takes the bowl from my hand, says while frowning. "Only Mr. Louis can stand something this spicy."

Despite the slight complaint, he slowly starts eating.

He frowns right after one bite.

Maybe he can't really stand the spiciness, even the tip of his nose is covered with sweat.

"Stop eating if it's that spicy. I can't afford to upset your precious stomach." I pout quietly.

Frances lowers his head, ignores me and keeps eating.

The noodles are almost eaten by him.

While he was eating, I scan around the place where he just hides something. Only to see an exposed corner.

It looks like a photo.

What kind of photos does he need to hide discreetly like this?

Ever since I start to care about Frances, I am genuinely concerned by all his gestures.

Therefore, I can't help but speak up.

"What were you reading just now, Frances?"

Chapter 174 I Am So Pissed

Frances' face suddenly turns gloomy.

He stares at me for a long time and speaks slowly. "I have already told you a long time ago. Mind your own business. Never ask about things that doesn't concern you. Is it that difficult for you?"

Frances' sudden indifference breaks my heart.

He doesn't know that I am asking out of love.

Maybe it's best for him not to know for the rest of his life.

It's not difficult. I'm just curious. I won't ask again if you don't want to talk about it." I grin at him reluctantly take the bowl from his hand, and go straight downstairs.

As soon as I walk out of his door, I run into Mr. Louis who is looking around with his door opened.

"Oh, there you are, Jane. I was so hungry that I fell asleep just now. Hurry up and bring me the noodles." I look at the bowl, and there is nothing left except the big bowl of soup.

How can I give it to Mr. Louis like this?

"There is nothing left here. But I will cook another bowl for you if you are still in the mood to eat."

It's not complicated anyway. It just takes some time.

Mr. Louis shakes his head. His eyes suddenly look sharp, and he walks towards Frances.

"Did you cut in line and eat my noodles, kid! I was drooling in my dreams, and I still can't have it in reality!" Mr. Louis points at Frances angrily. His angry face looks kind of cute.

"You are the one who fell asleep. I heard her knocking on the door for along time. Old people should acquiesce to their age. Isn't it good to go to bed and get up early? Having night snack is a young people thing. Don't try too hard to follow the trend."

Frances curls his lips and says in return.

“Are you trying to piss me off? What an ungrateful kid. How can you do this to me when I came all the way to visit you? Did I treat you wrong?”

Mr. Louis is so angry that he looks like he is about to explode.

I can't help but want to laugh.

It looks like the grandfather and his grandson are going to have a spat again.

“Do you still feel like eating the noodles?”

I stand at the door and ask.

‘Eat? I am so pissed that I feel full!’ Mr. Louis says.

Since he is not eating, I go downstairs to wash the dishes. Then I plan to go to bed.

When I come back, Mr. Louis is still arguing with Frances. In other words, he is scolding Frances.

And Frances is too lazy to say anything.

I go back to my room and lay down. Maybe I will fall asleep after playing with my phone for a while.

However, I find that there are many missed calls on the phone. All of them are from Noah.

Thinking of him still makes me uncomfortable.

It's already so late at night, is he in trouble? Or there is something emergency.

I call him back after hesitating uneasily.

The phone is finally answered after a long time.

"I love you so much, Jane. I don't care about anything, else. All I care about is you. I don't care who you are with now. Leave him. Let me be your boyfriend and I will be nice to you for the rest of your life."

On the other side of the phone, Noah's voice sounds pretty drunk. And it seems that he is drunk for a while.

If Noah proposes this a few days earlier, I might say yes. That is before I know how I feel about Frances. A man must be really in love with you, if he can tolerate everything about you,

And love is something I always pursue.

"You are drunk, Noah."

I say.

"I'm not drunk, Jane. I want to see you. I want to see you now. I will jump from here if you don't come."

Chapter 175 Marry Me

Jump off?

Noah's words scare me.

"Where are you?"

It doesn't matter if I still love this man or his words are real or not, I must treat his life seriously.

'I'm on the top floor of Fir Bar, come here as soon as possible."

Noah says.

'I'll be there in a minute.'

I put down my phone, and walk out of the door while putting on my coat.

Frances just step out of the room, and frowns on me, "It's late, where are you going?"

I know he never likes Noah, last time he even threatened me not to meet him. I can only pick a random excuse, "It's a company thing. I need to leave."

I rush to the bar.

And there has already had a large crowd gathering around it.

Noah is sitting on the roof, with his whole body is shaking. I feel like he could fall off at any time.

"Has anyone called the police?" I ask one of the onlookers.

'I don't know either. I just go here.'

That person explains.

I worry too much about Noah, so I call the police first before I go upstairs.

"Noah."

I call his name from behind him in a frightened tone.

"Jane!"

He almost shout when he sees me.

Watching him from such a short distance, I can see he gets all red in the face. He must have drunk a lot then he should.

'Just come down, it's dangerous up there.'

It's a building with six floors, twenty meters from the ground. His whole body is gonna smashed if he falls off. I don't know when the police will come, I just want him to be safe.

"No, you come to me. I need to tell you something."

He smiles to me gently, which makes me feel fretted.

I have no idea what he is going to say, but I know I have no choice but to walk to him.

He really likes me, so how can I watch him die? Even though I don't like how unimportant he sees his own life, I can't leave him there.

I nod, and walk towards him.

I'm afraid of the height, that's way I only stare at his eyes instead of looking down.

People have already started to teasing him.

This society id full of indifferent people, they just want to see the drama, only few really care about if he's gonna be okay.

'Jane, I love you. I don't care about your past, I only want to be a part of your future. I'll be good to you for the rest of my life, I'll make you happy. Marry me!'

Noah yells these words to me under the help of alcohol.

The onlookers turn excited immediately.

I'm so embarrassed that I don't know what to say.

Everything is happening so fast, however, I know clearly that I won't marry him.

Looking at him, I'm so lost that I don't respond to him for a really long time.

Seeing me being quiet, his face clouds, "Jane, either I get to marry you or I'll die in front you." My heart goes half-cold after hearing him out.

People downstairs try to convince me in his favor.

'Just marry him.'

"He's kinda handsome, if I were you, I would say yes."

Of course, they are putting pressure on me. Not to mention Noah is getting irritated, and I don't want him to do anything stupid.

But marriage is not something you can say yes to easily.

Right at this moment, my phone rings.

"Ms. Noyes, this is the police. The firefighters haven't arrived yet, please make sure that gentleman is in a stable mind, please just say yes to whatever he requests you."

Chapter 176 Congratulations

Even the police didn't tell me, I know right now my top priority is to pacify him.

I can't think of any other way to do that except saying yes to him.

'Fine, I'll marry you.'

I nod while saying yes to Noah.

Down below, people are taking pictures. They all seem a lot more excited than me, the one who was actually been proposed to.

However, my phone was vibrating in my purse. It's Frances.

It's definitely improper to answer his call right now, so I have to turn the ringtone off.

'Really! That's great!'

Noah rushes to me and kiss me really hard on the lips.

I'm stunned.

And my instinctive move is to wipe out his trace on me.

Frances's gloomy face flashes through my mind.

At this moment, I finally realize that I feel nothing for Noah now, because all I can think about is Frances.

Being in a good mood, Noah drags me off the rooftop.

And I'm finally relieved.

The only problem is what I should do now for I consent his proposal.

Because of the liquor, he's so emotional right now. I can only wait for him to calm down.

'Jane, I'm so happy that you're willing to marry me.'

His body is wobbling, and a smell of alcohol rushes into my nostril.

It's lucky that he wasn't shaking so violently, otherwise, he might have fallen off.

He suddenly falls on me. I think the drink is taking on him.

I try to carry him out of the bar. We barely make it to the door that his mother rushes in.

"You little bitch, how dare you still hog on my son. Are you trying to get pregnant while he's drunk?"

His mother gives me a hard push. I'm not prepared for that so I fall on the ground, and my hands are scratched.

I stand up and say to his mom calmly, "Since you are here, I'm sure you know I'm here to save your son. I'm not a despicable person that you think I am."

I don't like to be misunderstood. I better explain to prove my innocence.

'I don't care what you do here, just leave my son alone. As long as I'm alive, you'll never be his wife.' His mom takes him home. She was so frightened as if i was going to eat Noah alive.

I'm amused a little bit somehow, but I feel relieved as well.

At least I don't have to think about how to deal with Noah tonight.

Since the drama has come to an end, I stop a cab to go back to Frances's place. But time is approaching midnight.

Strangely, the villa is fully lightened up.

Usually, Frances are already asleep. What's wrong with him today?

I walk in, and Frances is sitting there on the sofa.

"Why are you still awake?"

I ask him nervously.

Is he waiting for me to come home?

"Congratulates."

I's confused by his words.

"What?"

'Jane, you really surprised me. Your way to hook up with a man is very impressive."

Frances finishes his sentence with a cold hum. He stands up from the sofa with a gloomy face, which scares me.

I still don't know what he's talking about.

The only thing I know is that he is being frightening.

I'm fretted under the pressure he puts on me.

"Will you be more specific?"

“Well, look at this yourself.” Frances slides his phone into my hands, with his face looking stone-cold.

Chapter 177 He Must Pay the Price for...

I take his mobile phone and see that above the Weibo headline was a video.

The video was about Noah proposed to me on the rooftop.

My voice in the video when I replied seems much louder than I imagined.

I didn't expect this to get posted online so quickly. However, it's no surprise.

The comments below are all very romantic and complimenting the lovely couple.

Just what is going through these people's minds; under such a tense situation, how could it be romantic at all? If I did not agree to Noah, who knows what would have happened.

So Frances is angry over this video? Is he jealous? People only get jealous over someone they like.

Suddenly, I feel a little tense in my heart.

“Frances, are you jealous?” I look up at him, my heart beating wildly, waiting for his answer.

He sneers, takes back his phone from my hand, and says disdainfully, “Jane, you think too highly of yourself, why in the world would I be jealous over you?! It's just any woman of mine, even one I don't want anymore, no other men can touch her either!”

My heart turns cold completely.

Jane, you really are too full of yourself.

“What’s the matter with you? You saw how critical the situation was at the time. Was there any other way to diffuse the situation besides agreeing to him? I was saving lives!”

“Saving people, or taking advantage of the situation?!” Frances snorts coldly, obviously not believing me.

“I warned you long ago, don’t see him again, but you didn’t listen! Jane, don’t regret it!”

Frances says, then sticks his hands into his pocket and walks upstairs.

I immediately understand the meaning behind his words. He is going to ruin Noah’s job, and likely ruin everything about him.

“No, Frances, I was wrong, don’t ruin Noah!”

I beg.

Noah’s temperament seems to be much weaker than I thought. What if he can’t handle it and plans to commit suicide again?

Frances stops, turns his head, and smiles at me faintly, “If you do something wrong, you have to bear the consequences. An apology alone will not work for me.”

His words are full of icy chills, which made me shudder from head to toe.

However, I really don’t want Noah to lose everything he cherishes because of me.

“I was wrong, I will never see him again, I swear!” I say hastily.

“No, he must pay the price for touching you.”

As Frances spoke, his hand rub past my lips forcefully.

I then remember that Noah kissed my lips before, and it was all recorded on video.

Damn it!

How can I calm Frances's anger down? With his temperament, he will commit to do what he says, so things are looking really bleak for Noah's future.

"Frances, what do you want me to do? As long as you promise not to touch Noah, I will do anything!" I plead.

If kneeling was useful, I would kneel down right away. But Frances is far too cold-hearted. Unless he gets what he wants, anything I do is useless.

"Do you really love him so much?" His eyes look more and more dangerous.

"It's not whether I love him or not, it's just that you take things too far. It's not fair to Noah at all. He has done nothing wrong and does not deserve this." I explain.

Frances gives me a cold look and heads upstairs without saying a word, then closes the door.

Chapter 178 Get Out

I follow Frances upstairs, and was about to head into the room to further beg for mercy. Unexpectedly, he slams the door shut, which almost knocks my nose.

Originally, if all else fails, my plan was to sleep with Frances and make him happy.

Now I didn't even have the chance to do that.

I go back to my room and lie on the bed, but I can't fall sleep.

Noah is innocent, how could he suffer Frances's wrath for no reason?

Suddenly, there was the sound of running water from the bathroom.

Only then do I remember that our rooms are connected.

Courageously, I tiptoe to the bathroom and open the door, revealing Frances's sturdy, wet, naked body right before me.

Even though I have seen it many times, I still feel quite nervous.

I blush and walk slowly towards him.

He frowns and looks at me, and says solemnly, "What are you doing in here?"

Judging from his expression, he seems a little unhappy. He's probably still mad at me.

I swallow, and put on a charming smile at him.

'I came in to shower you.'

With that said, I walk up to him, my trembling hands gently brush against his strong chest.

I could feel Frances's body shake. His breathing also becomes a little unstable.

"Get out."

He says to me in a hoarse voice.

I know that Frances was getting turned on, so how could I leave at an opportunity like this? Naturally, I have to take advantage of the moment and carry on.

My hand moves on down, from his hot chest, to the bulging abdominal muscles on his belly, and then even further down.

His breathing becomes even more and more rapid.

Then, with a pull, he pulls me into the shower.

Water splashes on me, and my clothes become soaked in an instant. My clothes stick onto my body and outline my curves.

Frances suddenly begins to passionately kiss, and his hands softly caress my sweet spot.

The stiffness between his pants press against my vagina, making my legs give way.

“No, not here.”

I whisper softly and lower my head.

Thinking back to the last time Frances was here, I didn't even have the strength to lift my legs afterwards.

Now I know what it's like to encounter someone so damn handsome to the point that constantly made you always want spread your legs open for him.

“If you light a fire, then you gotta put the fire out.”

His kiss takes my breath away. He presses me against the wall and wraps my right leg around his waist.

His thick stick rubs on through my pants, which makes me shudder.

Frances is already unable to restrain himself; he takes off my pants, and he was anxious to come inside me.

It looks like my plan might be successful after all.

My hand wrap around his neck, and I bat my eyes at him, "Frances, can you let Noah go?"

His body freezes stiff in a split second.

Frances raises his head, staring at me with his sharp eyes.

He says coldly, "Get out!"

There is a coldness in the air about him, and he has completely lost the heat of the moment.

"Frances." Unwillingly to admit defeat, I climb up again, but he pushes me away.

How embarrassing.

I lie on the ground disheveled, looking up at the man who exuded a coldness around him.

"Jane, do you really love him that much? Since when did you ever beg me, and are even willing to give up your body to save your lover?! If you like him so much, when you are having sex with me, won't you feel sorry for him?!"

"Frances, you're the person I like!"

Chapter 179 Pick Another One by Secre...

When I shout this sentence, I'm stunned.

Soon, I feel very regretful and I want to take back what I said just now.

Frances has said that we're just bedmates. The fact that I love him should not be known by him.

I tell him my secret that I love him. How should I face Frances?

I feel nervous and embarrassed.

I hang my head nervously, not knowing what to do. But I hear Frances sneer, "Jane, do you think I'll believe you? I tell you there are a lot of women who like me. You are nothing to me."

I'm nothing to him.

I'm just one of Frances' mistresses. When he likes me, I need to be around him. When he is tired of me, I will be abandoned mercilessly by him.

I'm relieved that he doesn't take what I said seriously.

From now on, I will never confess to him. The fact I love Frances is going to be a secret forever and nobody will know it.

I put on my pants, walk out of the bathroom and go back to my room.

My clothes are so wet that I take them off and put on my nightdress.

Frances certainly won't come here, and I can have a good sleep tonight.

But as soon as I lie down, I couldn't fall asleep. I have been thinking about Frances's words.

Frances will never fall in love with me. He loves Whitney.

The beautiful and noble woman is worthy of his love.

The next morning, when I go downstairs, I don't see Frances.

Old Mr. Louis is sitting on the sofa, watching the entertainment news of the day.

The stars' affairs are being broadcast on TV: This star has a date with that star in private. This female star has an affair with that male star.

Staying with Frances for a long time, I can't feel anything more when watching the entertainment news.

Old Mr. Louis sees me coming down and waves to me.

"Jane, you made Hot and Sour Rice Noodles for me last night. To thank you, I bought you breakfast." Old Mr. Louis is too polite. Well, I think he's turning me down.

There is no such thing as a free breakfast.

He knows that I will ask for a favor, so he refuses me in this way.

"Thank you."

I thank him politely. I look at the variety of breakfasts on the table and don't walk over.

"Don't you eat breakfast?" Old Mr. Louis asks me doubtfully.

"No, I'll wait for Frances." I whisper.

He was mad at me last night. I don't know how he will deal with Noah. If I don't ask clearly, I will feel guilty.

"Don't wait. He has gone to France with Whitney. I don't know when they'll be back."

He has gone to France with Whitney?

I feel a little depressed.

Is he on vacation with Whitney? France is such a romantic place. Only those who love each other will go there together.

'Oh.' I give him a brief answer. I force a smile to old Mr. Louis, "Let's have breakfast."

After breakfast, old Mr. Louis insists on sending me to work. I don't refuse him because I think it is troublesome to drive a car to work.

Soon, the car arrives at the door of the company.

When I enter the company, I see everyone talking about something in a low voice. I hear the word "France".

I feel lost at the thought of Frances going to France with Whitney.

Where are they going? Will they have sex in a hotel? Will they kiss in a crowded square? All this makes me sad.

I'm very jealous.

At half past nine, Steven lets all the people of the design department to the meeting room.

"In France, there is a 10-days independent creation competition, which is hosted by DS Group. As long as you win the first place in the competition, you can sign a long-term contract with DS by yourself. So we will select two people to compete. Nicole is a well-known designer. Although she has some bad rumors before, she is still very talented. So she will compete. Let's pick another one by secret ballot. Just write the name of the person you want to support."

Chapter 180 Why did She Help Me

Signing a contract with DS means that there will be many cooperation opportunities with this company. I missed an opportunity before, this time I don't want to miss it again.

It is so painful for me to stay with Frances.

We're going to pick one person from the design department. I really hope I can take part in this competition, so I write down my own name.

Steven starts counting the votes. In the end, I get the highest number of votes.

That's beyond my expectation.

I know that I have a bad interpersonal relationship in the company. I don't expect other colleagues to vote for me at all, otherwise, I won't write my name.

"Well, the person to go to France has been decided. Jane, Nicole, get ready and fly to France in the evening."

Steven smiles at me. He seems to be very happy.

He asks me to stay in the meeting room. After everyone else has gone, he says to me, "Jane, this time, you have to take advantage of the opportunity. I know you're talented. As long as you succeed, it's easy to leave Frances."

I force a smile, but I'm not happy.

I love Frances, but I have to leave him. It's too painful for me.

I give Noah a call. As soon as he answers the phone, he affectionately calls me “honey”.

“Don’t call me that,” I say unhappily.

“You have agreed to my proposal. Sooner or later you will be my wife.”

Noah seems happy. Frances hasn’t bothered him yet. So, I’m relieved for a while.

How can I explain to Noah the thing of last night?

I just wanted to save him, not to marry him.

“In fact, am...”

“I’ll call you in the evening. I’m going to class now.”

Then Noah hangs up in a hurry. I have no chance to say what I want to say.

I sigh, get up and go to the tea room to have a cup of coffee.

As soon as I get to the door, I hear two people whispering inside.

“May, did you vote for Jane, too?” Alisha asks. She sits opposite me. And she is a beautiful woman, but her talent is mediocre. She dresses up every day and wants to be Steven’s girlfriend.

“Yes. Nicole asked me to vote for Jane, and I had to do it. I don’t why? Last time, Jane hurt Nicole. Why did she want to help Jane?” I’m stunned.

Actually, when Steven announced that I could go to France, I even thought he was helping me. But I didn’t expect that Nicole would help me.

Nicole hates me so much. Why would she help me?

“We just have to follow the instructions of our superiors, and we can’t be wrong. Even if we go to that competition, we won’t win the prize. Let Jane lose face.”

Alisha walks out with May. They feel shocked when they see me standing at the door. They take a look at me and leave in a hurry.

I want to ask Nicole why she helped me. But she isn’t in the office all afternoon. My question has never been resolved.

After work, I go home to pick up some things and go to the airport.

As soon as I get to the airport, I meet Donny.

“Jane, long time no see!” Donny greets me warmly.

I walk over with a smile, only to find Nicole standing not far away.