

Desperate Time 281

Chapter 281 You Don't Have to Do Anyt...

Does he want me to work at his company?

It is a good idea to spy on him. But wouldn't it be too blatant in this case?

"I am not going."

I curl my lips and walk away from him.

Frances grabs my hand, while walking outside.

"I'm not discussing with you."

Just then, he pushes me into the car recklessly.

I want to take back what I said before. Everyone else will change, except Frances! The jerk is acting the same as before, bossy and unreasonable.

Frances drives to the company, and I get out of the car with him. The scene naturally draws a lot of attention.

Everyone is whispering, probably guessing the relationship between Frances and me.

After all, he enters the company while holding my hand.

Frances takes me to his office on the top floor and asks me to wait on the sofa. Then he makes a phone call asking someone to bring a desk.

“Sit over there.”

I’m quite reluctant. Not only do I have to live with Frances, but I also have to work with him. It feels like I am always being spied on. Most importantly, I feel uncomfortable being with him.

Frances keeps staring at me, as if I refuse to follow his lead, he would literally stare through me.

I have no choice but to sit there.

There is a computer, some snacks, and magazines on the desk. It doesn’t look like office use no matter how you look at it.

“What do I need to do?” “Just sit there, eat and drink. Whatever suits you.” With that says, Frances immerses himself in work.

I am completely stunned by his actions.

Does he ask me to come here for fun? I enjoy working very much. At least working makes me forget about unpleasant things temporarily. I will go crazy if I have nothing to do.

Herman, the former DS director crosses my mind.

He emails me asking if I want to work in DS. I have been upset about Frances, so I never responded.

But now, I have an idea in my mind.

I reply Herman’s email asking him if I could be an outsourced designer for DS.

The treatment is the same as other staff. Only difference is no need to work at DS headquarters.

In fact, I am in the mood to give it a shot. Never expecting that Herman would agree. It surprises me.

I probably look too excited. Frances, who is working hard, looks over and asks me with doubts.
“Anything good happened?”

“No.” I put away the smile put on a poker face.

Frances looks at me for a few seconds and then gets back to work again.

After pretending to eat for a while, I turn on the computer and start going through the latest fashion news.

I feel isolated from the ‘fashion circle’ for some time, so I must make up for it quickly.

I am fascinated. But when I hear the sound of Frances’ chair moving, I quickly close the page and click on the TV series.

In case Frances suddenly shows up next to me, I already thought about how to cope with it.

Frances comes over, glances at my computer screen, and whispers. “Let’s grab a bite.” I nod, get up and tag along.

He takes me to the staff restaurant. I always assume that as the boss, Frances would never eat there.

Unexpectedly, he has the same food as everyone else.

The way I feel about him is changing somehow.

But I am too naive. When Frances walks into a lounge, several five-star-hotel level food is served right away.

Frances is the Emperor, how can he live like everyone else?! I must have been having a brain fart to think he is a down-to-earth kind of boss!

I accidentally spill the soup on my clothes as soon as I take a bite. As I still have to work for the rest of the day, I intend to clean it up in the bathroom.

When I am on the way to the bathroom, I feel the look on everyone is bizarre.

Suddenly, someone stands up, points at me and goes, "I know, she is Mr. Louis' mistress! I saw you on the news before."

Chapter 282 I am Jealous

Once again, I get the feeling of being the central of attention! Everyone's contemptuous look embarrasses me.

I stand still, not knowing what to do.

As long as Frances is involved, there are always various situations that embarrass me. It happens all the time.

The crowd is more convinced of their thoughts seeing that I am not speaking up.

"No wonder she looks so familiar. I bet she's with Mr. Louis a long time ago."

"On the news, the story goes 'Song's CEO rescued the beauty as a hero, claiming that she was his girlfriend?'"

"Maybe she was sleeping with both men at the same time? She must have her own means. Not as charming as I pictured though."

I want to explain, but everything they say is true. No matter how I explain, the reasoning may sound unconvincing.

I lower my head, attempting to pass through the crowd. In the end I am blocked by two women.

They put their hands around their chests, look at me with disdain. "The most obnoxious thing in my life is mistress. Mr. Louis could back you up, so what? I have never seen such an arrogant home wrecker.

Having the audacity to show up here in our company?!"

At this moment, I hate Frances' guts.

I wouldn't be humiliated by these people if he didn't insist on asking me to come here with him.

I even regret that I married Frances. Why did I do it? Is it really beneficial for me?

"Is that so? I am backing her up, so what?"

Frances' cold voice suddenly came from behind. Even I am taken back, let alone the woman opposite.

I see his poker face after turning around.

He looks mad. Is it because someone had just challenged his authority?

The woman doesn't even have the guts to lift her head. She answers while trembling. "Mr. Louis... I didn't mean that."

"What did you mean?"

Frances takes a step forward, looking even more aggressive.

The woman is on the edge of crying. She looks at the person next to her helplessly. Everyone quickly looks away, trying to keep themselves out of the drama.

"I said it out of jealousy. I am jealous of her beauty. And I am jealous that she could be loved by you, Mr. Louis."

The woman bites her lip, speaking up unwillingly.

Even I am impressed by her wit. Perhaps that is the best explanation.

Wouldn't she have an uneasy conscience saying that she's jealous of my beauty?

Frances looks a little more eased, puts his arm around my shoulder, while looking at me gently. "She is not my mistress. We are married."

My whole body freezes. The words he just said are spinning in my head over and over again.

I never expect that Frances would tell anyone.

Isn't our marriage a secret?

I don't want anyone to know about our marriage. But now it has completely gone public.

Suddenly, I feel like being suffocated.

Everyone gasps and looks at me in surprise. But most of them look envious.

Perhaps, they are wondering how I managed to switch from mistress to wife?

But if it's possible, I would rather never be in a tangle with Frances again.

"Good day, Mrs. Louis."

Everyone immediately changes their attitude, greeting me respectfully.

Frances smiles with satisfaction, takes my hand and walks outside.

Chapter 283 This Guy is Such a Bully

Only after Frances brings me back to the office, I finally snap out of my shock.

He just tells everyone in the office about our marriage.

This way, in about less than an hour, the whole city will know about it.

I think, there's no difference between this and giving me a death sentence.

"Why did you tell them?" I frown and ask Frances.

"You really don't want others to know about our relationship that much? Or is it just one to two people between them?" he narrows his eyes and smiles while asking me.

But his smile that hides murderous intent scares me more.

This small minded man probably thinks that I'm afraid some guy will know about it.

Anyway, he has always been such a bully and unreasonable.

I really don't want to talk to him anymore.

'I just don't like to show off my private life and let others talk about it. How I live is my own problem, and it has nothing to do with others.'" I just say that indifferently before sitting at my work desk.

Then I start to click on web pages out of boredom.

I thought that our conversation will end like that.

Who knows, Frances suddenly says, "if you don't like it, we won't eat at the staff canteen anymore. As for the news, I'll let someone to seal it off."

I don't know if it's just my misconception, but I somehow feel that he sounds a bit disappointed.

Furthermore, why is Frances going with my wishes so easily?

It's illogical.

When I'm doubting everything, Frances is already in a call.

"Seal off the news of what happened this noon. Just fire anyone that leaks the news."

He does things swiftly and decisively.

But, isn't it too harsh?

We have been up for about ten minutes... At the level of women gossiping, it's probably already leaked out anyway.

I don't want to let others know, but there's nothing I can do when the news is already out there.

Moreover, he's the first one to leak the news.

He should be the first one getting fired, if anyone's going to be fired!

The way Frances does things is more domineering than Qin Shihuang!

I glance at him contemptuously, curl my lips, and prepare to do my work.

My stomach suddenly grumbles.

I just remember that I only eat a bite this noon, and I haven't wash the stained clothes.

It definitely won't be clean even if I wash it now.

It's all Frances' fault, his action makes me forget everything.

While thinking, suddenly there's a knock on the door.

Frances says "Come in."

Soon, a man brings in a set of clothes and food I haven't eaten from the table before.

It's definitely Frances' instructions.

I'm still doubting how Frances knows what I'm thinking... But when I see the man's face, the hatred in my heart flows up.

He's the man who killed my child in Prague.

Even if he's not the main culprit, but he's the executor so I can't forgive him either! He looks very panic when he sees me too.

He doesn't even dare to stare straight into my eyes.

Before I flare up, he already puts it down and rushes outside.

But I really can't conceal the hatred in my heart.

Frances is doing this to uncover my scars?

He's really too much!

'Frances, you unexpectedly still have the nerve to let him bring something for me!'

I bang the table and glare at Frances angrily while saying that.

Chapter 284 You Care About Me

He really doesn't know how painful it is for me to lose a child.

Frances is so cold-blooded, it's not possible for him to care about a child's life?

Thus, he can act like nothing is wrong after killing my child.

At least after I meet him again, he has never even mentioned anything about the child.

At first, I naively thought that he might just explain it.

Perhaps, he might just say sorry.

No matter how he explains it, at least the hatred in my heart won't be as strong as it is now.

"What's wrong? Is there something wrong?"

Frances raises his head and looks at me in doubt.

"He." I laugh coldly.

I really want to open his chest and see whether there's a heart inside it or not!

'I don't want to talk you about these now. I don't want to see your assistant again, just fire him.'" I grit my teeth and speak to Frances.

I can't deal with Frances now, but if I have to see his assistant everyday, I think I might just go crazy.

I can't do it. I'm afraid I won't be able to hold my mind back from killing him.

"What's with Hamlin? He's been doing well all this time." Frances stands up and walks up to me. He looks confused.

Well? Perhaps Frances' definition of "well" is doing all his orders unconditionally, huh?

I look at Frances coldly and say, "Nothing, he's just an eyesore to me. If you don't fire him, I'll just go home. I don't want to see him anyway."

"Okay." Frances nods and he actually calls the HRD to let them fire Hanlin.

I silently memorize that guy's name in my heart.

One day when I'm capable, I'll make him and Frances pay me back.

"What? He already resigned?" Frances frowns and speaks in doubt.

It even surprises me, that guy moves really fast.

However, I immediately understand it.

That's obviously because of his guilty conscience.

As long as people have a little conscience, they definitely won't be able to face it.

Frances returns to his own work desk and starts working.

I take my phone out and browse some major websites and platforms.

There's no news about our marriage.

Only then, I feel relieved.

Thinking of my child makes me lose my appetite.

So I just go to the toilet, change my clothes and continue my work.

It's been a long time since I get back to work. Sitting for the whole day really makes me feel tired.

Right before it's time to get off work, Frances speaks to me, "I let the driver send you home first. I'll go home after I finish these."

Frances has been working all day and he's not done yet.

How much work does Frances have in a day?

"Why is there so much work? Will your body be able to handle being so tired like that?" I just blurt that sentence out.

Right when I say it, I realize that I care about Frances too much.

Why is it like that? I hate him, right?

Why do I care about him?

I shake my head, wanting to explain why I said that.

But I also can't think of a reasonable reason all of the sudden.

Frances stands up and walks towards me.

He stops right in front of me.

He looks at me with a very gentle gaze.

“You care about me?”

Chapter 285 Bitch, Slut

“Of course! ”

I immediately say no without even thinking.

My brain quickly works to think of an excuse.

I don't care if it's crappy or not, I'll just say it first!

‘Its because you're moody. If you're irritated because of your work and vent your anger on me... I am innocent.’

Frances smiles without saying anything.

But he's like that because he clearly doesn't believe everything I say.

Damn!

I feel embarrassed and annoyed. I really wish I can just head-butt a wall and die.

In the end, I can only stomp my feet and leave with my blushing face.

Once I get out of the office, I feel much more at ease.

Just now I nearly lacked of oxygen.

I'm finally feeling at ease now.

My heart has never been so messy before.

I know, I was like that because I care.

In this world, the only thing that can't be deceived is your own heart.

I still care about Frances.

If this feeling grows stronger, I'm afraid I won't be able to get myself out after falling for him.

But I actually come back here for my revenge.

I absolutely can't have such feelings for Frances again.

I keep telling that to myself until it's deeply ingrained in my brain.

Frances' driver is waiting at the door.

Of course, the driver already entered the police station for the hit and run case before.

After returning home, I just boil some food randomly to eat because Old Mr. Louis isn't at home.

Right after I take a few bites, the door bell rings.

If it's Frances and Old Mr. Louis, they won't press the doorbell.

Who is it, then?

I walk to the door with some doubts and open it.

Right after I open the door, Whitney throws herself at me like a lunatic.

I want to close the door, but it's too late.

At this moment, I really blame myself for being so careless.

Why did I open the door without even looking who's outside?

Luckily, Whitney isn't holding sulfate or other dangerous things.

Otherwise, I might already be dead now.

"You actually married Frances?! You slut! You said you won't be with Frances, didn't you? But then you just married him... You bitch, what a slut! Today, I want you dead!"

With a bang, something seems to have fall on the ground.

I take a glance to the side and see that it's a suitcase. There's even a boarding pass on it.

It seems that Whitney just got off the plane before coming here to kill me.

There's no eternal secret in this world.

She'll eventually knows the news of Frances and I getting married.

Actually, what I fear most is when Whitney knows about it.

Because she's too scary.

She loves Frances so much and she unwillingly divorced from him.

She also hates me very much, how can she put up with me and Frances' marriage?! Whitney rushes in and presses the off-guard me on the floor.

She's strangling my neck with both of her hands.

There's less and less air in my lungs while I'm struggling desperately.

Whitney and I keep rolling on the floor.

Whitney's eyes are full of hatred, she looks like she really wants me dead.

Crazy woman has a terrifying strength, and I'm not a match for her.

I feel so dizzy and my body feels so weak too. Some time later, I roll over to the tea table's side.

When a person is in danger, they will always want to hold something.

My hand flutters in the air and suddenly gets a hold of something.

I don't know either what I'm holding.

Without thinking, I just stab Whitney's back with it.

Chapter 286 She Wants to Kill Me

"Ah!"

Whitney screams and rolls to the side.

There's fresh blood coming out of her back.

Meanwhile, my hand is holding a fruit knife.

Just now... I have stabbed Whitney!

I do it to save myself, it's a reasonable self defense! I have no intention on hurting Whitney!

I don't even know what I'm holding... It's just a random stab, who knows that it'll be like this?! I quickly crawl up in panic and stretch my hand out to help Whitney up.

She pushes me away and shouts instead, "Fuck off! I don't need a hypocrite like you! Are you just going to stab me and act nice to me afterwards? Disgusting! Cough, cough, cough!"

Perhaps because Whitney speaks too loud, she keeps coughing.

The fresh blood on her back flows harder too.

I panicked.

I did stab her strongly just now.

Judging from her injury, it doesn't seem to be a light injury.

Or else, by her temperament, I think she'll crawl up to deal with me.

"Stop talking, I'll call an ambulance for you."

I take my phone out and call 120.

Before the call connects, Whitney says, "Call them outside, I don't want to see you!" Considering that she's injured, I don't want to upset her.

I obediently go outside to make the call.

When I return, Whitney lies weakly on the floor with her extremely pale face.

Soon, I hear the sound of warning siren.

But when I listen to I carefully, something seems wrong.

It doesn't seem to be the sound of an ambulance, but it's... Police car?

I walk out and take a look.

As expected, there's really a police car at the Louis' door.

Two polices get off the car and walk towards me.

I don't know what's happening until the police walks into my house and speaks to Whitney, who's lying on the floor, "Did you call the police?"

Whitney nods and glares at me viciously.

"Police officers, she wants to kill me! "

I want to kill her?

Isn't that accusation so funny?

If she didn't plan on strangling me to death just now, I wouldn't have resisted in panic and injured her by accident.

When I want to explain, Whitney keeps pointing at me and says, "You see, she's still holding the murder weapon! "

I look down and find the knife still in my hands.

I just called ambulance in a hurry so I didn't put the knife down.

Right now, there are blood stains on the knife.

Just by seeing this, it does look like I'm the one who wants to kill Whitney.

"No, Police officer. She's the one who started it, I'm just protecting myself..."

"What do you mean protecting yourself? You lie to me saying that we're going to talk about France, but then you just grab the knife without saying anything... Cough, cough, cough... And stab me... Cough, cough, cough..."

Whitney can't stop coughing.

Seeing her wound, I guess that her lungs are hurt.

I'm at fault for hurting her.

However, I wouldn't have done that if she wasn't so harsh on me.

Now Whitney is lying on the floor with blood all over her.

Of course, the police will believe the weak one more.

They look at me like I'm the suspect.

'Miss, you are under the suspicion of deliberately injuring others. Please come with us.' the police walks over and politely says that to me.

“What do you mean deliberately injuring others? It’s a homicide, a murder!” Whitney adds more details in excitement.

Chapter 287 Frances Louis is the rule

Murder...

This is a serious charge.

I cannot take the blame. And it’s impossible for me to admit it.

Frances’ voice suddenly comes from behind.

“Murder? Tell me a motive.”

Frances is back!

I turn around and grab his arm as if grabbing a life-saving straw.

He holds my hand in his palm while giving me a reassuring look.

Whitney looks a little guilty when she sees Frances coming in. Within a second, she switches to a pitiful look. “There you are Frances. You are finally back... I thought... I will never see you again....” She says aggrievedly.

Whitney looks so miserable that even as an insider, I feel sorry for her and almost believe her when I see it.

But Frances who remains unmoved, repeats the word.

“Motive.”

Whitney rolls her eyes and points at me. "Why would I know her motive? She must be crazy. How could she be so brutal to me? I didn't even do anything! Are you sure...you want to be with such a vicious woman, Frances?"

The ambulance arrives. Frances glances at Whitney who is lying on the ground. "You should go to the hospital first." He says in a calm cold tone.

At the moment.

I can be sure that Frances is looking at Whitney indifferently.

He can be so distant to a woman who has been married to him for so long. Frances is truly cold-blooded.

Whitney is taken to the hospital. Whereas I am escorted to the hospital by the police.

The results of the examination come out quickly. The lungs are stabbed by the knife, causing massive bleeding. A surgery is requested. Also, the patient is suffering from excessive loss of blood because the aorta is injured by the knife. So, the operation is very risky.

Risky?

Does it make me a murderer if Whitney dies? I am having a panic attack.

I'm not afraid of death. But I haven't accomplished anything in my lifetime yet. If I went to jail like this, I would be dead before fulfilling my dream.

Lawrence comes over in a hurry, signing for Whitney's operation.

"Miss Noyes, please come with us to the police station. We need to record your statement." A police officer says.

They were going to take me to the police station. But due to Frances' despotic power, they can only come to the hospital with me.

But Frances doesn't allow them taking me to the police station.

'If you need to record the statement, do it here.'

The two officers look embarrassed.

"This is against the rule, sir."

"Frances Louis, my name is the rule. If you can't call the shots, I can call your chief."

Some people are born with authentic vibes.

Seeing Frances talking like this, the two police officers agree to record my statement in the hospital.

"Please describe what happened, Ms. Noyes."

I sit straight. There is nothing to hide, so I start telling the truth.

"Whitney is Frances' ex-wife, and I married Frances recently. Whitney came to me this afternoon and threatened to kill me. She choked my neck right after she came in. Look at my neck if you don't believe me. I think it has left some marks when she was pinching me at the time."

Whitney was really brutal at the time. I can still feel the pain in my neck.

The officer leans over to take a look and whispers. "There is indeed a bruise, but we can't be certain that Ms. Jordan did it."

Chapter 288 You Want Me to Go in

The police needs evidence for everything. I keep on talking. "She pressed me on the ground. I was not as strong as her. I felt like I was about to be strangled to death. In a hurry, I grabbed something and stabbed her in the back. I did that for self-defense. I didn't know what I was grabbing. When I found out that Ms.

Jordan was injured, I immediately called an ambulance. Whitney probably called you guys when I was distracted. And then you came."

After the explanation, the police officers start organizing the information. They look at Frances nervously, reckoning his thoughts.

"Okay, you may leave. Don't bother us until there is evidence."

Frances waves to the police impatiently.

The two officers glance at each other, then they nod and left.

Lawrence stands at the door of the operating room, waiting anxiously.

Frances walks over, reaches out to me while frowning.

I don't know what he is going to do, so I can only stare at him nervously.

Until his hand gently lands on my neck.

"Does it hurt?" I didn't speak up. Instead, I feel my heart beating fast. Even my brain is blank.

"No." I swallow nervously and tell Frances.

He looks upset and yells at me. "Are you stupid? Why did you open the door for Whitney? Wouldn't you check who the person is when they knock on the door?"

His yelling makes me feel wronged.

“Why would I know that your ex-wife is such a terrible person? Are you blaming me for hurting her? Why did you divorce her if you care about her so much?”

“Don’t be so unreasonable, Jane Noyes!” Frances interrupts me, and his eyes look fierce as if they are burning.

I should be the one who is upset! Why is he upset?!

I don’t want to talk to Frances anymore. I walk to the window and keep inhaling deeply, suppressing the anger in my heart.

The operation lasts for four hours, and Whitney is being pushed out of it.

The operation is a huge success. But there is still a 48-hour susceptible period. ICU observation and treatment are required.

ICU is only open to family, but if it is Frances, as long as he wants to enter, nobody can’t stop him.

However, Frances does not enter. He doesn’t even look at Whitney.

After all, Whitney is his ex-wife. How could he be so indifferent?

Although I don’t like Whitney, wouldn’t Frances be too cold-blooded to act like this?

Lawrence is the one who enters directly.

“Aren’t you going in?” I can’t help it but ask him.

He turns his head, not answering my question. Instead, he raises his eyebrows while smiling. “You want me to go in?”

I am speechless.

Do I want him to go in? I don't know.

Frances takes me to the pharmacy to buy some medicine. After arriving home from the hospital, he remains silence.

The vibes between us are too weird recently.

As soon as I am home, I hear my phone ringing. I was in a hurry when I head out so I didn't bring my phone.

I walk over to see who is calling.

Frances is one step ahead and picks up the phone on the sofa.

Chapter 289 Because I'm Your Husband

He glances at the phone screen and just hangs up.

I look at him in anger and ask, "Who was calling? Why in the world did you hang up?" "I did it because I'm your husband."

He just says that and takes my phone upstairs.

Husband? It's hard for me to adapt to that word.

I also run upstairs and snatch my phone from his hand before he enters.

I see a bunch of missed calls on my phone, and those are all from Steven.

He calls me for so many times, there must be something important.

Frances unexpectedly hangs up my calls!

He's really going too far!

I immediately call Steven back.

Frances looks sullen beside me as he watches me making the call.

The feeling of being watched restrains me.

I turn around and make the call with my back against Frances.

"What's up, Steven? I didn't bring my phone, so I didn't know that you called."

In the other end of the call, Steven slowly speaks after being silent for a few seconds, "You and Frances are married?"

My body suddenly freezes.

Not because of Steven's words.

It's because Frances suddenly hugs me from my back.

He's hugging my waist with both hands and he's also rubbing his head around my neck affectionately.

My brain goes blank in an instant and my body involuntarily trembles.

It takes a long time before I snap out of it.

I turn my head and whisper to Frances, "What are you doing? Let me go."

Right after that, Frances suddenly bites my ears softly.

“AHI”

With a soft cry, my legs feel weak.

I almost drop my phone to the floor.

He’s definitely doing it on purpose.

Knowing that my earlobe is very sensitive, he just bites it on purpose.

“What’s wrong?” Steven immediately asks in consideration.

“Nothing, I was just surprised when I saw the dog.”

I say that while turning my head to glare at Frances.

But he does it more intense instead by going all the way up and keep lingering on my chest.

“Why did you suddenly marry Frances? I’m... Really surprised after I heard the news.” Steven sounds somewhat lonely from the other end of the call.

Because Frances is here, I can’t explain it.

Furthermore, his fingers keeps drawing circles on my chest through the clothes.

I really can't stand it, so I just tell Steven, "Let's meet up and we'll talk about it by then." I hang up in a hurry while saying that.

Soon after, I stomp my feet towards Frances.

'Frances, are you crazy? Can't you see that I'm on a call?'

I stomp really strongly, but Frances just frowns and smiles before saying, "Is that so? You're asking another guy to meet up in front of your husband. You even said that I'm a... Dog?"

He raises his eyebrows and gives a very dangerous feeling.

Frances really shocks me... I just say that casually, but he won't let me off.

Furthermore, my words are actually true.

I curl my lips and say, "Don't you feel that you're like a teddy bear that's on heat?" "On heat? Then I'll just show you how it actually is."

Frances picks me up and walks to the room regardless of my struggle.

Suddenly, there's a shout at the door downstairs.

"You can say what you want later. First, put me down!"

Chapter 290 Why Did You Call Me

In such situation, I should thank the person who saves me.

But in fact, I'm terrified when I see the person standing downstairs.

It's no other than Frances' mother... Not long ago, I saw her on the news.

The world famous pianist, Sabina.

Frances puts me down and leads me downstairs.

His palm is thick but it feels slightly cold.

'Mom, why are you here?'

He smiles and sits at the sofa while calmly looking at Sabina.

He squeezes my hand harder.

My palm is sweating.

I somehow feel nervous from the moment when I saw Sabina.

I took her five million and said that I'd leave her son. But in the end, I didn't leave him and even married him.

Seeing how she looks so threatening, she definitely won't let me off.

'If I don't come back, you'll ruin the Louis family!'

Sabina says that to Frances but she's glaring at me.

'Mom, why are you exaggerating? The Louis Group is going good under my control, right?'

Frances shrugs and speaks disapprovingly.

“Yes, the Louis Group is going good. But you embarrassed the Louis family so badly. If your dad knows that you’re acting so recklessly, he’ll definitely jump out of his coffin out of anger!” Sabina frowns as she says that.

Actually, with Frances’ insights... He should naturally understand what Sabina means.

How can he not understand the things that even I understand? How could mistress with no status and position like me be worthy of Frances?

‘Isn’t that great? You only have my dad in your heart anyway. For so many years, you have rejected so many excellent guys that pursued you because of him.’ Frances keeps disapproving.

I don’t think Frances acts like that to protect me.

It’s just that, he always does everything by his own way, and he won’t listen to Sabina’s words either. Sabina can’t outspoke him. She can only attack me instead.

“Get out!”

I know that I’m in the wrong, so I just stand up to follow Sabina out.

‘Mom, she’s my wife. You can’t just tell her to go out.’ Frances says that while grabbing my hand. He’s grabbing it even tighter than before.

‘Frances, let go of my hand.’ I turn my head and say that in a stern voice.

There are some things that you shouldn’t avoid.

I don’t know how much longer I should stay by Frances’ side.

No matter how long I stay by his side, and even if I can survive through this day... Sabina will have a chance to talk to me.

Furthermore, I'm not the type of person to avoid problems.

Frances glares at me for a few second and lets go of my hand in the end.

"Call me if anything happens."

His words somehow makes me feel at ease.

I nod and walk out with Sabina.

I'm actually scared that Sabina will hit me, so I keep my distance from her. I'm standing for around... 2 meters from her.

"What are you scared of? Like I could eat you up?" Sabina glances at me and says that in disdain.

Honestly, I am really scared.

But since she already said that, I can only take two steps forward against my will.

Sabina looks at me up and down and speaks in disdain, "Don't think that you can be with my son forever just because you're pretty! Whitney is such an outstanding woman. In the end they divorced too, right? I don't even like a daughter from such wealthy family like Whitney... Not to mention that you're a divorced woman that's even a mistress! If you know your place, pack your things and leave at once!"