

Desperate Time 481

Chapter 481 The Benefits of Being a N...

I just wake up and don't know what is going on.

Even now, I still haven't got over what happened before.

I stare blankly at Frances and say, "How is Whitney? How did you know I went to her place?"

"Hilda told me that you had left with a strange expression and you said you must help me. You didn't answer my phone when I called you. Later, I realized that you might have gone to Whitney's place.

Knowing that her place was heavily guarded, I called the police first. But..."

He stops, looks at me with concern, and holds me in his arms.

"But I didn't expect that you still suffered so much."

I shake my head and say, "No, I'm really glad that you finally came. As long as I wasn't sexually insulted by those people, it was not a big deal to get injured."

In fact, however, I almost fainted from these injuries at that time.

But for me, not to lose my virginity is really important.

Otherwise, even if Frances doesn't mind, I won't be able to face him in the future.

I guess that's why Whitney is so desperate.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't keep you safe. I will never let you get hurt again."

He promises as he kisses my hair gently.

I hug him tightly. Suddenly, I hear the secretary's voice which is very embarrassing.

"Mr. Frances, Whitney has been acquitted. Her accomplices are still held in the police station." "I see. Go." says Frances calmly.

He doesn't even turn his head to look at the secretary.

The secretary nods and leaves.

I push Frances away slightly and say to Frances in a low voice, "Whitney, how could she be acquitted of her sins?"

For me, although it is those bodyguards that hurt me, Whitney is the main culprit because she is the boss.

Therefore, I hope that Whitney will be punished by the law.

I even understand Whitney's feeling now.

It is unforgivable.

Frances' face darkens as he frowns.

"You know, she is mentally ill. Even if she killed someone, she would be acquitted." So, Frances can do nothing to her.

"I don't think I can forgive Whitney for what she did to me. Holding those bodyguards in the police station doesn't make me feel better. It's true of Whitney. She hates you, so she asks Lawrence to get back at you."

“I haven’t told you something because it’s not necessary. Actually, those hooligans who attacked Whitney had a very miserable ending. I’m the last one who Lawrence chooses to take revenge on. So ... I won’t let go of those who hurt you.”

Frances looks at me and says firmly.

I want to tell him that hatred will not be overcome by hatred.

But the truth is, I can’t even let it go myself.

The fact that Whitney is a neuropath really benefits her a lot.

However, it’s impossible for any woman to let it go when something like that happens.

No matter how bad Frances treats me, he won’t be so ruthless to me.

I realize that there might be some problems between Frances and me after this incident.

Now, I can’t face him as calmly as before.

Moreover, the issue of Hilda is still to be settled.

Just as I am pondering, I hear Hilda’s voice from the door.

Chapter 482 How to Make Up for It

“Jane, are you alright? I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said those things at that time. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have been treated like this by Whitney. Although you weren’t sexually insulted, it still makes me very guilty that so many men saw your naked body.”

Hilda seems to be blaming herself.

But she must be gloating inwardly.

I glance at her coldly and say disdainfully, "Enough. Don't shed your crocodile tears here."

Actually, she knows how much she hopes that I am sexually insulted and thus problems arise between Frances and me.

Although it is my own decision to meet Whitney, Hilda must be her accomplice.

It's OK for me not to blame it on Hilda. But she is trying to stir up trouble instead of making an apology. She tries to remind Frances that many men have seen my naked body.

I'm very angry and I'm already having a hard time. I don't need her to remind me.

Frances doesn't blame me probably because I've been in low spirits after the incident.

"I'm going to sign the discharge papers. It's not good for you to stay in the hospital too long," he says calmly, glancing at me deeply.

He's right.

The news about Noah and me has just made the headlines. There are many people in the hospital. Their stares embarrass me a lot.

After Frances walks out, I look at Hilda, who is standing aside with an indifferent expression, and said coldly, "You said that on purpose to me, right? You know I love Frances so much that I would find Whitney desperately. You must have known that Whitney will get back at me. So, it was all your scheme."

Hilda smiles faintly and shakes her head at me, "Not really. There is a surveillance camera in Frances' office. Even if you pull the surveillance video, you'll find that I didn't say anything bad."

I'm even impressed by Hilda's careful observation.

She actually has found out that there is a surveillance camera in Frances' office.

No wonder she used ambiguous language and gave no details when they were talking before.

"By the way, I've got something to tell you."

Hilda puts on a mysterious smile and whispers in my ear, "You know, the competition between Jordan Group and Louis Group has been so fierce recently, so the news that you went to the Jordan's will definitely make the headlines. Although Frances has already spent a lot of money to suppress it, there would definitely be some entertainment companies that are bold enough to send out the news. For example, the companies controlled by Lawrence. "

Hilda's words turn my face pale immediately.

The news about Noah and me has spread abroad. If the news about what happened to me in the Jordan's were exposed again, I would definitely be steered to controversy, and I would be even afraid to go out.

What should I do?

I bite my lips and look at Hilda in panic. I feel overwhelmed.

At this point, what should I do to make up for it?

Is Frances really OK with what happened to me?

Hilda, I know you want Frances to divorce me so that you can stay with him as you want! Let me tell you, this is not gonna happen! One day, Frances will see your true colors clearly and drive you away from him!"

I shout at Hilda.

At this moment, Frances appears at the door.

He looks at me coldly with a complicated expression.

Chapter 483 I'm Afraid You Can't Rest...

I reckon it is probably because of what I said to Hilda that he thinks I was threatening her.

I really want Frances to know who Hilda really is, but I know that this is impossible.

I'm so grateful that Frances doesn't speak for Hilda in front of me.

The discharge procedures have been completed, and Frances brings me home.

Although I only have external injuries, they are actually quite serious.

The wounds cannot be wetted, nor can I exercise intensely. What I can do is recuperate.

Old Mr. Louis is not at home. I ask Frances and he says that he went to the company to deal with some business.

I know that the two things happened to me have a great impact on the Louis Group.

After sending me home, Frances also goes to the company for some business.

At home, there are only Hilda, the babysitter and me.

I don't have anything to say to Hilda, and I can't cradle the baby because of the injuries. I can do nothing

but go upstairs.

As soon as I lie down, I hear the sound of the engine being turned off coming from downstairs

I think it is old Mr. Louis, so I don't care.

In any case, old Mr. Louis doesn't want to see me. With something like this happened, he definitely has more reasons for doing so.

However, just as I close my eyes, I hear an anxious shout from downstairs.

"Jane, Jane!" It is Mindy.

I immediately regain my spirits and sit up from bed. Unexpectedly, I exert too much force and rip my wounds.

"That hurts."

I gasp and feel an unbearable pain coming from the wounds.

As soon as Mindy enters the room, she sees me checking the wounds with a distorted face.

David comes in with her.

However, David just stands at the door with an indifferent expression and does not enter.

"Jane, are you alright? Jane!"

Mindy rushes over and hugs me excitedly.

"Even if I'm fine, I'll be strangled by you now." I roll my eyes and say with blame.

Only then does Mindy let go of me. She says with both sympathy and reprimand, "Are you crazy? Why did you go meet Whitney? Don't you know what kind of person she is? After suffering so many losses, you still don't learn. You are really something, it's lucky for you to only get injured, what if something serious happened, and it even claimed your life?"

“What can I do other than die now and be a hero in the next life?” I force a smile and tease her.

Actually, when I was tortured by those people, I thought about what would happen if I died.

But now that things are over, I try my best not to recall them.

Mindy glances at me and pokes fiercely on my forehead.

“It’s easy for you to say! Think about it, if you die, Frances will be someone else’s husband, and I believe you know who this person is. At that time, there will be another woman beating your kid and sleeping with your husband. I’m afraid you can’t rest in peace!”

“Got it. Stop. I almost have a heart attack.” I pat my chest and gesture for Mindy to stop talking.

In the next second, I realize something.

“How did you know that I went to Whitney’s place and what happened to me?”

“Of course via the news. It has been released, and there are photos.”

As Mindy speaks, her expression becomes serious.

Photos.

Again?

Chapter 484 Go, Now!

I take out my phone and open the browser.

What I see is a picture of Frances carrying me, who is in disheveled clothes, out of the Jordan family.

And there are other photos as well.

I fainted and didn't ask Frances about the situation after I woke up, so I don't know what has happened.

Until now, I realize that Frances rushed over. He first hit Lawrence, and then beat the rest badly before being brought into the car by bodyguards.

I don't dare to click on the comments below.

The photo of Noah and I is just uploaded, and something has happened in the Jordan family. Without thinking, I know how harsh those comments will be.

Now that I'm covered in wounds, how can I resist the attacks from these keyboard warriors?

"Jane, listen to me. Because of Frances' women, you are now having enemies everywhere, so you have to protect yourself. I don't know what Frances will do, but I've told David that I will send someone to protect you around the Louis'. They will follow you when you go out to make sure you are safe. You are my best friend. I absolutely cannot let anything happen to you."

Mindy's gaze is filled with sincerity.

Her words really touch me.

I'm so glad to have a friend like Mindy.

Mindy stays with me for a while before leaving with David.

Before she leaves, I am specifically instructed to be extra careful of Hilda.

She needn't say that because I know it.

Whitney is a rash person. Everyone knows what she did to me.

However, Hilda is different. She is always the mastermind.

She looks innocent, but in fact, she is vicious.

After Mindy leaves, I fall asleep.

However, the wounds still hurt when I am sleeping.

I sleep for hours and don't even eat lunch.

In the afternoon, I get out of bed. Enduring the pain, I stay with Earl for a while.

Old Mr. Louis comes back and looks at me with a serious expression.

I know it will come. I can't hide.

Old Mr. Louis has always told me to divorce Frances. Now that such a thing has happened, and I've become a disgrace of the Louis family. How can he let go?

As expected, the moment old Mr. Louis speaks, he gives me an order.

"I don't care whether you and Frances will divorce or not. Leave the Louis family, now!" "Mr. Louis, I won't leave."

Although I find it difficult to face old Mr. Louis, how is it possible for me to leave? "You!"

When old Mr. Louis gets angry, he raises his hand and slaps me in the face.

It hurts, it hurts badly.

I look at old Mr. Louis and feel aggrieved in my heart, but I still refuse to give in.

Even if old Mr. Louis slaps me a few more times, I won't leave.

Hearing the commotion, Hilda walks out of the room and watches all of this with a cold gaze.

"Mr. Louis, if hitting me can make you happy, then do it. Anyway, I won't leave." I stare firmly into his eyes and say.

"How can you be so thick-skinned?! How can you have the face to stay in the Louis family after all this? Go! Now!"

As old Mr. Louis speaks, he ignores my opinion and drags me out.

I am still holding Earl in my hand, afraid that old Mr. Louis will hurt him, so I have no choice but to protect him in my arms.

Old Mr. Louis' strength is greater than I imagined, and soon, he drags me to the door.

The wounds on my body are ripped, and the pain makes me sweat profusely.

I hold Earl in one hand and the door frame in the other, refusing to leave.

I know what I am doing is shameless.

However, I won't leave. I definitely won't.

Knowing that old Mr. Louis' health is not good, I don't dare to resist too violently. I grab the door in a sorry state and protect Earl in my arms.

Fortunately, he is asleep. If he is awake, he will definitely be frightened to tears by the scene.

We have a stalemate at the door for about ten minutes until I see a lot of luxury cars coming and stopping at the entrance.

Chapter 485 Wallow in Dissipation

There are a total of seven cars.

I know the last car. It belongs to Frances.

But what about the ones in front?

Old Mr. Louis stops, and he lets go of me with a frown.

I stare blankly at the cars until a few people get off.

I know all of these people.

They are directors of the Louis Group.

When I went to Frances' company, I saw them having a meeting in the conference room.

They get out of the car and glower at me.

I immediately understand that they have ill intentions.

Because of me, the Louis Group suffered such a big blow, so they won't let me off.

Looking at the sleeping Earl in my arms, I am afraid that what happens next will disturb his slumber. I hand him over to the babysitter, tidy his clothes, and walk out.

Frances also gets out of the car and walks towards me.

Frowning, he shakes his head at me and says, "Jane, get in the house."

I smile at him with a determined look.

The group of people is obviously here to launch a withering attack against me.

If I go in, won't they target old Mr. Louis and Frances?

I must face the consequences of what I've done.

Even though I'm a victim.

"Mr. Frances, she can't go in! If she doesn't give us an explanation, who should we ask to cover the hundreds of millions of loss?"

Those directors have quite a few shares, and this incident has definitely caused them great losses.

If each of them has lost hundreds of millions, then Frances' situation will probably be even worse.

"How do you like your explanation? You all know that I don't have any money."

Instead, I calm down.

I calmly look at the angry people in front of me and see Frances approaching.

"Jane, what I'm gonna do with you? You still have injuries on your body. You should rest and recuperate. I can handle it."

If he could, these people wouldn't have come here.

I know that Frances is worried about me, but if I don't get through difficulties with him, I will feel guilty for the rest of my life.

Moreover, I am the one who caused the incident.

"I'm fine, don't worry."

I smile faintly at Frances and hold his hand tightly.

There are too many people who don't want me to be with him, but I just don't want to let go.

One of the people from the crowd steps forward.

He is quite old, about the same age as old Mr. Louis.

Judging from everyone's attitude towards him, he should be the respected one.

He walks forward, nods to Frances and old Mr. Louis and says in a deep voice, "Mr. Frances, I have always respected you. Although you are young, I think you are very courageous and you've managed your grandfather's business in an orderly manner."

"But ever since you married this woman, your mind will be in a mess whenever it involves her. What's the difference between you and those monarchs who wallow in dissipation?! Most of the time, you don't care about the interests of the company for the sake of protecting her. Earlier, after the photos of her and another man were exposed, you ordered those people to withdraw them. Not only did you spend a lot of money, you also caused many people to withdraw their shares, and Louis Group was on the verge of bankruptcy. Although we managed to launch several new products to save the crisis, in the next second, this woman caused trouble again. If this continues, Louis Group will be doomed!"

If he didn't say this in front of me, I really don't know that Frances has done such an irrational thing for me.

Chapter 486 This Is a Family Matter

In my eyes, he has always been calm and self-contained.

But he would do it for me, regardless of the interests of the company.

He is naturally a good husband I love, but he is definitely not a good leader.

What I find even more shocking is that he then says something like this.

"So what? The Louis Group belongs to me. I spend some money to protect my wife. What's wrong?"

"Mr. Frances?! If you keep acting like this, we're going to withdraw our shares!"

"That's right! You're so irrational, how does the Louis Group have a bright future?!"

"This woman would cause other trouble. How can we let him fool around?"

"In my opinion, Mr. Frances should divorce this woman! Otherwise, the Louis Group will fall!" "I agree!"

At this moment, they are surprisingly united, just to let Frances divorce me.

Come to think of it, this is why they come here.

"So, if Mr. Frances didn't make the right decision, we would withdraw our shares." Frances frowns, looking angry.

Although I don't know much about the company, I also know that the withdrawal of shares is bound to be a fatal blow to the company.

When Frances is at the company, Frances must have been under a lot of pressure.

There seems to be only one way to bring the company back to life.

That is, I leave him.

But I take the risk to go to Whitney, not only to get the Louis Group out of the crisis, but also to be with Frances.

Now, what should I do? Do I really have to divorce Frances? At this moment, old Mr. Louis who hasn't spoken all this time suddenly stands up and walks to the front.

The moment old Mr. Louis comes out, he doesn't say anything, but they shut their mouths.

Sure enough, old Mr. Louis' deterrent power has always been there.

it up to you to decide whether to divorce or not?! This is our family matter, so it's not your turn to interfere! Those who are blowing hot and cold are not welcomed by the Louis Group! When the Louis Group recovers, don't regret it!"

After saying those words, old Mr. Louis covers his chest and takes two steps back.

He is probably too excited just now, causing him to have a heart attack.

Hilda walks up and kindly supports old Mr. Louis.

However, she glances at me.

Ever since she comes out, she has been waiting for mayhem to ensue.

Obviously, Hilda wants me and Frances to get divorced.

This way, she could take advantage of this opportunity to be with Frances.

As for me, I will definitely not let her wish come true.

Of course, under the premise of ensuring that the Louis Group is fine.

Old Mr. Louis' words cause everyone to look at each other, and in the end, they choose to compromise.

I'm relieved. I finally don't have to make things difficult for Frances anymore.

Old Mr. Louis' expression is still serious.

He coldly sweeps a glance at the crowd and says in a deep voice, "With the free time, why don't you go back and think of more ways to help the Louis Group rise?"

Everyone nods and drives away.

I don't think they're really convinced.

First, for their own benefits, and secondly, for the sake of old Mr. Louis.

But no matter what, this matter finally is settled.

If it weren't for old Mr. Louis, I might really be unable to withstand the pressure and choose to compromise.

Thinking of this, I walk in front of old Mr. Louis and say softly to him, "Thank you."

Chapter 487 I Can't Sleep Without You

Old Mr. Louis casts a cold glance at me and said sternly, "There is no need. I'm doing this for the Louis Group, not for you!"

After that, old Mr. Louis returns to the company with Hilda's help.

Frances leans on my shoulder and whispers, "Go in. I'm a little tired."

It could be seen that he is really tired.

It seems that too many things have happened in these days.

He hasn't had a good rest for a long time.

After taking a shower, Frances lies on the bed.

I'm not sleepy. I'm going to draw some drawings and participate in the competition.

Even if I win the prize, the prize money won't help the Louis Group solve any problems.

But what if the Louis Group really goes bankrupt?

At the very least, I still have money to live with Frances.

Next, I'll take care of him, and support him.

As soon as I get up, Frances grabs me.

I turn to look at him. He even doesn't open his eyes, muttering, "Jane, sleep with me for a while. I'm so tired, but I can't sleep well without you."

The feeling of being needed by him is so sweet. I directly lie on the bed and hold him.

He hugs me tightly and breathes evenly above my head. Very quickly, he falls asleep.

Frances sleeps for a long time.

He is still asleep the next morning.

Earl surprisingly didn't make any noise at night and I had a good night's sleep yesterday.

Raising my head, I carefully size up Frances' face, wanting to deepen his look into my mind.

I love him.

No matter how much I love him, I still feel that it is not enough.

However, why do I feel that his face is a little red?

Moreover, it is strange that he hasn't woken up after sleeping for so long.

I put my hand on his face, only to find it frighteningly hot.

Before, when we were sleeping, I felt that his body was so hot. I thought it was because of the warmth under the quilt. I touched him and found he was so hot. Only did then I find out that he had a fever.

Perhaps it is because he is too tired these past few days.

Looking at him, I get up from bed and take a thermometer to measure his temperature.

He seems to lose consciousness, and he is whispering softly in his sleep.

He looks very painful.

I'm a little curious about what he is saying, and lower my head. I hear him murmur vaguely, "Jane, don't leave me. Jane..."

It turns out that even his dreams are all about me.

How can I be willing to leave a man who loves me this much? I take out the thermometer and look at it. It really scared me.

39.5 °C.

He has a high fever.

I hurriedly take out an ice pouch and begin to cool him down physically.

Then, I take a fever-reducing pill and give it to him.

Two hours have passed, but his fever still hasn't subsided.

What's going on?

I'm a little overwhelmed.

I have to find a way to get rid of his fever.

I'm really scared that the fever will affect his brain.

Taking out his phone, I call his personal doctor and tell him to come over quickly.

The doctor arrives soon, and Hilda also comes here with him.

“He has a high fever.”

The doctor frowns and quickly gives Frances an injection, then gives him an IV.

After being given an IV, Frances’ body temperature drops a little, and his face is no longer red.

“He will be fine after having an IV. Go to the pharmacy to buy these medicines and give them to him. Then he would recover. Mr. Frances has a high fever because he is overdrawn and overanxious, so it’s good to have some medicine at home.”

Chapter 488 Have I Become A Horrible...

As instructed by the doctor, I go out to buy medicine.

When I come back, I discover that Hilda and Frances are kissing each other on the bed, naked.

With a thud, the medicine in my hand falls to the ground.

Frances looks up at me, then at Hilda, who is beneath him, and jumps down from the bed in a hurry.

He explains, “Jane, it’s you!”

“Who else could it be other than me?” I say coldly and roar at Hilda, who is on the bed. “Hilda, get off!” I can’t bear it anymore!

I just left for a while yet Hilda was on bed with Frances.

I can’t imagine what will happen if I come back later!

“Jane, listen to me.”

“Don’t. Tell her to fuck off. I feel disgusted!”

Hilda gets off the bed and looks at Frances with teary eyes.

In the end, she sheds tears out of grievance and gets out.

“Jane, I was muddled because of the fever. I mistook her for you. I didn’t know I would be like this. Trust me.”

Frances holds my hand and says anxiously.

Ignoring him, I pick up the medicine on the ground, pour some water and hand the pills to him.

“Since you’re muddled, take the medicine.”

Actually, I believe in Frances.

It isn’t unexpected for Hilda to take advantage of this situation.

But anyone who saw the scene just now would be displeased.

If this continues, they will really have sex. If they have a child, everything will be over.

In the future, I should stay closely by Frances’ side.

Frances takes the medicine and explains to me.

“Jane, you have to believe me. If I knew that it was Hilda, I would definitely not have done that.”

“Forget it. Think about what you did.”

I roll my eyes at Frances and say unhappily.

Just thinking about the obscenity just now made me sick.

Hilda's provocative intention becomes more and more obvious.

However, Frances still can't see through her venomous thoughts. I'm at a loss with him.

If this continues, I don't know what to do to clear Frances' mind.

During this day, I didn't talk much to Frances.

It is not because of rage, but because of scare.

I keep sending text messages to Mindy, asking for her help.

Mindy replied, "How about I tell David to take care of her? It's not difficult to kill."

Her idea gives me a fright.

However, I am somewhat convinced.

Has my fear of Hilda reached the point where I can't wait for her to disappear from this world? Since when have I become such a horrible person?

I shake my head and wipe this terrible thought out. I reject Mindy's idea.

For me, the best solution is to let Hilda leave Frances.

However, in what way can he see through Hilda's mask?

I'm a little confused.

Frances hasn't been to the company for the past two days and has been working at home.

He often stays up until four or five o'clock in the morning. I feel heartbroken for him, but I can help him with nothing but be anxious.

Hilda hasn't gone upstairs since that day, but when she meets me, she is still very calm.

I don't know how big her heart is so that she can keep calmness after doing that filthy thing.

What really scares me is a call from Mindy on the night before my wedding.

"Jane, do you know who Hilda met when she returned to the United States?"

Chapter 489 What's Her Purposes

"Who is it?" I look at the lights in the study and ask in a low voice.

Actually, I don't want to hide anything from Frances, but I don't want him to know about Hilda's matter until I figure it out.

"Jason."

Mindy says solemnly.

It sounds like a man. Can he be Hilda's lover?

He can't be.

It looks like she fancies Frances so much. Can she have another man in her heart? Rather than speculating, I'd better ask.

"Tell me more, I don't know who Jason is."

"Of course you, an ordinary citizen, don't know who Jason is. But in the underworld, everyone knows.

Jason. He is an expert in bomb and firearm manufacturing under the world's largest arms dealer. It is said that no one can defuse the time bomb he made except him. Anyway, David said that this man is so amazing."

I am very uneasy at Mindy's words.

Hilda is actually in connection with such a person. But I find it fishy.

Was she looking for Jason to catch up as old friends, or did she have other purposes? If she had other purposes, what would they be?

In an instant, my mind is in a mess.

"Then do you know if Hilda and Jason had a friendship? What did they meet for?"

I need to know everything about Hilda so that I won't panic. Therefore, I ask her further.

"I don't know. The place where they talked was so hidden. But I'm sure they knew each other before. You know, Hilda's husband is from the underworld, so he has contacts with Jason."

"Okay, keep an eye on her. I need to go to bed. I have to get up at four in the morning to put on my makeup. Remember to come early with David."

“Okay, it’s my best friend’s wedding, I must be there early. Good night, love you.” Hanging up the phone, I feel my heart goes chaotic.

I have no idea why Hilda looked for Jason.

After all, the person she came into contact with was terrifying enough.

I didn’t have a good sleep all night because of the uneasiness.

I didn’t fall asleep until three o’ clock.

In a daze, I feel like someone is calling me.

“Jane, get up and eat. You’ll have to put on your makeup later.”

“What?”

I open my drowsy eyes and see Frances holding a bowl and looking at me with gentleness.

“Have some sweet dumplings. Otherwise, you’ll be starved until noon.”

I nod and get out of bed.

I don’t have the energy to wash up, so I pick up the bowl and eat.

My head is dizzy. Will I black out later at the wedding? I am in such a bad state even if I’ve slept, so won’t Frances feel even worse from not sleeping at all?

As I eat, I say to Frances, “Won’t you sleep for a while? You don’t need makeup. You’ve been busy all night. Take a rest.”

“Alright. I’ll take a nap later.” He nods at me and looks at me with a tender gaze.

I take a few sweet dumplings and feel full.

I put down the bowl and suddenly, I want to hug the man in front of me.

After experiencing so many things, he is still by my side. I feel that God is too kind to me.

Probably the happiest thing in my life is having him by my side.

“What’s the matter?”

Frances strokes my hair. His words carry inexhaustible tenderness.

“I just feel that I love you so much and want to embrace you.” I bury my head in his chest and hug him tighter.

“Little fool, I love you too.”

He lowers his head and stares at me with an affectionate expression, and a lingering kiss hits my lips.

Chapter 490 They Can Wait

We are both drowned in the kiss.

He hasn’t got his oats for days because of the busy work.

Now, it feels like someone who has been walking in the desert for several days catches sight of water.

His hand slides into my clothes and sets me on fire.

I'm just up and I don't even have the time to put on my underwear. His rough fingers linger on the sensitive spots on my breasts, causing me to tremble.

"No." I gasp in a low voice. The refusal doesn't sound guarded, but willing.

The makeup artist and the stylist will be here soon. Frances is always reluctant to stop in a short while, so how can we have enough time to enjoy it?

However, Frances didn't seem to hear me. He lowers his head and gently bites on my shoulder.

He reaches the other hand to touch my underwear from under my nightgown.

Then he strokes my most private part through the underwear.

"They're coming soon. There's no time," I whisper, and under his caresses, I lose all my strength.

"They can wait."

As Frances speaks, he lays me on the bed, takes off my nightgown and sinks his head onto my breasts.

"Jane, I want you."

His voice is filled with lust, somewhat husky. However, the wild voice sounds incredibly charming.

I'm a little dizzy.

I no longer resist and sink into the fantastic intercourse with him.

It has been a long time since we made love. He behaves very rudely like a spring chicken. Several times, I feel he wants to knock me off.

"Frances, don't be so rude!"

I grumble coquettishly, patting gently on his chest.

He pauses, gazes at me for two seconds, and suddenly speeds up, moving faster and more violently.

I am like a feather floating in the air, floating towards the brightest and farthest place.

Suddenly, a white light meets my eyes. I scream and tremble crazily as I'm turned on.

Frances doesn't slow down, and I have orgasms again and again.

In the end, he releases in my body.

The boiling love juice rushes into the deepest part of my body. My body and mind are both conquered by him.

I look outside. It is almost dawn.

During the intercourse, I heard knocks on the door. Our phones also rang many times.

After the orgasms, Frances reluctantly let go of me.

I get out of bed, about to get the cell phone at the bedside.

When my feet touch the ground, I find my legs so sore that I can't even stand on my feet.

Damn! He's gone too far!

It has been too long since he got his oats, and he just doesn't care about my feeling at all!

I take out the phone and check the call log. It was indeed the makeup artist and the stylist who made the call.

And now, it's already seven o'clock in the morning.

It took more than three hours! The stylist and the makeup artist must have left. The wedding starts at eleven o'clock. Will it be too late to start the preparation now?

Sure enough, sex will mess everything up!

I turn around to look at Frances and snap angrily, "It's all your fault. It's too late. Now, the makeup artist may have left."

"No way. They should have heard your voice at the door and have known what's going on. They should be waiting there."

Frances slowly puts on his clothes, but upon hearing him, I just want to rush up and plug his mouth with socks.

Did they hear me?

Thinking about it carefully, I find myself truly have made a loud sound just now.

So, if they could hear me from outside, old Mr. Louis and Hilda must have heard me as well! How awkward!

But...

I am not the one to be blamed!

Rolling my eyes at Frances, I angrily change my clothes and drag my sore legs towards the door.

Fortunately, old Mr. Louis and Hilda are not in the living room, so I am not so embarrassed.