

Desperate Time 61

Chapter 61 Shameless

He wears a silver-grey suit and looks elegant and distinguished. Even with all the people around, I can recognize him at a glance.

I am surprised that Frances Louis would pick me up.

In my opinion, only others can pick up him.

'Let's go.'

Frances Louis says simply, and strides his long legs out.

It's difficult for me to follow him up with my short legs.

He bullies my short legs.

"Why ask me to come here?" I ask as I get into the car.

I eat a hamburger on the plane. I am still hungry. Now my stomach is growling.

It would be great if we could go to dinner now.

"Go to the hotel first."

Frances Louis says simply. He starts the engine and drives forward.

Hotel?

What does he want to do?

I haven't recovered from my waist injury, and I'm starving to death. I really don't have the heart to deal with him.

"Can I choose not to go?" I look at Frances Louis, trying to look pathetic.

"Do you think you have the right to say no?" Frances Louis snorts and looks back at me.

At the sight of his eyes, I am so frightened that I dare not speak, and follow him to the hotel in resignation.

If Frances Louis really forces me to do something, I would rather die than comply. Surely according to his noble character, he would not force me.

Frances Louis books the presidential suite. This is the first time I have seen the presidential suite.

'Take off your clothes.'

Frances Louis says in a low voice.

He really wants to...

I look at him in horror, a little nervous.

'I don't want to do it. I just want to eat.' I look at him and say honestly.

"Do what?" He raises his eyebrows and looks at me faintly. His mouth turns a little radiant, and he presses it down quickly.

Frances Louis doesn't like smiling. Basically, all his expressions I saw was cold and emotionless. But I'm pretty sure he was suppressing a laugh.

"You tell me to do what?"

I feel embarrassed to speak it out, so I can only question him.

He glances at me with a hint of disdain.

"You think too much, after you change your clothes, follow me to the 18th floor." He says and points at the full dress on the bed.

It's a peacock blue dress. I'm not a clothes designer, but I know something about luxury. This dress is exquisitely made, and it is all handmade, which looks pricey.

Why does Frances Louis suddenly ask me to change into this dress? But anyway, it's better than have sex!

I looked at the man sitting on the opposite side of the bed and say, "Then you go out, you stand here, how do I change?"

Frances Louis doesn't move. To be exact, he doesn't even look up.

Damn him! Does this man have a weird taste for watching women change?

'Frances Louis, could you please move your noble ass and go out for a while?"

I think my attitude is very good, but the opposite master doesn't buy it. After a cold look at me, he says, "I have seen every skin of your body. By the way, I'm on twitter. I don't have time to look at you."

Hearing he says twitter makes me feel guilty. I dare not speak again, directly take the dress to go to the bathroom. I lock the door and start to change clothes.

This dress is very tight. I don't like to wear clothes that are too tight. But now I am so hungry and feel a little loose.

They say that clothes make the man, and this is true. Although I look not bad, but this haute couture makes me look completely different.

Suddenly I look like a debutante.

The hemline of the dress is a little long, which requires a pair of high heels. Unfortunately, I changed my slippers when I entered the hotel. Now I can only carry my skirt out. As soon as I open the door, I see Frances Louis standing in the doorway.

I am shocked that I accidentally step on the hemline and lean forward.

My head just hits Frances Louis's private part.

How embarrassing!

I blush and try to hold Frances Louis's leg to stand up. Suddenly I feel his private part thump twice and grow larger.

"You shameless! What are you thinking in your head!"

I am shamed into anger, looking at Frances Louis and shuttering.

He smiles and moves closer, his hot breath flapping on my face.

My face turns redder and my breath quickens.

'I remember. You jumped on me yourself. How come I am the shameless one?'

'Because you frightened me by standing at the door. What are you doing standing there, peeping?' I retort.

The more I think about it, the more suspicious Frances Louis is acting.

'I want to pee.'

He says coldly, and goes towards the bathroom.

He doesn't come out after ten minutes. I couldn't help wondering if he is in there pooping and he feels embarrassed to say.

After twenty minutes, Frances Louis comes out.

He glances at me, and I notice that his face is darker than before.

He must be constipated! I secretly think in my head.

"Do you think your shoes go well with this dress?" He asks me, raising his eyebrows.

I look at the black heels on my feet, but there is nothing I could do.

'I only have this.'

Without speaking, he comes over and takes off my shoes. Then he takes out a pair of high heels from the closet and bends down to put them on for me.

From this angle, I can see Frances Louis's drooping eyebrows. This is the first time I have seen him from a height. I have to say, his features are really exquisite. Especially the eyelashes, black and long.

No wonder his eyes look so beautiful.

He gently put the shoes on me and I really felt like I am in a dream.

It is noble Frances Louis here half on his knees. In a trance, I feel like I am Cinderella.

But I still have my senses. I know he will never be my prince.

After putting on my shoes, Frances Louis stands up and doesn't seem to feel uncomfortable for what he did for me.

'Let's go.'" Gently, Frances Louis extends his arm towards me and beckons me to hold it.

I look down at the shoes on my feet. It's a pair of silver shoes. The sequins and the luster of the clothes reflect each other, looking noble and elegant.

I don't know what occasion Frances Louis will take me to, and I need to dress so formally. After all, it's eleven o'clock. I am afraid of losing Frances Louis's face, and my hands are sweating, so I hold him tightly.

The elevator arrives the 18th floor, I take a deep breath and walk out.

Chapter 62 Rich men are ruthless

As soon as I walk in, I feel urgent to back out.

I thought it would be a dinner party or something with a few people at most.

I didn't expect to see so many people.

I stand there in a daze and don't go out for a long time.

Everyone turns their eyes on me, which makes me even more nervous. To put it mildly, I am Frances Louis's mistress, and to attend such an event with him would make me feel embarrassed.

'Don't be nervous, just stay with me.'

Frances Louis cocks his head and whispers in my ear. He doesn't even look at me. How does he know I am nervous?

I look down at his coat, which has been pulled out of folds, and sheepishly let go.

Seeing his intimacy with me, everyone shows an ambiguous smile. I keep walking and feel my hands and feet out of place.

I almost walk by the same foot with the hand.

But I find that my nervousness seems unnecessary. No one seems to look at me differently. Yes, I don't have a "mistress" written on my face. I calm down with that thought.

Frances Louis takes two glasses of wine from the waiter and offers me one.

"Don't drink, just pretend." I nod, holding my glass and surveying the scene around me.

It should be the dining room of this hotel, surrounded by a lot of food. So late at night, and these people are eating?

I feel a little strange.

We keep walking forward. When we pass the first man, he toasts to Frances Louis and says, "happy birthday, president Louis."

Today is Frances Louis's birthday? No wonder these people are still here so late at night.

I turn to look at him, feeling nervous.

Today is my patron's birthday and I have no idea about it. I am so unqualified to be a mistress, because I don't know how to please my boss.

"Thanks." Frances Louis graciously clinks glasses with the man and leads me on.

As we walk toward the center of the crowd, I see a group of girls forming a circle. Inside, there are two men like two moons standing in a circle of stars.

The two men are handsome. One is handsome and a little ruffian, and the other is stylish, I can feel his muscles bouncing even across the shirt.

'Frances, you are finally here. What a birthday party! You're the main character but won't show up until eleven o' clock.'" The ruffian man comes out from a crowd of women and complains discontentedly to Frances Louis.

The muscular man also comes and ridicules, "You don't know. What's the point of having a birthday without a beauty?"

'Maybe this little beauty has sent herself to your bed...'"

The ruffian man doesn't finish his sentence but the crowd begin to laugh.

I am not stupid. Of course, I know what he means. I give him a black look.

There is no expression on Frances Louis's face. He doesn't seem to mind their joke.

That crowd of women, seeing Frances Louis, gather around and pounce at him.

"Mr. Louis."

“Mr. Louis, why you come so late?”

“We haven’t seen each other for a long time.”

These women push desperately towards Frances Louis and easily push me away.

Anyway.

I am hungry, and I can just take this opportunity to eat something.

‘Jane Noyes.’”

Before I could move, Frances Louis calls out to me.

I turn to him with a bitter face, but his two handsome friends stand beside me and smile at Frances Louis., “What, do you want the beauty to save the hero? You’d better enjoy coming to girls’ country.”

The women are exaggerating like playing a drama. They rub against Frances Louis so hard that they could have tied their hands and feet around him.

“Mr. Louis has always been popular with these ladies, and there’s no one in this country who wouldn’t want to be Mr. Louis’s woman. I suppose you wouldn’t mind since you stay with him.” The ruffian says to me smilingly.

All women in this country want to be his woman? But I don’t want to. If I have not been cornered, I would never have something to do with him.

‘That’s what these ladies look like. I’m tired of seeing them.’” The muscular man adds by my side.

‘Ladies? If you don’t tell me. I would think I have come into a brothel.’” I roll my eyes.

“Get out of the way.” Frances Louis says deeply.

This is the second time I have heard him say it, but it doesn't seem to work.

Although Frances Louis is terrible, these women don't seem to be very frightened. Maybe their desire is greater than the fear.

I could feel clearly that Frances Louis's face is getting gloomy. But these daredevil women don't want to get out of the way. No one would let anyone around Frances Louis. They have surround Frances Louis in a tight circle.

Frances Louis suddenly smiles and says to the woman standing in front of him.

“What's your name? The daughter of which company?”

That woman is very enchanting, her figure is tall and sexy. She is definitely an amorous beauty.

Shame on him. He just pretended to be immune to t women, and he can't resist the temptation.

I spit on Frances Louis in my heart

The woman who is called by Frances Louis is excited, as if the emperor has chosen her to sleep with. She answers hurriedly, “my name is Fontaine, I am the daughter of Fontaine Group.”

Frances Louis nods, then he takes out the cell phone and dials a number.

‘Purchase the Fontaine Group in Santos.’

His simple words make the woman's face turn pale.

She grabs Frances Louis in fear and implores, "President Louis, I am sorry. Please don't. Please."

I feel pity for that delicate and touching face. Frances Louis is still calm and cold. He looks at these women and says, "All of you, who still want to climb onto my bed?"

As soon as he says this, people scatter like birds and beasts.

There is only the daughter of Fontaine Group standing there with a look of despair.

Frances Louis manages to escape and comes towards me. There is a variety of women's perfume on his body, which smells very pungent.

"Mr. Louis, why are you so cruel to these women? Just be nice." The ruffian man says, but there is no mercy in his eyes.

They say that people of high society are the most ruthless. I have seen it by myself today.

'I am not like you. I don't want to mess up with them.'" Frances Louis rolls his eyes to him and takes me to the crowd.

I am starving to death. Later, I can't hear what Frances Louis is talking about and people begin to have double images in my eyes.

Am I going to die, because of hungry?

"Frances Louis, I am hungry."

I say to him weakly, my limp body leaning against Frances Louis.

I am so hungry that I am talking like a mosquito, and I am not even sure if he heard me.

Frances Louis says something to a man on the other side, then helps me to sit down.

I see him move his lips towards me, I don't know what he said, and then he leaves.

I am surrounded by food. I can't think too much and begin to eat desperately.

I finally regain some strength after eating several pieces of meat.

"Look at the way she eats. She must come from some remote countryside. How can president Louis bring such a woman here?" An acerbic voice comes into my ear.

Chapter 63 A man's heart is like a ne...

I put the meat into my mouth slowly and look at the woman who is speaking.

I know her. She is one of the women who surround Frances Louis.

She is followed by two other women. One is Fontaine, who still has tears on her face. When she looks at me, the venom in her eyes almost kills me.

Although they have three people, I am not afraid of them.

What can they do to me in public? Besides, with Frances Louis supporting me, I'm a coward.

Slowly I wipe my mouth, then my hands. I get up, smiling at them, "what can you do if I am from the countryside? Frances Louis's dating with me, not you. I have flown up on the branch, I am the phoenix

Usually I really hate the entanglement with Frances Louis. But now, it has become the backing for my arrogance.

They're just a bunch of bullies, and if I'm tough enough, they'll know I'm not a push-over.

Then their faces turn pale. They look towards Frances Louis and seem to be frightened.

"You are just a sex toy. Wait and see."

That woman leaves a malicious sentence and go away with other two women.

I purse my lips and sit down to eat. This foie gras is so delicious, I don't know who the chef is, how could he make such a delicious thing.

Sure enough, the rich eat better than the average person.

Hungry and greedy, in a short time, there is only one foie gras left on the plate.

I look at the last piece of meat in front of me awkwardly, hesitating to eat it.

'Is it good?' The playful voice of Frances Louis rings behind me, and I blush immediately.

All women here are famous ladies, polite and reserved. They eat like a bird. I don't fit in here.

"No!"

I answer dishonestly, and get up to leave.

The light in the hall suddenly dims.

Frances Louis takes my hand and holds me into his arms.

'Let's dance.' His star-like gaze almost melts me.

My heart beats quickly.

Again, I am distracted by Frances Louis. Facing such a handsome and rich man, I feel difficult to resist him. But the relationship between him and me is just a deal, and I can't let myself sink down in the illusion.

I shake my head and get out of his hand, "I don't want to dance with you."

Then, my hands are hold by someone else.

'Maybe this little beauty wants to dance with me.' The ruffian man takes my hands to the center of the crowd.

Frances Louis's face looks heavy and his calm eyes are fixed on me, which makes me flustered.

I'm really bad at dancing. I used to eat when there was a company party. If someone asks to dance, I would decline them. I just hope I won't make a fool of myself in front of so many people today.

'I am not good at dancing.' I say honestly, but my eyes try to find Frances Louis unconsciously.

Then I realize that he has gone to somewhere else. Looking around the crowd, I find him talking to someone nearby. Several women come up and invite him, but he seems to have turned them down.

Had it not been for Frances Louis, who was so cruel to me in bed, I should have suspected that he didn't like women.

'Don't look at Frances, just follow my step.' This man says to me gently.

Although his hand is around my waist, it only presses against my clothes and doesn't make me feel uncomfortable. This man looks promiscuous, but he is supposed to be a gentleman.

Then I am relieved and dance to his pace.

"My name is Lawrence Jordan. I've been a friend of Mr. Louis for many years."

He says something to me from time to time that distracts me and makes me feel less nervous.

‘This is the first time he has brought a woman to a party.’ Lawrence Jordan says to me.

I don’t believe him.

This doesn’t seem like Frances Louis. And I’m not naive enough to think how special I am for him.

‘Who knows. I can’t guess his thoughts.’

Led by Lawrence Jordan, I finish the dance smoothly. I find dancing is not as difficult as I thought. I must have been nervous before.

I am about to go to the side for a break when someone else’s high heel steps on my heel and I lean forward, out of control, toward Lawrence Jordan.

And awkwardly, I kiss Lawrence Jordan on his lips.

There seems to be a sharp look behind me. Lawrence Jordan turns pale, pushing me away like a plague, and says in a panic, ‘it’s nearly twelve o’clock? The last sweet time is for you and Mr. Louis.’

I fall back into a warm, familiar embrace. Without looking back, I know it is Frances Louis. Because he still has that strong perfume on his body.

Lawrence Jordan greases his feet and runs off. He seems to be afraid of Frances Louis.

I turn my head weakly to Frances Louis’s smiling eyes.

This smile looks creepy.

‘It...it was just an accident.’

‘You are hungry for man.’ Frances Louis says and drags me to go out.

Chapter 64 The weird interest

Hungry for man? No, I don't! "No, no, no. I said It was an accident. Frances Louis, let me go!"

I look at my red wrist pinched by him and feel helpless. Frances Louis is a much more possessive man than I thought.

'If you want more people to notice you, just shout loudly.'" Says Frances Louis quietly, without turning his head.

Even if I don't do anything, just standing next to Frances Louis would have attracted enough attention. So, I can only obediently shut the mouth, let him lead me forward.

'Mr. Louis, why are you leaving here so soon? This is a special birthday party for you.'" 'says someone.

'Have a good time. I've got some personal matters to deal with.'" That man gives me a deep and meaningful look.

'I understand, take your time.'"

Frances Louis leads me all the way into the elevator. As the doors closes, he presses me against the wall and kisses me straight down.

His kisses sweep over me like a storm, encroaching on my sanity.

Suddenly I notice the camera opposite flashing red dots. If others see us kissing like this, I really have no face to see them.

"Ca...camera."

I try hard to extruded this word from my lips.

It takes several seconds for Frances Louis to stop. He turns to the camera coldly and commands, "turn it off now."

After two seconds, the red spots disappear.

Frances Louis is really a big shot with great power.

"How did you know that someone is peeping through the camera?"

Before I finish, my words are blocked up by Frances Louis's kisses.

He is a good kisser, and gradually arouses the desire in my heart. I feel my whole body heat up.

The elevator goes all the way down and stops at the third floor.

On entering the room, he throws me on the bed, and presses his great body over me.

"What do you do, Frances Louis? I have an injury on my waist! Injured!"

"Why don't you think you're hurt when you're dancing with another man!" He snorts coldly with his big hands putting on the softness of my chest.

'Isn't he your friend? And we're just dancing. You are being unreasonable!' I say, speechlessly.

A seemingly indifferent man can be so unreasonable.

Although the wound on my waist is no longer painful, but with Frances Louis's strength, I am afraid that my waist will be broken later.

There are fewer clothes on my body, I say sadly.

‘The doctor said that I can’t do strenuous exercise, would you please leave me alone!’

‘Then I will use a position that won’t hurt you. I’ll be gentle today.’ says Frances Louis. He takes off my underpants without my permission and turns me upside down. I am in a position of extreme shame.

I turn my back on him, unable to struggle. I can only let his huge organ push into my body little by little.

He is indeed gentle today. His movements are much slower than before, but each push reaches to the deepest part of my body. I feel my heart and my body tremble uncontrollably. I bite my lips, trying not to let my shy voice spill over.

‘S...slowly.’ I say tremblingly.

‘I’m already slow.’ The man says innocently. Then a hard push, of which the pleasure makes me almost faint.

I quickly cover my mouth so as not to cry out in front of Frances Louis. For all the time, I have been trying to suppress myself, for fear of indulging in this pleasure.

‘Cry if you want.’ Frances Louis leans over and nibbles at my earlobe.

I could not resist, my whole-body collapses on the bed, but my mouth is stubborn, ‘No, not comfortable. Not at all. You must finish quickly. I’m going to sleep.’

Behind me comes the voice of Frances Louis, laughing.

Then he turns me over and carries me out of bed., but the movement under his body doesn’t stop.

I am afraid of falling down and my legs wrap around his waist tightly. As a result, every step he takes makes my whole-body tremble.

“Your body is much more honest than your mouth. You ought to look at yourself now, how attractive you

are...

Frances Louis forces me to turn my head and look at myself in the mirror.

“No...” I turn away, but he quickens his movements, each time touching my most sensitive point. I look in the mirror, pleading for mercy, and his movements slow down.

He has weird interest!

He is good-looking, but I don't expect that he has such a perverted hobby! I criticize him in my heart.

But next second, I have no mood to make fun of Frances Louis.

In the mirror, the woman's cheeks flush into red, her eyes blurred as if covered with a layer of mist, and her lips slightly spread, looking charming.

Is that me? I have no idea that I could be so attractive.

The man seems satisfied with my expression and begins his next attack.

His physical strength is really strong. I like a leaf in the boat, floating and sinking in deep sea, but I can't reach the shore.

It is not until dawn that he lets me go. I have no strength to lift my arm.

Such a coquettish man!

France Louis goes to the bathroom to take a shower, and I lie on the bed, like a fish washed ashore, unable to move.

There is a rhythmic knock on the door.

Chapter 65 Help me with my belt

I get up holding my limp waist and curse Frances Louis secretly.

“You teddy dog! I curse you for impotency.”

The bathroom door is pulled open with a clatter. Frances Louis stands there with a towel on his lower body, looking at me half-squinted.

“What did you say?”

“Nothing! I was wondering what you have eaten because you are so energetic.” I laugh a hollow laugh, and prevaricate quickly.

Men love to be complimented by women. Even if Frances Louis is otherworldly, he would not be an exception.

The knock on the door rings again. I don't answer him anymore and go to the door.

‘Don't open the door,’ Frances Louis stops me and whispers.

“Why?” I turn to look at him and ask with confusion.

‘It's not a secret that every time I come to Santos I would stay in this hotel. But no one ever knocked at the door, so I guess it is not a good visit.’

I stop when I hear his words.

Why should I make trouble for myself when Frances Louis doesn't want to mess with it? He goes to the night table and calls the reception.

“There is someone knocking at my door. Whoever it is, tell him I’m out.”

Then, Frances Louis hangs up.

Soon the knocking stops.

He goes to the wardrobe and opens it. There are several suits hanging in it. They are all his size.

A man like him wouldn’t go around with a pile of clothes. He must have always hired this room. But I am curious that he is so rich, why he still lives in a hotel, but buy a house?

“Do you have a house at Santos, Frances Louis?” I look at his sharp and strong figure and ask lightly.

‘I don’t like buying house.” He says lightly.

He doesn’t seem to want to continue the subject, and I consciously shut up.

His hands begin to loosen the towel from his waist, and I turn my head hastily to avoid seeing what I should not see.

“Are you shy?” Frances Louis chuckles behind me.

I roll my eyes and ignore him.

Damn it! Why can’t be shy?! Is it strange that I am shy?

“Come here.” He suddenly says.

I don’t know if he’s dressed and I kind of don’t want to go.

“What?” I ask impatiently.

'Help me with my belt. Did you forget? It is a bug that you designed.'

The customer is the god, and the patron is gold Lord is more important than the god.

I could feel his eyes on me. I couldn't stop my palms from sweating as he looks at me, and it takes me a long time to buckle his belt.

You change your clothes, and then go out with me.'

I obediently go to the bathroom to change my clothes and follow Frances Louis out without asking.

God knows how tired and sleepy I am after last night's intense exercise. Is Frances Louis's body made of iron? How could he doesn't feel tired at all?

"Where do you want to go?" Frances Louis asks me in the car.

I look at him blankly and say, "how do I know, I haven't been Santos before, go where there is delicious food and funny things to do."

Frances Louis ponder for a moment, then takes out his cell phone and call.

'Lawrence Jordan, do you know any interesting places in Santos?'

He calls Lawrence Jordan. Someone like Lawrence Jordan, who plays the life like games, surely knows where to go.

On the other end of the line, I don't know what Lawrence Jordan has said. I notice that the corners of Frances Louis's mouth twitch twice and then he hangs up the phone.

Frances Louis takes me all the way to the beach and finally stops outside a restaurant.

Fragrance of Women.

What a pornographic name! I connect this name with Lawrence Jordan immediately.

We enter to see Lawrence Jordan lounging in a massage chair. A woman dressed as a waitress is feeding him grapes.

Look at his luxurious life.

Frances Louis sits down in front of him, "Bring out everything delicious."

'It depends on what you want to eat. I can catch it out of the sea whatever you want to eat.'" Lawrence Jordan gets up and speaks to me.

Why he looks at me?

The next second, Frances Louis turns to me and asks, "what would you like to eat?"

I shake my head and say whatever.

I don't know much about seafood. I come from the countryside and live in the inland. What I have eaten is nothing more than crab, shrimp, squid and so on, if must add another kind, does seaweed count?

'Then lobster, fin and so on, bring the most expensive food you have.'" Frances Louis says casually and sits down.

"Exploiter!"

Lawrence Jordan complains, but he goes out and tell the attendant at the door.

Then I see that man sail out to sea.

What? I thought Lawrence Jordan was kidding. They really go to the sea to catch seafood.

Frances Louis is talking to Lawrence Jordan about something I don't understand. I am bored and play with my phone. Then, feeling a little like to pee, I put down my phone and go to the bathroom.

When I come out, I find Frances Louis staring at my phone screen.

I feel strange and quicken my pace. I hang up the phone quickly when I see Noah Jefferson's name.

I don't know what I am guilty of, but my heart is beating violently.

And the next second, the screen lights up again.

Chapter 66 For fear of the light

I feel that I am going to be killed by Noah Jefferson.

Why does he call when Frances Louis is here?

"Why don't you answer the phone?"

Frances Louis smiles at me, which makes my hair stand on end.

I know that if I don't answer it, Noah Jefferson would keep calling. He has always been stubborn.

There is nothing I could do but stand up with my cell phone and smile at Frances Louis, "I go out and answer the phone."

He grabs my wrist and says in a low voice, "right here." Then, he glides on the screen and helps me answer it.

Damn you, Frances Louis!

Okay, I will answer it. I have nothing to hide!

'Hello, Noah Jefferson, what happened?' I ask.

"Why hang up the phone?" Noah Jefferson asks me.

'I clicked the wrong place.'

I am afraid that Frances Louis might think there is something between me and Noah Jefferson, so I say calmly.

'I'll pick you up at 2:00 this afternoon. Please send me your address.'

Then I remember that Noah Jefferson has an appointment with me for a movie this afternoon. If he hadn't called to remind me, I would have forgotten. I'm still at Santos, and it's impossible to get back.

After thinking about it, I say to him, "I'm sorry, but I am in another city on a business trip now, sorry I forget to tell you. I can't go today, maybe next time."

Noah Jefferson keeps being silent for several seconds, presumably in frustration.

I don't know what to say, so I say goodbye and hang up quickly.

There is no expression change on Frances Louis's face. But he is like this most of the time, and I couldn't figure it out.

Lawrence Jordan, on the other hand, quips, "Who is he? Boyfriend? You still have another man besides Mr. Louis?"

"Shut up." Before I could retort, Frances Louis interrupts him in a muffled voice.

The waiter returns with the seafood, Lawrence Jordan goes straight to the kitchen, saying he wants to cook by himself.

I have some doubts, the rich boy like him, mouth open for food, really know how to cook? Isn't it a dark cooking?

About an hour and a half later, Lawrence Jordan comes out with the cuisine.

The color looks appetizing and smells good, which doesn't seem as bad as I thought.

"Try my skill." Lawrence Jordan spreads out his hands, looking pleased.

I have a try and it is really good.

Even Frances Louis fails to pick on him.

"Not bad? Not everyone can taste the work of a three-Michelin star chef."

I couldn't help rolling my eyes as Lawrence Jordan praises his cooking.

It is really delicious, but could he keep a low profile?

The sound of high-heeled shoes suddenly comes from the door when we are having a good time. There are only us in the restaurant. Someone comes and I couldn't help looking back.

It is a very beautiful woman, wearing dark glasses, hot chestnut waves, wearing a sexy open – slit cheongsam, looking charming and delicate.

Guest? The next second, she walks toward us. Know someone here? Does she come for Frances Louis or Lawrence Jordan?

Lawrence Jordan's face becomes sullen suddenly and he whispers to Frances Louis, "You tell me, why is she here?"

He looks so frightened that he seems afraid of this woman.

Instead of answering him, Frances Louis raises his eyebrows and says, "what do you think?"

"Damn you Frances Louis! I was kind enough to treat you to a big dinner, and that's how you reward me!" Then Lawrence Jordan runs into the kitchen.

The woman is called here by Frances Louis. I don't know why he did it to Lawrence Jordan.

The woman enters the kitchen angrily. Two minutes later, she comes out and grumbles to Frances Louis, "brother, he has run away again!"

"Next time, if you don't wear high heels, he might not be able to run away so fast." Frances Louis says flatly.

She's Frances Louis's sister, and my sense is that she likes Lawrence Jordan.

'But cheongsam must match high heels!' The woman curls her lips and takes off her sunglasses.

It seems different from what I thought. I thought she was a sexy woman, but now through her face, she is sexy and pure at the same time.

I never know that Frances Louis has a sister. Of course, he doesn't have to tell me.

Frances Louis doesn't answer, and the woman's eyes turn to me. There is obvious surprise on her face.

"Who is she?"

I don't know how to answer her.

I am Frances Louis's mistress. But how could I tell her this?

"None of your business. Since you didn't catch Lawrence Jordan, just go home." Frances Louis orders her to leave

The woman stares at me for a few seconds, then she is suddenly enlightened.

"What if Shaw..."

Her words are blocked by the glance of Frances Louis.

I wonder what she's going to say next.

"Say what should be said, and pretend not to know what should not be said." Frances Louis says to her.

"Yes, sir. I am leaving." The woman nods and leaves stepping on her high heels.

After the meal, Frances Louis takes me back to Virginia.

As soon as we arrive at the villa, I see my mother sitting in front of Frances Louis's house.

Chapter 67 I am screwed

My mother's presence here is not going to be a good thing, I know that.

Seeing me, my mother quickly stands up from the ground and walks quickly towards me.

'Jane, I haven't seen you for all those days. You seem to be fatter.'

I know my mother is not concerned about my health; she is just saying that my life becomes better after I live with Frances Louis. But only I know the bitterness.

"What do you want?" I ask her directly.

Now I just want to solve Frank Noyes's problem and make my parents back home with him.

But I don't know when Frances Louis will help me, which makes me feel that the torture is a long way on.

My mother looks at Frances Louis, rubbing her hands nervously on the trousers, and says, "you know, your father has retired, his pension is not much, and your brother has lost his job, but we have to live..."

I understand. She wants money.

My father used to work at the town hospital, and his pension was \$3,000 a month. Although they can't live a rich life in Virginia, it is enough to meet the basic needs of a family. Besides, I've already paid the rent.

It must be Frank Noyes who's still spending my parents' money. He has spent all my parents' savings, and now he still doesn't repent.

Suddenly, I don't want to be tangled with them! I don't want to care Frank Noyes, and I don't want to care my parents. At least this way, I don't have to mess with Frances Louis anymore.

'I have no money.' I say coldly.

In fact, I have more than 70,000 dollars in my card. I don't spend much of the 20,000 dollars that Steven Song gave me. There are still 50,000 bonus and several thousand dollars left over from last month's salary.

But I don't want to give them a penny. I still owe Frances Louis \$900,000, which is far from enough.

Besides, my family is a bottomless pit that can never be filled.

"You have no money, but Mr. Louis certainly has." She says in a low voice, her finger poking at me, indicating that I should ask Frances Louis for money.

She knows about my relationship with Frances Louis, but she feels no shame about it. Instead, she is proud. Isn't it shameful for her that her daughter is a mistress?

Frances Louis clearly hears her.

He smiles to my mother, "You want money?"

"Yes." my mother nods, her eyes shining, as if she has seen a lot of money.

I thought that Frances Louis would pay her. Because the last thing he needs is money.

But he looks around and says to my mother, "The neighborhood is full of wealthy people, and a lot of nannies and cleaners are in need. There are plenty of opportunities if you want to make money."

My mother's face changes slightly, and she says to Frances Louis, "Mr. Louis, I mean, can you give me some money..."

I stand aside, feeling embarrassed and ridiculous.

"Why?" The man raises his eyebrows and looks at my mother half-squinting.

There are not many expression changes on Frances Louis's face but this look means that he is not happy.

I can see it.

'Because my daughter...'

"Enough!"

I interrupt my mother's words and say coldly, "you'd better hurry to go, or I will call the security guard."

Mom doesn't believe I can do this to her and she still stands there. I make up my mind and wave to the security guard who is patrolling nearby.

"Someone has broken in, please take her out."

The security guard doesn't know me, but he knows Frances Louis. Seeing that he doesn't oppose, the security guard orders my mother to go out.

'Jane Noyes, you fly to the branch to enjoy all kinds of things, and leave your parents alone! I gave birth to you for nothing!' My mother says to me fiercely, but her body is dragged out by the security guard.

Enjoy?!

My mother pushes me into this fire pit. Now I am doomed eternally but she thinks I'm enjoying? I want to laugh, but my tears can't stop falling down.

"Crying for what? I don't like women crying." Frances Louis says quietly.

I wipe my tears away quickly and squeeze a smile at Frances Louis.

Frances Louis is a fire pit, and he is the only one who might pull me out of it. Only by pleasing him can I hope to get out of my present life.

Back in the villa, I dutifully cook for Frances Louis.

Be goody, behave yourself., I keep reminding myself.

Fortunately, I have a good sleep at night because Frances Louis doesn't torture me.

But apparently, I celebrate too soon.

Before open my eyes, I feel a body covers me.

His kisses fall on my bare skin like the rain, which makes me wake up. Raising up, I meet Frances Louis's refreshing face.

He seems to be in a good mood.

Damn him! He tortures me no matter he is happy or not!

I am wearing a nightgown and a pair of underpants. Frances Louis skillfully reaches into the quilt and takes off my panty. Then he throes his muscular body on me.

Not enough foreplay, but I feel not much pain. It seems that under the guidance of Frances Louis, now my body is terribly sensitive.

The mobile phone is vibrating crazily at the bedside, and Frances Louis is also moving regularly on me.

'Please stop for a moment, I need to answer the phone.'

Instead of stopping, Frances Louis speeds up.

Feeling anxious, I lift my foot and kick.

I don't expect to be able to kick the mountain of Frances Louis off, but sadly, I kick Frances Louis rolling over and out of bed.

I am screwed.

Chapter 68 Apology is not just about...

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

Looking at dazed Frances Louis on the ground, I apologize with a bitter face.

He stands up with a sullen face and his naked body comes towards me.

I blush, but I am more frightened.

I just kicked Frances Louis out of bed, and he won’t let me go.

‘Let me see who he is and you are in such hurry to answer it!’

Frances Louis steps over me and picks up the phone on the night table.

I really want to cry. I didn’t get the phone. How should I know who is calling? The reason why I am anxious to pick it up is that I am afraid Frances Louis would catch Lawrence Jordan calling me like before.

God bless me. Don’t be Noah Jefferson. Otherwise I am so screwed!

“Steven Song?”

Frances Louis turns to look at me and screws his brows.

Relieved, I snatch the phone from his hand and says, “my boss may have an errand for me.” I quickly jump out of bed with my phone and run to the balcony.

I may have annoyed Frances Louis, and it would be safer to hide for a while.

“What happened?” I answer the phone.

‘Haven’t wake up yet? Why take so long?’ asks Steven Song.

“Yes.” I look at Frances Louis and say dishonestly.

‘There’s a luxury show in Paris. I want to take you to the show. Are you going?’

Of course, I want to go, so I say yes.

What a wonderful weekend! I have just come back from Santos, and now I will go to Paris.

“When shall we go?”

“Tonight. We will go there this afternoon. I will buy the ticket right away and pick you up at four in the afternoon.”

Steven Song hangs up the phone. I am about to turn around when I feel something sticking behind me.

The hot feel of the touch makes me almost drop my phone from the window.

“Now would you explain why you kick me?”

Frances Louis turns me over to face him. Due to the height difference, his searing heat hits just on my belly button, making my legs limp.

He is a little sulky, clearly still angry about what happened just now.

But how can I explain that my kick is just an accident.

'Its an accident. Do you believe it?' I say fearfully.

"Do you?" He sneers. The meaning of his words could not have been more obvious.

'Master, I really didn't mean to. I am so sorry!' I beg him.

However, Frances Louis is much more ruthless than I thought and doesn't buy my story at all.

His moves closer to me.

"Apology is not just about speaking. You have to do it."

He lifts one of my legs, placing it at his waist, and stretches his big thing into my softness.

I shudder and my phone fall to the floor.

He sticks so hard that I have to cling to his body to feel safe.

Frances Louis seems to be really angry, and each stick he wants to torture me to die.

Until afternoon, I am exhausted and he finally lets me go.

'T'll fly later. I'll probably be out of Virginia for a week.'" Frances Louis says to me, putting on his bathrobe and heading for the bathroom.

Chapter 69 Honey

I should be happy that he isn't here, but somehow, I couldn't smile. There is a faint loss in my mind, making me not know what to do.

"Okay, I also have to be on a business trip." I answer and try to cover the loss in my heart.

Frances Louis goes out after taking a shower. It's already three o'clock after I wash myself. I eat something casually and wait for Steven Song to pick me up.

Although Steven Song knows that I live with Frances Louis, it still feels strange that he comes here to pick me up.

Steven Song arrives here on time at four o'clock.

"It's not like you to be so punctual." I smile to Steven Song.

"No matter how lazy I am, I can never make a woman wait for me." He curls his lips and says chicly.

As for this, Steven Song is quite a gentleman.

He looks at my empty hands and asks, "we're going for three days. Are you sure we're going empty-handed?"

"Three days? Why don't you tell me earlier?!" I roll my eyes to Steven Song.

"If it were only for one day, the other women would surely take a lot of things. People who watch shows go to the runway." Steven Song laughs.

"You also said I am different from the other women."

I have to go upstairs to take more clothes pack some toiletries, and follow Steven Song to the airport.

When I am going through security, I see a figure in front of me that looks like Frances Louis. But in a twinkling of an eye, he is gone.

To my surprise, Steven Song and I are flying economy.

“You don’t know. Now there are some women who buy first class tickets just to get on our rich boys.” He twitches his mouth, put on an eye patch, and sleeps from takeoff to landing.

When the plane lands, Steven Song takes off his eye patch just in time. I wonder if he is asleep at all. The flight is delayed for about an hour, so we head straight for the show.

As Song Group is one of the sponsors of the show, we sit on the VIP seat of the main stadium. There are two empty seats next to us.

I wonder who will sit next to me.

‘Don’t move.’ Steven Song suddenly speaks to me, then reaches over my head and takes a feather from my hair.

‘President Louis, you’re here. Please have a seat.’ Not far away comes a respectful greeting. My back stiffens and I feel a pang.

I know only one President Louis, Frances Louis! And as it happens, he’s also on a business trip.

I turn my head and see him. Frances Louis!

Beside him is a young but graceful woman. For such a woman, I can see at a glance to know her extraordinary identity.

She wears a white strapless gown that is sexy and pure. It is her hand on Frances Louis’s arm that catches my eye the most.

She talks to Frances Louis with smile on her face. It seems that they are very close.

The two seats next to me are probably reserved for them.

Frances Louis also sees me, but he only glances at me briefly and takes the vision back.

Feeling a little uncomfortable, I look back at the stage, the show is about to start.

'Jane Noyes.'" Steven Song looks that way and suddenly calls me.

"Yeah?"

He moves his lips and is about to speak when Frances Louis and his female friend come over. Steven Song gives me a meaningful look that makes me suddenly feel a little uneasy.

There is a seat between the woman and me, and Frances Louis is sitting next to me, no expression on his face.

He looks like he doesn't know me at all.

All right. Anyway, I don't want else to know that we know each other.

He sits next to me, his faint scent of tobacco flows into my nose, straining my breath.

"What do you think of this dress?" Steven Song asks me, pointing to the first model on the stage.

Then I get my mind back and look at the dress on the model and says, "Not bad, the entirety is good, but the hem is exaggerated, I don't like it very much."

I've always liked simple things. But I am making comments on luxury bands and I dare not to speak loudly, so I press down my voice.

But that woman seems to hear me and looks my way. She looks as if she doesn't agree with me, but because of her good manners, she doesn't say anything.

'This show is going to last three days. Today is the main dress, tomorrow is the shoe and bag, the day after tomorrow is the accessory. These things are all designed by well-known designers, there is always something to learn. If you look more, it will help with your design ideas.'

I nod and keep watching.

Suddenly I feel Frances Louis's leg rubbing against my thigh, consciously or unconsciously, which makes my whole body uncomfortable.

But fortunately, the light is dim, everyone is watching the show carefully, and no one notices the situation here.

I give him a stern look, indicating that he should behave himself.

At this moment, the woman suddenly turns to lean against Frances Louis and asks, "honey, do you think that dress suits me?"

Chapter 70 The mistress meets with th...

Honey?

Immediately, I petrify there. No wonder, when Steven Song saw them, he looks like that he wants to tell me something.

In fact, I have thought over and over that Frances Louis has other women.

Last time at the hospital, I saw him holding a woman with a big belly.

But I didn't know he was married. And this woman is not the same as the woman with the big belly last time.

I don't know how to describe how I was feeling, I just feel my head buzzing.

I couldn't hear any of the sounds around me, only the word "honey" playing back in my head.

'Jane Noyes, are you okay?' Steven Song pushes me and looks at me concernedly.

"Yeah. I go to the bathroom."

I get up from my seat and stumble toward the bathroom.

Along the way, I bump into several people.

When I finally stand in front of the mirror and look at the pale woman, I feel I am really ridiculous.

It turns out that when the mistress meets with the legal wife, the mistress is like a drowned rat.

I wash my face to calm down. Luckily, the makeup is waterproof, I put on more lipstick, take a deep breath and go back.

Frances Louis look at my way. The emotion in his eyes is too complicated for me to understand.

Maybe he's afraid that his wife would know my existence.

I take out my phone and send him a message.

'Don't worry, your wife wouldn't know my existence.'

I smile wryly and put the phone back in my bag. I remember what Frances Louis's sister said last time she saw me, and now everything makes sense.

For the next two hours, I am so calm that I don't even look at Frances Louis.

In other words, I automatically block him and his wife.

After watching the show, I get up and walk outside first.

Steven Song follows me, obviously he is a little worried about me.

'Let's go back to the hotel.' I turn to smile at Steven Song.

"Stop smiling. You look terrible." He says to me coldly.

I look behind him. Frances Louis has gone out with his wife.

His wife seems to be in a good mood, smiling around him.

By contrast, Frances Louis's expression is far too cold.

'Please go and drive the car. I'm cold and want to go back to sleep.' I turn back and tighten up in the wind.

Steven Song takes off his coat and puts it over my shoulders.

"Wait here. I will come back soon."

Then he walks to the parking lot.

Frances Louis also goes to drive, and the woman stands beside me like the most beautiful flower in the wind.

There is about two or three meters between her and me. At such a close distance, I find that she is very tall.

She is about 1.7 meters tall, about half a head taller than me. I am almost humbled to the dust standing in front of her.

I feel uncomfortable.

She notices that I am looking at her. She turns her head, looks at me and smiles.

Her smile melts me even I am a woman.

Frances Louis's wife is one in a million. With such a beautiful wife, why does he want me? Or, is it true as the saying goes, wife is inferior to concubine, concubine inferior to steal? Steven Song drives the car and stops in front of me.

When I get into the car, I couldn't help looking behind through the rearview mirror.

'Jane Noyes, are you in love with Frances Louis?'

Steven Song's words startle me, and I quickly shake my head in denial.

"No way. I stay with him because I have no other ways. When I solve Frank Noyes's problem, and I pay Frances Louis back, I'll cut all my connections with him."

I say lightly.

But I feel my words are not convincing.

'I hope so. Frances Louis is definitely not someone you can afford to love.'" Steven Song's expression is the most serious I have ever seen. "If you can design some good luxuries, you can pay off Frances Louis in less than six months. But in the meantime, you mustn't have crush on Frances Louis."

'I know. I have self-knowledge.'" I answer.

But my heart feels acerb and bitter.

I try to interpret this feeling as the awkwardness for the mistress meets with the legal wife.

Steven Song doesn't say more. He drives me back at the hotel.

I am about to take off my makeup and take a shower when Steven Song knocks on the door with two boxes of takeout.

"You didn't have dinner. Don't sleep now. Or you might go to the hospital again."

Steven Song opens the takeout and hands me one, "I bought it downstairs, just to fill the belly."

I have to say, Steven Song is really sweet.

I gulp my meal and soon finish my share. Steven Song probably doesn't like it. He didn't eat much.

After seeing Steven Song off, I take a shower and lie on the bed, checking Twitter. It occurs to me that Frances Louis caught me saying bad words of him on Twitter last time.

I search Frances Louis's name and click into his homepage. It's empty. There's nothing in it.

I curl my lips and my phone vibrates.

It's a message.

The sender is Frances Louis.