

Desperate Time 71

Chapter 71 The bright red

“Come to room 306.”

What’s wrong with Frances Louis?

His wife’s here and he wants me to go to his room? Does he want his wife to slap me in the face? Plus, I even don’t know where the hotel he lives is, how could I go?

“No.” I refuse him directly.

Soon, Frances Louis replies.

‘If you don’t come, I will come to you.’

I ignore him and put my phone on the night table.

He doesn’t know which hotel I’m staying in, I’m not afraid of him!

One minute later, there is a knock at the door.

I bounce out of bed and sit there quietly, not knowing what to do.

Damn it! Frances Louis must be staying in the same hotel with me. Or why he comes so fast?! I dare not open the door.

No good could come of Frances Louis coming to see me himself. And he sounds angry in his previous messages, which makes me more flurried.

The phone vibrates on the night table. I look at it and the message contain only three words, simple as Frances Louis always does.

“Open the door.”

The bell rings only twice before it stops, but I know Frances Louis is still outside. I also know that if I didn't open the door tonight, I would die.

Of course, I may also die even if I open the door.

After a period of hesitation, I put on my slippers and open the door.

Frances Louis walks in directly and sits on the bed.

The bed is soon tinged with red blood. I look at the snow-white sheets, crying in my heart.

How am I going to explain the blood on this bed to the hotel tomorrow?

Looking up through the bloodstain, I see a cut on Frances Louis's wrist.

Not deep, but not shallow.

The blood keeps running down, making my heart tremble.

Then I remember the night I went to him, and his wrist was also injured.

“Autotomy or suicide?” I ask, frowning at him.

His eyes glance coldly over me, and he says lightly, “Neither. Bind up my wound.”

I have no tools.

But I can't watch his blood drain away like this. I must stop the bleeding first.

Stop bleeding?

Something flashes across my mind.

My menstruation is coming and I prepared something.

Frances Louis's face darkens as he looks at the menstrual pad on his wrist.

"Wait me here, I'll go out to buy some gauze and iodine."

I take the money out and buy gauze and iodophor at a nearby drugstore. When I come back, the pad has already been full of blood. A light squeeze would make the blood run like water.

I carefully detoxify Frances Louis's wound with iodine and bandage it with gauze.

"Okay, you can go."

I look at my bandaging with satisfaction, and say with relief to Frances Louis.

But he holds me in his arms and lie down on the bed, "I'm very tired," he whispers, "Let's sleep." Then he closes his eyes.

I was always afraid that this beast, Frances Louis, would do something to me. After all, in the afternoon, he tortured me for a long time because he would go on a business trip for a week.

But after a long while, Frances Louis does nothing.

His breathing gradually becomes even, and he seems to be asleep.

I am also very tired, but I dared not to sleep just now. When I let my guard down, The sleepiness rush over me. I fall asleep in the arms of Frances Louis.

For such a long time, this is the best sleep I've had.

When I wake up, it's eight o'clock in the morning and Frances Louis has left.

Steven Song texts me to eat on the second floor.

While I am washing, Steven Song comes and knocks on the door.

After he enters in, his eyes fall on the blood-stained sheets.

"You don't have sanitary napkins?"

He asks me straightly.

It was the first time I had seen a man talk openly about it.

He thinks my menstruation comes, and I don't want to explain. I don't want him to know that Frances Louis came last night.

To get to the second floor, I have to pass Room 306.

The door is open. Glancing in, I see Frances Louis zipping up his wife's dress. Then, I quickly withdraw my gaze.

I have a guilty conscience.

But how dare he come to me since his wife is here? And the wound in his wrist, what happened?

I don't dare to ask, and I don't want to. I can't inquire about Frances Louis. The more I know, the worse it is for me.

At breakfast, I take out my phone and look through the album.

I took a lot of pictures on the show yesterday for inspiration.

Anyway, I'm going to make money as fast as I can. Then, I can get away from Frances Louis.

Speaking of the devil, Frances Louis and his wife arrive hand in hand, attracting a flood of admiring glares.

Handsome man and pretty woman, just like a match made in heaven.

They stop at our table. His wife smile at Steven Song and says,

'Mr. Song, could we sit here?'

Chapter 72 What can a swallow know of the aims of a swan

No!

I roar in my hear.

However, I can't decide here.

Steven Song glances up at them and says, "as you like."

Doesn't Steven Song see me winking at him? With his temper that desire to stir up trouble, I really doubt if he did it on purpose.

'Does Mr. Song have any comment on the products of this show?' This woman talks about the show yesterday straight forward.

'No. There were several clothes yesterday, all of which are designed by Miss Jordan, right? Very nice.'" Steven Song replies with a smile.

Miss Jordan? And she is a famous designer.

There is only one person I know, Whitney Jordan.

Nicole Snow is well known nationally but also internationally. But there's still a gap between her and Whitney Jordan's. Whitney Jordan comes from a very good family, with the excellent resources and the enviable conditions.

So sometimes, people need more than just talents. Some have won at the starting line.

"Yes. But the lady sitting next to you doesn't seem very pleased with my work."

Then, Whitney Jordan's eyes fall on me.

I feel awkward.

It seems that the dress I commented yesterday is designed by Whitney Jordan. She didn't mess up with me yesterday, but she can't hold it today.

I'm a little nervous.

I look at Frances Louis, who is sitting there eating slowly, not caring what we are talking about.

This man is so mentally strong. I talk to his wife face to face, and he eats with a clear conscience.

I take a deep breath and smile at Whitney Jordan.

'I'm not saying Miss Jordan's works aren't good, it's just that different people have different tastes, and I happen to like simple things.'

I don't know if my explanation would make her satisfied.

She ponders for a moment. Her face looks not good. It takes a long time for her to relieve. Then she gives me a gentle smile.

'There is something in what you say. Here is my card. If you have any questions about my work, you can always come and tell me.' She hands me a card and, turning to Frances Louis, says, 'Honey, let's eat at another table. What can a swallow know of the aims of a swan?'

My hands take her card and stop in the air awkwardly.

Whitney Jordan seems like a well-educated person. I never think she would say something like this. But it's not surprising, because the lady of a rich and powerful family is inevitably aloof and proud.

Frances Louis doesn't stand up. He glances at me and says, 'You cannot deny all just because you have different opinions. Perhaps, you have something in common.'

Frances Louis's words make me nervous.

If there's one thing Whitney Jordan and I have in common, it's this man sitting across me.

'I don't want to eat anymore. Enjoy.'

Whitney Jordan doesn't buy it and leaves the dining room directly.

An already awkward atmosphere becomes even more awkward.

Frances Louis doesn't care and continues to eat his breakfast.

I couldn't eat. All I could think about is what Whitney Jordan would do to me if my relationship with Frances Louis becomes public.

Steven Song has just finished breakfast when the organizers call. They want him to go over and talk about something important.

He gives me an uneasy look and leaves.

"What do you want, Frances Louis?!" I look at him and whisper the words through my teeth.

"Nothing." He lifts his eyes and wipes his mouth gracefully.

"Why don't you tell me you have a wife?" I wanted to ask him this question yesterday, but I couldn't find the right opportunity.

He stands up and goes out.

I look around, seeing no one notice us, and follow him up.

The second floor is near to the third floor, so he takes the stairs.

"I am asking you. Why have you never told me!" I ask again, following him.

Now I am very confused, also feel very embarrassed. I don't even know whether I am a mistress or a third woman. I am ruining Frances Louis's family. I'm more despised than a mistress.

Frances Louis stops.

He turns around. There is a dangerous smell in his half-narrowed eyes that makes my breath not smooth.

'Jane Noyes, who are you to question me? Or are you jealous?'

Neither.

I want to answer, but I could not utter a word facing the dangerous gaze of Frances Louis.

'Jane Noyes, you are only a woman who wants something from me. You have no right to ask my business.'

Frances Louis's words, like a basin of cold water, pour over my whole body. He always spoils me, which makes me almost forget that I just a tool to warm his bed.

The heart tingles slightly.

I bite my lip and say cunningly to Frances Louis, "I know. I just think you should at least give me some mental preparation, or I don't know have to face your wife."

"Do your own job. Ignore her." Frances Louis says lightly and goes back to his room.

As soon as he goes in, a vase is thrown out of the door, which hits me right on the forehead.

Chapter 73 Feel sick and want to thro...

The vase falls on the ground and crashes into pieces.

There seems to be a crack sound on my forehead.

Is my bone fractured?

Blood runs down my forehead. I stand there motionlessly, then Whitney Jordan runs out.

'Miss Noyes, are you okay?'

Whitney Jordan doesn't expect to hit me, and she looks surprised and scared.

Frances Louis stands at the door and looks at me coldly.

'Frances, drive her to the hospital, she is bleeding!'

My head is buzzing. I look down at the ground, which is stained with blood.

"You drive her to the hospital. I have other business."

Frances Louis says faintly, and passes me.

The man in front of me is so inhumane that he won't even send me to the hospital. Sure enough, I am of no value to him except in bed.

The man's back gradually blurs, and my body falls back involuntarily.

'Miss Noyes.'

I hear Whitney Jordan exclaim, then I lost consciousness.

When I wake up, I am in the hospital.

Without Whitney Jordan, Steven Song stands in front of me, frowning.

"You silly girl. I left and you got beaten up like this." Steven Song purses his lips and gives me a disdainful look.

Instead, he picks up an apple and begins to peel it skillfully.

'I wasn't beaten up by anybody. It's an accident.'" I purse my lips.

But it seems that I've been suffering too much lately. I must be careful in the future.

Steven Song shrugs.

"Where is Whitney Jordan?" I ask.

I remember when I fainted, she held me up, so she should have brought me to the hospital.

'I don't know. There was nobody here when I came. You poor little thing."

I smile and say nothing.

I feel strange about Whitney Jordan's previous behaviors. I thought Whitney Jordan stormed out of the dinner table because she was aloof. But the way she thrown the vase did not look like a lady.

A thought suddenly crosses my mind and makes my heart skip a beat.

"Steven Song, do you think Whitney Jordan knows about my relationship with Frances Louis?"

The more I think about it, the more nervous I feel.

Steven Song stuffs the whole peeled apple into my mouth and rolls his eyes to me. "Don't scare yourself. If she knows about you and Frances Louis, you'll be hurt more than a mild concussion."

Concussion? My mouth twitches.

I get a concussion from a slight hit. I'm so delicate. I don't have a lady's fate, but get the lady's disease.

The wound on my head is not serious. It's covered with gauze, which makes me look ugly. Steven Song asks me to stay in the hospital. He will go to the show himself, but I insist on going with him.

He couldn't change my mind and help me with the discharge formalities.

I have to find inspiration to design something good for a bonus. Seeing Whitney Jordan scares me so much I couldn't put it off any longer.

At the evening show, Frances Louis comes, but Whitney Jordan doesn't.

I am relieved, but don't dare to sit with Frances Louis, so I ask Steven Song to sit next to Frances Louis.

The theme of the tonight's show is shoes and bag. Two bags catch my eye, and the rudiments of inspiration begins to form in my head.

I take out my phone to take photos and record my inspiration by the way.

'Lift your legs.'" The voice of Frances Louis comes, which almost makes me drop my phone.

I look up and see Whitney Jordan's name showed on his phone. It looks like that Whitney Jordan is calling him.

I look down and stand up to let Frances Louis out. He goes to the corner and answers the phone.

From time to time, I look over at him and see that he is a little anxious, his face looking not very good, and finally he takes off his tie impatiently.

It is rare to see Frances Louis be such ill-mannered, and I do not know what Whitney Jordan has said to him.

About five minutes later, he hangs up and walks back. I take my eyes back, pretending to be absorbed in the show.

Suddenly, I get the impulse to vomit.

I cover my mouth to retch, and Frances Louis's eyes darken as he looks at me.

The nausea grows stronger and my mouth begins to taste sour. Feeling uncomfortable at his gaze, I get up and go to the bathroom.

Steven Song notices something is wrong and follows me.

"What's wrong?" He asks me with concern.

'Nothing, I feel dizzy and...'

Before I could finish, I lean on the sink and vomit.

After vomiting, my whole body feels comfortable. But my head is still a little dizzy. There is blood exuding on the gauze, probably because I vomited too hard.

"Are you pregnant?" Steven Song looks at me worriedly and blurts out this question.

Chapter 74 Suffer

"No way!" I deny Steven Song's thought without thinking.

My period is still a few days away, even if I was pregnant, the morning sickness wouldn't show up in less than a month.

Most important of all, I always took medicine secretly after we had sex.

So, I can never ever be pregnant.

"Why are you so sure?" Steven Song asks me doubtfully.

“No is no. You want me to tell you details?” I don’t want to explain too much and my attitude becomes impatient.

Steven Song doesn’t keep asking, “maybe you just have a stomach problem. Let’s go to the hospital.” The vomit makes me uncomfortable, so I agree with him.

‘My purse is still on the seat, I’ll get it.’

‘I’ll get the car and wait you at the door.’

Then Steven Song goes out.

Frances Louis is absorbed in the show that I had thought to steal my bag and leave.

I sneak to my seat. Had My hand touched the bag when Frances Louis caught it.

My heart skips a beat.

“Where’re you going?”

He asks, turning to me with a cold face.

I look around at the crowd and whisper to him, “Don’t! There are so many people.” I am afraid if anyone tells his wife about me and him.

‘Then let’s go to a place with less people.’

He strides out.

I have no choice but to follow him out.

As we walk outside, Steven Song's car is just at the door.

'Tell me.' Facing me with his back, Frances Louis asks lightly.

'I go to the hospital. My stomach feels uncomfortable.'

Then, I walk straight into Steven Song's car and close the door.

Whatever is wrong with my body, it can't be pregnancy, so there is no need to make it clear to Frances Louis.

I peep at Frances Louis's face, which doesn't look good.

But now I'm so sick that I can't care too much.

Soon, we arrive at the hospital. Steven Song is confused when it's my turn to register.

'Which department?' He turns his head and asks me.

'Internal Medicine Department.' I say.

He thinks for a moment, shakes his head and says, 'I think the gynecology department is better.

Obviously, he still doesn't believe that I am not pregnant.

Knowing that I am definitely not pregnant, I don't bother to argue with him and go with him to the gynecology department.

'What's the matter?' The doctor asks.

“Nausea, vomiting and dizziness.” I answer frankly.

The doctor’s first reaction is that I am pregnant.

“When did your last menstruation begin?”

‘Doctor, I am not pregnant. I have always taken long-acting contraceptives.’ “We can’t be 100% sure of it. Have a blood test.”

The doctor gives me a sheet and Steven Song accompanies me to the laboratory. Because the hospital is empty at night, the results comes out quickly.

I look at the inspection result: HCG is negative. I am not pregnant!

“Check it out, I am not pregnant!”

I roll my eyes and throw the result to Steven Song.

After checking the result, Steven Song feels a little embarrassed and smiles at me awkwardly, “Just in case, the doctor also said we can’t be 100% sure of it.”

I go downstairs and give the result to the doctor. Then she gives me a B ultrasound sheet to check my stomach.

Another running up and down, there is still no problem of me.

I feel hopeless, and the doctor is also frowning. She purses her lips and says, “B ultrasound may also have inaccurate time, or you go to do a gastroscope.”

Gastroscope? Just the thought of a tube down my throat makes me shudder, so I shake my head and say no.

It's just dizziness and vomiting. It's not a big problem. I don't want to suffer so much!

'I know you're afraid of gastroscopes, but your body is important...' The doctor looks up and tries to persuade me earnestly. Suddenly, her eyes are fixed on my head.

"What happened with your forehead?" 'I got a hit in the morning.' I reply.

'I know! The doctor pats his head and says happily, "How can I be so stupid? Do you have a mild concussion? The typical reaction of a concussion is dizziness and wanting to throw up. How could I forget that!"

My mouth twitches and I don't know what to say.

How did she pass the qualification for practicing medicine?

After finding out the cause of the disease, the doctor gives me some medicine and says, "Take a good rest. It's nothing serious. If you feel uncomfortable again, just come to the hospital."

Somehow, I want to laugh after we get out from the hospital.

Maybe Steven Song is sorry for his poor judgment. He is too embarrassed to talk to me and doesn't say a word all the way.

I feel bored and take out my phone to tweet, only to find two missed calls, both from Frances Louis.

Chapter 75 Get out

If it were anyone else, I wouldn't be afraid to miss his/her calls.

But he is Frances Louis.

He won't call me if there is nothing of particular importance. Two missed calls illustrate the seriousness of the matter.

After all, he is the patron. After a while of hesitation, I call Frances Louis back.

It rings several times before he answers the phone.

“Come to my room, now.”

Then Frances Louis hangs up.

My heart is beating severely. His wife and he live together, if I go to his room, I would be a sheep who sends itself to the tiger’s mouth.

But Frances Louis speaks in such a decisive tone that I don’t have the courage to refuse.

Steven Song only knows that I called Frances Louis, but he doesn’t know what I said to him. After he sends me to the hotel, he goes upstairs alone.

When I get out of the elevator and pass 306, I find the door is unlocked.

I have already got an idea in the car. If I ran into Whitney Jordan, I’d say I come here to discuss with her about her works. Anyway, I watched yesterday’s show carefully, and it is easy to select a topic about it.

I knock softly twice, and the voice of Frances Louis sounds from inside.

“Come in.”

I walk in, don’t dare to close the door.

Frances Louis is sitting at the head of the bed. His fingers are rapping on the computer, apparently, he is dealing with business.

Whitney Jordan isn't in the room. The bathroom light is off. It looks like she isn't here.

"Where is your wife?" I ask.

"She's gone." He closes the computer and gets out of bed.

With two steps, he is in front of me.

I couldn't get used to his sudden approach. I step back a little bit. Until there is no room for me to retreat, and my body sticks on the wall.

I am confused. His wife is still here in the morning, why she left in the afternoon?

I want to ask more when I remember what he said to me. It's not my turn to ask about his business. So, I press down the doubt in my heart.

"What do you want?"

I ask him nervously.

"You went to the hospital?"

He asks, frowning. He stares at me, his eyes serious.

I am a little surprised. I don't remember I tell him that I'll go to the hospital, how could he know? "The smell of disinfectant." He reads my mind and says lightly.

His nose is as sensitive as a dog's.

"You threw up at the show and then you went to the hospital. Tell me, are you pregnant?"

The man approaches close to me, and his breath has filled all the space between he and I.

He thinks I am pregnant.

Women can't throw up casually. Otherwise, there would be some misunderstandings.

"No." "I answer flatly, meeting his eyes.

But no matter what I say, he doesn't believe me.

Luckily, I got preparation.

I show him the results of my blood test, "It's just the sequela of a mild concussion. It's not pregnancy as you thought."

He stares at the result for a while and looks not happy, but I don't understand why.

He is supposed to be scared that I am pregnant. Because there are so many pregnant women scrambling for properties. Men should be afraid of being haunted by women with the excuse of pregnancy.

To reassure him, to let him know that I have no thoughts about his fortune, I explain, "You can rest assured that I am not going to conceive your child. Every time we have sex, I take pills. I'm not the kind of woman who would blackmail you with a child. I know who I am and I'm not going to embarrass you. I..."

Frances Louis glances at me sharply. His face is cold and grave.

"Get out."

Doesn't he believe me?

'I will leave when my brother's problem is settled, and there will be no chance for me to conceive. If you're worried, you can wear a condom next time.'

"Get out!" Frances Louis suddenly roars at me, like fire is coming out of his eyes.

Damn him! All right! I will go out! Why is he so angry? Just because I need his help?

I am also a person with a temper. I am yelled by him for no reason. I feel humiliated and slam the door and leave.

Frances Louis doesn't attend the show for the next day. He doesn't call me again, and I haven't contacted him.

After the show, Steven Song and I fly back to Virginia overnight.

When I get home, Frances Louis is not there. For the first time, I stay in this huge villa alone.

When Frances Louis left, he said he would be away for a week. Now the show is over, does he have other plans? I don't want to ask him because we are in the cold war. It's nice to have him not here. I don't want to see him anyway.

The next morning, I go to work.

Nicole Snow should have known that I was at the show with Steven Song these days, so she doesn't ask where I've been.

It's just that when she looks at me, her eyes are with more hostility. I think she sees me as a woman who climb up by flirting with men.

I don't want to explain to someone who doesn't know about me.

'Jane Noyes, get these materials for me.'

Nicole Snow throws me a pile of paper, on which carefully noting the materials and brands to buy.
I look out of the window and recoil.

Today, the force of wind is seven to ten.

Chapter 76 A close call

Nicole Snow is my direct supervisor.
I could buy these materials for her another day.

I know she means to make it hard for me. It isn't anything very important, so I don't want to go against her.

It's also helpful for me to know more about materials.

But I wish the wind could be gentle outside.

I walk out of the door with the lists.

As soon as I reach the door, I am stopped by the strong wind.

My 100-pound body can't stand the gale like this.

It isn't a long distance but I couldn't walk there, so I take a taxi.

Three minutes later, the car stops in front of a shop selling accessories.
I go in and get everything Nicole Snow needs.

When I come out, I see Noah Jefferson walking toward me.

We haven't been in touch for days. In Santos, he called me once, but I missed it, then I forgot to call him back.

'Jane Noyes, I recognize you from a distance. Why you come out in such a strong wind?' He smiles at me, his warm smile melting me.

To me, Noah Jefferson is like the sun on a winter day. No matter how cold the weather is, as long as he is here, the world is warm.

Unfortunately, he is not my sunshine.

'I come out to buy something, what are you doing here?'

'Me too. I need some medicine for the experiment. There is a temporary shortage of supply. I come out to see if I can find some.' He smiles at me.

I remember he said earlier that the class he was teaching had to do with chemistry. It's normal to do experiments.

'We didn't watch a movie last time, so let's go this time.' He says to me.

'But I have to buy materials.'

Every time he asks me out, I would try my best to duck out. If we two go on like this, it won't have a good result for him or me.

'There's no rule about when you have to buy it back. The movie would only take two hours, and there is plenty of time left.'

Then he takes out his phone.

'All right. I have bought the tickets.' Before I could say no, he has everything planned out.

I have already been embarrassed to stand him up last time, and now I couldn't refuse him again. So, I can only go to the cinema with him.

Because of the strong wind, the cinema doesn't have many people. We are the only two guests in the hall.

It's a romantic movie. I like the actors and actresses in it. We are absorbed in the movie.

'Jane Noyes.'

Suddenly, Noah Jefferson calls my name.

He suddenly calls me by name, which makes me feel a strange panic. I have a vague idea of what he is going to say next, and I make a gesture of silence toward him, pointing to the screen.

Finally, he doesn't say it out.

After watching the movie uneasily, I walk out, wondering when Noah Jefferson would raise that subject to me again.

We are about to walk out of the cinema when I suddenly sense that something is wrong.

Something seems to be shaking above my head.

Looking up, I see a billboard hanging in the air and it falls down unexpectedly.

"Ahhhh!"

I scream out, so frightened that I stand here without moving, forgetting to dodge.

Suddenly, someone thrusts my shoulders. Noah Jefferson shoves me out before the board falls down.

But he could not get out of the way, and the board comes down and hits him hard on the shoulder and head.

I hear Noah Jefferson shout with pain. His body falls down on the floor.

I am scared and finally come to my sense, then I run to him.

“Are you okay?” “I am okay.” He gives me a forced smile, looking at me tenderly, “As long as you are not hurt.”

His face is pale and he is clearly in great pain. Afterwards, he is so weak that he almost closes his eyes several times, but he holds on all the time.

Theater officials rush over. They make emergency calls, and remove the board from his body.

An ambulance come quickly and take him to the hospital.

I followed him in the ambulance, watching Noah Jefferson anxiously.

He keeps smiling at me, the smile that makes my heart ache. He is still trying to reassure me at this time.

The result is comminuted fracture with blood clots in the brain, requiring immediate surgery.

I look at him with horror as Noah Jefferson is pushed into the operating room. If Noah Jefferson hadn't pushed me away, I can't imagine what that board would have done to me. It would have blown my head off.

The phone vibrates in my bag. I take it out. It is Frances Louis.

My whole heart is worrying about Noah Jefferson, I don't want to answer any calls. But I can't miss the call of Frances Louis.

'L will get home half an hour later.' 'I'm not at home.' I say honestly.

This is the first time Frances Louis has contacted me since the conflict that day. I should have abandoned my dignity to please him. After all, Frank Noyes's life and my fate depends on him.

But now, I couldn't leave.

Frances Louis pauses and commands me in a deep voice, "I don't care where you are now. Go home now."

Chapter 77 I dare not expect such hap...

'I am busy. I can't go home now.' Then, I hang up and power off the phone.

It is the first time I have been so bold as to hang up on Frances Louis. I don't know what will happen when I go back, but at this moment, I just want to wait for the results of the hospital.

I can't be relieved until I know Noah Jefferson is fine.

The operating room lights are on all the time.

As time goes on, my heart becomes more and more disturbed.

Finally, the operating room lights are off and the door opens from inside.

I go up to the doctor and ask anxiously, "How's he?"

'The extravasation in the skull has been cleared away, and the comminuted fracture in the shoulder is too serious. Even if it is recovered later, it can't bear too much weight. His situation is stable now, so don't worry.'

Noah Jefferson is pushed out. The anesthetic makes him still asleep. But even in the dream, he is still smiling.

Looking at comatose Noah Jefferson, I stand by his bed and all mixed feelings rush into my heart.

Soon afterwards, Noah Jefferson's father and mother come to the hospital.

They live in another city. It seems that they have just got off the plane.

'Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson.'

I try to say hi to them politely.

Noah Jefferson's mother looks at me for a while, then she frowns and slaps me.

I am stunned by her slap.

"Auntie..."

"Don't call me auntie! Noah Jefferson must have committed big crimes in his previous life to meet you! He got poor grades because of you and can only enter into an inferior school, otherwise Noah Jefferson would have had a better job now. I never thought he would see you again. I heard you got divorced. How could you be so shameless to haunt my son!"

Noah Jefferson's mother gets angry and holds her purse to hit me.

Although I am wronged, I can't fight against an elder. I can only use one hand to withstand her as well as.

try to hide aside.

The hospital is crowded. All people are standing outside the ward and watching us.

“You bitch, leave my son alone! You can’t disturb my son no matter how horny you are! My son has never even had a girlfriend, I can’t let you ruin him!” His mother hits and curses, and the words she curses become more and more embarrassing.

It’s no use for his father stopping her many times, and he can only stand by anxiously.

‘Mom, what are you doing!’ Noah Jefferson’s voice comes, and his mother stops and runs anxiously toward him.

“My son, are you okay? Mom told you to stay away from this bitch, but you wouldn’t listen. Now you have almost killed yourself. If you keep seeing her, I would kill myself right here!”

His mother is determined.

Noah Jefferson frowns and looks at me intently, “Mom, Jane Noyes has never influenced my study. when I was a student, it was me who always haunted her. I like her and it’s just my own wishful thinking. But because I was a coward, I missed her. Now god has given me another chance, if I don’t grasp it well, I will regret for the rest of my life. If I can’t marry her, I’d rather never marry in my whole life.”

“Stop being stupid!” his mother growls.

‘Mom, if you keep stopping us, you will lose your son!’ Noah Jefferson says calmly.

Noah Jefferson poses a difficult problem to his mother. On one hand, she certainly doesn’t want him to see me again, but on the other hand, she doesn’t want to grow apart with her son because of me.

To be honest, I am really moved by what Noah Jefferson says.

I thought there was nothing left in my life but misfortune. But I never thought that there is one person in this world loves me so much.

That’s enough for me.

But I dare not expect such happiness.

I smile at Noah Jefferson and say softly, "Thank you, Noah Jefferson, thank you for liking me. But it's impossible for you and me. I'll never be with you."

His mother is relieved to hear me say this, and her expression is a little embarrassed. I guess it's because she knows that she misunderstood me and feels sorry.

'Jane Noyes, don't refuse me so quickly. I'll wait for you, no matter how long. I have a lifetime to wait, and as long as you are not married, I will always be here and wait for you.'

I never expect that Noah Jefferson would be so determined.

The atmosphere is so awkward now. Since he has someone to take care of him. I say goodbye and leave the hospital.

It is getting late, and the wind has died down. I get what Nicole Snow needs and hurry back to the company. It's time to get off and probably Nicole Snow is ready to leave.

I turn on the phone. Barely had I arrived the company's door when Steven Song called me urgently.

"What happened between you and Frances Louis, he has come here to look for you."

'I can't explain clearly in a few words. Did you tell him where I was?' I ask.

'I said you were in the company.' Steven Song says.

I breathe a sigh of relief. At least I could use work overtime as an excuse later.

But it turns out that I rejoice too soon.

“But he’s stuck in my office. You’d better come up and take care of it yourself.”

Chapter 78 Frances Louis, what’s wron...

I dare not come up.

I am flustered to think of Frances Louis’s last outburst against me.

Besides, I am so bold to hang up on him today.

I would die if I come up to see him, but if I didn’t, I would die awfully.

Nervously, I go upstairs to the President’s office.

When I open the door, I see Frances Louis sitting on the sofa with his thin lips pressed together.

Steven Song sits at his computer desk and gives me a look of taking care of yourself.

“Where have you been?”

Frances Louis glances at me and asks in a deep voice.

He opens his mouth before me, which makes me know the seriousness of the matter.

‘Nicole Snow asked me to go out and buy some materials. It is windy, so I come back late.’ I don’t dare look him in the eye, and answer his question evading the point.

It seems that Frances Louis doesn’t like Noah Jefferson. He would be angrier if I said I was with Noah Jefferson.

“Why turn off your phone?”

'Its not me. It happens to run out of battery the time you called me.'

I keep lying.

I hate to tell lies, but after knowing Frances Louis, I have acquired a skill to wave a lie without hesitation. Gradually, I become one of my most disdainful people.

A kind of bitter taste sprawls into my heart.

Frances Louis says nothing, but suddenly stands up and comes towards me.

I get panicked.

Last time in Santos, I went to the hospital, and he sensed the disinfectant smell on my body. This time, I stayed in the hospital so long when Noah Jefferson is having an operated, I become disinfectant fluid myself. Although I have taken off my coat before I came up, I could not guarantee that his bloodhound's nose would not detect it.

A smile grows bigger on his lips, but his eyes are full of danger.

He lifts his hand gently and rests it on my shoulder.

"Here, how could here have blood?"

I look over my shoulder and see blood on my right shoulder.

It must be from rushing to hold Noah Jefferson. It's not big, the size of a fingernail. I am wearing a white shirt underneath, so the spot of blood is distinct.

I should have looked myself in the mirror before coming up.

“What happened? Are you hurt? I’ll take you to the hospital.” Steven Song says, standing up and coming over to me. He pulls me up and tries to walk out.

I look at him thankfully.

But the other hand is pulled back by Frances Louis violently.

His strength is so great that he makes my wrist ache.

“Mr. Song, this is our family business. Please stay out of it.” Frances Louis says lightly with an obvious threat.

Family business?

Why he and me is family business?

Before I could argue, Frances Louis pulls me out of the room.

Steven Song releases me for fear of hurting me.

“Jane Noyes, take care.”

That is the last thing I hear before I leave the office.

Frances Louis is attractive wherever he appears. Besides, he’s holding my hand.

When we get the office gate, I bump into Nicole Snow.

I hear her snort as she passes.

I know that my life in the company would be more difficult.

Frances Louis drags me into the car. The heat is turned on inside, but I still feel a chill down my spine. Obviously, it's because the man's gloomy face beside me.

He doesn't drive or talk. The atmosphere inside the car is eerie.

I can't breathe under the heavy pressure, "Frances Louis, what do you want?"

"When I came back. I passed the movie theater." He says suddenly.

No! He must have seen me at the movie theater with Noah Jefferson. No wonder he is so angry. I remember Noah Jefferson helping fix my hair in front of the movie theater because my hair is blown into a mess by the wind. Now I can only hope that Frances Louis doesn't see that scene.

Knowing that paper can't contain fire, I chose to confess. I don't know if I can get his forgiveness if I tell the truth at this time.

'I was at the movie theater with Noah Jefferson, and I didn't answer your call because...'

"Now you want to tell the truth?" Frances Louis turns his head, his cold eyes full of anger.

I gulp, too nervous to speak.

'Tell me, where did you go after the movie?'

Frances Louis clutches my shoulder with his hands, and the fire in his eyes threatens to burn me.

He must have misunderstood me for something that happened during the hours I spent in the hospital with Noah Jefferson!

'It's not what you think. After the movie, Noah Jefferson got injured by a billboard for saving me. Then I stayed with him in the hospital.'" Although I am telling the truth, his eyes still let me shrink back in fear.

'The hero rescued a beauty. Are you thinking about repaying him by marrying him?'" The man sneers, his words full of sarcasm.

I am so fed up with his taunt, I yell at him, "Frances Louis, what's wrong with you?!"

Chapter 79 Men are all narrow-minded

"Yes! I'm fucking sick!"

Frances Louis slaps his hand on the steering wheel, then steps on the gas and drives the car forward.

The scene out of the window keeps changing. I look at the meter, 120 mph.

This is the city. Frances Louis is not sick, he is mad!

I see Frances Louis almost hit passing cars several times, but he avoids them.

I feel like sitting on a roller coaster. Finally, he stops outside the city hospital.

"Since you want to be with him, go ahead!"

Frances Louis opens the door, and says to me with a cold face.

"Well, I will go. Nobody likes to stay with you!"

I get off and slam the door.

Frances Louis starts the car and drives away.

'Frances Louis, you son of a bitch! Fuck off!'

I make a face to his car.

Then the loss and hopelessness rush over me.

I am not worried about Noah Jefferson, because his mother is taking care of him. Regarding his mother's bad attitude towards me, I can't go in there to face her. Now I have a fight with Frances Louis, I can't go back to Louis's house.

All of a sudden, I become a vagrant again, not knowing where to go.

That's when Mindy Sue shows up, and when I see her, I feel like she is shining like a goddess.

"Mindy, why are you here?" I rush to her.

David Gibbs stands beside her. The corners of his mouth twitch and the possessiveness in his eyes is evident.

This man is so stingy. We're both women. I won't take her advantage.

"Watch out! Be careful of your nephew!"

Nephew?

I am stunned. Then I let go of Mindy Sue and look at her stomach.

"Are you pregnant?"

“Yes, for a month.” Mindy Sue says to me, her eyes shining with happiness.

I remember Mindy telling me earlier that she had polycystic ovary syndrome and that her chance to get pregnant is so small. Now she is pregnant, it must be the result of David Gibbs’s hard work.

Last time I stayed at her apartment; I got a free audio porn.

‘I need to spend more time with you and my nephew.’ I say.

“Aren’t you living with Frances Louis? Is he willing to let you go?”

‘Don’t mention that psycho! Let’s go!’ I want to hold Mindy’s arm, but David Gibbs’s eyes force me to give up.

Mindy looks at me in dismay and says, “sorry to tell you, but you couldn’t stay with me. David Gibbs is taking me abroad for a while. He has bought plane tickets and we are leaving in the afternoon. But I can give you the key and you can live in my apartment by yourself. If you need money, I have thousands of dollars in the purse in my wardrobe, which will support you for a while.”

I am so touched by Mindy’s words.

I am so lucky to have a friend like her when I am completely down and out.

“Thank you, Mindy, I love you!”

I couldn’t hold back my love for Mindy and kiss her on the face.

David Gibbs’s face has turned black.

What a stingy guy!

Mindy notices that David Gibbs looks not well. She throws the key to me, then holds David Gibbs and leaves.

I take a taxi to Mindy's apartment. There are plenty of vegetables in the fridge, so I make a few dishes and start to eat.

My phone is on, but Frances Louis never calls.

He gets angry out of no reason. I can't mess up with a moody man like him.

I am so upset that I couldn't sleep. I go to the balcony to get some fresh air. The long-time blowing makes me feel dizzy.

The phone rings, I pick it up with joy, then I am disappointed.

It's not Frances Louis. It's my mother.

I feel a little guilty because last time I drove her away without mercy. No matter what, she is my mother, who raised me up. She must be sad for what I did to her.

But my mother's words sweep my guilts away.

'Jane, your brother is missing. I have lost contact with him since this afternoon. Did Mr. Louis take him away?'

My mother sounds anxious. She cries while she says.

"He shouldn't..." I say uncertainly.

Frances Louis isn't that kind of person who would do such mean things, but I just had a big fight with him, it is not impossible that he would do it to take revenge on me.

"What is shouldn't? Did you do something to make Mr. Louis angry? How could you be so selfish! Why don't you think of your brother? If you don't please him, what would your brother do?"

My mother keeps blaming me. It's not weird and I don't want to say a word. I just feel funny, I thought she would be sad because of my behavior. In fact, from beginning to end, her heart only has her son.

"Shut up! I will go to Frances Louis!" I hang up the phone and take a taxi to see Frances Louis.

Standing in the doorway of Frances Louis, I feel myself like a joke.

Chapter 80 Your majesty, please forgi...

We just had a big fight in the afternoon. Now I am so cheeky to ask for his help. Frances Louis must think I am thick-skinned.

Knock, knock, no body answers.

I think he pretends not to hear.

I don't give up, and gives him a call. The only way I can avoid being harassed by my mother is harassing Frances Louis.

He doesn't answer the phone.

Anyway, I have enough patience. I keep calling until he picks up.

After three to four times, Frances Louis finally answers.

There's a lot of noise on his side. He doesn't seem to be at home.

"What?" He asks coldly, without any feelings.

'I am at your door.' I say, waiting for his reply.

But Frances Louis is so patient that, after several minutes, he still says nothing.

I am afraid of the silent Frances Louis, and finally I am the first to break the ice.

“Would you please come back and let’s talk about Frank Noyes?” I bite my lip and lower my voice.

I just pissed off Frances Louis. If I didn’t have a nice attitude now, he might not help me.

However, I maybe think highly of Frances Louis.

“That’s not the attitude you had when you got off the car. You want to talk, but I don’t want to talk to you.” My heart drops to the bottom.

Now I am surer that Frank Noyes is taken by Frances Louis.

What a mean person he is! I just lost my temper and had a few words with him, why he is so petty! ‘I am sorry. I apologize. Would you come back? I am waiting at your door.’”

I take two deep breaths to calm my anger down.

I have to suppress my anger. I can’t provoke Frances Louis again.

“You can wait as long as you like.”

Then Frances Louis hangs up.

I call him again, but he has already turned off.

He turns off to take revenge on me!

What a baby!

He is so childish!

Well, I can wait.

I stand at his door, waking back and forth, waiting for Frances Louis.

After a long time, he still doesn't come back.

It is really cold in the middle of the night. I came out in a hurry and forgot to put on my coat. Now my body is frozen out here.

I keep sneezing. I rub my hands and stomping my feet to keep the heat.

My greatest regret now is not that I offended Frances Louis, but that I threw away the key for his house after a quarrel with him. Otherwise I'd be in the house by now and not be a fool out here standing in the cold wind.

At first, I can play with my phone, but then it runs out of battery.

Cold, I feel so cold!

By the end, my body becomes almost unconscious and my consciousness is getting dim.

Daylight finally comes.

I waited all night in front of Frances Louis's house.

It is nearly eight o'clock when his car comes back.

I stand up and drag my numb legs toward him.

Frances Louis rolls down the window and looks at me coldly.

“You really waited all night. Jane Noyes, where is your dignity? You look so brave when you had quarrel with me. Don’t come back if you have any self-esteem!”

Frances Louis’s words trample on my pride.

But I don’t have time to think about it. I use all my strength to knock at the window.

“Would you please come out first and let’s talk.”

My voice is hoarse.

The door is open, Frances Louis stretches out his long legs and gets off the car.

I look at him uneasily.

‘I am sorry. Sorry to offend you. Your majesty, please forgive my rudeness. Please let Frank Noyes go.’

‘Let Frank Noyes go?’ Frances Louis frowns, he seems not knowing what I am talking about.

He doesn’t know?

But why felt it was him when I called him before.

‘It’s not you?’ I also feel surprised, staring my eyes.

‘I don’t want to waste my time on those stupid things.’

He says without feelings, then he goes in.

I follow him. I haven't taken two steps when I feel my head tumble to the ground.

When I wake up, I am lying on Frances Louis's bed.

He is sitting beside me, putting an ice pack on my head.

His lips are pursed, his face is dark. The air pressure in the room is very low.

But my body is burning hot.

"What's wrong with me?" I struggle to get up, but he pushes me back into bed with one hand.

"39.8°C, you are so great." Scoffed Frances Louis, waving the thermometer in my face.

Do I have a fever?

Yes, I've been blowing cold air outside all night.

"Would you please charge my phone? Since you didn't take Frank Noyes, where is he? I need to know if he's come home, or my mother will die of anxiety."

"You've got a fever and you have time to think of someone else. No wonder your family try to wring every ounce of sweat and blood out of you."

"They are my family and I can't change it." This is my fate and I can only accept it.

If I could, I would really like to say goodbye to my previous life. But there are so many things in this world which I can't change.

'I've asked others to find your brother. Take care of yourself first. If you get out of bed before the fever goes away, I'll break your leg!"

Frances Louis says and leaves.

I know he could do what he said, so I can only lie on bed according to his commands. At my beautiful age, I have to work to support myself. If he breaks my leg, I can only beg to support my life.

I fall asleep again and wake up in the afternoon.

The dehydration makes me parched.

Frances Louis is sitting at the head of the bed, nodding off with one hand on his head.

"Water."

I whisper hoarsely.

Frances Louis opens his eyes abruptly and hands me the water.

I feel better after drinking a cup of water. The fever goes and I don't feel dizzy.

I only feel a little hungry.

I reach out and feel my stomach. Frances Louis brings me a bowl of porridge.

I take the porridge. I frown when I am ready to drink.

"There is something dark in this porridge, and it smells burnt."

I look at Frances Louis, who coughs with some embarrassment. He says, "Drink or dump." Couldn't he talk nicely?

I am so hungry that I don't want to argue with him. I eat porridge with a frown.

There seems to be a lot of ingredients in the porridge, but I could not taste any of them because they are burnt.

As I am finishing the porridge, Frances Louis's phone rings.

He answers the phone, but after ten seconds, he hangs up.

From beginning to the end, he says nothing.

He looks at me, "Frank Noyes is found."