

# In My Desperate Time - Chapter 10 Low intelligence

We see what we expect.

Andrew Malan's pants are taken off. He is pulling that woman's head toward his dick.

Shit! Gross!

"Bah!"

Mindy Sue spits on the floor. She feels as disgusting as I do.

Seeing us rush in, Andrew Malan is stunned. He pulls up his pants quickly and looks at us in panic.

"What...what are you doing here."

I glance at his limp crotch and say scornfully, "We come here to see how you cheated on me. You are so gross. I already shoot the picture as evidence. Just wait for my sue for divorce."

I leave the words and take Mindy Sue to leave quickly.

Andrew Malan beats women. I am not an idiot just standing there waiting for him realizing and beating me.

After revenging, I hand the evidence to the lawyer. I take out my business clothes for tomorrow, and prepare for the first day at work.

I am employed by Song Group, the second financial group in New Scott. I am a little surprised to be able to work at this company.

My job is at Design Department. At the beginning, I am just responsible for some odds and ends. But I am happy to change to a new job.

That day, I finish my work and go into the elevator.

There is a man standing in the elevator. He is in leisure suit with his hands in the pockets. He looks like a dandiacal playboy.

I am going to fetch a file on the tenth floor, so I press "10".

The man's lazy voice comes from my back.

'Floor 9.'

I check. "9" is not pressed. What does he mean? He wants me to press 9?

My phone rings. A strange number. I just come to this company and haven't file anyone at work yet. I am afraid that some is looking for me, so I pick up.

'Finally, you answer.' It is Andrew Malan! I hang up at once.

I blacklist Andrew Malan. Not only his number, but also Susan Felton's and my parents'. I am afraid that they would find me. All I want is to hide away.

I don't want them to find me before the divorce.

I should have expected that it is not easy to escape from a man like Andrew Malan.

"You..."

I hang up the phone before he finishes his sentence and shut down rapidly.

"Nine"

The man behind say lazily again.

I reach out but somehow, I press “-1”.

A titter comes from my back.

I don't get it at the moment.

“Nice math,” He laughs and says, “How could you get employed by this company with your IQ like this?”

Then he presses “9” by himself I realize what I have done.

So embarrassing!

My face flushes in red. I am in bad mood and mutter, “Since you have hands, why ask me to press.”  
‘I am lazy.’”

He answers me with simple words.

I find he is niggard with his words, maybe he is so lazy to open his mouth.

We get floor 10 and I go out. I could still hear his sneering when the door of elevator closes.

Shit, just laugh to die!

I get out and receive Andrew Malan's message.

“You injured my genital, just wait for my sue for compensation!”

Attached is the survey report issued by the hospital. The diagnosis is erectile dysfunction.

What?! His impotence is none of my business!

I ignore him and blacklist this number, too.

I go to my apartment and see a large sheet of red paint on the door. I am afraid.