

## In My Desperate Time - Chapter 11 Divorce

I know who did this!

Nobody would do a crazy thing like this except Andrew Malan!

He already knows my address. If I continue to stay here. I don't know what else crazy things he can

do

But I just paid the rent for half a year. There is already no much money left, why does he keep  
persecuting me!

I open the door with trembling hands, being afraid that Andrew Malan would appear here. But  
fortunately, no one inside.

I relieve. Then I call the lawyer to find out how the divorce is going.

The lawyer only says that it is okay. But I don't know what that means.

Unexpectedly, next day the lawyer comes to my apartment and says that I can mediate now.

Unless there is no other way, it is better to mediate personally for a divorce case.

Seeing Andrew Malan again, He is thinner than before. Of course it is not because of me.

He looks at me and sneers. Susan Felton stands beside him.

I ignore him and walk in all the way through.

Andrew Malan also invites a lawyer. He offers the conditions to divorce.

The house is bought by Andrew Malan before we married. I couldn't get a brick of it. But I don't want it anyway.

For postnuptial property, I couldn't get a penny. Also I don't care.

But I am not happy to bear the debt up to 900 thousand dollars.

What's more ridiculous is that he demands me to pay his medical bill of ten thousand dollars, and it must be paid off within three months.

"Fuck you ten thousand! I have nothing to do with your impotence!" I yell at him.

His lawyer frowns and says, "Ms. Noyes, please pay attention to your manner to my client."

Andrew Malan stays calm and takes it easy.

He knows I am desperate to divorce him, so he just wants to push me in the corner.

'Either you agree on my conditions, nor you can wait for an automatic divorce after two-year separating.

It's up to you. It's all right with me."

I know he eats me up.

But I really don't want to be entangled with him any longer.

I clinch my teeth and sign the file.

Just 900 thousand! I can work hard and will repay it anyway!

I can't think too much now. All I want is to divorce Andrew Malan.

I sign and go out the building. Although I am in so many debts for no reason, I still feel relaxed that I finally divorced.

Andrew Malan comes up and follows me like a gross fly.

'I am sorry to tell you that my debt has been paid off. As for your debt, you can repay them slowly.'

What? Paid off?

Where does he get the money? The property notarization says his account is empty!

"You must be wondering where do I get the money. Let me tell you, my salary of all these years are saved in my mother's account. Adding the red envelop I got when we married, my mother's saving, I just pay off.

And you, I think it would be fast to pay off if you sell your body. Oh, forget to tell you, the repayment deadline is the end of this month."

Andrew Malan finishes and passes me proudly. His smile that used to be so beautiful and sunny is now really disgusting.

He walks few steps. He suddenly looks back and said, "And for what you've done, I won't let you go."

I don't want to figure out what does he mean. My head is full of what can I do to repay Frances Louis's money.

900 thousand! Even if I sell my body dozens of times, I still couldn't get so much money!

I want to consult with Frances whether I can repay the money by installments. Sadly, I can't find him.

But it doesn't matter, someone helps me.

Mindy Sue's boyfriend David Gibbs gives me the address of Frances Louis. I follow it and find his place.

Today is Sunday, he may be at home.

Frances Louis is rich. He lives in a high-end villa district. I feel myself incompatible with this place when I walk in.

No. 28. There it is.

I stand at the gate and press the doorbell.

Soon after, someone opens the door.