

In My Desperate Time - Chapter 12 Impressive

“Who you are looking for?”

A fifty-year-old woman looks at me and asks in confusion.

She seems like a servant of Frances Louis.

‘Hello I want to meet Mr. Frances Louis.’ I smile and say politely.

“Our sir doesn’t meet people casually, still less a woman.” The servant doesn’t answer me and talk to herself.

A deep and lazy voice comes from upstairs.

‘Let her up.’

The maid looks at me like something big happens. She takes me upstairs.

When we arrive at the door, she knocks and then goes away.

The man stands beside the window, holding a glass of wine in his left hand gracefully. He sits beside the window lazily, staring outside.

Nobody knows what he is thinking.

“Mr. Louis.”

I call him gently and walk in.

Frances Louis turns around, a light smile hiding on the corner of his mouth.

His smile makes my heart beat slowly. I am not an anthomaniac. But his smile is so charming.

“Yes” He answers lazily.

Suddenly I don't know how to tell. Because I am not sure whether he remembers me or not.

Frances Louis stands up and puts the wine on the window.

The sun shines through the wine in the glass, casting mottled light.

I go up and say, “Mr. Louis, I come here for my ex-husband ruining your car. I have to bear half of the debt because we divorced. I come here and want to talk about the debt. I don't know if you remember me?” My question is clearly about that night. I feel so embarrassed. But he seems so indifferent, also it is late at night, I am not sure if he remembers me.

He smiles and gives me a meaning glance, “Impressive.”

My face flushes in red instantly.

Somehow those colorful and slutty memories rush into my head.

I cough awkwardly and say, “I just want to ask that if I could pay by installments, because I really can't afford so much money right now. But I promise, I'll certainly pay you back.”

I try to make my expression look sincere. After all, a man like him has a thousand reasons not to accept my proposal.

He looks at me for a while. Then he walks closer to me.

I can feel his breath.

His warm breath flaps on my face. I feel that my face is burning.

He stares at me with his deep eyes. I don't know what he is looking at. I just feel panic.

After a while, a sentence flies from his two thin lips.

“How much is your monthly salary?”

“What?”

I don't know why he asks me this. I am confused but answer him honestly.

“My last job pays me five thousand dollars every month. Now I get a new job, so I could get 10 thousand dollars monthly or even more.”

I know about designing. If the salary is high, I could buy famous brand's handbags. So I have the confidence that I can pay off the debt as soon as possible.

He sneers. His hand brushes my hair on the ear gently. Such a gentle movement. I feel like I am electrocuted, limp and numb.

‘The money you owe me, even if I wipe out the odds, is 900 thousand dollars. Except your personnel spending, even if you pay me 10 thousand monthly, you have to pay seven and a half years. You are a woman, why are you being so tired. Why not... Why not you be my mistress. And I would write off the debt.’”