

## In My Desperate Time - Chapter 4 I want a divorce

That's better. Otherwise it might be awkward.

I drag my aching and sour body out of bed. I don't dare go home, so I go to the company after washing a little bit.

I have decided to divorce after last night. I have already lost my family; I can't lose my job.

I work as a clerk at a foreign trade company. I don't like this job very much, and the salary is not high, but at least it is stable. I am a designer before, well paid but tired. Andrew Malan doesn't want me to work so hard after getting married, so I changed my job.

Now I realize that male chauvinist just can't stand that I earn more than him. I would never change my job if I have known that he is such a scumbag.

My phone is out of power and shuts down automatically last night. I charge the phone and there are dozens of missed calls and many messages sent from Andrew Malan.

I still hope a little.

If he apologizes, if he begs my forgiveness, I may forgive him. But my heart goes dead seeing his messages.

'Bitch, come back! Or I will make you regret!'

"You dare fuck another man behind my back! How dare you ignore my existence!"

“You horny bitch! You should be raped by those people then!”

Intolerable.

I don't want to read more.

I put the phone on the desk and start to work, but I just can't concentrate.

I begin to think about the man last night.

His appearance is printed in my head deeply but I couldn't remember anything afterwards.

While I am wondering, the phone on the desk buzzes.

It's Andrew Malan calling. I mute the phone and put it away, and begin to do the work.

Only work can make me temporarily forget Andrew Malan's ugly face.

‘Jane Noyes, you don't look well. What happened?’ Amy Jenkins sits in front of me and looks me up  
and down at the lunch time.

She and I are in a good relationship, we usually go to lunch together.

I shake my head and say, “Just didn't sleep well.”

We are not in that relationship to tell each other everything. I can't say a word about last night.

Amy Jenkins is simple and pure. She doesn't doubt and says, “Have a rest after lunch.”

I nod. Suddenly I feel something wrong with the atmosphere in the canteen.

Everyone seems to looking at me.

Or more accurately, they are looking at something behind me.

I turn back and see Andrew Malan and Susan Felton coming up to me aggressively.

Susan Felton pulls my hair, and Andrew Malan grasps my collar. I am tugged by them toward the door.

“You bitch! Hook up a toff and you just ignore me? Going out to sleep with a guy at late night, what’s the difference between you and a whore?”

“Didn’t answer my phone, you are so going to die!”