

In My Desperate Time - Chapter 8 1.8 million

“A lawyer? Why a lawyer come here?”

Andrew Malan turns to me. He frowns and says in a low voice, “Have you already got a lawyer?”

‘No’ I shake my head.

I wish I could find a lawyer as long as I have the time!

Andrew Malan looks at me suspiciously. He clearly doesn’t trust me.

For me, it doesn’t matter whether he trusts me or not.

‘Is Mr. Andrew Malan here?’ The lawyer glances through the house and locks his eyes on Andrew Malan.

After all, there is only one man in this house.

“Here”

Maybe Andrew Malan is afraid of the lawyer, he loosens me and walks to the door.

Lawyer Anthony submits his business card first, then he gives Andrew Malan a document.

‘This is a litigation letter from Mr. Frances Louis. He is claiming compensation against you for the damage you did to his car. Here are the documents from the insurance company and the certificate from the foreign auto repair company. If you can’t repay the 1,807,654 dollars within the time limit,

Mr. Frances Louis has the right to pursue legal responsibility against you.”

“1.8 million?”

I think I mishear.

In my whole life, I've never had connection with so much money. I am totally shocked.

Andrew Malan freezes there and doesn't come to his sense for a long time.

Lawyer Anthony finishes and leaves. Andrew Malan looks at the documents in his hand and then
throws them to me.

‘Its all your fault. You must pay for it yourself. What the fucking car it is that needs more than a
million to be repaired just because of a scratch and a body concave? It's made of gold?’

Andrew Malan sits on a chair and rubs his hair. He looks so worried.

I am dazed. The documents say that it is Andrew Malan who kicks his car, but what is it to me? ?

‘Its none of my business, I don't know.’

I put the documents on the table. I don't want to get messed in.

Are you kidding me? 1.8 million! I can't pay off even till I die!

Andrew Malan sneers. He looks at me and Say, “Yesterday you got in the car and that was the car
of this

man. Now you're telling me you don't know? If it wasn't for you, how would I be so mad and break
his car? I won't repay a penny. You can do as you like.”

“Fuck! Andrew Malan you beast!”

I seldom say dirty words. No matter how again angry, I will just curse secretly. But now, I really can't help it.

'Let me tell you, I would rather to divorce and bear half of the loan. I shall never repay together with you!' Had I known earlier that I would marry to such a scum, I really should have brightened my eyes.

Andrew Malan's eyes become gloomy and cold. He smiles at me weirdly.

Looking at him, I always feel that he is thinking some terrible ideas.

As expected, he opens his mouth and makes me disgusting.

"How about this, you sleep with him again and persuade him not pursuing responsibility anymore.

He looks rich and must don't care about these pennies."

Susan Felton nods her head aside. She seems totally agree with Andrew Malan. How disgusting these mother and son are!

"Andrew Malan, are you still a man? How could you say that! You are so happy to be cuckolded, right? Of course all impotent men are mentally twisted." I say with a sneer.

Maybe I touch Andrew Malan's sore spot. He comes up and wants to slap me. He has already slapped me before. How could I be slapped twice! Otherwise I would be a real dumb.

He is a man, whether he is impotent or not. There is a place that is most vulnerable.

I never expect Andrew Malan would satisfy me sexually. So I lift up my feet and kick at Andrew Malan's dick