



## Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife

*Wonderful everywhere  
we wish you a happy reading*

## Chapter 1

I had just hung up the phone as Liam Mendez was returning home.

Someone knocked on the door after a mere two seconds.

It was our housekeeper, Auntie Sidney.

She said, "Mrs. Mendez, Mr. Mendez has returned."

I snapped back to attention and stood up. I wiped away tears that I hadn't noticed were rolling down my face and replied, "Thank you."

As I was about to leave the room, Auntie Sidney interrupted me, saying, "Mrs. Mendez, Mr. Mendez, he..."

The housekeeper didn't continue but looked at me sympathetically.

I smiled at her and avoided her gaze.

As soon as his door opened, the unbridled sound of a woman's unabashed giggles could be heard emanating from inside.

By the sound of it, they had just started.

I sat on the couch in the anteroom, staring at the

heaps of clothes scattered on the floor.

Of course, the men's clothes were Liam's. He had a penchant for wearing suits. It symbolized a man's wealth and power.

The red dress and the black lace lingerie belonged to the woman, exuding wildness.

Liam preferred sexy women, especially those seductive beauties who could please a man's heart.

Compared to me...

In his opinion, I was honest, dull, and boring. The

only thing noteworthy about me was my father's wealth.

No. I no longer have a wealthy father.

Two hours later, as the sound gradually subsided, I knew they were done.

I quickly stood up, tidied myself up, walked to the door, and knocked on the half-opened door.

A sluggish voice of a man came from inside,  
"Come in."

It could tell that Liam was in a good mood.

He was always in a good mood as long as he didn't see me.

However, I had to push the door open, spoiling his mood.

The bedroom was in disarray, with the smell of cigarettes.

Liam lay on the bed, the blanket draped over his waist.

In his arms was a beautiful long-haired woman with a fair back and slender arms. There was a lifelike green peacock tattooed on her back.

As I entered the room, she was grinning while lighting a cigarette for Liam.

Liam held the cigarette filter in his mouth, turned his head, and stared at me coldly with his long phoenix eyes narrowed slightly in the smoke.

"Liam..." I twisted my fingers. It was the first time in my life that I pleaded with someone, especially him, "I need your help. My father's company is in trouble."

Liam closed his eyes and remained silent.

That woman looked at me with distinct disdain in her lustrous eyes.

I continued, "My father's company needs 5 billion in capital turnover, and I know you have it. Of course, your investment in us won't be in vain. You are aware that our family never mistreats you."

From the major crisis that occurred in Liam's company at the beginning to his marriage later on, my father had always gone out of his way to help him.

Liam finally spoke, "Get lost."

No. I couldn't leave.

I continued, "Liam, please. My father is in the hospital now. If you don't even help, then what am

I...?"

He abruptly picked up the crystal ashtray on the bedside table and threw it at me while I spoke.

I was stunned as I watched the ashtray fly past my ear and hit the door panel behind me with a loud bang.

I shuddered and looked at Liam.

He opened his eyes and stared at me impassively.

"Get lost," He repeated.

I held my breath.



Hesitated, I forced myself to kneel on the floor.

"Liam...", I had never said these before, "You know for sure that I have not betrayed you or made any demands on you in these three years. We will repay the money we owe you, including interest, as soon as we have enough to meet the need."

