

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 11

Chapter 11

I took the pen and signed my name in all the boxes where I was supposed to.

From today on, my family business would have a new owner.

Mr. Cailan inspected the documents to make sure everything was proper and packed them in his briefcase. "Thank you, ma'am."

"Will Liam be bringing over a new management team, or does he want to use the old team?"

Mr. Cailan said with a smile, "The Nyra will be under new management, of course. Mr. Mendez hates traitors the most."

"Traitors?" I could tell that he was trying to imply something.

"You'll have to ask..."

Suddenly, someone's phone was heard vibrating.

Chapter 11 Go and Die

Mr. Cailan took his phone and said, "Excuse me."

He answered the call as he walked outward. "Mr. Mendez..."

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He returned less than two minutes later. "Ma'am, Mr. Mendez wants me to tell

you he's retracting his offer of paying your tuition fees and allowance. If you don't agree to it, he will call off the acquisition."

I smiled and said, "But I've already signed the contract."

There was no clause in the contract requiring Liam to pay me anything. After all, we were a legally married couple.

The acquisition was done and dusted.

Mr. Cailan nodded. He was about to leave when I called him, "Wait, Mr. Cailan."

He stopped walking and turned around to look at me.

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"Please tell Liam I'm sorry for lying to him, and I won't do it again. I agree to leave him without taking anything."

After Mr. Cailan left, the ward was silent again.

I returned to the bed, tucked myself in, and closed my eyes.

I wanted to nap for a while, but I felt dizzy, and my head hurt.

I pushed myself up again, opened the top drawer of the bedside cabinet, and took my medicine.

While I popped the medicine into my mouth, what Liam said earlier rang in my ears.

"You don't need medicine. Just go and die."

I did not know if he said that deliberately because he knew about my condition.

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After I took my medicine, I napped for some time until I was woken up by a stinging pain in my arm.

The doctor from yesterday was sitting next to my bed. He was holding my arm and removing the catheter.

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I was feeling yesterday so I did not pay any attention, but now I could see his name on his name tag. It was Chris Norman.

What a coincidence. His surname was Norman too.

"I have your test report," Dr. Norman said as he placed the bloody needle on the table. He took the report and placed it on my lap. "I think you should know the results."

I flipped through the report. As expected, it was brain cancer.

The medicine I took to take my own life was the one that the doctor prescribed me to control my illness. In large doses, it had serious side effects including death.

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"I've known about it since three months ago," I said.

"Did the doctor suggest surgery?" Dr. Norman asked.

"The doctor said the chances of success are low, and the chances of a relapse are almost 100 percent," I said. "If I take my medicine regularly, I can still live for two years, or even longer if I take care of myself."

Dr. Norman shook his head. "You don't have two years."

I was shocked.

"This is the most aggressive kind of cancer, and the tumor is in a bad position," he said. "I think you'll have half a year at most."

I did not say anything.

Dr. Norman sighed and said, "I'm sorry."

"Why are you sorry?"

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"I noticed something with your eye, and the type of medicine you've been taking, so I was assuming the worst," he said. "I've been wondering all morning if I should tell you the results, but I think... you'd want to know."

