

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 12

Chapter 12

I smiled. "Of course, I would like to know. After all, my time is cut short by a lot, so I have to plan everything again... Thank you for informing me. Thank you."

After Dr. Norman left, I packed up, left the hospital, and boarded a taxi.

In the call earlier, Liam reminded me of something. I had to prepare a grave plot for myself.

I would like to be next to my mother.

It was four o'clock when I arrived at the cemetery, but it was already dark because it was wintertime.

The driver did not want to get too close, so I got off at the intersection, put on my coat, and walked slowly against the biting wind.

Drinfen was located in the north of the country, where the winters were harsh and the summers were cool. I loved the summers here, but too bad I would

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not be around to enjoy the next one.

There were several funeral services companies outside of the cemetery. My requirements were basic, so I quickly settled on a package.

After that, I went to a restaurant nearby to eat.

It was dinnertime, so the restaurant was crowded.

Winter was a busy period for funeral services. The customers in the restaurant were dressed in clothes for mourning, and the atmosphere was solemn.

I was different. I was calm.

I ate my spaghetti bolognese calmly, as though I was not someone who was about to die.

After all, I had already known about it for three months.

In the first few days of receiving the news, I could not believe it.

There were so many things I had not done, so why was I about to die?

For the first two weeks, I did not want to go home or talk to anyone else. I stayed in a hotel for that period, and I cried every day as though the illness would go away if I kept on crying.

Liam found me. He did not purposely come to look for me, but instead, he was having an affair with the lady with the green peacock tattoo, and he went to the wrong room.

He barged into my room trying to look for signs of any men. After he could not find any, he angrily dragged me home.

He scolded me at home, thinking that I was foolish and childish for hiding myself away in an attempt to garner attention. He said, "Don't think that you can threaten me by running away from home. Even if you die, I wouldn't even bother collecting your body!"

That was the first time he

I did not tell him about my condition.

I was afraid he might actually be happy over the news, and that would utterly crush my trampled heart.

Halfway eating, I received a call from the hospital where my father was.

By the time I reached there, Anna was already there, arguing with a doctor.

Her hair was in a mess, and she was dressed in pajamas.

When I stepped out of the elevator, I heard her screaming, "He was fine yesterday! How did he deteriorate so much in a day? Are you doing your job properly?"

The doctor said my father suddenly went into critical condition and might die at any time.

Anna shoved the notice of critical illness into my hands and stomped away.

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Before she left, she told me, "Look after Father. Call me if there's anything."

It was not visiting hours yet. After I signed the notice, I apologized to the doctor and sat in the corridor.

My heart was at my throat every time the doctor went into the ward.

I was so afraid they would come out of the ward and say, "My condolences."

On the other hand, if my father died, I would not have anything to worry about. Perhaps I would find a secluded place to end my life.

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The mental torture lasted until two o'clock in the morning.

Finally, the doctor appeared relieved. "His vital stats are normal.

Congratulations, your father pulled through."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

The doctor allowed me to visit him for five minutes.

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I did not say anything during that period. I held his hand and gazed at him.

My father was an assertive man. His success in business gave him confidence.

My impression of him was like a mountain. I would not be afraid of anything

as long as he shielded me.

In front of me was a haggard man with silver-white hair.