

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Sweet Dreams

Every time I woke up from my dream, only an empty room awaited me.

I had been married for three years, but I had not experienced my first kiss.

People say that I was beautiful, intelligent, and empathic. However, none of those charms worked against my husband.

I had stopped dreaming ever since I found out about my illness.

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After all, my life was going to end soon, and it did not matter if he kissed me.

I did not expect the dream to appear tonight after I got myself drunk.

The dream... tasted sweet.

Sorrow overcame me again. I reached out to touch his face as I pulled my lips away.

In the darkness, Liam's eyes gleamed like two gemstones.

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As I caressed his cheeks, I said, "Thank you."

Thank you for appearing in my dream. Thank you for giving me these wonderful fantasies.

Those fantasies gave me hope and determination to carry on in this cruel, loveless marriage.

"But you don't have to come anymore..."

It was time that I had to accept the reality that he would not love me. That was a mercy granted to him and myself.

Bang!

A cold wind rushed into the car before the door was slammed shut.

Consciousness returned a little.

Outside of the window, Liam walked away from the car in the darkness.

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As expected, it was only a dream.

The only kindness he granted me in real life was the sight of his back.

I sat in the car for some time before stepping out.

In front of me was a pale yellow mansion.

That was our home.

I had designed the interior and exterior, but Liam was almost never home.

The wind chilled me to the bone. I pulled the coat wrapping me tighter around me, though every muscle felt weak.

I knew it was mostly because of the alcohol, but I had to admit the weakness

terrified me.

It was much more torturous than dying of an overdose.

I was spent by the time I entered the front door, so I fell on the sofa in the

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first-floor living room.

The servants were still asleep, so the entire house was quiet.

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I removed the coat around me and hugged it tightly, surrounding myself with

the familiar scent.

It felt as though he was hugging me.

My head began to hurt, and my eyes were acting weird again.

I wanted to look for my medicine but did not know where my handbag was.

Those words rang in my ear again.

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

Yes, those words bothered me a lot, even though I knew he said that

because he thought I was lying to him.

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If the lady with the green peacock tattoo told him that, he would at least...

think of verifying it for himself, right?

Why would he so easily conclude I was lying to him then?

I did not want to cry, but my eyes seemed to have come alive on their own.

My tears flowed freely and formed a wet patch on the coat.