

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife

Chapter 36 -

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Chapter 36 You Deserve II

Chapter 36

I opened my eyes.

My surroundings were still pitch-black, but when I lowered my head I could see the arm that was hugging me.

There was a ring on the ring finger. I had it custom-made, and there were only two in the world.

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Isn't Liam in Europe now? Why is he in my room? Is it because I'm not eating ?

He hired Mrs. Crawford for a lot of money, and the food was expensive too, but I only ate one bite.

Is he going to torment me again?

No, I have to eat!

I used my hand to grab his arm. I only managed to pull it away for a bit.

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before he hugged me tightly. "Where are you going?" he said drowsily.

I stopped moving and did not reply.

Liam was silent for a very long time, and I thought he fell asleep. After I relaxed a little, he suddenly reached out and held my face.

I was forced to look at him. Even though the room was dark, I could see his face clearly.

He remained silent for a long time before he suddenly lowered his head.

2/10

Actually, when Liam pinned me down on the carpet that night, he kissed me for a long time and did nothing else.

Objectively speaking, he was very gentle to me, but I was very afraid.

I was just as afraid now. I thought I was like a mouse, and Liam was like a cat toying with me.

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The cat might be cute and fluffy, and it was only sniffing me with its nose, but I was still afraid because it could kill me at any time, without warning.

Liam got up and went into the bathroom.

The torture was over.

I sat up in the darkness, put on a jacket, and went to the kitchen.

Everyone else was asleep by now, but there was leftover food in the fridge.

I picked up a plate randomly, put it into the microwave, and waited at the counter.

I waited for a very long time. I might have forgotten something, but I did not know what it was.

Suddenly, the door to my room opened, which gave me a huge shock.

It was Liam.

Chapter 36 You Dessive ||

He was dressed in gray pajamas and held a towel in one hand. Water was still dripping from his hair.

I thought he had already gone to sleep.

The lights in the kitchen were very bright. I should not have turned on so many lights.

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I stood there nervously, not knowing how I should position my hands and feet.

I watched wordlessly as Liam walked past me, opened the microwave door, took out the plate inside, and placed it on the table with a fork.

“You must be hungry,” he said while looking at me. “Come and eat.”

He sat down at the table.

I hesitated for a moment before sitting down opposite him.”

Liam pushed the plate in front of me, rested his hands on the table, and

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looked me in the eye. “Is that all you’re eating?”

I picked up the fork, took something from the plate, and shoved it in my mouth.

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I could sense that Liam was still staring at me. It looks like he’s concerned. If I don’t finish the food, he’ll be angry again.

I continued shoveling food into my mouth. When I was about to finish, Liam, suddenly took my plate away.

I glanced at him.

He stood up and patted my head. "You'll get heartburn if you eat so many pickles. I'll heat up something else for you."

I had eaten a plate of pickles...

Liam heated a few more plates of food in the microwave and placed them on the big dining table in the anteroom.

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I went over and sat down. As I stared at the five plates of food in front of me, I could not help but wonder how long it would take for me to finish everything.

Liam went to pour himself a glass of whiskey. He returned to the table and sat next to me.

I wanted to find somewhere else to sit, but he hugged me and said, "Eat."

I picked up my fork and began to slowly eat the food.

Liam was still staring at me. He did not shift his gaze at all.

That made me more anxious than anything. I did not have the appetite as long as he looked at me.

Eventually, Liar looked away and sipped from his glass. "I'll get the doctor Pirmorrow.

Mocked at him.

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“You always bleed. It might be a side effect of the operation,” he said.

Operation? What operation?

I bleed because he’s very rough to me, and my wounds never healed...

I did not understand what he meant, and I did not care to ask him. I

continued eating.

It would take me a really long time to finish everything.

Suddenly, Liam grabbed the fork from my hand and tossed it on the floor.

“Stop eating!”

I stared at him.

I had said nothing to him, and I had been eating like he wanted.

I did not know why he was angry again. Goosebumps rose on my scalp as I watched him glare at me.

7/10

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Liam leaned back on his chair and said, “That’s enough, Vivienne.”

I felt afraid as I watched him clench and unclench his fists, so I stood up.

Liam continued to glare at me angrily.

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I took
a few steps backward, then a few more steps... What should I do? What

was he going to do to me?

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As I thought about that, Liam suddenly stood up.

I dared not move away anymore, and I watched him come to me and pin me on the table.

He pried my mouth open and poured half a glass of whisky down my throat.

The alcohol stung, and tears began to flow.

I shielded my eyes with my hands and played dead.

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Suddenly, I felt some pressure on my jaw.

I opened my eyes and saw Liam's face.

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"Don't think I'll feel sorry for you," he said as he clenched my jaw and pressed his lips to mine. "You can try to look pitiful, but I think you deserve it."

I said nothing as I looked at his face.

He said I deserved it, but what did I do?

Liam only stopped at dawn.

He "kindly" brought me back to the room and tossed me on the bed.

When I saw him go toward the door, I quickly huddled in my blanket.

He suddenly stopped walking and flung the door open.

I could not help but tremble, even though I knew that made me look pathetic.

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“By the time I come back tonight, if you’re still on a hunger strike or thinking of taking your own life, you won’t have to eat anymore,” he said.

Liam returned at nine o’clock.

I ate two full meals before that, and I even had afternoon tea.

A female doctor came to examine me in the afternoon. She said, “Mr. Mendez said you underwent hymen reconstruction surgery, and it’s been bleeding frequently. I’m here to check on the cause.”

That was the operation Liam was talking about.

The doctor produced a stainless steel duckbill speculum longer than her hand. It gleamed harshly under the light.

I did not want to imagine how it would feel with that thing in my private parts, so I refused the inspection no matter how the doctor tried to convince me.

Chapter 37 Why Are You Feeling Guilty

Chapter 37

Eventually, the doctor could only give me some medicine and leave.

In the evening, I cleaned myself and asked Auntie Sidney to bring me some cosmetics.

She brought the entire vanity with a robot’s help. She said, “These robots are

really useful. They can carry heavy loads without any complaints. It's just that they look bulky, unlike the ones you designed."

After the vanity was put into its place, a servant came in and said, "Auntie Sidney, there are several guests at the door. They say they're from the renovation company."

Auntie Sidney nodded and said to me, "Mr. Mendez wants to change the layout of the second floor and the stairs. They're here to draft a floor plan."

She left the room with the robot following behind her like a puppy.

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I stared at the door for a while before sitting down before the vanity. If I put on makeup, maybe Liam would not think I was trying to take my own life.

I realized that putting on makeup required skills I did not have.

The more I messed with it, the worse it became. My face was dirty like a cheap painting.

I could only wash my face in the bathroom. When I stepped out, I saw Liam.

He was standing next to the bed. When I saw him, he had thrown his tie on the bed and was undoing the buttons of his shirt.

The guest room was very cramped. Only the bed stood between us.

I discreetly shifted my hand to my back and twisted the doorknob.

As soon as I moved, he said, "Come here."

I had already returned to the bathroom. I leaned on the door and locked it.

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Silence...

A long time later, a knock on the door was heard.

I held my breath and said nothing.

The knocks became louder. Through the thin door, I could hear Liam's voice clearly. "Come out here."

I did not speak.

I began to regret hiding on impulse earlier. He must be very angry now.

What would he do to me?

Suddenly, I heard someone fiddle with the doorknob. In a few seconds, the lock sprang open.

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I tried to lock it again, but I was too late. A strong force pushed the door open.

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I was leaning on the door, so I was pushed away. When I regained my footing,

Liam was already inside.

He walked straight toward me while I retreated backward. Of course, there was nowhere to run. In a few steps, my back was already against *the* wall.

Liam came close to me and placed his hands on both sides.

He lowered his head and completely surrounded me.

"Why are you running now?" he said coldly. "Isn't it too late to run?"

I clenched my fists tightly so they did not tremble too much.

"Why didn't you let the doctor inspect you? Didn't you say it was your first time?" he asked.

"The doctor said you seemed afraid. Are you feeling guilty?" he asked!.

Chapter 37 Why Are You Feeling Guilty

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Every time I answered his questions, I seemed to invite unimaginable horrors upon myself.

I did not know how to answer him now.

"Speak!" He abruptly clenched my cheek. "Are you mute?"

I did not know what to say.

Liam let go of me but immediately grabbed my collar.

The sudden coldness on my chest indicated that my shirt had been torn. I

covered my chest and said, "I... I was afraid... I was afraid of the tool she used.

I'm afraid of pain..." I might as well tell him the truth.

My head was lowered, so I did not see his expression.

I could tell that he became angrier from the sounds of his breathing.

"You're afraid of pain?" Liam scoffed as though I told him a joke. "So it wasn't

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painful when you slept around with other men then?"

I stared him in the eye.

"I'm asking you a question," he said coldly. "Was it painful when you slept

around with other men, or was the pleasure more than the pain?"

I continued to stare at him, at a loss for words.

6/10

"Speak!" He said and gritted his teeth. "Wasn't it painful when the surgeon

fixed it? Why is it painful when you have to prove it? Who are you trying to lie

to?"

As he spoke, he pried my hands away.

I tried to struggle to no avail.

When I heard the sounds of cloth tearing, I suddenly broke down, and I began

to wail loudly.

I punched and bit him like a wild animal. There was no dignity left to be had.

If I had any dignity in me, I would not have fallen in love with him in the first place.

If I had not fallen in love with him, I would not have known such despicable characters existed in this world.

At this moment, I wished I was as frivolous as he thought I was.

It was better than falling in love with a devil.

I wailed until my tears were dry and my throat was so hoarse I could not make another sound.

I was too weak to stand, so I fell sitting on the floor. My torn clothes were like deep gashes on my body.

I could vaguely see his legs in front of me. He stood in front of me for some time before walking away.

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The door closed, leaving me alone in the cramped bathroom.

There was no sound. It felt like being in the mortuary.

I hugged myself, but I still felt cold. I felt like a corpse.

Mrs. Crawford cooked dinner that night. After she set the table, she said to

Liam, "Vivi told me these are your favorite dishes. You've never tasted my cooking, so please let me know if I have to change anything."

8/10

"You're too kind, Mrs. Crawford," Liam said with a smile. "You don't have to mind what I like. I hired *you* because I know Vivi likes your cooking, and I wish she could eat more. She's been losing a lot of weight recently, and I thought it's not the time to have a child with her yet."

I clenched my spoon tightly.

A child? I can no longer bear a child.

That was one of the side effects of the medicine I took. Moreover, I did not

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have enough time left.

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"I see. Leave it to me then," Mrs. Crawford looked at me lovingly, then continued speaking to Liam, "Vivi always had a good appetite since young, and she's always been healthy. She's probably depressed after the accident. If you can take good care of her, I'm sure she'll be okay in no time."

Liam nodded. "Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Crawford."

After Mrs. Crawford left, the dining hall was silent once more, save for the

occasional clinking of cutlery.

I tasted some of the dishes I used to love, but I could not taste anything.

I had come to the dining table on my own accord. After I calmed down in the bathroom, I was afraid he might torment me again.

Even though I did not have much time left, I was hoping to see my father once more before I die.

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Suddenly, Liam took the meatballs away from me and substituted a plate of steamed fish in its place.

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Chapter 38 1 No Longer Eat Fish

Chapter 38

I looked at him. “Try this. It’s my favorite,” he said impassively.

I glanced at the fish before eating something else. Liam continued, “Why do you know I like these dishes?”

I pretended I did not hear his question.

The dining hall was silent again.

As soon as I relaxed a little, Liam suddenly reached over and clenched my chin.

I was forced to look at him. "I'm asking you a question," he said menacingly.

"I asked around," I answered in a soft voice, "From the people in your office."

Liam frowned. "Why did you want to know?"

I averted his gaze. "I used to love you."

Heroes of Mighty Wars

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Liam stared at me and said nothing.

It seemed that he was not satisfied with my answer, so I continued to elaborate, "I used to love you, but I didn't know how to get closer to you, so I went to ask around about the things you like..."

Before I finished, he let go of me and leaned back on the chair.

He closed his eyes and massaged his forehead. Evidently, he was holding back his anger.

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I dared not make another sound, and I prepared to kick my chair away and run.

Some time later, Liam lit up a cigarette, and the choking fumes spread

throughout the dining hall. He seemed like he was in control of his emotions
crore, and he looked at me.

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I looked at him and said nothing.

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“Why don’t you feel any shame at all?” he said while frowning, as though he
had heard something disgusting. “Why did you say it so matter-of-factly?”

Why should I be ashamed? I did not hurt him.

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I said nothing but instead lowered my head and pretended to look ashamed.

I was not going to argue with him. He could think whatever he wanted.

After a long silence, he said, “Don’t just sit there. Eat.”

I picked up my fork to take an artichoke, but he said, “Eat the fish.”

He did not sound angry, but his voice was as cold as ever.

I was frightened, and my hand trembled. The artichoke fell back into the
plate.

Suddenly, I felt weak. I put my fork down and said, “I don’t know how to pick
the bones.”

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Liam chuckled, but I did not allow him to say anything that could hurt me.

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“I never knew how to pick out bones from a fish. It’s like I was never born with the skill. When I was younger, I choked on fishbones several times, and I even

had to go to the hospital.”

I looked him in the eye. “I know fish can be delicious, but it only brought me agony. I stopped eating fish a long time ago.”

Liam did not speak. He leaned back on his chair and looked at me with a withering gaze.

He must understand what I was trying to tell him. I continued, “I still have some savings under my name, and I can give it all to you. I hope you can seriously consider divorce. You’re young and accomplished, and you still have your life ahead of you...”

I took a deep breath and tried hard to stop my tears from falling. “I’ve already

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received what I deserve.”

He hated me, though I thought the hatred was absolutely absurd.

To him, my illness was my retribution, even though he did not know about it yet.

After I said my piece, Liam remained silent.

I guessed he was seriously considering it. The past few times I mentioned it, he rejected the idea immediately.

After a long time, he finally spoke again. "Eat the fish."

I was about to speak when he added, "I'll help you pick the bones."

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The latter half of dinner felt very surreal. Liam picked out the bones of the fish for me, while I only had to eat.

He did not torment me, and I did not mention the divorce again.

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The rest of the meal was eaten in silence.

He slept in the cramped guest room with me again tonight. Maybe it was because his room was filled with Rina's belongings.

He was obviously tired, and he fell asleep as soon as he lay on the bed.

Without him tormenting me, the night passed in the blink of an eye.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt something heavy on my chest. I opened my eyes to see Liam sleeping on top of me.

His eyes remained closed, though half of his body was on me, and he rested his forehead next to my head. He looked like a child hugging a doll.

I did not move or make a sound.

Liam was handsome. He was not too feminine or too masculine.

When he was awake, he was stern and domineering. Anyone who spoke to

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Chapter 381 No Longer Cat Fish

him would feel nervous.

Now that he was asleep, he looked harmless and gentle.

7/10

It was the first time I gazed at his sleeping face. I would have been ecstatic if this happened before.

I did not know what to feel now.

I guessed I did not love him anymore.

I continued gazing at him while my mind wandered. Eventually, I yawned and closed my eyes, preparing to sleep again.

Liam's body suddenly moved.

He would always jump into action, and he would tear into my wounds that had not healed.

I shuddered involuntarily when I thought about the intense agony.

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However, things were different today.

He was gentle and slow, as though he cared about my body.

I gradually relaxed and took in this new sensation.

It felt like I was swimming in the clouds.

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I was fully immersed in this dream-like experience when I heard Liam speak,

“Vivienne.”

He leaned close to my left ear and whispered, “Do you pretend you’re so innocent whenever you sleep with other men?”

I pretended that I did not hear him.

After the deed was done, Liam went into the bathroom to take a shower. I took the opportunity to take my medicine, and I realized it was already nine o’clock.

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Liam was a workaholic. He would depart for his office before six o’clock.

9/10

I soon found out the reason he did not go to work today. When Mrs. Crawford took a pot pie from the oven, I realized it was Christmas day.

Liam would usually take a week off work on Christmas day, during which he would go somewhere.

I did not know where he went, and his secretary did not tell me.

I guessed he would be gone right after breakfast.

I felt relieved when I thought about that.

Liam suddenly said, “Go pack up after breakfast. I’m bringing you to the hospital.”

Goosebumps rose again. “Am I inspecting... that again?”

When will he give it up?

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Liam glanced at me and subconsciously tightened his grip on his cutlery.

“Get your left ear checked,” he said coldly.

I went to my room to change my clothes after breakfast. While I was combing my hair, Auntie Sidney came to tell me that Liam was already waiting in the car.

I put on my jacket, went to the car, and knocked on the window. Liam rolled down the window and looked at me impassively.

“I couldn’t hear for two days, but my ear is fine now,” I said.

I had to continue Chris’ lie.

“Alright then. Answer the question I asked this morning,” he said.

How was I to answer that question?

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Chapter 39

“Speak,” he said while glaring at me. “Is it a hard question to answer?”

I said, “I didn’t hear you....”

“Put on your windbreaker,” he said and rolled up the window.

We went to the same hospital. After we got out of the car, Liam held my hand.

Dr. Hollister was not in today, so the female manager from before attended

to us. When Liam said he wanted to get my ears checked, she looked surprised. “There were no problems with your wife’s hearing last week. Why did she suddenly suffer from hearing loss?”

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Liam remained silent, so I said, “It’s not that I lost my hearing, but I can’t hear certain things clearly.”

The ENT specialist came and inspected me. He said, “There is nothing

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abnormal with your ear, Mrs. Mondo.”

Liam looked at me.

“But I can’t hear...” I hastily said.

The doctor and the manager looked at each other, and the latter said, “It might be psychological. I’ll refer her to the psychology department.”

Liam looked at me and smiled. “What do you think?”

I nodded. It was better than having to answer the question.

2/11

The psychologist made me fill up a meandering questionnaire before concluding, “Mrs. Mendez is suffering from depression and anxiety. That might

have resulted in functional deafness.”

“It should be easily treatable, right?” I asked, thinking I could put up the act for a few more days.

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"There is no cure for functional deafness," the psychologist said.

3/11

We left the hospital and got into the car.

Liam told the driver to go to the downtown commercial district.

The car started to move.

Liam chuckled. Suddenly, he draped his arm over my shoulders and pinched my left ear.

Goosebumps instantly rose, and I turned my head to look at him.

He tilted his head and said mockingly, "It only takes two seconds to answer the question, but if you want to keep up the act, you'll have to do it for the rest of your life."

I lowered his head. I did not want to talk to him.

Even though there was no cure for functional deafness, it might go away on

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its own.

4/11

Liam fondled my left earlobe for a while and removed his hand. Some time later, an engine began to rumble, and a divider separated the front row from

the back.

The back row became an enclosed space.

Liam unfastened his seatbelt.

I clenched my hands, and my palms were beginning to sweat.

He shifted close to me, held my face gently with his hand, and kissed me on my lips.

He was very gentle, but I was so nervous I could choke.

Even during rush hour, it was only a half-hour ride to the commercial district.

Liam needed more than half an hour to do his thing. I knew that he was not

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going to do it, but my heart was still thumping with fear.

A long time later, Liam let go of my lips.

He traced a line with his lips to my left ear.

Suddenly, he whispered, "Vivi, I love you."

I froze instantly and turned my head subconsciously toward him.

I came to my senses when I met his cunning gaze.

If I were really deaf, I could not have heard it.

He was testing me.

As expected, he pinned my forehead onto the seat so I could not move.

"Two choices," he said coldly. "Answer the question, or we'll go home."

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I could not help but shudder at the threat. "What's at home?"

Liam raised his eyebrows. "I'll find the answer myself."

He grasped my arms.

What did he mean? How was he going to find the answer himself?

Was he going to lock me in a room with other people again?

My mental defenses instantly shattered when I thought of that. "Fine, I'll answer! I didn't! I didn't pretend..."

"So you're only pretending in front of me," he said.

6/11

"No!" I shuddered, but the more nervous I was, the worse I explained myself. "I

didn't pretend in front of you. That's how I usually am..."

"So you pretend to be innocent in front of other men," he said while running his fingers across my lips. "You pretend to look cute and innocent and make

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them fall for you."

His tone suddenly became cold, "And they'll forget how pretentious and cunning you are."

Is he really talking about me?

"Say something. Was I right?" Liam said coldly.

"You should see a psychologist," I said.

Liam narrowed his gaze. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

No, I know he's not crazy, but he does act like one.

"Maybe it's the pressure at work getting to you, or maybe you hate me, so..."

Liam interrupted, "I am crazy."

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"It's hard not to be crazy when dealing with a woman like you."

He let go of me, leaned back on his seat, rolled the window down, and lit a cigarette.

I relaxed. As I gazed at his face, I thought I might be able to forgive him for what he did to me if he were really crazy.

Fortunately, he was not.

Despite several consecutive days of snow, the commercial district was bustling. There was a huge Christmas tree in the central plaza, and under it were sculptures of Santa Claus and other famous cartoon characters.

Liam knew where he was going. As soon as we got out of the car, he dragged me into an alley to the right and went to a jewelry store.

The store had ornate furnishings which I loved. Before the wedding, I had

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custom-made a set of jewelry there.

The owner of the store used to be my neighbor. She smiled and came to greet us. "It's you, Vivi!"

She shook my hand and looked at Liam. "Hello, Mr. Mendez. Are you here to accompany your wife?"

9/11

Liam exchanged some pleasantries with the owner and said, "My wife lost her wedding ring. I'm here to get it replaced."

The owner smiled and said, "No problem..."

I interrupted. "It's not lost. I left it at home."

The owner was surprised that I disagreed with my husband, and she said nothing.

"I must have been mistaken then." Liam hugged my waist and said, "Since we're here, let's make another one."

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He discreetly pinched my waist.

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Before the owner could say anything, I said, "It'll be a waste of money. I don't want another one."

Liam was silent.

The owner looked at me, then at him. She smiled and said, "Why don't you two talk it out? My store isn't going anywhere."

I did not expect Liam would yield so quickly and bring me out of the store. He remained cold, but he did not look like he was angry.

I walked alongside him for some distance before I asked him, “Where are we going next?”

“Home.”

“And then?”

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“Find the ring.”

“I told you I threw it away,” I said.

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Chapter 40 What’s the Big Deal?

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“I have no idea,” I said.

“On the day of my check-up, I must have left it at the hospital.”

Liam stopped in his tracks and looked down at me, his eyes cold as ice.

I gazed back at him and whispered a reminder, “We’re in the middle of the street, you know.”

“How many times have you slept with him?” he suddenly asked.

“None. I barely know him...” I replied quickly, not wanting to anger him in the middle of the street.

“You invited him for dinner, caused a scene with your husband, and threw away your wedding ring just to see him,” he sneered. “And you expect me to believe you haven’t slept with him?”

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“I threw away the ring because it was dirty. Rina had worn it before and I didn’t want to wear something that wasn’t clean,” I said, trying to explain myself.

“Dirty?” Liam snorted. “You’re the one who’s dirty. And yet, I’ve been with you all this time.”

“Dirty?” My heart ached at his words, and I couldn’t help but react impulsively.

“And you’re so clean, I suppose?”

He stared at me coldly, and the dangerous look in his eyes made me feel a little scared. I softened my tone, not wanting to escalate things any further.

“What I mean is, we’ve been together for a while now. If you think that what we did before we got married was dirty, then you’re just as guilty as I am,” I said, hoping to reason with him.

I didn’t know what else to say. Part of me wanted to keep insisting that I was innocent, but I knew that Liam would never believe me if I just kept repeating myself.

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But I didn’t dare to bring it up, not now.

In the silence between us, Liam spoke up. "So what's the big deal?"

I couldn't help but stare at him in disbelief.

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"What's with that expression?" he said, his voice dripping with arrogance. He adopted the stance of a judge, ready to pass a sentence. "Do you think everyone is as promiscuous as you are?"

I snapped back to reality and said, "You're lying."

Liam's eyes widened in shock at my sudden accusation.

"No wonder you always accuse me of lying, when you're the one who's lying," I

continued, my anger rising. Liam was clearly not a man who could resist temptation. "How could someone like you possibly make it to the age of 27 without giving into your base desires?"

He was shameless, resorting to such ridiculous lies just to make himself look

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better in an argument.

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"Make it?" Liam sneered, releasing his arms from around my waist and pinching my face. "You have such a way with words. Tell me, at what age did

you ‘make it’? 18? Or even earlier?”

I was left speechless.

“You better not try to anger me again,” he lowered his voice. “Now go find me the ring, and if you can’t, stay at home for the rest of your life, don’t even think about going out!”

With that, he let go of my hand, gave me a cold glance, and turned away.

I stood still for a moment before turning and heading toward the jewelry store.

The ring was definitely lost, so if he wanted to make a big deal out of it, let him.

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Anyway, in my heart, this marriage was already dead.

When I got back to the jewelry store, the owner was busy with a new customer, so I wandered around the shop and waited.

It’s been three years, and the store is filled with new and beautiful *pieces*.

In the window display, there’s a set of adorable white rabbit jewelry for the upcoming Year of the Rabbit – white jade rabbits perched on hairpins, dangling from earrings, and hanging from bracelets.

The price tag was just as stunning as the jewelry itself: a whopping \$1.88 million.

Sure, I had the money for it, but buying it would only mean wearing it for half a year at most before it became a worthless trinket.

As I was admiring the display, a hand reached over and opened the cabinet.

“Try them on if you like, I remember you were born in the year of the rabbit.”

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Since she had already opened them and I did like them, I let her help me try on each piece one by one.

Standing in front of the mirror, the jewelry was truly stunning, and the little white rabbits were exquisitely cute.

The store owner praised me, “So beautiful, it's like they were tailor-made just for you. Make your husband buy them for you.”

As I was about to refuse, a voice interrupted me and Liam's reflection appeared in the mirror.

“Wrap it up,” he said with authority.

He approached me with a smile on his face and wrapped his arms around my waist. Looking at me with that familiar gaze full of affection, he said, “How many times do I have to tell you? If you like it, buy it. Don't always try to save money.”

Hypocrite...

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He was willing to spend nearly two million to maintain his image of being a loving husband, and I didn't feel like arguing with him, so I just smiled and

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said, "It's because I care about how hard you work to earn money. It's no big deal if I don't wear a set of jewelry."

"If you're not happy, that's a loss, and I earn money to spend on you." He spoke softly, leaned down to kiss my head, and then said to the shop owner, "Wrap up that pair of rings over there too."

The store owner quickly brought out a pair of blood diamond rings, the women's ring being the usual round cut but perhaps due to the large diamond, it was placed in the most prominent spot.

"What are we buying those rings for?" I asked.

Liam chuckled and took my hand, kissing it gently. "Silly girl, have you forgotten? Wedding rings take at least a month to make." He then picked up the women's ring, sliding it onto my ring finger. "But I can't bear the thought of you going even one day without a ring. I worry that other men might have

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their eyes on you," he teased, before swapping his own ring for the men's ring.

I was speechless, while the oblivious store owner laughed to the side. "I always heard that Mr. Mendez spoils his wife, but I used to wonder how he

could spoil her. Now I finally know," she said.

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As we stepped out of the jewelry store, snow began to fall again. Liam pulled out a cigarette and handed me the bag of jewelry.

"I can't afford it," I said.

"It's a Christmas gift," he replied, lighting his cigarette with a flick of his lighter.

Why is he suddenly giving me a Christmas gift?

Does he have another plan to mess with me?

"I'll pass, Liam. I haven't prepared anything for you, let's do it next year," I declined politely.

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In our first year of marriage, I had prepared gifts for him not only on his birthday and Valentine's Day but even on National Day.

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But he never responded, and I even felt like he had thrown them in the trash.

"Well, think of something now," Liam glanced at me and said, "There's still half a day before midnight."

"I don't have that kind of money," I said.

Liam stopped in his tracks and looked at me.

I felt a little scared and wrapped my coat tighter around me as I said, “I mean... I know why you bought it, you can give it to someone else...”

Before I could finish my sentence, Liam strode over to the nearby trash can and shoved the entire bag into it.

I hurried over to retrieve the bag and asked, “What are you doing?”

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“If you don’t want it, just throw it away,” Liam said coldly, glaring at me. “I don’t need this kind of trash.”

I held the bag and asked, “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“Get me a Christmas gift,” Liam replied without any hesitation.

He glanced at me and turned around to leave. Suddenly, as if he had remembered something, he came back and unbuttoned his coat, wrapping me in it.

I was surprised and was about to speak when I heard a voice from behind:

“Hey! Isn’t that Mr. Mendez?”

I turned my head to see two men approaching us, one tall and one short.

Leading the way was Dr. Wentworth, and the young man in a camel coat and glasses walking behind him was none other than Chris.

No wonder Liam had suddenly hugged me...

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I thought he hugged me because he thought I was cold,

Dr. Wentworth came over with a smile and shook hands with Liam.

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After exchanging a few words, Liam patted my back and said, “Come on, Vivi, say hello to Dr. Wentworth and Dr. Norman.” He then turned to Dr. Wentworth and said, “It suddenly turned cold earlier, and she was freezing.”