

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife

Chapter 46 -

Chapter An Please Be Careful

Chapter 46

I was taken by surprise, but as I turned to see that it was a BMW, I was immediately relieved.

As the car came to a stop, a man dressed in black got down from the passenger side. Smiling at me, he waved, "Hey beautiful."

I couldn't help but take a couple steps back from the stench of alcohol on him. Then, the driver got down and circled around the vehicle to the passenger side, pushing away the other man as he said, "Get on. What are you doing here alone?"

It was Chris.

Cold as I was, I instantly took him up on the offer. The car smelled of alcohol and there was a lot of noise coming from the backseat. It turned out there

was a man and woman seated at the back. They were soon joined by the black shirt man.

1/10

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Chris ran back to the driver seat, then explained, "They're all my friends.

Today was an off day, so we were drinking at one of the bars around the

area.”

The black shirt man leaned over to the front, glancing at me as he said, “I knew you had a reason for coming all the way here. It turns out you just wanted to chase after this pretty lady.”

Chris glared at the man, “Don’t be ridiculous.” He then turned to me and asked, “What are you doing here instead of staying home?”

I replied, “I... just felt like going for a walk. I’ve never been outside this late before...”

Maybe it was common for those with a terminal illness to act a little selfish sometimes? Chris simply nodded and said in a gentle tone, “Let me send them home first.”

2/10

The black shirt man quipped, “No, no, no! Let’s find another place to drink. Since your pretty little lady is here now, you’ll get to drink with us i she can

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send us home afterwards. You okay with that, gorgeous?”

I answered, “I can’t drive.”

3/10

Chris chimed in, “She’s also sensitive to alcohol, so she won’t be able to drink with you either.”

The woman beside the black shirt man interjected, “Then let’s just go and

grab a bite. Doc, I'm hungry... I mean, I just vomited everything out."

The man in the checkered shirt agreed, "I'm also feeling a little peckish. Let's eat."

"Are you ok with that?" Chris asked me.

I answered, "You can just drop me off at the hotel's entrance."

Chris insisted, "Just sit with us for a bit. I'll drive you back after, okay?"

I shook my head and said, "I'm not hungry. Also... I'm not feeling well, and

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I'm afraid I'll kill the vibe."

Chris didn't push the subject. He asked, "Which hotel do you stay in?"

"You can just drop me off in front of the Poseidon Hotel."

The Poseidon Hotel was a five-star hotel with exceptional facilities and was very safe. Not to mention, it was right around the corner.

We reached our destination in less than 30 minutes.

4/0

Thanking Chris, I got down from the car and walked inside. However, he soon ran up to me and said, "Let me send you up."

Thinking it was too much of a hassle, I said, "No need to worry. I can make it up on my own."

Adjusting his glasses, he said, "I insist. There are many drunkards at this hour
."

I panicked slightly at the mention of drunkards, so I immediately acceded,

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“Then I suppose I’ll have to take you up on that offer.”

Chris laughed, “No need to be so formal. That’s not like you at all.”

I was surprised.

Without giving any explanation, he smiled and said, “Let’s go in then.”

Surprisingly, there was still a long queue at the reception at this hour.

Because of that, it took me a while to get my room card.

5/10

I was fortunate to have Chris around, as there were many drunkards lining up to get a room. Maybe it was because I looked like an honest lady, but I could feel them staring at me the whole time.

If I was smart like Anna, I would never have as much trouble with situations like this. Whenever she would get harassed, she could chase the other person away with a single glare.

Chris escorted me all the way to my door. After carefully examining room,

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he said, “Remember to lock the door after I’m gone. Don’t open it under any circumstances.”

I nodded, “Yeah, okay.”

6/10

Chris continued, "You have to be careful even if it's room service at the door. It's a tactic commonly used by fraudsters. Make sure you check ahead with the receptionist if it's legitimate. The best thing to do is to just hang your 'Do Not Disturb' sign up. That way, you'll be able to sleep undisturbed."

I nodded again, "Sure..."

Then, Chris pointed at the emergency route and said, "Make sure you have a look at this as well. If anything happens, I want you to give me a call immediately."

Holding back my laughter, I nodded yet again, "I got it."

Chris raised an eyebrow, "What's so funny?"

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I replied, "Your instructions are very precise. I didn't mean to tease you, but you just remind me of someone I know."

Chris was puzzled, "Who is it?"

I answered, "A very considerate big brother of mine. Every time I tried to do something myself, he would give me a long set of instructions like a real brother. I sometimes wonder if he thinks I'm stupid."

7/10

Chris started laughing, "I'm sure that's not it. It's probably because you're too beautiful and cute that when you insist on doing things yourself, we get worried if we don't ask you to be more careful."

After a slight pause, I said, "Thank you."

I couldn't help but feel his words were a little... flirty.

As though Chris could sense that his tone was a little inappropriate as well, he chuckled and said, "I'm sorry. It looks like I drank a little too much tonight... To tell you the truth, I have a younger sister like you too. And when r get

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little sisters, it's easy **for** them to be a little overprotective."

8/10

I nodded and said, "Thank you for today. I will be careful... You should get back

to them soon."

Chris nodded, then suddenly asked, "Did you carry your medicine with you?"

I said, "Yeah, I did."

Chris smiled bashfully and said, "Alright, I guess I'll be going then. Goodnight."

Holding on to the room door, I replied in kind, "Goodnight."

Just as he turned away, Chris suddenly looked back and anxiously said, "I'm really sorry about what happened last time. It won't happen again."

It took me a moment to put things together, "Are you referring to the incident with Ms. Olsen?"

Chris said in an apologetic tone, "Yes, I know it should have been the two

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of us. I felt incredibly awkward at the table, facing her.”

I hurriedly replied, “Haven’t you already explained yourself? I’m fine.”

9/10

We’re not deeply acquainted after all. Even though I wasn’t happy that day, I knew that it was not in my place to stick my nose in the matter.

Chris smiled, “Then that’s good. I was worried you’d still be mad at me. That’s bad for your health.”

So that’s what it was.

He really was a good person.

Even though we weren’t close, he was always concerned for me. Compared to thanusband of mine, whom I had given so much to, Chris was so much better at caring for me.

As the thought came to mind, I said, “My husband might make things difficult for you. I hope you’ll be careful. It’s best if you just resign.”

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Chris asked, “How do you think he’ll do that?”

I replied, “I don’t know, but it’s surely worse than resigning.”

I may not be smart, but I was still my father’s daughter.

10/10

The moment Dr. Hollister said he would “take care of things properly”, I knew that things had escalated past the point of reparation.

If Liam were to fire Chris directly, he would need sufficient grounds to do so.

Moreover, he would need to pay a severance check. But if the hospital was the one dismissing him, then best case he would just pay a rescission fee, and worst case his medical license may get suspended.

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Chapter 47 All Because of Him

Chapter 47

All these corporate people had no shred of humanity at all.

Unlike me, Chris was not worried. Smiling, he said, “Thank *you* for telling me.

Will you still be going to Saint Jude then?”

I shook my head.

1/11

Liam was extremely hostile towards Chris. I didn’t want to add to his troubles.

Had there not been extenuating circumstances today, I would not have gotten in his car.

Chris nodded, “Then I’ll stay here. I want to continue helping you.”

I replied, “You don’t have to. He gets very scary when he makes up his mind to go after someone. You don’t understand...”

Chris said, “You don’t have to worry. I’ve done nothing wrong. No one can do anything to me. I don’t want you to feel helpless and alone.”

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2/11

Without even waiting for my reply, he simply waved and smiled, “You should rest soon. Goodnight.”

After which, he opened the door.

In that instant, both of us were stunned.

Standing by the door all along, was Liam.

His expression was dark and his eyes were bloodshot. With a cigarette in his mouth, he stared daggers at Chris like a starved wolf looking at its prey.

Beside him, several bodyguards had the entire corridor sealed off. There was no way for us to escape.

Anyone would be caught off guard in this situation. Chris was evidently startled as well, pausing for a brief moment before flashing his professional smile, “Hello Mr. Mendez.”

Liam glanced at Chris before turning to me.

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Grabbing the cigarette from his mouth, he spoke to me in a hoarse **voice**, “Come here.”

Of course I wouldn’t go over.

I was in the room, while Liam was outside. If I shut the door, he wouldn’t be able to do anything to me.

My only problem was Chris. Should I push him out, or pull him in?

If I pushed him out, there was no telling what Liam would do to him. But if I were to pull him in, then Liam would surely never let him go.

As I contemplated my options, Chris stepped over to the left and got in front of me. He said, “Mr. Mendez, I’m afraid Ms. Nyra isn’t feeling very well. Just now...”

Before he could finish, Liam quickly stepped forward. I was too late to pull Chris away as Liam’s punch landed on his stomach.

3/11

Chapter 47 **All Because of Him**

Chris bent over from the pain.

4/11

Seeing how Liam’s fist was still clenched, it was obvious he was not planning on stopping at all. I wanted to pull Chris in at first, but I quickly realized that would only exacerbate the situation, so I let go of the door handle and ran out. Afraid that Liam was going to push me away, I hugged him closely as I yelled, “Stop, Liam! Stop...”

Liam paused slightly and looked over at me.

Softening my tone, I continued, “I’m here now. Please stop...”

I wasn’t able to finish.

As I was speaking, Chris clenched his fist and tried to punch Liam in the face. My arms were wrapped around Liam’s, so by the time he reacted, it was too late. Chris’ punch landed right on its target.

Liam fell back from the strike, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth. My

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heart ached slightly at the sight and my grip weakened.

5/11

Liam immediately grabbed Chris by the collar and punched him back in the face.

Chris' glasses flew out as he was dazed by the blow.

Liam then shoved him back, intending to continue beating on Chris while he was staggered.

This all happened in the blink of an eye. I quickly snapped back to reality and pushed Liam away like my life depended on it, shouting, "Stop! Are you crazy?!"

Liam stopped.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared by the look in his bloodshot eyes. He was a madman!

The moment seemed to stop as we stared each other down.

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Suddenly, Liam walked up to me. I turned my face away out of reflex, but he

6/11

simply grabbed me by the arm, dragging me inside the room and slamming the door shut behind him.

I was so terrified. I wanted to struggle, but I couldn't muster any strength at all as he pressed me down on the mirror hanging from the door.

I couldn't remember anything else that happened after that.

It was simply too painful to recall. Several times, I fainted from the pain. Other times, I jolted back to consciousness from it.

It was hell on earth.

Finally, by the next afternoon, Liam collapsed from fatigue.

I really wished to leave, but as much as I tried, I couldn't command my body to move. Ultimately, I just collapsed on the ground.

After straining himself the whole night, Liam was out of strength and didn't

Zaroorat Cash—Safe Loan...

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wake up.

That was a good thing.

7/11

Pulling up some clothes that were lying nearby, I curled up on the ground and slept.

I wasn't able to sleep well this time around. The minute I closed my eyes, all I saw was what had happened the night before.

He was completely crazed and violent, staring at me with bloodshot eyes the whole night. Had he not been preoccupied with venting his frustrations, I was positive he was going to kill me.

I was woken up by the nightmare. When I opened my eyes, I saw Liam's face.

He was staring at me with a cold stillness, his face almost touching mine.

I held my breath.

to stare, not blinking even once.

After a while, he spoke up, "It was him as well last time, wasn't it?"
met his gaze.

What do you mean last time?

"Talk." He pushed my head down and pressed his forehead against mine, his gaze meeting my own as he asked, "You were fooling around with him here too last time, weren't you? How long have you known him?"

I quickly realized what he was referring to.

Indeed, on the day I realized I had cancer, I was also staying in this hotel.

It was no wonder he was able to find me so quickly.

Naturally, I would never admit it to him. Shaking my head, I said, "No, I was alone last time..."

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"Alone?" He tightened his grip and barked, "Ever since that day, you've been
9/11

acting aloof and depressed, not taking a single drink or eating a single meal...

It's because of him, isn't it?!"

I was stunned. "That's because..."

I had wanted to tell him it was because I was sick, but the words failed to escape my lips.

I would never speak to him about this again.

"Because of what?" Liam's gaze was cold like the glint of a knife as he

continued, "Say it."

I was too tired to think of a plausible excuse, and simply said, "Because... I was feeling sad and wanted to be alone."

Liam fell silent.

"As for what happened last night..." I wanted to explain myself at first, but

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feeling his hand on my head, I felt a deep pang in my heart. Tears started welling in my eyes, and I fell silent.

Why should I have to explain it to him?

10/11

He was the one fooling around in the house my father bought. Where did he get the audacity to question me?

I was on the verge of tears, but I couldn't say a single word. So I simply closed my eyes and let the teardrops fall.

He was free to think what he wished. It was no longer my concern.

I stopped explaining.

I could not remember how much time had passed before the grip on my face finally loosened.

Gaining a sense of freedom, I slowly opened my eyes.

Chapter 47 All Because of

It was all very foggy. As I wiped away the tears, I saw Liam lying against the

headboard with a cigarette in his mouth.

I remained motionless and curled up on the floor as I watched him light his cigarette.

The suffocating smell of smoke slowly permeated the room, and I suddenly remembered our first meeting three years ago.

That day, after we had greeted each other, I told him that my father was in a meeting and that he was free to wait in the VIP room. And if he didn't mind, I could keep him company in the meantime.

To which he replied, "It would be my honor."

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Chapter 48

On that day, the two of us had talked for over twenty minutes. I shared with him my fascination with the company's technologies and products, as well as my own opinions. I even told him how I was just a college freshman, to which he responded with his own share of tales of university life.

Just as the conversation was getting good, Anna came over and told me that my father wanted her to be the one to entertain Liam, and had me go on home.

However, I didn't go back. I simply waited in my car in the parking lot.

I sat there from morning till the afternoon, until I saw Liam come out of the elevator. He soon got into his car, but he didn't start it.

I hesitated for a moment, but ultimately got down from my car and walked over. As I did, he rolled down his window and started smoking with a tired look on his face.

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2/11

I was about to turn away and leave, but Liam caught the sudden movement and looked over.

In that instant, I could clearly see the surprise and awkwardness on his face. Hurriedly, he put out his cigarette, rolled up his window and got down from his car. Adjusting the placket of his suit, he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you."

The atmosphere then was the same as it was now; the smell of smoke wafting over from his body, enveloping me within.

At the time I said to him, "I like this smell, actually. My father smokes as well, so whenever I smell the scent of a cigarette, I know that he is home."

Liam replied, "You are such a kind girl."

And he was right. In front of him, I played the part of a kind girl through and through, much like the way I had lied about the fact that my father quit smoking ten years ago because I didn't like the smell.

Holding on to my pleasant memory, I quickly drifted off into sleep.

Jazz

Connected raho

Open

Chapter 48 He's Just Scared

I slept much better this time around. Even as the pain jolted me awake, I remained dazed and groggy for a few seconds.

Right on top of me was the familiar ceiling of my house..

The lights were on, so I could see all the people who were in the room.

3/11

They were three young women. One of them had short hair and was holding onto a strange mechanical device in her gloved hand, while the other two were pressing down on my stomach and legs.

As I opened my eyes, the short-haired woman turned on the device.

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. It was like I was being bitten by a million ants.

I tried to scream and fight back, but my mouth was gagged and I couldn't move my arms and legs. Turning to look, I noticed that my hands were also tied to the bed frame!

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At that moment, the short haired woman looked at me with a smile on her

4/11

light purple lips, "It'll hurt a little, but the tattoo won't be too big. We'll be done very soon."

Facing the inescapable pain, I forced myself to calm down after some time.

I then realized the device in the short-haired woman's hand had been a

tattoo pen all along.

She was tattooing me for a very long time, so long that my hair was already drenched in sweat by the time she finally put down her tattoo pen. Smiling, she said, "We're finished. It looks perfect."

She gestured for the women holding me down to move aside, then picked up a mirror.

It was then that I saw around my genital region, there was a tattoo of a kiss with the words Liam written in cursive beside it.

The short-haired woman said, "Beautiful, isn't it? It's your husband's own

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design."

She then untied me.

I ran out the room, then bumped into Auntie Sidney.

5/11

Seeing me, she asked anxiously, "Mrs. Mendez, what are you doing out here?"

She then brought me back to my room.

I asked, "Is he trying to keep me here again? Where is he now?"

"Mr. Mendez is at the office. Something urgent, he said. He'll be back shortly."

Auntie Sidney locked the door and continued, "However, Ms. Olsen is here.

You'd best not let her see you."

So that was the case.

Taking a closer look at Auntie Sidney, I asked, "Was she bullying you again?"

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"No she didn't." Auntie Sidney laughed, then lowered her voice and said, "Mr. Mendez slapped her."

6/11

Auntie Sidney continued, "Yesterday, Mr. Mendez gave us the day off to celebrate Christmas. When I came back this morning, I saw her sitting by the door all gloomy. The servants and I were trying to figure out what was wrong. As it turns out, you were carried back here by Mr. Mendez the night before. While he was accompanying you in the room, Ms. Olsen stormed in and the two of them fought for a long time, even all the way outside. In the end, Mr. Mendez gave her a slap in the face..."

I could totally understand Auntie Sidney's glee, but I still couldn't help feeling a sense of discomfort.

While I was deep in thought, Auntie Sidney happily shared, "Also, while they were fighting, I heard Mr. Mendez say: 'how dare you drug me, to which Ms. Olsen responded: 'I just want you'... What a disgraceful woman."

A Her Jua Semeil

No wonder he was so rough the night before, I thought he had gone insane. Auntie Sidney added, "That's why she's still fuming right now. It's best you don't go out and make yourself a target for her resentment,"

After Auntie Sidney left, I went into the bathroom.

Standing before the mirror, I stared at my own reflection, at the damned tattoo marked right onto the most private part of my body like some reddish-black wound.

Feeling like I had been soiled, I tried to wash it away with water.

As the cold water touched my skin, I felt a fiery pain. Resolving myself, I reached for the soap. Yet however I tried, the ink wouldn't go away, and I was on the verge of collapsing from the pain. In the end, I went back to the bedroom.

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I was not able to sit because of the tattoo and could only lie flat on the bed.

B/11

Resting upon the mattress, I remembered the way Liam had his way with me. the night before, as well as the story Auntie Sidney had told me.

Why did Ms. Olsen drug him then let him run off?

Could it be that she intended to set him loose on me?

As the thoughts raced through my mind, my phone suddenly rang.

It was a text message from my brother-in-law.

The text read: "Hey Vivi, are you free this week? I want to buy you a meal. It'll be great if you can bring Liam along. I haven't seen him in ages."

It was here.

He was definitely planning on asking about the miscarriage.

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After some hesitation, I replied: "Can we do Thursday?"

9/11

Today was Monday, and I would require at least another day or two before I could walk properly again. Not to mention, I was so tired yesterday that I now had a massive migraine. I think it would be better if I slept for a while longer. I wanted to go see my father on Wednesday. At the same time, I wanted to go and better understand the matter of donating his body.

Now that my schedule was set, I stared blankly into my phone for a while longer. However, I ended up deciding not to give Chris a call.

I wasn't sure if Liam had really misunderstood or was using Chris as an excuse, but calling him now would only be doing him more harm than good. Hence, I went to sleep.

I dreamed of my mother.

In my dream, she was sitting on the ground, her hair a complete mess as she

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was clutching her clothes tightly.

10/11

I wasn't sure why she looked so terrible. My mother had always been a very put-together woman.

Scared, I started crying. She then walked over and gently hugged me.

She said, "Don't be afraid, Vivi. Mommy is here."

I said, "Daddy is scary."

She said, “He’s just scared, like how Charlie bites people when he’s scared so that they won’t bully him”

Charlie was a stray dog I had picked up. At first, he would always bark at us, but my mother told me it was simply because he was afraid.

With my mother around, he gradually became very approachable. However, when she passed away, he started being aggressive towards other people again. In the end, he died of starvation next to her grave.

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11/11

At this part of the dream, my mind became much clearer. At the same time, I felt a strange sensation on my abdomen.

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□□

Chapter 49 Don’t Make Me Hate You More

Chapter 49

As I opened my eyes, my body immediately froze.

Soon after, Liam raised his head.

He wore the same expression as always as he pulled a blanket over me.

1/16

Adjusting his posture, he held me up and said, “Eat something before you go back to bed.”

He had brought over a bowl of seafood soup and started feeding me with the spoon. But perhaps it seemed like I didn't have much of an appetite, so he put the soup aside and said, "Go to sleep."

He then laid me back down on the bed.

Just as he got up, I couldn't help calling, "Liam..."

He stopped, but didn't turn to look at me.

2/16

I asked, "Do you get scared often?"

Complete silence.

My gaze continued to be fixed on Liam's back as he left. Owing to the room's dim lighting, I was only able to make out a vague silhouette.

I was definitely still dreaming.

Concluding it as such, I closed my eyes and allowed myself to fall back asleep.

This time around, I was able to sleep until I naturally woke up. When I did, it was 6 in the morning.

It was a midwinter morning, so the skies were still dark. Aside from the light from the watch, the room was shrouded in darkness.

Reaching for the bedside lamp as I always did, I got up only to find a figure seated on the sofa.

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It was Ms. Olsen.

She was dressed in white like an innocent maiden.

She was all-smiles on the sofa as she fiddled with the ring on her finger.

I was taken aback, and took a look at my finger. The diamond ring on my finger was gone.

3/16

Ms. Olsen then raised her head, but because the light was at the front of the bed, I could only see half her face from where I was.

Seeing me, she flashed that fake smile of hers, "Morning Vivi dear, I heard you got a fever, so I came to visit you."

I asked, "Why did you steal my ring?"

Ms. Olsen smiled, "What are you talking about? You gave this to me."

I replied, "You're the last person I would ever give that to. Please take it off

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right now. Otherwise, I will call the police and have you arrested for theft."

Ms. Olsen simply stood up in silence, passing by the tea tray as she walked up to me.

4/76

I felt a sudden chill as the trauma from how she had tortured me resurfaced in my mind. I quickly moved towards the center of the bed and was prepared to jump down.

However, Ms. Olsen moved even faster than I did. She grabbed onto my hair

and gave it a hard pull.

I felt a sharp pain as I was pulled back to her.

Cupping my chin with her slender hand, she brought her face closer to mine.

From here I could see that one side seemed to be swollen, made more evident by her unnatural smile, giving her a menacing look. She said, "Don't be scared. I'm not going to kill you."

She continued in a whisper, "I'm just going to break your neck. Like~ this~"

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She twisted her hand, and I felt my head turning with it. I panicked and said,

5/16

"You can have it!"

Ms. Olsen stopped and said, "Why thank you, Vivi dear."

She then released her hand.

I kept my silence.

Once this was over, I would definitely call the police.

As I contemplated, Ms. Olsen adjusted her hair and smiled, "Oh that's right.

Vivi dear, I must say the sight of you being held down by the gardener was absolutely ravishing."

I looked back at her with bated breath.

"And because it was such a wonderful sight, I saved a few clips for safekeeping." The smile not leaving her face, she got up and continued, "If a third person were to find out about what just happened, I assure you those

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pictures will be spread online... then everyone will get to see your beautiful figure.”

After which, she left the room. For a long time, I stayed motionless inside. Suddenly, I heard the sound of a door opening, which snapped me back to my senses. I frantically leapt off the bed and slammed the door that had been left ajar, then locked it.

That wasn't enough. I moved all the furniture I was able to carry: my chair, small shelf, lamp and even my books, and blocked the door with them.

I then curled back up under my blanket. I didn't want to see anyone.

No one at all.

Then, there was a knocking sound on the door.

A while after that, my phone started ringing.

6/16

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

I

As much as I tried to ignore it, it kept making noise, so I had to pick it up.

7/16

Liam's voice was on the other side, “Auntie Sidney told me you locked yourself

in the room. What's wrong?”

My breath was ragged and I couldn't say a single word.

The only things in my mind were the scenes from the other day.

I felt like I could still smell that terrible stench of dirt, manure and trash.

I couldn't imagine how someone could have footage of that. If the whole world were to see that, what should I do?!

I was not long for this world, but what about my father? Anna? And all those who knew me?

I...

After a brief pause, Liam said through the phone, "Don't cry. Wait for me to
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come home."

I didn't reply and just hung up the phone.

I knew that he could be much more hateful than Ms. Olsen.

However, I couldn't fight him, nor did I have the courage to.

An hour had passed by the time Liam got home.

All my tears had dried up, and my face was severely lacking moisture. My eyes were also in a lot of pain.

8/16

Because there were so many things blocking the door, Liam had to come in straight through the window.

He was wearing a suit when he came in, but it was covered in dirt.

When he came in, he sat down on the bed and held my arm, "What happened?"

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

I told him, "Ms. Olsen suddenly came in and stole my ring."

Liam didn't respond.

"I didn't want to give it to her, so she said... She said..." I struggled to form the words as I continued, "She said if I were to tell anyone else what happened, she will release the footage..."

He continued to be silent.

9/16

My heart was sinking, but I continued, "If footage like that gets out, it won't just be me that becomes a laughingstock, your business will be affected too..."

Liam suddenly *spoke* up, "Let her have the ring. I'll have Jeffrey pick out a new

one for you."

I protested, "But the footage..."

Liam looked at me and said, "Rina will never do something shameful like that."

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

I argued, "But she told me herself..."

The annoyance was apparent on Liam's face as he said, "Do not make me despise you any more than I already do, Vivienne."

Looking back at him, I felt silent.

10/16

I had never expected him to stand from my point of view and be concerned

about the footage. However, his behavior... was definitely surprising.

I could tell the kind of person Ms. Olsen was from the way we interacted. How could someone as brilliant and as experienced in social situations as he was not be able to tell that?

I knew Auntie Sidney was lying to me about him being drugged. Given how much he loved Ms. Olsen, he probably did all that willingly that day.

He hated me.

And I... didn't want to try loving him anymore either.

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

After a brief silence, Liam placed his hand on my forehead and said, "Go wash your face and come out for some coffee."

I turned my head away and said softly, "I want to see my father."

Liam replied, "You can go once the new ring is done."

Taking off my clothes, I said, "Why would I still need a ring when I have this? Did you get this tattooed on her as well?"

Liam narrowed his eyes on me.

I continued, "You only did it to me, didn't you? Because I'm a frivolous slut who

can't survive not sleeping with another man, so you need to keep me caged up like some criminal."

Liam reached up from under my chin and grabbed my face.

With a menacing tone, he said, "I said, come out for coffee."

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

12/16

By the time I got to the restaurant, I had figured out why he wanted me to go have coffee.

Ms. Olsen was there as well.

They were seated at a long dining table, with Liam taking the wider side while Ms. Olsen was on the longer side. The two of them were sharing a piece of cake while facing each other.

When I walked in, Ms. Olsen was in the middle of feeding Liam a spoonful of cheese.

Smiling, Liam took the spoon from her hand and fed it back to her.

When she saw me come in, Ms. Olsen gleefully said, "Vivi dear, you're finally here."

She then stood up and posed to me, "Look, Vivi dear, don't you think I look stunning in this?"

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

She was wearing my favorite red dress.

I ignored her and sat as far away from them as I could.

13/16

Mrs. Crawford poured me a flower tea, but Liam said, "She only takes lattes."

I jibed, "No, I only like flower teas."

Out of all the adult-centric drinks, flower teas were my favorite.

However, I had always taken coffee in front of Liam because he liked it. Back then, I acted in such a manner to get close to him and make us look more compatible with each other.

But in reality, I had always found coffee too strong for my palate. The only reason I was able to take lattes was because the milk was strong enough to water down the coffee's bitterness.

As I took my tea, Ms. Olsen spoke up, "Babe, I really liked that golden hairpin dear Vivi was wearing in that photo. Can I have it?"

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

I got that hairpin from an auction and had only worn it once during my wedding reception.

Liam laughed, "That's just a cheap trinket. I'll buy you a new one.

Ms. Olsen said coyly, "But I want that one. Vivi dear, would you just tell him..."

I understood what she was implying, and said, "You can have it."

14/16

Ms. Olsen replied, "Thank you, Vivi dear! Oh, but I am still missing a necklace."

Touching her chest, she continued, "I still need a golden necklace. I think the one dear Vivi was wearing for her wedding photo will go well with my hairpin.

Can I have that too?"

That necklace was given to me by Liam as a proposal gift. Our family had a marriage tradition of giving golden jewelry as presents, and because I got

the ring, *he* gave me the set of accessories as a gift.

Looking back at her, I answered, "You can have the earrings and bracelet too.

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As long as you can get him to sign the divorce papers, you can have it all."

15/16

Ms. Olsen blinked her eyes in disbelief. She turned to Liar and asked, "Didn't you tell me she doesn't want to get divorced?"

Sipping his coffee, Liarn responded, "She's just saying that. Her sister has just sent me the hospital bills. How is she going to pay for them once we're divorced?"

I returned to my room and called Anna.

She picked up my call and greeted, "Vivi, how are you feeling?"

I immediately asked, "Why did you send Liam the bill? Haven't we discussed it already?"

Anna laughed, "He was the one who wanted it. He said neither of you could come to the hospital because you were sick and he was too busy, so he wanted to fulfill some filial responsibility at least. I feel that your husband is a very reasonable man. I don't mind forking the bill, but you can't just stop

Wed,

90%

Chapter 49 Don't Make Me Hate You More

coming to the hospital because you don't want to. These are two separate

16/16

matters, Vivi. What will the public think of you and Liam if word of this spreads out?”

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 50 -

NGS S` Deseove To Be Cheated On

Chapter 50

I told her, “You’re not wrong. I’m at fault for not visiting Dad, but we had already agreed on the bill.”

Anna didn’t respond, evidently because she didn’t want to admit the truth.

I continued, “Harvey asked to meet me on Thursday.”

Anna’s voice instantly turned cold, “What are you telling me?”

I replied, “I’m doing what I promised you, as you should’ve done with the bill.

We’re sisters, Anna. We can’t keep going back on our promises.”

Anna fell silent again.

1/10

After some time, she suddenly started laughing, “Sisters? You gave the company away to your husband. What’s wrong with having him pay for a few medical bills? Now that he’s already paid for it, you want to push it back to me? Do you even see me as your sister?”

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I argued, “But we’ve already agreed. I only gave you the shares because...”

Anna cut me off and remarked angrily, “Because what? Vivienne, get your head straight! I’m only holding on to your shares. Is Liam not a part of the Nyra household? After all, it was because of us that he had managed to achieve such success. Don’t you think he should pay us back a little? Not even the person in question is this ungrateful, just who do you think you’re being so miserly for? How are you so stupid? It’s no wonder your husband is cheating on you!”

She then hung up the phone.

I held on to my phone, completely dazed. When I realized what just happened, I immediately called back, but Anna didn’t pick up.

After a while, I got a notification from my social media app from Anna. The headline of an article was the only thing written.

The subject was: L.M Building CEO PDA With Unidentified Woman

2/10

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There was a photo attached of the day Liam and I went to the commercial district. In the photo, he had wrapped his coat around me, so only the parts of my hair that were blown up by the wind and my then–diamond–ringed hand could be seen.

The comments were flooded with people bashing on Liam saying how he had used his father–in–law’s company to achieve success and was now having an affair right after succeeding the company.

As I read through the article, my phone started vibrating. It was from Anna.

I picked up the phone and said, "Hi Anna."

3/10

Anna was much calmer now and said, "Do you see it now? I didn't want to tell you at first because I was scared it'd be too much. But now that the cat's out of the bag, we might as well talk about it."

I told her, "The person in the photo is me."

"You can stop with the lies. I'm your sister. There's no shame in admitting to

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the truth in front of me." Anna then asked, "Are you good to talk? Liam fent there with you, is he?"

I said, "Yeah, we're good. I'm in my room."

Anna said, "Okay, listen up. You've already lost the Nyra Corporation, and now

Liam is treating you like this. This is your last chance. Once the little skank gets pregnant, you'll really lose it all then."

Even though I'm the person in the photo, I couldn't help but ask, "Isn't this bad? Why would it be an opportunity?"

Anna laughed, "You would think that it's a bad thing, but fortunately, you have an amazing sister like me. As soon as I caught wind of the news yesterday, I immediately hired some online trolls to comment on the feed and bash him for taking advantage of his wife's background. Just look at how much it has

blown up.”

I asked, “How is that going to help?”

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Liam was not some celebrity that needed public affection to be successful.

5/10

“Of course it’ll help, silly! L.M. Building positions itself as a lifestyle brand, with its main customer demographic being women. That’s why when the markets had opened this morning right after the holiday, its shares plummeted hard, suffering a loss of over 600 million dollars!

The stock exchange had been closed for three days because it was Christmas, and the news was released just yesterday.

This meant that had Liam focused on damage control yesterday, the results wouldn’t have been as bad as it was today.

However, he was with me in the hotel until the afternoon yesterday, and after that it seemed like he was at home...

When he came to see me this morning, it was around 10 am, which should also be around the time the markets had just opened...

I felt as if something was wrong, but on the other side of the line, Anna just

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kept on talking, “At this juncture, Liam will need you *to* come out and show your support for him if he wants to win the public’s opinion. This is your chance.”

slowly understood, “You want me to ask him for money.”

“What good will money do? What you should ask for are *the* shares for L.M. Building! At least 50% and up! Once the dust has settled, you can just give me around fifty to sixty million as thanks, if you feel like it.”

I said, “Thank you Anna, but that person in the photo really is me. I still have that outfit at home.”

Anna fell silent.

I assumed she was angry, so I explained softly, “Anna, I’m really happy. Truly, I

1. am. You had made all the arrangements for me as soon as you found out...

and I’m really grateful that you’re being so concerned for me.”

Anna finally spoke up, but her tone was cold, “Vivienne, do you just not want

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to give me any money?”

I explained, “No, it’s not that! The person in the photo really is me. I swear.”

Anna quickly replied, “Throw that outfit away.”

She ordered, “Listen to me. Throw it away.”

I asked, “Anna... what are you saying?”

7/10

“It doesn’t matter who the person in the photo was. The point is that right now he’s getting a lot of bad press, and he needs you to prove his innocence. Love won’t keep you alive, but 50% of L.M. Building’s shares will let you live like a

queen for the rest of your life. We've already come this far. Even an idiot will want to just roll with it!"

I protested, "But... Anna, I can't do that. After all that's..."

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8/10

"That's what? Even if he doesn't have a mistress now, he's bound to have one eventually, Don't tell me you really believe he's in love with you?" Anna grew more agitated as she spoke, "You've no clue at all. Before his company got into trouble three years ago, Dad treated him to a meal in hopes of getting you two hitched, I was there then too!"

I really didn't know....

Anna said, "At the time, Dad had asked Liam if he was interested in you, to which he responded he didn't have much of an impression. After that, Dad continued to talk you up, but Liam just skirted away from the topic the whole time. He really wasn't interested in you at all."

I couldn't help my surprise as I asked, "What happened next?"

Anna replied, "You know what happens next. Liam's company got into trouble, he needed money, so he came after you. Vivi, I've always told you that the cornerstone of your relationship with Liam is the Nyra Corporation. Without it,

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you'll need new ways of holding him down."

9/10

I was at a loss for words, but after a pause, I said, "Thank you for telling me all this, Anna, but... I don't want to resort to such means."

I had half a year left to live. Even at the earliest, the dividends would only be paid out next year. I wouldn't have a chance to get a single cent.

Not to mention, I would seriously doubt that Liam would hand me the shares so easily. As soon as I were to mention the subject, forget trying to get money from Liam, I could kiss any prospects of divorce goodbye as he was sure to make my life a living hell.

Anna seemed to have anticipated my response, and without a hint of surprise in her tone, she said, "Fine, do what you want. I'll wash my hands off your affairs from now on."

I said, "Sorry, I'll pay you for the commenters you hired."

Anna said, "Thirty million. Send it to my card. If you can really understand that

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I'm doing this all for you, then don't get in my way this Thursday. That way, we can still be sisters."

Chapter 51 You've Had Too Much Free Time