

# Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 5

## Chapter 5

"I need to talk to you, Liam!" I raised my voice and called out, "It's urgent!"

The meeting room fell silent immediately.

Mr. Cailan, the assistant, frowned and looked at me with disgust, repeatedly gesturing with his eyes for me to leave.

Despite his mild personality, he was just as hateful towards me as my husband.

After a brief standoff, a voice came from the meeting room. "Let her in."

It was my husband.

Mr. Cailan had no choice but to open the door.

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and walked in.

The oval conference table was surrounded by well-dressed elite

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professionals.

The electronic screen was on, and a middle-aged executive stood erect on one side.

Not far from him, Liam's slender body leaned back in his chair, smiling at me.

Although I knew he would be like this, I couldn't help but stare.

The first time I saw him, he smiled at me just like that.

I still remember, what he said to me with that same smile:

"Hello, Ms. Nyra, I'm Liam," he said.

I know it's really cheap to still think about this kind of thing, but I... really love him.

In a daze, I suddenly heard Liam's voice. "Why did you suddenly barge in?" His tone was very indulgent.

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I regained my clarity and looked at him intently.

I saw him squinting his eyes slightly, his gentle gaze pausing on my face before quickly moving to my legs and suddenly stiffening.

Then he stood up quickly, walked over, and hugged my waist, his face full of heartache. "What happened to your leg?" he asked, then instructed his assistant, "Quickly go get a doctor."

"I have something I want to..." I began to speak.

But before I could finish, he suddenly lifted me up in his arms.

I was taken aback by the sudden movement.

It was the first time he had ever held me like this.

Although he doted on me in front of others, I never dared to be seen with him in public unless absolutely necessary.

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Hastily, Liam walked a few steps and sat me in his chair.

With all the executives of the company watching, he knelt down on one knee and gently held my bleeding leg in his hand. He took out a handkerchief and dabbed at the wound, then lifted his head to look at me as if I were the only person in the room.

He asked, "Does it hurt?"

It did.

It hurt so much.

I looked into his eyes and said, "It's okay..."

"Be careful." He looked back into my eyes, calm yet tender, "You're always so careless."

I couldn't help but feel dazed.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door. It was his assistant, Mr.

Cailan.

He came in with a doctor and said, "We still have a meeting to attend. Go

next door to have your leg treated. Dr. Rafael, please help Mrs. Mendez."

Dr. Rafael immediately bent down and held my arm.

I said, "No." And with determination, I hugged Liam's neck and said, "Liam..."

Liam held my arm and caressed it, looking at me tenderly, "Don't be silly, I still have a meeting."

I said, "Then carry me there."

I only need two or three minutes.

Liam's eyes clearly flickered, and he chuckled softly, "Do you really want me to carry you?"

He was threatening me.

I hugged his neck tightly and coquettishly said, "Yes!

\*You leave me no choice." He murmured with a smile, then reached out and lifted me up horizontally. Fine, you little rascal, let's do it your way."

I hugged his neck, silently smiling to myself.

If this was how I was treated before dying, it might just be worth it.

The adjacent room was a small conference room.

He placed me in a chair and smiled, instructing his assistant and the doctor who followed, "You guys can leave now, but leave the first-aid kit."

My heart roared as he said this.

