

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 6

Chapter 6

My chance had finally come.

But I knew he was angry.

I was both excited and fearful.

Soon, everyone else had left.

As the door closed, Liam, with a scowl on his face, threw the gauze he had picked up onto me and said, "Finish bandaging yourself up and then get out."

I held the gauze and said, "I might as well die."

Liam crossed his arms and looked at me with cold, disdainful eyes.

"I've made up my mind," I said, and it wasn't a difficult decision, after all, it was

only a matter of time. "Just promise me you'll invest in saving my family's company, and I'll go back and kill myself. I only have one request, that is, after

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I die, don't hold a funeral for me. I don't want my dad to know."

"Oh?" To my surprise, a smile appeared on Liam's face, a very pleasant smile.

"Aren't you afraid that I'll break my promise?"

"I know you," I looked at him and said, "You always keep your word."

Liam sneered.

Then, he bent down.

With his arms on the back of the chair behind me, his forehead almost touching mine.

Despite the intimate posture, his gaze was that of a fierce beast.

No, not a beast. Beasts don't look at their prey with hatred.

He looked at me with hatred.

Even though I was mentally prepared, I couldn't help but feel afraid.

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"I have one request too," he said lightly, coldly. "Go outside and die, don't mess up my home."

What do people think about before they die?

Regret it?

Feel remorse?

Or just let go?

As I count the white pills in my hand, I think to myself: this is actually a profitable deal.

Liam wants me dead.

Anna wants the company.

Trading my life, which has already been sentenced to death by fate, for the company.

I made a profit.

As for my father...

He was destined to lose me, and in his old age, he would need money to support himself.

Without hesitation, I tilted my head back and swallowed the pills.

Fifty of them, enough to make sure I couldn't possibly survive.

Of course, I didn't choose to die at Liam's house. I wanted to die by my mother's side.

My father saw my mother off on her final journey. She wasn't willing to leave

because I was too young, and after going through many separations and

reunions, she and my father finally made it together.

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So I have always thought since I was young that when I meet the person I love, I must grab hold of him without hesitation, and not go through the pain.

of breaking up and leaving any regrets.

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Luckily, I met him when I was twenty.

Although it took me three years to realize that he was not meant for me.

But the ability to love someone is already a kind of luck, isn't it?

I shouldn't have any regrets.

I leaned against my mother's tombstone and wiped her photo with my hand.

As dizziness washed over me, I closed my eyes.

As the excruciating pain began, I saw Liam again.

He stood before me in a black suit, handsome and confident.

The morning light shone upon him, making him look like a golden gemstone.

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He smiled at me with warmth and assurance, extending his hand and saying,

"Ms. Nyra, hello. I am Liam."

Liam, Liam...

I repeated his brilliant name over and over again in my mind, taking a long time to snap out of my daze. I extended my hand and clasped his firm one.

His palm was dry and warm, and holding it made my heart start to burn.

The first thing I said to him was, "Hello... welcome to our company."

But what I really wanted to say was, "Welcome to my life."

Even though you won't stay.

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