

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 7

Chapter 7

"... Vivienne! Vivienne Nyra!"

In a daze, the noisy voice of Anna came from all around.

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It felt like something was stuck in my throat, turning everything upside down.

The urge to vomit surged up, and Anna's voice became even louder, but this

time, I couldn't hear a single word because I threw up.

After throwing up, I felt my consciousness become slightly clearer.

Anna's voice came again, "Vivienne, are you feeling better? Don't be afraid, we're almost at the hospital!"

The hospital?

What hospital?

No, I'm going to die, I...

"Shut up!" The voice came from above my head. "Drive faster!"

I suddenly became alert again.

At the same time, the terrible thing was forced into my throat once more.

This time, I knew what it was the smell of cigarette smoke.

It was Liam's fingers.

For a long time after that, I endured this kind of torture.

Those two fingers kept digging into my throat, forcing me to vomit, and then

my mouth was pried open, and ice-cold water was poured in.

I kept retching until there was nothing left, and my hazy mind gradually cleared up.

Liam... was making me vomit.

Finally, the car stopped.

The fingers in my mouth were pulled out, and my throat was burning with pain.

I took the opportunity to wipe away the tears that welled up from my excessive vomiting. I saw Liam pinching a handkerchief and unfastening my seatbelt with a serious expression on his face.

I couldn't help but speak up, "Liam..."

He seemed to not have heard me, his face darkening as he unfastened my

seatbelt and opened the car door.

"Sorry," I tried to make myself clear, "It wasn't intentional. Please give me another chance..."

He must have been called by Anna.

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He always treated me well in front of others.

The car was now filled with the sickening smell of vomit, and the cuffs of Liam's white shirt were stained with filth.

Instead of dying as he had hoped, I had only caused him trouble...

But I really didn't mean to.

Liam paused and turned to look at me.

I felt a chill run down my spine as I looked into his cold, hateful eyes.

He always stared at me with such animosity, it frightened me.

"A chance?" he said icily. "What makes you think you deserve one?"

On what basis?

Do I...

Need the right to die?

I tried to explain, "I mean, I'll continue to attempt suicide."

"That's what I'm talking about," Liam said, reaching out to pinch my face, "If you dare to continue seeking death, don't expect to get a penny from me!"

With that, he opened the car door and got out.

After cleaning out my stomach, the young male doctor with silver-rimmed glasses held up the test report and said, "It's clean, you can stay in the hospital for two more days if there are no issues...but why do you have this kind of medicine?"

The young doctor had a pair of beautiful peach blossom eyes and kept staring into my eyes without blinking while speaking.

Anna sat next to me and asked, "What kind of medicine?"

The doctor looked at her and then turned back to me.

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Anna also turned her head to me and asked, "What medicine did you take? Was it sleeping pills?"

"It was sleeping pills," I said to the doctor. "Because I have insomnia, that's

why I was prescribed so many."

The doctor nodded slightly and said, "I see." Then he looked at Anna and said,

"Sleeping pills are prescription drugs. I asked her because it's illegal to obtain

them privately. I need to know the source."

The doctor ordered several tests to rule out any adverse reactions to the medication.