# **Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 71**

Chapter 71

I had just taken my medication before eating.

This was a new symptom.

"Go to sleep," Liam's voice sounded somewhat muffled due to the intense pain, making it difficult for me to fully understand his words. "I'll accompany you to visit your father at two o'clock, and then you can accompany me to change my medication."

I shook my head and said, "Just hold me."

As the words slipped out, I realized I had exposed myself.

Silence seemed *to* envelop the room, and I had a vague sense that I had said something inappropriate. However, the throbbing pain in my head was so powerful that it rendered me incapable of thinking.

In my drowsy state, I suddenly felt weightless. There was a significant

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movement, and it did not seem like he was holding me.

I opened my eyes, only to catch a glimpse of the floor and saw Liam's back.

How could he be holding me in this position? Was he carrying me?

Lost in my hazy thoughts, I felt his grip loosen, and my body became

weightless as I landed on a soft, spacious bed.

The sudden jolt aggravated the pain in my head, causing my vision to blur. In my dazed state, I could only perceive a familiar scent and hear Liam's voice saying, "When was your last period?"

"What?"

"Your menstrual cycle," he continued, and at that moment, I felt a warm sensation enveloping my lower abdomen. "It seems like you've started." Started what?

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The pain in my head intensified, clouding my thoughts, and I tightly shut my eyes.

Amidst the laughter, I sensed a hand pinching my cheek, and Liam's voice said, "Go to sleep."

After some time, there was no movement at all.

After hesitating, I finally opened my eyes when I heard the door close.

In the empty bedroom, I quickly opened the drawer. Despite this being a new

symptom and having just taken my medication before eating, I felt

compelled to do so.

After taking the medicine and lying down for a while, the headache finally subsided.

It was then that I noticed my clothes were damp, as were the sheets beneath

1. me.

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I lay on the bed exhausted for a moment, but a sense of unease washed

over me-what was Liam asking me about earlier?

Menstruation?

Why did he ask me about that so casually?

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I hastily got out of bed and hurried out of the bedroom. I found Liam on the study balcony, smoking a cigarette and talking on the phone.

As I listened from a distance, I couldn't see Fanhua's face, but his voice had taken on a coquettish tone. He spoke into the phone, saying, "The company

has some business this afternoon... negotiations. You wouldn't understand.

What difference does it make if you know everything?"

"No, I'm not with her... I'm married, but as I've said, I have no feelings for her and I don't like her at all..."

"It's fine at night. What time is it? I'll pick you up... You've already said that. H ow

can I work overtime? I promise I'll go home ... "

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I turned around and returned to the bedroom.

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Glancing at the clock, I realized it was already half past one, and there was no point going back to sleep.

I then entered the closet, where most of the clothes were from before I got married. I found a dress that was small change into it. Opening the dressing table, I reached for the makeup that Anna had given me during New year's. I have not opened them yet.

Flipping through a beauty magazine, I came across a section titled

"10–Minute Makeup for Beginners." I decided to follow the instructions and apply the makeup in front of the mirror.

However, while others could accomplish it in ten minutes, I was unable to do

1. so. Regardless of how long I try, my foundation ended up being either excessively thick or too light, as if I did not put on makeup.

In the midst of distress, the door behind me was opened.

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I recognized who it was just by hearing the footsteps. I stopped what I was doing, and saw Liam in the mirror.

I saw him unbuttoning his shirt and throwing it aside. I felt anxious.

He stood at the door so I would not escape.

As I was panicking, Liam approached me.

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I stood up, but Liam grabbed my shoulders and pushed me back into the chair.

I did not dare to move, I looked at his face in the mirror as I asked, "What are you doing?"

He extended his hand and pinched my chin and replied "Why do you

consistently lose your virtue?"

I asked, "What do you mean by consistently?"

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Putting on makeup was extremely difficult, much more complex than

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mathematics. If my skin was not problematic, I wouldn't bother doing it at all.

Liam glanced at me, picked up a cotton pad, dipped it in makeup remover,

and gently wiped my face.

Then, he grabbed a magazine, pointed to a makeup style called "Slightly

Drunken Makeup," and inquired, "Would you like to wear this?"

I replied, "It's a makeup look for work."

Liam did not seem to pay any attention and said, "It's too unattractive, let's get rid of it."

I replied, "This lipstick is excessively red."

"I like it," he declared. He picked up my lip gloss, applied it to my lips, and said

"Look at yourself."

I turned to the mirror, only to find that the shade he had chosen was a berry

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color, which made my complexion appear fairer.

I stated, "All of you seem to like it when I wear this shade of red."

Liam inquired, "Who else?"

"My sister and the makeup artists," I replied...

He suddenly pressed down on my shoulder and kissed my lips as I was talking.

Suddenly, a wave of nervousness washed over me, fearing that he might forcefully advance toward me. I widened my eyes and gripped the chair tightly beneath me.

Fortunately, he released his grip and opened his eyes.

"You were wearing this shade of red when we first met," he remarked, his fingers tracing my face and caressing my chin. His gaze appeared somewhat distant as he continued, "As you spoke, I couldn't help but

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wonder... what would it be like to taste those adorable lips in a kiss?"

I pushed his hand away and picked up the lip gloss.

I applied makeup the first time we met.

For some reason, I had felt compelled to dress up before heading out that

day, and conveniently, Anna's makeup artist was present. So, I sought her

assistance.

Thus, that first meeting had been truly impeccable.

I could not embarrass myself in front of Liam.

With this thought in mind, I opened the trash can and threw the lip gloss away.

His expression was gloomy.

I smiled and said, "I don't like this shade of red."

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Liam stared at me intently, and after about ten seconds, he bent down and pinched my face.

"Pick it back up."

I averted his gaze and remained silent.

He narrowed his eyes, then forcefully pushed me onto the dressing table.

Bottles and containers tumbled to the ground, and amidst the commotion,

his voice intertwined, saying, "Take it back now!"

I lay on the dressing table, looking at his face in the mirror. He stared back at me as his eyes darkened.

I understood his intentions and felt a surge of fear. I trembled uncontrollably and I lowered my head to evade his

gaze.

"Vivienne." he asserted, his grip on the back of my neck was like a predator awaiting its prey. His voice remained cold, "Don't play games with me, don't think you can escape punishment."

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I buried my face in my arms.

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Initially, I had convinced myself that he could do as he pleased, and I would remain indifferent.

However, as I felt his actions unfold, I could not help but utter, "You don't have to lie to me... you don't remember me at all."

He seemed to pause at that moment, but I could not be certain.

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I felt sad. "Not only did you forget about me the other day, you didn't remember what happened next either." I muttered, "Whatever your intention is, don't bluff me with it." After meeting him for the first time, I always found an excuse to talk to the worker at L.M. Group Headquarters just to see Liam. I was sure that I was an attractive person; a lot of their workers knew me; even the security guard of the parking lot knew my name. But only he... only Liam... did not remember me.

He would just nod and walk past me if I did not call him out when we ran to each other. And I needed to remind him over and over again of who I was. That was a bittersweet period for me, but I knew that liking someone secretly was hard. And he did not harm me back then, so it was a pleasant memory for me. I did not want him to cheat me with it.

After a while, Liam suddenly grabbed the back of my neck and said, "Stop crying." He sounded calmer than before. I looked up and said, "I didn't cry." Indeed, I did not shed a tear. He smiled faintly and pinched my cheek. "Sit properly."

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I sat in the chair, and he simply picked up a foundation and applied it to my 2/5

face casually. I know he can draw, but why is he so fluent in doing make–up for me? Is he always doing it for Ms. Shaw? I stopped myself from thinking, as I did not want him to laugh at me for crying. Soon, he was done; he put away the tools and said, "Have a look."

I looked in the mirror, and I looked great; my cheeks were red. The only strange part was my lips, as I had not applied lipstick yet. I turned to look at him and said, "It's nice; thank you." He pressed on my head and bent down to take out the lip gloss from the dustbin, and he said, "Open your mouth." I was speechless, but I did it. He smirked and applied it to my lips, and he closed it and put it back on the lipstick rack.

He then turned around and opened a closet. He took out a khaki dress and asked me to change into it. I took it and replied, "Alright, please get out so I can change now." He ignored me, and he took off his belt. I hurriedly stood up. He was standing by the door, and I did not dare to walk near him. I hid in the corner of the closet and asked, "What are you trying to do?" He looked at me with his eyebrow raised, and he threw his pants down and walked toward

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1. me. I quickly hid behind a vase and glanced. Although we did, I did not dare 3/5

to stare at him. I hid behind the vase like a mouse, praying that it could keep him away from me. When I was panicking, I heard some noise. I gathered my courage and looked at him, and it turned out that he was opening the closet. He took out a pair of jeans and put them on, then he simply looked at me and asked, "What's so interesting there?"

"N...Nothing." I awkwardly came out and carefully walked around him, wanting to get back to the bedroom. However, he stretched his arms toward me, and when I came to my senses, I was already pinned against the closet door. I held my breath while he pressed his forehead against mine. "Am I good–looking?" He asked in a serious tone, I assumed. I looked at him and lowered my head, and I answered, "Yes." He continued to ask, "Which part of me looks the best?" I obediently replied, "Your eyes..." His eyes were his best features; they were full of light, and they looked great in any expression. I was completely drawn to them.

He smirked and said, "I didn't ask you to comment about my face." He pinched my chin and made me look at him, and he said, "Any part below my Chapter 72 I'm Not as Capable as Him

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neck." Wh... What should I comment on? I hastily shook my head and pushed his hand away, and I said, "I think it's 2 already, you..."

"Don't try to divert my attention." He grabbed my hand. "Aren't you good at talking when you're with others?" He put my hand on his body and asked, "Do you think that I'm not as good as him?" Him? Who? I asked, "Who are you?" Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. "Sir," Mrs. Sullivan said in the intercom, "Ms. Shaw is downstairs; she mentioned that she has made an appointment with you." His facial expressions changed all of a sudden, and he let go of my hand and hastily changed back into his suit. He strode toward the door and opened it; suddenly, he turned back and grabbed my face and kissed me on the lips. "Go clean your face." And before I could answer, he into the kitchen. I pulled the curtain back and peered out of the window; there was a vehicle parked on the snowy road. I could not see clearly. There was a woman standing in front of the car, and she seemed elegant, but I could not see exactly what she looked like.

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I felt that she sensed I was staring, and she stared back.

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Just when I was looking at her, I saw Liam happily walking toward her. They chatted for a while, and she suddenly hugged him, and he hugged her back. He then opened the door for her; she got it, and he was about to get in. But he suddenly looked in my direction. I hurriedly closed the curtain and left the kitchen. I washed my face, and I went back to the wardrobe and cut the khaki dress into pieces. And I took the lip glass and put it under the running water. I don't care anymore; it's alright if he doesn't love me. I'm me... the only me on earth. It seemed like I could not go see my father; the internet was breaking, and the movie was boring. I went back into the room to lay on the bed. I was simply flipping through a book, and I was sleepy. Suddenly, the phone rang. I did not pick up. In a short while, Mrs. Sullivan knocked on the door and said, "Ms. Nyra, Sir was calling you." I did not answer her, and she opened the door.

And I heard her say, "She was sleeping, yes." She walked near me and touched me lightly, and she said, "Ms. Nyra, wake up, please. Sir wants to talk to you about something regarding your father."

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Chapter 73

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I opened my eyes and took the phone, and I heard him say, "Your sister will be picking you up later." He continued, "Come home early after visiting your father. Don't talk too much to your sister. I'm busy today, so I won't be coming back."

I answered, "Okay." He emphasized it by saying, "It's related to work." I remained silent. "Remember to feed Vivi," he continued to nag, "but just in moderation; don't feed it too much water too." I muttered, "It is not Vivi!" He replied, "Indeed, you're crying!" He sounded relaxed and somewhat gentle, and he said, "No wonder you're not talking." I answered, "No, something's wrong with my throat. In fact, I'm happy." He was laughing, and he asked, "Why?" What's so funny? I wiped off my tears and said, "I'm happy because you're not here... I have freedom for a day." He instantly hung up the phone. I was just ready when Anna was here; she did not come up; Mrs. Sullivan sent me down instead. Anna pretended as if nothing had happened between her and Mrs. Sullivan, and she happily chatted with her. But her face turned cold once the car started to move. I tried to talk to her. "Anna, is your injury better?" 1/6

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"Yes." The scars on the face were lighter than before; it seemed that she 2/6

disliked this topic, so I said, "Thanks for sending Auntie Sidney to help me." Shel ignored me.

The hospital was near; we got there in no time. She pulled the car over in the parking lot, and she lit up a cigarette with the car window open. "You can go up by yourself." I asked, "Aren't you going to?" She answered, "I was there yesterday." I was not surprised by her attitude today; my mother passed away a long time ago. Anna was much older than me; she seemed to be good at handling people in public, yet she was always stern with me. I went up to look at my father; he was getting slimmer as his life depended on the machine. I talked to him for a while, and I made up fun school stories to tell him. The doctor waved at me at the door, and I walked out of the ward. We had a casual chat at his office, and he gave me the treatment plans and the bills. "We diagnosed your father and came up with treatments. One, he could undergo a surgery that cost five hundred thousand dollars, but the mortality rate was 30%. Two, just maintain the current treatment, and it costs 11:58 Wed, 5 Jul

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more.

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Compared to now, 50 hundred thousand dollars were actually not expensive; the current treatment costs 10 thousand dollars per day. But the 30% mortality rate was too risky. I asked, "Can my father wake up without undergoing the surgery?" He answered, "It's all about luck. I hope you can have a discussion with your sister; she agreed to it yesterday. But, according to the written document, you've got the right to decide. The earlier he undergoes the surgery, the higher the success rate."

I arrived at the parking lot and saw Anna happily chatting with a young man. He was fit and looking good; his clothes were worn out yet tidy and clean. Anna liked this type of man. They continued to chat and add each other on social media, and the man left unwillingly.

She rolled up the window and was about to drive. I pressed her hand and said, "Anna, I knew about what happened." Her facial expression was cold, and she remained silent. "I'm not angry." I knew why she was acting this way, and I said, "You married him for the sake of our family, and I always enjoyed Mobile Scanner App

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the benefits brought by the Nyra Corporation and also your sacrifices. But... can you please talk to me before making a decision next time?" She finally looked at me and said, "I'll pay for the surgery. But if you disagree with it, you'll be paying the rest." I asked, "Why? The mortality rate is too high; we will regret it for a lifetime if our father's dead." She replied, "I won't. If you're worried, just think that the decision was mine. He has always been a strong and proud man," she continued. "If you let him choose by himself, he will go for the surgery too." I said, "No, this is our father; not any unimportant thing." She said, "He has lost his senses; he might never wake up if he missed this surgery. Do you think that he wants it this way?"

"But our father is only 50 years old. And he's always healthy; let's wait and

see if there's any." She snapped, "But I don't have the money!" She continued to say, "Our stock has been dropping drastically, and I heard that Liam wanted to sell the corporation at a low price. He is on it already. There's nothing else that I can do at the moment."

I was shocked and asked, "Why would he do this?" She sneered, "Why? Don't 11:58 Wed, 5

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you see it now? The Nyra Corporation is useless to him now! Judging from the situation, the corporation needs at least five more years to stabilize its earnings. And now he has to do it in secret because if the world knew that you gave him the corporation for free, his peaceful days would be over. The Shaw family might let him go, but the public won't!" Anna snorted, "It's impossible for Ms. Shaw to have waited for him that long, so now is the 5/6

perfect timing for him to sell the corporation. "After all, her family will give him a lot of benefits."

Anna knew more than me, and her news should be accurate. I asked, "Then what can you do now? Why would changing the person in charge of the Nyra Corporation help?" "The corporation was gifted to Liam because I had no choice back then. If he were to sell it *now*, he must be convincing someone stupid to buy it from him. And the corporation would only end up in bankruptcy." She sighed and said, "So, I must sell my stock before he sells it." If she did not sell it now, she would only end up in debt. I said, "Let me talk about him."

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"Dummy, there's nothing else to say." She grabbed my shoulders and glared at me. "The mistress back then was easy to deal with! But Ms. Shaw is on another level; how dare you try to go against her? Just get a big sum of money from Liam and get a divorce now! Even if the money is less, that's okay too! I can't be able to help you if anything were to happen to you next time!"

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When we were arriving near the house, I said, "Anna, just drop me off here." But she said, "Liam asked me to send you back to Mrs. Sullivan." I asked, "Why? Why are you listening to him?" She then answered, "He warned me not to mess up again." She glanced at me and said tiredly, "And I was worried that he would tell Harvey about the hotel incident. I applied for a loan for something, and I needed Harvey the most now." I asked, "How would Liam know about this? I didn't tell him." I was dying, so it did not matter if I did not clear the doubts. And I did not think that he was oblivious.

"It doesn't matter. It's not you, it's me; I'm selfish." Anna glanced out of the window as she held onto the steering wheel tight and said, "I actually hate you a little. I hate *you for* being innocent and happy. I hate you for accidentally causing Uncle George's death. And I hate our father pampering you more. I'm the more hardworking one." She turned to look at me and said, "Sorry, Vivi, it's my fault." I felt the warmth and answered, "No, there's nothing wrong with you. You're wronged. If it wasn't for that incident, you wouldn't be married to Harvey and Louis."

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"Yes, Louis would still be alive. I would be in this state with him here." She let 2/5

go of the steering wheel and sobbed. I fumbled out a handkerchief from my bag for her, and I wiped off her tears. She suddenly leaned over and hugged me and cried, "Sorry, I shouldn't treat you this way." We hugged each other and cried for a long time on this day. The last time we cried was the day after my mother's death. I went to her room and told her that I missed our mother, and we hugged each other and cried as if we were the only two humans left in the world that night. This would be the memory I cherished the most before I died.

After a while, she let go, and she wiped my tears away. "Vivi, you're like a rabbit when you cry." And I said, "Don't talk about it." She pinched my ears and sighed, "It's not that I don't want to save our father; it's just that I can only support him for half or a year with the money I have now. And I can't support. him after that without doing business. And we might have already missed the best time to save him by then. Without Liam, we can't do anything but pull off his life support by then." I could not speak; my heart was aching. She was right. "So, Vivi," she grabbed my hand and said, "if you really want to save our father, you should support me." I asked, "How can I help?" She answered,

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"You can pay for the medical fees of this year." She continued to say, "Or... you buy the stock back." "I know this is too much, but..." Anna said sadly, "Once the stock is yours, Liam might think of a way to help you. Because once you're bankrupt, the two of you will be equally responsible. So, no one other than you is more suitable to buy it back." I replied, "But I don't have that much money." She held my hand and said pleadingly, "Vivi, please. If I'm successful in my business, I can provide for our father for the rest of his life. Okay?"

I entered the entrance with the vet, and she was changing the dressing for the rabbit. The rabbit was still lying down, and it trembled when it smelled humans. After the vet was gone, I fed it some grass. Anna and Liam both commented that I was like a rabbit, and indeed, I feel like one. They were both predators to me.

I was lost in my thoughts, and I felt exhausted, so I closed my eyes and laid on the sofa. I somehow heard someone say, "When did she sleep?"

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"Before five o'clock." Suddenly, I felt like my ground was shaking, and I opened my eyes and saw Liam's face. "Wake up," He held me up and said, "Eat something before you sleep." I rubbed my eyes, and I felt so tired. I did not. know what time it was, and I was not hungry at all. I leaned against him, and I refused to open my eyes no matter how hard he tried to wake me up. I heard his laughter, and I felt something soft touch my lips. It felt so gentle. When I woke up, it was already morning. I found myself still on the sofa, and I was covered with a thin blanket. The sofa was not big enough to fit two people, so he did not come home yesterday. I felt ashamed for having such. a dream yesterday.

I did not have my medicine yesterday, so I got up from the sofa and went into the bedroom to eat it. I heard the bathroom door opening when I put the medicine in my mouth. I hurriedly closed the drawer, and the door opened at the same time. Liam was in his bathrobe, and his hair was wet. He smiled and said, "Oh, Vivi, you're awake." I asked, "When are you back?" He raised his eyebrow and asked, "Why?" I said, "Aren't you..." I wanted to ask him about Yvette, but I could not bring myself to ask such a shameful question.

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He smiled, pinched my cheek, and said, "Let's eat." It was not even six o'clock. now, but the breakfast was ready. We were having ham, bacon, bread, and

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other food for our breakfast. I asked after a while, "Are you busy later?" He paused, not spreading the jam on the bread, and glanced at me. "I can't be sure." I asked, "Didn't you have your schedule?" He put the bread on my plate and said, "It's my off day. But I might need to accompany someone." I glanced at him and said, "I don't like to eat this." He said, "Just this one." He took another piece of bread and asked casually, "What does she want?" | trembled and asked, "What?"

"Your face is dirty." He smirked and said, "You're confused, right? You gave your stock away for free, and now you have to buy it back with money." I asked, "Are you really selling the corporation?" He smiled and said, "Taste it." I took the bread and asked, "She said... ten dollars... But are you really going to give the corporation up?" He was silent, and he bit the bread and smiled. I asked anxiously, "Are *you* divorcing me after selling the Nyra Corporation?" 11:58 Wed, 5 Jul

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Liam remained silent and cut a fruit into halves. He put half on my plate and said, "Stop talking and eat." I lost my appetite; I put the bread down and said, "I can't stop you from selling the corporation, and I don't expect you to buy the stock. But my sister and I will be left with no money, and my father still has to be hospitalized. So, I hope that you can go by the law for the house, and I hope you don't..." The house was worth more than \$100 million, so I could agree with whatever Anna wanted. But Liam stuffed an olive into my mouth and stopped me from talking. The smell of the olive was too strong, so I spit it out and asked, "What do you mean?" He put a piece of bacon on his plate and said, "Why didn't you learn from the past?" It seemed like he was getting angry. I still *did* not get what he was trying to express.

"Don't even mention getting a divorce with me anymore." He stared into my eyes and said, "Unless you still haven't gotten beaten enough." I looked away, avoiding eye contact. There was an awkward silence between us; I could only hear the sound of the fork and knife. Suddenly, he said, "Come over." He sounded calmer. I pretended to not hear, and I clenched my hands. He said 11 53

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again, "Come over now." He pinched my chin to make me look at him. "Don't make me repeat myself."

I pushed away his hand and asked, "Will Ms. Shaw hurt my father and sister?" It seemed like he did not hear my words, and he said, "Come here." I was about to talk, but he asked, "Do you want me to give you money to buy the stock?" I stood up and walked to his side, and he grabbed my wrist and pulled me to sit on his lap. He grabbed my hand and said, "Help me cut the food." When I was cutting the bacon, I felt his hand on my stomach. He caressed me and asked, "What else did she say to you?" I answered, "Nothing else... "Don't touch me like this." He said, "Tell me the truth if you want me to stop." He then bit my ear and said, "I want to see how she tried to cheat you." As I was getting money from him, I answered obediently, "Mainly it's for my father's surgery." I repeated the whole event for him and said, "I don't think that she's trying to cheat my money; it's not fair to her. Since she promised to look after our father, He pushed me down onto his lap all of a sudden. I was surprised, and I centered myself before looking at him. He leaned against the chair and rubbed his forehead; it could be seen that he was irritated. I was

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taken aback, and I did not dare to speak. After a while, it seemed like he had

cooled down. He said, "Let's call off the surgery; ask the hospital to send the bills straight to me. And all I want you to do is stay home and be good."

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If I were still alive by then, I would accept his suggestion. but I could not now. I said, "I didn't ask you to pay. Anna promised me two requests. You forbade me from saying it. But I don't have money on me. All I can do is sell the house."

Suddenly, he slapped me. I shut up due to the sharp pain. He pinched my face and snorted, "Are you insane? I don't care if you're heartless to others!" He said, "That's your father! Did he not do anything for you? He left all his money to you! And he's in the hospital now. And you? You just want to get the money to settle it? Vivienne Nyra, where's your conscience?" I opened my mouth, and half of my face was numb. I tasted blood.

Finally, he let go of me. I wiped the blood off my mouth, and I saw him raising his hand again. I quickly retreated and said, "Sorry..." I ran into the bedroom without hearing his words, and I locked the door. I put a chair on the door to Chapter 75 Are You Insane?

block it, just in case. I took the medicine out and prayed that the slap did not affect my tumor. I prayed that it did not burst, and I hope that I can settle. everything before I go. I was getting dizzier, and my cheek was extremely 4/5

painful. I laid on the bed and covered my face with the blanket. Actually, I was not angry. In fact, I felt that I should be slapped. Based on Anna's actions, it could be seen that she would not look after my father in the future. And I could not depend on Liam; he treated me badly, so he would not treat my father well. And I hated myself; my father loved me, and I would be dead before him. I did not marry a good man who could manage my things for me after I was dead, either. I was useless; I should not be born.

If I were not born, my father would only have one daughter. He would have loved Anna with all his heart, and Anna would not betray him at last. I cried. thinking of it; I was worried for my father. I was still dizzy, and the pain was still there. My ear was ringing, and I could not hear anything. I felt like I was in a vacuum. Suddenly, someone snatched away the blanket. Suddenly, I could breathe the fresh air, and I opened my eyes. Someone pinched the back of my neck and repositioned my head. And I suddenly felt an icy sensation on my cheek. I struggled, but my vision was blurry, so I just closed my eyes. The 11:58 Wed, 5 Jul

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icy sensation was slowly reducing the pain in my cheek.

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Liam suddenly asked, "Are you dizzy?" I did not move or answer his question. "Tell me if you're dizzy," and I felt that he was touching my eyes gently, and he said, "I'll bring you to the hospital." I was still silent. "Can you help me?" He spoke louder and nudged me. I answered, "No." He then said, "Then sit up and let me talk to you." I was still dizzy, but I refused to go to the hospital. I forced myself up. "Look at me." I looked into his eyes. He stared at me and said, "I didn't have much expectation, but you're going to be a mother someday; you should be watching your attitude." I did not answer him. "I've contacted your sister," He frowned and said, "She will be signing a contract with you this afternoon." I said, "Thanks." He then said, "I'll pay off the hospital bills. And I signed a contract with her. You don't have to pay her for the stock." I was stunned.