

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife

Chapter 81 -

Chapter 81 Don't Be Too Pleased **With** Yourself

Chapter 81

1/11

Liam gazed deeply at me and without uttering a word, he led me toward the gynecology office.

Just as I was about to resist, he suddenly stopped and turned around.

It was not until we were back inside the elevator that I mustered the courage to speak, asking in a hushed voice, "Did you change your mind?"

Liam appeared to be oblivious, reaching out to press the button for the desired floor, maintaining his silence.

The elevator descended floor by floor.

Suddenly, he spoke, "You're a hypocrite."

I remained silent

"I can't even remember my injury, yet here you are, hypocritically talking

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about what if I **bled**." He mocked, "I don't know what kind of schemes you're planning."

I replied, "You must understand what I mean."

"I **don't** understand," his expression turned slightly cold. "What kind of curse did Anna put on you? Do you think you have to take responsibility for **her**

actions, even if it means sacrificing your well-being?”

I grew irritated. “That’s not what I wanted to ask you. This kind of thing shouldn’t make my sister that mad.”

“Of course, this kind of thing shouldn’t make her angry,” Liam lowered his head slightly and whispered into my **ear**, his voice soft, “But Yvette is my biological sister.”

I froze, staring at him in disbelief.

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“You shouldn’t be too pleased about this,” he said, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“Although your jealousy does **offer some** amusement, the **real** reason I didn’t tell you is that it wouldn’t be right to share this information with your sister.”

I remained silent.

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“After all, she would be filled with anxiety and apprehension, always concerned that I might desert the Nyra Corporation at any given moment. **It** is this very fear that lured her into giving me the shares.”

The rumor he mentioned must be the news about him planning to sell the Nyra Corporation.

I snapped back to reality and asked, “Did you sign the agreement with her about my father?”

Since Anna had given him the shares for free, he should have signed a retirement agreement with her according to the previously agreed terms.

Liam stifled a smile and looked at me.

“No?” I asked in shock. “Then who’s taking care of my father now? Huh?”

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Liam released my hand, glanced at the elevator doors, and replied expressionlessly, “I gave her 20 million dollars.”

“You’re lying,” I exclaimed. “You said it was a gift for yourself just now! And if you sell the shares, such a small amount wouldn’t be possible.”

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“I’m the sole buyer in the market, so I’m the one who set the price,” Liam squinted at me. “Do you still think she would sacrifice her shares for the sake of retirement?”

Amidst the silence, the elevator doors opened.

“Your father is responsible for himself,” Liam stated, holding onto my wrist as we exited the elevator. “And you must not forget my request.”

My knee was only grazed, so the doctor sterilized it, applied a bandage, and provided me with a list of recommended diets and some advice.

As we got into the car, I realized something. Liam didn’t take me to the gynecology department.

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It **seemed like** he had forgotten about it.

Should I tell him?

Considering the magnitude of Anna’s situation, she would hold a grudge

against me for a while and would not be willing to take care of my father either.

I was also struggling financially.

Our best course of action, for now, was to find a solution through Liam.

Therefore, I decided not to reveal the miscarriage to him at the moment.

But how could such a thing be concealed... After a miscarriage, menstruation would occur at any time within a month.

The thought of this overwhelmed me, and I could not help but press my forehead, feeling as though my head was as heavy as a bucket.

At that moment, **a** deep voice sounded in my ear, “What are you thinking

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about?”

I looked at him.

He gripped the steering wheel, and slightly turned his face towards me, his gaze sweeping over my face. “Why did I marry you?” he asked.

I was stunned before I gathered my thoughts and understood what he was implying—whether I was pondering about this particular issue.

It was only when he brought it up that I realized.

Yes.

Why did he marry me?

Three years ago, L.M Group encountered a major crisis, and Nyra Corporation

invested 2 billion in it. Afterward, my father invited him to our house for dinner.

Amidst the hustle and bustle, he showed a great interest in me.

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From that **day** on, he began **asking** me out frequently. Though our rendezvous always took place at either my house or his, it was not long before he proposed to me.

Reflecting on it now, it was I who initiated the investment, and he never mentioned it.

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Thinking about this, a shiver ran down my spine, and I looked at Liam, asking,

“Didn’t you need Nyra Corporation’s assistance at all?”

Liam glanced at me. “Of course.”

I was lost. “But why did **you** accept it?”

Liam remained silent.

“Yes...” I knew that my question was foolish, but I could not think of any other possibilities. “Did you find me physically attractive and wanted to try it out with me?”

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“Heh.” Liam chuckled.

His laugh was filled with mockery and contempt.

I froze.

He turned his face and shifted his gaze. He smiled, "Why would I reject an offer?" he asked.

I did not speak to him again until we reached home.

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8/11

It was cold outside, but the warmth from the car's heating enveloped us. I closed my eyes, rested my head against the window, and drifted off to sleep.

Liam called my name several times, but I did not open my eyes.

One thought echoed in my mind

"Why would I reject an offer?"

I've always been worthless in his eyes.

Chapter #1 Be Too Peas With Yours?

I was drowsy and felt the car coming to a stop, and there was pressure against my head. I stirred for a moment and realized it was his hand.

It did not feel right, so I shifted my head, and I heard a low chuckle. "Silly"

He added, "You're crying."

I squeezed my eyes shut.

There was silence.

Then, I felt a touch of warmth against my eyelids.

I opened my eyes, and at the same time, I sensed a slight dampness and pressure.

He was kissing my eyelids tenderly.

His kisses were gentle, but they made me feel somewhat uncomfortable, causing me to snort.

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At that moment, Liam released me, lowered his gaze, and locked his eyes with mine.

Perhaps due to my overwhelming sleepiness, my mind felt strangely blank at that instant.

He cupped my face, his thumb gently caressing my cheek, and then he leaned in once again to kiss me.

After a series of kisses and moments of intertwining, he released me once more and whispered in a soft voice, "Hold me."

I did not move.

He waited for a moment, perhaps understanding my unspoken words, **and** then took my arm and wrapped it around his neck.

His embrace tightened around me. His grip was always so secure, so tight that it almost made me believe that he genuinely enjoyed holding me.

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I reminded myself that I must still be dreaming **so**, I allowed myself to nestle further **into** his arms, letting him embrace, caress me, and press his lips

against my skin with each delicate touch.

“Knock! knock!”

There was a heavy knock on the car window.

Liam’s body tensed slightly, and he lifted his head.

I glanced out of the car window and saw something familiar. It was the area outside my house. A man in a black suit stepped aside, revealing a figure wearing light blue clothing not too far away.

It was Yvette.

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Chapter 82

Liam’s expression darkened at once. He grabbed my collar by the **hand**, pulling the **jacket** over me before getting down the car.

Clad **only** in a shirt, he walked over with a smile to **Yvette** and **gave** her a hug .

Yvette frowned. She was probably disapproving of him having so little on, dragging him back into the car.

Then they were out of my sight. I took out my phone, opening my browser and searching around.

Yvette hardly had anything on her social media profile. Anything mentioning Liam was **just** about any collaborations between L.M. and Solex too, which had only started in the last year.

How could it be that two people who were related to each other had hardly a

trace on the internet in this day and age?

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Was that **really** his sister?

Was he lying to me?

Just as I was looking, the car door was yanked open. Cold wind billowed in, and my phone was snatched away again.

Liam glanced at the webpage on the screen, looking up.

2/16

I avoided his gaze, but scrambled when I saw him putting my phone into his pocket to say, “Why are you taking my phone again...

“My sister wants to have lunch with me.” He put a hand on the roof of the car calmly.

I stopped short. “Well, I’m going back.”

“You’re coming along,” Liam said. “But she doesn’t like you. Just bear with it.”

I said, “**I’ll** eat at home.”

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“I’m **asking you** to come with. You’ll **just** cry when you’re at home anyways,”

Liam said. “Any restaurants you’d like to recommend?”

I shook my head. “The places I go to aren’t fancy enough...”

3/10

To be honest, I pretty much went to the top restaurants. But the thought of Yvette’s beautiful, elegant face and her obvious disdain for **me**, I just wanted

to avoid her.

Liam barked out a laugh. "Vivienne, are you being insecure?"

I shook my head. "I can't think of anywhere to eat, anyways."

"Who was it who introduced me to all those restaurants in the first place, and had everything on the menus practically memorized?" He glanced at me.

"But now you can't think of anything?"

"You didn't go anyways, did you?" I said. "I'll go upstairs now"

"Then I'll ask what my little baby would like to eat," Liam said, reaching out

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and feeling for my stomach under my jacket. "Hurry up, it's cold. No one's paying that hospital bill if I freeze to death."

He was bringing up my father as a threat.

He wanted me to reel it in.

All I could do was hold his wrist, saying shyly, "Sun City, then."

Sun City was the place Chris and I went to, a beautiful place with private rooms and delicious food.

Before getting off the car, I asked Liam, "Why does your sister hate me so much?"

"It'd be weirder if she liked you," Liam said. "Try not to talk so much in front of her."

4/10

Liam and I sat down at the table we booked, and the waiter brought Yvette in

soon enough.

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5/10

Looking at her up close, she **was** even more breathtakingly beautiful. Her skin

was porcelain-pale, **so** smooth **and** fine **it** was **practically** glowing.

Her features were refined, and she did indeed resemble Liam a little upon a closer look.

Yet the two of them had different auras. Liam's was like a sharp blade, quick to attack and injure at the first move. Yvette's was light and ethereal, like a fine harp.

The waiter served us our appetizers with a reddened face before hurrying out, and only the three of us were left in the room.

Liam poured Yvette some tea. Yvette did not even look at **me**, asking Liam, "What's happened to your arm now?"

He hadn't changed his shirt, and there was still some blood on it.

"It's fine," Liam said with a smile. "Just a little scrape, it's been taken care of."

"I heard that you hit Ms. Anna," Yvette said. "Don't do something so rash **ever** **again**."

Liam **merely smiled**, picking up a piece of lotus root and putting it on Yvette's plate. "Try this, Yve. It's their bestseller."

Yvette took a small bite of the lotus root, nodding lightly. "It's pretty **good**."

She truly was as elegant as a princess.

Liam continued to smile like an eager-to-please child “This place doesn’t have the best ambience, but their dishes are the best in the country.”

Yvette smirked. “Rina told me.” She then cast a glance at me. “Ms. Nyra likes this place.”

Her gaze was not friendly in the slightest. I lowered my head consciously.

Just then, Liam had peeled a prawn and put it on Yvette’s plate. “Your favorite, Yve.”

Yvette glanced at him, her cold expression laced with a meaningful smile “Thanks”

Upon speaking, she picked up the prawn

Liam seemed to relax, looking at her with a smile

I glanced at the plate of lotus root near her, hesitating for a while but never reaching out for it

Just then, the waitress knocked on the door with our main courses

Liam introduced them one by one to Yvette, and she tried everything.

Sometimes she praised the taste, sometimes she kept silent.

I did not say anything, and no one paid any attention to me.

Halfway through the meal, Liam got a call.

He took out his phone and glanced at it. “Sorry, Yve. It’s Jeffrey. I think it’s

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about **work.**”

“Go ahead,” Yvette said with a smile.

Liam left, and only Yvette and I were left in the room.

I saw her looking at me, and smiled at her. She did not react at all, and I lowered my head in embarrassment to continue eating.

Just then, the plate of lotus root appeared within my vision.

It was Yvette.

She was looking at me, her gaze like that of a goddess looking down on a peasant. “Your favorite.”

8/10

I didn’t know what she meant, and didn’t dare to say too much. All I said was, “Thank you.”

Yvette picked up her chopsticks, picking up another piece of lotus root. She opened her mouth and **took** a bite “The lotus root seems plain and grotesque, but slice **one** open **and** you’d **see** that it **has** many eyes that **see** through things its taste is rather sweet and **refreshing** but it still grew up in the mud and thus has an earthy odor

It was my **first** time hearing someone describe a vegetable like that completely understood what she was trying to say

I was even more embarrassed merely smiling before lowering my head

Silence

Half a beat later Yvette : voice rang through the air again How are you planning to spend the next five months?

My body jerked and I raised my head

Yvette looked at me her expression still calm and expressionless.

My breathing grew **uneven** What what do you mean?

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“Liam says you’re pregnant. That’s pretty terrible,” Yvette said. “You should get

rid of the baby while it’s still young, or it’s going to hurt more when it takes shape.”

Pain shot through my chest, and I could not help but slow my breathing.

“Sorry,” Yvette **said**. “I’m not saying this to scare you. Quite the opposite, actually. I’m praising you for making the right choice. It suits your personality, anyways.”

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Π

I could not speak.

Chapter 83

“But Liam’s going to be a hard hurdle to pass. So...” She opened her purse, taking out a sheet of paper and sliding it over.

It was a check.

For thirty million dollars.

I stopped short.

Liam's words rang through my mind again-

"Who's been here before?"

I asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Liam's sure to ask you why you want an abortion, and I need you to hide the truth about your illness," Yvette said. "As for the excuse, you can come up with

whatever. You can even say that it's because I bribed you with money, I won't mind."

Chapter 83 I've **Wanted** Nothing More

I picked up the check. "Alright."

Yvette looked at me like she didn't believe me.

"I **was** never going to tell him about my illness anyways," I said. "So that's a pretty easy condition. Don't worry, I won't go back on my word."

Yvette's gaze was still wary. "Don't you want to know why I'm doing this."

"I can pretty much guess," I said. "You don't want him to be sad."

Anyone with the slightest bit of a conscience would be sad upon finding out that someone they were close to had died. Besides... we were married, too.

I believed that he was still humane to his sister.

2/10

Yvette nodded slightly. Her stare bore into me, the same way Liam's did. "He'll

be sad. He won't just be **sad**, he'll be resentful, in agony... don't you want that?

I'm pretty sure no one would be alright with being treated like that."

Wanted Nothing Mois

It seemed like she knew what Liam had done to me.

Well, Liam had gone to Yvette right after getting the abortion papers. Despite the fact that he came back for some reason after that, it was clear to see from what happened that Liam was one to talk to Yvette about his feelings, So I got a little brave. "Of course."

Yvette's gaze grew cold.

"He never treasured me when I was alive, throwing me around and torturing me all the time. When I die he'll come to his senses, and go mad thinking about me. He'll spend **the** rest of his life in agony." I looked at her, lowering my

voice. "I want nothing less than that."

Yvette said nothing, staring intently at me.

"But that'll only happen to people who love me," I said. "People who don't love me will **feel** a twinge of guilt at most, but get back on their feet the next second. They'll remarry **and** start a new family, live their life happily, even talk

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about my death **with** their new lovers. To **me**, this will be the last humiliation. For him to think that I'm still alive and that I left him for a **better life** will be my last gift to myself."

Here, I picked up the check and smiled **at** her. “Thank you for helping me **stop**

Rina. I’ll tell him about this myself.”

When Liam returned, I’d already put the check away.

Before this, Yvette had also given me her name card saying that I could call her if I needed help.

By ‘help’, she was obviously referring to hiding my illness.

I thanked her and took it with the check, putting it away in my purse.

Thirty million dollars would be *enough to* keep my dad alive for ten years.

If ten years still wasn’t enough for Anna to forgive me, that would just be fate.

Chapter 83 Ive Wanted Nothing **More**

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After lunch, I got in the **car** first. Liam and Yvette talked for a while, before **he** got into **the** car.

It had been snowing for days now. The streets were covered in a glistening white, as well as the sky.

Liam drove slowly. I said nothing.

The radio rang with reports of the roads’ conditions, talking about the accidents that had been happening because of the weather.

All of a sudden, the volume was lowered and Liam’s voice rang over. “What did my sister say to you?”

I looked at him. “Nothing.”

“Jeffrey never calls during a time like this.” Liam glanced at me from the corner of his eye. “Out with it. Did she ask you to get an abortion?”

I said, “You told her to ask me, right?”

Chapter 83 I’ve Wanted Nothing **More**

Liam grunted. He paused, before saying, “My mom doesn’t want to see me, so I needed Yve’s help.”

I didn’t say anything.

6/10

It was clear from his sister’s demeanor that their family did not like me at all.

Liam glanced at me again. “You knew about this, didn’t you.”

I didn’t get it. “What?”

“My family.” He glared at me, his tone strange. “At least sound more convincing when you pretend. You’re supposed to sound shocked here.”

I said, “I don’t want to talk to you about this.”

I’d always been sincere to him about everything, from my hobbies to my hopes and dreams, to my family and friends- I’d told him everything from the start.

Until I **realized today** that **whatever** he had told me was merely the tip of the **iceberg**.

That **was** fine, though. Him and I were through, anyways.

I’d lost interest already.

Silence. Then, Liam stopped the car by the side of the road. “Vivienne Nyra.”

I looked at him.

He turned around. I'm never getting a divorce."

He'd changed the subject too fast. I didn't get it.

"Even if my sister swears it to you." He was completely serious, almost stern.

"She can't change my mind. I wouldn't have married you in the first place otherwise."

So he thought that Yvette was talking to me about this.

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8/10

I was **overjoyed** by the misunderstanding, and asked, "**Well**, why'd you marry me in the first place then?"

Liam squinted, reaching out and grabbing my face. "Don't change **the** subject."

He stared right into my eyes. "Did you say yes to her?"

We never talked about this, so I was able to answer easily. "No."

Liam didn't seem convinced. He stared at me for a long time before finally letting go reluctantly, leaning back in his seat. "My sister said you don't love me, and she wants me to divorce you."

I was really happy that that was how she felt.

Dying as a '**lovesick** wife' was too harmful to my pride.

Liam looked **at** me again. "What did you really **say** to her?"

I looked out. There were no cars on the road right now, and a little row of

shops nearby.

If he were to throw me out of the car in a fit of rage right now, I wouldn't die outside.

And so I said, "I told her myself that I wanted an abortion."

Liam stared at me, unmoving.

I said, "I wanted her to persuade you for me. I don't want to have your kid. It wouldn't be right for **us** to have a kid with the state we're in anyways, I..."

Thump!

Before I could finish, Liam can flung the car door open.

Chapter 83 I've Wanted Nothing More

Despite having prepared **myself**, I **was still** scared. I stared **at** him anxiously as he stood in the biting cold wind with only a shirt on, taking out his cigarettes.

If I had known earlier that getting pregnant would get me this treatment... I would have **drugged** him a long time ago.

I waited five minutes, seeing Liam's ears slowly turn red from the cold. I slid into the driver's seat, pushing the car door open.

Liam heard the noise, frowning at me. "What?"

His voice rushed in along with the cold air, shocking me and making me tremble. "You can smoke in here, I don't mind."

He held the car door open.

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Chapter 84 Cold Little Bunnies

Chapter 84

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I wound the window down, reaching out to touch his hand. It was freezing.

“Come on. You might not know this because you were born down South, but someone in my neighborhood really had their ears fall off from the cold when I was little- cough cough **cough**...” I choked on the breeze.

Liam put his cigarette out, pulling the door open and getting in as he wound the window shut. “Who told you I was from the South?”

I said, “Didn’t my sister-in-law say that you were from Gilead?”

“**That** was my mother. I grew up in the north.”

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He didn’t sound like he was from the North though, from the way he talked.

Liam started the car, glancing over again. “Keep going.”

Keep going at what?

“Keep asking questions.” He glanced at me warningly. “Know your limit.”

All I could do was ask, “Is your father still around?”

“He is.”

“Well... what does he do?”

“He doesn’t work. He took care of the kids at home.”

Really?!

I was surprised. "So he didn't have a job, and just took care of you guys?"

"Mmm."

I couldn't help but say, "So you and your sister were raised by your Dad."

Liam **smirked**. "Weren't you as well?"

"No," I **said**. "**My sister** and **I were raised** by my mother, then Mrs. Sullivan. Dad

didn't want Mom to work."

Liam **said**, "You told me before that your mother was a scientist."

"She was," I said. "But then my father felt that the kids needed their mother, so he stopped her from working in the lab."

Anna said that they had fought all the time because of this, and my dad had even bullied her for it.

But in my memory, Dad would always **hold** Mom first, then only come to see me... it was just that he didn't show up very often.

I think that Anna's remembered things wrongly. After all, her memory isn't like mine.

Liam grunted, his tone sounding condescending. "I'll let you work. Go straight to graduate school after three years of maternity leave, then get a PhD."

My chest lurched, and I looked at him.

He looked over as well. "Heard that? Stop lazing around all day. Take the time to graduate before the baby's born."

I didn't say anything, closing my eyes.

Sure enough, Liam fell silent *too*.

Fatigue hit me soon, and I began to feel a pang of dizziness and slight pain.

It had to be said that the future he described did sound pretty good.

There was no point in agonizing over the truth of it- it wasn't going to happen anyways.

Here, I felt a little sad and could not stop myself from holding my torso and trembling.

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Just then, a wave of warmth hit me along with a familiar scent.

A hand patted me, the motion tender as if it was to a child.

"Go to sleep," he said softly, his voice gently. "Two cold little bunnies."

I was woken up at once by a wave of nausea in my belly.

I rushed into the bathroom with a spinning head, and puked for quite a while.

I stumbled back to bed, scrambling for my medicine and popping a few pills into

my mouth. Before I could put the pill bottle back into the drawer, a hand stretched over.

I stared numbly as he took the pill bottle away, bringing it up close to him to inspect it.

My thirty million dollars were going to go to waste before I could even cash it in... just like that?

Liam inspected the pill bottle closely, turning it around and reading it. A while later, he tossed the pill bottle on the bed and laughed as he glanced at me.

“And you’re still talking about an abortion.”

I picked up the bottle, squinting at the label through my dizziness before realizing this was the bottle for the vitamins I was supposed to take for my pregnancy

I put the bottle back into the drawer, lying back on the bed

I closed my eyes. The medicine hadn’t kicked in yet, so the dizziness and pain hadn’t stopped and I was still feeling nauseous I didn’t want to puke the meds out, so I struggled to bear through it

All of a sudden, I felt a pressure on my body

I opened my eyes to stare right into Liam’s

He was hovering about me, staring at me unblinkingly with a dark gaze

What was going on now?

Chapter 84 Cold Little Bunnies

I could not help but feel a **little** nervous.

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A while later, he lowered his head and kissed the corner of my mouth. “Do you get off on playing with me like this?”

What was he talking about now?

“Come on,” Liam said, lifting my jaw as his gaze grew cold. “Playing dumb again?”

All I could do was say, “What do you mean by... playing with you.”

“You clearly want a child, but say you’re getting an abortion.” He squinted his eyes dangerously. “You just like to see me stop you, don’t you?”

I couldn’t understand his logic at all...

I said, “I’ve never thought of that before. You’re thinking too much.”

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“You **don’t** even have to think about it.” He pressed harder, hurting me a little **as** his breathing quickened. “You’re simply so selfish that you’re used **to** stringing men along like this...”

“Well, are you being strung along?” I could not help but cut him off.

He stopped talking at once.

I closed my eyes again. “I’d like to sleep for a while longer.”

No response.

My dizziness was fading, as well as my pain.

I slowly relaxed myself.

Just then, there was a sudden warmth on my tongue.

He **kissed** me deep and hard, nipping and biting until it hurt.

Chapter 84 Cold Little Bunnies

I was fine with it. After all, he had to look out for the ‘baby’, and couldn’t do much more **than** this.

Sure enough, Liam stopped after a while and got off me. A while after that, I heard the sound of the bathroom door close.

I stayed lying there for a long time, and realized that I was a little hungry because I had thrown up for so long.

It had to be **said** that it was a little strange, almost as if I was imagining things. My appetite seemed to be a little better compared to when I was staying in the other house.

Could Liam have forced it out of me?

I got dressed and came to the kitchen, and saw Mrs. Sullivan taking a cake out of the oven with oven mitts on.

I asked her for a slice, and was about to dig in when I felt something furry touch my foot.

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Chapter 84 Gold Little Bunnies

I looked down. It was a little white rabbit.

The rabbit was still bandaged. One of its ears was upright, the other floppy.

I touched it lightly with my toe. **It** froze at once, falling over to the floor.

I'd never seen a rabbit do that before. It caught me off guard.

Just then, a hand stretched over. It hoisted the rabbit up, lifting it off the ground as its nose twitched and it opened its eyes.

"Poor little Vivi." Liam stroked the rabbit's soft fur, smiling at me. "Playing dead the second you get scared, that's what rabbits know to do."

The rabbit obviously trusted him a lot. Its ears flattened, and it lay comfortably in his hands.

I reached out to touch **it**, but it tilted to the side and ‘died’ again.

Me:

The lite guy must have **bee**

my Buaŋ paddoŋi ing jam **so** bune patra

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Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 85 -

Chapter 85

Liam put the rabbit back **into** its cage before coming back and kapang

head What are you so worried about no

I said “Could you please stap calling it viver

Lam picked up his **coffee** cup taking a sip on he glanced

home Liam picked

Why town #upit

Coed te tore thy does it have to be mine

plot the world who go by the name Vivi lig band

Before I could say anything he plotted his thigh Come here

Y’s hard to talk to you w

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I walked **over** and sat on his thigh. **He** slung an arm around my waist,

satisfied as he smirked smugly. “But other Vivi’s definitely don’t act like **little** bunnies.”

I said, “They must be prettier.”

Liam squinted. “You act **so** well.” But then he said, “Who could be prettier than you?”

“....Thank you.”

This seemed to be the first time he had ever complimented me, despite the fact that it sounded **fake**.

“Look how shy you look.” He scratched my chin, like he was cooing at a cat.

“Pure, innocent little girl.”

I pulled his hand away. My face felt like it was burning, and I couldn’t help but put my hands to it.

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Chapter 85 What Do I Have To Admit To?

“**My sister** said you look honest. Nothing like a pot-**stirrer**.” He pinched my fingers, playing with them as he chuckled lowly. “She really doesn’t understand men at all.”

“A real hussy doesn’t look seductive at all. She’s supposed to look pure and obedient like this, shy and submissive...” His palm covered my leg, moving it up and down as he half-smiled at me. “She makes a man want to dominate her, have her all to himself... but never give him that reassurance.”

I gripped his hand, hard.

He smiled, wrenching his hand free and grabbing my face. "That's just the wisdom of Vivi."

I couldn't free myself from his grasp, and could only look him in the eye. "I would like to have that wisdom too."

I never hated competent, capable women like that. I think women like that
3/11

would never have to be held down by a man.

Liam did not seem to get angry, instead smirking at me. "That's your **most** cunning trait. You'll never admit it even when you're caught, because you know that a man will still leave you the slightest benefit of the **doubt** even when he's seen right through you... that would destroy his fantasy."

Liam frowned. "What's that look on your face?"

"A confused one." I pulled his hand away. "Are you describing me?"

Liam loosened his grip, leaning on the chair. "Who else?"

I said, "The hotel incident was cleared up."

Liam's mouth quirked. "You didn't think because of that that me getting together with *you* would fix it... right?"

4/11

Liam's smile slid off his face as he stared at me intently

All the hair on my body stood up as I remembered all of a sudden that **the** last time we brought this up, he'd even..

Sweat slid down my spine.

That hadn't been too long ago, it had only been a month

How could I have forgotten it

At the thought, I was about to get to my feet

Yet Liam grabbed my arm "Vivienne

I tried to peel his fingers off me

Till make it clear today His brows drew together, his gaze sharpening its

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Chapter 85 What Do I Have To Admit To?

normal **for** a woman like you to have some history. I touched *you* anyway.

which means I don't care about that anymore."

Why was he bringing it up if he didn't care about it?

Fake.

"But you can't try to hide it," he continued. "That's a gross move."

I could not help but jerk harshly, raising my head to look at him.

"Got it?" He stared at him, his gaze ice-cold.

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"Got it," I said. "So what you're saying is that even if my brother-in-law cleared

up the incident about the hotel records, you still don't believe it? You still think that it was me?"

Liam started to look impatient. "I knew it was your sister from the start."

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“Then what do I need to admit?” I shoved his hand away hard, jumping off his lap. “Is there proof? At least have something to go off of if you’re going to frame me by force, right?”

Liam said nothing, merely staring at me.

I could see that his hands were clenched into fists, the veins on the back of his hand protruding.

He wanted to hit me.

He was insulting me on purpose, and I had just asked for proof when he wanted to hit me.

Obviously, because of the baby, Liam unclenched his fists. “You want proof?”

He seemed to have something else to said, when Mrs. Crawford’s voice rang from outside. “Miss, how did you get in here? Please...”

The clack of heels on a floor rang about, as a figure drifted over. “Liam! Vivi

Chapter **85** What Do I Have To Admit To?

dear!”

She walked up to Liam, hugging him as if there was no *one* else in the room.

“I’m back, I missed you so much.” She then raised her head to look at me.

“You’ve gotten thinner again, Vivi dear.”

It was Rina.

All of this happened so suddenly, I hadn’t reacted *at* all. I stared at her in a

daze for a long time before turning to look at Liam.

I saw him holding Rina's hand, smiling at her.

The blood diamond ring was still on her ring finger.

I'd been wrong.

I'd been thinking that Yvette was the woman Liam wanted this whole time, and that was why I'd thought that Rina was just bait.

Chapter

But..

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It was clear that that wasn't the case.

I couldn't speak. Rina's voice rang through the air. "I'm so sorry, Liam. You **didn't** pick up the phone when I called, so I had to come upstairs. Yvette said **she's** going to leave soon, and wants to have lunch with you. Let's go-"

I looked over, and saw Rina wink at me with a meaningful smile. "Vivi darling's not feeling well, so you won't have to come along."

I didn't say a word, turning and going into my room without even looking at Liam.

Around half an hour later, someone knocked at the door. It was Mrs. Crawford .

"Mr. Mendez's left."

I nodded.

“She forced her way in,” Mrs. Sullivan said awkwardly.
“She didn’t even knock.”

Chapter 85 What Do I Have To Admit To?

The door of my house could be opened with just a password.

10/11

I got myself a plate of cake and came to the study, opening the home **system** and trying to change the password but finding that I couldn’t get in at all.

There was a hand-drawn rabbit on the error window that popped up, one of its ears drooping as it lay on the screen. The original drawing was on the table.

All I could do was spend an entire evening writing a program to hack into it, changing all the passwords. I even disabled Liam’s access.

Just as I had saved everything, Mrs. Sullivan knocked at the door. She had a phone in her hand. “It’s Mr. Mendez.”

I picked up the call. Liam’s voice was ice-cold, like he was still angry. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Why’d you tell her my password?” This had grossed me out for an entire

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afternoon Wasn’t my bungalow enough for her?”