

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

### Chapter 86 -

Chapter 86 vidn't Care Think Of 11

#### Chapter 86

No one else would tell Ring this.

Liam began to laugh.

I felt like I had gone too far as well, and shut my mouth.

A while later, Liam said, "I won't be coming home tonight."

I couldn't ask for anything better

"Be good and eat your food, get good rest. Take care of my baby and Vivi His tone softened, turning gentle Tll kiss you when I get home tomorrow

I hung up the call.

He won't be coming back. I've locked him out.

Chapter Wouldst Dare Thank of

**2/10**

Before switching the computer off, I logged into **the** home system and looked through it again.

I'd hacked through it successfully. Everything was normal even after I turned it off.

Come evening, I invited Mrs. Sullivan out to have a cup of tea by the balcony.

She asked, "Are you worried about your belly?"

I nodded. "I've got an idea, but I'm going to need your help."

Mrs. Sullivan nodded.

“I need a phone, to call a doctor I know,” I said. “I’ll say I lost the baby through the fall, and the doctor should be able to give him a convincing piece of proof.”

Mrs. Sullivan nodded, getting up and walking off. She quickly returned with my phone, putting it on the table.

Chapter 86 Wouldn’t **Dare Think** of it

I was surprised. “It’s at home?”

“Mr. Mendez gave it to me, he was worried that he wouldn’t be able to find anyone in the hospital,” Mrs. Sullivan said. “Go on, I’ll look out for you.”

Mrs. Sullivan went out. I picked up the phone, **falling** into a dilemma.

Not long after, I dialed Chris’ number.

All my friends were students, and none of them were in medicine.

It was best **to** find someone I was closer to to **fake** an abortion. After all, my **face** was still on the headlines. **If** someone were to tip me off to the media, there might be chaos. I was only doing this to tide **me** through peacefully.

3/10

That was why Chris was my only choice. He was **still** considered trustworthy.

The biggest risk was just that he might tell Rina, which was fine-

If Liam found out about the truth, the worst that could happen would just be being beaten to death by him.

Chapter 86 Wouldn’t Dare Think Of It

4/10

Chris picked up quickly enough. He seemed to be in the middle of something.

“Hello, Chris Norman here.”

“How formal,” I said. “Hello, Vivienne Nyra here.”

Chris broke out laughing at once, his tone softening. “It really is you?”

“Why not?” I asked. “Isn’t this my number?”

“I thought you wouldn’t want to reach out to me anymore, and that someone else was calling me using your phone. I didn’t want to get you into trouble, that’s why I sounded so formal,” Chris chuckled. “How have you been? Are you doing alright?”

“I’m fine,” I said. “Doctor Norman, I’ve got a favor to ask of you.”

Chris could obviously hear the tone of my voice, and he fell silent.

I told him about my plan from start to end. “I need a gynecologist to help with this. Could you hook me up? I’ll pay her however much she wants, as well as you it’s just that. I don’t really know how to go dad mugged. I literally spoke

**As** soon as possible today was

Chad

Dragging it any longer

gore to sleep he comes back

My trends agreed

The

changed the password

Chapter 86 Wouldn't Dare Think **of** it

**6/10**

"But..." Mrs. Sullivan looked a little reluctant. "It's **almost** dark out. Is this safe?"

"It's safe." It was hardly even six. "He's always holding me hostage, I should get

out earlier when I have the chance. God knows what he'll do to me... if he finds

out."

Mrs. Sullivan nodded with a sigh. "Take your phone with you, then. Call the house if anything happens."

With Mrs. Sullivan's help, I was able to sneak out quickly enough.

Hopping into the cab I'd booked, I rushed to the law firm handling my father's will.

The firm was run by my father's old classmate. I called him Uncle Joe.

I'd sent him a text before leaving the house, so the talk went pretty well.

Due to **the** fact that I'd only gotten the check yesterday and the bank would take at least three days to process it, I'd told him ahead of time.

Chapter 86 Wouldn't Dare Think Of 1

**7/10**

**After** talking, Uncle **Joe asked** all of a sudden as **I** was **about** to leave, "How's

your health?”

I stopped short. “What do you mean?”

Uncle Joe said meaningfully, “Yesterday there was a young man here saying that his brother didn’t have long to live, asking how the inheritance was going to be divided...” He stopped, smiling kindly. “I’m just saying, don’t take it too seriously.”

He was obviously not just saying.

He was telling me.

Anna had been here looking for him.

After what she’d said to Liam in the morning, I was suddenly afraid of knowing the truth.

If she knew about my illness, about my suffering, about my soft spot, all that

Chapter 86 Woukint |

**she** had done and all **the** suggestions she had given me...

All of them had been planned.

She was my closest family member. After I’d lost my mother, she **was** like another mother to me in the endless days and nights that came.

I could not bring myself to think about it.

Getting on the car, the driver asked, “Where to, Miss?”

“Seafood City.”

Just as I spoke, my phone pinged with a text from Chris: ‘My friend said there’s a new restaurant called Crescent Palace she’d like to try out. Are you

alright with that?”

I told the driver, “Sir, to Crescent Palace instead please.”

Crescent Palace had a rustic overall theme. The place had a dark tone, with

Chapter 86 Wouldn't Dare **Think** of it

**9/10**

glowing lights in the shape of little **stars** and **crescent** moons hanging on the **ceiling**. It was rather romantic.

The restaurant was **filled** with young people. The menu seemed like it catered to a more hip, ‘viral’ crowd.

The waiter led me to a private room upstairs, where Chris was in there **alone**.

He got to his feet with a smile at the sight of me, taking my coat and hanging it up.

After chatting **for a** while, we sat down together.

I asked, “Where’s your colleague?”

“She’s got a patient. She’ll only be here in an hour.” Chris poured me a glass of

water with a smile. “If you can’t stay as long, I can talk to her for you.”

“Of course I can,” I

hurried to say. “Don’t get me wrong, it’s not that I don’t trust

you... it’s because I don’t plan to go home tonight.”

| 🌀 Wed, 5 Jul

Chapter 86 Wouldn't Dare Think of it

Chris smiled at once.

10/10

I realized the implication of my words, and scrambled to explain myself. “I mean, I can go through with everything tonight **if it’s** all talked out. I’d have to stay in the hospital if I have a miscarriage, right? That’s why I won’t be going

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home.”

Chapter 87 What A Huge Waste

Chapter 87

Chris’ smile did not wane. “I didn’t get you wrong at all.” But he was still chuckling.

A while later, he finally stopped laughing. “Sorry for that.”

“It’s fine.” I’d been feeling awkward since what he’d said to Liam, and sitting here in a place so romantic alone with him only made the awkwardness grow.

Chris stopped smiling. “Have you gotten any new symptoms lately?”

I asked, “How’d you know?”

“Come on, tell me. Has your head started hurting?”

I nodded. “It’s hurt twice now.”

1/10

Chapter 87 What **A** Huge Waste

Chris nodded. “Would you like to get treatment in the hospital?”

I said, "No."

Liam would know if I was hospitalized.

What different was having to lie in a hospital from dying?

**2/10**

"You'll only get more and more symptoms," Chris tried to say. "The headaches are just the beginning. You'll be able to get some support if you stay at the hospital, you'll feel a lot better."

I said, "Is it like a hospice center?"

Chris nodded. "If you want, I can try hooking you up. You can stay at Saint Jude... I'll come visit you everyday."

I shook my head.

Chris sighed. "I know you feel sad if I say it like that, but I've got to give you the

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**7/10**

truth. I've sent a lot of patients off towards the end of their days. Do you know what their last regrets were?"

I asked, "What?"

"**That** they never lived for themselves," Chris said. "You've still got a bit of time, you can live for yourself."

I asked, "Do you feel like I'm staying in the hospital because of him?"

Chris did not answer my question. "I've actually operated on his mother



before. Ms. Olsen went to see her all the time when she was in the hospital. They're pretty close."

I said, "I've never met his mother."

"She's never brought you up, either," Chris said. "That was two years ago."

So Rina had been in the picture that long ago.

I said, "Oh No wonder you're not scared of him."

4/10

"Their family's still pretty respectful of doctors, and my surgery was pretty successful Chris mouth quirked up. I was surprised to find out that you were his wife, because I'd heard his mother say things along the lines of, 'You'll marry into our family to Ms. Olsen before.'"

I said, "Is he an only child?"

"Do you not even know that?" Chris said. "He's one of three children. He's got two sisters."

Do you not even know that?

He had a point...

I'd been married to him for three years, but didn't even know that.

"I'm sorry," Chris looked apologetic. "I'd hidden this from you for so long because..."

| A Huge Was

5/10

‘It’s fine,” I said. “You’re a doctor, and i’m a patient. His mother’s **considered a**

patient too. We’ve all got a right to our privacy.”

“But I’ve told you now.” Chris looked at me tenderly. “It’s a huge waste for someone to spend their entire life on being lovesick.”

I asked, “What wouldn’t be a waste to spend one’s life on, then?”

Chris said, “A better life that someone else can give you.”

I shook my head. “I feel like spending one’s entire life on what other people think is right is a true waste of time.”

Chris stopped short, smiling. “Is that why I can’t sway you?”

I shook my head. “You’re right... do you have a contact? I’ll reach out to a hospice center when I’m done with this.”

“I can reach out to them for you,” Chris said. “Just give me a call.”

## Chapter 87 **What** A Huge Waste

I didn’t **say** anything.

The air was silent. Thankfully, the waiter came in with the food.

It was steak, on a beautiful plate with a mouth-watering aroma.

I cut into it, thinking about the cold cuts I’d had with Chris before.

To be honest, I still preferred hot meat to cold.

Anyway, Chris’ colleague never showed up until after we were done eating.

He made a call to her after we came out of the restaurant. “She’s not done yet, but you can come to the hospital with me to wait for her.”

I asked, "Is it Saint Jude?"

Chris laughed. "Of course not, silly. It's the one closest to your house. You'd be caught otherwise, wouldn't you?"

**6/10**

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you whe

## Chapter 7 What A Huge Waste

“Rinal” Yvette raised her voice.

Rina stopped talking.

At the same time, Liam took Yvette’s hand off him and stormed over.

I pushed Chris away hurriedly, trying to push him into the shop. There were more people there, surely Liam would hold back.

But it was too late. Liam had stormed up to Chris, grabbing him by the collar and landing a punch on his face.

Chris was around the same size as Liam, but he definitely had a weaker build.

He was also soft-spoken, and didn’t seem like the type of person to fight.

He stumbled backwards, too caught off-guard to retaliate.

I rushed over to stop Liam. “I was just talking to him, don’t hit...”

No one stopped me. I stopped talking myself.

## Chapter

Despite Liam stopping, his bodyguards **had come over**. They began beating Chris up, as if they were acting on an unspoken order.

How was this allowed...

I let go of Liam at once, trying to go over to help. But my arm was held down firmly by a hand, dragging me back.

It was Liam.

He gripped my arm, staring at me coldly. If gazes had colors, his would be

**gray** and dull, like a raging winter. I felt like I was staring at a corpse.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to talk him through. I saw Yvette by the car from the corner **of** my eye, and shouted at once, "Ms. Yvette! He's treated your mother before..."

I hadn't even finished my sentence.

Just as I was speaking, Rina opened the door and got into the car with Yvette.

Chapter 7 What A Huge Waste

This felt like a nightmare.

**10/10**

I looked over at Chris, and couldn't see his head. All I could see from where I was were his feet.

He was losing a shoe, and looked a total mess.

He did not let out a single sound, but the thuds and thumps that came from hitting someone struck my chest, over and over again.

Towards the end, I never found out what happened to Chris. That was because Liam dragged me into the car.

The entire journey was silent.

The snow was getting worse and worse. I returned to my senses, looking at Liam.

"I've aborted the baby."

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Chapter 88 -**

## Chapter 88 You Must Keep The Child

### Chapter 88

5

Liam seemed to have gone deaf and dumb. He did not look over, *nor* did he say anything.

I clenched my fists, raising my voice. "Did you hear me? I've aborted your baby? I aborted it the first day I found out!"

I was so angry, my rage was at an all time high.

Beating someone up because he was mad at them? He was insane?

Liam did not say a single word. He wound down the car window next to him, taking out a cigarette and putting it to his mouth.

The clicking sound of the lighter's gears was lost in the wind. I stared at his trembling hand, feeling a sudden surge of blind courage. I pounced over, snatching **the** cigarette out of his hand and crushing it.

"Can't face the truth?" I grabbed his face, trying to force me to look at him.

His gaze was dull and hollow

**As** if he was hardly alive.

"I **never** wanted your child." I stared right at him. "Because you're violent, and aggressive, and you don't deserve a child at all! You should."

He gripped my jaw all of a sudden

He gripped it so hard it hurt

I was forced to shut up

Liam glanced at me He took off his scarf, and stuffed it into my mouth

The overpowering scent of cologne choked me to the point of tears I raised my hands to stop him, but he grabbed them and yanked my belt out of my skirt, binding my wrists together

He then shoved me back to my seat, pulling on the safety belt and strapping me to it

I struggled with all my might, when Liam suddenly grabbed my jaw

I couldn't help but look at him.

"Another word from you." He stared right at me, his gaze gray and dull as ever, "And I'll make sure you'll wish you were dead"

I tried my best after that to get that wretched scarf out of my mouth, but to no avail

I had always been scared of Liam in the past id been scared because I felt like he didn't love me, I was scared that he d say something to hurt m These days I was scared of him because I realized he was crazy and impulsive.

But today, I wasn't scared anymore. I wanted to push his buttons

I wanted him to suffer

But he'd stuffed my mouth shut!

I struggled the entire way, using all my strength I never broke free.

The car drove all the way to my house.

Liam dragged me out of the car. We were just at the door when Rina came

running after us. "Liam, Yvette's asking you to.."

H

Liam pushed her away, opening the door and getting into the elevator.

Rina followed after us. "She's been with Doctor Norman for a pretty long time, they..

Liam pushed her out impatiently. "Get out!"

Rina stumbled out of the elevator. I didn't see her face, because the doors had shut.

The front door of my house was wide open rs Sullivan was held down by the shoulder by Horny bodyguards her expression, frigen

tiam dragged me all the way to the bedroom, shoving me onto the bvert my eyes, (grar tow humn take cft hue butt jacke

jacket | begon

began to struggle

he brawled up and got on top of me he head down my body with his and took the sort out of my mouth

gred Overt off me!

He gripped my jaw

(couldn't speak again

you go now He stared at me vehemently his voice low and

threatening. "But remember **this** I'm only doing it for the baby Don't you ever curse I again



He glowered at me as he spoke it was obvious that he was waiting for me to obey

My entire jaw hurt from the way he was gripping it Despite trying to hold on my gaze stalled **softened** after a while against my will

Liam let go, and began loosening the belt on my **wrists**

I lay on the bed, looking at him. I've really aborted the baby"

Liam did not say a thing

"You can take a look," I said. "I just got my period just now

Liam froze

I saw the veins by his forehead stand up.

A while later, he lifted my skirt

I stared at the ceiling, waiting to see how he was going to kill me on the spot.

## Chapter 88 You Must Keep The Child

**A** few days ago, I did indeed regret aborting the baby.

That was because I was surprised by how happy he looked to hear the news.

Despite the fact that the baby was never going to survive, it still made my chest ache.

But now...

My rationale told me that aborting the baby was ultimately **the** right decision.

Even if I only had ten years to live, or fifty... even if I lived to a hundred, aborting this man's child would have been the right thing to do.

I waited for a long time, but could only feel him put my clothes back on.

Everything was silent, for at least three minutes.

All of a sudden, Liam hopped off the bed and hoisted me into his arms in one move.

cried out in shock, trying to struggle. The belt on my wrists had been

**loosened, so** I took a hand out and slapped his back as I cried out, “Where are

you taking me to! Let me down!”

Sure enough, he threw me back onto the bed. But **he** flipped me over right after, pinning my wrists together and binding them with the belt once again.

I was having none of it, and cried out cursing him.

But right after, Liam grabbed up the scarf and stuffed it into my mouth once again.

I could not struggle at all the next time he lifted me again, finally giving up after trying to wriggle around for a while.

I lay on his shoulder **like** he **was** a hunter, carrying his dying prey.

The fear in my heart was at an all time high.

Where was he going to go, after getting me like this?

Chapter

Keep The Child

Was he going to **tie** me to a rock and sink me down the ocean?

I tried to tell myself: I wasn’t scared.

But at the bottom of my heart...

Exiting the front door, I was shoved into the car by Liam before he squeezed in after me.

Just as he was about to close the door, Yvette came over and held it open.

“Where are you taking her this time?”

“To the hospital.” Liam looked straight ahead emotionlessly. “Get out of my way.”

“The hospital?” Yvette glanced at me, her brows furrowing in displeasure. “Is there something *wrong* with *her* stomach? Go inside and get some rest. I’ll take her.”

Rina’s voice rang from behind Yvette. “Didn’t she get an abortion last week?”

9/11

15:02 Wed, 5 Jul

Chapter 88 You Must Keep The Child

11/11

**It** was only until I had been pushed into a ward when the nurse loosened my wrists, but tied them to the bed right after.

“Mr. Mendez says that your emotions are unstable, and you keep moving around,” the nurse said. “If you promise not to shout, I can take the gag out of your mouth.”

I nodded with all my might.

The nurse took off the tie in my mouth.

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### Chapter 89 -

#### Chapter 89

“I’m not even pregnant!” I glanced at the pushcart of medicine next **to** her.

“What are you doing?”

“Mr. Mendez wants to keep the baby,” the nurse said, picking up a catheter.

“I’ll

have to put an IV on you until the bleeding stops.”

Upon speaking, she pierced **the** needle through my **skin**.

I reeled in shock.

“I told you! There’s no baby in me. Can’t you even check that

out? What’s there to keep!”

The nurse turned to look at the door, bending over and lowering her voice.

“It’s

glucose... Mr. Mendez’s too emotional right now. Dr. Wentworth’s said to just go with it, and slowly break the news to him.”

Upon speaking, she hooked up the bag of glucose. After making a few adjustments, she left.

I lay on the bed, staring at the IV bag above me.

The ward was dead silent.

I lay there for a while, unable to move. There was no point in getting **any** angrier, and I’d already thrown a fit before this. I was completely drained, and could not help but feel a little sleepy.

But not long after, I felt a strange sensation as if someone was watching **me**.

I opened my eyes, and saw Liam.

He stood at the door. The room was dark because the lights were on. He looked like a ghost

Had he finally gotten it?

Was he finally here to beat me up?

I held my breath. My rage had dissipated a good amount after calming down

Chapter 89 Be Good And Keep The Baby Safe

for **so** long, **and fear** was beginning to creep into my chest.

Liam stood **at** the door for a few minutes, before walking over.

My back was already drenched in the few minutes that had **passed**.

He walked over, dragging a chair to the bed and sitting down.

**3/11**

Now that he was closer, I could get a better look at the expression on his face

—

there was none.

He stared me down for quite a while, before finally saying, “Have you come to your senses?”

I asked, “What are you trying to do?”

“What am I trying to do?” Liam said, raising his hand.

My neck shrank at once.

Chapter 89 Be Good And **Keep** The Baby Safe

Yet all he did was tug on the bandages on my hand, rubbing them quietly. I stared at him, plotting in my head for what to do when he loosened the strips tying my wrists to the bed. Was I going to spring up and *run*, or strike out a little and scratch his face?

But Liam never loosened my wrists, only playing with the *knots* binding me to the bed as he lowered his gaze. "What did kissing him feel like?"

".... It felt great."

Chris had been beaten up already, anyways. If I said I hadn't kissed him, it'd have been a waste.

Liam shifted slightly, still emotionless. "You're pregnant with my child... and it 'felt good' with him?"

I said, "I've aborted your baby?"

"Aborted?" Liam looked over, his gaze hollow like that of a dead body once

Chapter 89 **Be Good** And Keep The Baby Safe

again.

I held my breath instinctively.

Liam stared at me for a few seconds, before getting to his feet.

Because he was tall and the room was so dark, he truly looked like a zombie straight out of a coffin from a horror movie. It was a terrifying sight!

I was scared out of my wits from the sight. When I returned to my senses, he'd gotten on top of me!

Of course I didn't want him to touch me! But my hands were tied to the bed's handles, and I couldn't move at all!

I wanted to scream, but he grabbed my face.

His eyes glinted murderously in the pitch-black ward, his voice growing cold.

"Why don't you kill yourself?"

Chapter 89 **Be Good And Keep The Baby Safe**

I stopped short.

7/11

"**Wow**, you actually took it." He laughed, a resentful and evil laugh. "You never learned anything good, but you did learn to kill my child. Vivienne Nyra... are you even human? You're no better than an animal, the way you behave!"

Ha, I was the animal?

Sure, but **so** was he.

I said, "I'd aborted the baby, anyways. It'd be nice to get some money while I was at it..."

Before I could finish, I felt a pressure on my neck.

I closed my eyes.

Liam did not strangle me. Instead, his hands slid down after pausing on my neck **for** two seconds, all the way to the collar of my shirt.

Chapter 89 **Be Good And Keep The Baby Safe**

I could not retaliate at all, lying there like a corpse subject to his torture.

I did not have the heart to fight back, either.

I'd lost the thirty million, and my father's medical fees were a burden again.

My heart hurt so bad I felt like I was going to die.

8/11

I must have messed it up again. This time, I was really starting to regret it. If I had been able to just hold back my anger for a few days until the money had gone through, I'd be able to die for good!

Liam was right. I was a useless good-for-nothing...

All of a sudden, a pressure came from the top of my head as a pair of hands held it down. Through a bleary fog, all I could hear was Liam's dark voice.

"Does it hurt?"

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**It** hurt.

He always hurt people.

"You deserve it," he said lowly, his voice airy like a ghost's. "Did it hurt when you killed my baby?"

"I'm sure it didn't!" He panted, grinding his teeth. "You'd aborted it anyways.... you said it **so** easily! Did you get too many tranquilizers put into you, so you lost your mind too?"

I did not want to speak. He was a lunatic.

9/11

"I'm going to give you one last chance, Vivienne." A wave of pain overtook my bottom lip as he bit it. After latching on for a long time, he finally spoke up.



“Are you going to be good and keep the baby safe, or make me a new one?”

## Chapter 89 Be **Good And** Keep The **Baby** Safe

I stopped short, staring at him in a daze.

Things had **already** gotten to this stage. What baby was there still to keep?

Had he really lost his mind?

10/11

“Mmm?” He rubbed my eyes clear, and I saw the look on his face. Twisted **and**

desperate. Like an actual lunatic. “Your choice.”

Just as I opened my mouth, he covered it again and lowered his voice. “Fine, don’t choose. Keep the baby safe as repayment to **me**, alright? You idiot.”

I couldn’t help but speak up. “Have you lost your mind?”

“Who knows?” He laughed coldly, lowering his voice. “If you don’t watch that mouth of yours, I might just make a trip to the hospital... I’ll pull the plug on your father to avenge my son.”

I suddenly understood. “That was you in the cameras, wasn’t it?”

## Chapter **89** Be Good **And** Keep The Baby Safe

He **didn’t** say anything, covering my mouth.

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I wanted to bite him, but my mouth hadn’t even closed yet when a wave of pain overtook my brain.

An overwhelming pain...

Dizziness...

All the energy was drained from my body, as if I had fallen into hell.

## **Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 90 -**

Chapter 90

In a blur, a voice rang by my ear.

I couldn't tell whose voice it was. It was too distant, as if I was dreaming.

"Idiot, you idiot..." The voice repeated itself several times. "What should I do..."

When I woke up again, I first heard the sound of people talking again.

It was Dr. Wentworth's voice. "I told him that it was because of overwhelming emotions and holding the same position for a long time, causing a sensory overload for her... he didn't suspect anything."

"Good." It was Yvette's voice. "How's she doing?"

"Best if she stays in the hospital for treatment," Dr. Wentworth said. "She'll be able to be comfortable for the last of her days."

"I see," Yvette said. "I heard she lost a lot of blood. Did something happen to

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the baby?"

**2/10**

"Mr. Mendez says that the baby's a private matter, and doesn't want **to** reveal too much to others," Dr. Wentworth said with a smile. "But I didn't hear any

blood.”

“Alright.” Yvette’s tone was stone–cold. “Thank you, Dr. Wentworth. You can leave for now.”

Dr. Wentworth hummed with a chuckle, and the sound of the door shutting rang through the air soon enough.

Yvette spoke up. “You can open your eyes if you’re awake. Let’s have a talk.”

I opened my eyes, glancing at Yvette.

She leaned back in her chair, looking at me emotionlessly.

A long time later, she spoke up. “Are you pregnant or are you not?”

I **said**. “That’s **none** of your business

She’d given me thirty million dollars, then promptly turned around and let Liam **know** about a

There were only **three** people who knew about this. It had to **have** been Yvette who told him,

I don’t know why **she** did that, but it couldn’t have been **for** my own good

The thirty million dollars were gone and all I could do now was watch my mouth‘

Yvette nodded, gesting I know about the money then

I kept silent

It’s my fault I shouldn’t have used a check **Yvette** said. Then so I’m sure

you’ll keep your promise, right? After all you said that that’d been your goal

anyways

## Chapter 901 Remember This For Life

I said, "I won't."

It was my choice whether **or** not I **told** Liam about my sickness, but my promise to her was over.

**4/10**

Yvette pursed her lips. "I can just transfer thirty million dollars **to** you, from a different account this time. As long as nothing happens on your end, Liam will never find out."

I stared at her.

"I hope you keep your promise," Yvette said calmly. "I found you a little cute, and wasn't going to tell you so you wouldn't be sad... It's a pity that you really are as fake as the rumors make you out to be."

She got up, patting my shoulder lightly. "**That** baby was supposed to keep you alive... it's a pity you're just the kind of **person** to let your luck slip away from you."

Upon speaking, she left.

## Chapter 90 I Remember This For Life

**Keep** me alive?

Bullsh\*t.

I'd scoured the Internet, and there was no way to heal me at all.

On the contrary, getting pregnant **would** require stopping **all** treatment.

More like shorten my lifespan even more.

5/10

After Yvette left, I raised my head to look at the IV drip above me. The bag was obviously not labeled as glucose, but probably something to help soothe my condition.

The label on the bag was a blur. I squinted with all my might, before realizing a shocking fact-

I couldn't see anymore.

My vision had always been pretty good, but I couldn't even see the biggest

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word on the label now...

When Dr. Wentworth came in, I was still crying.

It **was** only after hearing him cough lightly that I returned to my senses.

He put a few papers in my hand. "I guess you've realized that the tumor's blocking your optic nerve."

I asked, "How long do I have until I go blind?"

6/10

"Your case is a little special, unlike most other cancers. Our doctors aren't quite of **enough** standard, so I asked for help from Dr. Norman," Dr. Wentworth

said. "But he said that you asked for your condition to be kept private, so he'd rather talk to you in person alone."

I scrambled to say, "Alright."

Dr. Wentworth dialed the number, handing the phone to me.

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I put it to my **ear**, and heard Chris' voice ring through. "Ms. Vivienne?"

**7/10**

"Yes..." I glanced at Dr. Wentworth, and merely asked, "I can't see anymore. Dr.

Wentworth said that you've seen my **X**-rays. **Am I going** to go **blind** soon?"

"Not that soon," he said. "I just saw the clips, and actually wanted to tell you the good news. Your tumor's growth is slowing down."

"Slowing down?"

"Yes. Your optic nerve being affected was going to happen anyways, it actually happened later than expected," Chris said. "I've estimated your vitals, and everything seems to be slowing down... What have you been doing? I mean, has there been anything different about what you've been eating or how you've been resting?"

"Everything's about the same," I said. "I haven't been resting as much as before... I had the baby."

"Ah, I see," Chris smiled. "Don't stress yourself out too much. Destressing is a good thing! I'll look through your **stats** in the afternoon, and see if I can come

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**8/10**

good thing! I'll look through your **stats** in the afternoon, and see if I can come

up with something new for you...

He stopped all of a sudden, and a woman's voice could be heard. "I'm back. God, it was **so** cold outside... What are you doing on the phone instead of lying down?"

Anne?!

Chris smiled. "It's a friend" A while later, he asked lowly, "Are you mad? Why aren't you talking?"

It was only then that I found the voice to say, "You told my sister?"

From Anne's tone, it sounded like they were living together!

"Tell her what?" Chris chuckled. "I couldn't move after they left. It was your sister who saved me when she was passing by. I was worried that it would look bad, **so** I didn't go back to the hospital. She's been taking care of me in my house."

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His **words** warmed my heart, and my tone softened. "**Sorry.**"

"What's there to be sorry about? It wasn't your fault, anyways." He paused, before saying, "What moisturizer do you use?"

"Just whatever. Why?"

"Smelt so good," he said tenderly. "Sweet and gentle, just like you... I'll remember it for the rest of my life."

"Are you mad again?" His voice was laced with a rare playfulness.

"Dr. Norman." I wanted to remind him to be professional, but Dr. Wentworth

**was** right next to me. I didn't know what to say, and could only blurt out,  
"Thanks for looking through my stats, then."

Chris chuckled at once. "Sorry. I..."

**9/10**

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**10/10**

Anna's voice rang through the phone again. 'Who are you talking to? One of your lovers?'

"No, it's a patient," Chris said hurriedly. "Alright, I'll get in touch with you again. when I've got something."

I hung up the call, and passed the phone to Dr. Wentworth.

He seemed like he wanted to ask something, but changed his tone at the end and said, "Are you hoping to be treated here, **or** at Saint Jude Hospital? I'd actually recommend for you to choose here, since it's closer to your house. Getting your meds, running tests and other things will be much easier... Dr. Norman's contract with us hasn't ended, he can treat you here too."