

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife

Chapter 91 -

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Chapter 91 See If He Can Still Love You

Chapter **91**

I said, "Are you going to keep **this** from my husband?"

Yvette had to have told him what to do.

Dr. Wentworth smiled. "We're not keeping anything from him. You've just got documents stating that none of this information shall be shared with anyone else."

After he left, I got off the bed and searched around **the** room. All I could find in the

closet was my **coat**. My phone and wallet were nowhere to be seen.

Liam must have taken them away.

Just as I had gotten back **in** bed, the door opened.

Someone wearing a white shirt came in, holding a tray. It was Rina.

I couldn't help but shiver all over, as she pulled up a chair to the bed and put the tray down "I came to give you your food, Vivi dear."

I said, "Thanks, please leave."

"How could I leave so soon?" She beamed, reaching out for **the** cloth strips by the bed.

"I'm only **going** to leave after I've fed you. It's your call whether to be a good girl, or... I can tie you down?"

I cast a glance at the **tray**. It seemed to be holding normal hospital cutlery, with a bowl

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of congee and vegetables.

My vision was not clear enough to see at first glance, but it was then when I realized that **the** white stuff in the bowl of congee was **moving!**

I reached up for the call button above me at once, but my wrist was grabbed at **once** before I could press down on it.

It was Rina.

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She was extremely strong and fast. Despite me struggling with all my energy, I was **still tied** to the bed.

She pressed the bed's remote control, elevating it in place before picking up the bowl and **taking** out a spoonful of its contents.

Up close, I could see what was in the bowl clearly now. It was maggots!

In the blink of an eye, a wave of nausea rose in my throat.

Rina stirred the congee with a smile. "**Rice** congee isn't healthy enough, it's all water and sugar. That's for peasants. That's why I've brought you these special grains. These maggots are healthy and delicious, bouncy and smooth **in** your mouth. They're best consumed during your pregnancy..."

As she spoke, she took a spoonful and held it to my mouth.

I shut my mouth at once, turning my head to the side.

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The spoon **tilted from** my gesture, and the maggots fell from it **at** once.

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My brain seemed to blank out, but I did my best **to** tell myself not to scream. She would **definitely** stuff **the** maggots **into** my mouth if I **did!**

All I could do was grit my teeth.

A bark of laughter rang through **the** air.

It was Rina.

“Ha ha ha...” **She** was practically **beaming**. “Do you really have to look so scared? Do **you** know how long it takes **for** a dead body to attract maggots?”

I didn’t know.

I did my best to hold back the urge to puke or scream.

“Three days... **it** only takes three days for a living person to turn **into** food for these little

guys to feed on.” Rinai’s voice was light and airy, like a monster in the fog.

“It doesn’t matter how beautiful, smart, talented or loved you were when you were

alive... nothing can stop you from becoming a puddle of rotting flesh. You’ll be **nothing**

but the food they eat and **the** poop they excrete, bitten to death by them...”

As she spoke, **she** put the spoon back into the bowl and slowly got up.

Then **she** reached out all of **a** sudden, grabbing **a** fistful of my hair.

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I **shook my head as I struggled**, but **to** no avail.

Rina lifted my head forcefully, **and** all I could **feel** was overwhelming pain as I had no other choice but to look up at her.

Rina looked **at** me, wearing **a** smile.

She **did** indeed have a nice face, kind and innocent. She beamed **at** me, her round eyes

creased into crescents that glinted venomously.

She stared at me in the eye, before raising the bowl.

I felt a warm wetness on my head, as the maggots rained down on me.

They slid down my cheeks and fell into my shirt, crawling down my leg.

The stickiness **got** into my hair. I couldn't stand it anymore, opening my mouth and throwing up at once.

Rina's voice rang through the air, light and air like that of a ghost. "Have some fun with your friends. A goddess-like woman who could do no wrong... He'll see your true colors now! Let's see if he'll still love you, hmm?"

Upon saying so, she threw the bowl aside and turned around.

At the same time, **a** voice rang from the door. "What are you doing!"

I was **dizzy** from throwing up, unable to tell whose voice it was until he came to my

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side.

I couldn't **smell** him anymore. All that **filled** my nostrils were the maggots and the stench of my vomit.

I don't remember much after that. When I returned **to** my senses, that was because I **felt** a slimy wetness on my head once again!

The slime dripped from my head onto my cheek, sliding down my neck **and into** the collar of my shirt.

Like **a** wet, slimy maggot.

I jerked harshly, **my** heart in my throat.

I could hardly breathe, reacting on a knee-jerk instinct as I scratched wildly at my hair and face.

A while later, a hand grabbed my arm all of a sudden as a voice rang through my ears, “Don’t worry. It’s fine, it’s all washed out now...”

The voice repeated itself an endless amount of times. Eventually, seeing as I was held down **as** well, I was forced to calm down.

It was **only** then that I realized that I was standing underneath a shower.

didn’t know where my clothes **were**, but it **was** water that was sliding down my **hair**.

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The water slid down my face onto my body, before **landing** on the floor.

There was blood laced in there.

Aside from my bare feet, there was a pair **of** men’s leather shoes next to **me**.

I turned around in shock.

It was Liam.

He had been the one to hold me down just now.

He was standing under the shower just like me, water all over his face.

I stared at him as he reached out to cup my cheeks, kissing my forehead.

His lips were ice—cold and wet. He kissed down my face, passing by my eyes and the

side of my mouth- like a wriggling, squirming maggot.

I began to tremble, nausea rising in my stomach again.

It was clear what I was feeling, seeing as Liam let go.

I retched several times, unable to push him away or speak.

I probably puked on him...

I couldn't see anything **aside** from the water.

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All I could **feel** was his hand **on** my back, caressing me slowly **as** he said **in** my **ears**, "It's alright now, Vivi..."

After a long time under the water, the disgusting sensation was finally starting to go away.

Liam fetched a towel and wrapped it around me, carrying me out of the bathroom. He put me on the hospital bed. "I'm going to get changed. Be right back."

I looked down at the hospital bed. The sheets were new, but what about the cracks in the bed?

Nausea rose in my chest again at the thought.

Just then, a hand landed on my head. I froze as Liam's voice rang in my ears. "You're in

a different ward. It's not that bed."

I turned to look at him.

He lowered his gaze to look back at me, bending over to kiss me.

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Chapter 92

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I did not want to touch this kind **of** sticky thing at all now, **so** I stretched out my hand **to push** him. He held my hand, saying, "Do not be afraid, I will **bring** back the clothes to change."

The ward was a suite, and there were men's hospital gowns in the wardrobe.

Therefore, Liam came back in less than half a minute, put the ladies' clothes in front of me, and then started **to** take off his shirt.

I felt a little cold, so I huddled my head in **the** towel, but when I saw **the** white sheets, I remembered those maggots, so I raised my head again.

I

watched as Liam tossed his shirt **away**, and began to open the drenched gauze on his

arm.

His wound **was** soaked and white, but I did not feel sorry for him at all.

Rina

was the woman he **liked**. Since **he** liked her, he should marry her. Why was he

putting her aside while tormenting me, forcing me to give birth to his kid?

Plus...

Was **the** person on **the** surveillance really him?

Liam **was not** good to me, but had always been respectful **to** my dad.

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If he hurt my **father**, then I...

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When we **talked** about **this** topic last night, I was actually **the** only one who **w**
as asking, and
Liam did not admit it until the **end**. I even got sick, and my memory was blurre
d...

Maybe I remember it wrongly? There was no **such** thing at all?

I really rather think so.

I was in **a** trance when suddenly Liam came to me.

Only then did I come to my senses, it turned out that he had already changed
his clothes.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, first
raised his hand and pressed my head.

I did not want to be touched by him, so I moved my neck.

His hand fell on **my** cheek, touched it, and then reached out to
hold the edge of the towel.

I quickly clenched **the** towel tightly, but how could my strength compete with hi
s? It was then torn apart by him.

I hurriedly hugged myself tightly and said, "Even if you..."

He suddenly picked up the dress and put it on my head.

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I was stunned for **a** moment and
quickly put **it** on. Liam raised his eyebrows, with a puzzled look on his face, "E
ven if I what **now?**"

At **the** same time, he reached out, pulling my hair out of **the** collar.

I shook my head.

Liam leaned **over** to look over, and pressed his forehead against mine, "Say it
. What is **the** matter?"

I looked at his obviously playful eyes, hugged my knees tightly, and buried my face in it.

Quiet...

Suddenly, I felt a dull pain in my stomach, accompanied by a familiar strangeness.

It was not good to scream in secret, at this moment, there was a soft touch on the cheek.

I shivered involuntarily, and heard Liam's voice, very low, very soft, very close at hand, "You have the time to think about this, it seems that **you** have come back to your

senses."

I shrank my neck and said, "I did not **think** about it."

No woman would think about it at a time like this.

"Your face is all red," He grinned, holding my foot with his hands, "Your voice is still

trembling, like a kitten."

I could **not** help shrinking my feet, raised **my** head and said, "**That is because I...**"

My eyes met his smiling eyes, and I quickly stopped talking.

He did it on purpose.

"Because **of** what?" He said, holding my foot again, and rubbing it like something interesting.

"Because I have a stomachache..." I reminded him, "Do not grab my foot like that."

"Why not?"

"Because it is dirty..."

That was my foot!

“**Why is** it dirty?” He smiled, pulled my foot, bowed his head and kissed it unexpectedly, “Your little feet is white and tender, fragrant and soft.”

I could not help but shiver.

He raised his head again, leaned against my cheek, and took a deep breath, “My Vivi’s whole body is fragrant.”

Even though he was trying to cheer me up, I had **to say**, “Are you sure I do not smell like

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blood?”

“Vivi’s bloody smell,” His lips touched my cheek lightly, “**Sweet** and fragrant bloody smell.”

I shrunk my neck and pushed his face, “Stop making trouble... Give **me sanit ary** napkins...”

Right behind him.

He grabbed my wrist and said, “Lie down.”

What did he want to do?

“Be good,” He pressed my shoulder and pushed, “Lie down, I will not touch you.”

I laid down nervously, and saw him pick up the feminine products, unpack them, so I hurriedly said, “Give it to me, I can...”

He has pasted it.

So proficient...

When I was finding myself speechless, he picked up my ankle again.

This time I did not refuse anymore, I raised my arms and covered my eyes.

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The last time

I **was helped to** wear my dress was when my mother **was** around...

After covering for a while, **suddenly**, I felt Liam's body move and leaned **against** me.

The sound of the hair dryer came, and the hot air was blown into the hair.

His movements were so soft, plucking my hair like a violinist plucking strings.

I could not help but move my wrist down, and when I raised my eyes, I met his eyes.

He looked playful, and when he saw me looking at him, he turned on the hair dryer again.

A gust of hot wind blew, although it was not **heavy**, but I was still startled, and quickly covered my face again.

A soft laugh could be heard near my ear, his voice was muffled by the wind, "Bunny..."

Soon, my hair was blown dry.

Most **of** the coldness on my body dissipated, and in the process, I could not help feeling a little sleepy.

After **the** wind stopped, I could not help but move my body and change to a comfortable position.

At this time, there was **a** sudden warmth in the lower abdomen, rubbing it.

It was his palm.

No wonder the small animals liked to be touched on their stomachs it was really comfortable to be rubbed on the stomach.

My wrist was held and pulled away.

Sensing the light, I opened my eyes and met his slightly drooping eyes.

He looked at me, his focused gaze made me a little nervous.

I felt that the atmosphere was not right, and was about to speak when he suddenly lowered his head and kissed my forehead.

I wanted to raise my hand, but the pressure on my wrist increased a bit. At the same time, Liam's muffled voice said, "Do not be afraid, let me kiss you."

As he spoke, he tilted his body to hold me down, and while pulling my hand into his

lapel, he said, "Do not be nervous, I promise I will not do anything."

As *he* said that, he held my foot still with his leg.

My whole body was cold right now, especially my hands and feet.

However, he was just the opposite, his body was always hot like a furnace.

Being surrounded by him like this was like wrapping an electric blanket around your

body, warming it from the skin into the blood.

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He really did not do **anything**, he kissed **my face gently** for a while, then stopped, his forehead pressed against my forehead, panting slightly.

My eyelids were fighting and I was getting extremely sleepy.

Half-awake, I suddenly heard Liam's voice, "She just had a fever three weeks ago."

“Yes, she aborted the child before she recovered from the flu,” Dr. Hollister said, “The body needs time to recover, and it is not appropriate to take a bath for too long at this time.”

“Are you sure she has no other problems? Please do another physical examination...”

The voice gradually died down.

I opened my eyes with difficulty, only seeing the back of the door.

The sound of closing the door came, and the sleepiness surged again.

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I closed **my** eyes and fell asleep this time.

Not only did I fall asleep, but I also had a nightmare

I dreamed of a lot of maggots wriggling, crawling, and dripping mucus on my body

There was a dizzying stench around me, they gnawed at me, devoured me

But me?

What was wrong with me

I could not move. I could not feel

As they were biting and biting, one of them raised its head suddenly, with a lovely smile

on its white face, and a scarlet light in its big black eyes

“Vivi daer She grinned, “You are finally dead

I froze, staring at her blankly

Should I scream?

I had no idea

Was I crying?

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I did not **know either**.

I clasped my **neck** and tried to **breathe**.

At this time, I suddenly **felt** a tremor, and someone desperately called out to me, "**Vivi!** Wake up! Open your eyes and look at me..."

The eyes gradually became clear.

It was **very** dark all around, only a small yellow light.

My heart was still twitching wildly, a hand was caressing **my** chest, and a gentle voice

came from my ear, "Do not be afraid, it is okay, calm down..."

As he spoke, he stroked my cheek and kissed my eyes.

I gradually calmed down.

The whole body was exhausted.

After being quiet for a long time, Liam said again, "Are you hungry?"

I nodded.

My stomach started to ache from hunger.

Liam took the phone and made a call, and soon there was a knock on the door.

It was Yvette.

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She put **the** tray on **the** **table**, walked over, looked **at** Liam and asked, “Is she **better?**”

“Yes,” Liam said, “Thank you, Yve, you may go out.”

“You let Rina out,” Yvette said, “**She** did go too far this time, but you have to be considerate of her, I am afraid **you** will hurt her, mother cannot explain it.”

“I will explain myself,” Liam said, “Please go out, Yve.”

“Liam,” Yvette glanced at me and said with a more serious tone, “Come out with me.”

Liam obviously fell **into** hesitation, and finally kissed my head, and said softly, “You eat first, I will be right back.”

They went **out**, and of course I did not want to sit in the room and **wait**, so I got **out** of bed too.

I tiptoed to the door and put my ear to the door.

Sure enough, **a** faint voice came from the outside, which could not be heard clearly.

Just as I was debating whether to open the door a crack, I heard a “snap”.

I quickly opened the door, and at the same time, Yvette’s voice came, “Are **you** **crazy?** How could you do this to her?!”

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Liam did not say **a** word. In fact, after saying this, Yvette did not say anything, because they both saw me.

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Now Liam’s back was **facing** the door, and Yvette was facing **him**. As soon as I came out, her angry **face** met me.

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Seeing me, her eyes widened even **more**, **her** face clearly **showed** disgust, and she was about to walk towards me.

Liam turned his face to **the side**, apparently also saw me, stretched out his arms, **and** said, "She did not know..."

Yvette stopped **and** turned to look at him.

"Let us go out and talk," He hugged Yvette's body and said, "Yve, she **is** still pregnant, **anyway**, it is **mine**..."

Yvette glanced **at** him and was pushed out by him.

I did not follow, **but** went **back** to the room.

Opening the lid of the dinner plate, I picked up the fork and wanted to eat a few bites,

but at a glance I saw the glossy strips of pasta inside.

I could not help covering my mouth and ran to the bathroom.

After retching for a while, when I came out, I **saw** Liam was about to leave with his **dinner** plate.

Seeing me, he raised his eyebrows and smiled, and said, "Let us go out to eat."

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When I **came out of the** hospital building, I realized **that** it was already noon and I slept for a whole morning. No wonder I was so hungry.

Today was **a** rare sunny day, the sun shone on Liam's face, and the slap **print** was very obvious.

When I **got in** the car, I asked, "Does your face still hurt?"

"It is okay," He held the steering wheel and glanced at me, "Are you worried?"

I said, "I do not understand why your sister beat you."

"It is fine if you do not understand," He said, and gave me another playful look

.

I was discouraged, so I had to tell the truth, "Your sister wants you to release Rina... What did you do to her?"

Liam said, "Let us go to Moon Bay."

"I did not ask you this..." I suddenly realized, "What are we going there for?"

"To taste the food there," Liam said slightly, "see if there is any drug in it."

Thinking about Moon Bay made me uncomfortable.

Fortunately, Liam **was** just joking, the car **turned around** the Moon Bay and came to a

Liamh put his arms around me and walked around the alley for a while it he can

the gate of a small courtyard

t

The small courtyard was very exquisite there was no sigh, and i was imposafir to tel what kind of restaurant à

The courtyard was full of feces we were extremely delicate and beauty. There was a tal and strong **dog** tend to the courtyard

The day shaghemed to re baked twice casually and then

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Chapter 93 **Are** You Crazy

There was a small hall **in the** house, **which connected two** rooms. There was a talking

voice behind the screen in one room, obviously there were guests.

The little girl ushered us into another one, and ran away after we sat down.

Liam brought me some tea, poured **it for** me, **and** said, "The food here is delicious, you must like it."

The tea was fragrant, and the smell was extraordinary. I smelled the aroma, took a sip, **and** said, "However, how come I never knew this place?"

Liam smiled and said,

"This guy is lazy, he does not bother opening it a few times a month."

Before the words finished, a voice came from the door, "All my effort to cook personally for you is in vain, dude actually said I was lazy"

The person

who came was a handsome man who looked very young, and his figure

was comparable to that of Liam. He was wearing a plain white sweater, jeans, and an apron, and he did not look amiable.

He put the two cold dishes in the tray on the table, glanced at me, and asked, “Dani said this is your wife?”

Liam nodded.

The man looked at me again and nodded slightly, “Hello.

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Chapter **94**

I **watched him for a while and asked**, “**Your** second sister is...”

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Liam shook his **head**, remained **silent** for a moment, and suddenly **said**, “I am going out

for a while, **and** I will be back soon.”

After Liam left, I sat alone and waited.

Not long after, Dani’s father, **the** chef, came again.

This time he brought hot dishes, but **seeing that** the cold dishes had not been touched he frowned, “Why did you not eat it? Does it not suit your taste?”

“No,” I said, “Liam has gone out, I am waiting for him.”

“You do not have to wait for him, the food does not wait for anyone,” The chef said,

“Everything is the best when it is fresh, and the same is true for food tasting. Try it.”

For a chef who started his business only **out** of interest, the most important thing in cooking was obviously not a business, but an art.

So I did not want to refute his interest, picked up the fork, picked up a piece of radish, and put it **in** my mouth.

Well...

It **was delicious** and fragrant. **Although** every restaurant made radish, **it was the first**

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time that it could **express** the **fragrance of** the ingredients **to such an extent**.

I **could** not help **but praised**, “**It** is delicious!”

“Of course, **it is a pity that** you **ate late**,” The chef said, “**Eat** the hot dishes **now**, do not

waste any more.”

I picked **up the** hot dish and asked, “Why is it radish again?”

“I like radish,” **he said**, “The color is simple and easy to match, and the **taste** is fresh an

not overpowering. **The** Compendium of Materia Medica praised it as born in

humbleness, but white and self–possessed. It is **soft** inside **but** wears **a** hard cover.”

“Yes...”

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I was a little excited, and was about to continue, when suddenly there was the sound of

high heels **touching the** ground outside the door, accompanied by a woman's laughter,

"Why **stop** me? Sammy said that you little brat brought **that** little slut here? Let me see who she **is...**"

I was startled, but the chef **calmly** grabbed my arm and covered my mouth.

There was a dumbwaiter **behind** my **seat**. He dragged me directly into the dumbwaiter,

then **let** go of **his** hand, put a finger **on** his **lips**, and made a "silence" gesture

I saw **that** he did **not seem to** have any malicious **intentions**, and saw **that** he **opened**

the **small** window **on the door**, so I did **not yell** anymore. **I leaned over, and through the**

small window, I saw **a woman had already entered the room.**

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She looked to be in her thirties, with jet black hair, wearing a black dress with dark fur, holding a snakeskin bag, and she was full of jewels.

Different from Yvette's delicate appearance like a fairy, this one looked more like Llam,

and also had **a confident and shrewd temperament. At a glance**, I could **tell** that she

was a **person with authority**.

It must **be his** second sister.

The second **sister** walked in with a smile, looked around **at** the only **dining table**, and

looked **at** Liam with a half-smile.

Liam hurriedly followed, showing a relaxed **expression** at **the** moment.

“She ran away really fast, glad that **she** still has **some** conscience,” The second sister

sat down on my seat, picked up my cutlery and threw them aside.

I could not see her face from this angle, **only the** colorful totem on the back of her **neck**.

Liam sat down opposite **her**, I could just see **his face**. He **smiled and** asked, “Second

Sister, are you having some more with **me?**”

“Of **course,**” the Second Sister said, “**You** still **have** to accompany **me** for **two** more

drinks.”

“**You** could **have had** enough, I **still have** to **drive.**”

“Stop **talking nonsense,**” The second sister said **with a** smile, “**Sammy, come out and**

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get some **wine**. **This little brat ran off to get a woman without waiting for me to come back during Christmas**, so I did not get to see you. Do not try to escape the meal

tonight!”

The chef behind me tapped me on my shoulder... His name was **Sammy**.

Sammy **sent the wine out**, and the **second sister** immediately came to his side,

smell **like a slut.**”

Sammy **said** coldly, “I only smell the blood on Second Sister’s body.”

“Hmph.”

The **second** sister picked up the wine bottle and poured it for Liam, and Sammy came

back with a tray, and made a “go” gesture to me.

I was about to leave when I suddenly heard the second sister’s voice from the dining

room, “I heard that she has **already** given you the Nyra Corporation?”

Liam **picked** up the **wine** glass, touched her, and replied with a smile, “Yes.”

“**Can you** get rid of her **now?**”

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“**The formalities had not been completed yet,**” Liam said, “You **also know that the news**

broke **just a few days** ago, and my reputation is important.”

“**Okay,**” The second sister picked up **the** bottle **again**, filled up **Liam’s** glass, and **asked**

with a smile, “**Speaking of which, what about** the little slut’s skills?”

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Liam **smiled, but said nothing.**

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“If you like, it is **okay to play** for **two more days, but...**” Her voice lowered, and I could **not**

hear her anymore.

Well, I did not **want to hear it either.**

Chef Sammy took me to the backyard, where **there** was a small stone **table.**
The

girl Dani was **tying** one end of **the** rubber strip to the wintersweet **tree,** and **th**
e othe

end **to** the leg of the stone bench to **play** skipping.

Sammy asked me to sit down at **the** table and said, “I will make you something to **eat**

After finishing speaking, **he** left without waiting for my thanks.

I sat on the stool and did **not** want to talk to anyone. Fortunately, Dani skipped so

intently that she did **not** have time to talk to me.

Only the wintersweet tree that was used to be **tied with** the rubber strip swayed in

Dani’s **beating,** **the** wintersweet flowers fell one after another, on the ground, on the

rubber **strip,** and even on my body-

I was **very honored to be** able to see **another** kind of flower **before I die. If**
all **flowers**

only bloom in **spring,** I **would** not be **able** to **see any flowers.**

I was **sad for spring and autumn, and my mind** could not help being a little dazed. **At**

this moment, I heard Sammy's voice, "Come, drink while it is hot."

The lid was lifted, and under the steaming heat, there was a bowl of rich and delicious

soup.

"Drink the soup first to warm your stomach," He said, "I will make **some of her dishes.**"

I hurriedly **said, "No,** this bowl of soup is enough for me."

He ignored me and shouted directly, "Dani, come and help me."

I drank **the soup,** and my stomach really warmed up a lot. It was not cold at all today

I did not sweat after drinking.

Soon, Dani ran out, "**Aunt Mendez, my father** wants you to come inside, let us eat

together."

The kitchen was actually a bit messy, but it could be seen that it had been tidied up.

6/7

There was a dining table by the window, **and** Sammy was setting dishes **at** the moment.

It turned out that they did not **just** do it for me.

The dishes on the table were exquisite **and** delicious, the father and daughter did not

talk much, **only** when I was **embarrassed to eat** more food, Sammy **would urge me.**

After the meal, all the dishes were bottomed out, and most of them were eaten by me.

Dani ran out to play, so I helped to clean up the dishes. Seeing this, Sam my

unceremoniously gave me an apron.

I put it on, and cleaned up the kitchen, when I heard a voice from the backyard, “Dani?

Where is my wife?”

It was Liam.

“She is inside. Uncle Mendez, you look so drunk...”

I untied my apron, walked out, and saw Liam at a **glance**.

He rushed straight over, and before I could speak, he pulled me into his arms.

7/7

I let out a “hey” and hurriedly pushed him away, but immediately after, he held my face

in his arms and kissed me regardless.

Ex-Husband Who Has Gone Mad After Abusing His Wife Chapter 95 -

Chapter 95

The strong smell of liquor lingered around and invaded my mouth.

My head was about to start to ache. When I was short of oxygen, Liam let go, and

stared straight at me with downcast eyes.

He was obviously not just slightly drunk.

I said, "Let us go, here..."

"You are angry!" His eyes suddenly turned cold, "Are you not?"

"No," I said, "Get in the car with me first, this is someone else's house..."

"You are angry! When you are angry, you go to a wild man, you go to an oncologist, you disappear, you get a divorce, you commit suicide..." Obviously he did not listen to me at

all, he stared at me and babbled, "Superb!"

"A slutty slut!"

"Sooner or later, I will be pinched to death by you..." He said, pressing my face tightly,

and biting my mouth hard.

The severe pain hit me, and I could not help whimpering, and tears flowed from the corners of my eyes reflexively.

He was not only brutal at ordinary times, but when he got drunk, he started to act crazy?

After enduring it for a long time, finally, Liam let go.

My eyes were blurred, I raised my hand to wipe the tears from my eyes, and saw Liam was looking at me, frowning tightly.

He seemed to be slightly sobered up now.

I said, "Let us go..."

He let me go.

However, within a few seconds, he stretched out his hand to hug my body again, and

pressed the back of my head with the other hand.

“Crocodile tears...” He lowered his head and began to suck the tears from my face while

muttering, “Bad Vivi, bad woman...”

Sucking and sucking, he suddenly lowered his head and pressed me into his arms

forcefully.

I could not struggle anymore, I let him knead me like a dead thing.

Tamar

As for what Sammy’s parents will think of me... It was not me who got drunk and lost

his mind.

I risked it all.

3

Fortunately, Liam stopped moving after hugging me for a while, and his body became

heavier and heavier.

At this time, Sammy came over and said, “He fell asleep.”

Sammy helped me to help Liam to the passenger seat, and said that he did not have a

driver’s license.

After sending Sammy away, I got into the driver's seat, leaned over and flipped through

Liam's pocket, and just touched his phone when my wrist was grabbed.

Looking up, I saw that Liam was looking at me dangerously with half-opened eyes,

rubbing his forehead.

Looking at this look, it seemed that he was sober.

I explained, "I will call your driver and ask him to pick us up."

Liam looked around, then relaxed, put the phone on the back seat, reached out and

pressed my neck, kissed me for a long time, and said, "You drive, go home directly..."

I said, "I am not good at driving."

Tamasha

"Only ten minutes," He said, put his arms around my body, and closed his eyes.

"I am cold, my hands are shaking, and I am dizzy," I said. "There is going to be an accident."

"Then let us die together," He closed his eyes and said.

I looked at him and did not speak.

He just did not know what death was, so he said it so easily.

There was silence in the car.

Liam hugged me very tightly, I could not get back my phone, so I had to maintain this

uncomfortable position, leaning against his arms and remaining silent.

I ate too much at noon, coupled with the smell of alcohol, I was indeed a little sleepy.

When I was feeling drowsy, suddenly, Liam's voice entered my ear, "Vivi ..."

"Fall asleep again?" He said, moved his body, lowered his head, met my eyes, and

leaned back, "Why did you not make a sound?"

I said, "I do not want to talk."

"You always do not want to talk to me," He bowed his head and kissed the top of my

4/9

Chapter 95 Drunk

head, and said, "Come here."

In the past, I felt that he was up to no good...

I said, "I am fine here."

"I will not erect since I am drunk," he said, digging his fingers into my armpits.

here."

I was itchy and could not escape, so I had to crawl over.

Liam put down the back of the chair and laid down with his arms around me.

The space was limited, I can only lie in his arms.

As soon as I got down, I became more sleepy, and I could not help yawning.

At this time, Liam asked, "What did I just do?"

"Did not do anything."

I really do not want to recall what happened just now.

5/9

"My mouth is injured, and I am sweating," He said, inserting his fingers into my hair, "It

seems like I have done something extraordinary..."

"I would love to know too," I said, "What amazing things can you do in someone else's kitchen?"

"Hmph..."

Liam laughed and fell silent.

I did not speak either.

The car fell into silence, only Liam's fingers were gently pressing on my scalp,

was very comfortable.

I

I closed my eyes again, but I heard Liam's voice again, "When did you abort the chic?"

Why did he ask this again?

"Rina said it was the same day as Shane," His voice was very low, still somewhat vague,

"Did you not hesitate? That is your child too."

Liam also fell into silence.

After a while, he suddenly sighed again, and said vaguely, "Sometimes I wonder if you

really have cancer.”

I asked, “Why?”

“You have lost so much weight, and you had a fever...” he said softly, “You would not

6,9

6/9

want your children if you have cancer.”

With a thought, I turned my head and looked at him, “Then do you hope that I have

cancer, or do you simply not want your child?”

Liam looked down at me for a few seconds, “Cancer.”

I could not help but take a deep breath.

7/9

He curled his lips, raised his head and closed his eyes, “This way I do not have to worry

about it anymore.”

I did not speak any more.

As long as I live, he would have troubles.

What troubled him? Why bother?

I did not know.

Suddenly, Liam raised his hand again, pressed my cheek, sucked my lips, and said, “It is

bitter.”

I said, “Just now he made bitter gourd.”

He did not say anything, and got close again.

This time the kiss was longer, until I was completely suffocated, he let go, and

whispered, "Vivi, my father lied to me..."

Why did he suddenly talk about his father?

"He said it is not okay to drink too much..." he said softly, "The old man is lying.

Actually, I did not know if his dad lied to him, but he lied to me.

After that, Liam fell asleep immediately. After pushing him for a long time, I finally

pushed him to the side, got up and fixed my clothes.

The car was driven back by me, and when it was driven into the garage, Liam was still

asleep.

I did not dare to leave him here alone, so I simply put down the back of the chair, laid

down for a while and felt a little cold, then climbed back again.

As soon as I laid down, he stretched out his arms, wrapped me in his arms, and

muttered with a soft smile, "You could drive, couldn't you..."

I said, "Let us go upstairs since you wake up already."

"No," He pressed me down again, and said, "Let us sleep here."

I said, "I am cold."

8/9

"Rub and you will feel hot," He said, rubbing my arm with his palm.

I was speechless.

He was drunk, and I could not handle him, so I was a little helpless.

I was indeed a bit hot from the rubbing, but it was limited to this arm, and the

parts of my body still squirmed into his arms as much as possible.