

Chapter 1098 Terrible Torture

Sean remembered how Vivian had been a few days before. Back then she had appeared to be in normal spirits. Now she seemed completely insane.

"Didn't Brandon send you here to collect Vivian's things? It's all in that box inside. Sean, you don't need me to ask someone to help you carry it to your car, do you?" Luke nodded toward the big box on a round wooden table and snorted disdainfully. Sean glanced at the box, smiled, and said, "It's fine. I can handle it myself. I can see that you're very busy here. If you need my help, tell me. I'm willing to be of assistance."

There was no emotion on Luke's face, beside the ubiquitous look of cunning in his eyes that everyone was used to seeing. "We have enough help here, thank you. Go and tell Brandon that Vivian has gone mad. Three days ago, Vivian wanted to commit suicide. I don't know if she is really crazy or just pretending, nor do I really care. The more she wants to die, the more I want her to

live in this world and suffer."

"Where are they taking her?"

The logo on the ambulance was from an asylum. One which was infamous.

That place was known for its cruel therapies, which were practically abuse and torture. No patient got well there or came back from that place. It was said to be like hell on earth.

Luke was more ruthless than Sean had realized.

"It's a nursing home abroad. Don't worry. I have spoken to the doctors, and they will take good care of Vivian." Sneering, Luke ordered the medical staff to remove Vivian from the premises as soon as possible. "Hurry up. This crazy woman is polluting our air. She stinks!"

Sean didn't notice the stench of excrement until he heard Luke's words.

He watched as the medical staff bundled Vivian into the ambulance. Her dress was stained yellow and brown.

"No one cleaned her? She was your adopted daughter after all." Sean's voice was cold. Disgust filled his heart.

"She's not our adopted daughter, but just a lunatic."
Luke pulled a handkerchief from his trouser pocket and wiped his fingers. "We had to keep her locked in the basement. We gave her liquid food to keep her alive."

The medical staff behaved as though Vivian was worthless cargo. They ignored the humanity of their prisoner. At one point the stretcher tilted, and Vivian would have fallen to the ground had she not been strapped in place. She sobbed for help. Sean lost himself in her eyes. She was struggling and crying, completely lucid and aware of what was happening. ²

He suspected Luke was lying when he claimed Vivian was mad. This was her punishment. Revenge for the shame Vivian had brought to the family.

Vivian would spend the rest of her life in torment. "Why are you looking at her like that? Are you sympathizing with Vivian?" Luke glanced at Sean. A weird smile marred his features.

"She doesn't deserve my sympathy." Sean then turned away and entered the villa to grab the box.

When the van holding Vivian left, the villa was quiet again.

Sean gazed around the spacious and brightly lit living room, realizing he hadn't seen Catherine.

Catherine had loved Vivian. She had tried to give the girl a happy life and a hopeful future. Sean wondered what Catherine would think if she saw Vivian strapped down and raving.

"What are you looking at? Vivian's things are all here." Luke approached Sean and stared at him curiously.

Sean looked down at the box before he picked it up. He weighed it in his hands and smiled. "I was just thinking how lovely your living room looks." Then he got in the car and left.

