

Chapter 1 - Getting Him Hooked: Mr. Freeman's Indifferent Sinner Wife

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“Ms. Larson, you have stage three lung cancer. You have less than six months left to live.” “Lung cancer?” Olivia Larson’s pupils constricted. She was only 27 years old. How could she have terminal lung cancer? Her hands shook in disbelief. “Doctor, are you sure?” “Are you Olivia Larson?” She nodded blankly. “Then, yes, I am sure. I know you’re still young, so this is hard to accept, but this is no mistake, Ms. Larson. “You have a small chance of survival if you’re hospitalized, so I recommend you be immediately admitted.” “Admitted?” Olivia lowered her head and read the lab results several times over. The words ‘third stage lung cancer’ pierced through her heart. She was still so young. How could she have terminal lung cancer?! Three years ago, she was the young miss of the Larson family of Ocean City and the aloof and cold Mrs. Freeman. Things were the same now, but the people around her had changed. Now, she was going to lose her life as well. What sins had she committed in her past life? Why was God treating her this way? Olivia did not know the answer to these questions. She rejected the recommendation to be admitted. Her cancer was already terminal, so why bother? She walked out of the hospital with her head muddled. She went through the motions mindlessly, not knowing what to do. Two years ago, she had experienced a miscarriage. It was raining cats and dogs, but John Freeman locked her outside the villa, leaving her trapped in the rain the entire night. She might have gotten lung cancer from that experience. She wandered aimlessly, not realizing how long she had been walking for. Suddenly, she heard the faint sound of crashing waves. When she lifted her head, tears welled up in her eyes. This was the beach where she had met John four years ago. She stopped in her tracks. A movie seemed to play: she saw herself and John from four years ago. However, it was distorted and fragmented, and John was staring at her coldly and hatefully. What had made everything the way it was today? She grasped the lab result in her fist as she felt her heart tighten. Perhaps this relationship should end, just like her life was going to. She walked down to the beach, then bent down to remove her shoes and socks before stepping into the freezing water. As she stood there, a thought rushed into her mind. ‘Why don’t I get a divorce?’ To love was to let go. Since he despised her so much, why not just get a divorce and give him his freedom back? She would also be freed too. It all began right here, so it

should also end here. She called John. “Are you busy?” John’s impatient voice rose from the other end of the phone. “What do you want?” “I’m at the beach. I’d like to see you.” John chuckled coldly. “Olivia, what is it now? I don’t have the time to handle your craziness.” “Johnny, why don’t we get a divorce?” Before John could respond, she added, “I’ll send you the location. We should talk when you get here.” After she hung up, she texted John the location before turning off her phone. She was too afraid to hear his reply. She needed to at least have him here in person to face it. ‘He should be moved when he recognizes the place, right?’ After waiting for a while, Olivia heard an angry scream come from behind her. “Olivia, do you think you’re going to make John feel sorry for you if you kill yourself?” Dorothy Ellis stood by the beach as she looked at Olivia, who had stepped into the sea. She chuckled coldly and said, “Johnny despises you. I’m afraid he’ll be thrilled if you die.” Olivia’s heart tightened. It was excruciating. She had married John when they fell in love. Back then, she was the young lady of the Larson family, and he was

the wealthiest man in Ocean City. They were perfect for each other; a match made in heaven. After they got married, he promised he would spoil her forever. However, within a year, when she was in the hospital close to death after suffering a miscarriage, he had disappeared. When he returned, he seemed like a completely different person. He was cold towards her and would not come home at night. Soon, the Larson family went bankrupt. Olivia's father killed himself by jumping off a building, and her little brother also went missing. Olivia thought that John would comfort her, but he was indifferent. In two years, she slowly turned from being disappointed to being in despair. Now, she had been diagnosed with terminal lung cancer. Hence, she wanted a divorce. She did not expect Dorothy, her best friend, to come and see her now. 'Does he think I want to kill myself? And he still doesn't plan to come?' 'How did you know I was here?' Dorothy curled her lips and scoffed. 'Johnny leaves his phone with me when he's in a meeting. How else would I know?' Olivia bit her pale lips. 'Dorothy, I think of you as my best friend—yet you're only concerned about my husband right now?' 'Concerned?' Dorothy chuckled sarcastically. 'Olivia, have you lost your memory? Johnny's been bringing me to all kinds of events these past two years. Don't you know what's going on?' Olivia's heart tightened when she heard that. She had not forgotten. How could she forget?

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