

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

Chapter 11

“You want me to look after her?” “Is there a problem with that? She’s an invalid. Pay attention to what you cook. I’ll be back whenever I’m free. Remember to cook for us.” Olivia stared at John in disbelief, like she was looking at a strange creature. John sounded like he was bestowing a gift upon her. It seemed as though he expected her to be thankful. It was humiliating enough for her to work as a maid for the woman who wrecked her marriage and took her family away. John hated the look on Olivia’s face. He frowned and said, “Olivia, stop pretending. Think about your brother.” It was a threat. John was threatening her again. It was so despicable of him to use the last family member she had as a hostage to threaten her. Olivia could not describe her feelings right now. She started to doubt if she still loved this man. He was mean and heartless! Olivia forced a smile, which looked worse than her sour face, and said, “Alright.” John looked at her with disgust as he smoothed down his suit and tie. Before leaving, he did not forget to warn Olivia. “Olivia, remember! You’re my wife. Don’t ever think about cheating on me!” Two years ago, Olivia had a miscarriage during sex with another man, making them lose their child. She had buried their love. He was not the one to be blamed for being merciless. When John walked out of the villa, the first thing he saw was Zac leaning against the car. Seeing that Zac had not left yet, John was a little annoyed. He looked at Zac coldly and scoffed, “Why are you still here? Are you seriously interested in my wife?” Zac turned around and looked at John upon hearing his voice. His gaze seemed to contain complicated feelings. He knew that Olivia was John’s wife and that he could not interfere in their affairs. However, Olivia did not have much time left because of her terminal lung cancer. He did not want John to regret it, nor did he want Olivia to suffer at the end of her life. Zac wanted to tell John the truth. However, he chose to keep it a secret and sighed. “Johnny, treat her well.” Then, Zac left in his car. Watching Zac leave, John felt his anger burning. He felt like he was about to explode. Olivia was his woman, no matter whether she was alive or dead. He would never let anyone covet her! Not even his best friend! After a long time, Olivia slowly got up from the chilly floor. By this time, the breakfast Zac brought for her was already cold and disgusting. Olivia felt sick, especially when she recalled what John had told her. She threw away the porridge on the table. She felt like the pain in

her chest was killing her. It might have been because she had not taken her medication that morning. She dragged herself back to her room, holding on to the railing of the stair. After getting the medicine, she swallowed it down. Her family was destroyed by the man she loved most. He had also taken away her only brother. Now, this man was bringing back his mistress and wanted her to be a maid for her. How ironic. She felt like she knew nothing about the man she had loved for four years anymore. At that moment, Olivia’s phone rang. “Ms. Larson, I’m Wallace.” “Uncle Wallace?” Olivia’s eyes lit up, and she quickly asked, “Did you find out anything about where Ian is now?” Uncle Wallace was the Larson family’s butler. He returned to his hometown after the Larson family went bankrupt. However, over the past few years, Olivia had asked Uncle Wallace for a favor. She wanted him to look for her younger brother, Ian. “I’m sorry, but I haven’t found any information about Young Master Ian. I called you today to tell you something

about Master Hans.”“About Dad?”“Yes. Before the villa was seized, I sent some old boxes back to my hometown. Two days ago, when I was cleaning the room, I found Madam Larson’s autopsy report in one of the boxes.”“Mom’s autopsy report?”Olivia bit her lip and tried to control her emotions. She asked, “Didn’t mother die from obstructed labor?”“Yes, that’s true, but this autopsy report was not from the year Madam Larson died, but two years ago, just before Master Hans killed himself.“And there’s a letter in the trunk, handwritten by Master Hans for you, Ms. Larson.”“What?”“So Mom didn’t die from labor, and Dad didn’t commit suicide?”Olivia felt her body freeze. She never expected this.She did not dare to think any further.After all, this had something to do with John.“Keep the case for me. I’ll come get it.”“Ms. Larson, I’m in the countryside. It’ll be inconvenient for you to come over. I’m free these days, so I can bring the case to you.”Uncle Wallace was in another state, and it would have taken her more than ten hours to travel there.Olivia thought about it. It was indeed inconvenient for her to travel. After all, Dorothy would be moving in the next day, and John would be mad if she was not at home.Thus, she pursed her lips and said, “Okay. You can come over, and we can catch up. Uncle Wallace, I miss you so much.”Since the Larson family went bankrupt, Uncle Wallace had not been back in Ocean City for a year.As soon as Uncle Wallace thought about the poor woman that he had taken care of ever since she was a girl, he felt very guilty and burst into tears.“Ms. Larson, I also miss you very much. You must take good care of yourself.”“Don’t worry,

Uncle Wallace. I’m a grown-up now. I’ll buy you a ticket now.”Olivia held back her tears. She was fine, even though she was dying.After hanging up the call, Olivia went to the bathroom, washed her face, and forced herself to wake up.She looked into the mirror and muttered, “Olivia Larson, hang in there. Ian needs you to save him!”Once she was out of the bedroom, she went straight to the innermost guest room on the second floor.Dorothy definitely could not share a room with her, so she had to prepare another room.Olivia decided to choose the farthest room from her own. At least she would not have to hear anything she should not be privy to in the middle of the night.Thinking of this, Olivia felt as though something was stabbing her in the heart.From tomorrow onward, her husband would be staying in this room, sleeping with Dorothy right in front of her... The pulling pain in her chest assailed her again, making her cough.It was a dry cough. Olivia coughed so hard she wondered if she might cough her lungs up. Tears streamed down her face.She had no idea whether they were tears of sorrow or pain.... The following day, before Olivia even got up, she heard voices downstairs.She hurriedly put on a jacket and went out.John was carrying luggage with one arm, while Dorothy was holding his other. She looked weak and ill.John noticed Olivia had just got up. Displeased, he frowned and ordered, “Take the luggage to Dorothy’s room.”Olivia was startled. Only then did she know he was serious about making her Dorothy’s maid.Dorothy pretended to be kind and said, “Johnny, I’ll take my luggage. Liv has just recovered...”“Don’t worry about that.”“Olivia, don’t make me repeat that.”John was gentle to Dorothy but so harsh to Olivia when he spoke.

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