

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

Chapter 12

Olivia felt pain in her chest again. She wanted to cough. However, she suppressed the urge to cough and said, "I'll do it." Thus, she went downstairs to get Dorothy's luggage. Olivia was thin and weak, and she was seriously ill. The wound on her abdomen had not even healed yet. She felt a searing pain on her body after only carrying the 28-inch suitcase for about two steps. However, she gritted her teeth, endured it, and did not stop. Halfway up the stairs, she heard John's voice. "Leave the luggage in the room and start cooking. I'm having lunch at home." Olivia froze. She was afraid John would hurt Ian, so she stopped and answered with her stuttering and pale lips without turning back, "Okay." One of them was her husband, and the other was her best friend. She knew what they both liked to eat. After putting the luggage in the room, Olivia ordered some ingredients online and headed downstairs to prepare lunch. She saw Dorothy and John on the sofa before she could even walk down the stairs. Dorothy was cuddled up in John's arms, and John was looking at her gently. It was a painful scene for Olivia to watch. The gentleness John was showing had once belonged to her, but it had been snatched away by another woman. "Aren't they ashamed, acting like lovebirds right in front of me?" Olivia gulped and clenched her fist. Each step she took down the stairs was heavy and reluctant. When she finally reached the ground floor, Dorothy lifted her head, and the smile on her face faded. She bit her lips and pretended to be wronged. "Liv, are you angry to see me here?" "You must be angry with me. You've been upstairs for so long. I-I'm sorry." Before Dorothy could finish her words, John interrupted her. "Dolly, you don't have to apologize to her." Then, he glanced at Olivia coldly. "Olivia, don't ever bully Dorothy when I'm not around, or you'll pay the price!" Dorothy immediately shook John's arms and buried her face in his chest. "Johnny, don't do that... After all, Olivia is your wife." "Dolly, you don't have to see her as my wife. She's just a maid here." "She's just a maid." Those words made Olivia freeze like they were a spell cast on her. She looked at John in disbelief. She doubted if this was the man she had loved for four years. Was he still the man who had once doted on her like she was his treasure? He had been treating her coldly for two years and always refused to return home. It was okay if there were rumors about him and other women. However, he had now brought back his mistress and ordered her to serve

them. Thinking about the past, Olivia gasped and shivered. "Johnny, w-what did you just say?" John seemed annoyed. He stood up and approached Olivia. With his hand around her neck, he gazed at her coldly before he spoke indifferently. "Do you have a problem with that? What did I say yesterday? Olivia, don't try to test my limits." His limits? Olivia almost thought it was hilarious. How dare he talk about limits after what he had done these two years! Was his limits destroying the Larson family just because his mistress did not like them? Olivia's cheeks flushed red, and her eyes were bloodshot. She looked to be in despair. When she could not breathe anymore, she grinned. It was scary and odd. John instinctively let go of her and frowned as he stared at her. He had never seen Olivia like this and did not know what to do. When the grip on her neck loosened, Olivia coughed. She quietly wiped off the blood she had coughed up on her

black dress. Then, she lifted her head, looked at John, and laughed. "Johnny, am I not obedient enough?" "You've tortured me for two years and never told me what I did to deserve it. Now, I want to set you free and give you and Dorothy a chance to get together, but you won't let me go." "Johnny, isn't that enough?" John stared at Olivia coldly. "No, it's not enough! Olivia, you haven't paid off your debts off!" He looked cold and domineering. It was scary. However, unexpectedly, Olivia was not afraid this time. She got up from the ground and looked at the man with a strange expression. "What have I done to make you hate me so much? Did I kill the woman you love? Or try to kill you? Or destroy your family?" John did not know what to answer her. She had never killed anyone, yet what happened two years ago was enough to make him hate her. It was just that... He wanted to make her live in hell. However, he was a little scared when he saw her dying. John's expression turned gloomy. He wanted to strangle her again, but he controlled himself this time, not knowing why he was doing it. Dorothy approached them to stop the fight. She held John's hand and sobbed as she said, "Johnny, don't do this. If you do this, how can I get along with Liv? I might as well move back to my place." John wanted to push her away, but then he thought about her fragile body and unstable mood, he turned around and hugged her, saying softly, "It's okay. I'm in charge of this house. You can stay. Olivia wouldn't dare harm you." Dorothy hugged John and cried louder. "Johnny, I don't want to make things difficult for you." "I know. Calm down. Listen to me." John's tone was very gentle, so different from how he had treated Olivia just now. He gave Dorothy all his care and directed his anger at Olivia. Those promises he had

made when he proposed to Olivia were long gone. Olivia was not angry anymore, nor was she in grief. Looking at the cuddling couple, she asked calmly, "Are you still having lunch here?" Dorothy wanted to see Olivia throw a tantrum or even cry, but nothing had happened. Olivia had calmed herself down quicker than Dorothy expected. John had lost his appetite because of the incident just now. "Dorothy, enjoy your lunch. I've something to settle at work, so I have to leave now." Dorothy held his hand, refusing to let him go. "It's not too late to go after lunch." John pushed her hands and said seriously, "It's urgent." Dorothy knew work was important to John, so she said nothing more and nodded obediently. As he left, John glanced at Olivia coldly. It was as if he was telling her to take good care of his mistress, or she would have to bear serious consequences. Olivia did not respond and stood still as if she was a robot. After John left, Dorothy stopped her act and looked at Olivia gloatingly. "Olivia, Johnny ordered you to be my maid. Why don't you hurry up and cook?" Olivia wanted to grin and bear it. However, John and Dorothy had gone too far, and she was annoyed. "Dorothy, how does it feel to be a mistress? If Johnny refuses to divorce me, you'll have to be his mistress all your life. Is that what you want?"

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