

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

Chapter 13

Dorothy instantly flared up and was no longer as gentle as she seemed to be earlier. "Olivia, what are you talking about? Who's the mistress?" "You! Dorothy, who else could I be condemning besides you? My marriage with Johnny was not an arranged marriage. We love each other. Who are you to interfere?" In the past, Olivia was like a thorny rose whom no one dared to touch. Her words were mean, and she was arrogant. No one other than someone with a status like John's would dare to approach her. However, in the last two years, she had been tortured to the point that she forgot whom she used to be. She had endured everything John did to her, no matter what it was. All that had been because she still loved him and longed for a change. However, who the hell was Dorothy? She was a mistress who relied on a wealthy man. Olivia did not need to be nice to her or act humbly. Dorothy noticed Olivia's gaze had changed. It was not as afraid and weak as just now anymore. She saw Olivia was back to how she was four years ago, which made her gulp nervously. "Olivia, you are nothing now! Do you think you are still the young lady of the Larson family?" "John doesn't love you anymore. Your parents are dead, and the Larson family has gone bankrupt. Do you think you are still precious? Even though I am a mistress, at least John loves and cares about me." "Has he said anything nice to you these two years? Did he cook for you or hug you when there's thunder?" Every word was like a sharp blade stabbing into Olivia's heart. She could feel the pain. Olivia had so much, and now, nothing. She clenched her fists and dug her nails into her flesh until the pain was too much for her to endure. Olivia lifted her head and looked into Dorothy's eyes. She would never surrender and never cry. The last thing she wanted was to show Dorothy her fear. "Why don't you ask John to divorce me, then?" Dorothy said nothing and stared at Olivia with hatred. She hated Olivia! She did not know why John refused to divorce Olivia even after two years. At first, he said he wanted to take revenge on Olivia, but he refused to divorce after the Lancer family had perished. She had wondered why. However, she did not want to admit that John was still in love with Olivia. After all, John still refused to sleep with her. "Do you think John doesn't want to divorce you? Olivia, you're naive. He told me he didn't want a divorce so you could watch him and me being affectionate right in front of you. He wanted to torture you until you

couldn't take it anymore and make you miserable." Olivia was heartbroken, but she still acted calm on the surface and sneered. "Is that so? So, you are just a tool, after all. A tool he uses to torture me. What makes you think you're better than me?" "How dare you!" Dorothy was angry. She had hated Olivia since a long time ago. Why could Olivia live such a wealthy life while she only deserved to be her maid? She wondered if it was because of their family. Unwilling to lose to Olivia, Dorothy had sworn she to become better than her. She would let Olivia know who the true winner was! With a cold snort, Dorothy approached Olivia and stretched out her neck. "Olivia, do you want to hit me? Come on! I'm giving you a chance to do it!" Olivia had the strong urge to slap Dorothy. She had been longing to do so for a long time. However, Olivia heard Dorothy's sneer and her words before she lifted her hand. "Go ahead! Let's see how John will punish you when he is back. Well, maybe you don't care what happens to you, but you do

care what happens to your brother, don't you?" Then, Dorothy put on a creepy smile. "By the way, do you know how your dad died?" Olivia froze and gasped. Her heart hammered in her chest. Two years ago, her father committed suicide. She found out it through the news on the television. Olivia did not even get the chance to hear his last words. She did not even see her father's body. By the time she got there, nothing was left but ashes. Thinking about it, Olivia felt she was too naive. She should not have trusted John and Dorothy. Her father's death was not that simple. "Did you kill my father, Dorothy?" Dorothy scoffed. "Don't let your imagination run wild! I don't have the time to do that. Your dad committed suicide, but he did it to atone for your mistakes. It's you who killed your dad, Olivia." "What?" Olivia's legs turned into jelly, and she could hardly stand steady. "Your father regretted giving birth to a daughter like you before he died. He couldn't accept his daughter being a slut and cheating on her husband. It was your shameless act that brought bankruptcy to the Larson family." Dorothy stared at Olivia as she smirked and continued. "Olivia, do you know that your father was scolding you before he died?" Olivia felt a chill run down her spine, and despair struck her. "No. That's impossible... Dad loved me very much. He never hated me. 'Cheating? When did I cheat on John?' Olivia lifted her head and asked, as her pale lips shuddered, "You... What did you say? What do you mean by cheating on...?" Dorothy smirked. It seemed that John hated Olivia so much that he told her nothing about it. At the same time, she was happy to prove that John trusted her so much that he

took everything she said seriously without asking. "Do you remember you checked into a hotel room with a man two years ago? You were three months pregnant, and you lost your baby! Have you forgotten?" "What?" Olivia stared at Dorothy in disbelief. She did not remember going to a hotel with any man. Her miscarriage was because of a car accident. Olivia was stunned for a long time. Then, suddenly, she realized something. She grabbed onto Dorothy's wrist. Her eyes were red. "Dorothy, did you set me up? The affair, the miscarriage, it's all you, isn't it?" Dorothy frowned and shook her hand. "B*tch, let go! What are you going to do even if it was me?" Olivia clenched Dorothy's wrist and roared, "Dorothy, what did I ever do to you? Why do you have to do this to me?" Dorothy was in so much pain that she gripped Olivia's wounded wrist tightly until blood seeped out of the bandage. She had to loosen her grip. Then, Dorothy shoved off Olivia's hand, making Olivia fall and knock the railing of the stairs. A loud bang could be heard. Dorothy looked at Olivia arrogantly with hatred and disgust. "Olivia, having you here is already enough to annoy me. So, I won't let you live a good life!" Then, she stormed upstairs and slammed the door behind her. Olivia fell onto the ground, all three of her wounds torn apart. Bloods seeped out of them. She felt her lungs hurting, making her cough uncontrollably. She covered her mouth with her hand and saw blood on it. Olivia laughed and cried. She did not know whether she was crying or laughing in the end. She felt the irony of it all. It hurt like her heart was going to stop the next minute. No wonder John had always said she was a slut. He thought she had been cheating on him. For two years, Olivia understood nothing. She finally knew the truth now. However, she never expected that the truth would hurt her so much. She could not believe that John would trust Dorothy's words.

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