

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

Chapter 15

'Demanding me to apologize to Dorothy?' 'In your dreams!' 'I might be pathetic and weak, but I'm not pathetic enough to apologize to the mistress who destroyed my family and marriage.' Olivia's cheeks flushed red, and she could feel the pain in her chest. The scent of blood assailed her throat, making her feel nauseous. However, she refused to give in. "I-I did nothing to her." John glanced at her coldly and exerted more strength as though he wanted to break her neck. "Olivia, don't make me repeat it!" Olivia's eyes were red, and she stared at John coldly and stubbornly. Blood seeped out of her mouth as she uttered the words with all her might, "In... your dreams!" John could not believe Olivia was so stubborn. As expected, she was still the Olivia Larson who would never give in easily. He let go of her. She slid down to the ground along the wall. Her left hand lay on the ground, bringing down the drip bag with it. The drip bottle turned red, looking scary. John did not know what was wrong with him. He had wanted to kill Olivia countless times, yet he could not do it every time he tried. That woman deserved to die! "Olivia, I'll bury your brother if you refuse to apologize. I'm serious." Ian... Olivia was like a devil from hell. She held onto John's ankle with her bloody hands and spoke with her dry and horse voice. "Don't hurt Ian." "Then kneel!" No! Olivia did not want to kneel! When they were in a deadlock, someone opened the door. Dorothy was in her patient's attire, swaying as she staggered into the ward. She bit her lip and looked at the scene. Gloating deep inside, she shed tears on the surface as she said, "Johnny, don't embarrass Liv like this. I understand that she hates me. Don't do this..." Noticing Dorothy was about to fall, John held her in his arms and said gently, "Dorothy, you just gained consciousness. Why are you here?" Dorothy leaned in John's embrace as she shook her head and sobbed. "Johnny, I don't want to see you like this. I remember how much you and Olivia loved each other before. I-I can understand why she hates me now. Besides, I lost my temper and stabbed her, too." Then, she looked at Olivia with tears in her eyes. "Liv, are you... alright?" Olivia wanted to sneer. Dorothy should be given an Oscar for being such a great actress. John's anger, which had subsided, flared up again. He turned around and looked at Olivia, who was leaning weakly against the wall with a gloomy expression. "Olivia, look at how kind Dolly is. Why are you so mean?" "You've hurt her three times. First you made her suffer from a miscarriage, then hurt her stomach, then you almost killed her. Olivia, I must've been too kind to you." Kind? John had indeed believed what Dorothy told him. He would never listen to Olivia, no matter how hard she tried to explain. Olivia had given up explaining. She lay softly on the ground. Blood was all over her, but she did not know where it had come from. Maybe it was from her hand, mouth, belly, or thigh. She had bruises all over her, and her lungs hurt. She even felt her heart shattering into pieces. Did it hurt? Of course. However, they did not hurt as much as her heart did. After a while, she lifted her head, spoke with her pale lips, and stared at John with red eyes. "Johnny, you can believe that I'm a vicious woman who tried killing Dorothy three times. After all, I do want to kill her!" Then, she grinned. "Are you satisfied?" John stared at her coldly. His gaze was so deep that Olivia could not guess what he was thinking, just like she did not know if he loved her anymore. "Olivia!" He shouted her name angrily. He gnawed every syllable

as if to tear her apart in every way he could. Olivia just looked at him quietly and said, "I'll do whatever you want as long as you spare my brother." Noticing that John said nothing, she struggled to get up, ignoring the blood on her thigh. She knelt. "Did you ask me to kneel? I'll kneel. How long do you want me to kneel for?" John's gaze was cold as he thought, "This woman is good at causing trouble. She's made my emotions fluctuate countless times." Dorothy immediately hugged John. She fell to the ground weakly as she said in a painful voice. "Johnny, I want to go home. I don't like the smell of disinfectant here." John frowned slightly and said, "You have just woken up. It not good for you to get discharged now." "That's all right. Don't you have a family doctor? The bed at home is more comfortable, and I need fluids and dressing daily. I can do that at home." John was a little annoyed when Dorothy acted coquettishly. However, he accepted her request and nodded. "Okay, I'll take you home later." Olivia nodded obediently and said, "Johnny, let's bring Olivia home too. At least we can take care of each other." John frowned upon hearing this and said, "Dorothy, you're too kind." He carried Dorothy and glanced at Olivia coldly as he walked away. After they left, Olivia sat on the ground, feeling tired. That was the man she had loved for four years. What a disappointment. In the end, Wes got a nurse to help Olivia re-bandage the wound because he could not bear to see her looking like that any more. In the evening, Wes came to pick her up. "Let's go, madam." Olivia nodded and walked with difficulty, holding up her crutches. Wes stepped forward to support her. "Thank you." Wes felt distressed.

He could not understand why such a strong and intelligent woman would... "Madam, you have saved me. I'll always remember this." Olivia was startled. The so-called rescue was her taking care of Wes when he suffered from a high fever and was unconscious for a few hours. She had done nothing much. Olivia did not expect John's heart to be so cold and Wes to be so kind. After returning to the villa, John sent Dorothy to the guest room to rest. When he was heading downstairs, he saw Wes helping Olivia to walk into the house, and his face turned gloomy. That woman did not even let go of the man around her. He strode forward and grabbed Olivia from Wes. Then, he dragged her to the garden, pointing at the cold stones. "On your knees!" Olivia was surprisingly obedient. The stone was cold, and it was difficult for her to kneel with her thigh injured. Her wound bled again, but she said nothing. John pinched her chin with his hand as he stared at her coldly. He spoke word by word, "Olivia, put away your obsequious attitude! Kneel here and reflect on your mistake until I am satisfied!" Then, he turned around and walked into the house. The rain fell in less than half an hour, along with the thunder and lightning. It poured on Olivia, drenching her body. Her hair and clothes stuck onto her body, and she felt the chill in the air. Moreover, her wound hurt so much because of the rain. The rain was a lot like that night two years ago, except that she did not make any noise this time. An hour later, she began to shudder. The pain in her lungs made her cough, and when her legs were about to lose support, she suddenly fell back and fainted. "Johnny, I think I'm going to die this time."

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