

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

Chapter 16

John started to feel anxious as the thunder rumbled menacingly outside and he threw the pen in his hand onto the ground. Wes stole a glance outside of the window and lightning flashed across the dark sky. Followed by it was a massive downpour that dripped heavily on the glass windows. He pursed his lips and carefully reminded John, "Sir, Madam is still..." Before he managed to finish his sentence, John glared at him coldly and he became too afraid to continue speaking. He had good intentions but it was not worth provoking John because of this. John was already annoyed and now that Wes reminded him about it, he could not stop thinking about Olivia who was still kneeling in the garden. He was anticipating seeing the woman begging, but she was surprisingly quiet, as if she was admitting guilt to her actions. This made him even more irritated until the point where he did not even know why. Just as he stood up to take a glance through the window, someone knocked on the study room door and Dorothy's timid voice came from outside. "Johnny... I am a little scared, can you accompany me?" Her body was weak, she was a timid person all along, and it was inevitable for her to feel nervous under such bad weather. He then stood up and opened the door and supported the frail Dorothy. Seeing her pale face and the terrifying state she was in, he felt so sorry for her. "Dolly, you are still injured, why did you leave your room?" Dorothy leaned on him and bit her lip. "I didn't want to trouble you, but I am really terrified by the lightning and thunder... They bring back some painful memories to me..." "Painful memories?" John was stunned. "Olivia said the same thing before." "Johnny, my legs are getting wobbly and my chest hurts, can you carry me back?" John nodded and bent down to carry her up. Back in the guest room, John sat by the side of the bed and let Dorothy lean in his arms while he comforted her. "Sleep well, I will be here with you." Dorothy was upset when she saw John not sitting in bed but she dared not force him either. At that point, another thunderstruck came through and Dorothy exclaimed out of fear and hugged John's arm tightly. "Johnny... I'm scared." "I... I can see my mother beating me up, sob... she's hitting me with the broom and I am covered in blood, I'm afraid..." John was already in a mess mentally and it got worse once Dorothy started crying. At the same time, he felt pitiful towards her when she was sobbing about her sorrowful past. "Don't be afraid, I am here." "Johnny, it's good to

have you." She lay in his arms and murmured. Yet in her heart, she was as triumphant as ever. "Heh, Olivia Larson, don't even dream about Johnny saving you. I shall see what you can do this time!" The heavier the rain and the louder the thunder, the more excited Dorothy was. If this went on, let alone someone who had knife wounds, even if it was a healthy person, he or she might not be able to endure it. Once she looked up, she found John staring out of the window and her mood soured immediately. "How can he still think about the b*tch out there now?" She frowned and made a painful expression then said in a weak tone, "Johnny, my chest hurts..." "Does your wound hurt?" She shook her head. "I don't know, it's just a throbbing pain." Tears fell out of her eyes once again while she was speaking, as if she was heavily wronged. "Johnny, I am sorry, it's because of me that's why you are in such an awkward situation, not to mention causing a conflict between you and Liv... Is she okay?" "It's fine Dolly,

take care of yourself first.” John covered her body with the blanket and wanted to close the curtains for her. “I’ll close the curtains.” Yet, just as he was about to move, Dorothy grabbed his sleeve. “Johnny, let it be. This way, the first ray of sunshine after the storm can shine into the room as soon as possible.” That being said, Dorothy looked down and her tears kept on falling as she spoke, “Johnny, I’ve been hoping for us to be like the rainbow that shines after the rain and that we can be together after going through so many obstacles. We can do it, right?” John was annoyed by her continuous crying but he still endured it after remembering the fact that the miscarriage was the reason for her emotional instability. He then forced himself to say, “Yes.” His patience was limited, despite the subject being Dorothy. However, in order to assure her, he still sat back in bed and held her in his arms while comforting her gently. “Sleep tight.” Dorothy noticed him being in a bad mood as he was frowning the entire time which made her uneasy. Thinking of this, she could not help but hug him tighter, for fear that he would go out and look for Olivia once she fell asleep. John finally got out of her room at 5 a.m., he then stood in the study room and smoked continuously, one cigarette after another. The rain was still pouring heavily and the thunder continued growling. ‘Olivia Larson is indestructible, anyone else would die, but not her!’ ‘She should’ve known that I would never forgive her when she had an affair with another man two years ago!’ ‘This woman is cheap by nature and her ego inflates whenever she is treated well, so I shall never show mercy to her.’ Suddenly, Wes ran into the room while panting heavily.

“Sir, bad news, Madam has passed out.” “Passed out?” John shook his hand a little and the cigarette ashes fell onto the floor. He sneered. “Pretending to be dead is her best trick.” “Madam seemed to have stopped breathing...” It was as if his heart skipped a beat, he turned to Wes and saw him nodding. “I’ve already called the ambulance and they are on the way.” “That’s impossible, she cannot die.” “She is the indestructible Olivia, anyone in this world would have died and will get injured, but not her!” John’s heart trembled. He threw the ashtray on the ground and snorted. “Huh, I shall see what is she up to this time!” That being said, he quickly walked down and he even staggered a little as he went down the stairs. Once he opened the door, the chilly wind blew in together with the rain and dripped on his face. Olivia was leaning against a rock, her legs still in a kneeling position. Her hair clung to her face to the extent that her expression could not be seen properly. He looked down at the woman on the ground and kicked her. “Olivia Larson, stop pretending! I’m not falling for your tricks!” “Olivia, get up!” The woman on the ground did not give him any response and he started to panic. He quickly squatted down and pushed Olivia’s shoulder but he drew back his hand as if he got shocked by electricity. Her body was cold and stiff, just like... a corpse. After a few seconds, he reached out to check her breath. It was weak, but she was still breathing. He let out a sigh of relief and sneered. “I knew it, how could the indestructible Olivia die?” “She did the same thing to deceive me the last time and her breath was so weak as if she was about to die. This time, I will not be fooled again!” He did not take an umbrella and continued standing still in the rain. When the ambulance arrived, the medic team placed Olivia on a stretcher and got her into the vehicle, followed by John. The medic team performed emergency treatment on her along the way but the ECG machine was showing an ominous straight line without any beeps.

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