

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

Chapter 17

Hearing the sharp and prolonged noise, John finally came back to his senses. He stared at Olivia who showed no

signs of life lying on the stretcher. 'So her heart stops too?

The medic team had been performing CPR on Olivia and one of them looked over at John while panting heavily.

"Sir, please be prepared that we might lose her."

'We might lose her...'

John's gaze darkened and his lips shivered. "Will she die?"

The other party rolled her eyes at him. "Sir, humans will die no matter what, not to mention a lady that has knife wounds all over her body? Plus, she was in the rain for who knows how long."

During the emergency rescue procedures earlier, the medic had already noticed the wounds all over her body.

The force exerted during the CPR was quite rough and a few of her ribs had been broken. The wounds on her stomach and legs were all torn and bleeding.

She frowned. 'I really have no idea if she can be saved.'

What especially angered her was how indifferent the

family member acted. However, she still kept her thoughts to herself, after all, it was more urgent to save the patient.

Since it was early morning, the ambulance did not encounter any traffic issues and reached the hospital after 5 minutes.

Yet, John felt as if a century had passed.

After they got off the ambulance, John ran for a few steps and was stopped by the medic earlier. "Sir, please wait."

The door closed and he was locked out of the emergency room.

He slumped on the chair aside with a messed up mind.

She starved for three days and nights previously and she even ate soap, yet she was still alive. Therefore, she would definitely not die.

At least John comforted himself in such a way.

Then again, his hands could not stop shaking, what was he afraid of?

Was he afraid of Olivia dying?

Then again, he had been hating her all this while, he even wanted her dead, no?

He lowered his head and placed both his hands on his knees.

In his mind, Olivia, who was smiling like a flower four years ago, suddenly appeared. In the next second, she popped out again with a cold gaze while asking him, John Freeman, what do I owe you?"

One was smiling and the other was crying and yelling, yet none of them looked like the woman lying there like a

corpse.

A sudden thought came into his mind. 'If whatever happened two years ago didn't happen, we would probably be living happily, right?'

It was still okay if he did not think about it, now that he recalled how he stood outside of the hotel two years ago, witnessing Olivia walking into the hotel with another man happily, anger flushed through his mind.

'How cheap can this woman be?

'How desperate was she to look for a man even when she was pregnant?!

'I loved her for my entire life, yet she didn't even cherish it.'

Cheating, miscarriage, and she continued to have fun with another man when he was dying in bed.

John could never forget!

He gave the chair beside him a hard punch and it made a huge noise that startled the nurse passing by.

She stopped and asked carefully, “Sir?”

Right after she called him, she saw his hand bleeding and the scarlet fluid was dripping on the floor.

“Sir, your hand is bleeding.”

John raised his head and glared at the nurse with his reddish eyes then said coldly, “I’m fine.”

Feeling the resentful aura around John, the nurse did not dare to continue asking and quickly left after taking two more glances.

John looked down at the blood on his hand and suddenly remembered the blood that Olivia was drenched in, He could not even figure out where the massive amount of blood came from.

He snorted. ‘No wonder she is Olivia Larson, what amount of blood she has.’

He even thought of an absurd idea. ‘Dorothy possesses the Rh-negative blood type and she is skinny and weak. Maybe Olivia can donate some blood to her since she has so much of it, why waste it?’

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