

Chapter 3 - Getting Him Hooked: Mr. Freeman's Indifferent Sinner Wife

Olivia's face reddened. Just as she was about to pass out again, John released his grip on her neck and grabbed her chin instead. "Olivia, I promised I'd avenge Dolly's child. I'll make your life a living hell!" Olivia coughed. Tears streamed down her face. "Johnny, I didn't know she was pregnant. I wasn't trying to kill her..." John scoffed. "Heh, you've done so many crazy things in the past two years out of jealousy. Dolly said you're jealous of her, and that's why you tried to kill her too!" It had been two years since they fell out. During those two years, John refused to get a divorce, and he would humiliate her repeatedly. Suddenly, Olivia felt a knot in her stomach. She frowned and swallowed forcefully. "What happened two years ago?" John's face was so dark it was terrifying. He looked as if he was about to kill her. "Don't you know what you've done? If Dolly didn't give me her kidney, I would have died!" "What kidney?" After Olivia asked that question, John pushed her to the ground and forcefully ripped off her clothes. "Stop pretending!" Olivia was so terrified that she stopped crying. However, she was already weak, so how could she stop him? John ripped her clothes to pieces, putting her fair skin on display. "No! Johnny, no!" John scoffed, not gentle at all. "Isn't this what you want? Why are you still pretending otherwise?" Olivia began crying hysterically. At this moment, she did not know if her body or heart hurt more. She could not wrap her head around this. Where did the old John, who loved her to death, go? It had been two years. She tried to think of all possible reasons but still could not figure it out. She only knew he despised her to the core! However, she did not know why. 'Did he really fall in love with Dorothy?' After all, he had a lot of scandals, but he had never been truly intimate with anyone. Yet, he only cared about Dorothy. After a while, John did not even look at her anymore. He left right after he put on his clothes. Olivia's eyes hurt. She felt as if she had cried her eyes dry to the point that they hurt. She stared at the ceiling and put her hand on her chest. She murmured, "I have half a year left. It should be enough." Perhaps she had made up her mind because of John's attitude just now. She was about to die, so why should she stay with him and just make him hate her more? She wanted to leave. She also had to find out what had happened two years ago. She wanted to find out why John changed, why her father killed himself, and where her brother went. When she thought about it, she

remembered someone that might know the answer. She endured the pain and walked to the bathroom. As she walked past the mirror and caught a glimpse of the bruises on her body, she could not stop herself from chuckling bitterly. If

he hated her so much, why did he still touch her? After taking a shower, Olivia put on a long dress and left the house. She then walked straight to Dorothy's ward upon reaching the hospital. When she pushed the door open, she sighed in relief when she saw that John was not there. Dorothy was not surprised to see Olivia. She looked at Olivia contemptuously and asked, "Why are you here? Are you looking for Johnny?" "No." "Are you here to ask me why I stole Johnny from you?" "No." The conversation was incredibly monotonous. Dorothy was impatient. She frowned and asked, "Why are you here, then? To ingratiate yourself to get in my good books?" Olivia shook her head. "What happened two years ago?" Dorothy was shocked. She smirked and replied, "You're asking me what happened two years ago? You're asking the wrong person." "Why did my father kill himself?" "I don't know." "What about my brother?" Dorothy looked at Olivia's pale face and felt detestation rising in her chest. She threw the fruit knife next to her at Olivia. "Olivia, are you done? Why are you asking me about your family affairs? Are you on drugs?" Olivia bent down to pick up the fruit knife. Then, she bit her lip and walked towards Dorothy's bed in disappointment. "Do you really not know?" "No!" Dorothy looked at Olivia suspiciously. 'Why is she asking about what happened two years ago out of nowhere?' Olivia never suspected anything of her these past two years. Olivia was even more disappointed when she saw how confident Dorothy was. She was about to put the knife back. Unexpectedly, Dorothy grabbed Olivia's hand and used the knife to stab herself. It happened so quickly that Olivia did not have time to react. She let go of the knife in horror and took a step back. "You..." However, before she could finish talking, a familiar figure appeared next to her. Suddenly, she felt a slap across her face. "Olivia, do you have a death wish?" She wanted to explain herself. She tried to grab John's hand, but he pushed her away forcefully, causing her to fall to the floor. Then, she saw John running outside with Dorothy in his arms. Olivia lifted her head and caught a glimpse of Dorothy's triumphant smirk. She closed her eyes immediately. Were her eyes playing tricks on her? She thought she had seen Dorothy smiling. She held her burning face as she stood up. Suddenly, blood rushed into her mouth, and she ran to the toilet to spit it out. As she looked at the bright red blood flowing down the

drain, Olivia frowned and wiped the corners of her lips. Was her lung cancer so serious already? She still had half a year, right? Olivia walked out of the toilet and planned to return to the villa. However, when she opened the door, she saw John's assistant, Wes Coulson, standing in the doorway and blocking her. "Madam, Sir asked me to send you back to the villa." Olivia was slightly taken aback. "I can go back by myself." However, Wes did not give in. "Madam, this is Sir's order. Please don't make things hard for me." Since this

was the case, Olivia could only nod and reply, "Let's go." Once she got into the car, she asked before she could stop herself, "Is he worried that I'll run away? Is that why he asked you to keep an eye on me?" Wes smiled awkwardly. "I think he might be worried that you caught a cold because you were in the sea today." It was clear he did not even believe himself. After all, he knew what John had done over the past two years. Luckily, Olivia did not continue asking questions. Instead, she turned her head to look out the window. She wanted a divorce! She wanted to leave John! Back then, she thought everything would turn out alright if she just left everything to time. She thought John would come back to her. Now, she had no future. She did not have the time to waste on him. Since he had chosen Dorothy and loved her so much, why should she stand in their way? Even if she was unwilling, even if she still loved him... She had more important things to do. She only had half a year left. She could not wait anymore. After she returned to the villa, Wes remained posted outside her room door the whole time. He would also follow Olivia wherever she went. They had a silent mutual understanding, and no one mentioned the obvious. In the end, Olivia lied to Wes, saying she wanted to take a shower. Then, she locked him outside. She placed the divorce papers at the head of the bed. Then, she looked around the room reluctantly before gritting her teeth and climbing out the window. The room was on the second floor. Olivia lowered her head to look at the ground, and her legs shook slightly. She took a deep breath and climbed down using the pipes. After all, the second floor was not too high up. Olivia could not drive, so she had to walk. The villa was in the suburbs, so before she could even get to the city center, the sky had gone dark. She was already so tired that she could not walk anymore. "I'm so tired." She did not know if the medication was making her feel drowsy. As she was lost in her daze, a pair of headlights headed straight toward her. As the car was about to hit her, it stopped abruptly, and Olivia fell to the

ground in shock. She saw the car plate, and a shadow came over the top of her head. "Don't even think about running away, Olivia."

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