

## **Chapter 5 - Getting Him Hooked: Mr. Freeman's Indifferent Sinner Wife**

Olivia lifted her hand to wipe the blood off the corner of her lips with her sleeve. Then, she stumbled to the bathtub and turned on the faucet. She did not care whether the water was hot. She simply got in and sat. The man who had sworn to love her forever in front of a priest had changed. He changed two years ago, but she only realized it now. It was as if her reaction times had been slowed down. He had imprisoned her. It seemed like he was hiding his mistress in his house, but in reality, he was doing this to torture her. Who was Olivia to John? Was she his lawfully wedded wife, or was she a toy for him to vent his frustrations out on? The water finally warmed up, and her icy body eventually warmed up too. She submerged her head under the water and closed her eyes. She imagined John choking her, and immediately, she felt suffocated. She emerged from the water in a panic. She only calmed herself down after taking a few deep breaths. She could not die yet. She had not found her brother yet. Olivia got out of the bathtub and changed into some new clothes. Then, she walked to the door to try the lock again. She still could not open it. She walked to the window. After pushing it, she realized it had also been locked. It seemed that John had decided to lock her in this room. She wanted to find a phone to call John so they could talk. She did not care about the result. However, after looking around, she remembered she had dropped her phone in John's car. This villa used to be lively. However, this place has become quiet since John's change. There always used to be people cooking, but now, the kitchen was empty. Currently, the villa was pitch black, and Olivia was all alone. She was hungry and tired. Hence, she got into bed and fell asleep dizzily. It started pouring outside in the middle of the night. A flash of lightning tore through the dark night sky, and a clap of thunder could be heard. Olivia sat up from the bed and looked outside, holding her blanket fearfully. The windows rattled from the strong wind, while the swaying branches cast dark and swaying shadows that looked like peeping toms were outside the window. The strong winds bellowed like a murmuring demon. Olivia was scared of rainy nights, and she was especially scared of rainy nights with thunderstorms. She curled into a ball under her blanket. Her body shook uncontrollably as tears welled up in her eyes. This was the weather on the night she was kidnapped when she was ten. Thus, whenever it rained at night, she would remember

that person in a raincoat waving at her sinisterly under the streetlight. When she got nearer, a flash of lightning had illuminated their face. She could still remember his piercing red eyes, the scar on his face, and his wretched and

perversed cackle. She heard another clap of thunder. Olivia covered her ears in fear and hid under her blanket. She murmured with a shaky sob, "Johnny, where are you? I'm scared." "Johnny..." Only the mournful sound of the wind answered her, making the initially scary atmosphere even more terrifying. The man who would hold her during nights with thunderstorms and use his warm hands to cover her ears to comfort her was no longer here. Olivia did not know if she was scared of the memory of the thunderstorm from when she was ten, or if she was sad because she had thought about John. At that moment, her face was drenched with tears. 'Johnny, we can't go back to how it used to be.' The hospital. Johnny had tucked Dorothy in bed. However, she jolted awake once more when she heard the clap of thunder. She tugged John's sleeve as she sobbed. "Johnny, can you stay here with me? I'm scared." John lowered his head to glance at her, yet he had Olivia on his mind. 'That woman is also scared of thunder. Is she alright in the villa?' After they got married, she would run into his arms like a spooked rabbit whenever there was thunder. Anyone would definitely want to pamper her after seeing such a pitiful sight. Before John could continue his thoughts, another flash of lightning tore through the sky outside the window. Dorothy hid herself in John's arms in a panic. She even yelped in pain because she had grazed her wound with that movement. Her frail body shook violently in John's arms. Immediately after, she lifted her head, her face soaked with tears. "Johnny, don't leave me, okay?" John felt his heart soften. He sat down on the bed and held Dorothy. As he patted her shoulder softly, he said gently, "I won't leave. Don't be scared. You'll start bleeding again if you keep grazing your wound." Dorothy nuzzled against his chest obediently and said sweetly, "Johnny, are you... worried about Liv?" Johnny frowned when he heard that name. "If you're worried about her, you should go accompany her. After all..." "No. Stop letting your imagination run wild." John pressed his lips into a thin line, but his eyebrows were tightly furrowed. He always got very irritated whenever someone mentioned Olivia. Damn it. How could he worry about that b\*tch? When he was on the verge of death from that car accident two years ago, he kept calling out her name, but where was she? She was in bed with another man! Hence, he would not be sad even if Olivia died tonight! The air around him

plunged into coldness. The pressure was so low that Dorothy was having difficulty breathing. She knew John was mad. She held his waist and nuzzled her head against his chest. "Johnny, is it okay if I hold you to sleep? Do you want to lie down?" She had lost the child in her belly, so did not have anything to use to keep John with her. Now, she had to make another one so Olivia would not get the chance. John did not move. He answered indifferently, "Go to bed. I'm fine." He did not like having too much physical contact with Dorothy.

This was already his limit. Whenever he closed his eyes, the scene of that woman asking for a divorce would replay. 'Why am I thinking about her again?' He did not love her anymore, so why did his heart feel like it had been stabbed? It was difficult to breathe. At this moment, Wes pushed the door open and said urgently, "Sir, the company is requesting an emergency meeting." "What happened?" "They said thunder struck the electrical network, and the entire east of the city has suffered a power outage. There are also landslides in some of the areas. We can't contact any of the delivery people, and I'm afraid something bad has happened to them." John's eyebrows furrowed even tighter when he heard that. He placed Dorothy's head on the pillow before getting up to leave. Upon leaving the ward, Wes peered at John and said carefully, "The villa is also in the east. I wonder if Madam..." He purposely stopped mid-sentence to assess John's reaction. He believed that John still loved Olivia. John had only lost his judgment because of Dorothy's intervention. John was stunned, but he soon smirked, "That woman is tough. She won't die." "Sir..." Before Wes could finish, John looked at him coldly, scaring him into swallowing down what he wanted to say. By the time John's meeting ended, it was already two in the morning. The rain did not seem like it was about to stop anytime soon. He casually switched on the news and saw a video of a landslide. It had happened near the villa. His heart tightened. 'That woman...'

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