

Chapter 6 - Getting Him Hooked: Mr. Freeman's Indifferent Sinner Wife

Wes also noticed the change in John's gaze and hurriedly asked, "Sir, we..." Unexpectedly, John glared and interrupted with a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "Wes, do you really care about her that much?" With that, Wes was silenced and dared not mention Olivia again. John did not return to the hospital but stayed in the office to complete his work. He was strangely irritated as he kept thinking of Olivia. However, if something was truly wrong, why would that woman not call him? Therefore, she had to be all right!... The rain only stopped the next morning. Olivia shivered as she poked her head out of the covers. Having stayed up all night, her already weak body had grown even weaker. Furthermore, since there was a thunderstorm last night, she was so afraid that she had forgotten to take her medicine. Now, she could not stop coughing. Suddenly, a surge of blood jolted up in her throat. She frowned, covered her mouth, and staggered to the bathroom to spit it out. Not letting it bother her, she opened the bedside table's drawer and retrieved a bottle of medicine. She poured out two pills, threw them into her mouth, and swallowed them dry. Then, she leaned weakly against the wall and despondently stared at a distant wall. 'Is John trying to punish me for hurting Dorothy?' 'I can make it up to him!' 'All I want is for him to let me live and set me free. I don't want to be Mrs. Freeman even if it costs my life!' There was nothing to eat or drink anywhere in the room. The only thing left to eat was the plate of pasta that Wes had sent yesterday. Supporting herself against the wall, Olivia walked to the table. She looked down at the plate of dry, stale noodles and smiled. She was the heiress of the Larson family and had never suffered except when she was abducted at the age of ten. She had always been part of the elite and lived a life of luxury. However, her life had worsened day by day since two years ago. She now had to eat such miserable things just to fill her stomach. However, on second thought, it was not too miserable. At least it was human food. If she was still locked up tomorrow, she would have to eat soap. The pasta was horrible, stale, and hard. However, Olivia enjoyed it. She begrudgingly saved half of it for later so she would not run out of food so quickly. Out of sheer exhaustion, Olivia fell asleep again after eating. In her dream, John strangled her, asking why she was not dead. Just as she was about to suffocate, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked out the window. It had gotten dark...

Olivia had no idea how many days had passed. All she knew was that there were maggots on the plate of pasta, but she still ate it. She could not die yet. She had to find her brother first! One night, the door was flung open. Olivia,

who was curled up in bed, woke up in shock. Her eyes widened as she looked at the approaching dark figure. "W-who are you? D-don't come over!" She was weak, but she gathered her courage and acted like she would fight them to the death. Suddenly, the dark figure stopped and sneered. "Sure enough, you're still alive." That voice... Johnny? Olivia's heart sank for a second. However, John soon pinned her to the bed, reeking of alcohol. He gripped her jaw. "You're still alive after starving for three days. Olivia, it's true that pests are hard to eliminate!" Olivia's heart broke. It turned out she had been locked up for three days. John thought she was indestructible. Not knowing if she was just not understanding because she was mentally exhausted, she stared at John's face so close and laughed at herself. "But I'm dying, Johnny." John's heart throbbed. He felt pain when he heard that. However, he did not believe her. 'When will the tough Olivia die? Only when pigs fly!' He ripped her clothes off, then kissed her violently and greedily as if wanting to tear her to pieces. Olivia tried to fight back, but John was so strong, and she was hanging by a thread. She was still alive only because she refused to die... However, it seemed she could not hold on any longer. She had eaten half of the soap in the bathroom, and her stomach and lungs convulsed. She felt dizzy and eventually passed out. Sensing the woman grow cold and motionless, John gritted his teeth and snapped. "Olivia, don't play dead!" However, the woman did not respond. John panicked. He reached over, patted Olivia on the face, and shook her body. However, she was as fragile as a piece of paper. She shook as if she could break at any moment. John reached out his hand to test her breathing, then jumped in shock. Without turning on the light, he picked Olivia up and frantically ran downstairs. Wes was confused to see him. "Sir?" "Quick, drive to the hospital!" Wes quickly got into the car and started it. It was the first time he had ever seen his boss so panicked. On their way to the hospital, Olivia suddenly woke up and looked at John, who was holding her. "Johnny." She called out. Startled, John turned around to see her looking at him. He was instantly furious. He knew the woman would not die! When did she learn to play dead? It seemed he should never feel any pity for her! She did not deserve it! With scarlet eyes, John grabbed Olivia's neck. "Olivia, did you play dead to fool me?" Olivia could not breathe. She frowned and

stammered, "No..." She did pass out. She was not pretending to be dead. However, she knew it was pointless to explain. John would not believe her. She suddenly took out a dagger from under her sleeve. John paused, and his hand which gripped her neck loosened. "Olivia, what do you want to do? Do you want to kill me?" It was a dagger she had prepared to use when John came. However, it was not to kill John. Olivia shook her head and smiled bitterly, saying, "Johnny, didn't you say I hurt Dorothy? I made her suffer a

miscarriage and many injuries. "Didn't you say I was jealous and owed her better?" John looked at her, not knowing what she was going to do. His deep eyes only gazed coldly at her. However, his heart hurt, for some reason. How could a heart that had been dead for two years feel anything? Suddenly, Olivia raised the knife to her stomach and stabbed it hard into herself. She looked at John with blood trickling down the corners of her mouth and used up her last ounce of strength to say, "I'll pay you back with this stab. Give me back my freedom, okay?" With that, her head fell sideways, and she fainted. John's eyes widened as he froze. His right hand was still strangling Olivia's neck, but the sight of the bright red blood prickled his eyes. However, Olivia's last words rang in his head. "Give me back my freedom, okay?" Did she kill herself to be free and get away from him?

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