

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

Chapter 7

Olivia thought that she was in a long dream. In her dream, John was down on one knee, holding her right hand with his long fingers and looking gently at her. "Liv, marry me, and I'll make you the happiest person in the world." Her cheeks turned red as she lowered her head and nodded shyly. "Johnny, I want to be your bride." With that, John got up, smiled, and kissed her. Suddenly, the scene changed on to the day she found out she was pregnant. She handed her pregnancy test to John. "Johnny, I'm pregnant. I'm going to be a mother." John froze for a moment before smiling like a child. He was so surprised that he was at a loss for words. "I'm going to be a father?" She nodded as she beamed. It was their first child, and they might have more in the future. John dropped the test in his hands and took her in his arms. He pressed his lips against her ear and whispered in his deep and magnetic voice. "Liv, thank you. I will make our family the happiest one there is." Then, she was plunged into darkness. John was gone, and his happy laughter was gone too. The endless darkness slowly swallowed her up. Just then, she heard the familiar voice again. "What's going on?" It was John's angry voice. "What's wrong with him? Who made him mad?" The nurse's anxious voice rang out. "Mr. Freeman, Ms. Ellis was emotionally unstable and slashed her wrists to commit suicide. She's losing a lot of blood and needs emergency treatment. "Ms. Ellis has Rh-negative type O blood, and the blood bank only has one pack left." John frowned and looked down at Olivia on the stretcher. Her face was as pale as a sheet of paper, and her usually plump lips were dry and bloodless. It was a stark contrast to the bright red oozing from her stomach. The paleness against the redness made the other much more severe-looking. Wes's heart skipped a beat after hearing the nurse's remark. Risking being scolded, he said, "Sir, Madam..." Before he could finish, John had already spoken. "Hurry and give Dolly a blood transfusion. I'll make sure you die with her if she dies!" He exuded a menacing aura. His sinister eyes screamed malice, scaring everyone around him. Startled, the nurse nodded, turned around, and ran back. She was so scared when running that she tripped and nearly fell. Wes glanced at Olivia, who looked dead on the stretcher. "Sir, Madam..." John turned and glanced at Wes. His eyes were icy. Wes shuddered but mustered up the courage and said, "Sir, Madam also has Rh-negative type O blood and could die if we don't give

her the transfusion." John glanced down at Olivia and sneered. "Die? Does she deserve to die? Will the indestructible Olivia Larson ever die?" Olivia suddenly remembered everything. Between her and Dorothy, John had chosen Dorothy to keep in both his heart and life. It turned out that this was just a dream. It burst like a bubble. Her Johnny was not returning. He was John now, a man who wanted her dead. It was a dream, after all. The more Olivia thought about it, the sadder she became. Then, her consciousness drifted away once more, and she fell into a deep abyss. The doctor stood by, watching the blood from Olivia's stomach continue to ooze, and the white sheet on the stretcher turn red. However, John said nothing, and he dared not move. "Mr. Freeman, so you want to save her?" "Do whatever you want." With that said, he turned and went away. He had to see Dorothy. She had miscarried, and that mean woman Olivia had stabbed her after. It was inevitable that she would be mentally unstable. It seemed they would have to be more careful

with her in the future. As Wes walked past the doctor, he whispered, "Doctor, please save her! Madam can't die yet." The doctor nodded. He feared John, but his job as a doctor was to save lives. "Okay, I'll do my best." Outside Dorothy's emergency room, John had a solemn and icy face as if he was going to kill at any time. He was with Dorothy but kept thinking of Olivia... "Is she really going to die?" "I locked her up for three days, thinking she'd reflect on herself. 'But she gave me her suicide as a gift. 'Olivia, who's so afraid of pain, isn't afraid to die just to get away from me. 'It's been two years. I thought she would learn. Who could've guessed she'd only get worse?' The more she wants to escape, the more I want to trap her!" The doctor came out of the emergency room. "Mr. Freeman, Ms. Ellis' body is doing okay now. However, she's emotionally unstable and needs more attention." "Okay." It was great that Dorothy was okay. After all, Dorothy had saved his life. He could not let anything happen to her. It was the promise he made. John was smoking in the stairwell when Zac Quinton arrived. Only the flickering of the fire could be seen in the darkness, and the faces obscured by the smoke were somewhat indistinct. "John, do you have to be so cruel?" Hearing the noise, John sneered. "What? Have you come to scold me?" Wes stepped back cautiously. Unable to persuade John, he could only get the best reinforcements he knew to try. After all, Madam had saved his life, so he could not sit by idly and watch her die. Zac was John's childhood buddy. Unlike John, Zac had gone to the University of Political Science and Law. After graduating, he

started a law firm and worked part-time as legal counsel for Freeman Group. Zac was the only person who dared stand up to John. "How long are you going to bully her for?" Zac had witnessed what happened in the two years, but he could not interfere because it was between John and his wife. However, now that a life was at stake, he could not stay out of it. "Do you understand that you're killing her with what you're doing?" Hearing that word, John put out his cigarette as his obsidian-like eyes glinted murderously. "Killing her? Olivia owes it to me!" "It's been two years. Is that not enough?" "No!" Not wanting to argue with him anymore, Zac said indifferently, "Johnny, I can't watch you make a mistake." He then turned and walked away. He knew how much the old John loved Olivia. John would regret it if she died. As John's friend, he was obliged to ensure he did not make that irreparable mistake. Therefore, he sprinted to Olivia's emergency room door. The doctor was looking for someone when he turned around and ran into Zac. "Mr. Quinton?" "Are you Olivia's doctor?" The doctor nodded. "Mrs. Freeman has lost a lot of blood, but she has an Rh-negative blood type. The blood bank happens to lack..." "Take mine." Seeing the doctor freeze, Zac held out his hand and repeated himself. "Take mine." "And Mrs. Freeman has terminal lung cancer."

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