

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

## Chapter 8

'Terminal lung cancer?' Zac looked at the doctor in disbelief. "Are you sure?" "Yes." The doctor paused and said with a frown. "And she needs a gastric lavage." "A gastric lavage?" Zac froze again. "Yes, she had food poisoning and also ate half a soap bar. And not only that, but she was in the sea the other day too." The doctor appeared to be unable to bear it any longer. "Sir, the patient might not even have six months left to live if we don't do anything." Zac's heart shuddered. "Got it. Don't tell anyone yet." "Okay, I'll ask the nurse to take your blood." Zac nodded and followed the nurse into a side room. He did not know much about Olivia, but she was still in her late 20s. Was she not too young to have terminal lung cancer? However, after considering what John had done to her in the past two years, it did not seem impossible. 'But what has Olivia been made to go through the last few days?' 'How did she get so hungry that she ate soap?' ... It was early the next morning when Olivia woke up. The birds chirping outside the window made everything seem like an illusion, including those three nightmarish days. "Are you awake?" Zac had planned to leave after giving his blood, but he relented and stayed when the doctor said she would have less than six months to live. Olivia struggled to sit up when she saw Zac. She was slightly surprised. "Mr. Quinton?" "Johnny had something to do last night, so he asked me to stay with you. Would you like some water?" Zac was very different from John, even though they were buddies. One was indifferent, while the other was gentle. Zac had always been cordial and soft-spoken, or at least Olivia thought so. However, she did not believe Zac's story. Remembering the conversation she had heard in the dark last night, she asked hoarsely, "Dorothy attempted suicide, didn't she?" Zac was shocked. He did not expect Olivia to know. After a pause, he nodded. "Yes." "Mr. Quinton, why did you lie to me? I know he'll keep Dorothy company." It turned out it was not a dream. It was real. John did choose Dorothy over her. He responded, "Will the indestructible Olivia Larson ever die?" It seemed like she was immortal to him. Why not just cut a piece of her flesh and feed it to Dorothy? Maybe her flesh could cure her. With that in mind, Olivia's expression suddenly froze. 'Do I look like I'm in the mood to joke?' 'I must have lost my mind. I lost my mind after losing John and the Larson family.' "Mr. Quinton, Johnny gave Dorothy the Rh-negative blood, so where did mine come from?" "Another hospital." "Oh,"

Olivia answered quietly. Zac was relieved to see that she was not suspicious. "I know about your illness." Olivia froze as her pupils constricted sharply. Despite the IV needle in her hand, she grabbed Zac's sleeve. "Please don't tell him." Olivia's face was pale, and she had lost a lot of weight. It was easy to feel protective over her. Even when her body was already exhausted, she still refused to give in, making Zac's heart tremble. "Mr. Quinton, don't tell him. I beg you..." Olivia implored again as he hesitated. As she struggled, the needle burst a blood vessel, sending blood rushing back in. It instantly turned the infusion tube red. Startled, Zac quickly calmed her down. "Okay, I promise." Hearing his affirmation, Olivia released her grip, and Zac rushed to get the nurse to take care of her injury. Now that Olivia was awake, Zac could not stay any longer. He watched the nurse dress her wound and left. In the afternoon, Olivia was staring

out the window when the door was suddenly pushed open. She thought it was John and felt a little happy. However, when she turned to look over, she saw Dorothy standing at the door, looking smugly at her. "Olivia, I told you Johnny doesn't care if you kill yourself. He only cares about me!" "There was only one bag of blood last night, and he gave it to me without hesitation. And you? He left you to die!" "It's just that you're tough. You still didn't die. Looks like Johnny's right. You really are indestructible. You can't seem to die." Olivia was not stupid. She could tell from Dorothy's remark that the Rh-negative type O blood incident was something she had orchestrated! Dorothy had slit her wrists before Olivia was even in the operating room. She did it on purpose! "Dorothy, what do you want?" "What on earth do you want?" Dorothy sneered and said, "You killed my baby. What do you think I want? Your life, of course!" "My life?" "Dorothy, I thought I was nice to you. Why did you steal Johnny?" Dorothy's family was poor. Olivia had made her the Larson family's adopted daughter, letting her join the elite and giving her the chance to approach John. Olivia treated her like a sister. Who would have expected this woman to steal her husband only two years later? Dorothy leaned over towards Olivia and pressed on her needle. Watching Olivia grit her teeth to bear the pain, she laughed and said, "Olivia, you know what? It makes me happy to watch you suffer." The needle burst another blood vessel, and the bright red blood trickled and dripped onto the bed sheet. However, Dorothy did not let go. Instead, she pressed harder. "Scream, Olivia. Why won't you scream?" Olivia frowned and gritted her teeth to swallow the pain. If it were before, she might have screamed in pain. However, after three

days of torture, she was no longer afraid of pain. Perhaps Dorothy found it boring that she did not scream, so she let go in disgust. "Ha! Olivia, didn't you want to know about the Larson family's bankruptcy two years ago?" Olivia froze and looked up at her. "What do you know?" "I know a lot. What do you want to know?" Then, Dorothy suddenly smiled and said, "You know what? Johnny will destroy something or someone you care about whenever I'm unhappy." "What?" Olivia suddenly thought about the Larson family going bankrupt, her father committing suicide, and her brother going missing. Did Dorothy have something to do with all that? She tore the needle out of her skin with such a jerk that her skin was pulled with it, and her whole hand instantly turned bloody. However, she did not care! She got out of bed, ran up to Dorothy, grabbed her shoulders, and asked, "Tell me. Did you have anything to do with the Larson family's bankruptcy? Where the hell is my brother?" Dorothy sneered. "I'm not telling you." Olivia panicked and shouted, "I'll give you John if you want him. I'll divorce him and give him to you, but give me my brother back, okay?!" Dorothy was about to lose her temper when she heard the familiar footsteps in the hallway. Her expression instantly changed as she went limp to the ground. "Liv, don't do this..." "Liv, I know I shouldn't have stolen Johnny from you. I'm sorry..." Dorothy fainted as she screamed. John rushed in and shoved Olivia out of the way. He held Dorothy in his arms, shouting anxiously, "Dolly?!"

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