

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

Chapter 14

Olivia finally snapped out of her sorrow when the doorbell rang. She got up to answer the door. However, she stumbled because her body could not take the pain anymore. Fortunately, she grabbed the railing and managed to stop herself from toppling over. When she opened the door, she saw that it was the delivery man. She forced herself to smile. "Can you help me put them inside?" The delivery man nodded and placed the ingredients inside the house. Only then did he notice Olivia was bleeding all over. She had blood all over her hands. He paused. "Miss, you're hurt. Do you want to go to the hospital?" Olivia shook her head and smiled bitterly. "No. I'll take care of it myself." This was a wealthy residential area. The delivery man did not want to interfere much. However, when he saw Olivia's pale face, the blood flowing down her forehead, and how she swayed when she walked, he could not help but ask... "I can help you call an ambulance if you need it." Olivia was startled. There were indeed kind people in this world. However, she could not go to the hospital. "I'm fine. Thank you." Then, she closed the door and left the delivery man outside. The delivery man glanced at the door and shook his head before he left. It seemed that marrying a wealthy man was not an easy life. She even hesitated to go to the hospital after being abused. As soon as Olivia closed the door, she noticed Dorothy had come out of her room. Dorothy stood on the stairs and looked at Olivia with interest. "Oh, you can't control yourself again. Olivia, you don't even choose your men. Do you really have to flirt with the delivery man? Since when you became such a slut?" She ignored Dorothy. She bent down and dragged the ingredients into the kitchen. Olivia could barely control her cough because she felt weak and felt a lot of pain in her chest. She often felt dizzy because she had been forcing herself not to cough. She would not cook this meal if it was not deciding whether she would live or die. For now, she must stay alive. Before, she had endured because she wanted to look for her brother. However, she now wanted revenge, to find out the truth, and find her brother. Dorothy had caused all these miseries. She would never let Dorothy go. However, it was ironic that John believed every word Dorothy told him. There was one thing she would not believe. Her father did not hate her. Uncle Wallace was coming to Ocean City, after all. She would see her father's letter soon and know the truth. Seeing that Olivia

was ignoring her, Dorothy leaned against the kitchen door and said, "Olivia, remember to cook for me. You know what's my favorite." Olivia stood up straight and turned around to look at Dorothy. Her voice was cold. "Dorothy, aren't you afraid of the punishment of being ungrateful? Without Olivia, Dorothy would not have had the chance to get to know John. Speaking of which, Olivia had ruined her own life. It was not advisable to be too kind sometimes. Dorothy hated hearing that. She gritted her teeth and said, "Olivia, don't you think you're so great that you can look down on me! You are nothing now!" "Who does Olivia think she is, talking to me like that? Does she think she's doing charity by telling me all this?" "Do I look like I need her kind help?" Olivia sneered. "Yes, I am nothing now, but without me, would you have had a chance to get to know John?" Dorothy could not retort. She panted with anger as she gazed at Olivia with hatred. Then, she slapped her. "B*tch! I'll show you who John will

choose to believe!” Then, Dorothy reached out for the knife and dialed John’s number with her phone. “Johnny, come and save me...” Tears flowed down Dorothy’s cheek, and she begged as she sobbed. “What’s the matter?” “Liv, please don’t do that. Put down the knife...” Dorothy screamed before Olivia, “Ahh!” Then, she hung up the call. Olivia was dumbfounded. She had never seen someone who could put on such a believable one-woman show. Dorothy had acted without her help and with no scenes. All she had done was an emotional monologue. It would be a shame if Dorothy did not decide to become an actress. Olivia shook her head and said in disbelief, “Dorothy, you are insane!” Unexpectedly, Dorothy played with the knife as she chuckled and said, “So what if I’m insane? John knows I’m in a bad mood, and whatever I do is right. So, he won’t have a problem even if I kill you with a knife.” Then, she raised the knife as she approached Olivia. “Olivia, I hate you so much. I wanted you dead long ago. Why don’t you allow me to be Johnny’s wife instead?” A strange smile appeared on Dorothy’s face as she slowly approached Olivia step by step. Frightened, Olivia quickly picked up another knife and backed away. “Stay away from me!” “Olivia, that’s what I want!” Before Olivia could react, Dorothy stabbed her leg. Although Dorothy wanted Olivia dead, it was not the time yet. Olivia’s thigh began to bleed. The pain made it difficult for her to stand up. The knife she held fell out of her grip. The pain was not enough to knock her out. As she spat out blood, she watched Dorothy pick up the knife she was just holding. Dorothy was a medical student, so she knew the depth of a non-fatal stab. She had also estimated John’s arrival

time. When the engine purred outside the door, she stabbed the knife into her chest. Before she fell to the ground, she glanced at Olivia with disdain. The next second, John walked into the house and saw the scene before him. Anxiously, he carried Dorothy and called out anxiously, “Dorothy?” John went berserk when he got no response from Dorothy. He carried her and shouted, “Wes, drive to the hospital!” As soon as Wes came in, he was shocked to see Olivia lying on the ground, coughing out blood. Her leg was also injured. “Sir, what about Madam...” John looked at her coldly, feeling disgusted deep down his bones. “Ignore her. She won’t die.” Olivia had forgotten how many times John had repeated that already. To him, Olivia would never die. What made him think she would not die? She had cancer and would die within six months. Olivia looked at John leaving, and she was heartbroken. Tears flowed down her cheeks. She felt like she had fallen into an abyss. Trying to struggle with her last strength, she shouted to John, “John, I’m dying!” It was the first time she had ever said anything like that to him. Then, she fainted. When she woke up again, a day had already passed. When she opened her eyes, she saw John’s sinister gaze, which scared her. “John...” Her voice was hoarse, and she was sad. Noticing Olivia was awake, John dragged Olivia out of bed without caring if her left hand was still on drip. The huge tug made her blood vessels burst and blood flow back, but John did not let go. He clenched her neck and said, “Olivia, I told you that if something happened to Dorothy, your brother has to die too. Have you forgotten?” Olivia gasped for breath. Her vision turned black, and her lungs were expanding as if they were about to explode. However, she could still hear John’s cold voice in her ears. “Olivia, get down on your knees and apologize to Dorothy!”

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