

Chapter 4 - Getting Him Hooked: Mr. Freeman's Indifferent Sinner Wife

'Oh no! I can't escape!' The voice that Olivia was infatuated with back then now sounded like the devil. It terrified her. She did not want to go back with him. She did not want to see him whispering sweet nothings to Dorothy. She was sick of it. Olivia got up and took a step back, then shook her head. Her face was pale, but she still said firmly, "No. I'm not going back with you. John, I want a divorce." "A divorce?" "She's still thinking about a divorce?" John took a big step forward and grabbed Olivia's hand to pull her toward him. Then, his other hand grabbed her neck. "Olivia, I told you not to think about a divorce!" "You haven't repaid your debt yet!" Olivia could not breathe with his hand wrapped so tightly around her throat. She already had breathing problems due to her lung cancer, but now, she felt as if her lungs were going to explode. She frowned and swallowed the blood in her throat, "I... What do I owe you?" "Was it because of Dorothy's miscarriage or the stabbing?" Regardless, she was not responsible for either! However, John refused to believe her. "You know very well, yet you're still asking me that?" John did not give her the chance to breathe. He choked her all the way to the car. His sinister eyes were staring straight into her. "Olivia, stop testing my patience." His patience? When had he ever shown her any patience? Olivia swallowed her blood down again. Only when her eyes widened as she almost lost consciousness did John finally release her. Before she could return to her senses, he pushed her into the car and got inside. Olivia covered her mouth and coughed. Her lungs hurt, and she curled up beside the car window with a frown. "You're still pretending? It's such a pity that you're not an actress." As she listened to John's mocking, she smiled bitterly. 'Is this the man I've loved for so many years?' After a while, Olivia returned to her senses. Then, she turned to look at John, her tone of voice sounding extremely hopeless, "Were you trying to kill me just now?" A disdainful smile appeared on John's lips. "Kill you? You're not worthy of death." When they got back at the villa, John dragged Olivia out of the car and up the stairs. Then, he threw her rudely onto the bedroom floor. He looked at her as he towered over her, his eyes filled with coldness and hate. "Olivia, think about what you did just now. If you run away again, I'll make you lose everything." Olivia felt as if her body was falling apart. She endured the pain and lifted her head to meet his malicious eyes. However, she did not show any signs

of weakness. "Johnny, I've already lost everything." She lost the man in front of her. She lost her family, her parents, and her little brother. What else could she possibly lose? She only had her body, but she would soon lose it too. John

peered at her and scoffed. "Don't you want to see your brother?" "Brother?" Her eyes brightened. She gritted her teeth and got up. "Do you know where my brother is? Tell me!" John slammed the door shut and did not answer her. Even if her family was gone, Olivia still had self-respect, the brother she loved, and the freedom she longed for. He could only take away so many things! Olivia ran to open the door, but she found that it had been locked from the outside. She could not open it from the inside. She knocked on the door frantically and yelled at the top of her lungs, "Johnny, tell me where my brother is!" However, no one answered her. How long was he planning to lock her in here? John looked at Wes, who was standing downstairs. His face was so dark it was horrifying. "Why should I keep you around if you can't even keep an eye on a woman?" Wes lowered his head. "I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't know Madam would climb out of the window..." He did not expect this at all. He did not think that Olivia, who looked so weak, could climb out of the window. When John heard Wes say Olivia had escaped through the window, he was furious. She had climbed out of the window to escape him? John turned to look at the stairs coldly. Then, he turned to walk out. "Let's go." Wes asked in concern, "Sir, aren't you going to get someone to keep watch? Madam still needs to eat..." John turned to glare at Wes, and Wes was immediately struck by fear. He answered, "I understand." After they got into the car, Wes asked, "Where are we going, Sir?" "The hospital." Dorothy had just miscarried, and Olivia stabbed her. She was very weak at the moment—this was when she most needed care and comfort. When John remembered how Dorothy was stabbed, he was livid. When did Olivia become so jealous and evil? She had wronged him, so why did she always try to look so innocent? The more John thought about it, the more irritated he felt. When he got to the hospital, he walked straight toward Dorothy's ward. The lights were still on. Dorothy looked over when she heard the door open. When she saw John, she put down the book in her hand to try to get up. "Johnny." John went over to support her. "Don't stand. You're very weak now." Dorothy shook her head. "I'm fine. The doctor is a professional. I might be able to move freely in just two more days." "Stop joking around." The more sensible Dorothy acted, the more John hated Olivia. "Why can't she be sensible too?" "Johnny,

how's Liv?" Dorothy was very smart. She knew exactly what John liked, and what he hated. He liked sensible and obedient women, so she needed to stay by his side obediently to please him. When the time was right, she would certainly become Mrs. Freeman. John frowned. After he tucked Dorothy in, he asked, "Why are you asking about her?" Dorothy hugged his arm and sniffled. "Johnny, I don't mean anything by it. I'm just worried that you'll make things hard for her. After all, she's my friend and your lawfully wedded wife." Then,

she sighed and said bitterly, "I'll always be the mistress. I'll never get to go public." When Dorothy was pregnant, John promised to make their relationship public. Now that she had lost her child, she had also lost her chance. John felt that he had wronged Dorothy in this aspect. "Dolly, move to the peninsular when you're discharged. I'll name you as mine publicly." Dorothy was thrilled. She asked carefully, "Are you going to divorce Liv?" "No." Dorothy was confused. How would she get her chance if he did not divorce Olivia? "Olivia wants to divorce him as well, so why would John refuse? 'Is he still in love with her?' When Dorothy thought about this, she felt her heart rise to her throat. It seemed she still needed to work harder. "I'll go, okay? And get Liv to take care of me..." John said coldly, "She can't say no." She cared about her brother more than anything. Olivia would listen to every word John said as long as her brother was still with him. However, he had no idea Olivia was currently coughing uncontrollably due to her lung cancer. The sink was covered with her bright red blood, and she struggled to stand. Olivia lifted her head to look at her haggard self in the mirror. She smiled bitterly and asked, "Can I still live another half a year?"

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