

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

Chapter 9

John pushed Olivia so hard that she hit her head on the corner of the bedside table. The sudden pain made her hiss. She frowned as she endured the pain. She reached out to touch the back of her head, only to find her right hand covered in blood. She could also feel the drooping flesh on her hand. However, John did not see that. He only saw Olivia raise her hand, so he thought she was going to hit Dorothy. He reflexively pushed her away again. "Get your dirty hands off me!" With that, he picked Dorothy up and walked out. When he reached the door, he stopped. His sinister eyes stared coldly at the woman on the floor and warned her. "Olivia, this is your last chance. If I catch you bullying Dolly again, I'll make you suffer a fate worse than death!" "A fate worse than death? Isn't that what I'm already experiencing now?" Suddenly, she remembered her brother. Ignoring the blood on her body, she stumbled out. She ran after John and stopped him. "Johnny, where's my brother?" Dorothy did not make herself clear earlier, but Olivia could guess at the half of it. John most probably had something to do with the Larson family's bankruptcy. The day John locked her up, he also explicitly mentioned her brother, so she believed he had her brother too. When John was silent, Olivia grabbed his sleeve and cried as she begged. "Johnny, will you let my brother go? He's only 13..." John glanced at her in disgust, lifted his leg, and kicked her away. He said coldly, "Olivia, you'll never see him again if you do that one more time!" With that, Olivia went quiet instantly as she tried to get up from the floor. She had nothing left. She could not lose her brother too! She crouched on the ground. Her dress was drenched red with blood as her wound was torn open by the kick to her stomach. However, she did not feel any pain in her body. She just blankly stared at John's back as he left with Dorothy in his arms. Love was like fireworks: only beautiful for a while, but it still created a memory for a lifetime. One could lose a lifetime of happiness for a moment of joy. Her heart hurt as if a million needles were pricking her, leaving her breathless. She had never linked John to the Larson family's bankruptcy throughout these two years. She always thought that even if he had another woman or even if he hated her, he would never... She remained seated on the ground with blank eyes until Zac came. Zac wanted to stay out of it, but he felt sorry for Olivia and decided to buy her dinner when he thought about how she had begged him to

keep her illness a secret. However, he had only just turned the corner when he saw Olivia sitting in a pool of blood, her eyes blank. Zac quickly put the meal aside, picked her up off the floor, carried her back to the room, and called the doctor. When the doctor arrived, they looked at the drooping flesh on her right hand and could not help but frown and scold Zac. "Did you not look after her? This wound on her hand was due to a forceful pull! Now I can't use her right hand to administer IV medication!" The nurse rushed to help Olivia with the wound. Her heart wrenched as she looked at her mangled hand. It must have hurt like hell. However, Olivia did not react, cry or struggle. It was as if she did not even feel the wound. The back of her head had been hit by the corner of the bedside table. It was a serious injury, and it was bleeding. The doctor covered it with a simple bandage. "Ms. Larson, you're still young. Take care of your health, or you won't even have six months left to live." Olivia did not move until she heard that. She looked up at the

doctor. "How long do I have? Do I have three months?" The doctor looked at her and could not help shaking his head. "If you eat one more bar of soap, even three months is a stretch." "Not even three months? But I can't die yet!" How could she die without finding her brother and finding out the truth about the Larson family's bankruptcy? "I'll be good. I can't die yet." There was a certain determination in Olivia's eyes as she spoke. It was as if she had made up her mind. After the doctors and nurses left, Zac stood aside for a long time without speaking. He did not know what to say or how to comfort her. The Olivia before him no longer looked like the Larson family's heiress that he knew. Her body was as thin as a sheet of paper. Holding her felt like lifting a feather. Her face was drained of color, and even her red lips were dry and pale. Olivia was the first to speak, her voice a little hoarse. "Mr. Quinton, what are you doing here? Is there something Johnny wants you to tell me?" She had rarely seen Zac during their years of marriage. After all, there were no legal issues to discuss. Zac shook his head. "No, he doesn't know I'm here." Olivia paused and looked at Zac in surprise. She pressed her lips and said with a wry smile, "You're right. He doesn't have time for me." "What do you want to eat?" Zac changed the subject. John was his buddy, and Olivia was his buddy's wife. He could not get involved in their relationship. "I have no appetite." Zac's heart broke when he saw the way Olivia looked. How could she not eat even after being tortured so awfully? "How can you survive without food?" Olivia seemed to think it through and smiled at him. "You're right. I should eat a good meal." Zac

was delighted. Fortunately, it did not take her much persuading. "Drink some chicken soup first. I'll bring something else tomorrow, okay?" Olivia nodded obediently. "Yes, okay. I'll have the chicken soup." "Good." Zac left after Olivia finished the soup. As Olivia looked at the dark night sky, her disappointment only mounted. How the hell did she and John turn out this way? After spending two days in the hospital, her cuts had healed, and she was able to move freely. Therefore, Olivia asked to be discharged. The doctor refused, but Olivia did not like the smell of disinfectant in the hospital. She especially disliked the fact that Dorothy was in the same hospital as her. The doctor could not dissuade her, so he just had to warn her before discharging her. The villa was already empty, and it had become more desolate and gloomy after being unoccupied for a few days. Olivia cleaned up briefly, took her medicine, lay down in her familiar bed, and soon fell asleep. Early the next morning, Olivia was woken by the doorbell. She thought it was John, but she realized it was Zac when she opened the door. "Mr. Quinton?" Zac held up the breakfast in his hand and said with a smile, "I didn't know you were discharged until I went to the hospital. You won't eat on time on your own, so I brought you food." Olivia paused before moving aside to let him in. Zac had dined with her these past few days, so she was a little used to it. They had just sat down in the dining room when they heard the door open. Then, a familiar killjoy noise rang. "What are you doing?"

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