

Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Livia's little body was pulled by her stepmother out of the house. The woman had already opened the car door and pushed her inside. "Mom, where are we going? Mom?" the little girl started to cry.

The woman did not answer. Instead, she started the car and drove without saying anything. She only looked at her stepdaughter once. Then looked away and looked down at the road again.

She must teach the little girl a lesson so that the little girl will know who is in charge of the house.

"Mom, where are we going?" Livia was scared. Her hands were shaking.

The woman beside her didn't answer and making her even more scared. "Mom ..."

"I'm not your mom!"

Those words suffocated Livia. She was about to cry, but she locked her mouth suddenly. She realized that the woman driving the car beside her was angry.

She knew her stepmother didn't like her. Several times she was scolded for no reason. She didn't bother her half-sister, but she was always accused of being guilty when her sister cried.

The car continued to run, not knowing where it was going.

Livia looked out the car window. They entered the suburbs of the city. She could see the big trees along the way.

The car stopped. Livia shrunk in her chair while her stepmother came down.

She opened the car door and pulled Livia's body.

"Mom, I'm sorry, Mom. Please forgive me." Tears began to flow and burst, her voice already shaking with fear.

"Get down." The woman pulled Livia's arm. The little girl holding on to the car seat lost her strength. Her body was already pulled, and she was already out of the car.

BANG!

The car door slammed loudly.

“Mom, where are you going? Don’t leave me, Mom.”

Her stepmother didn’t say anything. She just looked at Livia with hatred. Then she walked around the car and got in the car.

She starts the car.

“Mom, don’t leave me, Mom.” Livia tried to open the car door, but it was locked. “I’m sorry, Mom, I’m sorry! I’m guilty, I’m guilty, Mom. Please don’t leave me, Mom. I am so scared! Please open the car door, Mom. / beg you!”

The car runs slowly.

Livia started running after it while knocking hard on the glass door.

“Mom, don’t go! Mom, don’t leave me. I beg you, Mom!”

Livia fell to the ground as the car she chased accelerated, leaving her alone.

The child’s cry broke. She looked around; there were only big trees everywhere.

“I’m sorry, Mom, I’m sorry! Don’t throw me out, don’t throw me out, Mom! I’m sorry. I’m scared!” Livia’s body shivered. She was scared, crouching down and crying as hard as she could.

The air around her was getting colder and colder. The sun was starting to dim. Little Livia was still crying, sobbing.

She sat cross-legged on the ground, and she looked up when she heard the sound of a car.

She got up from her seat when she knew her stepmother’s car had returned.

She ran closer after the car had stopped.

The woman who had pulled her forcibly out of the car and Livia hugged the woman’s legs tightly. Like guarding her most valuable possessions.

“I’m sorry, Mom, I was wrong. I was naughty. I will be a good daughter and obedient to mom and dad. Don’t throw me away, Mom, don’t throw me out.”

Her stepmother touched Livia’s head.

“Now you see, a disobedient child will be expelled and thrown away. You will live alone, without a home and family. Do you want to be like that?”

“No, Mom, I’m sorry. I will obey you from now on, don’t throw me away, Mom.” Tears are still flooding.

“Good. If you become an obedient child, I will also care for you.”

“I promise, Mom, I will obey and listen to you. So, don’t throw me out, Mom.”

“Come in. We’re going home.” “Yes, Mom.” Livia got into the car with her trembling body. Then, she received a bottle of drink from her stepmother.

“Drink it. If your dad asks where you’re from, tell him that I take you out for a walk.”

“Okay, Mom.”

From that day on, Livia grew up with fear in her heart. She was afraid of being dumped if she didn’t obey, afraid of being kicked out of the house if she didn’t listen to her stepmother. So she always nodded her head even after she grew up.

Even though her obedience to her stepmother turned into hatred, she didn’t dare to fight back against whatever the parents decided, including marrying Damian Alexander.

“Sorry, Mom. Sorry ...”

“Miss Livia! Miss Livia, wake up!” Tiffany shook Livia’s body to wake her up.

Livia blinked in surprise. “Are you okay, Miss? Bad dream, huh?”

Livia wiped her face, sweat pouring down. She remembered what dream she had just now. It’s been so long. Why did the bad memories reappear in her mind?

She always runs out of breath when she remembers what happened in her childhood.

“Tiffany, can you please get some water for me?”

“Okay. Just a moment. But, are you sick?” Tiffany took a bottle of water from the carton near them.

“It’s okay, just dizzy. Thank you.” Livia accepted the drink. She drank almost half the bottle. She had not managed to forget the dark memories and these dark memories made her curl up on the ground in fear. Fear of being thrown out, afraid of being kicked out of the family.”

‘I have to get Master Damian to divorce me well.’ Livia thought.

If she was kicked out of his house because he was angry, it would impact her father's company. He could have made her family completely bankrupt and have no self-respect anymore.

Then, if her stepmother and dad are angry, let alone can she return home, she will definitely be kicked out and removed from their family register.

But to Livia, Damian is crazy. She didn't know what was going on in his head. Sometimes he laughs for no reason. Sometimes he gets angry without Livia knowing why. Sometimes his lips grin into a smile for no reason. Bu

Livia felt dizzy. She can't even find the reason why he married her. However, she clearly remembers what Assistant Brown said when she asked him before;

"Assistant Brown, may I ask a question?"

"Please, Miss."

"Do you know why Mr. Damian chose to marry me?"

"No."

"There's no way you don't know."

"I really don't know."

"Assistant Brown, forget my question earlier. I'll ask the next question."

"Please, Miss."

"Is Master Damian sleeping with different women every night?"

"No."

"Hey, can you answer it more specifically? Don't just answer me with one word. It's confusing!"

Assistant Brown didn't say anything.

Livia felt annoyed. She was just curious and wanted to know a little about Damian. Maybe if she could understand the man, it would be 2/3

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easy for her to get rid of him.

“Assistant Brown, what type of woman does Master Damian like?”

“Do you want to change into the type that Master Damian likes?”

Livia couldn't help but sigh in silence. She wondered why she had to change into the type he liked when she clearly knew she was far from his beauty standards.

He even called her ugly straight in front of herself.

She asked because she planned to find a woman who suits his tastes and then she could escape from this place.

“What is Miss Helena look like?”

“Are you jealous?”

What the ...' Livia tried to stop asking nonsense.

“Why should I be jealous.”

Assistant Brown was silent, neither answering nor asking any more questions. It really suffocates Livia in annoyance.

Livia couldn't get any valuable information from Assistant Brown at all.

That's right, Miss Helena.

'If it is true that she is the woman that Master Damian likes, maybe I can be free from this terrible hell once she appears. But where is that woman now?'

Livia remembered, Clarissa once said, if her sister came back, she definitely would be kicked from Damian's side. But where is she now? 'That's right. I have to find out about Helena.'

But, from where will she finds the information about Helena? Could it be Assistant Brown? Livia didn't sure if it would work.

Well, however, Livia's first mission to escape from Damian is to reunite him with the woman he likes.

Helena.

“Miss, why are you laughing to yourself?”

Livia gasped, realizing where she was.

The three employees looked on with enthusiasm.

“Miss Livia, are you in love?”

“Woah, seriously? It must be real! How didn’t you tell us that you have a boyfriend already?”

I even already have a crazy husband!’ Livia sneered bitterly in her heart.

“What boyfriend? No, I was just thinking about my neighbor’s cat. It might be looks funny if he has a partner.”

“Pfft, it’s okay if you don’t want to share about it. But, are you now telling us about your single status?”

‘God, I’m not single anymore. I already have a crazy rich husband who can do anything to my family or to me. You guys will definitely be shocked if you know who he is.’

They did not stop teasing Livia, and Livia didn’t know how to answer.