

## **G.H Hooked 131**

### Chapter 131

John picked up the clothes on the shelf. He looked as though he was going to murder someone. "Go to Golden Hills Apartment!"

Wes gasped and quickly headed to the parking lot to get the car.

On the way to the apartment, Wes repeatedly looked at John with the rearview

mirror, trying to say something. However, he swallowed his words each time he saw his angry face.

"You want to say something?"

Wes shuddered and looked carefully at the rearview mirror. He gulped and said, "Mr. Freeman, I think you may have misunderstood Mrs. Freeman."

"Misunderstand her?"

John squinted his eyes and played with his phone. "Wes, how many years have you been working with me?"

Wes was terrified. "Mr. Freeman..."

H

"You should know my temper by now. Keep your mouth shut, and don't say anything you shouldn't."

"Yes."

John sneered. He would not believe that this was a misunderstanding.

Zac had admitted he had feelings for Olivia. Moreover, she would not be at Golden Hills Apartment out of sheer coincidence.

When the car pulled over at Golden Hills Apartment, John headed straight to Zac's unit.

Olivia had just finished her porridge. She lay back on the bed and could not help but shudder as she remembered what happened the day before.

She could not believe John would pay someone to kidnap and rape her!

If she had not escaped in time and met Zac, a few men would have forced themselves on her.

Suddenly, someone slammed the doorbell.

Olivia's hands trembled, and her glass fell to the ground.

"Sis Liv, are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

Zyla noticed her pale face and was concerned.

However, the doorbell was still ringing. Zyla thought it was the doctor and comforted Olivia. "Sis Liv, I'll get the door first then clean this up later. Don't worry."

She quickly went to get the door.

When she opened the door, all she saw was John, who looked unhappy as he dashed into the house.

Zyla quickly tried to stop him. "Sir, this is a private residence. You can't trespass here."

John stopped walking and glanced at her as he said coldly, "No wonder you look so familiar. You were the bad nurse at the hospital."

Zyla was startled. Then, John shoved her off, making her fall to the ground.

John rushed in and saw Olivia leaning against the bedboard weakly.

"Well, well, well, Olivia."

Olivia shrunk her neck back and backed away subconsciously in fear when John saw

her.

He approached her and dragged her out of bed. Olivia had sprained her leg, and she could not balance herself. John accidentally dragged her onto the shards of glass on the ground.

The white tile was instantly dyed red.

Zyla's eyes widened in shock, and she quickly pushed John away. "B\*stard! Didn't you see that Sis Liv was injured?"

Stunned, John glanced at the ground and shoved Olivia onto the sofa.

Then, he reached down and pulled her by the hair. "Olivia, I don't like it when

someone cheats on me, and you've done it twice!"

“Let go of me!” Olivia said, struggling to push John away.

“Let go of you? Let go of you so you can elope with Zac?”

Olivia froze when she heard that. She looked up coldly at John. “What did you just say?”

John pulled her hair harder and looked at her with his angry eyes. “You heard me!”

Olivia scoffed when she saw John getting mad. “John, are you putting on an act?”

“Don’t you know better than anyone where I was yesterday, yet you came here to question me? Are you trying to ask me why I didn’t give in and chose to run away instead?”

Chapter 132

John was shocked, and his grip loosened a little. “Olivia, what are you talking about?”

“What am I talking about? John, you threatened Aaron and told him not to give me a chance. Then, you ordered someone to kidnap me and...”

Tears welled up in her eyes as she thought back to what happened in the dark room.

She sobbed.

John felt the fire of frustration burning in him. He felt Olivia was hiding something, and he could not understand it.

He had never asked anyone to kidnap her.

She was the one who escaped and went missing.

“I ordered a few bodyguards to follow you. You were the one who escaped.”

“Yes. That’s why you sent your bodyguards to keep an eye on me. So identify the location of the kidnapping!”

you

could

“Olivia!”

John roared.

He let go of her hair and pinched her jaw. He said, “You escaped from the bodyguards to meet Aaron. When did I send someone to kidnap you? Why do you have to shift the blame to someone else every time you cheat on me?”

“Two years ago, you accused Dolly of framing you, even though she didn’t do anything! Now you accuse me of kidnapping you? Olivia, I didn’t do it!”

Olivia, who was sobbing, suddenly laughed. Her laughter sounded more miserable

than her crying.

“John, the kidnapers told me you asked them to kidnap me because you want to make Dorothy your wife, and...”

“And?” John questioned.

“You told them to...”

Olivia bit her lip and sobbed.

She could not say it. It was difficult for her to say it.

The man she had loved for seventeen years had ordered a group of thugs to force themselves on her so he could make Dorothy his wife.

John, who had believed Olivia had eloped with Zac, was now puzzled because of what Olivia said.

He forced her to speak as he asked coldly. "What else?"

Zyla finally could not stand it. She dashed toward John and pushed him as she shouted, "What are you trying to say? You're the worst man I've ever met! Ordering thugs to force themselves on your wife..."

"Zyla, stop!"

Olivia looked away and refused to make eye contact with John.

She hated him so much that she even imagined killing him, but when she saw him, she took it back.

17 years? Only one thing had lasted for 17 years throughout her entire life.

She would not have the heart to kill him.

John's hands trembled. "Olivia, is what she said true? Did those people force

themselves on you?"

Olivia bit her lips and pushed him suddenly. She stood up and shouted, "Get out! I don't want to see you anymore!"

John reached out to pull her, but he could only grab her sleeve. As they were both struggling, the sleeve tore apart.

It revealed Olivia's wounded arm. On her slender and fair skin were countless fresh

scars

John looked at it and gradually noticed her feet too.

Only then did he notice Olivia's right ankle was swollen and her feet were bleeding.

John's heart skipped a beat. He pointed at Olivia's wounds, and his lips trembled as he asked, "How did you get these?"

Olivia covered her wound with her hand and stepped back, dragging a trail of blood

across the floor with the soles of her feet.

"Leave me alone. Leave!"

Zyla quickly went to support Olivia. Then, she stared at John. "Mr. Freeman, Olivia was injured as she was escaping through the hill road from the kidnappers. You saw it, didn't you?"

Olivia suddenly gasped. She felt a twitching pain in her chest, and she spat out a

mouthful of blood.

Zyla was startled. "Sis Liv."

Chapter 133

John stretched out his hand. However, he drew his hand back when he saw Zyla supporting Olivia.

"Olivia, I didn't do it."

He would never do such a despicable thing.

Forget employing thugs to force themselves on Olivia. He would not even let Zac touch her.

Olivia leaned against Zyla's shoulder weakly and wiped the blood off her lips. "I won't believe you."

John felt frustrated and frowned. "Whatever."

Olivia scoffed. "Mr. Freeman, you're losing patience so soon? I've only asked you twice, and you're already annoyed just because I refuse to believe it.

"John, I've been explaining what happened two years ago to you almost every day, but do you believe me?"

John lifted his head and felt sorry for her for about a second.

However, Olivia did not notice it. She coughed. "John, I'm delighted to see your frustrated!"



John clenched his fist and resisted the urge to take Olivia away. He said coldly, "Olivia, reflect on your actions."

When John got back in the car, his mood was worse than before. "Ask Aaron to meet me."

Wes was puzzled. "Mr. Freeman, what happened?"

"Wes, you're talking too much. Just get him as I ordered you to!"

Noticing John's dark expression, Wes gasped and nodded. "Yes."

John calmed himself down a little and dialed Zac's number.

"Zac, where did you find Olivia?"

He was sure that Zac must have saved Olivia.

Zac sneered from the other end of the call. "John, is that how you ask for something?"

"Zac Quinton!"

"It's no use yelling at me."

John held the phone, and his gaze was cold.

"Zac, do you know what happened to Olivia? Tell me, or I'll get revenge on you too!"

Zac recalled Olivia's expression when he found her.

She looked terrified. It was beyond the terror of losing her life.

"At Greenwood Hill."

'Greenwood Hill?'

"Yeah, I was coming back from the neighboring city. Instead of taking the highway path, I took the mountain path. She was at the roadside under the hill and stopped my car. John, it was purely a coincidence and not planned out by any of us."

Zac did not know why he was so afraid that John would misunderstand them. He instinctively added that last sentence.

Then, he hung up the call.

John looked out the window and squinted his eyes. "Wes, find me surveillance camera footage around Greenwood Hill. Find out who those kidnappers were!"

"Yes."

After a minute of silence, John said coldly, "Go interrogate them first. Then, take their kidneys, and dump them in Africa."

Wes glanced at John with the rearview mirror and nodded. "Yes, sir."

No one could touch his woman. Those who touched her would die!

In Golden Hills Apartment, Zyla helped Olivia get back to bed. She handed her the medicine and said, "Liv, rest well. Don't think about anything. You have to take care of your health first.

"Think about doing it for the baby if you can't do it for your own sake."

Thinking about her child, Olivia threw back her head to hold back her tears.

She had been looking forward to this child for so long, yet she initially wanted to abort it when she found out about its existence.

However, she and the baby were now one, and she could not bear to get rid of it.

She wanted to believe that John had nothing to do with the kidnapping.

However, she could not.

Everything he had done these two years had pushed her to her limits and left her in despair.

Chapter 134

"Sis Liv, you may not believe me."

Zyla bandaged Olivia's wound. She bit her lips and hesitated as she continued. "It might not be Mr. Freeman."

Olivia looked at her. Her eyes were full of self-mockery. "What should I believe when it comes to him? He has no problem throwing me into a dark room, so he definitely could've found someone to kidnap me."

John had crushed all her dreams and destroyed everything about their past.

To her, John had already become a demon. A demon who could do anything.

The only thing that had not changed was that she still loved him. She even expected him to change.

Why should she expect something impossible?

Zyla knew Olivia was the person who wanted to trust John the most in this world. However, she was heartbroken and did not want to get deceived again.

She brought Olivia a glass of water and said, "Sis Liv, drink the water and take medicine, then go to bed. We'll talk about this tomorrow, okay?"

Olivia thought of the baby and nodded obediently. "Okay."

However, only after two hours, Olivia shot up from the bed.

Zyla was guarding Olivia by her side. She quickly approached her when she saw her

awake.

"Sis Liv, are you alright? Why are you sweating?"

Olivia gasped for breath and smiled wryly. "Nothing!"

She had just had a dream. In the dream, John tried to kill her.

She jolted up from the bed in fear.

Zyla handed the water to her and said, "Sis Liv, Mr. Quinton said they found the kidnappers from yesterday, and he suspects the kidnapping has something to do with Dorothy."

Dorothy?

Olivia's hands shuddered. She lifted her head and looked at Zyla as she asked, "Did

he find any evidence?"

"No. Dorothy was smart and might have asked someone to do things for her. That's why she can always get away with things."

Olivia put her glass down and looked out of the window.

She took a deep breath.

That was something Dorothy could and would do.

"Where is Dorothy now?"

"The hospital. It seems she suffered some trauma from the thunderstorm and has been staying there since."

Olivia sneered as she thought, 'Wasn't the day of the thunderstorm the day I was locked up in the little black hut?'

No wonder John left her there all night. It turned out he had gone to his dearest mistress.

"Zyla, can you drive me to the hospital?"

"But Sis Liv, your wounds."

“It’s alright.”

‘What are these wounds compared to the wounds in my heart?’

Zyla knew there was no way she could persuade Olivia, so she got up, helped Olivia change her clothes, and supported her on her way to the car.

Olivia opened the ward door and entered. She found Dorothy eating an apple in her room with all her limbs intact.

Upon hearing the sound of the door, Dorothy immediately put on an act and leaned weakly against the headboard.

“Dorothy, do you think you’re an actress, putting up an act for everybody all day?”

Olivia sneered at that. Only John would believe such a poor act.

Dorothy knew it was Olivia upon hearing Olivia’s voice. She turned around and glared at Olivia. “Olivia!”

Olivia leaned against the wall, trying to keep her right foot off the ground.

“Why? Are you surprised to see me? Did you think I’d be dead or raped by now?”

She was pregnant, yet Dorothy could vicious pay someone to force themselves on her.

Dorothy intended to kill her.

“Olivia, why aren’t you dead yet?”

Then, Dorothy sneered. "But I bet Johnny doesn't want you anymore, seeing as you're already in such a state."

Chapter 135

"Dorothy, of course I have to live longer than you. Why should I die when you're not dead yet?"

"It's no use living. Will Johnny believe you? Johnny hates women who cheat on him. Do you think you can convince him?"

Seeing Dorothy's ferocious expression, Olivia burst into laughter. "Well, Dorothy,

what if Johnny knew you've been infertile for three years but you still pretended to be pregnant and even faked a miscarriage?"

Dorothy was startled, and her eyes were wide open in shock. She said nothing for a long time.

"That's cheating on him, too, right?"

"What... are you talking about?"

"Didn't I give you all the evidence and ask you for the money? Unfortunately, you didn't give me a dime. Of course I have to tell Johnny about this and ask him to pay on your behalf."

"B\*tch! Olivia, don't do anything dumb!"

Olivia scoffed. "You asked Ben to run into Zac. Do you think Johnny won't find out about your past with Ben?"

"Do you think John will think you're dirty, since he thinks I am? Dorothy, how many men have you slept with?"

“Not just Ben, but also the men you used to frame me two years ago, and the men who did things for you. Oh, yes, and my kidnappers. Have you slept with them all?”

“You! Olivia, how dare you!”

Dorothy got up from the bed and rushed to her. Then, she grabbed Olivia’s hair and shoved her onto the ground.

“B\*tch, Johnny won’t ever trust a word you say. Why do you have to waste your own time?”

Olivia was in pain and covered her belly as she frowned and looked at Dorothy, who looked vicious.

“Johnny will learn the truth sooner or later.”

“Shut up!”

As soon as Olivia gritted her teeth and stood up, Dorothy slapped her.

“B\*tch! You must wanna die! Don’t think you can do anything even if you have all this information! Your brother does whatever I tell him to do. Aren’t you afraid I’ll make him die?”

Olivia’s heart skipped a beat, and she slapped Dorothy.

“Dorothy, he’s only thirteen. What do you want to do to him? He’s already on the wrong path and doesn’t know what’s right. I know it’s all because of you. Don’t ever think I’ll forget about it.”



Dorothy sneered. "So what? Your brother does what I say right now, and he thinks you're a b\*tch while I'm his savior. Olivia, I took your place!"

"It's like how Johnny believes me and not you. Olivia, your husband is also mine!"

Dorothy grabbed Olivia's hair and slapped her back.

"So, what do you think you know? Your man, your money, your house, your brother, and your reputation are all mine! I will take everything you have. All of it!"

"Dorothy, you are crazy!"

"Yes, I'm mad, but I won. I'll leave you with nothing."

In pain, Olivia gritted her teeth and pushed Dorothy away.

"Dorothy, as long as I live, you won't ever hurt my baby or anyone around me again!"

"Heh! Tell Johnny everything you know. Let's see if he believes you or me."

Olivia did not want to quarrel with her anymore. She turned around and walked out of the ward as she fell onto Zyla because her legs were so weak.

"Sis Liv, are you alright? Your hair... Why is your cheek red?"

"I'm fine. Let's go back."

"No. Did she hit you? I want to slap her back for you."

Olivia stopped Zyla. "No. I came here this time to record her voice. We have enough evidence now with this recording."

Chapter 136

She knew Dorothy very well. Every time John was around, she would put on a show. However, she would show her true colors when John was not around.

The recordings today were enough proof to show that she was crazy.

She saw the familiar Maybach as soon as she reached Golden Hills Apartment.

Olivia walked around the car without glancing at it.

However, she was dragged into someone's arms before she took two steps.

"Where have you been?"

It was an interrogatory tone.

"I went to see your mistress and got a recording. You must be very interested to hear it, Mr. Freeman."

John frowned and put his arms around her waist. "Olivia, talk nicely!"

He had figured it out and gotten rid of the group. Therefore, he did not want to fight with her.

However, Olivia only glanced at him. "Mr. Freeman, when I talked nicely and loved you with all my heart, you wanted me dead."

Olivia, my patience is limited."

“Really? Have you ever been patient with me? You saved me 17 years ago. Why did you push me into the dark abyss 17 years later? Why?”

John shuddered.

What did she just say?

‘I saved her 17 years ago?’

‘But why don’t I remember?’

Wes said she was kidnapped 17 years ago.

‘Did I save her when she was tied up in a dark room?’”

“What’s the matter? Lost for words? If you had any heart, you’d let me live.”

John was so irritated that he reached down, picked her up, and headed for the back seat of the Maybach.

Zyla immediately stopped him when seeing this.

“Mr. Freeman, you can’t take Sis Liv. She doesn’t want to go with you.”

“Get out of the way!”

“Mr. Freeman!”

John gave Zyla a cold glance that made her shiver, but she did not back down. She blocked his way with open arms.

“Since you saved Olivia’s life once, I let it go last time. Are you looking for trouble?”

“Sis Liv didn’t bribe me last time. Sis Liv never woke up during the whole process. How could she bribe me?”

Zyla gritted her teeth and said, “It was Dorothy who bribed the doctors and nurses! Sis Liv was...”

“Zyla!

Olivia stopped her. “Stop it. Get out of the way.”

She knew that wherever she ran, John could take her if he wanted to.

If she refused to leave, she was going to involve everyone around her.

She had only known Zyla for a short time, but she liked the girl and did not want anything to happen to her.

Zyla bit her lip and had no choice but to step aside.

“What?”

However, John had no intention of leaving. He pursued the matter instead.

However, Olivia would not let her, and Zyla dared not say it. She turned around and

ran.

John sat in the back seat with her in his arms. He had never wanted to touch her, but now he longed for her warmth.

After a moment, he asked hoarsely, "Olivia, what are you not telling me?"

"Mr. Freeman, that's a strange question to ask."

"Olivia Larson!"

Somewhere along the way, Olivia started calling him "Mr. Freeman" more than "Johnny."

He also had no idea when he began to miss her gently calling him "Johnny".

John thought he was sick. How could he possibly like the b\*tch who had betrayed him?

However, even if he was slow, he noticed that Olivia had changed. She had become

indifferent.

Especially to him.

It made his heart throb.

Chapter 137

Olivia was just like a doll, sitting in John's arms-lifeless and a shell of her former self.

"Olivia, I'll find out sooner or later what you're hiding from me!"

Olivia's heart tingled with pain at this, but she smiled. "Really? I hope you'll find out soon, Mr. Freeman."

'Before I die.'

"How long are you going to be so bitter?"

"Mr. Freeman, do you think I'm being bitter?"

"Olivia Larson!"

John grabbed her jaw with his long fingers. His eyes were scarlet and angry. "Talk properly!"

Olivia frowned slightly out of pain. "You don't like me calling you Johnny. You said I'm cheap. John, there is no trust between you and me anymore.

"Not only do you not trust me, but I also don't trust you. Every time I call you Johnny, my heart breaks. So I'm tired, Mr. Freeman."

John stared blankly at Olivia, feeling a pang in his heart.

"Olivia, you betrayed me. You don't get to disbelieve me!"

Olivia sneered. "John, were we ever equal? You might disbelieve me, but I cannot disbelieve you.

"You can bring your mistress into the house, yet I have to save myself for you. John, you have double standards. You should've told me I don't deserve you when you proposed. Maybe I wouldn't have married you.

"Haven't you loved me for 17 years? How could you not marry me?"

Olivia's smile froze in the air as loneliness flickered in her cloudy eyes. She closed her eyes and held back her tears.

"Yes, 17 years. Johnny, I regret it now."

As soon as the words "I regret it" were uttered, John's heart suddenly emptied, and he felt like he was falling into an abyss.

'She said she regretted it.

'What did I do wrong to her?

'Who is she to regret it?'

As they drove to Cliffside Villa, John carried Olivia back to the room, threw her on the bed, ripped off his tie, and leaned over her.

His hand pressed against the woman's slender neck as he warned coldly, "Olivia, I'm telling you. You have no right to regret it either.

"You can't die, get a divorce, or leave without my permission! Even if you die, you must die by my hands!"

"You're really bossy!"

"Yes, I am! You're mine after we got married, and you always will be! You wanna run? Forget about it!"

Olivia looked at the man in front of her, suddenly finding him unfamiliar and falling into a trance.

Suddenly, she grabbed John's hand and pressed it hard on her neck. She was

already breathless, but she widened her eyes and shouted fiercely, "Come on. Strangle me!"

John frowned and tried to withdraw his hand, only to find that Olivia was so strong that he could not let go as she pressed his hand.

"Olivia, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? You had me kidnapped and let them destroy my innocence. And you're asking me what I'm doing?"

"I told you I didn't do it!"

"Who did it then? Tell me. Who?"

Olivia gritted her teeth and stared at his thin lips, trying to hear the b\*tch's name, but the next thing she heard was...

"One of Freeman Group's competitors."

With that, Olivia grabbed John's hand and pushed him outward. With her eyes red, she yelled, "You don't know anything! You know nothing! You never wanted to know

the truth!"

John tried to restrain her, but Olivia scratched his face backhanded.

"Olivia, have you lost your mind?"

Chapter 138



“You’re the one who lost his mind! Dorothy had me kidnapped! Aren’t you the toughest guy in Ocean City? Why can’t you even handle a woman? Do you believe her that much? Do you know who she gave her virginity to?”

“Olivia, have you had enough? Are you framing Dolly again? She was in the hospital when you were kidnapped. How could she have planned it?”

John grabbed Olivia by the shoulder, shook her, and asked, “How can you doubt her when she has been so kind and worrying about you? Olivia, you are hopeless!”

Olivia suddenly calmed down and smiled a self-deprecating smile.

“John, you’re so blind.”

With that said, she looked up at John in despair, tears in her eyes. “If she kills me one day, will you scold me at my grave? Will you say, Olivia, you were so wicked that you found trouble with Dolly. You deserve to die!”

John stiffened as his anger was somehow calmed.

“Olivia, you’re being ridiculous!”

He warned, letting go of her shoulders and turning to walk out.

“Behave yourself!”

Losing her support, Olivia collapsed to the floor and coughed violently.

She covered her mouth with her hand as a rush of warmth came up. She knew it was blood without even looking.

She had no idea how much blood she had left to shed or how much time she had left.

Olivia looked down and touched her belly.

“My baby, I’m so sorry for giving you an uncertain future. I don’t even know if you’ll be born healthy.”

With that said, Olivia began to cry as if there was no end to her tears.

After the Maybach drove for some time, John suddenly said, “Go to Golden Hills Apartment.”

“Why are we going there, sir?”

“Ask the nurse to take care of Olivia at Cliffside Villa.”

“Huh?”

Wes was confused and stunned.

‘Didn’t Sir just take Madam away from that nurse?’

‘Now he wants the nurse to go to Cliffside Villa and take care of Madam again. What on earth is he thinking?’

“Golden Hills Apartment is Zac’s property. I don’t want them to be in touch.”

Wes finally understood he was jealous.

Once they reached Golden Hills Apartment, John asked Wes to get out of the car and drove it back to the company as if it was not his idea to find Zyla.

Feeling helpless, Wes shook his head and headed upstairs.

Seeing Wes, Zyla scolded, "What is it this time? What more does Jerk John want?"

Does he want Sis Liv to die?"

Wes was unaware when he felt a bucket of cold water drop from the sky.

"You should be lucky I live in a high-end apartment, or I'd have spilled sh\*t!"

At that moment, Wes suddenly realized why John refused to come. He probably figured out what would happen.

He wiped the water off his face. "I've come to ask you to take care of Madam at Cliffside Villa."

Zyla froze. "Take care of Sis Liv?"

"Yes, there's only one Madam."

Wes knew Zyla had Madam's best interests at heart, so he cleverly added a sentence to stress whose side he was on.

Sure enough, Zyla turned back into the house, took out a towel, and threw it at him. Wipe yourself dry."

"Give me two minutes."

Zyla soon came out with a suitcase. "Let's go. The jerk's not too bad after all."

While John was on his way to the company, he suddenly turned back to Cliffside Villa.

However, he walked quietly and did not disturb Olivia.

#### Chapter 139

While John was standing in the doorway, Olivia was sitting on the floor, getting something from the nightstand.

She paused for a moment after each item. It was as if she were sorrowful and reluctant.

When her fingers touched the red box, her hands shook suddenly.

Olivia opened the box and looked at the shiny ring in it, tears welling up again.

It was the diamond ring John had asked an internationally renowned jeweler to prepare for their marriage proposal three years ago.

All these years, she treated it like a treasure. Afraid to damage it, she put it away.

Olivia took the ring out, put it on her finger, held her hand up, and studied it for a moment, smiling.

“But Johnny’s not coming back, and neither can we go back to how it used to be. And you... are just going to be a part of my past.

“If I had never saved that b\*tch, Dorothy, could I have avoided all this?”

She mumbled to herself as if she were telling a story to the ring.

After a while, she looked down at the ring and sobbed. "But there are no ifs in this world. Johnny doesn't love me anymore. He changed."

"I thought of getting him to fall in love with me again, but I failed. He seems to increasingly hate me and wants me dead..."

With that said, she put the ring back in the box and put the box on the ground.

She needed to purchase Larson's Residence, but she had no money, and John had cut off her financial resources. Therefore, she could only sell her jewelry, including the ring symbolizing her and John's love.

Suddenly, Olivia paused, looked at the photo, and froze.

She already knew who saved her 17 years ago, so she entered John's high school and secretly followed him.

The photo was taken secretly at the time. John was very handsome in it. He had deep features and an angular silhouette, but he was happier back then.

It was a wonderful time...

Olivia's tears hit the photo, and the splatter brought her back to reality.

The heart-wrenching pain made her clench her fist and pat her chest.

How did this happen?

Just then, an unlocking noise was heard downstairs. Then Zyla's and Wes's voices

rang.

John quickly collected himself, rushed into the study, and closed the door as if he did not see what he had just seen.

However, the image of Olivia beating her chest over an unfamiliar photo haunted his mind.

Who was that man in the photo?

It was probably the one she had longed for and loved for 17 years!

Sensing someone coming, Olivia dabbed her tears with the back of her hand. Then she put the photo away, put all the jewelry in her bag, and walked out.

“Sis Liv.”

Olivia froze when she saw Zyla. “Zyla? Why are you here?”

Zyla pointed to Wes. “Jerk John’s assistant asked me to come and take care Sis Liv. Now I won’t have to worry until I can’t sleep.”

Olivia’s heart melted as she took her hand. “You little girl.”

Then she turned to look at Wes. “Thank you.”

“Madam, it’s my job.”

“But will John give you a hard time?”

Wes froze. “Give me a hard time?”

of

you,

“Yeah, he’d give you a hard time if he knew you sent Zyla behind his back, wouldn’t

he?”

Wes blinked his eyes. It appeared that there had been a deeper misunderstanding between Madam and Sir than he thought.

“Sir..”

Chapter 140

Before he could finish speaking, his phone rang. It was a phone call from John.

Wes nodded. “Madam, don’t worry. I’ll answer the call first.”

“Okay, go ahead and be careful.”

After Olivia brought Zyla into the room, Wes quickly answered the phone and heard the man fuming.

“Come to the study.”

Once in the study, Wes knew he would suffer when he saw John looking grim.

‘Did Madam and Sir have another fight without me?’

“Go find out what other guys Olivia had before she met me!”

“Huh?”

“Including those who pursued her when she was at school. Don’t let any of them go!”

“Yes.”

“Aaron Summers too!”

That man was the prime suspect. He was a childhood friend and happened to show up right now!

Wes then realized John was jealous again and quickly nodded. “Yes, are you returning to the office today?”

“I’m returning now.”

With Zyla taking care of her, Olivia’s life was much more comfortable. At least she had three meals a day and took her medicine on time.

When her foot was almost healed, Olivia suggested, “Zyla, go out with me today.”

“What do you want to do?”

“Don’t ask. Just come with me.”

Zyla smiled. “Okay, we can also get some groceries. The refrigerator is empty.”

“Alright.”



The two cleaned up and headed out the door. Zyla drove while Olivia navigated.

She deliberately chose a pawnshop far from the city, thinking she would be able to keep it a secret from John.

After parking the car, Zyla looked up. "Sis Liv, do you want to pawn something? If you need money..."

"Zyla, I can't borrow 70 million dollars from Mr. Quinton, can I?"

Zyla nodded. "You're right."

"Wait for me in the car."

"Okay."

Olivia went into the pawnshop and took everything out of her bag, including the ring.

The pawnbroker's eyes lit up when they saw the ring. "That's a quality thing, Miss. Are you sure you want to pawn it?"

"Yes, how much can you offer me? It's the creation of the international jeweler Q." "Miss, although it's signed Q, it's not Q's creation."

Olivia looked over warily and snatched the ring from his hand. "What do you mean? Are you saying this is a fake?"

"Miss, you misunderstood me. I didn't say it was fake. Q's signature is real, and the ring is indeed made by Q, but the design isn't."

“What?”

Olivia was a design major and loved Q’s work, but how could this ring be...

The boss seemed to recognize Olivia’s doubts and explained. “Miss, the inside

pattern of the ring looks like a wave but is actually an F. The designer’s initials should be F.”

‘F?’

Olivia froze and looked down at the inside of the ring to see that the wave looked increasingly like F as she looked longer.

The ring’s from John. Did he... design it?”

“Miss, are you going to pawn it? I can give you 20 million dollars.”

Olivia subconsciously took a step back as the tears fell.

How could she give it up?

Just then, her phone rang. It was the asset management office.

“Ms. Larson, I’m sorry. We couldn’t keep the house because someone had just

bought it at full price. We’re really sorry.”

Olivia’s legs gave way as she leaned against the wall. She bit her lips and stifled the cry. “Got it. Thanks.”

She did not get to keep Larson's Residence after all...