

## **G.H Hooked 141**

### Chapter 141

“Miss?”

Olivia snapped back to herself and grabbed the ring again. “Sorry, I don’t want to pawn them anymore.”

The pawnbroker thought that his price was too low. He hurriedly shouted, “Miss, if you think the price is too low, we can talk about it. 30 million dollars altogether. What do you think?”

That price must have been high, and the boss waited confidently for Olivia’s response.

However, Olivia cried and shook her head as she hugged the box firmly. “No amount can make me pawn them.”

“Miss...”

“It’s too late.”

Olivia looked down and murmured, “It’s too late.”

It was too late. She should have pawned her jewelry earlier, or she would not have lost Larson’s Residence.

She looked down at the ring, her heart feeling as if it had been pierced.

Olivia ran out of the pawn shop, knocked on the car window, and gritted her teeth as she suppressed her emotions. “Zyla, go home first. I want to walk around by myself.”

“Sis Liv...”

“I want to be alone.”

With that said, Olivia turned and ran away.

Zyla looked at her back, unsure of what was going on, but she knew she should not follow Olivia if she wanted to be alone.

Therefore, Zyla drove to the supermarket.

Olivia raced through three traffic lights before stopping. She leaned against the alley and slid down the wall.

She covered her face and sobbed as her heart seemed to burst, leaving her breathless

She coughed, and the smell of blood rushed up. Olivia clenched her right hand and banged hard on her chest as she cried her eyes out.

‘Why did I have to find out that John designed the ring now?’

‘It’s too cruel, isn’t it?’

Larson’s Residence was gone, and her final place of belonging vanished. It was as if a whisper repeated in her ear.

‘Olivia, the Larson family’s gone. John and Dorothy did it together!’

She hated it. Opening and closing her dry mouth, she was breathless as something seemed stuck in her heart.

'Why?'

She kept asking herself. 'Why did this happen to me? Why did I have to go through all this? What have I done wrong?'

After loving him for 17 years, John gave her a ring he designed himself. Then he trampled over her mind and drove her into the abyss.

She could not find the answer. Her eyes were red with tears, and she was sweating, but she knew she could not die.

She must not die for her brother, her baby, and revenge.

However, she... did not think she could survive this. What should she do?

Just then, three drunks walked into the alley and staggered up to Olivia.

"Beautiful lady, why are you crying? Did someone dump you?"

"Here, I'll lend you my shoulder."

"My arms are always open to you. Come on, pretty girl. Come to my arms, and you won't be sad anymore."

Olivia stopped crying, and she hugged her bag in horror. "Don't... come over!"

"Oh, crying women breaks my heart the most. Don't be afraid. I'll treat you nicely."

Terrified, Olivia got up and tried to run, but someone else grabbed her.

The box fell from her hand, and the ring slipped out.

One of the drunks bent down and picked it up. After looking at it for a moment, he said happily, "Guys, this looks expensive! It must be worth a lot of money."

Olivia stared at the ring and reached for it, but she missed it.

"Girly, I'm not that rigid either. If you want us to let you go, give us the ring

Chapter 142

"No! Give me back my ring!"

"Then you've chosen the second option. Give us a good time, and we can give you the ring back."

Olivia's face paled instantly. She bit her lips, looked at the three, and clasped her

arms around her chest. "Don't come over!"

However, the drunks did not seem bothered. "No one will save you

even if you

scream your lungs out!"

"Give me the ring!

"You chose the ring!"

With that, the man in charge threw Olivia straight up against the wall and reached for her dress. "Don't move!"

Olivia reached out to push the man, only to be slapped against the wall and her clothes ripped off. Her crying and pleading seemed to make the man more excited and move greater.

Suddenly, a figure rushed up and kicked the man off Olivia's body.

The other two were startled as they turned to look. They rolled up their sleeves to fight.

"Who is it? How dare you disturb us?"

However, the two were soon dealt with a punch. They got up from the ground to run away.

Olivia's sight was hazy. She only smelled a familiar smell as she fell into a man's

arms.

Suddenly, she thought of something, pushed the man away, and ran after the three drunks, crying and shouting, "Give me back my ring! Give it back!"

However, the three had long since disappeared. She cried and begged. "Don't leave. Give me back my ring! Give it back... Okay?"

John hugged her with a frown, displeased. "Olivia, are you so short of men? Do you want them back after they ran away?"

"Give me back my ring..."

"What ring? Olivia, how cheap are you going to get?"

Olivia was so confused that she did not recognize John's voice. She kept muttering, "Give it back..."

John leaned over, picked her up in his arms, and threw her coldly into the car. Then he said to Wes, "Catch those three drunks!".

"Yes."

John then got into the driver's seat and drove back to Cliffside Villa, where he called his private doctor to check on Olivia's injuries.

"Well?"

"Mr. Freeman, it appears that Madam was slapped in the face, resulting in a blow to the head, which caused a temporary loss of vision and fainting. She only needed to rest for a while. If she has any other problems, we'll need to give her an X-ray to see if she has a concussion."

"Anything else?"

"No, I'll give Madam some IV drips. Sir, shall I apply the ointment on the wound on the head, or are you going to do it?"

John glanced at Olivia, who was unconscious in bed. His thin lips said, "I'll do it."

"Alright."

The doctor gave Olivia the IV drip and left.

John sat by the bed and watched her with mixed feelings.

He applied the ointment to Olivia's forehead and whispered, "Olivia, why are you so stubborn? Was it the ring the man gave you?"

"The ring! Give me back my ring! It's important..."

Olivia began to cry again, and the tears rolled down the corner of her eye and onto

John's hand.

The warm tears made John's heart skip a beat.

"Who is she crying for?"

'Who is the man in the photo?'

The more John thought about it, the more annoyed he became. He suddenly got up,

rolled his sleeves, and walked out.

As soon as he left, Olivia grabbed the bed sheet with both hands and cried, "Johnny designed it himself. Give it back to me, okay?"

Unfortunately, John did not hear that.

Chapter 143

It was already the next day when Olivia woke up.

Zyla finished making soup and had entered the room when Olivia sat up in bed with a horrified look on her face, shouting, "Give it back!"

Zyla put the porridge aside. "Sis Liv, what happened? You kept saying, 'Give it back' last night."

Olivia pressed her lips together and looked away. "What else did I say?"

"A ring or something. You kept saying, 'Give it back,' and nothing else. I asked you, and you didn't say. But you were crying the whole time. You scared me."

"Sorry..."

"Sis Liv, you can tell me anything. It's better than holding it in."

Olivia looked up and forced a smile, saying, "Okay, got it."

Suddenly, she remembered yesterday. "Who sent me back yesterday?"

"I don't know. I didn't see... By the time I got back, you were already back and were having an IV drip."

Olivia frowned and held her head as she carefully recalled yesterday.

However, the voice and the figure were vague, and the smell was familiar to her-It smelled like John's usual cologne.

However...

She gave a self-deprecating smile. How could John possibly save her?

"Sis Liv, have some soup. I need to go back to Golden Hills Apartment later. Stay at home and wait until I get back."



Olivia chuckled. "Ms. Jones, do you think I'm a child? I'm not paralyzed. You speak as if I can't live on my own."

"I'm not. Look, you got hurt when I didn't keep my eye on you for a moment

yesterday. I don't know what you experienced, and I'm scared."

When Zyla spoke, she sounded so concerned that it melted Olivia's heart.

Then she asked, "Zyla, why are you so nice to me?"

Zyla paused for a moment before turning around and said with a smile, "Of course,

it's because you're nice. I told you that last time, didn't I?"

"Zyla, I'm not stupid. I can feel you care about me as you care about family."

"Sis Liv, let me tell you the truth. I've been blacklisted by the hospital. Mr. Quinton gave me a job because of you, and my job is to take care of you for him because it's inconvenient for him."

Instead of doubting it, Olivia asked, "Did Mr. Quinton say that?"

"Yes, he said Jerk John will get upset and torture you if he gets too close to you. He's afraid of something happening to you, so he asked me to keep watch."

The approach fitted Zac.

Therefore, Olivia did not ask any more questions. Instead, she felt grateful to Zac.

He was very thoughtful and kept a safe distance so that Dorothy and John could not get the goods on them.

“Then thank him for me.”

“Yes, of course.”

With that said, Zyla urged, “Sis Liv, drink your soup. I’ll be back in two hours.”

“Okay, don’t worry. I can take care of myself.”

Zyla turned and sprinted out the door, leaning against the wall and patting her chest.

It was close. She almost gave herself away. Fortunately, using Mr. Quinton as an excuse worked.

Besides that, she could tell that Mr. Quinton liked Olivia. It was why he hired her.

Olivia was currently in a bad place. She did not want Sis Liv to know who she was, even if she would never find out.

After Zyla left, Olivia finished her soup. She looked a little better and went downstairs to water the flowers in the yard.

Olivia used to take care of them, but so many things had happened to her lately, so she did not water them.

Some of the flowers were beginning to show signs of wilting, which made her sad.

What used to be a gorgeous garden was now...

"I'm sorry I was negligent in looking after you."

With that said, she heard the sound of a door opening in the hallway.

Thinking it was Zyla, she asked without looking back, "Are you back so soon?"

"Olivia, so you're here!"

Olivia paused and looked back at the intruder. Her face darkened. "This is my house. Where else should I be if not here?"

Dorothy clenched her fists. After she was discharged from the hospital, John put her in an apartment downtown.

No matter how she looked at it, she could see Olivia had lived there before.

Besides that, John never went back after dropping her off, which led her to assume that Olivia must be at Cliffside Villa.

"How shameless! Johnny doesn't love you anymore, and you're still shamelessly pestering him. Why bother?"

"Really? I asked for a divorce, but Johnny tore up the divorce papers. Who do you think didn't want a divorce?"

"You!"

“Me? Dorothy, you will never compare to me. I’m the heiress of the Larson family, and you are just a misfit b\*tch. I’m the official mistress of the Freeman family, and you’re only the homewrecker!”

Olivia sneered. “Dorothy, why don’t you get reborn if you want to beat me?”

Dorothy’s face twisted in anger. She walked up to Olivia and peered coldly at her. “Are you challenging me?”

“No, Dorothy. I’m making my stand. It’s up to me if a homewrecker wants to join the family.”

Dorothy raised her hand to hit her, but Olivia grabbed it. “You want to hit me? Do you think I’m a pushover?”

“Olivia Larson! You b\*tch! Do you think you’ve won? You’ve been to jail. Your parents are dead, and your brother is ruined. What do you think you have left?”

With a twitch of the corners of her mouth, Olivia raised her hand and pushed Dorothy out.

“Yes, I have nothing left. But Dorothy, do you think you won’t go to jail for murder?”

“You’ll leave evidence no matter what you do. Do you think you can get away with murder because you’re missing a kidney?”

“Where’s the proof?”

“Proof? Dorothy, you’ve admitted it yourself. Do I need proof?”

Dorothy threw her head back and laughed. "You have no proof. Johnny won't believe you. You will be kicked out sooner or later. It's only a matter of time. I can afford to wait anyway!"

Olivia's heart shuddered.

Dorothy could afford to wait, of course. Olivia had advanced lung cancer and could die anytime.

Dorothy would take her place once she died.

"Dorothy, just wait. Maybe you will be a homewrecker for life."

Dorothy clenched her teeth angrily and pushed Olivia out with her hand. "Olivia, I won't let you have the baby!"

Olivia's belly ached. She clutched her stomach in pain. "Dorothy, you!"

Just then, the door opened.

John walked in and saw Dorothy. He frowned slightly. "Dolly, what are you doing here?"

Dorothy immediately ran over and knelt in front of John, crying and pleading, Johnny, I'm sorry... I just wanted to see Liv, but I didn't think Liv would fight me... She fell on purpose, trying to frame me. But Johnny, why would I push her?"

Olivia broke out in a cold sweat from the belly ache. "Johnny, my belly..."

Chapter 145

"Johnny, I didn't push Liv. You have to believe me..."

Dorothy hugged John as she cried, stopping him from checking on Olivia.

“Dolly, get up first.”

“No, Johnny. I’ll stay on my knees if you don’t believe me. It hurts to be wronged. Liv’s groaning on the ground, but I really didn’t...”

The more Dorothy said, the more aggrieved she sounded. It was as if she had never done it.

“Johnny, Liv said I hired someone to kidnap her as soon as I got back. I panicked as I never did it. I got a little emotional. Who knows Liv grabbed me and hit me...”

Then she looked up, pointed to a red mark on her face, and said, “Look, there are still nail marks on my face. I really didn’t bully Liv... Let alone send anyone to kidnap her. Johnny...”

Olivia was in so much pain that she almost fainted. All she heard was Dorothy’s cries and grievances. She held her stomach and yelled through clenched teeth, “Dorothy, are you that shameless? I’m dying of pain, and you’re still acting!”

John looked at Olivia, whose face was pale with pain on the ground. He wanted to walk over to see her, but Dorothy held him so tightly that he could not move at all.

“Dorothy, let go!”

With that said, he pulled Dorothy off the floor, pushed her aside, and strode over to pick Olivia up from the floor.

When he passed Dorothy, he said coldly, “Is what I said useless? Why did you come back here when I told you to stay in the apartment?”

Then he took Olivia out the door without waiting for Dorothy to respond.

The two people at the door happened to meet Zyla, who just rushed back.

Zyla was so shocked at the sight that she dropped her bag on the ground and ran over. "Sis Liv, what happened?"

"She said her belly hurts."

"Her belly hurts? Oh, no, it must be the baby. Hurry to the hospital."

"Drive to the hospital."

"Oh, okay."

In a panic, Zyla stepped into the driver's seat and did not start the car for a long time.

John sat in the back, holding Olivia. He got a little impatient. "You can't drive?"

"No, I can. But where is the start button on this car?"

"On your right."

"I found it!"

Feeling chills and sweating on her forehead and back, Olivia grabbed John's hand and said while shivering, "John... Johnny, I'm... cold..."

When John saw that her face was as pale as a sheet and her usually plump lips were dry, he put a coat over Olivia and wrapped his arms around her tightly.

"Do you feel better?"

“Yes... Thank... you.”

For some reason, John felt a pang in his heart when he heard the word “thank you”.

He looked down and brushed Olivia’s hair away from her forehead. He whispered, “Olivia, don’t die.”

However, Olivia was so numb from the pain that she blacked out and did not hear the words.

John frowned, remembering what had happened at the pawn shop.

He had followed Olivia because she had run away, forgetting to ask the pawnbroker what she wanted to pawn.

Just after Olivia fell asleep, he drove to the pawnshop again.

The pawnbroker remembered Olivia.

“Oh, that young lady. She had many things to pawn but ended up pawning nothing.

“What impressed me the most is a ring from the famous jeweler, Q. But her expression changed after I told her it had an F on the inside.”

Chapter 146

Then he recalled the alley where Olivia had fought so hard to protect the ring, and somehow he felt happy.

John looked down at Olivia in his arms and muttered, “Olivia, what the h\*ll are you thinking?”



After reaching the hospital, they rushed Olivia to the emergency room.

John's heart hung in suspense until the red light went out and the doctor came out.

He knew the baby was a bastard, but he was reluctant to give it up if it was gone.

"How is it, doctor?"

"Madam's not doing well and has been taking medication. Besides that, I can see that Madam has a lot of injured. Sir, Madam is pregnant and needs to be taken care of."

"How about the baby?"

"The baby is safe for the time being, but only for now. You can't save it if there is another accident."

The doctor sighed. "Besides, if there's another accident, I'm afraid that the mother's health will deteriorate, and she will lose a lot of blood if there's another accident, let alone the baby. If you don't want the baby, you should abort it as soon as possible."

John finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Can we abort the baby now?"

"No, the mother is injured. If we have the abortion now, she will lose a lot of blood."

After the doctor left, Zyla stopped John with red eyes. "Mr. Freeman, what do you mean? Are you trying to abort Sis Liv's baby? You should ask Sis Liv even if you want to abort it!"

John glanced coldly at her and sneered. "It's only a bastard. It must die if I want it to die!"

“This is murder!”

“I’m still in charge in Ocean City!”

“You! Mr. Freeman, believe it or not, Sis Liv has lung cancer! And you’d better be careful of Dorothy.

“If it weren’t for Sis Liv, Dorothy would still be in the slums. Do you think she’s nice when the Ellis family made their fortune through the Larson family and is now after Sis Liv’s man by being a homewrecker?”

Zyla spoke indignantly, more agitated than Olivia.

John felt a pang in his heart before raising his hand and pushing Zyla away. “F\*ck off! Dolly, it’s not up to people like you to judge.”

Looking at John’s indifferent back, Zyla gritted her teeth and punched the ground.

‘I’d have killed you if Sis Liv doesn’t still love you!’

With this in mind, Zyla wanted to kill Dorothy.

However, she knew very well that Dorothy framed Sis Liv the last time she told the truth.

If she did something, would Jerk John treat Sis Liv worse because he thought she

instructed her?

Zyla bit her lip, picked herself up from the floor, patted the dirt off herself, and turned back into the hospital ward.

It still needed to be discussed in the long run.

“Olivia, you wanted the hard way when I offered you the easy way. Don’t blame me!”

Dorothy’s voice startled Olivia out of her coma and made her sit up in bed.

“Are

you awake?”

Olivia looked over in horror and saw Dorothy standing by her bed.

“Dorothy!”

“Olivia, you got lucky this time. The baby’s still alive. You won’t be so lucky next time!”

“Don’t you dare!”

“Why wouldn’t I? I’ll kill your baby if you threaten me! If you tell Johnny, I’ll kill the baby in your belly and that little b\*tch out there!”

Dorothy gritted her teeth, grabbed Olivia by the hair, pulled her back, and slapped her.

“Olivia, don’t mess with me. Or your brother will suffer too!”

Chapter 147

“Dorothy, you!”

“Your brother is at my beck and call. Do you think I should give him something he shouldn’t eat or take photos of something he shouldn’t first?”

Dorothy sneered. "Or should I let him lose a finger and an ear first? It's your choice."

Terrified and trembling, Olivia clenched her lips. "Don't touch him!"

"Then listen well!"

Just then, Zyla barged in and saw Dorothy pulling Olivia by the hair. She rushed to hit Dorothy, but Dorothy ducked.

Dorothy whispered, "And keep your lackey under control. Otherwise, I don't know what I'll do."

With that said, she let go of Olivia's hair and let her fall back onto the bed.

Zyla tried to chase Dorothy, but Olivia grabbed her. "Stop chasing."

Dorothy sneered at Olivia as she walked out the door. "You better be smart."

Once they left, Zyla fumed. "Sis Liv, why did you stop me? Even if we can't defeat her, at least we got to slap her."

"Forget it."

"Forget it? How can we forget it? Sis Liv!"

"Zyla."

Olivia coughed, swallowed the pain, and asked, "Is my baby okay?"

“Yeah, the doctor says you’re lucky. We managed to keep it for the time being. But only for now. If you go on like this, you’ll kill yourself too.”

Zyla rolled her eyes at Olivia.

She did not understand why Sis Liv would be afraid of that b\*tch Dorothy.

She had expected Olivia to contradict her, but the woman in bed did not make a sound after waiting for several minutes.

Zyla thought she was running away again and looked around to see Olivia leaning against the bed, staring blankly out the window, unknown what was on her mind.

2/2

Zyla thought she had crossed the line again. She walked over cautiously, looked down, and asked awkwardly, “Sis Liv, are you mad? I...”

“No.”

Zyla froze, looked up, and heard Olivia say, “No, you’re right about everything. It’s just...”

“Just what?”

“Zyla, promise me you’ll protect yourself, okay? Don’t go against them for me. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

Zyla’s eyes went red instantly as she hugged Olivia.

“Sis Liv!”

Horrified, Olivia froze before stroking her hair. "What's the matter? Why are you crying? I thought you wouldn't cry."

"Sis Liv, don't laugh at me."

Olivia used to say that to her. It was why she remembered Sis Liv for so many years.

Olivia was not seriously injured and mainly needed more rest, so the couple returned to Cliffside Villa the next day.

John did not show up for several days.

Only Olivia and Zyla were at Cliffside Villa, and life seemed peaceful and secure.

However, Olivia still remembered Dorothy's warning.

She did not want to bring disaster to the people around her, so she had to find a way to get rid of Zyla.

"Zyla, it's about time you returned to Mr. Quinton's firm, or you'll be fired."

Oblivious to it, Zyla took a sip of lemon tea. "No, Mr. Quinton asked me to take care of you. Aren't I working right now?"

"I'm fine now. I can take care of myself. You can go back to work."

"Sis Liv, are you getting rid of me?"

Chapter 148

"You can still come back, but you can't fully rely on me. What will you do when I die?"

Zyla slammed the glass down on the table. "Sis Liv, what nonsense are you talking about? Touchwood, touchwood, touchwood. You're not going to die!"

With her heart melting, Olivia said with a suppressed chuckle, "We'll all die someday. And I have terminal lung cancer. You know that."

"Mr. Quinton's medicine will cure you!"

"Girlie, there are no miracles in life, especially for me."

"Sis Liv!"

"Listen, I didn't prevent you from coming. What's your hurry?"

Zyla knew Olivia was stubborn, and it was hard to change her mind.

Therefore, she pretended to agree and nodded. "Okay."

Zyla agreed, but she was keeping an eye on her nearby.

After all, she was afraid of Dorothy harming Olivia again.

Zyla pretended to leave in the afternoon but actually went into hiding.

Olivia cleaned up for a while and drove to the cemetery.

The cemetery was still cold and grim, but Olivia was unafraid.

In her opinion, people were the most terrifying ones, especially those who looked sincere.

After reaching her parents' grave, she squatted down and wiped their photos.

"Mom and Dad, I'm here again. I plan to visit you more often.

"You're going to have a grandchild. Are you happy?"

Olivia bit her lip. "Mom and Dad, I'm sorry. It's my fault that happened to Ian..."

Remembering how Ian had treated her last time, Olivia's tears could not help falling slowly.

She threw her head over to stop the tears. Perhaps she was too aggrieved that the tears would not stop.

"I only wanted to report the good news earlier, but I'm so tired, Mom and Dad. I don't

2/3

know what to do.

"Will you help me out?"

With that said, she covered her face and began crying.

She defeated Dorothy repeatedly when facing her.

When facing John, she would be brought down whenever he showed up.



With just one gentle word from him, her hatred would disappear, making her think she had a future and hope.

However, she knew it was hopeless...

Suddenly, an umbrella appeared overhead, and a familiar voice rang. "Liv, it's raining. Why didn't you use an umbrella?"

Startled, she wiped her tears and looked up.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see my mother, and I thought of paying my respects to Uncle and Aunt when I got here. I never expected Uncle to kill himself."

Olivia pursed her lips and got up. "Yeah, neither did I."

Olivia was still doubtful about Hans' death.

'Why did he kill himself?

'Did he kill himself because of her?

'Or did Dorothy kill him because of Mom's death?'

What she lacked was proof. She had no proof against Dorothy, and that made her desperate.

"Liv, it's raining. Let's go. We'll come back another day."

Some things were inappropriate to say with outsiders around, so Olivia could only nod. "Okay."

Aaron, who had been holding an umbrella over her, was silent when he suddenly said, "Liv, I'm sorry for that day..."

"There's really no need to apologize. I understand."

John ruled Ocean City. How could she not understand?

"Can I buy you dinner to make up for it?"

"I drove here."

"Liv, if you say no, I can only assume you're still angry. If I hadn't gone abroad, we..."

Olivia pressed her lips together. "Okay, take my car."

Aaron hesitated momentarily. "Okay, but I'll drive."

Olivia did not reject and sat in the front passenger seat.

As they drove away, a Maybach appeared at the cemetery gate.

The man in the car was staring darkly in the direction of the car's departure. The knuckles of the hands holding the steering wheel turned pale.

Olivia Larson!

Chapter 149

Olivia was unaware she was being followed but subconsciously kept her distance from Aaron.

“What do you want to eat?”

“Anything’s fine.”

Olivia was a little nervous, afraid that John would suddenly appear with a dark face and call her a b\*tch. Therefore, she clasped her hands together, looked out the window awkwardly, and looked around nervously.

Aaron peered at her and said with a chuckle. “Liv, you don’t have to be so uptight when you’re with me. It was my fault last time. We grew up together. I can’t really leave you alone.”

“If you want to go back to design, I can help you.”

Olivia’s eyes lit up when she heard that. “Really?”

“Of course, I can’t beat John, but I can still give you some small orders. What’s more, isn’t there a design competition?”

“A design... competition...”

She dared not even think of such a thing.

“Liv, don’t be afraid. You can practice first. You were so good before, so you can get experience with it by practicing.”

With that, Aaron turned the steering wheel and stopped the car. “How about French cuisine?”

“Cheese fondue.”

Aaron froze. "Okay, there's a pretty good cheese fondue shop two blocks away."

"Okay, that'll be fine."

"Liv, I remember you used to love French cuisine. Why did you change?"

Olivia used to love French cuisine, but she had always had the house to herself for

past two years.

the

Every day, she cooked meals and waited, but the man who used to come home every day never came back.

Gradually, she was afraid of solitude and stopped loving French cuisine.

Cheese fondue was so good that even a person could feel the heat when the pot. was bubbling and the hot steam was floating around the room.

Olivia pursed her lips. "Time has changed, and so has my taste."

When they got there, Aaron asked for a private room, and the two ordered the

cheese fondue and other dishes and began to chat.

"Liv, there's going to be a cocktail party tomorrow with many members of the design world. Do you want to come?"

Olivia was enticed, but she was afraid of John for some reason.

Seeing her hesitation, Aaron added, "There's a Mr. Winston who wants a custom- made bracelet. He's going to be there tomorrow. If you guys hit it off, you'll make hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"Did he seek you out?"

"Yes, he did. We haven't signed the contract yet. If you want, I can refer you to him. At least it'll be your first order, and I can make up for my last mistake."

"Actually..."

Before she could finish, the private room door flew open, and a tall shadow rushed in and dragged Olivia out of her chair.

"Olivia, do you really like going against me?"

He had been trying to figure out who the man in Olivia's secret photo was.

He had just locked on to Aaron when he bumped into them eating together.

"No... No, Johnny, you misunderstand."

"Misunderstand?"

John grabbed Olivia's slender waist and looked at Aaron with cold dark eyes. "Mr. Summers, we meet again."

Aaron stood up and did not chicken out. "Mr. Freeman, Liv and I are innocent. Don't give her a hard time."

“I should have been very clear last time.”

“Yes, Mr. Freeman. You told me to lie to Liv when you said you wanted Liv to stay. home, and I did. But can’t we just catch up this time?”

Chapter 150

Olivia nudged John, “Johnny, stop it. I’ll go back with you now.”

John peered down at her and whispered, “Shut up. I’ll deal with you when I get home.

“Johnny...”

Aaron reached over and grabbed Olivia’s hand. “Mr. Freeman, Liv doesn’t want to go. with you. You shouldn’t restrict her freedom.”

John pushed him away and looked over coldly, “Who do you think you are? Who are you to tell me how to get along with my wife?”

“Do you think of Liv as your wife? You’re jailing her. It’s up to her to decide what she does, who she sees, and where she goes.”

John glanced coldly at Aaron. “Are you questioning me?”

Afraid that John would lose his temper with Aaron, Olivia said, “Aaron, just shut up and go.”

However, it set John off completely.

The arm around Olivia’s waist tightened as if it were going to snap her tiny waist.

However, she gritted her teeth and endured it instead of saying anything.

“Olivia, are you defending another man in front of me?”

Olivia had no idea what was going on, so she implored, “Johnny, stop it. If this got out...”

“Got out? If nothing is going on between you and this man, what are you afraid of getting out? Are you guilty?”

Olivia looked at John in despair, her heart cracking silently.

She was not guilty. She did not want everyone to know that her family was shattered.

It was the only dignity she wanted to maintain.

Aaron suddenly grabbed Olivia’s wrist again. “Liv, come with me. I thought you were happy, but now it seems to be hell.”

“Let go of my wife’s hand!”

“No!”

Aaron puffed out his chest and gripped Olivia’s slender wrist. “Why should I? If I hadn’t gone abroad, I would have been the one to marry Liv!”

Olivia froze as she became more flustered.

‘Isn’t that adding fuel to the fire?’

'Besides, when was I engaged to Aaron? We've never been together!'

"Aaron..."

H

"Liv, I've always liked you. I was going to propose right after graduation, but my dad suddenly sent me abroad. I didn't get to you in time. It's my fault, but I'm back now and can give you happiness.

"Liv, we're childhood friends. I was your senior when we were at school. You have always followed me around. I used to protect you, and I'll protect you now."

Olivia looked shocked. "Aaron, what are you talking about?"

"Liv..."

Before Aaron could finish, John broke free from Aaron's hand and leaned over to hold Olivia in his arms.

"Aaron, watch your hands and mouth! Liv is my wife. She's mine. Don't even think about it!"

With that said, John turned and walked out with Olivia in his arms.

Aaron looked at their backs and withdrew his outstretched hand, curling his lips slightly.

Their relationship appeared to be more complicated than what outsiders described.

As Aaron was about to leave, four bodyguards in black rushed in from outside.

Before he could put up a fight, they pinned him to the ground.



Wes came in and laid Aaron's right hand flat on the floor. "Your right hand is important to a designer, isn't it?"

Aaron froze before quickly resisting. "Don't... Don't destroy my hand!"

However, no sooner had he spoken than he heard a crack, and his right hand was broken.

"Ah!"

Wes stepped on his face. "Our boss asked me to let you know that anyone coveting

his woman has a death wish. It's just a warning this time. We'll kill you if there's a next time!"