

G.H Hooked 171

Chapter 171

Suddenly, Olivia opened her arms and hugged Zyla tight as she sobbed, saying, "Zyla, thank you, and I'm sorry."

Zyla's body froze. Tears shimmered in her eyes, and she hugged Olivia only after a while.

"Sis Liv, never say sorry or thank you to me.

"You can rely on me. I'll be by your side for the rest of your life. Rest assured."

Olivia sobbed as she chuckled and said, "Silly girl, what are you talking about?" Zyla stood up straight and emphasized each word she said, "Sis Liv, I am serious Olivia could see the sincerity in Zyla's eyes, but she could not understand why.

However, she had asked Zyla twice about it, but Zyla did not give her a specific answer. So, she felt it was better to wait for Zyla to tell her whenever Zyla wanted

So, she nodded. "Okay. Accompany me to the hospital then."

"Alright, get in."

The examination procedure and the result were still the same as the last time.

When they walked out of the hospital, they bumped into Dorothy.

Dorothy glanced at the laboratory slip in Olivia's hand. "Pregnancy test?"

"Yes."

“Why didn’t you ask Johnny to accompany you?”

“He doesn’t need to accompany me.”

Dorothy sneered. “Doesn’t need, or is the baby’s father not Johnny? Are you afraid Johnny might find out the truth?”

“Dorothy, mind your words!”

Before Olivia could retort, Zyla already stood before Olivia, protecting Olivia behind her.

Dorothy burst out in laughter. “Hey, Olivia, do you even keep dogs to bark for you now?”

“What are you saying, Dorothy?” .

Hatred had almost engulfed Olivia’s mind, but she did not have enough evidence. Otherwise, she would hand Dorothy into the police immediately.

“Can’t you hear what I’m saying? I said there was a dog barking!”

Olivia stared at Dorothy coldly. “Dorothy, unjust is doomed to destruction. Watch what you say. There’ll always be consequences waiting for you ahead.”

Dorothy peered at Olivia disdainfully. “Olivia, it seems like you’ll die sooner than I do. After all, you seem to be suffering from cancer.”

Olivia was stunned. She had almost forgotten about cancer since no one had mentioned it in a while.

After all, the sore lungs, vomiting blood, and coughing was like a routine to her.

She began to worry about it again when Dorothy mentioned it.

“Dorothy, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait until I’m dead even if you wish to be Mrs. Freeman.”

Then, she sneered. “If I’m lucky and stay alive, you’ll always be a mistress.”

“You!”

Dorothy suddenly sat on the ground during the quarrel and covered her belly in pain. Ah! It hurts!”

Olivia was startled by her and took a step back subconsciously. “Dorothy, are you trying to frame me again?”

“It hurts, my stomach hurts... Liv, help me...”

Olivia hesitated upon seeing Dorothy seemed to be in real pain.

Suddenly, Zyla blocked her. “Sis Liv, don’t get deceived by her act. This b*tch might be up to no good again.”

At this moment, John strode toward them from a distance away. He carried Dorothy off the ground and asked anxiously, “Dolly, what’s wrong?”

“Johnny, my stomach hurts. It hurts so much... Take me to the doctor.”

“Okay.”

Olivia felt her heart shatter again when she saw John being so concerned about

Dorothy.

Sure enough, John was constantly worried and concerned about Dorothy, no matter what happened to her.

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John glared at Olivia. When he was about to take Dorothy away, he heard Dorothy saying, "Liv, I know you hate me, but you shouldn't have pushed me and then ignored me."

John stopped. He turned around and stared at Olivia coldly.

"Olivia, stop being jealous and mean!"

"I didn't do it!"

"Didn't do it? Do you mean Dolly accused you?"

Olivia scoffed. "Don't you know she had accused me countless times? I've been accused by her all my life."

"How dare you deny it!"

Olivia had fallen for Dorothy's trap, thinking Dorothy was really in pain and even felt bad.

She knew it was Dorothy's trap again when she heard Dorothy saying something hypocritical like just now.

Someone else would have noticed if they had seen this.

However, John had always immersed himself in Dorothy's lousy script.

Therefore, Dorothy could hurt Olivia, and she was never tired of it.

Olivia felt heartbroken, and her body trembled, making her hold onto Zyla.

“Whatever, Mr. Freeman. You won’t believe what I say anyway.”

“Olivia!”

Noticing John’s anger, Dorothy lay in his arms weakly. “Johnny, my stomach hurts. Let’s go and see the doctor, okay? Liv did not do it on purpose.”

John glared at Olivia, reluctantly letting her off with it this time.

Olivia could see Dorothy smiling triumphantly at her. She did not look like someone in pain.

Only then did Olivia know.

Dorothy was trying to prove how much John loved and cherished her.

He had insulted Olivia, his legitimate wife, countless times because of Dorothy.

If that was what Dorothy was trying to prove, she won.

However, Olivia swore she would take revenge and send Dorothy to prison.

When Olivia wanted to leave, her legs turned to jelly, and she leaned against Zyla.

She smiled bitterly. Dorothy’s trick could indeed hurt her feelings.

“Sis Liv, are you okay?”

“I’m fine. Let’s go.”

Zyla noticed Olivia’s pale face, and she frowned. “Sis Liv, why don’t I take you for a good meal? It will cheer you up!”

“Okay.”

When they got to the city center, they went shopping and found a restaurant to have their meal.

Suddenly, Zyla took out her phone and looked at Olivia in terror.

Suddenly, Zyla took ou

“Sis Liv, something has happened.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Look.”

Olivia took the phone and glanced at it. Her heart sank.

It seemed that Dorothy could not calm down and struck first.

“According to someone who knows about this, the death of the Larson family’s former housekeeper’s death was suspected to be related to the young lady of the Larson family!”

After reading the story, Olivia shuddered and held the phone in both hands.

Dorothy had not only put the blame for Uncle Wallace's death on her. She had also accused her of cheating on John.

The article was leading to something.

It indicated that Uncle Wallace had seen Olivia cheating on John, making her want to keep this matter a secret. So, she killed Uncle Wallace and dumped his body so that her secret would be concealed from others.

The news had even written the location where Uncle Wallace died, the abandoned factory in West Village.

"Sis Liv, let's look for Mr. Quinton."

Before Olivia could say anything, the police had already approached them.

"May I know who's Ms. Olivia Larson?"

For a moment, Olivia was in a daze and did not answer.

The policeman grabbed Olivia's arm. "Ms. Larson, please follow us to the police

station. We suspect you killed Mr. Wallace Simmons."

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"It's not me! Someone framed me!"

These were the first words that came to her mind.

“Ms. Larson, we need to follow us back to the station for further investigation. After all, you’ve appeared at the crime scene. We hope you can cooperate with our investigation.”

Olivia turned around and looked at the policeman as she spoke with trembling lips, “Are you sure you just want me to help in the investigation?”

“Yes, just for investigation purposes.”

Zyla noticed that Olivia seemed in shock and supported Olivia’s swaying body. “Sis Liv, hold onto me. We’ll get Mr. Quinton’s help. Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to you.”

“Hmm.”

Olivia answered calmly, but fear, anger, and hatred were slowly engulfing her.

Last time, Olivia was suspected of employing someone to kill Dorothy in a car accident, and it got her imprisoned. She was sure that the police station had a record of that.

Besides, she would not believe it was a coincidence that the police came after her so

soon.

Perhaps Dorothy had put all the blame on her again this time.

When they arrived at the police station, Zac was waiting at the entrance.

Seeing Olivia arriving, he quickly approached her. “Don’t be afraid, Liv. I’m here.”

Olivia bit her lip nervously and followed the police into the interrogation room.

The policeman sat opposite her, and Zac sat beside her.

The lights flickered with the sound of the keyboard. Olivia's heart was hammering as seconds passed.

Everything looked familiar, making her recall what she had experienced the last time, especially when those people in prison beat her up.

Zac put his hand on Olivia's wrist. "Don't be afraid. Tell the truth."

Suddenly, he leaned close to her ear and whispered, "We have Uncle Wallace's body and the autopsy report. Don't worry."

Hearing this, Olivia's heart settled down a little.

'Yeah. What am I so afraid of?

'I never cheated on anyone or killed anyone. Uncle Wallace's autopsy report is with me, and I have no reason to be afraid.'

Olivia gulped and looked at the policeman. Her lips were dry as she said, "Go ahead, officer."

"Why were you in the West Village on the day of the murder?"

"Uncle Wallace had disappeared. Someone told me that Uncle Wallace was in the West Village, and they would return Uncle Wallace to me if I went there."

"Uncle Wallace came to look for me, but I was in the hospital, and my phone was not working, so he didn't manage to find me."

guess he went to Cliffside Villa to look for me, but I wasn't there that day. It was Dorothy who should have opened the door."

After keying in what Olivia said, the officer continued, "What else? What did you find out in West Village?"

Recalling that day, Olivia bit her lips. "I went to the abandoned factory in the West Village. When I entered a room, I saw Uncle Wallace lying on the ground, covered in blood and dying."

"I wanted to call the ambulance, but there was no signal. So, I tried to go outside to call, but suddenly the door closed, and there was a fire outside."

"After that, I passed out and woke up in the hospital."

At the thought of Uncle Wallace's unexplained death and being dumped into the river, Olivia's tears began to roll down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Zac handed her a piece of tissue and looked at the police officer. "My client and the deceased's have a good relationship. She has no reason to kill him. Moreover, my client came to the police station to report the case when she couldn't find the deceased. You can look for the record."

The police officer glanced at Olivia and asked, "However, someone reported that you went on a date in the West Village, and the deceased happened to catch you cheating on your husband. Is that true?"

"No."

Then the police officer asked some more questions, and Olivia answered them sporadically.

Out of the interrogation room, Zyla immediately rushed over to Olivia. She was heartbroken to see Olivia's teary and swollen eyes.

“How did things go, Mr. Quinton?”

“The police may have some so-called evidence of Olivia cheating on John and seemed to think the murderer is her.”

“What? How is that possible? Isn't Dorothy the one who did it?”

Zac frowned. “I'm afraid someone has made fake evidence. So, if someone insists Olivia did this, it would be troublesome to settle this issue.”

Only the evidence provided by the witness would convince the police. Since Dorothy was good at accusing Olivia, she could easily make the police believe what she wanted them to think.

As soon as she reached the door, they saw a tall, slender man standing on the steps.

When he saw them, he extinguished the cigarette he was smoking. Then, he dragged Olivia to his side, glaring at Zac coldly.

“Zac, you

don't have to worry about this matter. I'll get a lawyer for Olivia.”

“The best lawyer in Ocean City is me, and you're replacing me with another lawyer?”

“Yes, I'm going to replace you! Zac, there'll always be better lawyers than

you.

Zac did not back down. “John, I'll not let you and Dorothy get what you want.”

The lawyer John employed would be bribed by Dorothy, and Olivia might need to go to prison.

He could not let that happen.

John ignored Zac and dragged Olivia into his car.

Olivia wanted to shake him off. "John, it hurts. Let go of my hand!"

"So, you do know it hurts? Can't you stay at home quietly? Why do you have to cause trouble all day?"

With that, John pushed her directly into the back seat of the Maybach and got into the car himself.

"Johnny, I'm a human. Of course, I can get hurt."

Olivia was already heartbroken. She knew John would not trust her.

John glanced at her and frowned slightly. "Olivia, why did you kill someone?"

Last night, he was shaken by his thoughts when she was drunk.

However, this woman had embarrassed him again and again today, making him decide not to pamper her.

To him, she was a hypocrite and a mean woman deep inside.

Olivia was not surprised to hear John questioning her. However, she could still feel her heart tearing apart in sorrow.

“Sure enough, if anything happens, you suspect me.”

Olivia sneered. “Johnny, have you forgotten? You rescued me from the fire when I fainted there. Wouldn’t you know if there were anyone else in the room?”

John was startled, yet he still looked into Olivia’s eyes coldly. “How do you know it is me?”

“I don’t want to believe you, but I have to believe what Mr. Quinton told me.” Olivia looked into his eyes. “You admitted it when you got drunk that night.” John frowned slightly. “It’s normal that I can’t see anything in a big fire like that.” “Did you find Uncle Wallace’s body after the fire went out?”

John knew no bodies were found because he had investigated that place.

Looking at John remaining silent, Olivia sneered. “Are you afraid, Mr. Freeman? You’re the witness of my alibi. If I’ve killed someone, the police will suspect you are my accomplice. Otherwise, how are you going to explain about the body?”

Suddenly, John pinned Olivia in his embrace. “Olivia, it doesn’t mean you didn’t kill Uncle Wallace just because I saw nobody when I went in to rescue you.”

Olivia was startled. Then, she chuckled wryly.

‘Of course, he will find all kinds of excuses if he refuses to trust me.

‘Then, he’ll hypnotize himself that I’ve done it even though it was impossible.

‘John has always been like this.’”

Olivia would never believe John had never doubted anything fishy.

However, even if he did, he would always believe Dorothy and suspect Olivia.

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“John, why are you asking me if you’re certain I killed Uncle Wallace?”

John reached out to pinch Olivia’s jaw as he stared into her eyes coldly. “Olivia, are you confessing your crime now?”

“Why would I kill someone who treats me so kindly like Uncle Wallace?”

“You have a reason to kill him. You cheated on me!”

Olivia looked into John’s eyes blankly and laughed after a few seconds.

“Cheated on you?”

She thought she was ridiculous.

It was already beyond her expectation.

Even though she had explained it so many times, John chose not to believe her and still claimed she cheated on him.

However, what about her?

It hurt her every time. The pain felt like her heart had torn apart.

“Johnny, are you insane?”

“Olivia!” He roared.

Olivia said wryly, “Why would you always want me to cheat on you if you aren’t insane?”

John squinted his eyes and looked at Olivia like he wanted to rip her face off.

However, Olivia was not afraid of dying. She was already halfway to death.

“Maybe you’re just looking for an excuse for keeping Dorothy as your mistress. You cheated on me because I cheated on you, right?”

John pushed her away suddenly. “I’m not a sl*t like you!”

“Stop the car!”

John opened the door when the driver stopped the car and pushed her out.

“Ahh!”

Olivia did not manage to react and rolled out of the car. She subconsciously protected her belly, afraid the fall might hurt her baby.

A low, cold voice sounded above her. “Olivia, go home yourself since you think I’m crazy.”

Then, she heard the door slam shut and the car speeding away.

Olivia sat on the ground and carefully touched her belly. Fortunately, there was no pain, and her baby should be fine.

She stood up and leaned against the lamppost. The wounds on her body were nothing because she had been suffering from all kinds of injuries each day.

However, she was in a deserted place, and it was a far way from home.

Olivia looked at the starry night sky with tears rolling in her eyes.

'What's the matter with me?'

'Why am I crying?'

Olivia sighed and bitterly reproached herself.

She blamed herself for Uncle Wallace's death.

So, now she could not help herself from recalling the scene where she saw Uncle Wallace dying whenever she closed her eyes, feeling regretful.

"Ahem..."

The cough and the twitching pain in her chest snapped her out of her memories.

Olivia covered her mouth with a tissue as a mouthful of blood gushed out her throat.

She felt she could not stand the pain even after taking those pills.

Suddenly, there were whistling sounds all around her.

"Hey! We have a beauty in a place like this."

“She looks wealthy. Look at her fair and flawless skin.”

Then, several thugs approached her.

“Where do you live, girl? Shall I take you home?”

Olivia looked over warily and took a step back. “Don’t come near me!”

“Don’t be afraid. We want to send you back and have a bath with you. Wouldn’t that be fun?”

The man said as he pointed at the two other men beside him.

“Look at us. We are strong and young. You’ll enjoy it.”

Cliffside Villa was in a remote area, and it happened to be a night with no cars on the road.

The chance of getting someone to help her was slim. So, Olivia thought of something.

Suddenly, she held out the tissue covered in blood and threatened, “Do you see the blood? I have AIDS. Aren’t you guys afraid?”

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One of them backed away a little. “Really?”

“Of course, it’s true. The infection rate is 100 percent!”

However, the other man whispered, “Bro, she might be lying, not to mention....

On the dark road, a Maybach suddenly appeared and sped toward the three thugs.

The three men were so scared that they tried to run but could not outrun a car. In the end, their bones turned into jelly and fell to the ground.

“Ahh! Help!”

The driver of the Maybach stepped on the brake when it was about to run into them.

The three of them were so scared. Even a fool could see that the car was coming for them.

Then, a pair of shiny shoes appeared before them.

“Help! Please don’t kill us!”

John stepped on one of the men’s hands as he leaned over and spoke in his deep voice, “Are you looking for trouble? How dare you touch my woman!”

“We’re sorry...”

He stepped on the hand harder and lifted his foot. Then, he ordered, “Take care of these three.”

“Yes.”

Then, he approached Olivia, who was scared out of her wits and carried her.

“Don’t you like to seduce men? Why are you so cowardly before them?”

Olivia snapped out of her fear and pushed him. “Why did you save me then? I’m dirty anyway. You might as well leave me alone.”

She gritted her teeth and retorted.

John knew they were somewhere deserted, yet he dumped her here in the middle of the night to humiliate her.

“Olivia, don’t be ungrateful. I’ll throw you out now!”

“Go ahead! Didn’t you throw me out? What are you pretending you’re kind now?”

Their eyes met, and John was startled to see the difference in her.

Before, she was always gentle and loving, even when he was cold.

Since Arron and Zac appeared in her life, she changed.

It must be because she did not love him anymore.

John felt he had lost something precious and did not like that feeling. It frustrated him.

He pushed her away and looked coldly out of the window, saying nothing more.

When they reached the cliffside Villa, he did not get out of the car. He dropped her and left.

Looking at the back of the car, Olivia pursed her lips. Even though she tried to ignore it, John's cold attitude still hurt her.

Seventeen years. How many seventeen years would she have in her life?

She began to ask herself if it was worth it to love a man for seventeen years.

Olivia sighed. To be honest, she hesitated.

Meanwhile, John felt the anger flame grow stronger as he sat in the Maybach. He loosened his tie as frustration surged in him.

"Zac, let's meet in the usual place."

"Okay."

Olivia took a bath in the Cliffside Villa. Her phone rang as soon as she prepared to go to bed after taking her medication.

"Liv, it's me."

She froze for a moment, not knowing who it was.

"Who?"

"Liv, it's me, Aaron."

The man on the other end of the call sounded drunk, and his voice was more hoarse

than usual. That was why she could not recognize his voice.

Surprised, Olivia asked, "Aaron? Why did you call me?"

"Liv, come here. I want to tell you something."

"You can say whatever you want to say on the phone."

Olivia was confused and unsure if Aaron was her friend or foe. So, she was cautious.

Suddenly, Aaron started apologizing. "I'm sorry, Liv. I'm sorry... I didn't mean to

provoke a conflict between you and John that day. I..."

"Liv, can you give me a chance to make it up to you?"

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Olivia thought of going, but she was afraid she would bump into John.

"Just say whatever you want to say through the phone."

"Liv, you're mad at me, aren't you?"

Then, Olivia heard a loud crash like some glass had shattered.

Aaron said, "Liv, I'll cut my wrist to prove I'm innocent if you don't come."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

“Liv, I’ll be waiting for you in the King’s Club.”

Then, Aaron hung up the call. Olivia could not reach him when she dialed back.

Olivia frowned, and she was a little anxious.

Although she did not believe in Aaron, she could not see her childhood friend die. It was someone’s life, after all.

Olivia changed her clothes and drove the car to the King’s Club without any choice.

Honestly, she was somewhat reluctant to go to the King’s Club.

The last time, someone drugged her, and she had almost gotten into trouble.

She was still a little afraid of that place now.

Arriving at the King’s Club, Olivia quickly headed to the receptionist and asked, “ Hello, which private room is Aaron Summers in?”

“Mr. Summers is in Room 312.”

“Thank you.”

Olivia went to the third floor and found Room 312. She walked into the room, unaware of someone staring at her from a distance.

The pungent smell of alcohol assailed Olivia, almost making her stagger.

Aaron leaned against the sofa, and blood flowed from the wound on his wrist. Fortunately, not much blood flowed out from it.

Olivia walked over to Aaron and pushed him. "Aaron?"

Aaron moved. "Who are you?"

"It's me, Olivia Larson."

"Liv!"

Aaron suddenly opened his eyes and pounced on her. Olivia took a step back, and Aaron staggered.

"Liv, are you still mad at me? I didn't mean to..."

He reached out for her hand.

Olivia frowned. "Aaron, don't move. Your wrist is bleeding. Let's stop the bleeding first."

"Oh, okay."

She rummaged for a long time and finally found the medicine box. Then, she took out the iodine and gauze to bandage Aaron.

Aaron kept staring at Olivia with his passionate gaze and said nothing or moved while Olivia bandaged his wound. He looked like a kid who had made a mistake and felt guilty.

After bandaging the wound, Olivia said, "Don't commit suicide again. It's dangerous."

Aaron pulled Olivia into his arms forcefully. "Liv, I like you. I did not have the guts to confess my love for you before. I thought you were married and had a happy life. So, I kept this secret in my heart."

"However, I know that John did not treat you well after meeting you so many times. He even kept a mistress, right?"

Frightened, Olivia pushed him away. "Aaron, let go of me, or else I'll leave!"

Aaron released his grip and gulped the wine from the bottle he took from the table.

"Liv, divorce him, will you? I can give you happiness."

"I know I was wrong that night. I shouldn't have said that in front of the reporters, but Liv, I wanted to help you, too.

"What's wrong with letting him have a taste of his wife's cheating on him?"

"I-I am jealous, too. I'm competitive. Why? Why did you marry him, and why did he treat you badly?"

A complicated feeling rose in Olivia.

"Aaron, I won't get divorced. Stop it."

"Liv!"

"Aaron, if that's what you mean, I'm leaving. I don't want to see you anymore."

Olivia refused.

She had been decisive and never hesitated to reject those she had no interest. The only man she loved was John.

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Olivia's obsession was so deep that she could not forget John easily. She loved and hated him.

However, she did not intend to give others any chance because she did not want John to misunderstand.

She stood up and looked coldly at Aaron. "Aaron, we grew up together. I've always taken you as my brother. So, please stop saying things that might cause misunderstanding between Johnny and me."

"Misunderstanding?"

Aaron sneered. "So, what if he misunderstands? He broke my arms and threatened me, but did he change his attitude toward you?"

Olivia's brows furrowed. Although she knew about it, she still felt guilty about it.

"Are your arms alright?"

"I'm fine. He had only dislocated my arms. I had the doctor fix it, but it's not as strong as it used to be."

"I'm sorry," Olivia's forehead puckered, "make sure you don't provoke Johnny the next time."

Aaron suddenly stood up. "Johnny, Johnny... Why are you still calling him that? He is now with his mistress. Dorothy is your best friend!"

He sounded serious when he said that.

Aaron felt angry on behalf of Olivia. He would not choose to cooperate with Dorothy if he had a choice.

However, the Summers family was in trouble and going to go bankrupt.

Aaron suddenly burst into tears. "Liv, the Summers family is doomed. Do you know that? I'm in a desperate situation..."

Olivia was at a loss when she heard that.

However, Aaron's words reminded her of someone. John!

He was the only one in Ocean city who could do this.

John could break Aaron's arms. Of course, he could make the Summers family go bankrupt.

"Don't worry. I'll talk to Johnny about it. I'm sure there's a chance to turn this situation."

Aaron held onto her. "Liv, can you accompany me?"

Olivia relented. "Get up, and I'll send you home."

Olivia hailed a cab when they got out of the King's Club. She wanted to ask Aaron for his address, but Aaron had already dozed off.

Recalling the Summer family's condition, Olivia asked the driver to drive them to the hotel.

She knew better than anyone how it felt to lose everything.

When the Larson family went bankrupt, she was like this. It was like a dream for her.

Hans had been locking himself up in the room, refusing to eat. Even Olivia was crying all day.

Later, Hans committed suicide, and she was completely devastated.

The Larson family disappeared from the city as though it had never existed.

When Olivia arrived at the hotel, she tipped the hotel porters, asking them a favor to send Aaron to his room, and prepared to leave.

However, the hotel porter stopped her. "Miss, why don't you go up with us? We can't explain in case something is missing."

Olivia had no choice but to accompany them.

After the hotel porters left, Olivia covered the quilt on Aaron. "Aaron, bankruptcy is nothing. You don't have to make things difficult for yourself. There are always ways to deal with difficult situations like this. Think positive!"

After all, she would be dead if she did not think of things in a positive way.

Suddenly, Aaron pulled Olivia and pinned her on the bed.

Terrified, Olivia screamed, "Aaron, what are you doing? Sober up!"

"Liv, I like you!"

Then, he reached out to tear Olivia's dress.

Suddenly, the room lit up, and a man grabbed Olivia in his embrace while the other man subdued Aaron.

“Aaron, I’m going to sue you for a rape attempt. Follow us to the police station!”

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Fear thundered down Olivia as she leaned against John’s embrace softly.

When she saw the person subduing Aaron was Zac, she was startled. She lifted her head slowly and glanced at John, yet John was not looking at her.

Aaron was dumbfounded, and his subconscious reaction was to struggle.

“Let me go! Who are you?”

Before Zac could speak, John sneered and said, “Aaron, don’t you know me? We’ve met.”

He had never expected Aaron would be so bold.

After being warned once, Aaron still dared to look for Olivia.

Aaron’s body froze, and he looked at John, terrified. “Mr. F... Mr. Freeman?”

John’s hands held onto Olivia’s waist tightly as he looked at Aaron with a plastered smile. “Olivia is my woman. You can never touch her even if I don’t want her anymore.”

Aaron was terrified and begged John for mercy, “Mr. Freeman, please forgive me. I-I lost my mind.”

Suddenly, he pointed his finger at Olivia. “It’s her! She seduced me! I was drunk and...”

Olivia was startled. "Aaron, what are you talking about?"

"Olivia, stop pretending. You're a sl*t in your bones. You can't live without flirting with men. When we were at school..."

"Stop all this nonsense!"

"I'm not accusing her. Mr. Freeman, you can investigate if you don't believe me."

"You!"

Olivia was pissed off. Suddenly, she felt the grip on her waist tightening, like it was about to crush her. Her heart skipped a beat.

John was furious, and he believed what Aaron said.

Olivia was worried and explained cautiously, "Johnny, I didn't... Please don't listen to him."

John glanced at her coldly and said nothing. He took out his phone and made a call.

"Wes, come up."

"Johnny..."

Olivia knew it was pointless explaining, but she still wanted to do so.

Zac, who had remained silent, spoke out as he tightened his grip on Aaron.

"Aaron, do you know accusing someone is enough to put you in prison?"

Aaron gulped. He knew Zac was a lawyer, and he was afraid.

However, he had no guts, to tell the truth when he recalled what Dorothy had told him.

“I’m not lying! Olivia had tried to win my heart when we were at school. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be so close to her now.”

“She... said her marriage was unhappy and wanted me to help her out. I was muddle-headed because I’m drunk.”

“You’re lying!”

Olivia was so mad that she wanted to dash toward Aaron and question him. However, John grabbed onto her tight, making her unable to move.

“Johnny, I...”

Wes had already arrived before she could explain.

John beckoned Wes to take Aaron away. “Do whatever you need to do.”

“Johnny, Ocean City has laws.”

John glanced at Zac. “Zac, it’s his fault for touching my woman.”

Wes took Aaron from Zac and dragged the terrified Zac out of the room.

“Mr. Freeman... please don’t kill me!”

“Kill you? I do not have any habit of killing anyone.”

Olivia suddenly recalled the video John had shown her and shuddered subconsciously. She tugged on John.

“Johnny, why don’t you leave this to the police?”

“Why? Are you concerned about him?”

She gasped.

John sneered and looked at her as if he had seen through her thoughts. “Take him away!”

Chapter 180

Olivia knew John had misunderstood her. She was afraid the misunderstanding would continue, so she wanted to ask why Aaron did that to her.

Suddenly, she shouted, “Aaron, you’ll lose your hands if you don’t tell the truth.”

Aaron froze. He wanted to confess, but he chose not to in the end.

“Olivia, stop trying to frame me!”

Olivia knew she was doomed and could not explain herself anymore.

After Wes took Aaron away, John did not stay back and dragged Olivia by her wrist, taking her out of the room.

“Johnny, he is lying!”

“Olivia, I don’t believe you.”

John’s words crushed Olivia’s tough disguise.

Tears rolled down her face. She would always be on the weak side when she faced him.

Zac ran after them but stopped when he recalled what John had said in the club.

After all, he should not bother Olivia.

It was better for him to help her out silently.

Meanwhile, John dragged Olivia into the Maybach, rough and mercilessly. His brutal act hurt her.

“John, it hurts.”

“You know it hurts? You can even be so shameless when you are with Aaron. Why are you pretending as though you are weak before me?”

Olivia lifted her head, and their eyes met.

The cold gaze from him made her look away.

Olivia sniffled and swallowed the gushing blood in her throat as she leaned against the window, saying nothing.

John would not believe whatever she told him anyway.

Seventeen years of love could not even get her his trust. She knew her love was a

When they reached the Cliffside Villa, John pinched Olivia's chin and warned her," Olivia, if you dare to meet any of your useless men, I'll make you look at how I cripple

them."

"Do whatever you please. I don't care."

Olivia pushed John away and headed upstairs.

She was more concerned about why John framed her like those men before.

The driver glanced at John. "Where would you like to go now, Mr. Freeman?"

"Back to the company."

He glanced coldly at the bright room on the second floor of the villa and dialed a number using his phone.

"Take Aaron to my company. I want to meet him."

Wes was dumbfounded and asked, "Mr. Freeman, aren't you taking him to the usual place?"

"No. Just send him to the police station after the interrogation."

"Yes, sir."

“Isn’t the Summers family suffering from bankruptcy yet?”

“They are bankrupt, but they didn’t seem to have given up yet. Aaron had looked for Olivia to try out his luck.”

John squinted his eyes. “Do whatever you need to do. I don’t want to see the Summer family anymore by tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

The next day, Zyla called Olivia.

“Sis Liv, the police had caught that trash, Aaron.”

“What did you say?” Olivia had just gotten up from bed and was in a daze.

“I said Aaron was arrested at the police station. Do you want to meet him?”

“Yes, but you...”

“Mr. Quinton asked me to convey this to you. I’ll meet you downstairs.”

After hanging up the call, Olivia opened the curtain and saw the familiar car. It was not a dream.

Zac was observant and knew she wanted to question Aaron his intention just by looking at her reaction that night. However, Olivia could not understand why John would misunderstand her intention.

It hurt her feelings, but she was glad she had gotten used to it.

However, John had said he did not want to send Aaron to the police station. Olivia had no idea what made him change his mind.

Olivia pondered the possibilities and concluded that it might be Zac who had convinced him.