

G.H Hooked 181

Chapter 181

After Olivia got into the car, Zyla handed her a sandwich.

“Sis Liv, have something for breakfast. Have you taken your medicines?”

“I’ve taken my breakfast. Thank you.”

Zyla looked at Olivia as she said seriously, “Sis Liv, I’ve told you countless times that you don’t have to thank me.”

Olivia froze for a moment and nodded. “Okay. What else did Mr. Quinton say?”

“Nothing much. He asked me to tell you not to worry about Uncle Wallace’s matter. He will be by your side, and you’ll never go to prison.”

“I trust him.”

Zac was the best lawyer in Ocean City. She would not have to worry about him helping her out.

However, Olivia knew this was not the end of Dorothy’s trap.

Olivia wanted revenge, yet Dorothy was always on the winning side, which annoyed.

her.

At the police station, Olivia got the opportunity to meet Aaron easily.

Aaron looked haggard in just one night. His beard grew, and his eyes were bloodshot. Anyone could see he did not sleep that night.

Aaron was not surprised to see Olivia. He spoke with his dry lips parted, "Liv, you have come."

"Aaron, be honest with me. Why did you frame me? Are you doing it because you're afraid of John?"

Aaron smiled helplessly. "Who would not be afraid of John Freeman?"

Olivia noticed Aaron's swollen wrist and could guess John did it.

"We grew up together. Ask yourself if I have ever done anything bad to you. The Larson family also had never done anything to the Summers family. Why did you accuse and insult me for what I didn't do?"

"Don't ask. I won't tell you."

Olivia bit her lips. "The Summers family went bankrupt last night. Do you know that?"

Aaron froze, obviously not expecting that.

He did all this to save the Summers family, and now Olivia told him the Summers family's assets were gone.

Zyla placed the news report on the table. "Take a look, Mr. Summers. The Summers Group is gone. Your father is now in the hospital, unable to accept the situation."

Then, she leaned over to Aaron's ear and threatened, "If you don't tell the truth, I can keep you in this prison and make sure your father dies soon."

Aaron was shocked and begged, "Please don't! I'll confess."

“Speak!”

Zyla was not as kind as Olivia, and her voice was stern.

Aaron gulped and looked at Olivia. “Liv, it’s Dorothy. She asked me to approach and seduce you. She wants to break you and Mr. Freeman apart.”

Zyla slammed her fist on the table. “This woman is mean and vicious!”

Olivia was calm compared to Zyla, as though she already knew who was behind this.

She took a deep breath, trying to ease her breath but failed.

After that, she stood up and took Zyla by her hand. “Let’s leave.”

Aaron was anxious when he received no response from Olivia. “Liv, what about me?”

“I’ll explain to the police. They will lock you up for a few days as a warning.”

She was not that kind to let go of the man who framed her.

Olivia looked at the recording on her phone when she was back in the car and dialed

John’s number.

“Johnny, where are you? I want to meet you now.”

John refused coldly upon hearing Olivia’s voice. “I have no time.”

Before Olivia could speak, John hung up the call.

Zyla glanced at her. "Sis Liv, what should we do now?"

"Take me to Freeman Group. I want to settle this matter with Johnny face to face."

Olivia felt tears about to well up in her eyes. She even doubted if John would believe

in her.

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At this moment, John, who was in Freeman Group's office, smashed his phone on the ground in displeasure.

"Are you sure she went to the police station?"

Wes gulped and nodded. "Yes. Mrs. Freeman has just left the police station."

John sneered. She had gone to meet Aaron early in the morning. It was true love indeed!

'So, this is the so-called seventeen years of love?

'She treasured a man who didn't even care about her?'

John swept everything from the table to the ground. "Testify the matter and let Aaron leave."

"Mr. Freeman..." Wes bit his lips and hesitated.

“What’s the matter?”

“Erm...” Wes took a deep breath. “Mrs. Freeman had explained to the police that it was a misunderstanding and suggested locking Aaron up for two days.”

‘A misunderstanding? Two days?’

John was speechless. He had no idea if Olivia was trying to punish or protect Aaron

He felt rage flow through him like lava. Standing up, the first thing John did was kick the dustbin to vent his anger.

It made him wonder what he was to Olivia.

‘Did she marry me because Aaron was gone?’

‘Then, she cheated on me with some useless man because Aaron dumped her?’

John seemed to have figured it out.

Olivia wanted a divorce, not because she wanted to give Dorothy a chance to marry him. She tried to leave him and get together with Aaron.

John was heartbroken as anger overpowered him. He held onto the table with his fist clenched, having the urge to flip over the table.

He thought, ‘Olivia, I’ll never let you go!’

A woman who dared to betray him and make him her lover’s substitute should be punished. He would never forgive and punish her until she realized her mistake.

The secretary knocked on the door: "Mr. Freeman, Ms. Ellis is here."

He suppressed his anger and said coldly, "Let her in."

Meanwhile, Olivia was outside the building and had just gotten out of the car. "Zyla, go back first. I'll go back home myself later."

"But..."

"I'll be fine in Freeman Group."

Zyla was reluctant to leave. Olivia had gotten into trouble each time Olivia asked her to leave. This time...

However, Zyla could only agree when Olivia insisted. Then, she drove to a place where Olivia could not see her and waited.

Olivia headed upstairs and went straight to the president's office.

At the door, Wes froze when he saw her. "Mrs. Freeman, why are you here?"

"I'm looking for Johnny. Is he in the office?"

"He is... but he is busy. Why don't you wait for a while?"

"What's he up to? Work?"

Olivia stared straight into Wes's flustered eyes. Feeling guilty, Wes looked away.

She pushed Wes away and glanced at him coldly. "Get out of the way."

Wes had no choice but to step aside and let Olivia break in.

As soon as the door opened, she saw Dorothy in John's embrace with a delicious grape in her hand.

Dorothy froze and wanted to leave when she saw Olivia, but John hugged her tight in his arms.

So, she fed John the grape and smiled as she asked, "Johnny, is the grape sweet?"

John looked at her fondly. "Of course. Everything you feed me is sweet."

Olivia felt nauseous as her lungs hurt, making her frown subconsciously.

"Johnny," She called out softly.

Johnny glanced at her in displeasure as he asked, "What are you here for?"

"Dorothy, I've something to talk to Johnny. Get out."

"Olivia, say whatever you want to say or leave! It's disgusting looking at you while I

eat. The sweet grape tastes bitter with your presence."

Then, he reached out his hand and gently touched Dorothy's face.

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Looking at them acting intimately, Olivia was heartbroken again.

However, she still had to pretend to be okay with it.

“Johnny, about Aaron...”

Before Olivia could finish her sentence, John scoffed. “Are you still thinking about that garbage? Olivia, I didn’t know you could be so infatuated with someone.”

Olivia was dumbfounded when she heard that and froze.

‘What... is he talking about?’

“Johnny, you’ve misunderstood. Aaron and I...”

“Get out!”

“Johnny...”

John’s gaze was cold. “Are you planning to stand there and watch Dorothy and me acting intimately?”

With that, he bent down to kiss Dorothy’s lips. However, before their lips could touch, Olivia had already darted out of the room, escaping from this situation. The door slammed shut behind her.

Dorothy had been waiting for John’s lips to kiss hers, but John pushed her away and walked to the window.

“Johnny?”

Frustrated and disappointed, Dorothy stood up and walked over to him, hugging him around the waist from behind and pressing her face against his back.

“Aren’t you happy, Johnny? Did Liv’s presence spoil your mood?”

John pried open her hug and said, “You go back, too.”

His voice was so cold that Dorothy shuddered.

For two years, although John was always kind to her and took her with him, he never explained her identity to Olivia.

John had never even slept with her, not even once.

She had faked her pregnancy.

Just now was the most intimate thing they had done within these two years.

Dorothy would never give up such a good chance.

She lowered her head and said, “Johnny, you’ve never accompanied me recently. You’ve been showing a cold face even when I came here today. If I’ve offended you....”

Before she could finish her words, John frowned and interrupted. “Dolly, I’m tired.”

“I’ve always been obedient, but I’m a woman. I’ll worry if you’re tired of me.”

“Don’t think too much,” John held back his anger.

“Johnny, you promised to marry me, but... Olivia knows about us now. She had even found her true love. Why don’t we...

John pushed her away. His gaze showed no affection nor any emotion.

“Dolly, are you trying to force me?”

Dorothy was startled and sounded wronged. “Johnny, I would never dare to force you. I’m just thinking, why don’t we make things easy and let Liv and Aaron be together?”

“Besides, I love you. The more I love you, the more I understand Liv’s love for Aaron. I don’t want Liv to be unhappy.”

John squinted his eyes and sneered. “Dorothy, this is not what you should worry about!”

Then, he glared at her, opened the door quickly, and said coldly, “Wes, send Ms. Ellis home.”

Then, John put on his coat and left the office before Dorothy even had the chance to throw her tantrum.

Wes looked at Dorothy. “Ms. Ellis, let’s go.”

Dorothy stomped her feet angrily.

Her plan was successful, and John was mad, yet she could not understand why he refused to divorce Olivia,

‘Damn, Olivia. I wish you were dead. I don’t want to bear this anymore.’

As Dorothy walked, she typed a message to send to someone.

[Create an accident and kill that b*tch!]

After thinking about it, she typed another message.

[Do it today, as soon as possible. Make sure you leave no evidence behind.]

Chapter 184

After rushing out of the president's office, Olivia went straight into the stairwell.

She leaned against the wall and began to cry helplessly, gradually sliding down the wall and sitting on the ground.

She thought she was strong enough and would not feel heartbroken again.

However, it still hurt her to watch John and Dorothy acting intimately.

She crouched on the ground with her face covered and cried for a long time. Tears did not stop flowing down her cheeks even when she coughed.

John would not listen to her explanation, even once.

Countless times, she told herself it was the last time she would cry and feel devastated for that man. However, in the end, there was no ending to this matter.

Every time, her tears flowed uncontrollably.

She could still feel her heart ripped apart and the unbearable pain in her.

After some time, when her legs were numb, she stood up slowly and wiped the

corners of her eyes with the back of her hand. Then, she lifted her head, preventing more tears from rolling down.

She walked down the stairs slowly, feeling pain as she smiled bitterly.

“Olivia, your love life is a complete mess. You’ve lost, and you’re hopeless.”

She was in despair.

She had no hope left.

So, she walked down the stairs like a zombie, oblivious to the fact that this was a building of dozens of stories.

When she reached the lobby, she felt the throbbing pain in her chest, and blood gushed out her mouth.

The person who passed by her quickly handed her a tissue. “Miss, are you okay?”

Olivia shook her head. “It’s okay. I’m used to it.”

She wiped the blood off her hands and the corners of her mouth with her sleeve and hobbled out.

Looking at the endless flow of cars on the road, Olivia did not stop. As if unaware of

the traffic, she took step by step toward the speeding traffic.

Suddenly, a van sped toward Olivia.

“Sis Liv, be careful!”

When the van ran into Olivia, Zyla rushed out and pounced on Olivia, getting her off the road.

“Sis Liv, are you alright?”

However, Zyla found Olivia had already fainted when she looked at the ground. Shocked, Zyla quickly sent Olivi to the hospital.

Fortunately, nothing serious happened. Olivia suffered from shock, and her body was weak due to cancer and pregnancy, causing her to faint.

When Olivia woke up, Zyla was by her side, looking worried.

“Sis Liv, you have to take care of your baby even if you don’t care about yourself! You scared me!”

“I’m sorry,” Olivia said with tears rolling in her eyes, like a wronged child.

Zyla felt sorry for her and said, “Oh, forget it, but you are not allowed to ask me to leave anymore.”

“Okay.”

Suddenly, Olivia tugged Zyla’s sleeve. “Zyla, I might be in a daze when I walked to the road, but I snapped out of it when the van rushed toward me.”

Then, she frowned. “However, I felt something seemed strange. The driver did not look like he intended to brake.”

Zyla recalled what happened and nodded. “You’re right. When I got there, he was still speeding up.”

“Sis Liv, is it possible that the man was trying to kill you?”

Olivia was startled. “Did you find the driver?”

“No, when I saved you, you fainted. I saw a license plate but could not chase after it and could only choose to take you to the hospital first.”

“It’s great that you saw the license plate. Can you investigate it?”

Suddenly, the door opened, and the police officer came in with an arrest warrant. Ms. Larson, you’ve got to come with us.”

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Zyla blocked in front of Olivia and asked, “What makes you think you can arrest her just like that?”

“The evidence, of course. Don’t you see the arrest warrant? Step away, miss, or I’ll charge you with obstruction of justice.”

Zyla wanted to argue, but Olivia forced herself to sit up and said, “I’ll go with you.”

“Sis Liv, your body...”

“Zyla, contact Mr. Quinton.”

Olivia’s face was pale. Her body swayed when she stood up, as though she would faint at any moment. Even the police officer could not bear to see her in such a state.

“Miss, you are allowed to accompany Ms. Larson to the police station.”

“Thank you.”

Zyla quickly helped Olivia to stand up and said, “Be careful.”

Olivia was taken into the interrogation room at the police station, and Zyla contacted Zac.

In the command room outside the interrogation room, a policeman led a man with a wounded hand and asked, "Is it her?"

The man nodded and replied affirmatively, "Yes, that's her! Ms. Larson, or should I call her Mrs. Freeman? Why would I not recognize her?"

"You saw her killing Wallace Simmons?"

"Yes, she was still in the hospital that day, but she asked me to meet in the West Village's abandoned factory. She said it had been a long time since we met."

The police officer looked at him doubtfully. "What's your relationship with Ms. Larson?"

The man grinned. "What else could it be? That relationship, of course. Officer, I'm sure you know what I mean."

The police officer frowned. "Then Wallace Simmons appeared, and Olivia Larson killed him?"

"That's pretty much of it."

Meanwhile, the policeman pushed a photo in front of Olivia in the interrogation room.

"Ms. Olivia, do you know this man?"

Olivia's pupils constricted in shock when she saw the man in the photo. She opened her mouth but could not say a word.

How could she not know this man?

Dorothy used this man to frame her for cheating on John two years ago.

Two years later, the same man slandered her again, and John cut off his arms.

'Is this man dead, too?'

She clasped her hands together and looked nervously at the police officer. "What's wrong with this man?"

"He came to report that he saw you kill Wallace Simmons!"

"What? I didn't... It's not me!"

Olivia tried to defend herself. "Officer, Uncle Wallace is my former butler. He is like my grandfather. Why would I kill him?"

"What's your relationship with Cole Zachary?"

"Who is Cole... Zachary?" Olivia asked in a puzzle.

The police officer frowned slightly and pointed at the man in the photo. "He is Cole Zachary. He claims to have slept with you while you were married. Is that true?"

"No! It's not true!"

She bit her lips and knew what was happening.

It was Dorothy's trap again.

They were all linked from the tip-off to the alleged revelation to Cole Zachary.

Suddenly, something flashed across her mind.

She had forgotten something else.

There was an interlude, and that was the van that sped toward her today.

'Is that part of Dorothy's plan?'

Dorothy wanted her dead, but Zyla came in time to rescue her. The plan did not work out. So... Dorothy came up with another plan of asking Cole to be the witness.

That must be it!

Olivia looked at the police officer with a look of grievance. "Officer, please believe in me. Someone framed me. I did not kill anyone!"

"Ms. Larson, I'm sorry, but we can't trust you."

Then, the police officer sighed. "Someone claimed they saw you meeting Wallace Simmons the day and time he was murdered."

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Then he sent a photo. "This is a photo of you meeting Wallace the other day."

Olivia was shocked to hear that. She looked over and gasped instantly.

The photo was fake, and the so-called witness must have been bribed.

The set-up was so elaborate that she was almost trapped in the middle.

Dorothy arranged all kinds of witnesses and even a reason to kill.

Olivia smiled desperately. "Police officer, someone has framed me. It seems I have nothing to say to defend myself."

In particular, the thought that Dorothy was in intimate contact with John made her heart ache.

Suddenly, she gasped for breath and coughed as if she wanted to cough up her lungs.

She frowned and covered her mouth. She swallowed the blood painfully and asked, "Do you have a trash can?"

Thinking she wanted to throw up, the policeman pushed the trash can at his feet to

her.

Olivia leaned over the trash can and spat a mouthful of blood and then some bloody

vomit.

She blacked out and almost fainted.

However, the thought of still being at the police station made her hold on.

"Ms. Larson, do you need a doctor?"

She shook her head feebly. "No... No thanks."

Just then, the door opened, and Zac walked in with a blast of cold wind.

Seeing Olivia lying on the table, he frowned slightly and went to help Olivia up. He took out a pill bottle, poured a pill out, opened a bottle of water, and sent them to her

mouth.

“Liv, take the pill first.”

Numb with pain, Olivia subconsciously opened her mouth to take the pill and obediently gulped a mouthful of water.

Zac let out a sigh of relief. “Sorry, but my client has lung cancer and needs to take medication at any time. She’s also pregnant. I hope you can bend the rules a little.”

The policeman nodded in understanding. “Mr. Quinton, all the evidence is currently against Ms. Larson. If...”

“We have evidence.”

“What evidence?”

“A body. Wallace Simmons’ body.”

The policeman froze. “You mean you found Wallace’s body?”

Although the case had been filed, Wallace’s body had not been found. It was also a mystery, so things could turn around if a body was found.

“Yes.”

Zac glanced down at Olivia with an apology in his gaze.

Ms. Larson asked us to find the body. As soon as we found it, Ms. Larson went to identify the body and even cried until she fainted beside it.

“How can someone like her be a murderer?”

With that said, Olivia woke up groggily. “Mr. Quinton.”

Zac said quietly, “Have a good rest. I’ll take care of this.”

“Mr. Quinton, are you handing over Uncle Wallace’s body?”

If it were not for Uncle Wallace, who once said that if he died one day, he would want.

to rest in the mountains and not get a cremation, his body would be long gone.

However, she kept silent because she did not want Uncle Wallace to die.

“Liv, it’s the only way to prove your innocence.”

Olivia closed her eyes and began to cry as she restrained herself. “Okay.”

The presence of the body raised more questions. After going through the formalities, Zac paid for Olivia’s bail.

When she reached the police station’s entrance, Olivia looked around. “Where’s Zyla?”

“She went shopping for groceries, saying she was buying you a fish to cook.”

With that said, there was a screech of brakes mixed with the screams of the crowd.

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Olivia frantically looked over and saw a familiar figure lying on the ground not far away.

She pushed Zac’s hand away and ran toward the crowd.

Before taking two steps, her legs gave way, and she tripped.

She got up hurriedly, ignored the pain, and ran on.

Suddenly, someone grabbed her arm.

“Liv, calm down.”

Olivia struggled. “Let go of me. It’s Zyla. Something must have happened to Zyla. I’m going to check on her!”

Then she broke free of Zac’s grip and ran to the scene.

“Get out of the way! Get out of the way!”

She pushed through the crowd and saw Zyla get up from the floor and look at the lively fish with a heartbroken expression.

Then Zyla turned and snapped, "Hey, did you buy your driver's license? The light is green, and the child is on the zebra crossing. Are you in a hurry to die?"

She scolded the driver until he hung their head low and dared not speak.

Zyla pointed to the fish on the ground. "And what are you going to do with my fish?"

"Miss, I'll make up for your fish."

"I picked it out very carefully. It's the only one. Can yr afford to make that up for me?"

The driver was speechless. He looked helplessly at the mother of the child. "Well..."

The child was crying so hard that he was too embarrassed to say anything. He had no choice but to bow and apologize. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Is the child hurt?"

Then he asked Zyla, "Lady, are you hurt? Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

"..."

Olivia said coyly to Zyla before Zyla could finish her sentence, "Zyla, are you trying to

scare the hell out of me?"

It took Zyla a few seconds to realize before hugging Olivia back. "Sis Liv, I'm okay. Don't worry. I won't die so soon."

How could she not worry?

Dorothy hired someone to kill her and then hired someone to frame her.

Zyla also had a car accident. Could she not worry?

Olivia let go of Zyla. "If you scare me again, I'll punish you."

"Okay, Sis Liv. Everything you say is right. I..."

Zyla suddenly clutched Olivia's arm in panic in mid-sentence. "Sis Liv, why is your arm bleeding? Did the police do this?"

Olivia then noticed that bright red blood was running down her fair arm. It looked

scary.

She was about to explain when Zac came over. "She was so worried about you that she fell while running."

"What? Fell? Mr. Quinton, why didn't you look after her? Sis Liv's fragile. She can't fall."

The driver of the accident stood by and watched the three. "Well... May I go now?"

He was in great panic. There was no blood earlier, but now someone bleeding came, and she looked weak and delicate. What if they tricked him into compensating?

Olivia looked at him and waved her hand. "As long as you're okay. Be careful next

time."

She glanced down at the wound. "Besides, my arm hurts a little."

When she said it hurt, Zyla instantly tensed up.

Olivia's heart melted as someone still cared for her. She stayed at Golden Hills Apartment that night.

Everything seemed to be under control.

However, Olivia was barely awake when she got a call the next day.

"Ms. Larson, the body was stolen last night."

Chapter 188

"What?"

She woke up suddenly and sat up in bed.

"What did you say, Sir? Uncle Wallace's body is missing?"

"Yes, Mr. Quinton sent the body over yesterday afternoon. The forensic pathologist got off work after checking the body, and the body was stolen in the middle of the night."

He did not have to tell Olivia these things.

However, the police also knew Olivia had found and stored the body, so he should inform her.

Olivia felt something exploding in her head and froze.

She even failed to protect Uncle Wallace's body after all. She was useless!

Olivia's cries woke Zyla up. Ruffling her matted hair, she asked, "Sis Liv, why are you crying?"

"Is there something wrong with the case again?"

"Zyla, Uncle Wallace's body is missing again."

When she said the word "again", her eyes were helpless and regretful, which made people find it pitiful.

Zyla frowned. "Sis Liv, don't worry. The police will find it. Don't worry."

Olivia cried and shook her head. "I lost Uncle Wallace. It's my fault. I harmed Uncle Wallace repeatedly and couldn't even protect his body... I'm really useless."

"It's not your fault. It's not your fault..."

Zyla hugged and comforted her, but Olivia was crying so hard. She could not stand it.

Suddenly, Zyla cried "Ah" and covered her ankles with a frown.

"What... What's wrong?"

Olivia wiped her tears with red eyes and looked nervously at Zyla.

"I... I think I'm hurt. It's probably from yesterday."

"Let's go to the hospital."

She sniffed and pulled herself together to help Zyla.

Zyla turned her head around and giggled, a little pleased.

Even if Sis Liv did not remember her, she still cared so much about her. It made her feel worth it and satisfied.

The two changed their clothes and took a taxi to the hospital.

After the consultation, the doctor prescribed some medication, and Olivia went to get it.

She had just gotten to the second-floor pharmacy when she heard a familiar voice. She quickly stopped the man.

“Why did you blame it on me? Why lie over and over again?”

The man stopped and peered at her with a sneer. “Yo, if it isn’t Mrs. Freeman? What’s the matter? Miss me again?”

Displeased, Olivia coldly demanded, “Cole, are you sure you want to do this with a severed hand?”

Cole sneered as he held up his severed hand. “You did this. How dare you mention it?”

Though the hand was severed, not the whole palm was severed. However, each hand was missing two fingers.

However, Olivia only realized it today.

She dared not watch the video carefully as all she could see was blood.

She thought John was cruel at the time, but now she thought he was not cruel after

seeing it.

That vile man deserved more.

“What did Dorothy give you to do this to me?”

“Ha, don’t forget. Mr. Freeman caught us red-handed at the hotel. I didn’t set you up.”

Olivia gritted her teeth. “Nonsense! I didn’t ask you out or see you that day in West Village. You lied to me about Uncle Wallace being there. How else would I have gone there?”

Cole inched toward her, smiling evily and saying, “So? So what? Mr. Freeman believed it. The police believed it, and everyone else believed it!”

“You!”

Cole suddenly shouted, “Ms. Larson, you cheated and killed someone. And you’re

accusing me of something? I’m a police witness now!”

Chapter 189

Drawn to Cole’s voice, the crowd sized up Olivia and made her blush.

“Cole, you’re lying!”

Unable to stand it, she went up and slapped Cole.

It took Cole a few seconds to come to himself. Covering his face, he yelled, “What’s the matter? Ms. Larson, are you going to harass the witness? The police are waiting outside. Shall I call them in?”

After the slap, Olivia suddenly became frightened and took a step back.

Seeing her fear, Cole sneered and moved closer. "Olivia, I'm the witness of your murder. If anything happens to me, you're the prime suspect!"

"I'm innocent!"

"Who would believe you? I don't know about the rest, but I'll make slapping me!"

With that said, Cole raised his hand to slap her.

you pay for

Olivia stepped back to avoid him. However, she did not expect to hit a hard chest after taking two steps back.

She turned her head and closed her eyes, not daring to see as Cole's hand was about to land.

However, the slap did not fall after a few seconds.

There was a cold and familiar voice above her head. "You didn't stop after having four fingers cut off. Do you want me to cripple you?"

Olivia felt a pang in her heart. It was John's voice.

She opened her eyes and looked up just in time to see John stop Cole's hand in the

air.

At that moment, she seemed to forget all their past. Her heart filled with joy.

Johnny still cared about her, right?

Cole was afraid of John. After all, he severed his hand. Besides, no one in Ocean City was not afraid of John.

Therefore, Cole quickly begged for mercy. "Mr. Freeman, it's not what it looks like.

She..."

"It seems you didn't learn from last time!" Not even bothering to talk nonsense to him, John ordered, "Wes, take him away!"

"Mr. Freeman, no..."

As Wes prepared to take Cole away, Olivia remembered Cole's warning, and her heart sank.

"Wait a minute!"

She turned to John and tugged at his arm. "Johnny, let him go.

She was afraid of John killing him. Would she not be guilty of murder if that happened?

Although Uncle Wallace's body was enough to prove her innocence, it was stolen!

John narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "What did you say, Olivia?"

Olivia knew John was angry, but she did not want to go to jail.

“Johnny, he’s...”

Before she could finish, John’s eyes lit up. “Ha, you’re defending your man!”

With that said, he reached out his hand, grabbed her jaw, and sneered. “Too bad all the men you find are losers, Olivia!

“Aaron’s one, and so is this!”

“Johnny, that’s not true. We...”

‘Have nothing to do with each other. Really.”

“Where the h*ll were you that night?”

Olivia was baffled. ‘Which night did he mean?”

“Which night?”

John looked at her coldly. “Are you playing dumb?”

“I was at Zyla’s last night.”

“Not last night. You know which night I meant!”

With that said, John looked around and taunted, “What’s the matter? Are you afraid

of losing face? Are you scared of telling me?”

Olivia glanced around and bit her lip.

She was never afraid of what others thought. She only cared about what he thought.

“Johnny, I...”

She already knew which day John meant, but she could not tell him!

Otherwise, Mrs. Simmons would suffer!

Suddenly, a figure walked through the crowd, pushed John away, and grabbed Olivia.

“Mr. Freeman, please be kind! Sis Liv already has lung.

Chapter 190

“Zyla, stop it!”

Olivia did not want to repeat the same mistake, so she chose to stop.

John did not believe her, right?

The next moment, John looked at her with an inexplicable smile. “Lung cancer, right?”

Olivia froze, confused.

‘Did he really know about it?’

'Or is he laughing at me?'

"Johnny..."

"Olivia, have you two had enough acting? Do you think I will get fooled again?"

"Mr. Freeman, I'm telling you the truth. Sis Liv has lung cancer, and it's terminal. She doesn't have much time left! You can check with the hospital if you don't believe me!"

Unable to bear it any longer, Zyla yelled, "Sis Liv's health is deteriorating. Do you know she needs medicines every day to live normally?"

John gazed at them coldly, and the smile on his lips became weirder.

Then he took a piece of paper out from his pocket, opened it, and held it up to them. He sneered. "Are the medicines you talked about vitamins?"

Olivia was puzzled. "Johnny, what's this?"

"The medicine in your bottle! I saw you taking pills the other day, so I took one to see if you really have cancer."

John sneered. "Who would have thought it was just a vitamin!"

'How is that possible?'

Her medicines were either painkillers or cures. How could they be vitamins?

"Olivia, you're such a fake. You disgust me!"

He looked into it because he thought she was ill. However, the truth was right in front of his eyes. Just like two years ago when she entered a hotel with someone else, leaving him no choice but to believe it.

Olivia staggered and fell into Zyla's arms.

She felt a burst of pain in her heart, making it hard for her to breathe.

At that moment, she reflexively chose to explain even though she knew it was useless.

However, the tears poured out, and her anger left her breathless.

She hated it. She hated herself for behaving like this.

She brought all this on herself.

She deserved it!

Suddenly, she smiled and slapped herself.

A red slap mark instantly appeared on her fair cheek, and it was so eye-catching.

"Sis Liv!"

Zyla reached for her hand, but she pushed it away.

One was not enough, so she raised her hand and slapped herself again.

Her cheeks reddened before she raised her head sharply. Her eyes were scarlet as she clenched her teeth and held back the tears.

“Yes, I lied. I don’t have lung cancer.”

“Sis Liv...” Zyla cried out to stop her, but Olivia ignored her and continued speaking.

“By the way, I was at Aaron’s that night. Are you satisfied? Happy? Is that what want?”

you

Zyla’s heart broke as she hugged her. “Sis Liv, stop talking! You didn’t do any of that!”

Olivia snapped, “Yes, I did! If Mr. Freeman thinks I did it, I did it!”

John’s expression turned ghastly at this. He frowned as his rage rose sharply as if he were about to go ballistic.

“So you admit it at last?”

“Yes, I admit it. You’re so fond of accusing me of cheating on you. What can I do?”

Slap!

His hand landed on Olivia’s face with a cold wind, sending her staggering. She would have fallen onto the ground if Zyla had not held her up.

However, she did not cry or give in. She turned her head and glared coldly at John.”

Seventeen years. Seventeen years of my life have gone to waste! Why make a promise if you can’t do it? You’re a coward. You don’t keep your word!”

John raised his hand again but stopped in mid-air. Then he withdrew his hand angrily, exclaiming coldly, "You're hopeless!"

Fortunately, John's phone rang.

He hung up and left with Wes and Cole.

Olivia's legs gave way, and she slid down. Zyla helped her into a nearby chair and limped out after John.

Then she grabbed John and slapped him.