

G.H Hooked 311

Chapter 311

“Yeah.”

John took the opportunity to sit right across from Olivia. His eyes were like pools as he looked at her and said, “Cook me a bowl of that too.”

Olivia was stunned and caught by surprise.

John was being unexpectedly nice. That could only mean...

Olivia looked down at her own bowl of noodles and pushed it toward John. “If you don’t mind, take this, then. I haven’t touched it yet.”

“I don’t mind.”

He slurped up a mouthful of noodles and swallowed slowly. He looked at Olivia and said, “It’s still the same familiar taste. I like it.”

That made her more uneasy.

What was he trying to do?

She immediately looked at Ian and could not help but be curious. Was John putting on a show for him?

Once that thought was born, Olivia stuck with it. She felt a little suffocated.

However, she did not want to expose John, so she turned back to go to the kitchen to whip up another bowl of noodles. This was the first time in two years she had gotten to eat a meal with her brother, and she did not want this experience to be ruined by John.

Soon after, she carried a new bowl of noodles out of the kitchen and scooped out a huge portion to put into Ian's bowl.

"Eat more, Ian. You're still growing, so you've gotta have enough nutrients. Eat well from today onward, okay?"

Ian's body stiffened. He did not raise his head and merely mumbled an, 'okay' as a reply.

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief seeing how Ian was no longer defensive and prickly towards her.

She believed that as long as she was determined and patient, there would be a day in the future when Ian and herself would be as close as they once were.

It was a simple, peaceful, and quiet meal, but Olivia was content.

After lunch, Ian went upstairs alone while Olivia did the dishes. Then, she walked up to John and asked, "Are you leaving?"

He reached out and yanked her into his embrace, causing her to fall into his lap. She was able to smell the faint scent of tobacco on him, and that made her heart quicken.

"Are you happy?"

With one hand around her waist and another on her chin, he forced her to look him in the eye.

Olivia frowned and remained silent.

She thought John would be angry, but all he did was huff coldly, pick her up, and walk out of the house.

When they were in the car, Olivia glanced at John suspiciously. She could not decipher what exactly she was feeling at that moment.

Did she loathe him? Was she happy? Sad?

It did not seem like either of those options.

As the car drove off, Olivia blurted abruptly, "Thank you."

John cocked his eyebrows, and his mood suddenly slightly lifted. "What for? Don't you hate me?"

"I do hate you, John Freeman." Olivia exhaled. "But thank you for letting me see my brother today and for letting us have a quiet meal together."

John frowned when he heard what Olivia said. Something about it made his heart

uneasy.

He did not like hearing her say that she hated him.

"Do you really hate me that much?"

"I haven't lost my memories, John. I remember everything you did as clearly as day. I don't have a reason to not hate you."

Olivia clenched both of her fists tightly, her nails digging into her flesh. She was trying to force herself to be more aware of the situation through the pain and to remind herself not to fall for the same tricks once again.

Then, she asked, "What about you? Why the sudden kindness with letting me see my

brother?"

Sudden kindness?

Was he really that despicable in her eyes?

"If Zac was the one who brought you to see Ian, would you ask him the same question?"

Olivia paused, then sneered coldly. "Zac would not have separated us siblings from the very beginning, so your hypothetical question is flawed."

John glared at Olivia coldly and barked, "Olivia Larson, my patience has its limits!"

Out of nowhere, Olivia suddenly thought of Dorothy.

"John Freeman, are you trying to threaten me with Ian so I'll let Dorothy Ellis go?"

John stopped the car by the road, unbuckled both his and Olivia's seatbelts, and yanked hard on Olivia's arm, his eyes glistening with iciness.

"Is that who you think I am, Olivia Larson?"

Chapter 312

"Isn't that who you are?"

Olivia was so angry she laughed. How could this man behave like he was in the right in such a ridiculous manner?

“You sent Dorothy out of town while I was in a coma to protect her because you were afraid that I’d get my revenge on her and kill her, right?”

John shuddered. “No.”

“No? Hah, who’d believe you?” Olivia looked at him coldly. “John Freeman, you said so yourself. You won’t let Dorothy Ellis die.”

She was so sure that it was his doing.

There was no one else besides John that would and could protect Dorothy Ellis like this.

“Olivia Larson, do you still want to see your brother?” John was enraged.

‘Same threat again?’ Olivia thought. She snickered. Every time he lost in a verbal fight with her, he would start threatening her. This was clearly a sign of guilt!

“Would you allow me to see him anyway?”

“That depends on your behavior.”

Olivia did not have much hope when it came to John, so she forced a smile that was even uglier than her sobbing expression and said, “John, you call the shots, and I don’t have any say in that. But I can tell you that I won’t ever let Dorothy Ellis go.”

Now that she knew Ian was staying at the Larson Residence, she could drop by anytime she wanted from now on.

It was as if John could read her mind. He narrowed his eyes, smirked, and said, "Olivia, do you really think Ian stays here all the time?"

He released her, ran his chilly fingers across her face, and said, "If you want to keep seeing Ian, make me happy."

Olivia was stunned. She felt like she had been plunged into icy cold water.

Indeed, she did not stand a chance when it came to John.

This man had everything clearly calculated and would not leave any loopholes for her at all.

"How do I do that?"

John stuck his lips on her ear and asked, "What do you think?"

His warm breath tickled her ears, making her body shudder. Her ears immediately turned red.

She immediately pushed him away and retorted, "Shameless prick! Don't even think about it!"

Their baby had just died at his hands, and not only was he not sad, but he even wanted to have sex with her now?

Did this man not have a heart?

After being pushed away, John snickered coldly, put on his seatbelt once more, and turned on the car's ignition.

Along the way, Olivia was nervous. She curled herself up into a ball so she could be as far away from John as she could be. It was like he was a scary monster.

Seeing that, John's heart throbbed in pain. He was frustrated, so he reached up to pull on his tie.

Why was she so afraid of him?

Once they arrived at the hospital, Olivia jumped out of the car like she was running for her life.

John watched as she did not hesitate and ran away from him into the building. He went back to his office.

Olivia was afraid that John would follow her, so as soon as she got out of the elevator, she walked urgently toward her ward.

Suddenly, there was a tap on her shoulder.

She was so startled she did not even turn around to see who it was before running full speed ahead.

The person chased after her and asked, "Liv, why are you running? What happened?"

She was stunned when she heard the voice of the person behind her and stopped in her tracks. She turned to find Ken behind her, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's you, Ken."

Ken scratched his head and said, "Who did you think it was?"

"John took you away just now in the afternoon. Are you hurt?" Ken paused before he continued solemnly. "I've lectured him about this. You're a patient, and you've just gone through a miscarriage."

You're still very weak, so I warned him to not provoke you. I'm still worried, though, so I thought I'd come and take a look."

However, seeing how wary Olivia was, he got even more worried.

"I'm not hurt. Thanks for asking."

"Liv, I know what John did was too much, but..."

Before he could finish, Ken suddenly had a bucket of cold water poured all over him.

Zyla stood behind Olivia and yelled, "Lucashole, don't overstep your boundaries! Jerk John's the one being inhumane, so how dare you still defend him?"

Chapter 313

Both Olivia and Ken were not expecting that, so they both froze on the spot.

Olivia was the first to snap back to her senses. She grabbed Zyla's hand, checked her wounds, and said, "Zy, you're still not completely recovered yet. How could you do something so taxing?"

"I'm okay, Sis Liv." Zyla's voice softened. "How about you? Did Jerk John hurt you?!"

She shook her head. "I'll tell you more after we get back to the ward. Let me look at your hand first."

"I'm fine, really. He merely dislocated my arm, so all I need to do now is get a doctor to pop it back into place for me. That's all."

Zyla shook her hands and laughed. "Look! I'm fine!"

“What about your chest? I saw blood just now in the afternoon.”

Olivia was worried, so she pulled Zyla into her ward and said, “Let me take a look.”

“I just busted the wound open, but I’ve gotten the nurse to give me a new dressing. You won’t be able to see anything,”

Then, Zyla’s eyes fell on Ken. “What are you still doing here? Do you want a scolding? Or a beating?”

What happened to her changing her mind about him? Alas, bad habits died hard.

Ken was a little sad as he wiped the water off his face. “You’ve misunderstood me, Ms. Jones. I’m on Liv’s side.”

“Who allowed you to call her that? Is Sis Liv even that close to you?”

“Ms. Jones, I...”

Ken was at a loss for words. All he could do was stare blankly at Zyla. He could not come up with anything to refute her.

Olivia looked at the both of them and said, “It’s fine, Zy. He’s just being kind.”

“Being kind?” Zyla yelled. “If he was kind, he would’ve already cut off all ties with Jerk John!”

“Stop it, Zy.” Olivia pushed her into her ward as she said that.

Ken looked at Olivia helplessly and said, “I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to defend John

However, he then felt like he was just digging a deeper hole for himself, so he pursed his lips and said, "I'll get going. Just look for me if you need anything."

"Okay. Go get a change of clothes. Zy was acting too rashly. I apologize on her behalf."

Ken's eyes flickered. He shook his head and said, "She did nothing wrong."

Then, he turned around and left.

In the ward, Olivia made sure once more that Zyla's hand was okay before breathing a sigh of relief.

"Sis Liv, where did that jerk bring you?"

"To see Ian."

Olivia

gave Zyla a brief summary of what happened in the afternoon and walked toward the window. She smiled and said, "It's been two years since I last had a conversation with Ian and we ate a meal

together. I'm really content right now, even though..."

Zyla could not stand how Ian acted toward Olivia, but due to Olivia's emotions, she could only comfort her and say, "Sis Liv, he's only thirteen. That's why he believes in ridiculous lies like those ones. We'll give him more time. He'll know the truth one

day."

"Yeah, I know that."

However, Olivia still could not sleep that night.

She reminisced on the times when Ian was still little, and as she thought about Ian now, she could not help but feel a little dejected.

When would be the next time she could see him?

When could she bring him to visit Dad and Mom?

What she did not expect was for John to come again the next afternoon.

This time, he was not so belligerent. With one hand in his pocket, he stood at the door, looked stoically at Olivia, and said, "Olivia, I'll bring to visit Ian."

She was stunned. She quickly swallowed the food she had in her mouth, gave Zyla a few things to take note of, and followed John out the door.

Neither of them said a thing throughout the journey.

John sent Olivia to the Larson Residence, tossed her a pair of keys, and left.

She was a little taken aback, but she did not think much of it, since if John were to speak, they would surely argue.

If that happened, John's mood would be affected, and she might not be allowed to see her brother. That would be a shame and a waste.

Thus, Olivia turned towards the villa, opened the door, and entered.

John did not go far. He merely drove the car out of Olivia's line of sight and parked it at the side of the road.

He missed her cooking. He was waiting for lunchtime.

Chapter 314

After about an hour, a delivery bike arrived at the door of Larson Residence.

John was on the phone in his car when it happened. He watched the delivery man open the container on his bike, take out two bags of groceries, and then ring the doorbell beside the gate.

Quickly, the door opened, and the delivery man jogged in.

John smiled. It seemed like Olivia was going to cook up a storm today.

Wes' voice came from the other end of the line. "Sir, I've sent you the details. We need to attend a meeting out of town tomorrow. Please don't forget about it."

"Okay."

"Sir, the incident from two years ago that you got me to investigate might be a little complicated."

John barked coldly, "What about it?"

"We have all the relevant video recordings from the incident, but the only witness, Cole Zachary, is dead, so there's a lot of things we can't seek confirmation on."

What happened two years ago had always been a thorn in John's side.

Even if he felt like he had wronged Olivia, he could not let go of the hatred.

After a long pause, John asked, "Where is she?"

Wes knew that he was asking about Dorothy, so he replied to John, "There's no news of Ms. Ellis leaving town, but I'm sure she's no longer in Ocean City. She must be deliberately hiding from us.

Also..."

"Spit it out!"

"Three years ago, Ms. Ellis did abort a child, and that left her infertile. That means the report she got you to read was a fake one. I've got witnesses."

John balled his fists up tightly, and the veins on his forehead popped out, displaying that he was so angry he could no longer hold it in. "That's it?"

"There's more." Wes had sensed John's anger and was sweating buckets.

"Ms. Ellis was once in a relationship with Ben Wilson, the Larsons' past driver. He was the man who hit Mr. Quinton."

"That's all?"

"Sir..." Wes was a little afraid. "When you slept with Ms. Ellis, you were drunk, but that does not diminish the possibility of you having been drugged."

Then, Wes added bravely, "Sir, are you sure you had sex with Ms. Ellis that night?"

In Wes' mind, he thought that regardless of whether John was drunk or not, he still would remember if he had had sex or not.

John's eyes gleamed with iciness, and he chuckled coldly. "Wes Coulson, are you tired of living?"

Wes was a timid man, so he was quick to say, "Sorry. I overstepped my boundaries. I'll continue to track Ms. Ellis down."

John hung up the call and threw his phone aside.

That night...

He really did not remember anything about it. When he woke up the next morning, Dorothy was crying and speaking affectionately, so he believed her.

Now, upon looking back, it was probably all Dorothy's lies.

However, even if Dorothy had been with someone else and lied to him, it did not diminish the fact that she had saved him.

Because of that, he could not kill her, but he hated it when people had a foothold on him!

In the Larson Residence.

Ian was upstairs in his room, and the door was closed, so Olivia did not know what he was up to.

She did not want to disturb him, so as soon as the groceries arrived, she began cooking in the kitchen.

It had been two years since she last saw Ian, and he had grown taller, but he had also lost weight.

Surely no one had cared about him getting enough nutrients while he was fostered in someone else's home, so Olivia hoped to make him gain at least a few pounds.

Just as she finished slicing up the beef, she heard the door open and thought it was Ian coming down.

She did not turn back as she said, "Ian, it's gonna take a while longer. You can go do your own thing for now, and when it's ready, I'll let you know."

"What are you cooking today?"

"Braised prawns, salad..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Olivia felt like something was not right with Ian's voice. She turned around quickly only to fall into a firm embrace.

John took the chance to snake his arms around her waist. "What kind of salad? Why don't you finish your sentence, hmm?"

Chapter 315

"Why are you here?"

Olivia was stunned for a moment before pushing John away. "Let go of me."

John freed her, walked towards the bar area, and asked, "Anything I can do to help?"

Then, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and started taking out the

vegetables from the bag.

"I'll clean the prawns. What else needs cleaning?"

The scene that was playing out before Olivia shocked her to the core.

She had seen this side of John before, but it had been two years since then.

Back then, they would cook together.

He would hug her from behind, rest his head on her shoulders, and flirt with her in whispers, making her lose focus as she cooked.

Now, it felt like it had been a lifetime since that. The thought left her dazed.

They had already gone their separate ways, so why was he playing the same role he used to play in the past once more?

Was he trying to move her heart again?

No, she could not be fooled! She could not be tricked once more!

Olivia bit her lips, tried to suppress the emotions that had risen in her heart, and replied coldly, "John Freeman, you don't have to put on a show for Ian like this."

John ignored her. He put the cleaned prawns aside and started to chop up some vegetables.

"John Freeman." She could not help but call out to him once more.

"I heard you."

He turned to look at her with a slight pleading tone in his voice and said, "Can I have some vegetable stew, please?"

Olivia looked at John, her heart aching so much that she could hardly breathe. After a long while, she asked, "Why, John? Why are you acting like this now?"

There had been times she had begged for him to come home for dinner, but he could not have cared less.

She had also begged several times for him to believe in her as she tried to save this broken marriage, but he also refused to do so.

Later, she decided to go through with the divorce for his sake, but he did not agree to that as well.

After that, he started torturing her more and more, gnashing and tearing at her heart bit by bit until she was wounded all over.

When she fell from the balcony, she finally lost all hope and was awakened.

She knew they really could not return to the past and that she really did hate him.

Her eyes were tear-filled as her heart was in stabbing pain, but all she did was look at John quietly.

She had already decided to let bygones be bygones, so why did her heart still hurt so much?

John's voice was laced with a tad of patience. "Let's have a quiet meal together and not fight today, okay?"

Olivia felt suffocated with a weight on her chest and started coughing violently.

"Where's your medicine?" The last time John saw her coughing violently was at the cemetery. He was quick to pass her a glass of water.

Olivia did not take it. She turned and ran toward the toilet instead.

She twisted the tap open to wash the blood away from her hand and her mouth. Then, she propped herself up against the sink and stared at her reflection, which was wan, sallow, and tired.

She really did not want to fight with John either.

However, she always got so easily lost in his gentleness, and that made her fearful.

Olivia was so afraid that all he was doing was taking advantage of the calm before the storm. He was worried he had a bad motive.

There were some truths that were too much for her to bear.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. "Are you okay, Liv? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

With that, Olivia lost control of her tears as they rolled down her cheeks.

However, she washed her face once more so John would not be suspicious. Then, she opened the door and answered faintly, "I'm fine."

John was still a little concerned. He followed her and asked, "Why is your pneumonia still not better?"

Olivia paused in her tracks, her heart knitted together in tight knots.

He really thought up till now that all she had was pneumonia.

"It's not that easy for pneumonia to completely go away. Don't you know that pneumonia can become lung cancer if it gets really severe?"

John, who was behind her, was stunned for a while. Then, he hugged her from behind and said, "Yours will never become lung cancer."

Olivia snickered mockingly in her heart. This man was always so arrogant, and it was hilarious.

However, she did not plan to correct him, since it was not like she had not told him the truth.

It was just that he never believed her, right?

Chapter 316

Olivia broke free from John's embrace. "Start cooking. Ian will be hungry soon."

John hugged her even tighter and got close to her ears to say in a low voice, "Why don't you make some vegetable stew?"

"You don't like celery."

"I do now."

Olivia was a little speechless. She had no idea why he was so obsessed with vegetable stew and insisting she make something now that he never ate back then. Then again, she did not want to pester him about such small matters. She nodded in agreement since she had already bought the ingredients. "Alright. I'll cook it for you." He let go of her and continued washing the vegetables in the kitchen.

'Why did his palate suddenly change?'

'Is it because of Dorothy?'

Olivia felt uncomfortable. Every breath she took was as painful as a needle prick.

She could never understand why their love was so fragile. Was it because they had started loving each other too impulsively back then?

No matter what, the past would continue to be the past, and it would be pointless to dwell on it.

She then shook her head and continued cooking the beef.

Ian came downstairs when they only had the stew left to finish.

He stood at the kitchen door and stared at the two busy people with a slight curve by the corner of his lips. "Can we eat yet? I'm hungry."

Olivia nodded a few times and smiled. "We'll be done in a bit."

She immediately pushed John. "Get the dishes out there, take the rice, and start eating with Ian first."

John agreed and brought the dishes out.

Olivia finished cooking the stew not long after.

Just as she was about to carry it out, John suddenly got up and walked in. "Let me do it."

He then carried it out.

Olivia was taken aback, and she had mixed emotions.

Suddenly, John put the bowl down and turned around to pinch her cold earlobe with his hot finger. He asked, "Is it hot?"

At that moment, Olivia's heart trembled as if it had traveled back to the past. She nearly hugged him.

Fortunately, she suppressed her emotions, pushed him away coldly, and sat down." Let's eat."

John's body stiffened, and he felt a trace of pain in his chest.

"Ian, take some more meat. Beef carpaccio used to be your favorite."

"The prawns too. They're high in protein."

Olivia put another piece of meat into Ian's bowl. "Here, try the grilled ribs I made."

It was probably because of the temptation of delicious food and the taste of these dishes making him nostalgic that Ian was not as cold to Olivia anymore, and he would occasionally nod in response like a rebellious child.

Suddenly, Ian stole a glance at John. "Why don't you give John a piece?"

Olivia looked at the person opposite her. "He has hands for a reason."

This made John dissatisfied, and he glared at her. "Olivia, it's normal for a wife to give her husband food."

Hearing this, Olivia's hand froze. She thought for a few seconds, then simply picked up a pepper for him.

"Eat this. Peppers are high in vitamins."

What she did not expect was for John to eat it without thinking.

This scene hit her like a truck.

Over all the years they had been together, no matter what she said, he would never eat things that he did not like.

However, now, he was enjoying eating coriander, peppers, and celery, which he did

not like back then.

'Did Dorothy change him?'

She had convinced herself at first that he probably just felt thankful toward Dorothy,

but now, she felt like he loved her.

He loved Dorothy even more than he loved her back then.

If not, why was he willing to curry favor with Dorothy now?

She stole a glance at him and murmured in her heart while trying not to cry.

'Sadly, no matter what he does now, I won't let Dorothy walk free.'

How could she let the culprit that killed her family and both her kids get away with it?

Chapter 317

The meal was exceptionally quiet and peaceful, which made Olivia feel like she was dreaming.

After dinner, Ian went back upstairs.

Olivia frowned when she saw him closing the door.

She did not get the chance to talk to him.

John stole a glance at her and started to clear the dishes. "I'll clean up."

Olivia was slightly shocked but she did not object to it. She went upstairs.

She knocked on the door. "Ian, can I come in?"

"Wait a minute."

A few minutes later, he opened the door. "What is it?"

Olivia looked inside and chuckled. "Can I come in and have a seat?"

He hesitated for a bit but finally nodded.

After entering, she looked around. Her brother's room used to be decorated in a cartoon style, but now, it was very simple and sleek with only black, white, and gray tones.

"What do you want to talk about? Are you trying to frame Dolly again?"

Olivia felt a piercing pain in her heart, and she frowned as she spoke. "Ian, I know you've gotten very close to Dorothy over these two years, so I won't blame you for not being able to judge things properly. But why do you hate me? We're biological siblings, and I would never wrong our parents."

Ian was slightly irritated. He sat on the chair and stared at her coldly. "If you didn't have an affair, the Larson family would not have gone bankrupt and our father

wouldn't have died. You destroyed our family."

'An affair...'

Olivia sighed. Everyone was convinced that she was the one who had an affair.

How pathetic.

Honestly, she was impressed by Dorothy getting everyone to believe her.

"Dorothy is John's mistress. Do you know that?"

Ian kept quiet and turned to the other side, not daring to look at her.

This made her upset, but her rationality told her that Ian was still a child, so she should not blame him.

She then passed her phone to him. "Give me your number."

"No."

"I don't have any other intentions. I'm just worried that you might not be eating properly, so I want to come over to cook for you when I'm free."

Hearing this, Ian was moved.

Dorothy had cooked a few times in the past two years to try to please John.

However, her cooking was awful.

He quickly finished keying in his number and threw the phone back to Olivia. Then, he said coldly, "I'm warning you, don't bother me about anything else, or I'll block your number."

"Okay."

Olivia was already satisfied enough with being able to get her brother's contact number. She did not stay any longer and left.

She noticed John was still washing dishes, so she went up to the third floor.

Her bedroom was located on the third floor.

Her room still looked the same, but there was a layer of dust on everything.

When the Larson's Residence was confiscated, she had left in a rush and did not manage to bring anything with her. Now that everything had changed, she could not help but feel sad. Her eyes reddened.

She went to the bookshelf and took out her diary. She wiped the dust off the cover of the book and saw a photo lying there upon opening it.

It was a picture she had secretly taken during John's 20th birthday.

He was wearing a black suit and standing in the middle of the crowd. He looked elegant and powerful, making people afraid to approach him.

She gently touched the face in the picture, pursed her lips, and smiled wryly." Johnny, if I knew we would end up like this, I probably wouldn't have pursued you such a long time."

for

Suddenly, a slender figure appeared at the door.

“What are you looking at?”

Olivia quickly closed the diary and said in a slightly guilty tone, “Nothing. Just some old stuff.”

“Really?”

He approached her and snatched the diary away. “Is there anyone’s photo in here?” “No.”

He squinted his eyes at her, then opened the diary.

Chapter 318

Olivia’s heart was beating fast. She was afraid that John might see something he should not.

He flipped through the diary and suddenly stopped at a random page.

After a few seconds, he closed the diary and threw it on the ground hard. Then, he asked coldly, “Olivia, have you slept with Aaron Summers before?”

This question left her dumbfounded.

Her diary was mostly filled with typical girly thoughts, and all of them were related to

John, so where had Aaron come from?

“John, what nonsense are you talking about?”

“It’s clearly written in your diary. How dare you ask me! You’re too much.”

‘Too much?’

‘Which part of me is too much?’

“It’s just a teenager’s diary. Why are you so worked up?”

After saying that, Olivia picked up the diary, brushed the dust off it, and put it back on the shelf. “Also, the person in it...”

Before she managed to finish her sentence, John pulled her into his arms and clenched his teeth. “Olivia Larson, remember, you’re the wife of John Freeman!”

‘How can she think about another man?’

‘Who gave her the right to use me as a replacement?’

He hated it!

He hated being a replacement more than he hated her for cheating on him with Cole.

Suddenly, he lifted her chin and kissed her hard.

His kiss was greedy and fierce as if he wanted to merge the both of them into one being.

Olivia was hurt by his grip. She clenched her hands into fists and hammered his chest frantically, turning her head away to avoid his kiss.

“John, what’s wrong with you now?”

‘I’ve only ever loved him, and he’s the only man I’ve ever slept with, so what is he mad about?’

However, John’s eyes were flushed now. He pinched her chin hard and said sternly, “Olivia, remember that you’re mine!”

“John Freeman, you’re such a lunatic!”

She broke free, pushed him away ruthlessly, then ran away without looking back.

Sadly, this place was too remote, so she did not manage to see even one taxi along the way.

Without any other choice, she took out her phone, wanting to call Ken to ask him to pick her up.

However, before she could dial any number, the black Maybach stopped beside her.

The man lowered his window and ordered. “Get in the car.”

She ignored him and continued walking forward.

She could not stand John’s extreme temper, being gentle at times and violent at other times. She had no idea how to distinguish which one was the real him.

Seeing how Olivia was ignoring him, John stopped the car and chased her. Then, he grabbed her arm.

“Olivia, I said, get in the car!”

“You’re hurting me! Let go.” Olivia frowned and tried hard to struggle. Then, she

looked at John with reddish eyes. "You're dangerous. I don't want to be with you alone."

'Dangerous?'

John's heart softened immediately. 'Did I scare her earlier?'

He suddenly recalled that every time he wanted to touch her head, she would instinctively reel back.

'Is she afraid?'

The next thing that entered his mind was that she mentioned that he used to beat her up.

John let go of her and toned his speech down more. "I won't do anything. It's just difficult to get a taxi here."

He was angry and upset, but seeing how red Olivia's eyes were, he felt bad.

She bit her lips, looked at him pitifully, then said softly, "If you make another move, I'll jump out of the car."

"Alright. Get in the car."

After getting into the car, she huddled by the door just like yesterday, keeping the farthest distance she could from John to feel safer.

John's heart trembled, and he could feel pain.

He took a piece of tissue and gave it to her. "I'm sorry."

'Sorry?'

Olivia shivered and looked at the man in shock.

She was even more afraid now.

'What's wrong with this man?'

This was his third time apologizing to her since she fell from the building. After a long moment, she sniffed and said, "John, I can't accept your apology."

Chapter 319

John did not say anything else, and the two kept quiet throughout the entire journey.

Upon reaching the hospital, before she got out of the car, she asked, "John, will you bring me to visit Ian tomorrow?"

"Depends."

'Depends... Does that mean he won't let me see Ian again?'

She did not ask further. After all, she would still have a chance as long as it was not tomorrow yet.

"Alright."

After getting out of the car, she touched the picture in her pocket and let out a sigh of relief.

'Luckily he didn't find out.'

If John found out about the picture, he would probably accuse her of some trumped-up charges, so it was best for him to not know.

The next day, Olivia finished her lunch earlier than usual and stood by the window looking downstairs.

She stared for several hours but still did not see John.

She clenched her fists and could not help but feel anxious.

'Is it because we fought yesterday that he's not letting me see Ian?'

'But he said sorry to me.'

She bit her lips and paced back and forth in the room.

John's temper was unpredictable, and she could not predict his thoughts either, which made her even more uncertain.

Fortunately, she got Ian's phone number yesterday.

Even if he refused to bring her to visit Ian in the future, she could still contact Ian occasionally.

Suddenly, she fell into someone's arms. She thought it was who she thought it was and immediately looked up. "John, you... Zac?"

Seeing Zac's messy hair and seemingly exhausted face, she could not help but be concerned.

"Why are you here?"

Zac's eyes darkened when he heard her calling him John's name. "Did John cause you trouble again? Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Why didn't you tell me that he dragged you out of the hospital the day before. yesterday?"

Zac sounded cold, and he seemed to be questioning her, which left Olivia somewhat lost.

"I... I didn't want you to worry." Olivia pursed her lips. "He only brought me to visit Ian. Nothing else."

"Really?"

She nodded. "Yeah."

Zac let out a sigh of relief and hugged her while saying gently, "Sorry. Did I scare you? I was just worried that something might've happened to you, and I've been busy the past two days over a new case."

In fact, he had rushed back from abroad yesterday at midnight because he was worried about her.

"Did Zy tell you?"

Zac let go of her. "Yeah, she accidentally let it slip out."

Olivia pursed her lips and smiled. "I'm fine. Quickly go back and rest. Don't get exhausted."

Even though he knew that she was showing him care, he still felt uncomfortable.

“I just came, and you’re already asking me to go home? Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

Olivia was taken aback. “I didn’t mean it that way, but you do look tired.”

Zac stared at her for a moment, then suddenly asked, “Waiting for John?”

The atmosphere became icy cold.

Right after he asked that, he felt it sounded a little inappropriate, so he quickly said, “Waiting for him to bring you to Ian?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay. Then I’ll go. Call me if you need anything.”

After saying that, he left the room.

Olivia had no idea what to say at that point, so she just watched him leave.

The sky was already dark, and John had not shown up, so Olivia gave up waiting.

However, she could not sleep again.

At midnight, someone suddenly knocked on the door. “Liv.”

She immediately opened her eyes and walked to open the door.

When the door was opened, a man fell on her with a faint smell of alcohol wafting around him.

“Liv, you’re mine. You can only have me in your heart.”

Chapter 320

Olivia froze to the spot. She wanted to push the man away, but he seemed to be thousands of pounds, and she could not move him at all.

“John, you’re drunk.”

John suddenly hugged her tightly and used his chin to caress her forehead. “I’m not drunk, Liv. I’m sober.”

“You wouldn’t be calling me Liv if you were sober.”

“Liv.” John lifted her face and smiled at her. “What should I call besides Liv? My dear wife?”

‘He’s drunk!

‘Beyond drunk!’

However, she was inexplicably happy because this man was similar to the John who loved her back then.

Time seemed to wind back to the past all of a sudden.

Suddenly, the man’s cold lips landed on hers, and the two entangled and lingered against each other, leaving her short of breath.

The two kissed and slowly moved backward.

They reached the side of the bed. John pinned her down and continued kissing her from on top.

The scene of her falling off the building suddenly played in Olivia's mind, and she immediately woke up from her daze and pushed him away.

"John, wake up!"

She should not crave his fake gentleness nor fall for it.

"We cannot go back to how it used to be. I hate you!"

John sat on the bed, pulled her into his arms, and hugged her tightly while murmuring, "Fine. I won't kiss you, but let's cuddle into sleep, okay?"

She wanted to push him away, but at the same time, she yearned for the warmth of

his arms.

In the end, she let him carry her to bed

He actually did not touch her anymore and just hugged her gently. He also placed his chin on her head, occasionally rubbing it.

However, now that she was thinking clearly, all the painful memories gushed back into her mind, tearing her heart apart once again.

She covered her face and cried silently.

'Johnny, why are you still baiting me?'

John felt the person in his arms shivering in a daze, followed by a weak sobbing sound.

“Are you crying?”

Olivia did not answer him.

He lifted her chin up and kissed her tears away. “Liv, you can have another child even if you lost your last one. We can even make one now if you want.”

‘So he remembers that we lost our baby.

‘But...’

Olivia broke free from his arms and stood by the bedside shoeless. Then, she threw a pillow at John.

“How?! How can you be so calm? Are you not sad?! John, that was our child, a life of its own! How can you make it sound so casual and like it was nothing?!”

John started sobering up after being hit by the pillow, but he endured it. “Liv, what’s

done is done. We need to move on.”

‘Move on?’

‘What nonsense is that?’

Olivia cried even harder and shouted as if it was the end of the world, “You killed our baby! Don’t you feel guilty? John Freeman, you’ve never cared about me nor the baby! You’ve been pretending to be so

gentle these past few days, but who are you putting this act on for? I don't need it! And I'll never bear another child for you! Get

out!"

John grabbed her arm. "Olivia, what are you doing?"

At that moment, Ken opened the door and ran in to separate the two of them. He dragged John outside.

"Come with me."

John refused and swung him away. "Ken, are you serious? Leave!"

"John, wake up and stop acting like a drunk lunatic! Do you think what happened can be erased just because you're pretending to be drunk?"

John was taken aback, and a trace of loneliness flashed across his eyes.

Seeing this, Ken took his chance and dragged him out. Then, he called Zyla to come over to take care of Olivia.

As an outsider, he could clearly see what was going on between the two.

They were in love with each other, but there was also an unbreakable barrier in between them.

What John was doing was only strengthening the barrier and widening the distance between them further.