

G.H Hooked 51

Chapter 51

Olivia felt ridiculous after asking.

Their relationship was nearly over. It was pointless to ask if he had loved her before

Why did it matter if he had ever loved her?

Olivia scoffed. "You said you would give up your own life to protect me. You said you would make me the happiest woman in the world."

She looked at him. "But look at our life now, Johnny..."

"These past two years, you have felt nothing but hate and suspicion for me. Everything I do is wrong. Everything I do makes you angry."

Olivia was not the kind of person who would go all in just because of love. She would not cling to a man just because she still loved him.

That

That was why she wanted freedom. However, John refused to set her free. She was being forced to waste her time with him.

John looked at her. For some reason, he suddenly noticed that the glow in her eyes was gone.

"Olivia, you don't deserve it."

'Don't deserve it?'"

Olivia bit the back of her hand, trying to stop herself from shedding tears. She smiled bitterly and said, So, Johnny, it turns out all the love you used to have for me was fake. Then tell me, why do you hate me?

“Oh, I see. It’s because of your dignity, right?”

For the sake of his dignity, he did not hesitate to sleep with her, even though it made him feel dirty, For the sake of his dignity, he refused to divorce her and kept her by his side. For the sake of his dignity, John tolerated her existence.

“Olivia, have you forgotten that I still have your brother?”

‘Brother.

“Well, he can only threaten me with my brother.”

However, Dorothy had already killed Uncle Wallace. She could not get his body back, so she would not believe John’s words.

“Johnny, do you think I’ll believe you have my brother? Where’s your evidence?”

John stepped on the brakes and pulled over by the roadside.

He took out his phone and tapped on a video. In the video, a boy was sleeping soundly in a room,

“Look! Isn’t this Ian Larson?”

Olivia’s lips shuddered as she muttered, “Ian...”

She reached out to grab the phone, but John put it away.

“What have you done to Ian? Why is he lying in bed looking so thin? Did you abuse him?”

John sneered “Now, you’re afraid? Olivia, it’s too late! I’ll destroy his life tonight when we’re back ”

“Not Johnny, not

Ignoring Olivia’s plea, John drove his car back to the peninsula. He pulled Olivia out of the car, dragged her to the room, and threw her to the ground.

“Olivia, you should reflect on your behavior and turn over a new leaf, or I won’t let you see Ian alive.”

“John!”

Olivia sat down on the ground and shouted, “What more do you want? You destroyed my family for a wo else do you want?”

“The Larson family is gone. My parents are dead. I had a miscarriage, and now Uncle Wallace is dead. A

John frowned. “Uncle Wallace is dead? When did that happen?”

hn remembered Uncle Wallace. He was a kind man Olivia had always treated like her grandfather.

Olivia sneered. “Keep pretending. He wouldn’t be dead if it weren’t for your mis...”

Before she could finish her words, Dorothy came out of her room with her hands on her chest.

“Johnny? You’re back at last!”

She took his hand and sobbed. "I haven't seen you for days. I was afraid to call you. Why didn't you com

John's expression changed. He hugged Dorothy and gently said, "Sorry. I was busy dealing with some w

"I don't care. You promised you'd stay with me, you liar."

Dorothy's soft voice pierced Olivia's ears like sharp blades. How ironic.

Chapter 52

"Dorothy, he promised me that too. You'll end up like me one day, so don't bother putting on an act in fr
ont of me."

"Olivia!"

John shouted, "How dare you accuse her! I wouldn't have spared your life if Dorothy didn't ask me to."

"Johnny, don't do this..."

John touched Dorothy's head gently. "How is your wound? Is it healing?"

Dorothy leaned into his arms and nodded. "Well, if you spend more time with me, I'm sure I'll get better
faster."

Ily, keep an eye on Olivia, and don't let her leave this room.

Dorothy was stunned. Then, she frowned and tried to convince John otherwise. "Johnny, you....but Liv
needs to eat."

"Heh. You decide what she eats."

With that, John hugged Dorothy and cast a cold glance at Olivia, who was on the ground. Then, he closed the door coldly.

Sitting on the ground, Olivia smiled wryly as she listened to their affectionate conversation outside the door.

She could not defeat him.

All because she was still in love with him.

Her lungs ached as she coughed again. However, she covered her mouth and stumbled toward the nightstand to keep her volume down. She had to conceal her illness from Dorothy.

If she remembered correctly, she had kept some pills in her room. However, not many were left. She had only three remaining.

When Olivia opened the drawer, she saw the last three pills.

Frowning, she swallowed one and leaned weakly against the bed.

Two more! She was not going to make it until the day after tomorrow.

She could not understand John or even herself.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang, and she answered.

“Liv, where are you?”

She was shocked. "Mr. Quinton?"

"I came to visit you in the hospital, but the nurse said you weren't here. Where have you been? Are you trying to kill yourself, going around at night?"

She knew Zac was anxious from the tone of his voice at the other end of the call, which differed so much from John's indifferent attitude.

At that moment, she suddenly felt aggrieved.

'Why does John not understand the truth that even an outsider can understand?'

"Oh, I'm fine. I've been discharged from the hospital."

"Discharged? Do you think you're healthy enough to be discharged? Stop messing around! Where have you been sneaking off to? Tell me, and I'll pick you up."

you

Olivia bit her lip. Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she smiled. "Zac, people would think you were my dad if they saw you nagging at me like this."

Zac was speechless for a long time before he said, "I'm afraid something might happen to you. After all, you are Johnny's wife."

Hearing this, Olivia laughed. "Zac, only you see me as John's wife. He doesn't even care about me. Why do you care, then?"

"Thank you, but please stay out of my matters from now on."

Then, she hung up and turned off her phone..

Everyone who came into contact with her and helped her ended up worse off. They were either in a grave miserably with no one to bury them.

Zac had helped her out of kindness, so she did not want him to end up like them.

Olivia climbed onto the bed. She could not be bothered to take a bath, so she just covered herself with.

She would think about her future tomorrow. After all, she would not know if she could live till tomorrow.

Dorothy woke her up the next day.

“Olivia, did Johnny and I bother you last night?”

Olivia frowned as she thought, ‘This woman is so noisy. Doesn’t John think she’s annoying?’

‘She even wants to show off about things like that?’

However, Dorothy had hurt her feelings, and she was heartbroken.

However, on second thought, Dorothy had gotten pregnant before. They had probably done it countless

Thus, Olivia just rolled over and said, “Dorothy, Halloween is just around the corner. Aren’t you afraid?”

Chapter 53

Olivia’s voice was not loud, but Dorothy heard it clearly

As far as Dorothy was concerned, Olivia was nothing but a toy they were keeping captive, so she had no right to speak to Dorothy like this.

“Olivia, don’t forget that Johnny asked me to take care of your food and drink. Are you planning on starving to death?”

Olivia did not bother to argue with Dorothy. She buried her head under the quilt.

Dorothy could not hear what was happening inside Olivia’s room and was annoyed. She laughed and said, “Don’t you wonder where I threw Uncle Wallace’s body?”

“That old man should be blamed for being a busybody. Of course I made him die a miserable death. I’ve thrown him into the sea. The fish might’ve already eaten him up. Are you surprised to hear that?”

“As for the case, I got rid of it. All the evidence you wanted is gone. Does that annoy you?”

Olivia clung to the quilt, clenching her teeth to suppress the anger in her.

She swore she would not let Dorothy go.

As long as she was still alive, she would find a way to kill Dorothy, even if she ended up in prison because

of John.

Olivia took off the covers, got out of bed, and walked to the door. Then, she shouted, “Dorothy, you’ll be punished for what you’ve done. Reflect on the karma you’ve accumulated!”

“Oh, Olivia. I thought you were dead. So you’re still breathing.”

With that, Dorothy smiled sweetly and said, "Well, Johnny trusts me and not you."

Olivia caught for breath when she heard that. She clenched her chest and slowly sat down on the ground against the wall, gasping painfully.

Dorothy seemed to be satisfied with that. "Well. I'm done teasing you for now, but it's really fun. It's breakfast time for me now. As for your breakfast, that depends on my mood."

Hearing Dorothy walking down the stairs, Olivia could not help but cover her mouth and cough.

Her throat was dry, and she could taste the rusty blood in it. The pain in her lungs made her think she would not last long with only two painkillers left.

She was a little hungry because she had not eaten dinner last night, but there was not even an expired bowl of noodles in the room.

The feeling of despair overtook her. She struggled to get up and climb onto the bed..

She could store some energy if she slept.

In the afternoon, Olivia suddenly smelled something fragrant, and her stomach began to growl.

She frowned slightly, trying to cover her head to hide from the smell.

However, the fragrance seemed to be wafting up from the door gap. It was the smell of meat, and it was making Olivia drool.

"Does it smell good, Olivia? Do you want some?"

Hearing Dorothy's annoying voice, Olivia knew she was up to no good again.

This was one of John's personal affairs, and it seemed he should have stayed out of it in the first place.

As he was wandering around, a black Maybach stopped at the gate, and John got out of the car carrying a

lunch box.

Zac took a step back, hiding in the darkness. Fortunately, he had not rushed into the house earlier, or Jo

Olivia might get hurt again.

Zac looked down at his insulated lunch box and the medicine. He shook his head and returned to his car.

Meanwhile, Dorothy approached John before he could head upstairs.

"Johnny, you're back at last. I thought you were going to spend the night at the company again tonight."

John frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I was concerned about you and afraid you would be exhausted from work."

He looked up at Olivia's room and headed upstairs. "How is Olivia today?"

"Well, I gave Olivia some food, but she didn't seem to have much of an appetite. So, she hardly ate."

John quickly walked to the door and knocked on it. "Olivia, open the door."

There was no movement inside.

Annoyed, John knocked on the door harder. "Open the door!"

Chapter 54

John looked at her coldly upon hearing that. "Didn't you give her food to eat? You locked it again?"

Dorothy was startled by the look in his eyes. She lowered her head and said, "I was afraid you'd blame me for letting her go. I didn't dare to..."

"Forget it."

John did not bother to listen to her explanation. He kept banging on the door, louder and louder each time. "Olivia, are you waiting for me to kick the door down?"

However, he received no response from Olivia.

Dorothy suddenly fell into his arms when John wanted to kick the door down.

"What's the matter?"

"Head... My head hurts..."

John looked at the door and then at Dorothy. "I'll help you get back to your room."

"Sorry... Johnny."

John noticed Dorothy's painful expression and felt sorry for her. He spoke gently. "I'm sorry for being harsh just now. Rest well. I'll call the doctor."

Dorothy tugged his arm carefully. "Johnny, don't fight with Liv. Let her calm herself down inside the room. Maybe she doesn't know what to say to you. That's why she's ignoring you."

“Okay. Rest well, and don’t think about anything else.”

John helped her to get onto the bed. Then, he placed the lunch box on the table and took out his phone

When Dorothy saw that John had specially brought back an insulated lunch box, she knew it must be for

Olivia.

She was afraid that John would go to Olivia and Olivia would expose the fact that she had not given her a meal. Thus, Dorothy weakly got up from her bed and pretended to knock the lunch box over by mistake.

“Oh my.”

John quickly hung up the call. When he turned around, he saw that the porridge in the lunch box had spilled all over Dorothy’s leg, burning the skin there.

He leaned over and carried her back to the bed, frowning as he looked at her legs. “Are you alright? Does it hurt? Didn’t I ask you to lie down?”

“I—I was afraid you would leave, and I missed you so much.”

Dorothy cried in grief. Her tears dripped on John’s hand, making him feel bad scolding her.

“Alright. I shouldn’t have scolded you. Lie down. I won’t go. I’ll stay with you tonight.”

Dorothy jumped into his arms and said, “Johnny, I’m in a dilemma now. I think I’m bad.

“I love you and cannot leave you, but I feel sorry for Liv. She’s so nice to me, and I’m....

“I’m so conflicted. I felt bad all day. Sorry!! didn’t mean to drop the porridge you brought for Liv...”

Then, she looked up at John with tears shimmering in her eyes and asked, “Do you blame me for it?”

John was annoyed, but he patiently said, “No. Don’t overthink.”

“Will you divorce Liv?”

John suddenly got more annoyed when he heard this. The flames of anger grew in him.

He looked at Dorothy sobbing, and his patience wore out. He pushed her hand away and did not even

care enough to worry about the burn on her leg. He stood up and walked out.

“You can sleep if you’re fine. I’ll have someone clean the porridge on the floor later.”

Dorothy looked at his back and pursed her lips. “Johnny, I’m sorry... I shouldn’t...”

“Go to bed. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

The door was closed, leaving the room with spilled porridge and a frustrated Dorothy inside.

Jamn it! I have to make Olivia leave Ocean City.

‘I should be Mrs. Freeman, not her!’

Chapter 55

Dorothy cautiously said, "Johnny, you locked the door from the outside."

John looked at her coldly upon hearing that. "Didn't you give her food to eat? You locked it again?"

Dorothy was startled by the look in his eyes. She lowered her head and said, "I was afraid you'd blame me for letting her go. I didn't dare to..."

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'I should be Mrs. Freeman, not her!'

When John walked past Olivia's room, he stopped in his tracks. He wanted to knock on the door. After a long while, he drew his hand back.

He walked down the stairs and left in his car.

John was confused. he kept thinking about how Olivia was before everything happened.

Olivia did not like to cry. Even if her hands were bleeding, she would only frown.

However, Dorothy loved to cry. She always looked wronged and pitiful. At first, she made him feel sorry for her, but after a while, he became annoyed with it.

However, Dorothy was the one who had accompanied him through painful days. She even donated a kidney to save him. He would never forget her kindness.

for Olivia....

The thought made his blood boil in anger, and he subconsciously pressed down the accelerator harder.

He drove to the bar and dialed Zac's number.

"Come and drink with me."

Zac was still outside Cliffside Villa. He looked at the second floor and sighed. "Which bar? I'll be there

soon."

"The old place."

“Okay.”

After hanging up the phone, Zac called Olivia.

John’s voice sounded unhappy. He feared Olivia was injured again, but he could not break into the house to check on her.

The call soon went through.

“Are you alright? Did Johnny do anything to you?”

“No. He knocked on the door, but I didn’t answer him.”

Olivia’s voice sounded like she was fine. However, Zac was worried because she was a stubborn woman.

“Olivia, remember, you must tell me if you run into any problems. Don’t try to push yourself, okay?”

Olivia chuckled and quipped, “Mr. Quinton, do lawyers always talk so much?”

Zac’s ears flushed red, and he cleared his throat awkwardly. “No. I was a little worried about what happened before.”

“I’m fine. Really.”

“Okay. Call me if you need anything.”

Zac hung up the call and noticed his heart was pounding fast.

“What the hell is happening to me?”

He had never been so tense or rambled so nervously in more than thirty years.

After all, lawyers were always decisive and sharp.

He shook his head and drove to the bar.

After Olivia hung up the call, she coughed with her hand covering her mouth. Warm liquid ran down her fingers, and the smell of rust in her throat reminded her that she had vomited blood again.

She lay weakly in bed with pain in her stomach, chest, and lungs, as well as the occasional sharp pain in her chest and thigh where Dorothy had stabbed her.

Soon, the pain overtook her.

Her whole body was shaking. The pain was so unbearable that she carefully took a painkiller and swallowed.

However, one alone could not stop her pain. Cold sweat still dripped down her forehead.

She bit her lips, folded her hands around her chest, and curled up under the covers, longing for relief.

She remained in that position for a long time before she dozed off.

When she heard the door open in the middle of the night, she woke up in shock.

A drunk figure stumbled over, took off his coat, and climbed onto the bed. Then, he hugged Olivia from behind.

“Liv, wouldn’t it be nice if we could go back to two years ago?”

*John?'

Olivia's heart skipped a beat, and she froze in place, not daring to move.

"Liv, I love you. Don't abandon me, okay?"

John pressed his face against her ear, making her shudder. His voice was deep and sounded like he wa

She began to wonder if John was still the man who had abused her.

At that moment, she felt like she had traveled back in time and her old Johnny had returned.

Chapter 57

Olivia's last scrap of rationale warned her that this was only for a moment, and she should not dream about being able to live in this moment for so long.

However, she then heard John mutter, "Liv, the other day in West Village, I saw you in the fire. You scared me. I rushed in without thinking. I thought about how it would be nice if we both died in the fire together."

Olivia's body trembled more.

It made her wonder if those words were really from John.

In West Village... Was it John who saved her, not Zac?

When Zac told Olivia this, she could not believe her ears. Unwilling to accept it, she did not dare to believe it was really John.

John had loved her very much before this and would have done anything for her. However, he... now belonged to Dorothy. He would never save her....

Therefore, when she heard John mention the fire, Olivia felt her heart hammering as though she was going to have a heart attack.

However, she did not turn around. She remained in the same position and asked, "Johnny, do you trust me?"

After waiting a long time, Olivia did not receive any response from the man behind her. All she felt was him tightening his hug around her subconsciously.

Just as she was thinking that John was probably asleep, she heard him sigh and speak in his deep voice. "Let's sleep, Liv."

Olivia smiled wryly.

He could claim that he loved her when he was so drunk, but he still refused to believe her.

She felt as though she had woken up from a sweet dream at that moment.

John had not changed. He still belonged to Dorothy.

However, Olivia knew she still loved this man. That was why she had felt her heart thumping and nervousness striking her. That was why she felt disappointed every time he gave her false hope.

John's embrace was warm, and she had not felt it for two years.

At least for tonight, she thought, he was sleeping with her.

That was enough.

Perhaps out of contentment, Olivia slept soundly and sweetly that night.

She was awakened by the warm sunlight streaming through the window the following day.

The morning light crept over her pale face and enveloped her in daylight. It seemed to be pulling her out of the darkness.

She rolled over and touched her side. The sheets were cold.

The man had left while she was asleep.

Everything last night was like a dream. They had done nothing else but whisper and hug in their sleep.

Olivia was in a good mood, so she went up to the window and stretched. The sunlight warmed her.

Hungry, she turned around to open the door, only to find it still locked.

The smile on her face froze. The sober John had not changed. He was still imprisoning her like she was

his doll.

At this time, Dorothy's voice came from the door.

"Johnny locked the door. Don't blame me for it, Olivia."

Olivia scoffed. Dorothy loved to annoy her because she wanted to see Olivia's mood fall.

“Dorothy, aren’t you jealous? Last night, Johnny slept with me.”

It was something she did not want to brag about, but she wanted to annoy Dorothy with something.

Dorothy was silent for a long time before saying, “Oh, don’t pretend. Last night, Johnny returned home to a while and then left. Are you talking about another man?”

Although Dorothy was mocking Olivia, frustration boiled in her.

Last night, she had gone to the toilet and saw someone walking into Olivia’s room. She thought it was a

However, the truth angered her because the man who walked out of the room was John.

She would not allow John to be obsessed with Olivia. She decided to do something about it.

“Speaking of another man, was the man in the hotel your lover, Dorothy?”

Chapter 58

“Oh, Olivia, don’t try to accuse me of something I haven’t done. Johnny won’t believe you anyway. Just say whatever you want.”

Then, Dorothy headed downstairs.

While walking down the stairs, she pondered on how she would teach Olivia a lesson and speed up the process of their divorce.

Two years ago, John rarely returned to the peninsula. Now that Dorothy had moved into this house, she thought she could get his attention more. She never thought his attitude toward Olivia would improve.

She had caused this.

Dorothy could not be at ease until she married John.

As she walked into the kitchen, an idea popped into her mind, and she smirked.

Olivia had not eaten for two days, and her already weak body could not take it anymore.

Retaliating against Dorothy had exhausted her, forcing her to lie back on the bed.

It was interesting to think about how John had trusted Dorothy to feed her.

He was like a fool who could not differentiate lies from truth. He believed everything Dorothy told him.

Suddenly, a sharp, pulling pain in her stomach caused her to break out in a cold sweat.

Then, her heart and lungs ached simultaneously, almost making her faint.

She quickly approached the bedside table to get her medicine. Her right hand trembled to get the last pill. Before she could eat it, the door suddenly opened.

Thinking it was John, Olivia dropped the pill on the ground in a panic.

She reached out to pick it up. However, she saw a pair of floral slippers before she could get it.

It was not John but Dorothy.

Dorothy bent down to pick up the pills and peered at Olivia, who was in great pain. She smirked and said, "What's wrong with you, Olivia?!"

"Give... me the medicine!"

Olivia frowned. Her body felt like it had fallen into a freezer, and she shivered.

She held up her body and struggled to grab the painkiller in Dorothy's hand, only to see her step back. In the end, Olivia failed to snatch back the pill.

"Is this medicine so important to you?"

Then, Dorothy observed the tiny pill in her hand carefully and sneered. "Olivia, I like seeing you in pain and wishing you were dead."

She then went to the balcony, opened the door with a key, and threw the pill down.

"No!"

Olivia cried, clutching her chest.

She had failed to get the pill back and could only lay by the bed in pain.

Her cheeks flushed red, and she began to cough violently. Suddenly, blood gushed out of her throat. She

These past few days, she had drunk tap water and not eaten anything. She had now lost her last pill. Her body was already at its limit.

However, Dorothy was still there, and Olivia did not want the wicked woman to laugh at her, so she tried to get up from the bed and looked coldly at the gloating Dorothy.

“Dorothy, you will be punished for what you’ve done!”

However, Olivia’s words were nothing to Dorothy.

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve killed many people, and I’m still alive and healthy, but you... You don’t seem to ha

Olivia rolled her eyes and turned her head around, unwilling to look at Dorothy.

Dorothy picked up the soup and vegetables she left at the door and approached the bed. She deliberate nose. “How is it? Does it smell good?”

Olivia gulped. She covered her mouth with one hand and her tummy with the other. “What do you want t

Just as she spoke, Dorothy poured the soup and vegetables on herself. Then, she took out her phone a

She sobbed and said, “Johnny, please come back. Liv refuses to eat...”

Chapter 59

“What’s the matter?”

Dorothy glanced at Olivia and complained as she sobbed, “Liv spilled her soup on me in fit of rage. I’m afraid she might hurt herself...”

On the other end of the call, John frowned and coldly said, “Okay. I’ll be back.”

After hanging up the call, Dorothy smirked and said, “Olivia, let’s see which of us will get punished.”

She would never let John and Olivia's love be rekindled. She would keep the secret from thirteen years ago and two years ago concealed from him.

Olivia watched Dorothy in disbelief. She burst into laughter.

Even though it was the same old trick, she knew John would be fooled again.

Dorothy was puzzled. "Olivia, how can you still laugh when you know you're doomed? Johnny will punish you when he comes back."

"Yes, and so what? Dorothy, I'm Mrs. Freeman, and you're still John's mistress after all you've done, aren't you?"

Olivia smirked and stared at Dorothy. "And I'm already bored of you being a one-trick pony. Do something else next time."

Then, without waiting for Dorothy to refute, Olivia lifted her hand and slapped Dorothy.

"Dorothy, I'll make sure you live an annoying life for as long as I'm alive. I won't give you the chance to marry Johnny!"

Dorothy looked stunned. She had not expected Olivia, who was so weak, to hit her..

She covered her burning cheek. Then, she gritted her teeth, wanting to slap Olivia back, but Olivia grabbed her hand before she could.

"You might have forgotten that I was once famous for my bad temper in Ocean City. Do you need me to help you recall that?"

Then, Olivia slapped Dorothy again. The second slap dumbfounded Dorothy even more.

In the past two years, Olivia had always regarded Dorothy as a friend and treated her respectfully, even though she had heard rumors about her having an affair with John.

However, she decided to seek revenge when she knew Dorothy had been harming her and interfering in her marriage in every way possible.

After the two slaps, Olivia felt better, but her legs were still weak because she was so exhausted. She had

no choice but to sit on the bed.

“Olivia, are you crazy? Do you want to die so badly?”

“You asked for it.” Olivia sneered.

Dorothy looked at the woman on the bed. Her face was pale, and she was too weak to stand on her own legs. However, her eyes looked fierce, making Dorothy afraid, and she forgot to fight back.

Soon, they heard the sound of the car engine from downstairs.

Dorothy quickly adjusted her expression, and tears flowed down her cheeks. She looked aggrieved and

innocent.

Olivia was amazed by Dorothy’s acting skills.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes in ‘despair as she listened to the approaching footsteps.

John was there to save his princess... It was too bad that was not her anymore.

“Dolly, are you alright?”

Dorothy’s eyes were red, and she bit her lips as she shook her head. “I– I’m fine, but the soup burned my arm a little.”

John glanced at Olivia, who had her eyes closed and was lying on the bed, and then at the mess on the

He soon noticed the palm marks on Dorothy’s face and grew furious.

“Did she hit you, Dolly?”

Dorothy sobbed and gasped for breath as she said, “Johnny, don’t...”

She glanced at Olivia cautiously and continued timidly. “Don’t blame Liv for this. It’s my fault. I cooked Liv food that she doesn’t like. That’s why she’s angry. I understand. It’s just that I’m worrie

“That’s enough.”

John interrupted with his cold voice.

Chapter 60

John strode to the bed and forcefully lifted the pale, thin woman up from it. “Olivia, are you still

pretending to sleep? How dare you pretend to be weak when you have enough strength to slap Dorothy!”

Olivia slowly opened her eyes and looked at the familiar man before her

“Why can’t you speak?”

“What is there to say? Will you believe me?”

Her words startled John, making him feel sorry for her.

Even though he was drunk last night, he remembered this woman asking him the same question then.

However, John had seen the mark with his own eyes. How could he choose not to believe it? He was not

blind!

He flung his hand out and threw Olivia to the ground.

Olivia had no strength left in her. Her stomach was grumbling, and the pain in her lungs was killing her. She was like a broken doll, breaking into pieces because of the fall.

As she landed, she had to use her hands to keep her face off the ground. They hit the tiles hard.

In a flash, porcelain pieces stabbed into her palm, and blood flowed from the wounds. The piercing pain was intense.

However, before she could react, John tugged on Olivia’s hair, forcing her to look into his eyes.

“Olivia, you’re making things difficult for me! You slept with other men, and I didn’t do anything to you. I brought you back to feed you and asked Dolly to take care of you. Why do you have to show your tantrum again now?”

Olivia gnashed her teeth in pain and looked at Dorothy, who was behind John. "You might as well ask your Dolly what she's done!"

"What has she done? Olivia, she cooked for you!"

"Cooked for me? John, why don't you install a surveillance camera at home? Then the truth will surface!"

Suddenly, she felt a twitching pain in her chest. Olivia bit her tongue to suppress her cough and swallowed the blood from her throat and mouth with a frown. She said coldly, "Don't you believe me? Open my stomach and see if I've eaten a grain of rice!"

John's heart skipped a beat when he saw Olivia in this state.

However, he did not believe her. Olivia was a wicked woman who always pretended to be weak. He would

not believe her.

The last time Olivia looked like she was going to die, she went out with another man that same night and almost got burned in a fire.

What happened next?

John rescued her. After two or three days recovering this woman did not give up and went to the same hotel to meet another man: He even caught her red-handed.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt his anger burning. He pulled Olivia from the ground by her hair, dragging her to the balcony

He gritted his teeth. "Olivia, I don't believe a word you say!"

He slammed the balcony door shut and whispered through the glass, "Reflect on your mistakes here!"

Then, he turned around and walked away.

Dorothy glanced at Olivia with fury in her eyes.

She thought John would ask for a divorce, yet he only locked her up again.

Dorothy gritted her teeth and ran out. "Johnny, don't be angry. Liv didn't do it on purpose..."

John got into the car and glared at Dorothy. "Stay in your room. This matter has nothing to do with you. from now on."

"Johnny..."

Dorothy wanted to say something more, but Johnny left, leaving her frustrated!

That's all? I got slapped for nothing."

Olivia was already weak. She leaned against the pole and closed her eyes. The shattered tile was all ov

She had not eaten for two days. Her stomach was empty, and she did not have any painkiller pills with h

Now, she was under the sun. She might not starve to death anymore. Instead, her blood would drain ou

After all those years of love, John still did not trust her.