

G.H Hooked 81

Chapter 81

With that sentence, Dorothy made Olivia stop in her tracks, stunned.

Guessing from what was happening right now, if Dorothy were to bring it up, John would definitely gift it to her, since seventy million was nothing to the Freeman Group.

However, the Larson's Residence was where Olivia grew up and where her memories of all the good times she had with Dad, Mom, Uncle Wallace, and Ian resided.

There could still be some items from her childhood in the house, and perhaps even some evidence of the crimes Dorothy had committed. Solely because of that, she could not let Dorothy have that house!

"What do you want to do with the Larson Residence?"

"What else? I want to stop you from having it, of course.

"Besides that, Liv, you don't have any money right now, so how are you going to fight me for it? Once I get my hands on it, maybe I'll bring you in for a little house tour if I'm feeling kind, so you can reminisce on the glory days of the Larsons."

Dorothy smiled smugly. She looked like she was determined to get it.

Olivia scoffed coldly. "You aren't pretending anymore? I thought you were really good at pretending to be a cripple? Should I contact a casting director on your behalf so you can continue acting like a cripple?"

"You!"

"Why, are you flustered already? You're usually very cocky, aren't you? How are you so sure that Johnny will buy it for you?"

A sharp gleam flashed through Olivia's eyes as she inched closer to Dorothy with every step.

"Dorothy Ellis, Johnny pampers you and trusts you a lot, but have you ever thought about why he won't make you his wife despite him pampering and trusting you so much?"

"My bite mark is still on your arm. Don't let Johnny see it later."

Dorothy was a little scared. She held onto her sleeves and took two steps back. "W- what are you gonna do? Aren't you afraid that Johnny will beat you to death?"

"Beat me to death?"

Olivia smirked, raised her hand, and slapped Dorothy across her cheek. "I'll tell you now. The reason Johnny won't make you his wife is because of your below-than-average, mediocre background! If you're so powerful, make him get a divorce!"

Dorothy cradled her cheek and looked incredulously at Olivia.

This b*tch was always a weeping damsel in distress in front of John, but once the both of them were left alone, she would strike out of the blue and without any reason at all. It looks like she still had not learned

her lesson.

She straightened her back and glared coldly at Olivia. "How dare you slap me, Olivia Larson? I will surely break one of your brother's legs."

Olivia shuddered, but immediately gritted her teeth as she spat, "You wouldn't dare!"

"Why wouldn't I? Have you forgotten how your father, mother, and Uncle Wallace died?"

Right after she was done, Dorothy raised her hand. She wanted to return the slap, but her hand was caught in midair.

“Let go!”

She turned around to look. When she saw who it was, she was first a little shocked before she sneered. “Wow, and I was with it seems it’s our Mr. Quinton.”

“Dorothy, are you not even going to put on a show for me anymore?”

Zac flung her hand away with force.

“What kind of show are you referring to? Johnny thinks you’re the person his wife’s cheating on him with, Mr. Quinton. When

Zac wanted to retort in response, but Olivia stopped him.

She pointed at the wound on Zac’s head and frowned slightly. “Mr. Quinton, what happened to your head

Before Zac could reply, Dorothy spoke, as if she was just an audience member watching a play. “That nice hearted gentleman only for you, chased after Johnny. Alas, he met with an accident midway, his car flip

After hearing that, Olivia was gobsmacked. She looked at Zac in slight disbelief.

She had a vague memory of Johnny barging in that night she was eating the porridge with chicken soup

After that, she was badly beaten up in prison, and since she was constantly in a daze after that, she forgot. that Zac was still around.

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By the time Olivia remembered Zac, it was already days later. She thought that since Zac had no

relationship with her and was John Freeman's good friend, it was only normal for him to leave her alone, so she did not think too much about it.

She did not expect at all that he disappeared due to being in an accident. Olivia instantly felt guilty.

Alas, no one associated with her would get a happy ending.

Zac waved his hands. "It's all good, it wasn't that serious. Don't think about it."

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine, really..."

Dorothy snickered. "Liv, you really can't blame Johnny for suspecting things. Look at you two. No one would see the both of you like this and not get suspicious. Who knows? This accident might have been planned."

After hearing that, Olivia glared coldly at Dorothy. "Watch your words, Dorothy. Johnny's been the only man for me since the very start up until now. I can't say the same, you flirtatious skank. Are you even sure he was the father of your child the last time?"

"Also, Dorothy, you planned your own accident and killed Uncle Wallace, so I have sufficient reasoning to believe that you have something to do with Mr. Quinton's accident as well!"

Dorothy did not panic. She smiled and asked, "Where's your evidence then? Do you even have them?"

Olivia gritted her teeth. She did not have evidence, and so she could be blamed for everything.

No, she could not stay like this any longer.

"Dorothy, you'd better watch out. The long arms of the law are bound to catch you."

"I'm not afraid." Dorothy glanced at Zac's car and with a hint of menace and said, "You've recovered so unexpectedly quick, Mr. Quinton, being able to drive again so soon."

"Dorothy, how dare you still have the cheek to say that? You're the most awful person I've ever met!"

"What did you say?"

Dorothy stared daggers at Olivia. It was almost like she was going to eat Olivia up.

Zac singlehandedly pushed Olivia behind him once he witnessed it and barked coldly, "Dorothy! Ocean City is a city bound by laws. If you can stage an accident, naturally, I can expose you! I've always felt like something was off about you, and now I truly know how evil you are!"

Right after that, he yanked Olivia's sleeves, turned around, and said, "Let's go, Liv."

Watching the two of them's shrinking silhouette, Dorothy scoffed coldly.

Who cared?

She was initially wary of Zac, but now that John had his guard up against him, she was not worried at all.

Moreover, John was completely trusting of her. In retrospect, she was more interested in seeing these two f*ckers fall flat on their faces.

In the car, Olivia sat on the passenger seat while Zac drove with utmost concentration. The both of them. were quiet.

After a while, Olivia cocked her head towards Zac, glanced at him, and said, "Zac, from now on, I think.

"Why? We have nothing to hide."

Olivia waved her hands. "No, I don't mean it that way. Actually, I'm more afraid that you will be harmed.

because of me.

"Honestly, my dad, my mom, and Uncle Wallace have all fallen victim to Dorothy Ellis, and for you to so

Zac peeked at her and smirked. "Are you worried about me?"

"Also, you and Johnny are really good friends. If Johnny misunderstands you because of me, and if your friendship is ruined because of that... I don't think it's worth it."

Olivia grimaced. "Saying it in the worst way possible, half of me is already in the grave. I don't have muc

"What if I don't want to?"

Zac's voice was gentle, refreshing like the summer breeze.

Olivia was stunned. It took her a long while to snap back to her senses. She looked at Zac in shock.

"What did you mean by that, M-Mr. Quinton?"

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Zac looked at how startled Olivia was and his heart trembled a little.

It was only then that he realized that his intentions had changed, but he did not know when that began. “Liv, every time I see you, you’re barely alive. I’m a lawyer. I can’t just ignore that. Even if it was someone else, I would have done the same, you know?”

After he was done, he explained further since he was afraid that Olivia would feel pressured.

“Even if Johnny may have something against me, I don’t agree with the way he does things. But he is my friend, so as a matter of fact, it’s only logical for me to take care of you, so if Johnny has a moment of realization one day in the future, I hope you will still be alive when that time comes.”

After hearing all this, Olivia’s heart jerked violently.

She had been tortured so much the past few weeks that she almost forgot that she was a cancer patient that would die at any time.

She really did not bother to care about the ways of the world anymore, but she should not waste every second and every minute she was alive.

“Thank you, Zac. It’s just that I won’t be able to repay you.”

“Don’t worry about it. I’m serious. I grew up with Johnny, so I know him really well. Stubbornness is his weakness.”

Zac paused for a while. “Olivia, are you really still going to go head-to-head with him?”

Olivia snickered. “I was the one that was hanging onto him, but he’s the one that refuses to let me go now. He refuses to let me live, and he refuses to let me die. How demanding of him.”

As she finished her sentence, the car pulled to a stop in front of the peninsula.

“Thank you, Zac Quinton.”

After she was done speaking, Olivia had a sudden realization that she had said too many thank yous to him. She smiled awkwardly and said, “I’m sorry for inconveniencing you.”

“Liv, could you stop saying thank you to me from now on?”

Olivia was stunned for a while, and before she could react, the door swung open. John’s lanky frame stood tall at the door, and his eyes were icy cold.

“Olivia Larson.”

His tone of voice was dripping with ice and tainted with a sliver of killing intent, making Olivia shudder involuntarily.

She stood up to look at John, only to realize that his gaze was icy cold as well, almost like he wanted to freeze her.

“Johnny.”

“Why the long face? Am I interrupting your seduction plan?”

“Johnny, there’s nothing going on between Zac and I. Don’t slander us like this.”

“Nothing going on?” John’s gaze fell onto Olivia’s lower belly and scoffed coldly. “You’ve got that b*

stard’s child growing in there, and you tell me there’s nothing going on?”

Olivia's face was instantly ashen. Her parched lips struggle to form words. "Johnny... Stop saying nonsense! You're the only man I've ever been with, ever since the beginning!"

John refused to believe her. He pulled her into his arms, looked at Zac, and said, "Zac, have you really fallen for her?"

"Snap out of it, Johnny."

Zac frowned unhappily at John.

However, to John, that had become a look of jealousy. John looked down at the woman in his arms and

"Johnny!"

"Zac, we're buddies. There's a saying that goes, 'bros before hoes'. She is nothing but a plaything to me

The more John spoke, the more ridiculous his words got. They made Olivia tremble uncontrollably.

Was this still the man she loved?

No! This was the Devil!

Before Zac could respond, Olivia had wriggled free from John's embrace and struck her hand across his

"John Freeman, you're despicable!"

As soon as she was done, she flew into the mansion and went upstairs immediately only to plop herself

Her tears flowed uncontrollably. How unbearable must John think she was for him to humiliate her like

Chapter 84

A plaything?

That could be lent out?

Did John not say before that she would only ever belong to him? Did he not say that she belonged to him forever and ever?

Why was she now a plaything to him?

After some time, Olivia heard footsteps approaching. The sound made her heartbeat quicken.

Johnny was coming. What would he do now?

Olivia did not know when she began fearing alone time with John. She was always afraid that he would hit her again.

Abruptly, her hair was forcefully yanked from behind, dragging her off the bed.

John's lips were close to her chilly ears as he spat through gritted teeth. "Olivia Larson, how could you be such a b*tch?"

"Johnny, I didn't... I really didn't..."

Olivia knew her attempt to explain was futile, but besides explaining, what else could she do?

"You didn't?"

John tugged her hair, making her head turn to face him while his other hand clicked his phone open to play a video recording. He shoved his phone before Olivia's eyes and barked, "Watch carefully!"

The video featured someone with an amputated arm. The video was gory, bloody, and horrifying, with blood and flesh everywhere. Olivia screamed and squeezed her eyes shut.

However, John was not having it. He pried her eyes open. "Watch it!"

The phone was shoved closer to her. The man in the video recording stared blankly at her like a zombie, making goosebumps break out all over her skin.

Olivia soon recognized him as the man that invited her to the hotel the other day. Which meant that he was the man Dorothy had arranged for her to cheat on John with two years ago!

The man was covered in blood, but he was oddly ecstatic.

"Liv has really smooth skin..."

He said a lot of things that were all vulgar and foul. Olivia's heart sank.

Dorothy was very cruel. How did she manage to make this man do something like this for her?

John saw that Olivia had no reaction to the video, so he kept his phone away, threw Olivia back onto the bed, and laid on top of her.

"This is the evidence you wanted, Olivia. How dare you still try to deny it?"

"No... It's not like that."

Olivia looked at John in despair and shook her head. "He's lying, Johnny. I don't know him. I don't know him at all..."

“You don’t know him? He even knew that there’s a mole on your back, and you dare tell me that you do n’t

know him?”

“It’s Dorothy Ellis! Dorothy told him...”

“Are you going to frame Dorothy again?”

John gripped Olivia’s chin tightly as his eyes turned blood–red. Then, he kissed her ruthlessly.

It was a kiss of violence. It was not sweet at all.

Olivia wanted to fight back, but her chin was being firmly grasped by John, and she could not move.

Was that... The taste of alcohol?

She suddenly got a whiff of alcohol in her mouth. She swiftly pushed him away. “Johnny, you’re drunk!”

“Why would I even touch you if I wasn’t drunk?”

Olivia’s heart jerked painfully. Her tears started to flow endlessly with no stop to them.

Her Johnny had gone mad. He had become another man, a scary one. What was she going to do?

Dorothy had sealed off all of her possible escape routes, and now, as she stood at the side of the cliff, s

Suddenly, Olivia murmured, “Lend me seventy million, Johnny.”

Johnny's onyx eyes gazed coldly at Olivia's face. He snickered. "Seventy million? Who do you think you

Olivia's heart was aching, but for the sake of the Larson's Residence, she simply could not back down.

"Johnny, lend me seventy million, and I won't care about you and Dorothy anymore. I'll do whatever you

John got off of Olivia and gave her a scornful side-eye. "Olivia, you are in no place to negotiate anything. with me. You want the Larson's Residence? Drea

Chapter 85

Olivia did not come back to her senses even after John was long gone.

Her tears were frozen on her face, and her heart was in so much despair it felt like it had died.

She had walked out of prison, but she was not sure if John would soon put her back in there.

What could she do to get the Larson's Residence back?

She could not investigate the truth of her parent's death, she could not save Uncle Wallace, and she had no way of seeing Ian again....

Olivia bit her tongue until it bled, then she sat up on the bed, blinking. She looked down at her lower abdomen. She could not choose death now, since there was another life inside of her.

What could she do?

Suddenly, her phone rang. Olivia's head snapped to look at the phone.

It was a calendar notification that said 'Mom's death anniversary'.

Her heart tugged painfully as she reached out to dismiss the notification. She smiled bitterly. How could she have forgotten about her mother's death anniversary? She was indeed a very bad child.

Olivia got up and changed her clothes. She washed up briefly, popped a painkiller, and went out.

She got a taxi to town, bought two bouquets of flowers, and headed to the cemetery.

It had been a long time since she last visited Mom and Dad.

It was a gloomy day today, and it was very damp in the cemetery. It almost looked like there was a fog present from the cold, wet air surrounding her.

After walking through a long stretch of path through rows of tombstones, she thought to herself, 'Should I get myself a plot of land here in the cemetery?'

Suddenly, Olivia stopped dead in her tracks and looked toward her mother's tomb. There was a fresh bouquet of carnation flowers before it. Olivia immediately looked around to scan her surroundings.

She had not seen any cars or anyone else when she arrived. The bouquet of flowers was really fresh. It looked like it had been placed there today itself.

Who could it be?

Johnny?

However, he had just shunned her for being dirty and yelled at her for being unworthy, so why would he come and visit her mother?

When they were in their honeymoon period, John would accompany her here all the time, but he had not come for the past two years.

Olivia thought back. For the past two years, there had been no flowers before the tombstone. Was it because she had come a little later than usual this year?

It looked like she could only look through the security footage later.

Hans Larson's tombstone was right beside her mother's. That was what Hans requested before he died.

Olivia separated the pair of bouquets and placed each of them on their respective tombstones. She caressed the picture on the stone and chuckled lightly. "Sorry I was a little late today, Mom and Dad. I'm

doing well. Please don't worry about me.

"Oh, yes, I'm pregnant now. I don't know if the child will be a boy or a girl."

As Olivia was speaking, she looked at her mother's picture, which had been taken when her mother was younger. She was smiling kindly.

She wanted to cry out to her mother, but....

Her mother would probably not want to hear all of her sob stories, so Olivia held back her tears and

used the back of her hand to wipe her eyes. She sniffled and said with a smile, "I won't

"Mom, I've discovered something weird about your death. Don't worry, Mom. I'll avenge you, and I won't

When she thought about Uncle Wallace, Olivia was upset.

To this day, she had still not found Uncle Wallace's body. Even if she were to do something in remembrance

If Uncle Wallace had not helped her, he would not have ended so tragically.

However, this was not the time to feel sad and guilty. Olivia stood up, looked longingly at the two

tombstones, and said, "Dad, Mom, I'll come to visit again soon."

Right after she left the cemetery, she went straight to the security office. The undertaker was watering the graves and said, "You're here, Miss Larson."

No one knew better than him who was coming to visit the graves.

Chapter 86

"Yeah, thank you for always keeping my parent's tombstone clean."

Olivia took out a small envelope and placed it on the table. "Just a small token of appreciation."

The grave keeper glanced at her and smiled. "You don't have to do this. I know you're a girl with filial piety."

Olivia pursed her lips, and thought about it for a while before she spoke, "Oh yea, sir, could you show me the security footage for today please?"

"What happened? You lost something?"

"No, I found a bouquet in front of my mom's tombstone, I'd like to know who..."

The grave keeper smiled mysteriously. "You don't have to look at the footage, Miss Larson, because you won't find anything."

"What did you mean by me not finding anything?"

"That person isn't in the security footage, also, since two years ago, that person would drop by every year, but they would not let me tell you about it, so I can't."

Olivia felt erratically nervous. "Is it a man or a woman?"

The grave keeper placed the water bottle he held in his hand down, shook his head, and said, "I can't say anything."

Since the grave keeper did not budge, Olivia could only give up. She nodded her head as a sign of gratitude, walked out, got into a taxi, and left the cemetery.

Her bets were on John, but based on his attitude, she no longer thought so.

Could it be Ian?

It was also coincidentally two years!

Halfway through the journey, Olivia felt a little dizzy. She frowned, held her head, and wanted to wind down the window, only to find it tightly shut. –

She tapped the taxi driver on the shoulder. "Sir, could you please... Wind the windows a little?"

"We're almost there, Miss, please bear with me for a little longer."

"I'm having motion sickness..."

"I have the air-conditioning on in the car. It would be a waste if I wind down the windows."

Olivia gave up. She leaned back on the car seat, looked out the window, and felt like this was not the road. leading back to the Cliffside Villa. So, she asked, "Sir, did you take the wrong turn?"

"No, we're heading to the King's Club."

The King's Club?

"No, I'm supposed to head back home."

Unfortunately, the driver's sinister chuckle rang in her ear and she heard him say, "Miss, someone asked me to send you to the King's Club. They also asked me to inform you to go to Room 1035 if you want the seventy million."

What?

Olivia cradled her aching head and had just realized that she fell into a scheme, and she was drugged!

It must be Dorothy Ellis!

"Who said that?"

"It was Mr. Freeman."

What?

Johnny?

Even in her muddled state, her heart dropped.

She knew she could not ask for too much, but for Johnny to do this, was it not too much?

What did he think the King's Club was?

She knew that it was a place for the rich of Ocean City to spend on, and it was a place that provided all kinds of services. For her to be drugged like that, she was clear a

her.

As the taxi came to a stop, Olivia tried to open the car door to escape, only to find that the driver had loc

Two men in black walked toward the taxi, and finally, the driver opened the door.

Alas, Olivia did not have the chance to escape before she was grabbed by two men in black and dragge

"Let go of me! This is kidnapping! This is illegal!"

Sadly, Olivia was already weak. In addition to her being drugged, there was no chance at all for her to

retaliate.

The two bodyguards merely repeated this sentence. "This is Mr. Freeman's orders, Mrs. Freeman. Wel apologize

Johnny...

Olivia was thrown into Room 1035 in a dazed state.

The person inside was not John Freeman, neither was it another man, but a lot of men!

They watched Olivia get thrown into the room and someone asked, "Hey! Is this the new girl?"

Another person caught Olivia and teased, "Isn't this Mrs. Freeman? What a generous man Mr. Freeman

Chapter 87

"Let go of me!"

Olivia Larson fought hard in an attempt to escape the grasp of that man, but since her body was weakened, she could not fight back at all.

That man proceeded to blow around her ear and said, "You are still trying to fight back? The daughter of the Larsons is something that everyone here wants a piece of. You're stuck here, Mrs. Freeman."

Right after that, that man threw her onto the sofa, leaned in, and was about to press down into her before people around him stopped him.

"Hey, shouldn't we make it more fun?"

"How so?"

"This is the belle of Ocean City, the wife of Mr. Freeman right here! It's not every day we get an opportunity like this, so of course, let's start with dancing!"

That man glanced at Olivia and said, "That works too. We can do that in the meantime as we wait for the drug to kick in."

So, that man yanked the dizzy, strengthless Olivia up and smiled perversely. "Mrs. Larson, please perform a strip dance for all of us!"

Olivia's stomach was in knots. A strip dance.....

Such humiliation! They might as well just kill her....

Johnny, were you going to go this low all just for Dorothy?

Olivia's tears flowed silently down her cheeks. The ache in her heart was so intense she could hardly breathe.

That man saw that Olivia was silent, so he dug out a cheque from his pocket. "I know you need money. now. For every piece of clothing you strip, I'll give you two hundred thousand!"

Another plump man from the other side chimed in, "Mr. Coal, two hundred thousand is far too little, isn't it? I'll pay five hundred thousand!"

Mr. Coal smiled. "Mr. Wales, with your payment of five hundred thousand, the one piece of clothing that she takes off is really worth a lot."

The other men started to take out cheques as well. Some wrote a hundred thousand, some fifty thousand, and with all of them summed up together, there was a stack of cheques collected in the end.

Mr. Coal waved the stack of cheques in Olivia's face. "So, Olivia Larson, are you going to strip? One piece of clothing is worth a few million. The more you strip, who knows? You must just be able to buy back the

Larson's Residence."

The Larson's Residence....

How did they know about that?

Even under the influence of the drug, when she heard the mention of the Larson's Residence in her dizziness, she felt like she was plunged into icy cold water.

She had only known now that to Johnny, she was such a lowly woman.

For him to use the Larson's Residence as a threat, what a commendable effort.

Well, up till now, she was the only foolish person. She was foolish enough to attempt to explain, she was also foolish enough to believe that a miracle would happen.

Olivia pushed herself up with the help of the sofa and looked at the room filled with men whose faces sh

Immediately after, she leaned on Mr. Coal, raised her hands to caress that man's face, and abruptly pus

She turned around, took off her coat, and flung it onto the floor. Then, she leaned against the wall and lo

All these men exclaimed, "My goodness, she's too alluring! What an experience it is to watch this today!

However, when she took off her second piece of clothing, her hands started trembling. She grimaced in

As she slowly took off her t-shirt, every inch the shirt went up, the more her heart shuddered, and tears started flowing down her che

Johnny was right. He did it. He stomped her dignity on the ground!

From tonight onwards, the classy, arrogant Olivia Larson was no more, and in her place, a mere prostitu

She still had a tank top underneath, and everyone was waiting for the show to continue. When they saw

“Mrs. Larson, you’re wearing a little too much, isn’t it? Who wears a tank top inside a t–shirt?”

Chapter 88

“Yeah! Hurry up, show us what we want to see! Stop dilly–dallying!”

“Hah, if you want the money, stop pretending!”

Olivia Larson gritted her teeth and took off her entire t– shirt. Now, she only had a tank top on her upper body. Both her arms were already completely exposed ,

Even if it was under a dimmed light, the fairness of her skin was still eye–catching.

Olivia stood under the scrutinization of everyone else, so much so her nails started to dig into her flesh, but she still had a smile on her face.

Mr. Coal saw that she had stopped and walked towards her till he was beside her. He touched her waist and said, “Why did you stop striping? Do you need my help?”

Olivia gritted her teeth and took a step back while she refused stoically. “No need.”

“Why are you pretending to be reserved? Didn’t you start with so much incentives just now? Besides that, how clean could a woman who had the ability to cheat two years ago be?”

Mr. Coal reached out to toy with Olivia's hair, but it was like Olivia's feet were planted in place as she soaked in what Mr. Coal had just said to her.

How clean could she be?

Hah, it was only now that she knew how badly the world saw her.

Suddenly, Olivia smacked Mr. Coal's hand away and snapped coldly, "Move your hand, don't touch me!"

"Hah, do you even know the reason why John Freeman had you sent here? Did you really think you were just here to dance? You're here for all of us to enjoy! Every single one of us here has the right to touch you, and also..."

Before Mr. Coal could finish, Olivia took a step back and shrieked, "Shut up!"

She knew. How could she not know?

Unfortunately, she did not believe up till now that the man she had loved for seventeen years would gift her to a bunch of random men!

Her lungs started to act up from all the internal pressure. It tugged over and over again. She just wanted to get out of there, but the door was blocked, so where could she escape to?

Could this be her fate?

"Mr. Freeman has sent you here, so don't go on hoping that someone would come and save you!"

"I'll count to three, Olivia Larson, if you still don't move, I'll come and take it all off you myself!"

As soon as he finished speaking, she felt all the men on the sofa getting up and started walking toward s

her.

Olivia trembled, bit her lip, and stammered, "I-I'll... D-do it..."

"Good! Hurry up!"

Olivia bit her lips and closed her eyes. As her fingertips touched her bare skin, they started to shake as

well.

Once she went down this path, there would be no turning back....

Just as her shirt got lifted up, her fair skin was starting to be exposed to all...

All of a sudden, the door was kicked open, and a lanky figure appeared at the door.

Everyone was stunned. They exclaimed, "Mr. Freeman.."

Johnny?

Olivia opened her eyes to see John walking towards her. The expression on his face was scarily dark, and at that moment, she did not know if he was an angel or a demon.

Immediately, John took off his coat and draped it onto Olivia's body, and scooped her up into his arms.

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Then, he released her and walked towards Mr. Coal, his eyes glaring holes into Mr. Coal's hand.

“Which hand did you touch my wife with?”

“I didn’t...”

John stared daggers at him and said, “Chop both his hands off, then.”

Mr. Coal was scared witless. He plopped down kneeling on the ground and said, “Mr. Freeman, someone

John swiped a bottle of wine from the table and smashed it directly onto Mr. Coal’s head. Blood poured

Olivia was shaking. She looked at John in disbelief.

So John did not arrange for all these? Then who did?,

Chapter 89

Olivia only needed two minutes to figure out who the person behind the scenes was.

No one else other than Dorothy Ellis!

She looked at John and there was a little hope gleaming in her eyes. If Johnny knew all these were upon Dorothy’s orders, what would he do?

After John had beaten Mr. Coal to the ground, he took a towel from Wes and wiped his hands. Then, he threw the

towel onto Mr. Coal’s face and walked towards Olivia.

He bent down, scooped her up in his arms, and carried

her to the door. He stopped abruptly and turned to look at everyone else who was gobsmacked.

“People that have seen what they’re not supposed to- gouge out their eyes!”

Wes nodded. He turned and saw a blinking light. “Sir,

someone was recording this.”

“Smash it!”

“Yes sir! I’ll also get to the bottom of this.”

John did not respond. He carried Olivia and walked out. He placed her on the passenger seat and went over to the

driver’s seat.

Throughout the entire process, John did not speak

another word, but the icy cold aura emitted from him had Olivia balling herself up into a bundle.

She had seen all kinds of John Freeman, but not the John

she had seen just now.

Last time, when the two of them were in love, there were

also people trying to molest her. At that time, John merely glared coldly at that person, whispered something into Wes' ears, and brought her away.

Now that she thought back, the people that have bullied her all seemed to have disappeared.

The only difference was, John had it all settled privately back then, but he had shown it to her this time around.

Olivia did not know how to describe what she was feeling. Her lips opened but quickly closed once more.

She was afraid. She had only just known that her Johnny was as cruel as rumors had claimed that he was.

However, she also felt a little joyful. Perhaps Johnny still

cared for her, if not, why would he come to her rescue?

Also, she felt relieved after knowing that everything that happened had nothing to do with John. She breathed a sigh of relief after that and seemed to regain some energy.

Maybe they were not yet at the point of no return.

When they had arrived at the villa, John dragged her down from the car, pulled her into the room, and flung

her onto the sofa.

He tugged at his tie frustratedly and glared at Olivia, who was clearly frightened.

"Olivia Larson, you said that you would be good just this afternoon, and there you are performing strip dances at night? You're so lowly!"

Instantly, Olivia's heart dropped. She sneered. Wow, nothing had changed.

Seeing that Olivia was smiling, John grew increasingly frustrated. He went up, grabbed her by the collar of her shirt, and questioned. "You're still laughing? You're very happy now?"

Olivia was not sure all the scares she had delayed the drug from taking effect, but now that she saw someone that she was familiar with, she let do her guard and she had

just realized that there was a fire that was burning from within her towards the outside.

She reached up abruptly to pull John's tie and smirked. "

Yes, I'm a lowly b*tch! Have you just realized this?"

John did not expect her to answer back like this while doing such flirtatious action. He frowned and felt I

heart got pricked. It hurt.

"Olivia Larson!"

John shouted coldly.

Olivia licked her lips and laughed. "Johnny, all I did was go to the cemetery to visit my mom, and I got on the King's Club. They said they were doing it upon your orders.

"Johnny, have I ever refused anything you've asked of me?"

"You told me to kneel to Dorothy Ellis, I did it. You told me to go to prison, I did it. And now, you've told m

John's heart trembled unexpectedly. Olivia was smiling, but tears never stopped flowing from her eyes.

"You should know the consequences since you cheated on me two years ago!"

Chapter 90

"Yeah, Johnny, If I knew the consequences I had to bear, I would definitely not have saved Dorothy Ellis all those years ago."

Olivia tried to suppress the fire from within her, but as time went by, her stand was weakening.

Her cheeks were flushed red, she was frowning as she reached out to remove John's coat from her and lifted her hands to remove her tank top.

"You look even more lowly now, Olivia Larson!"

Her heart still ached, but her consciousness was fading, and her limbs would not respond...

John looked coldly at her, carried her upstairs, and threw her into the bathtub. He faced the shower head towards

Olivia and turned the cold water on.

As cold water soaked her body, the heat from within her got instantly reduced. As she snapped back to her senses from all the haze, she lifted her head to see John's malicious eyes.

"Don't go out if you have nothing better to do!"

Olivia stared back at him longingly and said, "It's mom's death anniversary today."

John was taken aback. "I forgot. I'll go with you next

time."

Upon hearing that, Olivia was stunned for a while before she felt like she had heard a joke.

For her to think that the bouquet was from John when

she was at the cemetery when John had actually forgotten.

Well, for the past two years, he had been at Dorothy's

side. With such a beauty in his arms, who would even remember a such wretched thing?

"No need to inconvenience you. Don't you still have to keep your woman company?"

John was a little surprised at how snarky Olivia was. He laughed coldly. "You're jealous?"

"Yeah, I'm jealous. I've loved you for seventeen years, and all I got in return was a broken family and a

destroyed home. I'm now starting to be shaken, Johnny, I don't want to love you anymore."

That sentence left John frozen for a long while.

The woman that loved him more than life said she did not

want to love him anymore.

No! He won't allow that!

"Olivia Larson, how dare you fall out of love so easily?"

"Fall out of love? Yeah, didn't I cheat on you two years ago?"

"Olivia Larson!"

John roared. He reached out to strangle her neck and threatened, "I warn you, Olivia Larson, don't ever think of falling out of love with me!"

Olivia suddenly realized that the man in front of her was a

little hilarious.

She said that she loved him, but he did not believe that

and insisted that she cheated on him.

When she said that she did not want to love him

anymore, he refused to allow it.

Why did he have to be so bossy and demanding all the
time?

“I... I told you. I didn’t cheat on you, you didn’t believe
me.”

John’s grip became tighter. “I saw it with my own two eyes, how can that be fake?”

Olivia coughed a couple of times, her face was sickly. Her chest rose rapidly a few times before her eyes
began to roll back. John was so frightened he released her

immediately.

He almost forgot that she had pneumonia. She could not

bathe in cold water.

So, he drained the water from the bathtub and changed it to hot water. Then, he reached out to help
Olivia get out

of her clothes.

However, as soon as he touched her, she opened her eyes as if it was upon reflex and glared cautiously
at him.

“What are you doing?”

“Helping you shower.”

Olivia looked at him incredulously. She thought that John was acting very weirdly tonight.

He was taking care of her at the same time that he was mad at her. She was a little confused as to what this

man's thoughts were.

"No need. I can do it myself."

John glanced at her. "You can strip in front of random men, but not in front of me?"

Olivia had no strength to argue with him, so she gave up on struggling.

John gently peeled off the clothes that were sticking onto

her and used the shower head to wet her from her hair to

her toes.

As water flowed through her back, John stopped

suddenly. His heart shook as he scanned through her

entire body to find Olivia wounded all over.

"How did you get all these wounds?"