

G.H Hooked 161

Chapter 161

Olivia lay on the bed and drowned in her thoughts.

This day was a really long day. She had just seen Dad's suicide note and Mom's autopsy report, and once she got back, she got framed.

Everything happened like it was yesterday, and tears flowed uncontrollably down the corner of Olivia's eyes.

The evidence she had gathered was not enough to sue Dorothy, but she could not leave it as it was.

As she thought about Zac Quinton, she sat up from her bed.

After scouring through the room for a long while, she finally found a phone hidden in the cracks.

Olivia walked to the balcony and dialed Zac's number warily as she kept tabs on the direction of the bathroom door. She was afraid that John would enter the room suddenly.

"It's me, Mr. Quinton."

When Zac heard that it was Olivia's voice, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Are you okay? What happened yesterday? Are you safe? Where are you?"

Olivia was stunned for a while. A warm, fuzzy feeling arose in her heart.

"I'm at the Cliffside Villa. Johnny is bathing. I'll cut straight to the point."

"Okay."

“Are you free to meet me tomorrow? I have something that I need to ask you about.” Just in case Zac misunderstood her, Olivia added deliberately, “It’s in regard to the

law.”

“Of course. I have some serious matters to inform you about as well.”

“What happened? Did something happen to Zyla?”

“It’s Uncle Wallace. His body was found.”

Olivia’s legs suddenly lost their strength. Her voice trembled as she asked, “R-really?”

“Yes, but you’re needed to go and identify the body. So, if you’re okay, we’ll head there tomorrow. It’s in the neighboring city.”

“Okay, no problem.”

“So...”

Before Zac could finish, Olivia heard the bathroom door open and threw a frantic “ We’ll talk tomorrow.” before hanging up the phone in a panic.

She was so nervous her hands were sweaty. She scrambled to delete the call history with Zac from her phone and placed her phone behind her back.

John walked out of the bathroom to see an empty bed. He frowned and was about to walk out briskly.

Did that woman just escape again?

Just as he was about to call Wes, he caught a flash of red at the balcony from the corner of his eyes and breathed a sigh of relief.

He walked to the balcony to see Olivia perched over the railings as she looked up into the night skies. Her long, fluttery eyelashes blinked inconsistently, and only she knew what was going through her mind.

“Trying to escape again?”

At the sound of John’s voice, Olivia shivered and took a step back in fright. She looked anxiously at John and replied, “N-no, I was just enjoying the night breeze.”

“You have pneumonia, so why are you even in the wind? Do you want it to become cancer?”

John’s voice was cold like he was cursing her so she would get lung cancer.

Olivia’s heart dropped. “It’s just the breeze. It won’t trigger any changes,” since she was already diagnosed with end-stage cancer.

John frowned, walked towards Olivia, and grabbed her arm.

“Olivia Larson, did you really have to go against me every time?”

At that very moment, there was only a towel on John. The bronze color skin of his abs still glistened with water droplets, and he looked really enticing.

Olivia did not want to be alone with him. She tried to fling his hand away. “Mr.

Freeman, didn’t you say that I’m dirty? Now that you’ve touched me, your efforts of a bath have just gone to waste, isn’t it?”

“Olivia Larson!”

“You’re the one who said that I’m dirty, and now you’re pulling my arm? What in the world do you want?”

John yanked at her and had her fall in his arms.

He gripped her chin and said, “Don’t worry, I would never ever let your Aaron go unscathed. As for your unborn child, if you really wanted to give birth to it so much I’d allow you to do so, but I will never raise it!”

“I can raise my baby myself!”

“With what, Olivia Larson? Do you have money? Do you have a job?”

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Olivia was instantly discouraged. John was right. She had nothing. All she had was revenge to be taken.

However, it was like this child was fated to be born.

He had gone through so many ups and downs with her, and he had survived through everything, so how could she be the one to personally kill him off?

She could not do it!

“Don’t you worry about that!”

John carried her up by the waist and walked towards the bathroom. “Bathe!”

“Let me go!”

John released her and walked out.

He stood at the door and looked at the bathroom. He was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

He was so angry about the fact that he had begun to be curious about where she went the night before.

Following that thought, John opened the cabinet beside Olivia’s bed and scoured for the picture he saw the last time. However, it was to no avail, since he only found a brown bottle filled with what looked like to be medication.

Why did that woman have to eat this?

John was suddenly reminded of what Zyla had said. “Sis Liv really has lung cancer!”

John took out a piece of the medication, placed it in his pocket, and got up to have a change of clothes. Then, he went down.

When he was downstairs, he passed the pill to Wes and said, “Go find out what this medication is for.”

“Okay.”

“Also, find out where Olivia Larson went yesterday night. And, make Summers Group announce their bankruptcy right away!”

“Aren’t you going to double-check first, Sir?”

John snickered coldly. “No, no need for that. For him to eye on my woman in front of

the media, he's just asking for it! Also, take care of things from the media's side as

well."

"Okay."

"Where do we go now, Sir?"

"Back to the office."

Olivia bathed, but her heart was in turmoil.

She did not know what John meant, and she did not know if he was still out there.

She used to crave spending alone time with him last time, but now, every time she had to be alone with him, it was torturous to her.

Every time his words were snarky and mean, they would pierce her and slash her like a knife wound on her heart. It stung.

This was how she was sure that she still loved him, but she also knew that she hated.

him.

She hated him for hurting the Larsons, she hated him for not trusting her, and she hated him for blaming and framing her for everything when he believed in Dorothy Ellis' words again and again.

The love and hate she had for him had lost their equilibrium.

After thinking about it for a long time, Olivia pushed the door to head out. She looked around nervously and when she did not see John, she was at ease.

Since she did not sleep the night before, she fell asleep fairly quickly.

Olivia woke up fairly early the next morning at about seven in the morning.

After washing up, she called Zac.

"Are you okay yesterday? Did Johnny..."

"I'm fine, Mr. Quinton. When do we leave?"

Olivia interrupted Zac's questions, causing Zac to feel a little dejected.

"You're at the Cliffside Villa?"

"Yeah."

"I'll come to pick you up."

She wanted to nod her head in agreement, but as she was about to verbalize it, she

remembered what John had said and changed her mind.

"No need. I'll wait for you at the bus stop."

Zac did not push it. "Okay."

Olivia got into a taxi and headed straight to the bus stop, but she got off the taxi earlier than she should have and walked to the bus stop.

All of it was because she was afraid that John would find out.

She was afraid that John would hurt Zac. Even though there was nothing in between them, John would not believe her.

It was eight o'clock, and Olivia got into Zac's car. Both of them were exceptionally quiet today.

After a long while, Olivia asked, "Mr. Quinton, can an autopsy report prove that one died of murder, and is it enough for the police to set up an investigation regarding

this?"

"How long ago is this case?"

"More than ten years ago..."

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"It's a little too long. If there is no substantial evidence, it's pretty hard to get it in the

books for investigation."

The answer that Zac gave was within Olivia's expectations. She lowered her head and her fingernails dug into the flesh of her palm. She thought about it for a few minutes before asking abruptly. "What if the body was dug out to be reexamined?"

Zac paused and turned to look at Olivia, surprised. He seemed to have connected the dots and asked, "Your mom?"

“Yeah.”

If she were to dig Mom’s body out once more, it was an abomination, and that required a lot of courage.

However, if doing so could put Dorothy behind bars, Olivia thought that Mom would most likely forgive her.

“Don’t you have the autopsy report?”

“This autopsy report is dated two years ago. Also... I think it’s easy to overrule a piece of paper unless we could get a hold of the forensic pathologist from all those years ago.”

“What was your mother’s cause of death at that time?”

“She died of childbirth,” Olivia answered as she bit her lips.

It had been thirteen years, and she had always believed that Mom died of childbirth. She had never expected that there could be another possibility.

At that time, Dorothy was merely a teenager, so how could Olivia possibly connect all the dots together?

Thirteen years. Olivia had befriended and lived with her mother’s murderer for the past thirteen years, and she had helped the murderer do what she wanted, killed her father and killed her child in the process, while the murderer snatched her husband away from her.

If Dorothy did not step in between Olivia and John’s marriage, Olivia probably would have continued to befriend her up till this date.

When Olivia thought of all these, her tears could not help but flow down her cheeks.

She clenched her fists tight and bit her lips hard till she tasted blood.

She hated Dorothy Ellis, but she hated herself more.

It was her that had brought that snake back into her home, and that was how the snake bit everyone and destroyed her family!

Olivia thought she deserved whatever that had come to her.

Zac peeked at Olivia and passed her some tissue paper. "You okay?"

"Yeah." Olivia sniffled. She wanted to stop the tears from flowing down. She pursed her lips. "Mr. Quinton, my mom was poisoned. She got poisoned right after she gave birth to my brother. Could we reopen the case?"

"It's quite difficult for suspects to be captured if it's a case related to being poisoned, but it should not be that hard to open an investigation. You can pass the autopsy report to me to take a look so I can be more sure about it."

"Really?"

"Even if we can't capture any suspects in this case, we could cause something to happen, and maybe Johnny would see her true colors through this?"

After hearing what Zac had said, Olivia felt like she had gotten hold of a life buoy after floating in the sea for a very long time. She grabbed Zac's sleeves and said, Thank you, Mr. Quinton! Thank you so much..."

She lifted her head abruptly and looked at Zac. "Mr. Quinton, I have no money

to give you, but if you don't mind, I can work for you, even if it's to be a cleaner. I'll use my pay to pay for the lawyer fees."

Olivia had a damsel-in-distress look when she cried, but her eyes were colored with determination, causing Zac's heart to melt into a puddle.

If he was not driving at that moment, Zac really wanted to give Olivia a hug right away.

"Liv, you don't have to..."

"Mr. Quinton, you've been such a great help to me, and you've gotten Zyla to take care of me. You're too kind to me and I have no way of repaying you. So please, at least give me a chance to repay you, okay?"

Zac wanted to say no, but Olivia's cries were still echoing in his head. He could not bear to reject her.

"Okay, we'll talk about this more when we're back."

Olivia felt better as she saw Zac relenting.

"Yeah, okay."

She did not want to be indebted to others, especially not to Zac.

Zac was John's good friend, and by right, she should not be alone with him.

However, Zac was the only one who could help her when she was stranded and helpless.

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Olivia could not give up on finding the truth, and she could not give up on looking for Uncle Wallace.

After three hours of driving, Zac and Olivia finally arrived at their destination.

Initially, Olivia thought that they would be at a police station. She did not think that they would end up at a funeral parlor.

Olivia paused. "A funeral parlor?"

"His body was thrown into the river and had flown downstream until it reached here. Then, the body was retrieved by the team designated to fish out bodies.

"Initially, it was supposed to go to the police station, but since no one came to claim the body, and they could not find any information, they had sent it to the funeral parlor and it was supposed to get cremated."

Olivia pursed her lips. She got out of the car with a grave expression.

Uncle Wallace's body had been in the river for such a long time. He must be so cold and in so much pain.

The kind, loving face of Uncle Wallace appeared in Olivia's mind, and the last phone conversation they had started playing in her head. If only...

Olivia clenched her fist tight, bit her lips, and tried her best to not tear, but her tears

were uncontrollable.

Zac saw how much Olivia was in distress and knew that she was hurting inside. He asked her gently, "His body had been in the water for too long, causing it to be extremely bloated and beyond the means of recognition. Are you sure you want to see it?"

Zac was a lawyer. Even if he was not often involved in criminal cases, he had seen his fair share of disfigured corpses, especially those that had been in the water. They were almost like bloated buns, and it was usually hard for ordinary people to accept

what they saw.

Olivia swallowed her saliva and nodded. "Yes. I need to see it for myself if that's really Uncle Wallace."

Uncle Wallace was injured. Olivia remembered how Uncle Wallace was lying in a pool of blood back in the West York Village. There were knife wounds on him.

She could not let Uncle Wallace disappear without a trace. She could not let him die

without a cause just like that.

However, every step she took in the direction of the parlor was abnormally heavy.

Zac brought Olivia into the funeral parlor and headed towards the innermost room. The staff there pulled out a fridge and there was something underneath the white cloth on the drawer he pulled out.

"This is the one, Mr. Quinton."

Zac nodded. "Okay, please excuse us."

"Okay."

Olivia felt like she had fallen into an icy cavern. It was cold and chilly everywhere, and she had chills down her spine.

She walked towards the fridge drawer, and as she looked at the bulging white cloth, she reached out with trembling hands. Before she could touch the cloth, she jerked and retracted her hand immediately.

She was afraid...

She was afraid of seeing Uncle Wallace's condition with her very own eyes.

Uncle Wallace was a good man all his life, but because of her, he ended up at such a state.

How could she even begin to accept that fact?

"Would you rather... Have me do it instead?"

Olivia shook her head. "I'll do it. I can do this."

She carefully lifted the white cloth, but the moment the white cloth was removed, she turned her head away and closed her eyes.

After a minute, she finally turned her head around to look.

The body was extremely bloated from being in the river for too long, just as Zac had said. It was pale without a trace of blood.

When Olivia lifted up the cloth, it was the part that covered the body's feet, but she had gotten a clear view.

The body had two moles on top of his right foot, just like Uncle Wallace's.

Olivia trembled as she continue uncovering more of the white cloth. She saw that there was a scar on the body's calf.

Even after being in the water, and even if it was extremely bloated, that long scar was

still painfully clear.

Olivia's legs gave way and she nearly fell onto the ground if it were not for Zac, who had caught her at just the right time.

"Is it him?"

Olivia's ashen lips trembled. She did not speak for a very long time, but her tears cascaded down her cheeks.

She did not wail, but Zac could feel that her entire body was shaking.

That scar came from when Olivia was seven years old. She was playful and had climbed onto a tree when her parents were not home to catch some crickets. Unfortunately, she lost her balance and fell down from the tree.

Uncle Wallace threw aside whatever he was working on and pounced in her direction

in order to save her.

However, since it was so sudden, he did not notice the flower pot that was at his feet and when he caught Olivia, his foot stepped onto the pot and it shattered. Pottery shrapnels sliced through his calf and there was a long, gaping wound that was overflowing with blood.

At that time, Olivia was so frightened she clung to Uncle Wallace and bawled her

eyes out.

Instead of stopping the blood flow, Uncle Wallace ignore the gaping wound on his calf and comforted her gently instead.

And, it was also because of that that Uncle Wallace had missed out on the perfect window of time for a full recovery, causing him to still have a little limp on his right foot after all these years.

However, to prevent Olivia from feeling guilty, Uncle Wallace would cover his scar by wearing long pants all the time.

Also, every time he was with her, he would be like any other perfectly normal person and would walk with no limp.

Uncle Wallace did not say anything about it, but it did not mean that Olivia had forgotten.

Olivia was crying so hard she was hyperventilating. She hung onto Zac's arm and forced herself to stand. She wobbled her way over to the other side of the body.

eyes on

She gritted her teeth hard when she opened the white cloth. When she laid Uncle Wallace's face, she closed her eyes painfully as tears continued to flow down

her cheeks.

Olivia was crying so hard for a while all she saw was darkness as she fell backward, straight into Zac's arms.

“Liv, shall we...”

“No... I want to keep Uncle Wallace company for a while longer.”

Olivia forced herself to stand on her feet and knelt beside the fridge drawer. “Uncle Wallace, I’m so sorry... I’m so sorry... I’m so sorry...”

It was like there was a huge rock on her chest, causing her to have difficulty breathing.

Olivia clenched her fist tight and slammed it again and again onto her own chest. Every time she wept, her brain would lack oxygen, causing her to black out.

“Uncle Wallace... Uncle Wallace...”

Uncle Wallace doted on her since she was a child.

Even if Uncle Wallace was merely a butler and a servant of the Larson household in the eyes of others, he was like a grandfather to Olivia in her heart, and he was the grandfather figure that Olivia had in her life.

But now, Uncle Wallace was dead. It was another one of her family leaving her

behind.

Olivia was not afraid at all as she reached out to grab Uncle Wallace’s bloated hand. I’ll avenge you, Uncle Wallace!

“I’ll... I’ll find out who did this to you for sure!”

Olivia continued crying for a long time after that and finally, she passed out.

Zac caught her in his arms and carried her out to the car so she could rest.

Even if she had fainted, Olivia's tears did not stop flowing.

It broke Zac to see Olivia like this and he thought, "How much pain did she have to experience?"

Every time things happened, she would bawl her eyes out, but had fierce

determination blazing in her eyes. It had people itching to help her but was afraid that she would reject the help extended.

Zac looked at how wan and sallow Olivia's face was and his hands worked in their own accord as they wiped the tears gently off the corner of her eyes. He murmured gently, "Just tell me if you're tired, Liv, let me be here for you, let me help you.

"I know you still love Johnny, but Liv, stop tanking all of these alone. Let me share your burden."

After he was done speaking, Zac retracted his hands and frowned with a sigh. Then, he dialed a number.

"Get someone to ship the body back to Ocean City secretly and get an investigation on this immediately."

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you manage to find the evidence I've asked you to find before this?"

"I found some, but it's not enough to sue."

"Continue finding."

Suddenly, the person on the other end of the phone call called out to Zac. "Sir, there's new development regarding the Ben Wilson that we talked about the last time."

"What is it?"

"He appeared in Cesena City, but just for a while. It's not confirmed yet."

"Hurry up and track him, then! We have to find him. Put out a 'Wanted' post for him with rewards."

"Yes, Sir."

A short while after Zac hung up the phone, Olivia opened her eyes in a daze and shot up from her seat, bumping her head accidentally in the process.

"Ahh!"

That had scared Zac witless. He scrambled frantically as he looked at her. "You... Are you okay?"

Olivia had just realized that she was in the car. She took a while to snap back to her senses and waved her hands in awkwardness and embarrassment. "I'm okay. I'm just

Not fully awake yet."

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Zac looked at her worriedly. "You must be hungry. Let's grab you something to eat before you go back."

Just as he finished his sentence, he thought about Uncle Wallace's corpse and immediately realized he might have said the wrong thing. "If you have an appetite..."

Olivia turned over and forced a smile with tears in her eyes, "Sure. Let's go eat. I'll be fine."

Zac was slightly taken aback. "Alright."

Olivia raised her hand and wiped away her tears. "Are you wondering why I still have an appetite?"

"Yeah, I'm curious."

"Didn't you tell me that I'd need to eat more to gain the energy I needed to get revenge? So, I want to eat. I want to survive and get my revenge!"

Zac was excited deep down, and he nodded. "It's good that you remember. Don't worry too much about Uncle Wallace's body. I have instructed my people to secretly send him back. By then, the coroner will submit the evidence."

Olivia fell into silence for a brief moment before she murmured, "Mr. Quinton, can we get Dorothy with this?"

Her voice was extremely soft. It sounded as if she was pushing those words through the gaps of her teeth.

"Liv, you should be mentally prepared for Dorothy to definitely find a new subject to plead guilty for the crime. After all, she isn't the one who got her hands dirty."

She had been mentally prepared way before this, but it was still painful to hear the truth.

"I know."

"But don't worry too much, Liv. This will definitely cause a scene, and along with your mother's issue, it will definitely create trouble for Dorothy. There's no way that one person can break the law with no slip-ups whatsoever."

Olivia laughed mockingly. "Then again, Mr. Quinton, despite the numerous slip-ups Dorothy has made, Johnny still trusts her to be an angel, right?"

Hearing these words, in addition to being distressed, made other emotions creep

into Zac's heart.

"Liv, Johnny... He'll understand. Give him some more time if you still love him."

Zac was really tempted to tell her to let him go and start over, but he was afraid that she might freak out, so he just went along with it.

No matter how much she disliked him, there would still be love between them. That Zac was clear-headed enough to know.

Olivia sniffed. "Mr. Quinton, let's go get a barbeque dinner, shall we?"

"Alright."

After they reached the shop, Olivia passed him her mother's examination report. This is the copy of it, but I feel like it's too simple. It'll be hard to open a case file with this."

'Father loves mother so much. How would he be willing to dig up her body for another round of examination?"

In addition to that, the content of this report would just be the tip of the iceberg. It only examined her hair and some parts of her skin.

After all, there were no obvious wounds on her mother's body.

Zac skimmed through the report and nodded. "Indeed, it's way too simple for an autopsy report, and it has been more than ten years. Despite having evidence of the poison, it's better to have witnesses."

'Witnesses...'

All of the maids were dismissed after the Larson family went bankrupt, and it would be difficult to find them again now.

Besides, if Ben could work for Dorothy, it was hard to guarantee that the others had not done the same too.

Zac noticed her hesitation. "Are you sure you want to reexamine your mother's corpse?"

Olivia pursed her lips and kept quiet while digging her fingernails on the wooden table, making some squeaking sounds.

At that moment, her phone rang.

She was shocked and subconsciously backed off a little before she calmed down and looked at her phone.

It was John.

"Olivia, where are you?"

"Outside."

"With who?"

"Mr. Freeman, are you spying on me?"

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The man at the other end of the line was slightly irritated, and he sounded more aggressive as he asked, "Olivia Larson, have you forgotten about your identity?"

"No, and I wouldn't dare to."

"Olivia Larson!"

She had no energy to continue pestering John, so she hung up the call and then switched off her phone.

Zac was stunned. "Johnny?"

"Yeah."

"Is he looking for trouble? Should we just forget about the meal and send you home?"

After what happened, Zac was aware of how John treated Olivia, and he could not help but be slightly worried.

Especially since whenever he was involved, John would get even more pissed than usual. That was why he dared not contact Olivia for such a long time.

"It's fine."

Olivia pursed her lips and took a sip of water. "Mr. Quinton, don't be so nervous. I was already determined to be guilty the moment I stepped outside, so it doesn't matter how long I'll be outside for."

"I'm just worried that he might hurt you."

"I'm used to it."

'Used to it...' This phrase gave Zac a heartache.

'How strong must she be deep down to be able to get used to all of this?'

Even when her heart was torn apart, she had to pretend not to care as she faced the man she loved.

"Mr. Quinton, do you think that I caused me and Johnny's poor relationship?"

After saying that, she looked up and asked, "Do you think I actually betrayed him two years ago?"

"I believe you."

Those three words were short, but they warmed her heart.

She had never asked for anything except Johnny's trust.

Sadly, that man was possessed by Dorothy's curse and never believed her for even a second.

No matter how much she explained, all of her words were in vain.

"Thank you for believing in me."

Zac felt a mix of complicated emotions. He calmed himself down a little before saying, "Liv, I never assumed that anything between you and Johnny was self-inflicted. You two were a match made in heaven, and you fell for each other when both your families were perfectly compatible. You are not at fault even until today. Loving someone will never be wrong."

'Loving someone will never be wrong...

Olivia chuckled, but her tears rolled down her cheeks at the same time.

She wiped off her tears and said with a smile, "My apologies for making you witness how ugly I look once again."

Zac clenched both his fists as he suppressed the urge to hug her. He said, "Liv, forget it if you're tired."

"Dorothy wants to snatch everything away from me, and the title of Mrs. Freeman is all she's craving right now. But I will never give it to her!"

After a long moment, she blinked her eyes and looked up to stop her tears from rolling down.

"Sorry, I forgot my manners again."

"Liv, you don't have to be sorry. Stop apologizing..." "I can't stand seeing you like this.'

Zac did not say the last sentence aloud. Instead, he took out a piece of tissue for her.

Olivia bit her lips and took a slice of meat for him. "Here, have some more meat."

After eating a few more slices of meat, Olivia raised her hand and called the waiter." Excuse me. Could I please get a bottle of beer?"

"Liv..."

'How can someone pregnant and with lung cancer drink alcohol?'

However, after seeing her beg with tears in the corner of her eyes... "Zac, just once, please? Just once..."

It was not until today that she finally had to accept Uncle Wallace was dead after she saw his corpse.

She felt broken, and her tears kept falling without stopping.

Zac frowned. "Okay. Just once, and only one bottle."

"Okay."

Zac needed to drive, so he did not drink. After the bottle, Olivia got drunk. It might have been because she was too depressed, or it could have been her weak tolerance as well.

People could actually get intoxicated before the alcohol really was absorbed by their bodies.

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Olivia's fair cheeks were blushing, and her starry eyes became bright again when she was drunk

She raised her glass and touched Zac's cup. "Zac, Uncle Wallace is dead, and the last relative who loved me is gone. Who do I turn to now when I want to cry?"

Zac pursed his lips. He was tempted to say, 'Come to me, but he hesitated. In the end, he chose to keep quiet instead.

"Zac, my younger brother is being misled by Dorothy, and he sees me as his enemy now. What should I do? She even threatened me with him. What should I do?!"

"Zac, my

miscarriage was caused by a car accident, not a betrayal... I've loved Johnny for seventeen years..."

"Zac, seventeen years... I've only had one period of seventeen years to give, and I gave him all of it, but..."

When she raised her head, her face was completely covered in tears.

"Zac..."

Every time she said 'Zac', his heart trembled, and the inexplicable flame in his heart grew more and more intense. Finally, he got up, walked over to her, and sat by her

side.

He gently patted her shoulder and said, "Liv, I'm here for you, and I'll lend you my shoulder whenever you want to cry."

Unfortunately, Olivia did not hear him as she immediately fell asleep in his arms.

Zac let out a sigh of relief. 'Would she distance herself from me if she heard it?'

He obviously did not want that to happen. He would rather things stayed this way and be able to support her whenever she needed help.

Zac settled the bill then carried her into the car.

Initially, he wanted to send her to Golden Hills Apartment, but he remembered that John might be home, so it was best to not cause any more conflicts between the two of them. He ended up sending her back to Cliffside Villa.

Upon arrival, Olivia opened her eyes in a daze. "Where are we?"

"Liv, we're home. We're at Cliffside Villa."

"Oh."

Ten seconds later, she suddenly realized something and anxiously opened the car door, but she ended up falling down from lack of balance.

She even knocked her knee against the car. She cried pitifully. "Ouch, it hurts!"

Zac sighed helplessly and got down from the car to carry her off the ground. Then, he walked into the house.

Just as he reached the entrance, the door suddenly opened. John stood on the porch with a dark expression, looking like the god of death.

John glanced at Olivia, and his face became even more gloomy. He took a step forward and snatched her from Zac's arms.

"Zac Quinton, I've warned you about this. So you really want to cut ties with me, huh?"

Zac was slightly unwilling, but he still gave Olivia to him and said with dissatisfaction, "John Freeman, I've warned you as well to not abuse your wife and to cut ties with your mistress, but did you listen?"

"For your information, Zac, those are my private affairs, and you have absolutely no right to interfere!"

"I don't want to interfere in your private affairs, but if you dare to hurt Olivia again, I assure you that I'll make my move and snatch her away from you!"

"Don't you dare!"

John's body was emanating coldness, and his deep eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Yet Zac did not stand down. "Try me!"

At that moment, Olivia called out in a daze, "Zac..."

John was beyond pissed at that point. He kicked Zac away and closed the door then carried Olivia upstairs.

He tossed her to the bed and got even more pissed when he heard her mentioning another guy's name even when she was drunk.

He reached out to pinch her chin. "Olivia Larson, why do you have to be so cheap?"

Chapter 169

Olivia was already breathing heavily as she was drunk and she immediately got choked by her saliva after being tossed in bed by John.

"Cough..."

She frowned and slapped John's hand and ranted, "Don't pinch me, it hurts!"

"Olivia Larson, still pretending to be drunk?"

He remembered that her alcohol tolerance used to be quite high, how could she be

this drunk?

Olivia pursed her lips, feeling aggrieved like a child. Tears rolled down her eyes, she grabbed John's wrist, and said softly, "I've loved him for seventeen years, why didn't Johnny believe me?"

"I didn't betray him, why didn't he believe me?"

That being said, she even wiped her snot and tears with his hand. John frowned and immediately pulled his hand away.

He was a clean freak, a very serious one, and he wanted to wake this woman up at that moment by splashing water at her.

"Olivia Larson, you did it on purpose, didn't you?"

Just as he finished questioning, he heard Olivia yelling at him, "That idiot, I won't fall for him anymore, never ever! I will make him regret it and pay!"

After scolding, she suddenly covered her face and cried, "Johnny, I..."

However, before she finished her sentence, she felt a wave in her stomach and she stood up trying to look for a place to vomit.

John so happened to block her way and she could not help but vomit at him in a

daze.

He was immediately stunned. He frowned and covered his nose while looking down

at his suit.

The coldness in his eyes dissipated immediately, and he was burning with anger. Just as he was about to catch the culprit and teach her a lesson, Olivia had already fell on the ground.

Before he said anything, Olivia scolded him again, "You're a jerk! Why did you kill my father? I'll never forgive you!"

He looked at the woman on the floor with a complicated expression. "You deserved it!"

That being said, his phone rang.

He picked it up and immediately heard Dorothy's coquettish voice, "Johnny, are you working overtime again tonight?"

"Anything?"

"Nothing much but you haven't been talking to me ever since the cocktail party..."

"Dolly, I am busy now, bye."

He did not even wait for Dorothy's response and hung up the call immediately.

The next day.

Olivia felt as if she got beaten up the moment she woke up as her entire body was aching.

She rubbed her eyes and just as she was about to get up, she suddenly realized that she had nothing on her and was shocked to death.

What happened next was that the sound of water running came from the bathroom.

and reminded her that she was not alone in the room!

Olivia widened her eyes and froze on the spot.

The only thing she remembered about yesterday was that she was having dinner and drinks with Zac, everything that happened after was not registered into her memory.

‘No way... Impossible...’

‘Zac is not like that, he will never touch a drunk pregnant lady.’

‘But, why am I naked right now?’

The sound of water flow stopped abruptly, the door of the bathroom was opened right after and a stream of warm water vapor permeated the air.

Olivia was so nervous to the point where she could feel her heart pumping out of her body and her body was shaking.

“Finally awake?”

Hearing the voice, she stiffened a little and was about to apologize.

Yet, before she got to say anything, she saw John walking towards her with a towel

wrapped around him, followed by an irritated stare.

“Olivia Larson, how cheap can you be? You’re pregnant but you still went out drinking with another man, seriously?”

Chapter 170

After confirming the person in front of her was John, Olivia let out a sigh of relief.

“My clothes...”

John took a glance at her and sneered, “Did you actually think that I would touch you? Don’t forget, I am disgusted by you.”

Olivia’s heart ached, but at the same time she felt relieved.

At least she did not do anything that crossed the line with other men.

She was still the loyal one in her marriage with John.

She chuckled lightly and shook her head, “Don’t worry Mr. Freeman, I dare not think much.”

John’s hand froze as he was putting on his clothes and an unknown rage rose in his heart.

He turned over and pinched Olivia’s chin. “Olivia Larson, behave outside and don’t drink!”

“Mr. Freeman, are you worried?”

“Huh, have you forgotten how the last child died? Are you planning to do it again?”

Olivia felt chills in her heart, but she smiled with her face upturned, “Isn’t that just what you wished? You can directly prove that I have betrayed you and even kill this child yourself.”

John's heart trembled, 'I don't know when but she doesn't seem to look like who she

used to be when she stares at me."

Her eyes used to be dazzling, then it became a little gray and now it was just

stubborn and indifferent.

He snorted, "Olivia, don't be shameless, aren't you afraid to be a disgrace off your dead parents?"

That being said, he let go of her and continued wearing his clothes then left without looking back.

After he left, Olivia leaned against the bed as if she had lost all energy. She closed her eyes and her tears rolled out naturally.

Her heart was torn into pieces but she did not want him to know.

Everytime she cried in front of him, John would use an irritating expression to look at her which killed her heart even more.

After a long while, she wiped her tears and got up from bed to take a shower.

Standing in front of the mirror, Olivia gently touched her tummy.

"I am sorry baby, mommy drank alcohol yesterday. Mommy promised you to never drink again, don't hate me okay?"

She was not a fan of alcohol but after seeing Uncle Wallace's corpse in front of her, she felt as if she was suffocating and drinking was the best way to relieve it.

Olivia took her medicine and looked at her phone to realize that she had a maternal checkup appointment today.

She changed into a new set of clothes and went out.

What happened next was that she saw Zyla leaning against the car door waiting for her just as she got downstairs.

She wanted to turn and go back in but Zyla had already called her out.

“Sis Liv.”

She had no choice but to turn back and look at Zyla with guilt.

‘Zyla must have been very worried and anxious after I ran away from the hospital.’

Not to mention that she did not contact her even after she returned, she must be pissed.

To her surprise, Zyla walked over with a smile, “Sis Liv, stop avoiding me, okay?”

“Zyla...”

“I know what you are afraid of, you are afraid that Dorothy might harm me right?”

Olivia was taken aback and she stood on the same spot and did not dare to look at Zyla.

This girl was really kind and she did not want to drag her into this mess.

“Sis Liv, I was dead worried after you went missing the other day, I went around looking for you but I couldn’t find you. Luckily you called Mr. Quinton the second day, if not I would’ve filed a police report.”

Zyla pursed her lips, “I know you are worried that Dorothy might harm me that’s why you didn’t reach out to me. But Sis Liv, I am an adult too, don’t push me away. Let me help you, okay?”

Olivia raised her head and looked at Zyla with tears in her eyes, and she did not know

what to say.

Zyla went up and grabbed her hand. “You are going for a maternal checkup today right? I will go with you.”