

G.H Hooked 41

Chapter 41

Olivia sat up in bed as her eyes darkened. She snapped, " Dorothy, don't act recklessly!"

Dorothy's smug voice came from the other end of the line.

"Olivia, I know you've been looking for Uncle Wallace these two days. You even called the police. I'm surprised.

"I'll only give you one chance, or you'll have to collect his body!"

Olivia gritted her teeth and tried to calm herself.

"Okay, go on.

"Let's meet at West Village at 7 PM."

With that said, Dorothy emphasized with a sneer. "Olivia, come alone. If you call the police or talk to Zac, you will never see him alive."

After hanging up, Olivia dropped her right hand feebly.

She knew the risk.

However, she could not watch Uncle Wallace die, so she had to go-even if she knew she was malicious.

'After the last afternoon ward round at 6 PM, Olivia took out the clothes she had borrowed from the nurse and ran to the bathroom to get changed. Then she put on a

baseball cap and sneaked out from the stairwell.

She stopped a taxi downstairs.

“Hello, West Village. Please hurry.

It was more than a 40-minute taxi ride from the hospital to West Village, and the extra ten minutes or so allowed her to familiarize herself with the place.

The driver glanced at her in the rearview mirror. “Miss, what are you doing in West Village at night? That place is remote and dangerous.”

Olivia pulled out 300 dollars and handed it to the driver. “Is 300 dollars enough?”

The driver nodded and drove away.

No one would go against money.

However, Olivia did not notice a black Maybach pulling up in front of the hospital as soon as she got into the car.

“Shall we follow them, sir?”

John’s deep eyes stared at the direction that the taxi was headed. A chill instantly exuded from his body, making Wes shudder.

He never wanted to let her go that night.

‘However, after she slapped him and yelled at him, his heart ached for some reason, and his anger disappeared instantly.

Looking at Olivia, who shrunk like a hedgehog in bed, he suddenly lost interest in continuing.

Therefore, he did not see her for two days only to see

what she would do. However, he saw her sneak out as soon as he came.

What could she do when she was covered in wounds?

She knew how to surprise him!

It seemed that he was too easy on her after all!

After Olivia got out of the car at West Village, the driver took off.

It was an isolated place and was grimmer at night.

The trees around her rustled when the wind blew, making her hair stand on end.

This part of the West Village used to be a factory but was later abandoned and became a gathering place for many criminals.

No wonder the police did not track this place down. After all, who would have expected Dorothy to hide Uncle Wallace here?

She took a few steps inside and saw a door open with some light coming from inside.

Olivia was scared, but she braced herself and went in

anyway.

Once inside, she found Uncle Wallace lying on the ground.

“Uncle Wallace!”

She shouted, leaping forward and picking Uncle Wallace

“Ms... Ms. Larson?”

Uncle Wallace struggled to open his eyes. After realizing it was Olivia, a mouthful of blood spilled from the corner of Uncle Wallace’s mouth. He breathed heavily as his chest heaved up and down.

“Ms. Larson, run... run!”

“No, I’m taking you with me! Uncle Wallace, nothing can happen to you.”

Olivia felt a warm and sticky liquid in her palms. She looked down to see Uncle Wallace’s chest red with blood.

Chapter 42

“Uncle Wallace! You’re hurt! Hurry. Let me help you up!”

However, Olivia had not healed from her injuries. Being still weak, she could not help Uncle Wallace up.

She put her hand on Uncle Wallace’s chest and started to cry out of panic.

‘Nothing can happen to Uncle Wallace! Nothing!’

She took out her phone to call 120, but there was no signal. She got up to find one, but Uncle Wallace grabbed her hand.

“Ms. Larson, watch out for Dorothy...”

Olivia cried and nodded. “I know. I know, Uncle Wallace. Don’t speak. I’ll find someone to save you!”

“Master Hans’ letter says Madam Larson... didn’t die by accident...”

‘Mom didn’t die by accident, which means Dorothy is telling the truth.

‘She killed mom!’

“Dad didn’t kill himself, right?”

Uncle Wallace frowned and shook his head. “No, Master

Hans killed himself, but... he was forced.”

‘Forced?’

Olivia froze and looked at Uncle Wallace in disbelief.

The Larson family might not be the most powerful in Ocean City but was considered above average. Hans was also known for being aggressive, and there was no way someone could casually force him to die.

“Who forced Dad?”

Uncle Wallace coughed and spat out a mouthful of blood. His expression seemed painful. “Freeman...”

Before he could finish speaking, Uncle Wallace turned his head and died.

Olivia froze for two seconds. Crying and shaking Uncle Wallace, she shouted repeatedly, "Uncle Wallace, wake up! Don't go to sleep! Uncle Wallace..."

However, Uncle Wallace did not respond no matter how she shouted.

She got up and stumbled out to make a phone call, the door slammed in her face.

She banged on the door and shouted, "Open the door! Dorothy, open the door!"

"Olivia, I'm going to make you disappear forever!"

"Have you lost your mind? Dorothy, open the door!"

but

However, no one answered, no matter how much Olivia

shouted.

Then she caught a whiff of gasoline and had a bad feeling. She looked for a wet towel.

However, when she looked around, she noticed that the whole room was filled with plastic bottles of liquor and some scattered wood. There was not a scrap of cloth, let alone water!

She had lung cancer and a delicate respiratory system.

The fire had just started when the smoke seeped through the crack in the door, making her cough and unable to breathe.

On top of that, she had been hammering on the door so hard that she had torn open all her wounds, causing her to lose too much blood and become even dizzy.

Therefore, Olivia fell in the doorway within two minutes.

Images started running through her mind, and her past with John was as vivid as a movie.

From meeting each other four years ago to marriage, pregnancy, miscarriage, and finally John holding her neck and questioning her why she cheated.

Olivia's tears rolled down her face. 'It would probably be a relief if this is over, right?'

However, the image suddenly switched to when the boy kicked the door open and led her back to the light when

she was ten.

'Johnny, I've been pining over you for a long time. Since

17 years ago...

'But Johnny, we can't go back to the old days.'

She was dying at last, and it seemed good to save her from the last agony of cancer.

The door was kicked open with great force, and she heard a familiar voice calling her name.

“Olivia! Liv!”

‘Is it Johnny?’

‘It must be a hallucination. Why would Johnny save me?’

Chapter 43

Olivia woke up two days later.

With difficulty, she opened her eyes and turned them to familiarize herself with the surroundings. The tip of her nose smelled the familiar disinfectant, and she knew she was not dead. She was in the hospital again.

For a moment, she had no idea if she was doomed or if God was trying to torture her.

This broken body was no more than a burden to live on, right?

After wiping her body, the caretaker looked up and saw her awake. She shouted, “Ms. Larson, are you awake? I’ll get the doctor for you.”

Olivia tugged at her dress, shook her head, and asked hoarsely, “How many days have I slept?”

“Two days. Do you feel okay?”

“Was I the only one who came to the hospital that day? What about the other one?”

The caretaker froze. She was confused. “Ms. Larson, I’m your caretaker. But as far as I know, you were the only one brought in that night. There was no one else.

‘No?’

Olivia's heart sank. She did not save Uncle Wallace's body after all.

It was as if a huge stone had pressed down on her heart, leaving her breathless. She coughed and quickly covered her mouth.

Startled, the caretaker hurriedly poured her a glass of

water. "Ms... Ms. Larson, drink this... I'd better get you a doctor."

Olivia took the glass of water and drank it while bearing the pain. She said, "No. It's an old issue. The doctor can't do anything about it."

Placing the glass on the table, she opened her hand. The blood on her palm seemed to remind her that she was dying.

The caretaker quickly pulled out a tissue and gave it to her. "Ms. Larson, are you sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick."

Olivia wiped her palms, turned her head, and asked, "Who hired you?"

The girl scratched her head. "It's a man who didn't say his name. He only gave me 20 thousand dollars to take care of you for a week.

"You're lucky, Ms. Larson. You were saved from a fire but didn't get burned."

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Olivia pursed her lips and smiled.

'Am I lucky?'

She had lung cancer and came close to death several times. She seemed lucky to have survived them.

She used to be the Larson family's heiress and the high and mighty Mrs. Freeman, but now?

The Larson family was gone, and the title Mrs. Freeman seemed to have become a shackle. She seemed cursed.

Suddenly, she remembered a voice she thought she had heard. "Who brought me to the hospital?"

The caretaker shook her head. "I don't know. I came over

afterward. But you were crying so much that you made many pillows wet. Ms. Larson, is there something upsetting you?"

Olivia froze and shook her head.

Just then, the door opened, and a lean and tall figure

entered.

The caretaker looked back and got up, trembling.

John was born with a noble and cold aura. He had also worked in the business world for many years. The malicious aura from his body was nothing a small caretaker could handle.

Olivia caught a glimpse of John's expensive handmade

leather shoes before looking up at the caretaker, saying, Get me some soup and spend some time outside.”

“Okay...”

The caretaker looked intently at Olivia before leaving, but no one noticed it.

After she was gone, John walked up to Olivia and looked condescendingly at her.

Olivia remembered Uncle Wallace’s last words before he died. ‘Dad was forced to commit suicide by someone surnamed Freeman.

‘There is only one man surnamed Freeman in Ocean City, and that’s John Freeman!

‘Has this man lost his mind that he would even kill my dad just to make his lover happy?’

However, she refused to believe it...

She looked up into John’s cold eyes and said with a smile, “Johnny, are you here to see if I’m dead? I’m sorry I’m still alive.”

Chapter 44

John frowned and clenched the hands dangling at his side.

The woman was so capable of angering him with one word!

He did not want to let it bother him at first that night. However, he suddenly asked Wes to return after passing by two blocks.

He wanted to see what this woman was up to despite her

wounds.

However, they lost her halfway down the road. It was not until they stopped the returning taxi driver that they learned Olivia had gone to West Village.

John knew what place West Village was very well.

For some reason, he felt a pang in his heart and made Wes speed toward there.

However, he saw a building on fire when he arrived.

Without thinking twice, he rushed in to save her and took her to the hospital.

He was only relieved when the doctor told him Olivia was not in danger.

Even he did not know why he had rushed in at that

moment to save the woman he hated so much!

However, he did not bother to explain.

Seeing the disdain on her face, he instantly became furious. He raised his hand to grasp her jaw, questioning, "Olivia, what are you doing in West Village?"

Olivia did not know what was wrong with her either. She was thinking about this man before she died, but Uncle Wallace's words played in her ears like a curse.

'Dorothy. It's Dorothy who killed Uncle Wallace and even tried to burn me alive.

'But will the man believe me?

'No!'

Therefore, instead of her usual bitterness, Olivia smiled and replied, "Do you believe I was there to meet a man?"

"Olivia!"

He yelled coldly.

"Johnny, do you know how many years I've loved you? It's not 4 years. It's 17!"

John froze. '17 years?

'It's four years. What 17 years?

Olivia saw his surprise but did not explain it. "We've known each other for four years. We were married for three years and are enemies for two.

"Johnny, the whole time we're married, you hated me more than you loved me."

It made John's heart shudder as if it had been pricked by something.

He grasped harder and made a handprint on Olivia's fair jaw. Then he asked, 'Who are you meeting? Which man are you meeting? Do you have to be this cheap? Are you forcing me to lock you up?"

"Johnny, I told you I didn't cheat on you two years ago. You didn't believe me. Will you believe me if I tell you Dorothy tricked me into going to West Village?

“Will you believe me if I said Dorothy started the fire and she wanted to burn me to death?”

The more stubborn Olivia became, the more annoyed John became, and he slapped her. Before she knew it, his long hands had already grabbed her neck as he pressed her onto the bed.

“Olivia, could your reason be any worse? Dolly wants to burn you to death? Why would she do that?”

‘Why?’

John was getting harder and harder for Olivia to understand. ‘Isn’t it obvious why?’

‘Is he really stupid?’

She smiled wryly. ‘How could John be stupid?’

‘It’s just that he thinks I’m a liar and a wicked woman.’

Olivia grabbed John’s wrist and pressed it down hard. She smiled as her eyes seemed defiant.

John paused and loosened his hand immediately. He

looked at her in disgust. “Olivia, do you want to die? No way! I told you I wouldn’t let you die. I want you to live in pain!”

Olivia coughed several times and swallowed the blood in her throat.

“John, I went to West Village to meet a man. The men outside are better than you in every way!”

Chapter 45

'Better than me in every way?'

John was furious as a chilling aura exuded from his body. His deep eyes stared sinisterly at the woman in bed.

He wanted to have a peaceful conversation with her, but she refused.

He leaned over and bit her neck. "Okay, Olivia. You made me do this!"

As he reached out his hand to do more, the woman beneath him asked out of the blue.

"John, aren't you disgusted when you're so convinced that many men have touched me?"

John confused her.

He called her cheap, unwilling to believe that she did not cheat on him. At the same time, he touched her without feeling disgusted. Why?

John's hand froze instantly. He grabbed her jaw and sneered. "You're right. I'm disgusted with you!"

Olivia's heart pricked with pain. She swallowed her grief, licked her dry lips, and forced a smile.

She seemed to be smiling bitterly and also laughing at herself. "Are you going to continue?"

John saw her smile and suddenly felt bitter. He found it irritating no matter what.

He snapped, "Olivia, you're really cheap! Is this how you seduce others?"

'I'm cheap?'

Olivia was numb with heartache. She only wanted to provoke him. "Whatever you say!"

For some reason, she suddenly enjoyed watching John get angry.

She even wished he would just kill her too.

He could kill her, and she would be free.

She was tired and did not want to explain.

Her attitude irritated John, who had a short temper.

Olivia started going all out too.

"John, you son of a b*tch! Can't you go home to Dorothy?"

"She's going crazy for the title of Mrs. Freeman! The whole world knows what she wants. Why do you pretend not to know?"

"You know how desperate she is for this position! She

even killed Uncle Wallace. And now she wants to kill me!

"Why didn't you give it to her? Why do you have to

torture me?"

"You son of a b*tch!"

John's expression turned cold. His tone was indifferent but threatening.

"Olivia, I advise you to be good. Or I'll take your brother's arm off and cripple him afterward!"

'Brother...'

Olivia's heart sank. She forgot she had a brother to take care of. She could not die yet.

All she had left was her brother.

Looking at John's back, Olivia instantly sat up and shouted, "John, you b*stard!"

John did not stop or look back. "Olivia, keep yelling. See what's left of your brother."

Olivia instantly shut up and watched John leave the room through gritted teeth.

For some reason, John was in a good mood. Olivia looked like a hedgehog, much more attractive than the woman who would only cry and beg.

Wes glanced at John and shook his head.

'Sir still loves Madam, but why does he deny it?'

Suddenly, John asked, "What else did you find at the fire? Is there any man?"

Chapter 46

Wes froze and shook his head. "No. Why do you ask, Sir?"

John narrowed his long and narrow eyes and said nothing.

‘What the h*ll was Olivia doing in West Village?’

He did not believe she was meeting a man in such a place.

Zac knocked on the door after seeing John leave.

Thinking it was the caretaker, Olivia got dressed and lay down under the covers. “Come in.”

Then she looked up to lock eyes with Zac.

“Mr. Quinton?”

“I came to see you these two days, but you were unconscious. How are you feeling now? Are you okay?”

Olivia nodded. “Yeah, not bad. Sleep helps the wounds heal.”

The two knife wounds on her body had almost healed, and only a few small scars were left on her hands and knees. Slowly, the scars would be gone.

“Why did you go to West Village?”

Olivia paused, not expecting Zac to know about it. Then

she thought for a moment and asked, “Mr. Quinton, did you save me?”

She could not imagine who else it would be.

“I...”

Zac froze and put the fruit on the table. “Do you want an apple? I’ll peel one for you.”

“Yes, okay.”

Seeing Zac silent, Olivia would not ask. She would only assume that he did not want to talk.

However...

“Did you see Uncle Wallace when you rescued me?”

“Uncle Wallace?”

“Yes, my butler. He was there when I collapsed, even though he was dying.”

Olivia bit her lip and dug her nails into the flesh when she said this.

“I couldn’t save him. Dorothy killed him.”

However, she then seemed to think she had said too much. Widening her dark eyes, she asked, “Do you believe me?”

“Yes.”

Zac put the knife down and hesitated for a moment. “But

it wasn’t me who saved you.”

Although he hoped it was him, he arrived just in time to see John walking out of the fire with Olivia in his arms when he reached there by following her phone's global positioning system.

Olivia did not notice Zac's gloom. "If it wasn't you, who else could it be? Besides, how did you know I was in West Village if you weren't there?"

"It was John."

Olivia thought she heard him wrong and froze.

'How is that possible?

'John doesn't love me. Why does he care if she lives or dies?

'Besides, how could that man risk his life running into a fire to save her... It's unbelievable.'

Not buying it, Olivia smiled bitterly and shook her head. "Zac, don't lie to me. I wish Johnny still loved me too, but it's impossible. He killed my family for Dorothy, you know?"

Zac did not know what to say, so he just stopped talking.

"We didn't find Uncle Wallace's body."

"You didn't?"

Olivia looked at Zac in disbelief and asked again, "Are you

sure?"

“Yes, there are only some wood remains. The rest is burned away, but no human bones have been found.”

‘No way!

‘Uncle Wallace died in my arms. How can there be no one?

‘But Zac won’t lie to me. Did Dorothy take Uncle Wallace’s body away after I fainted?

‘But how is that possible?’

Just then, her phone vibrated. She took it.

Unknown: [I have Uncle Wallace’s body. If you want it back, be at the Cabin Hotel’s Room 3321 at 9 PM tonight.]

The phone number was unfamiliar.

Olivia: [Who are you?]

Unknown: [An acquaintance.]

‘An acquaintance?’

Olivia frowned and clenched the phone. It must be Dorothy!

‘I mustn’t let this woman go!’

Chapter 47

She failed to save Uncle Wallace, and she could not abandon Uncle Wallace's body.

He was the person who watched her grow up and her last elder and family....

Olivia's tears started to flow when she thought about it.

She used to think of herself as a princess living in the castle. She lived in luxury and was doted on and spoiled. She never thought she would lose everything one day.

"Olivia?"

Zac nudged her arm.

Olivia instantly came to herself and wiped her tears with the back of her hand. With a wry smile, she said, "I'm fine. I'm just sad because Uncle Wallace is dead... I'm really fine."

Zac frowned, feeling a little heartbroken for some reason.

'Why is she always so stubborn? Why won't she ask me for help?'

However, come to think of it, what was their relationship?

"Rest well. Don't overthink it. I will help you find Uncle Wallace..."

"No thanks. You won't find him."

Olivia pressed her lips together and looked up, trying to control her tears. "Dorothy won't let me find him."

With that said, she snatched the apple from Zac's hand and bit it repeatedly. She stuffed her mouth full of apples. and could not help but cry again.

She chewed furiously. Then she wiped away her tears with her other hand and turned to look at Zac. "I'm sorry I'm crying again. I'm terrible."

In the end, she cried so much that she could not help herself. She did not know what she was crying about either.

Was she crying about Uncle Wallace's death, her parent's death, or her life and love?

She had no idea, but the tears would not stop.

Olivia could not help coughing a few times when her lungs twitched. She finished the apple in two bites and swallowed it with the pain.

The sweetness of the apple juice mixed with the rustiness of the blood. It was an indescribable taste.

However, the discomfort made her feel better.

Maybe she was a bit of a masochist.

Zac tried to stop her several times but resisted after all.

"Liv, get a divorce if you're not happy. I'll help you.

"If you want to leave Ocean City, how about I help you leave and start over?"

Olivia wiped her face with a tissue and shook her head, saying, "Zac, I can't leave."

“Why? Are you still refusing to move on?”

Zac was a little guilty when he said that. It was because John saved her instead of him.

However, he was nervous for no reason. He did not want them to get back together.

“No, they still have my brother. And I haven’t avenged my parents and Uncle Wallace. How can I leave?”

Zac opened his mouth but felt a lump in his throat. In the end, all he could say was, “Okay, let me know if you need my help. I’ll help you. Your brother...”

“I’ll take care of that myself, Mr. Quinton. You’ve helped me a lot, and I’m thankful.”

“Alright.”

Zac cleared the table and tucked Olivia in before saying slowly, “Get some rest. Let me know if you need

anything. I’m always here for you.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Olivia smiled, but it was a far-fetched smile that made

Zac even more heartbroken.

He nodded, turned, and hurried away.

He was afraid he would tell Olivia that he was taking her away if he stayed.

However, he had no right to do that.

Speaking of which, was he not an accomplice in those two years?

He never stopped John.

He had never cared about the truth. At the end of the day,

he needed to atone for his sins.

Chapter 48

The caretaker happened to return after buying ravioli.

Seeing Zac, she said with a smile, "Sir, are you here to see Ms. Larson?"

"Shh."

Zac quickly stopped her and said, "Don't tell her. Take good care of her. I gotta go."

Puzzled, the caretaker nodded. "Okay."

Olivia drank the soup, checked the time, and glanced at the caretaker, who had been sitting next to her. She was worried.

She had no idea who hired the caretaker. If it was John, would the caretaker give away her whereabouts?

She had to find a way to trick her into leaving.

“Am I the only one you’re taking care of?”

The girl froze slightly. “Yes, just you, Ms. Larson.”

“You must be tired of taking care of me these days. I’ve woken up today. You should go back. Have a good night’s rest and come back tomorrow morning.”

However, the caretaker shook her head and walked up to her with bright eyes staring at her. “Ms. Larson, did I do something wrong?”

“No... No.”

Olivia was surprised and thought she had figured out something.

“Then I can’t leave. I promised my employer I’d take good care of you.”

The girl looked young. She must have learned nursing because her family could not afford to let her study.

Watching the caretaker’s innocent look, Olivia thought of her former self and could not help smiling faintly. “Calm down. I’m not going to fire you. I only want to be alone.”

Seeing her smile, the caretaker said happily, “Ms. Larson, you look nice when you smile.”

“Do I not look good without a smile?”

“No, no. You look indifferent and distant when you’re not smiling. But you’re as beautiful as a blooming flower when you smile.”

She made Olivia laugh. “You’re such a sweet-talker.”

“Ms. Larson, you can let me do something else if you want to be alone. What do you want to eat?”

Olivia thought carefully. “Can you make chicken soup?”

“Yes, I swear it’s delicious.”

With that said, the caretaker glanced again at Olivia and said sadly, “Ms. Larson, you’re malnourished. I’ll also

make you some salad.”

Olivia was about to say no when the girl packed up her things and left merrily.

She was bubbly-just like her old self.

Olivia changed her clothes and left after looking at the time.

When she arrived at the designated hotel, she went

straight upstairs and stood in front of Room 3321’s door. She clenched her hands nervously and knocked.

“Come in.”

It was a male voice that was somewhat familiar.

Olivia took a deep breath, pushed the door open, and walked in.

There was only one light on in the room, making it a little dim.

The man was sitting on the couch when he saw her come in. He put down his phone, got up, and walked over to her.

When she got a good look at his face, Olivia took a few steps back.

However, the man came rushing over, raised his hands, and locked her between his arms. With the door closed

behind her, she had no way to escape.

“I remember you!”

Olivia said through gritted teeth.

The man smiled and said, “Ms. Larson, you spent one night with me. It will break my heart if you don’t remember.”

“Nonsense! I never spent a night with you. You’re just a hotel waiter! It was a misunderstanding!”

“But Mr. Freeman doesn’t believe you, right?”

That sentence took all of Olivia’s courage away.

‘He’s right. Johnny doesn’t believe me.’

The man grabbed her by the wrist and threw her onto the bed. Then he leaned over and said with a smile, “I didn’t get to touch you two years ago. Let’s make up for it today.

”

“Let me go!”

Olivia struggled.

“Don’t you want the old man’s body?”

Olivia froze instantly.

Chapter 49

“Don’t touch Uncle Wallace’s body. He’s dead. What more do you want?”

The man smiled lewdly and touched Olivia’s cheek.

Spend the night with me, and I’ll give you the old man’s body. What do you think?”

“F*ck off!”

Olivia looked away and flung his hand away. “Don’t try to threaten me with such dirty tricks!”

Undaunted, the man grabbed Olivia’s hands and pressed them over her head to the bed. He said with a sneer, Isn’t that old man important to you?”

“What’s the matter? Unwilling to give yourself away? Your husband doesn’t love you anymore. He thinks we’re guilty anyway. Why resist me?”

Olivia bit her lip and tried to resist, but she was too weak, and he was too strong. She could not struggle free.

Uncle Wallace was important, and it was true that John did not believe her. However, she could not give herself away. It was her last dignity!

Finally...

"Stop struggling. You can't resist me.

"Don't worry. I will be very gentle. I promise you won't regret it. It's just a deal. Why do you care so much? You're not the high and mighty Olivia Larson anymore. Why fake it?"

The man said as he began to undress Olivia with his other

hand.

'I'm not the Olivia Larson I used to be, so...'

Olivia suddenly raised her right leg and kicked the man hard in his crotch. Then she kicked him in the stomach and knocked him to the ground.

She hurriedly got out of bed and did not bother to fix her

clothes before running out.

Unexpectedly, the man got up from the ground and

grabbed her by the hair from behind. He pressed her down on the bed and began to pull off her pants.

"B*tch. I wanted to be gentle with you. But you only insist on being ungrateful, so don't blame me!"

Just then, the door was pushed open, and a tall figure

appeared in the doorway.

The man turned around to see John, and his expression changed. "Mr... Mr. Freeman?"

John's eyes were dark, and his body was exuding a cold aura. John made the man shudder, so he quickly let go of Olivia and plopped down on his knees.

"Mr. Freeman, I... I didn't initiate this. It was Liv... She said you were getting a divorce and wanted me to spend the night with her. I..."

John walked up to the man and tugged at his collar. "Wes, break this man's leg!"

"Mr. Freeman! I was forced to do it. Liv made me do it. She also seduced me..."

"Castrate him!"

The man paled with fear. As Wes dragged him out, he quickly said, "Mr. Freeman, Liv went to West Village last time to see me. Who knew there would be a fire?"

John turned and walked over to him. His deep eyes gazed coldly at him. "Then why weren't you there?"

The man froze. "I... I saw the fire as soon as I arrived, so I went to report to the police..."

"Oh? Really?"

"Of course!"

John sneered, lifted his leg, and kicked him out. "F*ck off!"

Wes quickly dragged the man out and closed the door

behind him.

Olivia was still lying on the bed in the same position. Even her pants and clothes remained disheveled.

She buried her head under the covers, not daring and not wanting to look up.

‘How am I going to explain it?

‘I got tricked twice because of Uncle Wallace?

‘Or was I forced?

‘Will John buy it?’

“Olivia.”

He called coldly from behind her.

It was like the devil’s voice, making Olivia shudder and

cry.

“What’s the matter? Are you still waiting to sleep with

someone? How cheap. You even like a loser like this.”

Chapter 50

Olivia wanted to move too, but her legs were numb, so

she stayed in the position.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed her head and lifted her from the bed. "Are you afraid to answer? Olivia, why are you so cheap? Can't you stand being alone for a day?"

"I was forced..."

"Forced? You seemed to be enjoying yourself. How were you forced?"

John's mockery made Olivia's heart ache. 'Can't he see how messy the place is?'

He was fooled after all.

"I was forced."

She repeated.

John got angrier and squeezed harder. His other hand gripped her chin, forcing her to look him in the eye.

Their eyes met, and Olivia shuddered.

"Olivia, you forced me to do this!"

'Forced? Yes, I forced him.'

Olivia had no idea where she got the courage. She punched John in the chest repeatedly, crying and yelling.

“What the h*ll do you know? John, you’re braindead! I have nothing to do with the man. Not two years ago, and not now. Anyone can see it!”

John froze. She was different. Before, she would only cry and beg him to believe her, but she began to fight back.

He lifted his hand and pinned Olivia down on the bed, looking sinisterly at her.

“I was wondering why he looked so familiar. It turns out he’s the same man from two years ago! Did you betray me and lose our baby for this piece of trash?”

“I didn’t! How many times have I told you Dorothy set me up? How many times do I have to tell you that she tricked me into going to the hotel and tricked you into seeing it? She even got me drunk and took pictures of me.

||

“As for the baby...”

Olivia stopped short halfway through the sentence.

She looked at John in despair, already disappointed.

She had explained it many times, but when had John believed her?

It was pointless in saying more.

Therefore, she glared back and yelled, “Yes, I slept with this guy. I was only roleplaying with him. What’s the matter? Hurry and divorce me and be with your kind and innocent Dorothy.”

“Olivia Larson!”

John roared through gritted teeth.

In the past, Olivia would have given in. However, she suddenly refused to do so.

Dorothy did this to her. There was no evidence for her parents’ death, and she could not get Uncle Wallace’s body. Dorothy also made her lose her baby. Her marriage existed in name only. What else did she have left?

Why should she be a coward if she was dying anyway?

“What’s the matter? Are you trying to hit me again? Or do you want something?”

Furious, John yanked Olivia out of bed. Then he grabbed

her by the back of her neck and dragged her straight back

to the car.

Olivia struggled. “What are you doing?”

“Olivia, I was too easy on you after all!”

“How were you easy on me?”

He suddenly turned around in the driver’s seat and grabbed her by the neck, his eyes terrifyingly scarlet

Olivia struggled, her beautiful eyes full of tears. Her cheeks were red as she had difficulty breathing. Her hands hammered John repeatedly.

“Olivia, stay in your room from now on. You’re not allowed to take a single step outside!”

Just when Olivia thought she was passing out from lack of oxygen, John let go and stepped on the gas.

She was dizzy from the lack of oxygen, and her lungs

ached, causing her to cough and swallow the blood back.

‘Freedom?’

‘What freedom did John give me?’

After coughing for a long time, Olivia came to herself, looked at the grim– faced John, and asked,
“Johnny, have you ever loved me?”