

G.H Hooked 191

Chapter 191

You jeik! You have no right to scold Sts Liv

Zyla finished yelling, grabbed Olivia, and ran away before John reacted

Olivia was still in a daze when they got to the car

Zyla had just slapped John in public!

She knew Zyla was bold, but she had no idea she was that bold. John was so concerned about his reputation that she was treading dangerous grounds

Worried, Olivia grabbed Zyla's hand. "Zyla, you need to get out of Ocean City. Run as far as you can!"

"Huh? Why?"

Seeing Zyla looking indifferent, Olivia got more worried. The girl was not even alert.

"You just slapped Johnny in public. He won't let you off the hook. I'll give you money to leave."

"Sis Liv, you don't have to worry. It's all right.)

"No, I can't let anything happen to you!"

Zyla paused first before tears filled her eyes. Then she hugged her. "Sis Liv, I'm glad you care so much about me. I really do."

“You...”

“Sis Liv, it’s not the first time I’ve scolded him. Even if I slapped him this time, he deserves it!”

Zyla wiped her tears and said through gritted teeth, “You never wronged him, but he never treated you well. He owes you this. I’ll do it for you since you can’t bring yourself to do it.

“What’s more, I’m not that fragile, Sis Liv. I’m unbeatable, so I’m not leaving. I want to keep you company. I can’t leave you alone again.”

Olivia had mixed feelings when she heard this.

Having Zyla with her was nice. She was no longer lonely and sad.

However, she wanted Zyla to live more than she wanted herself to live.

“You don’t understand what John’s capable of. He...”

Before she could finish, Zyla interrupted, “Sis Liv, let me stay whether I live or die.

You’ve driven me away several times before, and something has happened to you every time I’m gone. I can’t live with that!”

Both were stubborn-so much so that Olivia tried to knock her out and had Zac

escort her out of town.

However, before she could make up her mind, she received a phone call from Dorothy.

She glanced at Zyla and did not answer it until she got out of the car.

“Yes?”

She and Dorothy had nothing to say, especially after Uncle Wallace’s body was stolen.

Dorothy laughed on the other end of the line. “Liv, why are you so cold? We’re good sisters. Can’t we say what’s truly in our heart?”

“Cut the crap and stop pretending!” Olivia gritted her teeth. “Give me back Uncle Wallace!”

“Uncle Wallace? Isn’t Uncle Wallace dead? Have you forgotten that you killed him yourself?”

“Dorothy, you falsely accused me of murder and faked my affair. Don’t think I don’t know that! You’ve done so many bad things. Watch out for karma!”

Olivia never relented when it came to Dorothy, so she was not interested in beating around the bush with her.

“Olivia, do you know why Johnny doesn’t like you?” Dorothy sneered. “It’s because you’re boring!”

Olivia frowned. “Just say what you want. There’s no need to beat around the bush.”

She already knew how Dorothy was.

“Ha, promise me two things if you want the old man’s body so badly.”

Dorothy sneered. “First, sign the divorce papers. Second, admit the murder! I want you to get a death sentence and leave Johnny forever!”

Her heart and lungs twitched as the smell of blood gushed from her throat.

She should have known better.

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Back in the car, Zyla quickly asked when she saw her gloomy expression, "Was that Dorothy?"

She shook her head. "No, it's just a spam call."

Zyla did not believe her and pursued it. "You look so pale. It must be..."

Olivia looked coldly ahead and started the car before interrupting, "Zyla, you're hurt. I'll take you back to the Golden Hills Apartment first. Help me make soup with the ingredients in the fridge. I have something to do. I'll be back for dinner after I'm done."

"Sis Liv, are you going to leave me alone again?"

Remembering what Dorothy had just said, Olivia bit her lip and said with scarlet eyes, "Be good. I'm only seeing Zac."

Zyla was relieved to hear that he was seeing Zac.

"Okay, hurry back."

"Okay."

After dropping Zyla off at Golden Hills Apartment, Olivia immediately drove to Zac's law firm.

When it was over, she would find a way to send Zyla away.

Otherwise, it was too dangerous.

She was more worried about Dorothy than she was about John.

Dorothy said on the phone earlier, "Olivia, you'd better keep an eye on your lackey, or

it won't be a false alarm again next time!"

"So it is you!"

"Yes, it's me!" Dorothy sneered. "Not only that, but I also tampered with your medicine test report and your car accident.

"So I advise you not to try any tricks, or the old man will not be the only one crushed. to death, but also you and your lackey!"

She knew what happened at the hospital was not that simple. It was Dorothy's doing

again.

With that in mind, Olivia put more pressure on the gas pedal.

Zyla was kind to her, so she must protect her!

She would not let Dorothy off the hook so easily!

So what if Johnny believed her?

She must pay the price for murder and arson. She was willing, even if it meant letting her and Dorothy die together.

Zac was reviewing the documents when Olivia burst into his office.

“Mr. Quinton, help me prepare the divorce papers.”

Zac froze at that before looking up.

He was shocked to see Olivia’s red eyes and her looking like she was prepared to die.

He got up to close the door and whispered, “Have you made up your mind? Or did Johnny bully you again?”

“Neither.”

She pursed her lips and smiled sadly. “Uncle Wallace’s body is in Dorothy’s hands. It’s her condition.”

She wanted a divorce at first and let go so that John could be happy.

However, Dorothy was pushing so hard, and John was so distrustful of her that she

refused to divorce in retaliation.

Why would she want to give the cheating couple what they wanted?

Therefore, without waiting for Zac to ask, she said, “The divorce agreement needs two copies, and they need to be mailed from abroad in a month.”

Zac froze slightly. “Two? Are you and Johnny registered in two countries?”

Olivia nodded. “Yeah, Johnny suggested it on our honeymoon.”

Her heart tingled with pain as she recalled their past.

The pain seemed to remind her constantly that she still loved the man.

She forced a smile to hide her emotion.

“Zac, I can’t let Uncle Wallace die without a complete corpse. And I don’t want to make it easy for her, so that’s it, okay?”

Zac frowned as he was upset.

He knew how much Uncle Wallace meant to her, and he failed his duty by not protecting Uncle Wallace’s body.

Then he put down his pen, leaned over, took a document pouch from the locked drawer, and handed it to him.

“Liv, I think you’ll need this.”

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Olivia froze slightly before taking the document pouch. “What’s this?”

“Uncle Wallace’s autopsy report.”

‘Autopsy report?’

Olivia widened her eyes and looked at him in disbelief. “Wasn’t the body stolen?”

“Before I sent it to the police station, I called the most authoritative forensic pathologist in the country to do an autopsy. He made this report. It’s proof of your innocence.”

The word “innocence” cut deep into her heart.

Uncle Wallace’s body exonerated her, but she was going to plead guilty for Uncle Wallace’s death.

She thought it was a little funny, so she threw back her head and laughed. “Justice has long arms. Zac, thank you.”

Maybe because Olivia laughed and started crying, it worried Zac.

He scrambled to hand her tissue and quickly said, “Liv, I’m sorry about Uncle Wallace.

I didn’t ask anyone to guard it, or it wouldn’t have been stolen, but trust me, we’ll find it.”

“I don’t blame you. You’ve helped me a lot.”

Zac looked at her sornily for a while before comforting her, “Liv, stop blaming yourself. Dorothy’s a monster. It’s not your fault.”

How could it not be her fault?

If it were not for her, Uncle Wallace would not be dead, let alone not be buried yet.

Olivia wiped her tears and bit her lip, saying, “Did I scare you?”

Just then, an assistant knocked at the door and walked in. "Mr. Quinton, we found Ben. He's in Willow City, but we have no way to determine the exact location."

"Okay, got it," Zac replied and waved his assistant out.

'Ben?'

Olivia's eyes darkened. 'Isn't Ben the driver who hit Zac on purpose?'

The last time she and Zyla ran to Ben's house, she was a little late, and Ben got away.

If they could find Ben, maybe they could use him to testify against Dorothy.

Once Dorothy was caught, a lot of things would be sorted out.

"Zac, I..."

Before Olivia could finish, Zac had put on his coat and said, "I know what you're

trying to say. You want to go to Willow City with me, don't you?"

"Yeah, he must know a lot of things. I must find him!"

Zac knew he could not stop her, so he nodded. "Okay, but you have to listen to me. Don't force yourself, and take your medicine on time."

Olivia said obediently, "Yeah, shall we go now?"

"Yeah. I've got people searching for him, and we'll be able to find him faster if we narrow it down."

Olivia followed him, her hands clasped nervously.

If Ben could prove Dorothy guilty, maybe they could exonerate Olivia from what happened two years ago, and then...

However, her heart twinged at the thought of John's cold disgusted eyes. She could not help but sigh. Perhaps they could not go back.

The King's Club.

A group of girls sat around John and kept passing him drinks.

"Take my drink, Mr. Freeman."

"No, have mine first."

John frowned, smashed his glass to the ground, and snapped, "Get the f*ck out! Get the f*ck out of here!"

Seeing him lose his temper, the girls were scared to stay and quickly ran away.

"Wes, who told you to let them in?"

Wes looked helpless. John asked them to come in. Why was he losing his temper now?

However, he dared not talk back.

Sorry, no next time.”

Fortunately, John did not ask any more questions. Instead, he finished the wine nearby and lit his cigarette.

The room was dark, and only smoke could be seen.

“Wes, why on earth would she lie to me?”

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‘Why lie?’

Wes sighed. He knew John was still in love with Madam, but...

“Sir, when was the last time you had a candlelight dinner with Madam?”

“What’s the matter? Are you blaming me for not spending time with her?”

John sneered and snubbed his cigarette. “How did she treat me two years ago? She lied to me and betrayed me, and she never repented!”

“Sir, there’s been a lot of talk about you and Ms. Ellis these past two years. No woman in the world would tolerate her best friend betraying her with her husband.”

Seeing that John was drunk, Wes ventured to say, “What’s more, you weren’t with Madam two years ago when she suffered a miscarriage. Sir, did it ever occur to you. that this was all a misunderstanding?”

John was silent. He did not know what was wrong with him.

He hated her so much, but he was always trying to defend her. Or he would not be checking her medicines.

'Is it really a misunderstanding?'

Just then, his phone rang.

"Sir, Madam had gone to Willow City with Mr. Quinton. Do you want to follow them?"

John's eyes were dark, and the veins of his hand were bulging as he held his glass." How many people are there?"

"Just the two of them."

Bang!

John kicked the coffee table so hard that all the bottles and cans on it fell to the floor.

After hanging up, he got up and glared coldly at Wes. "Ha, you're wrong. She and I have never had a misunderstanding!"

Three hours later, they were in Willow City's Clear Springs.

It was said to be the last area where Ben was seen.

However, Clear Springs was not that big. They checked all the surveillance cameras, but there was no sign of Ben

Olivia's heart clenched She did not have that much time.

It was cold, and the wind made Olivia shiver.

Not wanting her to catch a cold, Zac advised, "Wait in the car. I'll let you know as soon as I find anything."

"No, I'll look for it with you. Clear Springs is too big. You and the surveillance cameras won't be enough."

If he wanted to hide, he would avoid the surveillance cameras.

Olivia took a few steps forward, peered into the back alley, and saw two people kicking a man on the ground.

"Stop it. I won't do it again. Please leave me alone. Don't take me to the police."

'The man's voice...'

Although Ben only worked as a driver for the Larson family for a short time, Olivia paid more attention to him because he pursued Dorothy before.

The man's voice was similar to Ben's, and it naturally caught her attention.

After thinking twice about it, Olivia spoke.

"Stop it! Do you want to kill him?"

The two men turned around and looked at her fiercely. "What's the matter? Do you know him? He just stole something from the store. Are you going to pay for him?"

"How much is it? I'll pay."

“Twenty thousand dollars! Not only did he steal food but also my gold watch!”

Olivia frowned and glanced at the man on the floor.

He was in rags, unkempt, and bleeding so much from the beating that she could not see his face.

Suddenly, a voice overhead rang. “Wilbur, take these two to the police station!”

“Yes!”

The two men quickly backed down and ran away.

Zac stood behind her and whispered, “Is this Ben?”

Wilbur scooped the man up from the ground. Olivia took a closer look and was still unable to tell. She pressed her lips together and called, “Ben?”

The man’s expression changed as he wanted to escape immediately, but Wilbur caught him.

“Liv, let’s go back to the hotel. It’s too cold outside.”

This time, Olivia did not say no. Her pale lips said, “Okay.”

She trembled at the thought of this man as a key witness.

How did things end up like this?

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At the hotel.

Ben, clean and dripping in water, came in and plopped down on his knees. "Ms. Larson, let me live!"

It seemed he had recognized her.

Olivia pulled a blanket from the side and threw it at Ben. She said through clenched teeth, "Look up."

Ben obediently looked up at them, trembling. "Ms. Larson, Mr. Quinton, let me live."

"It seems you recognize us. Who told you to hit Mr. Quinton?"

Ben bit his lip and hesitated as if frightened.

"Are you not going to tell me?"

Olivia put her hands around her chest, pretending to be calm. "You should know Mr. Quinton is a lawyer. We have the surveillance video of you hitting him. How many years do you think you'll get for a hit-and-run?"

"A minimum of three years for hit-and-run, and a minimum of ten years for intentional homicide. You might get the death penalty too!"

Zac answered, scaring Ben out of his wits with a few words.

She could see that Ben was afraid to die, or he would not be reduced to a beggar and live in degradation.

Not long after, Ben kneeled on the ground. "Dorothy told me to do it. I have nothing to do with it. Please let me go!"

'I knew it was Dorothy!'

"Did Dorothy give you money to hit Mr. Quinton with the car?"

"Yes."

"Tell us everything you know, and your mother can peacefully live out her old age in Green Mountain Nursing Home, or..."

"I'll tell you!"

"Dorothy made me this way!" Ben looked at the two in horror. "She wants to kill me!"

"Kill him?"

Olivia curled her lip. "It's not unusual for Dorothy to kill someone."

"Ben, you do know the Quinton family is the second largest family in Ocean City,

right? If you want to live, tell me everything and come with me to the police to testify."

Terrified, Ben nodded.

He knew Zac was worse than Dorothy.

"I hit Mr. Quinton that night, and I faked Dorothy's car accident. I have proof of our conversation!

"And I know who killed Uncle Wallace!"

Olivia's expression changed as her nails dug into her flesh. She asked, "Who killed Uncle Wallace?"

"Cole."

"What?"

"Cole?"

She thought Cole was only a false witness, but he turned out to be the killer!

'But...'

She stepped forward and stared coldly at Ben, her lips trembling. "Did you see it with your own eyes?"

"Yeah, I went to see Dorothy the night before and heard about it, so I went with her to West Village the next day and saw Cole stab Uncle Wallace in the chest. After the first stab, he pulled it out again..."

Before Ben could finish, Olivia roared, "Shut up!"

"Why?" She bent over and grabbed Ben. Staring at him with wide eyes, she asked through gritted teeth, "Why didn't you save Uncle Wallace when you saw it

happening? Uncle Wallace treated you well, and you let him die?"

Ben was scared out of his wits. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead. "I... I was

scared."

“Scared?”

Olivia looked up suddenly, picking up an ashtray and slamming it onto Ben’s back. She was shaking all over.

“You let someone die, kept information from us, and helped the devil get away with it I’ll kill you right now!”

“Ms. Larson, please don’t kill me!”

Zac hugged and consoled her softly, “Liv, Dorothy has Uncle Wallace’s body. You can’t be impulsive.

Uncle Wallace’s body...”

Olivia snapped back to her senses and dropped the ashtray, causing Ben to scream.

“Zac. Uncle Wallace died in vain. I want Dorothy in jail. I want Cole dead!”

“Okay.”

After calming down, Olivia wiped her tears and glanced coldly at Ben.

“What else do you know?”

Maybe Ben had never seen Olivia like this before. He shook his head hurriedly. “No more. That’s all I know.”

“Okay, come back with us to Ocean City and be a witness. I’ll spare your life.”

“Thank you, Ms. Larson. Thank you, Ms. Larson.”

To ensure there were no accidents, Zac let Wilbur lead the way while he sat in the back with Olivia and watched Ben just in case he pulled any tricks.

The car ride was quiet all the way.

Just before entering Ocean City, a large truck suddenly rushed toward the car.

The driver tried to avoid it, but the truck drifted and hit the front...

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As soon as the car was hit, Zac rolled over and wrapped Olivia in his arms as if it were on reflex.

“Watch out!”

There was a loud crash, and the car finally came to a stop as it hit a tree.

Olivia was dazed by the impact, and blood ran down her forehead, blinding her eyes.

She reached out to grab Ben’s arm. “Ben? Ben?”

However, no matter how much she yelled, Ben did not respond.

He could not let anything happen to Ben, or their efforts would go to waste!

Unable to see Zac’s injuries, she crawled over with difficulty and shook Ben, her voice hoarse and tearful. “Ben, wake up! You can’t die!”

“Ms... Ms. Lar... Larson...”

Ben spoke, his voice slurred.

However, she was overjoyed when she heard his voice. "Ben, are you alright?"

"Ms. Larson, I'm sorry, but I might not make it..."

His voice was small, and his breathing was vague as if it might stop the next moment.

Olivia was instantly stunned as she grabbed his arm. "You can't die! I want you to testify against Dorothy!"

"No... Ms. Larson. I'm dying..."

"There's something I wanted to tell you just now." Ben gasped as blood streamed from his mouth. "Actually... at the time of your accident two years ago. Mr. Freeman's also..."

Before he finished, Ben spat out another mouthful of blood.

Olivia panicked, crying and shaking him. "What's wrong with Johnny? What does Johnny have to do with this?"

"Mr..."

However, before he could finish, Ben's chest jerked several times, and his head cocked before going silent.

Olivia frantically cried and asked, "What happened to Johnny? Ben, finish your sentence! Finish it!"

However, Ben did not respond, no matter how she shook him.

Just then, a drop of hot liquid landed on her face.

Olivia subconsciously touched it with her hand. It felt sticky.

She looked up in pain and saw bright red blood dripping from Zac's head.

"Zac?"

She called out, but no one answered.

She panicked and was flustered. The pain in her body was unbearable. She had no idea if her baby was okay.

However, she could not care less. Her right hand fumbled through the broken glass for a long time before she found a phone and called for help.

"Olivia, you finally..."

Before she could finish, she abruptly hung up as if in shock. Then she called Zyla with his last breath.

"Zyla, save me..."

With that said, her consciousness began to wander, and she was still vaguely in shock.

She subconsciously called John. 'What a horrible habit...'

When Olivia woke up again, she had barely opened her eyes when she smelled a rush

of disinfectant.

She knew without hesitation that she was in a hospital.

She frowned and opened her eyes. Vaguely, she saw Zyla talking to the nurse. Therefore, she suddenly sat up in bed and grabbed her.

“How’s Ben? How’s Zac?”

Zyla was delighted to see her awake. She held her hand and consoled her, “Sis Liv, lie down. You’re hurt. You can’t get out of bed yet.”

“Why won’t you answer my question? Has something happened to them?”

Olivia’s eyes went red instantly as she tugged at Zyla’s arm and asked desperately.”

Hurry and tell me. Where’s Ben?”

Her eyes were helpless and scared. Zyla could feel her hands shaking.

“Sis Liv...”

“Come on, Zyla. What happened to them?” She looked blankly at Zyla, tears streaming down her face and onto the quilt.

Zyla knew she had to say something sooner or later. Olivia would not give up if she would not tell her.

She gulped and bit her lip. “Sis Liv, I’m sorry... Ben’s dead.”

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'Ben's dead?'

Olivia was still in a trance as she tugged at Zyla. Her face was pale and bloodless as she said, "Say that again."

"Ben's... dead."

"No way! Impossible!"

Olivia cried and shook her head. "You're lying to me, aren't you?"

Zyla had no idea what had happened, but she knew Ben was an important witness.

It would upset Olivia now that he was dead.

Therefore, she hugged Olivia tightly and comforted her in a whisper, "Sis Liv, I'm sorry. He was already dead when the ambulance got there."

"How is that possible?"

Ignoring the needle in her hand, Olivia shook Zyla desperately, crying and asking repeatedly.

How could the witness she tried so hard to find just die?

Zyla frowned as the tube in her hand ran red with blood. However, she could not think of anything to comfort her, so she let Olivia shake her.

Finally, Olivia cried until she passed out, and Zyla breathed a sigh of relief.

Once Olivia was settled in, Zyla returned to Golden Hills Apartment with groceries, preparing to make her soup.

Hospital.

“Hsss!”

An excruciating pain made Olivia sit up in bed.

She met a pair of malicious eyes as soon as she opened her eyes.

She subconsciously wanted to hide but found someone pressing her left hand hard. Seeing the bright red blood seeping through the gauze, Dorothy let go with a sneer.

“Ha, Olivia. You’re so lucky that it didn’t kill you!”

With that said, Dorothy smiled triumphantly “But Ben isn’t as lucky as you.”

Dorothy smiled more when Olivia was silent.

“Liv, what’s with that expression? Shouldn’t you be glad you survived?”

Olivia swallowed the pain and propped herself up in bed. She looked at Dorothy as if she were going to bite her to pieces. “Dorothy!”

“Actually, I’ve been looking for Ben for a long time. Thank you very much for helping me find him. Otherwise, it would probably have taken more time.”

Dorothy sneered. “The man was so good that he pretended to be a beggar to get away from me. Liv, you’re good. You found him.”

Olivia's pupils dilated as if she thought of something.

"Did you plan the car accident?"

"That's right. Am I supposed to let you bring Ben back and testify against me?"

Boom!

Olivia's mind buzzed.

She thought she was the first to find evidence of Dorothy's crime, but she did not expect that Dorothy would find out and then let her destroy it in front of her!

She looked at Dorothy with scarlet eyes as her teeth crunched. "Dorothy, you're a monster!"

"Really? But I remember warning you not to feign compliance. Or you will suffer the consequences. Why did you disobey me?"

Dorothy leaned over and squeezed Olivia's jaw. "But I loved watching you suffer. It's a pleasure to watch!"

"You!"

"What's wrong with me? You must hate me, don't you?"

Dorothy was unbothered. She was now in control and was not afraid.

Then she smiled dismissively. "Olivia, have you forgotten how much leverage I have on you? You're over-confident to think you can fight me!"

“Dorothy Ellis

Olivia was shaking all over The thought of her brother and Uncle Wallace made her reach out and grab Dorothy by the hair

Just as she was about to pull, she heard Dorothy say. “Do you know Zac’s dying because of you?”

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Zac...

The image of Zac shielding her beneath him as blood ran down his face with his eyes closed flashed across Olivia’s mind, and she turned weak.

By the way, Zyla did not seem to answer her question when she asked.

is he... really dying...?’

‘Olivia, you’re a troublemaker! Forget about your hooking up. Won’t your conscience hurt when you make them all die because of you?’

“Shut up!”

Olivia looked up, stared coldly at Dorothy, and pushed her out.

Then she took the needle off her hand, sat on Dorothy, and slapped Dorothy.

“Dorothy, I warn you to stop touching people around me. Or I will make sure you can’t be Mrs. Freeman even if I died!”

Dorothy was in pain as she shouted, “Olivia, are you crazy? I still have your brother. Do you want him dead?”

“Or you don’t want the old man’s body back?”

Olivia paused as her eyes darkened. She looked like a demon from hell.

Dorothy gulped and suppressed her fear. “Olivia, still won’t let go? Don’t forget. You killed Ben!”

Hatred swept over Olivia.

However, she knew it would not bring back Uncle Wallace’s body even if she killed Dorothy now, let alone Ben’s life.

Her mouth twitched as she spoke coldly, “Dorothy, don’t worry. You will go to hell one day!”

However, Dorothy did not care about the threat.

Dorothy pushed Olivia away, got up, patted the dust off her, and left with a cold snort.

Olivia just slumped on the floor. She thought she was about to get her revenge, but...

Her nails sank deep into the flesh. She did not let go even when they were dripping

with blood

Zyla came in with the soup, only to find a mess. It took her a long time to find Olivia with red eyes on the ground.

When she saw her arms mangled, Zyla's heart broke. She grabbed her hand and cried, "Sis Liv, don't do this. We still have a chance."

"A chance?"

Olivia looked blankly at her before suddenly snorting and saying with a laugh, "I know

everything, but I can't do anything about it. I hate myself so much. Why am I so useless?

"Uncle Wallace and Ben are dead because of me, and Zac's dying too. I..."

She began to cry as she spoke.

Zyla hugged her and patted her on the back. "Sis Liv, don't blame yourself. It's not your fault."

After crying for an unknown amount of time, Olivia suddenly grabbed Zyla. "Where's -Zac?"

"Mr. Quinton is wounded and resting in the ward."

"Wounded?"

Olivia was skeptical. Dorothy said he was dying.

Therefore, she got up and ran out, ignoring her wounds.

Seeing this, Zyla rushed to help her.

"Sis Liv, where are you going with these wounds?"

“I’m going to meet Zac.”

“Mr. Quinton’s fine. He was only hit on the head and had his right hand broken. The rest are only flesh wounds.”

Olivia was skeptical. “Isn’t he dying?”

Zyla was stunned. “Who did you hear that from? He woke up a little earlier before you did.”

“But isn’t Ben dead?”

“Ben... Sis Liv, Ben didn’t die in the car accident.”

“What?”

Olivia stopped, turned, and grabbed Zyla’s hand. Even her voice was shaking. “What

did you just say?”

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“What do you mean he didn’t die in the car accident?”

“When I got there, I checked and saw Ben’s head smashed.”

Zyla frowned. “After the accident, his rib cage was crushed by the front seat. There was severe internal bleeding, but there was a small chance that he could be saved.”

Olivia’s heart twitched. Her legs went limp, and she slid straight down.

“Ha, it’s Dorothy! She had him smashed to death to make sure he couldn’t speak again.”

Olivia supported herself as her pale lips said through clenched teeth, “After all, only the dead can keep secrets forever.”

However, it also proved that everything Ben said was true.

Including the fact that Uncle Wallace was killed by Cole!

She narrowed her eyes, took a deep breath, and lifted her spirits. “Zyla, come with me to see Zac.”

“Sis Liv...”

Zyla tried to persuade her to rest, but she swallowed the words before speaking.

However, the two met a pair of deep dark eyes as soon as the door opened.

“Jerk John? F*ck off. Get out of the way!”

Zyla disliked John, so she was not nice to him.

Especially now that Olivia was so weak. Anything could happen if anything triggered

her.

However, John had no intention of leaving. He glanced coldly at Zyla.

It reminded her that she had slapped him last time, and she could not help feeling guilty.

However, Zyla did not want to lose. "You..."

Olivia stopped her. "Zyla, go out first."

"Sis Liv..

"Go out"

Reluctant but also did not want to upset Olivia, Zyla walked out obediently.

Olivia turned and sat back on the bed. Without looking at John, she asked indifferently, "Mr. Freeman, what are you doing here?"

The last time they saw each other was in the hospital.

John answered her insistently, forcing her to admit that she had done something she never did.

John came just after Dorothy left today. It was hard not to associate the two.

"Have you come to defend your little lover?"

John frowned. His dark eyes were deep, and people could not tell his emotion.

When he received her phone call last night, he thought she had come to apologize. He was full of joy, but she hung up without saying a word.

Just as he was about to rush over to pick on her, the hospital called and said she had been in an accident.

His heart instantly paused at that moment. He postponed his meeting and ran to the hospital.

He only left when he knew she was all right.

He ran to the hospital after being up all night and finishing a meeting, but what was her attitude?

“Olivia, what attitude is this?”

‘Attitude?’

Olivia sneered. “Mr. Freeman, what do you think I should do?”

He never wanted to trust her, and he hurt her repeatedly, leaving her heart full of holes.

What attitude should she take?

John reached out and grabbed her jaw, forcing her to lock eyes with him.

Olivia felt like her heart was breaking at that moment.

The face she once yearned for made her so disappointed in just one glance that she was also breathless.

Therefore, she looked away.

“Why won’t you look at me?”

“You’re not good-looking.”

The man sneered, “I’m not good-looking? Olivia, who do you think looks good then? Zac or Aaron?”

Olivia frowned. 'What the h'll is he up to?'

He sounded jealous, but he did not love her anymore. How could he be jealous?

After a long standoff, Olivia suddenly asked, "John, would you believe me if I told you Dorothy set up the car accident?"

"Why would Dolly do that?"

"To silence Ben."

Olivia looked up at him. "There's a man named Ben Wilson in the car. He knows who killed Uncle Wallace and the truth about what happened two years ago, so he was silenced.

"He was also the driver who hit Zac last time, which Dorothy also set up."

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With that said, the room was so quiet that even the sound of breathing was noisy.

Olivia looked coldly at John. She was betting on whether this man would believe her, even partially for once.

"Did you go to Willow City overnight for Zac?"

The question caught Olivia off guard.

She froze. "John went to see Ben for me. He can prove my innocence and testify against Dorothy. Of course, I'm going."

"Olivia, do you hate Dolly so much?"

His voice was cold-cold enough to freeze Olivia.

For a moment, she did not know how to argue.

Was he saying that she was narrow-minded and obsessed with Dorothy?

After a long time, she grinned bitterly. "I get it."

John frowned as his eyes changed slightly. He got a little annoyed. "What sarcastic thing are you trying to say?"

"Sarcastic? Mr. Freeman, you think of me as a petty, vicious, and unclean woman, don't you?"

With every breath Olivia took, her heart ached like it was tearing.

He still refused to believe her.

John loosened her jaw. "Isn't it? Don't you always blame Dolly?"

'Blame?'

Olivia got up and said with a smile, "Mr. Freeman, at least we were in love once. Do you need an outsider like Dorothy to tell you what kind of person I am?"

"You looked me up because you don't believe me. You looked up my medicine and trips. Then you use results that I'm doubtful of their authenticity to make me confess to everything."

Another throbbing of her heart and lungs nearly knocked her off her footing.

However, she was angry, resentful, and aggrieved, and she could not bear it any longer.

She grabbed John's tie and shouted, "John, Dorothy killed Uncle Wallace and threw his body into the river. I finally got the body back, and she accused me of killing

Uncle Wallace. Then she stole Uncle Wallace's body and threatened me!

"It's all because of you, John! She killed Uncle Wallace to get you!"

As she spoke, the tears began to flow again.

Olivia sniffed and tugged at John's tie, pulling his head so low that it hurt.

"Do you know I have a hard time finding Ben? I'm about to prove my innocence and tell the truth, and what happened?"

She glared at John with scarlet eyes and shouted, "This woman set up a car accident and killed Ben!

"John, you're an accomplice too!"

After yelling, she shoved John out of the way and collapsed on the bed herself.

John knocked the glass down, and it broke all over the floor.

Outside, Zyla heard the noise and rushed in, throwing her arms out in front of Olivia to protect her.

"Mr. Freeman, can you stop hurting Sis Liv? If you like that b*tch Dorothy that much, get a divorce and let Sis Liv go!"

She expected John to lose his temper, but he just gave Olivia a cold, sullen glance and walked out of the room.

Seeing him leave, Olivia let out a sigh of relief and leaned back against the covers like she had nothing to look forward to anymore.

Zyla turned around to make sure she was not hurt before breathing a sigh of relief." Sis Liv, that b*stard didn't hit you, did he?"

Olivia shook her head. "No."

"Good. I'm afraid he'll hurt you."

"I pushed him just now."

Stunned, Zyla helped Olivia up, put her in a more comfortable position, and began to clean up the mess.

Olivia turned her back to Zyla as tears could not help falling onto the pillow.

He did not believe her after all....

Her heart ached.