

## **G.H Hooked 201**

### Chapter 201

After Zyla finished picking up the glass shards on the floor, she turned to look at Olivia, who was on the bed.

When she saw her thin shoulders shaking, she knew that Olivia was crying again.

She sighed helplessly. She walked out to give Olivia some space.

However, when she got to the door, Olivia suddenly said, "Zy."

Zyla's body shook, and she froze, rooted to the spot.

This was the first time Olivia had addressed her so affectionately in their long time of knowing one another.

Zyla was touched, and she gingerly turned around.

At this moment, Olivia sat up from the bed. Her eyes were red from crying, and her lips were pursed. "Zy, I'm sorry."

"S-Sis Liv..."

Zyla was so nervous that her palms were sweating, and her eyes were staring blankly at Olivia.

'Does she finally recognize me?'

Olivia wiped her tears and forced a smile. "Can I call you that, Zy? Is it be a little rude?"

“N-no, it’s fine.”

“Look at you. Why are you standing there like that?” Olivia licked her dry lips. “I didn’t mean to order you around so sternly just now. You can’t afford to offend someone like John. I don’t want you to become a target to him.”

She was telling the truth.

Olivia knew John’s tactics.

He would never spare Zyla for going against him so brazenly, and combined with Dorothy the sh\*t-stirrer’s presence, Olivia was concerned about Zyla’s safety.

Besides Zac, Zyla was the only one who had been by her side throughout all of this.

When Zyla heard this, her brain finally registered what was going on. A flash of desolation flashed across her eyes, but she sat down on the bed with a grin.

“Sis Liv, you don’t have to keep apologizing to me. I never think you’re to blame.

“And you sound so sweet when you call me Zy. I like it. Sis Liv, can you call me that again?”

Olivia touched Zyla’s nose with a grin. “Zy, you’re so cheeky.”

She felt the most relaxed and happy she ever was whenever she was with Zyla.

She treasured and enjoyed the moment.

The two talked for a while before Olivia went to the toilet to wash her face.

“Cough cough...”

Her lungs were spasming in pain, so she started coughing uncontrollably.

To prevent Zyla from hearing her, she quickly covered her mouth to try to suppress her cough with a frown on her face. However, the metallic taste still rose in her mouth.

She opened her hands to see red on her palms.

She wondered if the medicine was not working, or if she was just beyond curing. It did not seem like she was getting any better.

She walked out of the toilet after washing the blood away.

“Zy, let’s go see Zac.”

“Alright. But are you okay to go do that?”

“I’m fine.”

“Alright, but I’ll hold you.”

After Zyla said that, she held the soup in one hand and held Olivia with the other. They then slowly walked to Zac’s ward.

Olivia touched her stomach. “Zy, if this child is born, I’ll make you the godmother, okay?”

“Okay.”

Zyla was silent for a while after she answered. “Sis Liv, how do you know that the child is still here?”

“I can feel it. If it’s not here anymore, I’d know, right?”

‘Yes, but...’

Olivia smiled. “The child is so strong. It’s been through so many things, having a cancer patient like me for a mom, yet it’s still here. I think it’s destined to come into this world.”

Zyla pressed her lips together. There were a few times she wanted to say something, but in the end, she stopped herself.

When they entered the ward, Zac was making a call, and his tone did not sound friendly at all.

“Go look! You have to find him! If you don’t, all of you can go to hell!”

Chapter 202

When Zac saw Olivia coming in, he hung up the phone, softened his gaze, and asked softly, “Liv, why are you here? Why aren’t you resting?”

Olivia froze for a moment, then she smiled lightly and said, “I’m not as seriously

injured as you. You should be the one resting.”

Zac was always gentle-mannered and had never gotten so angry in front of her before, so she was a little surprised.

Zyla helped her to the chair. Then, she put down the soup, turned around, and walked out.

“I’ll go out and buy you some fruit.”

“Okay. Come back quick.”

Zyla smiled and closed the door. “Don’t worry.”

There were only two people left inside the room now. The atmosphere suddenly dropped in temperature.

After a while, Olivia pursed her lips. “Zac, thank you for saving me again.”

“There you go again.”

“This time... If you hadn’t protected me, the child would definitely be gone now, even if nothing happened to me.”

After Olivia finished speaking, she turned to pour the soup and put the bowl on the small table.

“This is Zy’s soup. Drink more. Treat this as my compensation to you.”

Zac shook his head helplessly when he saw Olivia looking as if she was indebted to him.

“Olivia, when will you get rid of this bad habit of yours?”

“What bad habit?”

She froze for a moment, staring at him with bewildered eyes.

“Don’t always apologize and say thank you as if you owe others a lot. It wasn’t a big deal, and you didn’t cause the accident.”

After that, Zac glanced at her. "What's more, I'm the one indebted to you, as I said."

Olivia knew very well how Zac had taken care of her this entire time.

However, she would never admit that Zac owed her anything.

She knew that there was no need for the two to argue over the matter, so she changed the topic and said, "Drink the soup. Don't waste Zy's efforts."

Zac looked at her helplessly and moved his hand that was in a cast. It looked like quite a challenge.

Of course Olivia understood the hint, but...

After thinking about it, she recalled how Zac used to feed her when she was sick and could not take care of herself. She had to remember her gratitude and try to repay it.

Thus, she lifted the bowl. After testing the temperature, she put it next to Zac's lips. "

Say ahh. Drink up."

Zac was taken aback, and he did not come back to his senses for a while.

"Open up. If not, I'll just walk out of here."

When he heard this, he quickly opened his mouth and swallowed the soup.

For some reason, this soup tasted abnormally sweet, and it penetrated deeply into

his heart.

After three spoons, he said, "Ben's dead. You made that trip in vain again, but don't worry. I'll find Cole and get him to prove your innocence."

Olivia's hand shook when she thought of Ben's death. She almost spilled the soup on

the blanket.

She cared more about Uncle Wallace's body than proving her innocence.

"I don't think Cole will admit his guilt."

"I have ways to make him admit it even if he doesn't want to."

Olivia bit her lip. "Back then, Johnny abducted him and cut off four of his fingers. But even so, he still insisted that I had an affair with him. If not for that, Johnny wouldn't think I had an affair."

When she thought about this, she continued coldly. "I wonder what Cole's relationship to Dorothy is. How could he risk his life to work for her?"

A look of pity flashed across Zac's eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

"Don't worry. I'll handle this, and I won't let you be hurt. At same time, I won't spare Dorothy!"

Olivia pressed her lips together. "I know, but Uncle Wallace's body is still with them.

I'm worried they'll crush his bones and turn him into ash."

Chapter 203

Olivia knew she was not in a good position, but she had people she needed to protect as well.

She could not let Dorothy get away with some of the things she had done.

After Zac drank the soup and the two chatted for a while, Olivia went back to her

ward.

She did not expect Cole to admit his guilt, and she also did not expect him to testify against Dorothy. She did not have any hopes for him as a useful witness.

She could only follow her original plan if she wanted to get Uncle Wallace's body

back.

At this moment, she received a text on her phone.

[Olivia, I don't think that old man's body can last too long. Don't try anything. If you do, I'll do what I said I would.]

At the same time, they also sent a picture.

It was a photo of Ian in the backyard. There was a red line on his neck, hinting that if Olivia was disobedient, he would die.

She frowned, bit her lips, and replied with shaky hands.

[Don't hurt my brother. Give me some time, and I'll do what you asked me to, but you also have to fulfill your promise]



[Alright. I'll wait.]

It was from an unknown number, but Olivia knew it was from Dorothy.

She did not have much time left.

The longer Dorothy did not get what she wanted, the more ruthless she would be to Olivia and everyone she cared about.

Initially, Olivia wanted to get discharged immediately, but Zyla had her eyes on her, so she did not get the chance to do so.

Olivia sighed and leaned her head against the headboard to rest her eyes.

'Whatever. I'll wait for a few days.'

'What if... things take a turn for the better?'

The next day, Olivia woke up to see Zyla standing at the head of her head with freshly -made porridge.

Sometimes, she wondered how Zyla could be in many places at once. If not, how could she watch Olivia all the time yet have the time to go home to make soup and porridge?

"Zy, did you sleep?"

"I did. I fell asleep next to you when you were sleeping."

After she said that, Zyla put the porridge on the small table and teased her. "Why, Sis Liv? Are you planning to sneak out again?"

Olivia chuckled dryly. "How is that possible? I was worried that you didn't get enough sleep."

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Olivia was stunned. There were not a lot of people who knew about her

hospitalization. Who was it?

Zyla walked over to open the door. The moment the door opened, she immediately

slammed it shut.

"You're not welcome here. Get out."

The person outside clearly did not expect Zyla to close the door. His foot that just stepped in was hit by the door. He said in pain, "My foot... You hit my foot! It hurts!"

"It hurts? Serve you right. You should die from the pain."

Zyla was not sympathetic at all. She pushed the door even harder.

The man pined in pain, "I'm here to apologize. Let me see Liv..."

When Olivia heard the voice, she knew who it was. Hence, she frowned and said, "Zy, let him in. It'll be better to make some things clear."

Even though she and John had gotten to this stage, she still did not want him to misunderstand her relationship with Aaron.

Therefore, she hoped Aaron could watch his mouth.

When Zyla heard that, she pushed the door angrily before letting go to let Aaron in.

He had a bouquet of flowers in his hands as he limped to the bed. "Liv, I'm sorry about what happened before. I heard you got into an accident after I came out.

That's why I'm here to see you. I hope you can forgive me."

"Forgive?"

Olivia scoffed. "Aaron, the only reason I'm not looking into this is for the sake of your family.

"I know." Aaron lowered his head and forced a smile. "I know you won't forgive me, so please give me another chance. I can help you deal with Dorothy."

Chapter 204

"Deal with Dorothy?"

This suggestion was tempting.

However, one should not trust someone who had a record of being unfaithful.

Olivia smiled coldly and said, "Aaron, I don't trust you."

Back then, she did trust her childhood friend wholeheartedly.

She thought he would help her get back into the design field and get through this crisis. However, he kept betraying her over and over again.

His degrading behavior and false accusations about her that night at the hotel were still vivid in her mind.

She was not a saint. She could not forgive someone so easily.

“Liv.” Aaron placed the flowers at the end of the bed before lifting his head to look at Olivia. His eyes were filled with desolation. “I know you don’t trust me anymore, and I won’t hope for your forgiveness. But you have to be careful in the future. Dorothy is far more evil and scheming than you think.”

After he said that, he turned to walk out. When he was at the door, he stopped again.

He turned his head, wanting to say something else. Ultimately, he stopped himself and only said one more sentence. “You must come to me if you need me in the future.”

After he left, Zyla frowned and threw the flowers into the bin.

“What a liar!”

Olivia stared at the door with a frown. She felt inexplicably uneasy.

For some reason, she felt like Aaron was hinting at something when he mentioned Dorothy. However, she could not understand what he was trying to say.

“What’s wrong, Sis Liv?”

Olivia came back to her senses and shook her head. “Nothing.”

“Ignore that b\*stard. He deserves to die! I only went to see him to get him to say something incriminating. Who knew it’d be completely useless?”

Upon hearing what Zyla said, Olivia remembered the recording, and her heart started

to ache.

For the next two days, Zyla was always by Olivia's side. The only piece of freedom she had was visiting Zac and feeding him.

Because of this, Zyla's dark circles were darker than a panda's. Olivia was both

amused and sorry when she noticed them.

"Zy, you should go back and sleep. Stop running around for me.

"No."

"I swear I won't sneak out. I'll obediently wait for you to come back, okay?"

Zyla shook her head and rejected it once again. "No."

"I'll be discharged soon, so I swear I won't do that, okay?"

After Olivia's endless pleadings, Zyla was forced to nod without another choice.

Olivia let out a sigh of relief after she sent Zyla away in the afternoon.

That girl seemed so young but she was more determined and maternal than a grandmother.

This made her slightly worried about Zyla's future.

Boom!

The door was suddenly pushed. Then, there was a sound of something heavy falling on the ground. Olivia was jolted awake by the sound.

Before she could sit up, she heard Zac's accusing voice. "Gently! You woke Liv."

"Sorry."

"Whatever. Get out."

"Alright."

Olivia sat up from the bed and looked at Zac in confusion. "Zac?"

Then, she saw Zac pulling something up from the ground. He said with a grin, "Liv, I promised I'd catch Cole for you."

'Cole?'

She came back to her senses after around ten seconds as she stared at the man who was beaten black and blue in front of her.

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Zac ripped the tape off Cole's mouth and ordered, "Tell her."

Cole coughed, and blood flowed from the corner of his lips. "I killed that old man."

'Uncle Wallace...'

When she recalled how tragic Uncle Wallace's death was, Olivia felt as if a knife was twisting in her heart. She gritted her teeth and questioned, "Why? Why did you kill him? Why did you throw his body into the river? Don't you know that the water in there is freezing?"

"Heh, you should blame him for being stupid and nosey. He deserved it for making Dolly mad."

Chapter 205

'Deserved it?'

Olivia was so mad that she kicked Cole from the bed. "You deserve to die! You falsely accused me, framed me, and even killed Uncle Wallace!"

However, her sense of reasoning told her that Cole could not die yet.

If he died, who would testify against Dorothy?

"Liv, how are you going to deal with him? I'll let you decide what happens with this man's life."

Olivia clenched her teeth and glared at Cole with red eyes.

She wanted to kill him right now to avenge Uncle Wallace, but...

She could not.

"Zac, lock him up and send him to the police station tomorrow."

"Sure."

Zac felt sorry for Olivia. After asking Wilbur to take Cole away, he asked in concern, "Liv, are you sure this is what you want?"

He knew how she felt and how suffocating this must be.

She got out of bed, walked to the window, and looked out at the stars in the sky. She forced a smile and said, "Zac, no one wants to kill him right now more than I do. But if I kill him, I won't have the evidence to arrest Dorothy."

If it was not the middle of the night, she would have gone to the police station. immediately and not delayed this further.

Dorothy Ellis, the woman who destroyed her family, must die!

Dorothy was the reason she and John had ended up like this. Her hatred toward Dorothy would only keep on growing and growing without a sign of stopping.

Olivia woke up early the next day. The moment she opened the door, she crashed into Zyla.

"Sis Liv, why are you disobeying me again?"

"Zy, we'll talk later. I have to go find Zac."

Zyla did not know what was going on. However, she did not stop Olivia because of how much in a rush she looked. Instead, she followed behind her.

As the two walked to Zac's ward, they heard the sound of breaking glass and Zac's angry voice.

"How are you so useless? How could you let a man under your watch go?"

"Sir..."



Olivia pushed the door open and walked in. "Is Cole missing?"

Zac's face was dark, but when he saw Olivia, his expression immediately softened." Liv, don't worry. I'll get him back."

Olivia never expected him to escape from Zac.

Wilbur knelt on the ground as he slapped himself over and over again. "Ms. Larson,

I'm sorry for being incompetent. Please don't blame Mr. Quinton.

"I should have sent him to the police station last night. Why did I wait until the morning?"

Olivia's legs gave out under her, and she fell to the ground. Then, she covered her face and started crying.

"Why? Why? Why did I let my chance slip away from right in front of me? Why?"

She kept wondering why. If Cole told the truth, she might still have a chance to get back with John.

How would she make John believe her now? How would she send Dorothy to jail?

Her chest felt so heavy that she could not breathe. She could not catch her breath for a second, and she passed out.

When she woke up, it was afternoon.

She stared at the ceiling blankly, her tears flowing down from her cheeks to the pillow.

'I lost. I lost again.

'It's hard to say whether Cole is still alive now. How will I explain everything that happened in the past two years? How should I avenge Uncle Wallace?'

She finally recomposed herself after some time. Then, she sat up from the bed with red eyes.

She looked around. There was no one in the room.

Olivia put on her cardigan and went out. She planned to visit Zac.

After all, he was not the one to blame, and she did not want him to misunderstand

When she got to Zac's ward, she saw a strange woman walking out.

When the woman saw her, she smiled. "Mrs. Freeman, long time no see."

This woman looked familiar, but Olivia could not remember her. So, she just nodded with a smile.  
"Hello."

"It seems that you don't remember me, Mrs. Freeman." The woman pointed at the door and said with a smile, "I am Rainie Jameson, Zac's fiancee."

Chapter 206

'Fiancee?'

Olivia was slightly taken aback. She had never heard about Zac having a fiancee, so

she was a little surprised for a while.

"You're Mr. Quinton's fiancee?"

“Yeah. Didn’t Zac tell you?”

Olivia shook her head. “Sorry. I don’t ask about Mr. Quinton’s personal affairs.”

This was true.

She and Zac only met because of John, and they would only look into cases when they were together.

However, she could see a hostility in Rainie’s eyes, the kind of hostility that women had toward a rival in love.

She smiled. “Ms. Jameson, there’s nothing going on between Mr. Quinton and me, so don’t listen to those reports.”

Upon hearing that, Rainie smiled lightly and took Olivia’s hand. “Mrs. Freeman, I never doubted you. Don’t be so nervous. Additionally, you’re married, so of course there’s nothing going on between you and Zac.”

After that, Rainie sighed. “But we have met before. You invited me to your eighteenth birthday. Have you forgotten?”

Olivia felt like the name Rainie Jameson was familiar.

After all, the Jameson family had some status in Ocean City, but this person’s appearance did not ring a bell in Olivia’s head.

“Sorry. I’ll remember you the next time.”

“Zac and Mr. Freeman have such a good relationship, so we’ll definitely have more chances to meet in the future. By then, I’ll be around you so much that you will

definitely remember me.”

Olivia pursed her lips and nodded awkwardly. “I remember now.”

“Sure. I’ll leave first as I still have some things to take care of. We’ll talk again after you’re discharged from the hospital.”

“Alright.”

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After Rainie left, Olivia hesitated at the door for a while. In the end, she decided not to go in.

She could leave no room for a scandal. She did not want things to get complicated.

It seemed she would have to keep her distance from Zac in the future.

A woman’s intuition was very accurate. She could sense that even though Rainie looked friendly, she was not that way on the inside.

When Olivia went back to her ward, she texted Zac.

[Mr. Quinton, you don’t have to blame yourself for Cole. It’s my fault. As for defending me, I’ll find another lawyer. You don’t need to worry about this anymore.]

After she sent the text, Olivia received a call from Dorothy.

Olivia frowned and answered in irritation.

“Olivia, do you think you can convict me just because you caught Cole? Stop dreaming! Johnny won’t believe you.”

Of course Dorothy had gotten wind of this. It seemed that everything was pointing to disaster for Cole.

“Are you done?”

Dorothy sneered when she heard Olivia not giving her a reaction. “Don’t you want to know how Cole got away from Zac?”

She wanted to, but she did not want to find out from Dorothy.

“No. I’ll go to you once the divorce agreement is ready. Stop pestering me now.”

“Heh, Olivia, you’re so impatient.” Dorothy scoffed. “Rainie and I are good friends, so how would she not know what’s going on with Zac?”

‘Rainie?’

Olivia bit her lip, feeling a little suspicious.

After all, Rainie was Zac’s fiancée, and she was related to Dorothy, so it was not entirely impossible for her to have let Cole go.

However, she did not have the patience to listen to Dorothy’s nonsense, so she hung up the phone.

After a while, John called her.

Olivia declined without even thinking.

However, John did not give up. He only stopped after he made several more calls.

Olivia put her phone on one side and sighed. She had mixed feelings.

When did she start feeling scared to interact with John?

Now, she just felt glad he had only called her. If he came to see her in person, she might have panicked even more.

Chapter 207

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Zac walked in with his hand in a cast.

“What does that text mean?”

Even though he was suppressing his emotions, Olivia could still clearly sense that the usually-gentle Zac was angry.

She also wanted to explain, but when she thought about Rainie, she held back.” Exactly what it says.”

”

“Exactly what it says?” Zac frowned. “You and I are friends who have been through life and death together. Is this how you treat your friends?”

Olivia was slightly taken aback. She felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

‘Friends...’

Honestly, it had been a long time since she had a friend who could be with her in life and death like this. She did care about him.

However, she could not elaborate.

“Mr. Quinton, I think I have the right to choose which lawyer represents me, right?”

Zac snorted coldly and walked up to her. “Olivia, look at me.”

She looked up at him and said calmly, “Mr. Quinton, are you going to hit me too?”

‘Too?’

That word deeply hurt Zac’s heart, and his face became a little darker. “Do you understand what’s going on? I told you a long time ago to change your temper. Can you not be in a hurry to push everyone around you away when something happens?”

“Also, who do you take me for? When have I ever beaten you?”

After that, he gave Olivia a cold look. “Olivia, your business is my business. We’ve agreed to be friends, so how can you ditch that agreement whenever you want to?”

Immediately after that, he turned around and walked out with a burst of resentment.

Olivia could not come back to her senses after a long while. She thought Zac was like John and would teach her a lesson when he was mad because she did not know

what was good for herself.

Unexpectedly, at the end of the day, he was just mad that she had not treated him

like a friend...

Additionally, she did not know if she was overthinking, but she felt as if Zac had an aura of arrogant resentment about him.

Right now, she was completely lost. She wanted to explain, but she did not know how.

Coincidentally, Zyla walked in through the door right then. She looked curiously at Olivia. "Sis Liv, what happened? I've never seen Mr. Quinton get so mad at you."

Olivia smiled awkwardly, "He's really mad."

"Why did you two fight?"

Zyla put the lunchbox on the table and comforted her. "Sis Liv, don't worry. I made two servings of soup. Come, let's send this to him. Be nice to him when we give it to him there, and this will be over soon."

Hearing this, Olivia laughed dryly. 'What the hell?'

Zyla tugged at her clothes when she saw her not moving. "What's wrong?"

After a while, Olivia raised her head and looked at Zyla, in between laughter and tears. "Zy, it's not that simple."

Later, she told her all about Rainie and her argument with Zac.

After hearing that, Zyla bit her lip. "There's nothing wrong with what you did. You and Mr. Quinton are innocent. What's more, Mr. Quinton was the one who dared to compete with Jerk John when he knows he's in Ocean City.

"Sis Liv, I think we have to look at the bigger picture first. It won't be too late to talk about this when Dorothy is finally sealed with."



After said that, Olivia had some concerns in her heart.

She did not want to keep in touch with Zac knowing that Rainie had an issue with it.

Dorothy was already terrifying. Olivia would not be able to handle it if there was

another one of her.

Seeing her hesitation, Zyla did not say much else. She silently went to give the soup to Zac herself.

However, just as Zyla left, Olivia's phone rang again.

It was an unknown number.

When she answered it, she heard a familiar voice from the other end. "Olivia, how

long are you going to continue doing this?"

Chapter 208

'Continue doing this?'

What was she doing?

She only did not answer the call. Was it that bad?

"Mr. Freeman, I'm a patient and a pregnant lady, so please don't disturb my resting time."

There was silence at the other end of the phone.

When Olivia thought John was about to hang up, she heard his cold question." Disturb your resting time? I think I'm just disturbing your rendezvous with another man."

"John, what nonsense are you spewing?"

"Nonsense? Don't think I don't know what you did in the hospital. Olivia, you..."

Before he could finish, she hung up the phone in anger.

When did this man she had loved for seventeen years become like this?

She admitted to all their grievances so she would not have to argue with him anymore.

Why?

Why did he always come to make trouble?

He was so overbearing, imperious, and stupid!

However, as she cursed at him in her heart, her heart ached as well.

Back then, she felt that love was the most wonderful thing in the world. Now, she knew love was a slow poison.

However, before she could realize it, she was too far gone and beyond cure.

She hated him, but she still could not hide the fact that she loved him.

Olivia lost her appetite after that episode with John, so she decided to climb into bed to sleep.

Zyla came back to see her asleep. She did not want to wake her, so after preparing her a glass of water, Zyla left a note and went back to Golden Hills Apartment.

In the middle of the night, Olivia suddenly felt a gust of cold wind through her blanket.

She instinctively turned to look and saw a black shadow pouncing on her.

She wanted to scream, but the man had his hand on her neck.

“Why? Olivia, why the hell are you like this?”

“Cough cough... Johnny, let go...”

Even though she was in the dark, she knew who this person was.

As opposed to his usual smell of tobacco, he also smelled like alcohol today.

Olivia frowned. It was getting hard for her to breathe, so she patted John’s hand.” Johnny, you’re drunk.”

“Yes, I’m drunk. Do you think I would’ve come here if I wasn’t?”

John scoffed. “Of course you don’t want me here. If I’m here, how can you get lovey-dovey with Zac?”

“I didn’t...”

John was too strong. Olivia’s eyes widened, and she almost suffocated.

“No?”

He let go of her neck and scoffed. “Olivia, you’re so flirtatious. How cheap.”

“Cough cough cough...”

As she coughed fiercely, her lungs started to ache. Her throat was immediately filled with the taste of blood.

However, Olivia still suppressed the blood while frowning. Then, she sat up weakly from the bed.

In the dark, she could not see the man’s face. However, she could feel a coldness that made her shiver uncontrollably.

“John, what the hell do you want? You don’t believe me when I say I didn’t do anything. Do you have to push me to admit it?”

“Push you? Who could push you?”

John lifted his hand to grab Olivia’s chin. Then, he leaned down to kiss her roughly.

She had carefully kept Aaron’s photo and fed Zac in the hospital. He saw all this with his own eyes.

If it was a misunderstanding two years ago and she was really framed, how would she explain doing that?

She kept saying it had been seventeen years, but he did not remember anything.

In his memories, they never met each other seventeen years ago, so he was not the person she loved!

He hated her so much, but John's heart would still hurt when he thought of this.

Hence, he held her waist and pulled her to the bed. His kisses were getting more urgent.

He wanted everything about her to belong to him. No one was allowed to tarnish her!

Chapter 209

Olivia was breathless from the kiss. She desperately pushed John's chest away with both hands.

They were doing the most intimate thing humans could do, but she was not moved at all. On the contrary, she only felt disgusted.

This man had touched Dorothy. He was dirty!

However, she was too weak, and she could not resist the violent John.

As the man's behavior got more and more out of hand, Olivia grabbed an ashtray in her panic and smashed it on John's head without thinking.

"John, are you crazy?"

John let go of her in pain. His body swayed as he clutched his head. He tried to hold onto the bedside table beside him, but he could not catch it because it was too dark, so he slipped and fell to the ground.

After a while, he roared, "Olivia, are you trying to murder your husband?"

Olivia threw the ashtray on the bed in fright. She frantically turned on the light and then got out of bed to check on John's injuries.

Who could have guessed that when she turned on the light, she would see blood on the bed sheet?

When she looked down again, John's head was bleeding. It looked scary.

Olivia panicked immediately. She hated him, but she did not want him to die either.

She ran out in a hurry. "Doctor..."

However, John pulled her back forcefully after she took two steps. He gave her a somewhat impatient look. "Don't make any noise."

"But your... your head... is bleeding, you'll... die..."

Seeing how flustered she was, John stood up from the ground and sat on the edge of the bed. He sneered. "I thought you wanted me to die."

Olivia could not read the look in his eyes, so she bit her lips and said, "I hate you, but I don't want you to die. If you hadn't messed around, I... I wouldn't have hit you."

"Don't worry. Even if you wanted me to die, I won't." John let go of her and pointed to the cabinet beside him. "Go get the medicine box and bandage this up for me."

Upon hearing this, she hesitated but still walked over.

After she opened the cabinet door, she saw a first-aid kit inside. She was taken aback for a moment. "How do you know there's a first-aid kit here?"

"Every single room has it."

Olivia let out an 'oh', took the first-aid kit to the bedside, and stared at John's wound. Then, she swallowed some saliva.

She had bled a lot in her life, but she seldom saw others shed so much blood, especially John, so she could not help but feel a little uneasy.

John frowned when he noticed her not moving. "What are you doing? Are you going to let me bleed to death?"

"

"

She opened the first-aid kit with trembling hands and cleaned up his blood with iodine. "It might hurt a little. Bear with it."

"Okay."

The two of them got along very harmoniously during the disinfection, the application of medicine, and the wrapping of the gauze. It was as if they had returned to two years ago.

He looked at her quietly, but she was worried. She was afraid that he would be in pain.

After dressing the wound, Olivia's eyes fell onto the other side of John's forehead, where there was a fresh scar.

"How did you get this?"

John pushed Olivia away without answering and went straight to the bathroom to check his clothes for blood.

When he noticed a touch of red on the collar of his white shirt, he frowned slightly and called Wes to send him some new clothes.

"I'll leave when Wes gets here with the clothes."

After that, he gave her a cold look. "When will you be discharged from the hospital?"

When she heard him avoiding the topic, Olivia had no idea what got into her, but she felt inexplicably worried. She ran after him and grabbed his arm, asking, "I asked, what happened to your forehead?"

With a sullen face, John shook off her hand. "You did that to me."

"John, you know I'm talking about the other side."

Chapter 210

After Olivia said that, she and John stared at each other, frozen in place.

Upon sensing his cold gaze, her was taken aback and quickly let go.

What was she doing?

Was she worried about a man who had hurt her because of a small injury he had?



How could she be so cheap and so humble?

Before John could speak, Olivia took the lead in saying coldly, "Forget it. I said too much."

His gaze changed slightly. What did this woman mean?

She was scolding him just now, but now she was concerned again. Did she not think that she was being hypocritical?

However, Olivia did not look at him again. Instead, she went into the bathroom and rubbed her hands with hand sanitizer vigorously.

Seeing his unwillingness to tell her, she guessed that the injury had happened when he was with Dorothy.

Otherwise, why couldn't he tell her?

As she thought of this, Olivia felt even more disgusted. Her fair hands turned red from the rubbing, but she still continued to wash them roughly.

John could not stand it anymore. He stepped forward and grabbed her hand. "Olivia, what do you mean by this?"

However, as soon as he touched Olivia's hand, she jumped away and shook off his hand in disgust.

"Get your dirty hands off me!"

"What did you say?" John was annoyed, and he stared at her gravely.

Olivia looked up, bit her lip, and looked at him in disgust. "John, I think you're dirty! You're filthy. Do you know that?"

Dirty?

He was dirty?

John's hostility sharply increased. His black eyes exuded a murderous aura, and he

walked toward Olivia step by step. When he had forced her into a corner, he asked through gritted teeth, "Who are you calling dirty?"

What right did she have to call him dirty?

She was the one who cheated!

She was the one who had so many men!

Who did she think she was?

Olivia was frightened by his aura. She shrank in the corner and shivered. Then, she looked up carefully at him with tears in her eyes.

"Are you going to hit me again?"

She looked very much like a frightened rabbit, and she sounded extremely wronged and frightened, making John's heart suddenly soften.

John narrowed his eyes. After he glanced at her, he turned around and walked out, slamming the door behind him.

After seeing him go, Olivia's legs went limp, and she fell straight to the ground.

Why on earth did she want to enrage him? She obviously could not defeat him.

Even though she called him dirty, her heart hurt so badly that it was hard to breathe, and even her lungs started to convulse.

She scrambled and crawled to grab the pill bottle. She took a painkiller with trembling hands, but the pain did not ease in the slightest.

At that moment, she could not tell where it was coming from.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open again, and she instinctively curled up. She buried her head in her knees and trembled in fear.

She was afraid of confronting those sinister eyes. She was afraid that he had changed his mind and come back to teach her a lesson.

The footsteps got closer and closer, and finally, they stopped in front of her.

"Madam? Madam, why are you sitting on the ground?"

Upon hearing that voice, Olivia looked up with tears in her eyes and was relieved when she saw that it was Wes.

Fortunately, it was not him.

Wes quickly pulled her up from the ground and helped her onto the bed. "Madam, what's the matter? Did Sir hit you?"

The ground was in such a mess that anyone who saw it would think there had been a fight here.

Olivia shook her head. "No."

Wes breathed a sigh of relief and lifted the bag in his hand. "Where is Sir? I'm here to deliver clothes to him."

"Clothes?"

"Yes, he called me just now."

Olivia froze for a moment. Then, she remembered that she hit John on the head with an ashtray just now. His blood stained his white shirt, but...

"He's gone."

Wes shook his head. 'It seems Mrs. and Mrs. Freeman quarreled again just now.'

Before leaving, he suddenly turned his head and said, "Madam, there's something I don't know if I should tell you, but I can't stop myself."

She was puzzled. "What is it?"

"Actually, Sir had a car accident this afternoon."