

G.H Hooked 21

Chapter 21

Buying groceries?

Uncle Wallace did not quite believe that happened.

Olivia was the darling daughter of the Larson Family, so she had never stepped foot inside the kitchen. Even after she married John, she did not even do the laundry once. So, why should she go out for groceries while the foster daughter sits at home?

In fact, he called Ms. Larson, but nobody picked up.

He always felt that Dorothy had some bad intentions, but he could not speak up because of his position.

Thus, he did not question her directly. Instead, he chose

to observe her.

“Are you here as a guest, Ms. Ellis?”

Dorothy pointed to her chest and said, “I’m hurt, so Olivia told me to come here for some peace.”

After that, she grinned and poured Uncle Wallace a glass of water. “Olivia also mentioned that you were coming, so she wanted you to have a taste of her cooking. That’s why she went out for groceries.”

Uncle Wallace did not completely believe her. He swirled the glass and smiled. “Ms. Larson is a very nice person.

She treats this old man well too.”

“That’s right. Olivia has always been like that.”

Dorothy looked at the box and pretended to ask casually, “What’s in that box, Uncle Wallace?”

“Oh, I mean to give it to Ms. Larson. Nothing of value, really.”

Dorothy was a little paranoid about it. The box looked like it belonged to the Larson Family.

A parcel that the Larson Family’s housekeeper brought all the way here must be something special. It was either money or evidence.

She surmised that it might be evidence.

In the past, she was the Larson Family’s foster daughter. Besides, she has done a few bad things to the Larson Family, so she might have left a piece of evidence or two around.

The most important thing was, it has been two years but she could not find the will of Hans Larson, the head of the Larson Family.

That alone made her quite unhappy already.

Thus, she stood up and reached for the box. “In that case, I’ll put this aside for Olivia, then.”

However, before Dorothy could grab the box, Uncle

Wallace swiftly grabbed it and held it in his arms, denying

her. “No need for that. This box has all of Ms. Larson’s pictures from when she was a child. Surely, she would want to look at them right away.”

Dorothy's arms hung in the air as she replied, "True."

"However, I have never seen Olivia's childhood pictures. I want to look at them. I want to see if I'm in those

pictures."

"No, these are Ms. Larson's family pictures."

Uncle Wallace had seen through Dorothy. However, he was unsure of what happened to Olivia. That's why he did not make any sudden moves.

If he knew that Ms. Larson somehow ended up in the emergency room because of Dorothy, he would confront her there and then.

Dorothy was anxious. After all, Wes was about to come

home.

Driving from the peninsular to Smiles Road would take thirty minutes, usually. Fifty minutes, "ops.

Wes was already on the road for more than twenty minutes now. If she doesn't come up with something, then Uncle Wallace would definitely see Olivia. The things inside the box would become a ticking time bomb. Sooner or later, she would be caught by the blast as well.

"Uncle Wallace, are you staying here tonight?"

"No, I'm not. Once I speak to Ms. Larson, I will leave." novelbin

“But Olivia wants to see you. How about I bring you up to the other rooms?”

Besides the study, the mansion had five rooms.

Dorothy and Olivia both lived on the second floor. There was another room on the third floor.

Even though the Larson Family went bankrupt, Uncle Wallace still called her “Ms. Larson”. His honor would not allow him to sleep on the same floor as Olivia.

Dorothy did not even wait for Uncle Wallace to say no and said, “Uncle Wallace, I know that you separate masters and students. How about you sleep in the attic? The attic room is a little small and simple. If you won’t rest in any of the rooms, Olivia would think that I didn’t do a good job.”

Even though Uncle Wallace knew what bad intentions Dorothy had, Olivia never said anything about her. So, he simply nodded.

“That’s alright.”

Both of them went up to the third floor. After Dorothy opened the door to the attic, she let Uncle Wallace inside first before she took a baseball bat from the side and brought it down on him.

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Uncle Wallace collapsed to the ground as his head bled profusely.

However, Dorothy did not want him dead just yet. After all, if he died here, she would surely be investigated.

She thought for a while, then an idea came to her head.

She might as well wait for Olivia to come back and then put the blame on her.

Dorothy was not sure what else this old geezer knew.

That was what worried her the most. That was why she had to get to the bottom of it.

She found a rope on the side of the room and then quickly tied Uncle Wallace up with it. After that, she grabbed a towel and stuffed it in his mouth.

Immediately after she did that, Dorothy heard the sound of the doorbell coming from downstairs. Wes was home.

She quickly closed the door and walked downstairs.

Halfway down the stairs, she realized that she moved too hard just now, and that caused her wound to stain her shirt red.

Dorothy had no choice but to run to the other room and get a change of clothes.

However, her bandages were stained with blood. How was she going to explain it to her doctor later on?

Before she could think of anything else, Wes was already walking up the stairs with the meatballs.

“Ms. Ellis, I have your dumplings with me.”

Dorothy frowned, changed her shirt, and tidied her hair. She then opened the door and took the meatballs, slamming the door on Wes.

After that, she quickly sent a text message.

“Please help me delete the video camera footage on the premises, thanks.”

In the hospital.

It was five in the afternoon, but Olivia was still unconscious. John did not leave her side either.

Zac again entered the ward and said, "You should go home and rest. I can take care of her."

John shook his head as he gripped Olivia's hand while clenching the side of the bed. He clenched so hard his veins showed and his fingers went pale.

"I'm waiting here until she wakes up."

Zac could not bear to see John like this. He frowned and said to him, "It's too late to regret now. Since you're

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regretting it now, why did you do that back then?"

John smiled coldly.

Why did he even do that in the first place?

He had no idea why he was very afraid at this moment. The moment when he saw Olivia's pale face, felt her cold body. He was really afraid.

However, he still hated her.

Yet, he wants her to be by his side. He wants her to live forever. He would not allow her to leave him this early!

He had not gotten enough of his revenge just yet! novelbin

Zac did not know what to say, so he simply stared at the woman laying on the bed.

He also had no idea how to describe Olivia at that

moment.

However, when he saw her like that. He felt a sense of guilt.

If he did something over the past two years, or if he did not give up on her the last time around, things might not have turned out this way.

He could not explain it, but he knew that he had to treat Olivia a little better in the future.

All of a sudden, Olivia's eyelids twitched. Her lips moved as if she was about to say something.

Zac hurriedly went outside to get the doctor.

"Doctor, she's awake!"

John, on the other hand, stood up and stared at her as if he might miss this precious moment if he blinked.

Olivia felt a heaviness on her head and some shortness of breath. It felt like she had just run through a wall of fire, feeling hot and unbearably uncomfortable.

She struggled for a while, and then finally managed to open her eyes.

The first thing she saw was John's face.

He still looked as handsome, classy, and cold. However, he seemed to look a little tired and the emotion on his face was gentle.

She could not believe it. Why would John look at her like that?

It must have been an illusion.

Thus, she closed her eyes, waited for a few moments, and opened them once again.

John was still there.

However, the gentleness on his visage was gone.

However, the sharpness in his eyes emanated an aura of

coldness as they gazed at her.

"Olivia, you're finally awake..."

So it was really an illusion. At that very moment, she felt her chest cramp up in pain.

'Johnny, now I know what it feels like to be in a dream...'

Chapter 23

Olivia still felt a little light-headed. She only remembered that John made her kneel on the cold rock because of Dorothy.

She thought that she could hold on until the morning,

but it was pouring at the time. So, her body began to sway, her lungs tightened and she kept spitting out blood from her mouth.

After a certain period of time, she knew that she could not take it anymore, so she passed out right there and then.

She thought that she would die.

Just before she passed out, she thought to herself, perhaps dying is alright. That way, she could truly be free. novelbin

She could still dream that John still loved her. She would immerse herself in that dream and pretend like nothing ever happened over the past two years.

However, she did not die. She was awake.

In fact, the first person that she saw was John. When she looked into those indifferent eyes of his, she realized that this was not a dream.

The reality was cruel indeed.

She could see John speak, but she could not quite hear him. Her breathing was still not very smooth. She had to rely on the ventilator to breathe. That was why she did not answer him.

What surprised her was, John was not angry. He simply stared at her in silence.

When the doctor arrived, she could hear the doctor ask a lot of questions, but she could not do anything.

Her lungs hurt, her throat hurt, and her head too.

Because of that, she passed out once again.

The doctor looked at her and sighed. "She's not in danger for now, but we still can't be careless. Her breathing is not very stable as of yet, and she still has a fever. We'll have to monitor her condition further."

After the doctor left, the nurse changed the saline drip. again. Olivia had already used five bottles of that.

John looked at it and asked, "How many did she take already?"

The nurse looked at the medication chart and replied, "10 bottles. She still has another three to go."

She looked down at Olivia's arms and shook her head.

Both of Olivia's hands were wrapped up. Her arm was also swelling from the needle sitting in her vein. She had no other choice. There was no other part of her body that the

nurses could use for injections.

John felt a little uneasy looking at those bottles of medications.

However, he was relieved because he knew that Olivia was safe for now. He smiled menacingly and said, "Olivia, I told you that you wouldn't die so easily."

After he saw her open her eyes, John did not stay for a moment longer and left the room.

After John was gone, Zac entered the room.

He looked at the frail and weak woman on the bed. Her beautiful brows were crunched together into a frown.

He also wanted to leave, but there a voice called out to him.

Do not leave her. Do not leave her to face all of this alone.

That was the reason he stayed.

Olivia woke up again at nine o'clock at night. She was feeling a lot better than she was before.

Her vision cleared up and her breathing was a lot smoother.

Zac was pouring some water at the side counter. All of a sudden, he heard Olivia cry out with a raspy voice, "Water

. water...'

"

He turned his head and saw that the woman was awake.

He could not help but smile at her.

"You want some water, don't you?"

His voice was gentle.

Olivia looked back at him and nodded.

She felt relieved when she saw that it was Zac and not

John.

Zac took the glass of warm water to the side of the bed. He then slowly propped Olivia up before he fed her water spoon by spoon.

The doctor had told him that Olivia's throat needed some warm water. In fact, it would be better if he would just moisturize it slightly. Only after that, she would be able to drink water normally.

Thus, in those few hours with her, Zac made sure that Olivia would always have some water to drink.

He would change a glass of water every ten minutes. He would also make sure that the water was at the correct temperature. Not too hot, but not too cold either.

Chapter 24

After a few spoons, Olivia felt that her throat was better.

She coughed a few times and she winced from the

soreness in her throat.

"Thank you, Mr. Quinton."

"Let me have that."

Zac nodded and tidied her bed. "Come, have some food. I reheated some porridge for you. There's bacon with the porridge. Is that alright?"

He remembered that Olivia wanted this porridge specifically.

Thus, he asked someone to cook the porridge. Every two hours, the porridge in the food jar had to be changed for a fresh one.

"

Olivia knew nothing about all this, of course. She simply assumed that Zac brought it by coincidence. She nodded at him and said, "Thank you."

Besides thanking him, she did not know what else to say.

Olivia's right arm still had the IV drip in it. It was so swollen to the point that she could not bend her arm because of all the medications she had been receiving over the past ten hours or so.

She frowned a little. It took a lot of effort for her to even eat the porridge.

When Zac noticed that, he sat beside her and took the food jar. He took the spoon, blew on the porridge to cool it down, and then put it in front of Olivia's lips.

"Here, let me feed you."

Olivia was a little stunned as she stared at Zac in shock. She felt her heart wrench as she could not stop her tears from rolling down her cheek.

When she was sick before, John used to feed her like this.

Zac was flustered when he saw Olivia crying like this. He did not know whether to set the porridge down or should he do something else.

“Why are you crying? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?”

“Do you need a doctor?”

Olivia unexpectedly cried even harder.

That was what John used to say to her .oo.

However, things between her and John turned out like this.

He destroyed the Larson Family, confined her by his side, and even tortured her. However... she still loved him.

Olivia could not hold back her tears as everything in the past suddenly came back to her.

After a while, she stopped crying and said, “I’m alright, Mr. Quinton.”

After that, she gulped down the porridge in her mouth and said, “I’m fine, Mr. Quinton. Thank you so much. I’m alright, trust me...”

She was crying and smiling at the same time, and Zac felt his heart tremble to see her like this.

What could have caused her so much pain that she is just trying to hold on while crying her heart out?

Zac did not say anything. Instead, he scooped another spoon of porridge and gave it to Olivia. “Here, one more.”

Olivia smiled with tears in her eyes as she swallowed the porridge. She felt so much pain in her heart.

John and she could never go back to the way things were before...

She did not cheat on him, but why would John not believe in her?

At that moment, the door swung open and John walked in with a sheer, cold aura around him. He stood in front of them and his gaze pierced through Olivia.

He thought that she would correct her promiscuous ways. Instead, it had only gotten worse.

“Olivia Larson!”

John roared as he gritted his teeth. novelbin

Every word that came out of his mouth sounded ice cold as if they were about to freeze her to death.

Zac frowned as he was about to say something, but John smacked the bowl of porridge onto the ground. He then pointed to the door and roared, “Get out!”

Zac did not move as he responded, “John, have you had enough? Do you want Olivia to die another time?”

John pushed him away and grabbed Olivia as he snapped at her, “Olivia Larson, I was too merciful toward you!”

He came here because he did not want her to be hungry when she woke up. In the end, what did he get?

Did he come to see all these?

Olivia's tears stopped flowing. It seemed like John's presence broke the image of the past that she was picturing in her head. Everything that she imagined in that scene shattered along with it.

She looked at him and said helplessly, "Johnny, I didn't cheat on you back then."

John laughed coldly as his slender hand gripped Olivia's skinny face. "Olivia, you're a wench! You're so close to dying, but you're still seducing other men. Do you think that I will believe you?"

Chapter 25

"But I didn't cheat on you.'

Olivia said adamantly this time.

As truth would have it, she did not cheat on John. However, she knew that John would never believe her.

John smiled coldly. "Then why did you go to the hotel with that man? Don't tell me that you guys are putting on a show?"

Olivia shook her head. "I didn't sleep with another man."

"You didn't? Olivia, do you think I'm blind? I saw you walking into the hotel with another man all laughing and happy!"

"Please believe me."

That day, she really did go to a hotel, but she did not go there to sleep with another man.

Dorothy was the one that told her that she left her necklace at the hotel. Dorothy was busy going abroad, so she told Olivia to take it for her.

She took it, got the necklace, and came back.

On the way back, she had an accident. When she woke up, she was in the hospital, and the child in her tummy was gone too.

She did not know how to explain it to John, so she called him up immediately.

However, no one answered her calls.

Her bones were broken from the accident and her body had scrape marks all over. She was forced to stay in the hospital, unable to go anywhere.

She could not even go to the washroom on her own, but she did not dare tell Hans anything about it. She was struggling on her own.

In the end, the nurse could not bear to see her like this, so she called Hans on her own. After that, Hans got someone to look after Olivia. That was how she managed to live through that ordeal.

Despite that, John never showed up.

Olivia looked at the news every day, worried that something might have happened to John. Yet, there was nothing.

One month later, she was discharged from the hospital. When she got home, she realized that John was at home all along. However, he had another woman by his side now. That woman was Dorothy Ellis.
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She was broken beyond belief, but she still did not believe

She told John that she had miscarried.

John locked her outside the house without a word,

making her stand alone in the pouring rain.

After that, he always kept Dorothy by his side.

He was very caring toward Dorothy and cold toward her.

In those two years, he did not come home very

frequently. So, she waited, and waited and waited for him to come home.

Now, however, two years later, he was home, but he brought Dorothy Ellis home with him.

He got Dorothy as a nanny and wanted Olivia to apologize to her.

Olivia felt stupid, very stupid!

It had been two years, and she almost lost her life before realizing something.

Whatever happened two years ago was all set up by Dorothy.

However, how did Dorothy get into a relationship with John?

She had no idea.

John's cold gaze pierced through her as if he wanted to break her right there and then.

"Olivia, I have even seen pictures of you in bed. How dare you tell me that you didn't cheat on me? Don't you feel shame when you lie to me?"

Olivia bit her lip and closed her eyes. She then smiled and said to John,

"Johnny, you just don't believe me, do you? When

Dorothy says something, you would believe her. But, if I tell you a hundred things, you would believe none of them.

"I'm almost dead already. What else do you want?"

The angst in John grew ever more intense as he shoved Olivia into the bed like a ragdoll.

"As long as you're alive, Olivia Larson, you are mine. Even your life is mine! Don't you dare seduce other men like this!"

He turned around and glared at Zac as he warned her. "If you have the guts to see other men, I'll cripple every single one of them!"

The tear marks were still prominent on Olivia's face, but her heart was completely broken. In the end, she even forgot what was it like to experience heartbreak.

She just came back from the grave, and the first thing she saw was John screaming at her.

How much did he hate her, actually?

If he hated her this much, then why save her in the first place?

“John, if you hate me so much, why don’t you divorce

me? Why keep me by your side just to disgust you?”

John regretted. He regretted that he even had feelings for this woman. It seemed like she did not even deserve it!

John wanted to hit her but was quickly stopped by Zac.

“Enough! Be a man, will you?”

Just John and Zac were about to come to blows, John’s phone rang.

Chapter 26

“Sir, Ms. Ellis fainted from severe blood loss again, and there’s no more Rh-negative blood in the blood bank.

What should we do?”

John’s brows were tightly knitted together when he suddenly noticed the blood on Olivia’s arms and said coldly, “Send Dolly to the hospital, I have an idea.”

“Okay.”

He had not been back to see Dorothy for the entire day since he was here by Olivia’s side: It was his fault that he had neglected the fact that Dorothy’s body was just too frail. However, Olivia was different. She was

indestructible, and it was impossible for her to die.

She had just been resuscitated and her energy level was . off the charts. She certainly did not look like she was

about to die.

John glared at Olivia sinisterly as he spoke, "Olivia Larson, I'll give you a chance to make up for your sins."

Olivia paused. Her body was already weakened, so after the torment and commotion that just happened, she felt like a truck ran over her.

Her pale, ashen, cracked lips curled as she muttered, "What?"

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"Since you're strong and you have a lot of blood, do a transfusion and give your blood to Dolly. She fainted from losing too much blood."

A sharp pain stabbed Olivia in her heart as she heard what John said. Her entire body was cold and trembling. She was unwilling to believe what she had just heard.

Did he save her life just so she could be Dorothy's walking blood bag?

He really did treat her as his exclusive, personal plaything.

She was never human to him.

Was he still the same Johnny she knew?

Was he really that cruel?

She felt a sharp pain in her lungs and blood came gushing out. Before Olivia could control herself, she spat blood uncontrollably onto her bedsheet.

John was utterly unmoved as he spat coldly, "Stop pretending, Olivia Larson, even if you pass out, you've still gotta do the blood transfusion!"

Zac could not take it anymore. "John, are you mad? She'd just woke up and you want her to do a blood transfusion? Are you worried that she's not dying as fast as you want her to?"

"You were the one that looked like crap yesterday night and here you are, creating havoc right now! Did you really

not know how to spell the word 'regret'?"

John pushed him away and yelled, "This is my family matter, Zac Quinton!"

"Family matter? How is Dorothy Ellis a part of your family? Everyone could tell that Dorothy is clearly healthier than Olivia, except you!"

"What are you talking about, Zac? Dolly's health has not been good since she gave me a kidney!"

Zac thought John had gone mad, and that he was so bewitched by Dorothy he no longer knew his left from his right!

Also, he really did think that one day, the Freeman family would perish in John's hands, because he was too foolish!

Zac thought that as an outsider, he could see what was clearly happening. So why was John still muddled and confused?

John saw that Zac was no longer speaking, and thought that he was proven right.

“Because of this b*tch, Dolly not only miscarried a baby but also got stabbed twice!” John yanked Zac by his collar and spat, “I’m already very merciful towards Olivia Larson!”

If she were someone else, John would have finished her off a long time ago instead of sparing her life and giving her a chance to redeem herself.

It was definitely impossible!

Just because she was Olivia, he remembered the love they once shared, and that was why he was merciful.

These were all chances he had given Olivia, not torment!

Once John finished yelling, he pulled Olivia by her arm and dragged her out, ignoring the blood at the corner of her lips and her limp feet.

Olivia was dragged out like a puppet toward her death by John, and as she stumbled on the cold hospital floor, her heart sank further.

John had already dug her heart out from her chest, so did any of these even account for anything? The pain in her body was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

She finally knew, to John, all these pain were blessings. So, she should be thanking him, right?

Chapter 27

Olivia felt like her entire body was in agony. Her lungs,

her belly, her hands, and her knees hurt, and she felt so weak she did not know exactly where the pain started.

After being dragged by John for a few steps, her knees buckled and she crashed onto the floor on her knees.

Her red and swollen knees were already injured from kneeling too long on the rocks, so she crumbled abruptly and heavily onto the ground, the pain was excruciating.

Olivia could not hold back her tears in pain, but she did not want to cry. She gritted her teeth tightly to stop herself from crying. She also did not cry out for John to

stop.

Then, John realized something was wrong and as he

looked back, he saw how stubborn and pained Olivia was, and his heart tugged with pain.

“Get up!” He ordered coldly.

“I can’t.”

“Olivia Larson, what is this show you’re putting on? Are you a damsel in distress? Get up!”

John felt his temper rose. He yanked her arms harshly, not realizing that his action had caused blood to seep out from the dressings on her arms.

Zac was behind them, watching the scene unfold, contemplating if he should step up to stop John.

However, he felt like it was not his place to do it, until he saw Olivia kneel on the ground, with John dragging her even after that, he could not hold it in anymore.

He marched forward, bent down and picked Olivia up from the ground, and said coldly, "Let go, John."

John was initially angry, but now he was furious.

Coldness surrounded him as he stared daggers at Zac, his lips pursed to form a thin line. "Zac Quinton, what are you doing? Are you fighting against me?"

"John Freeman, you're disregarding human life. I can't bear to watch it any longer."

Olivia's body was trembling, she hid in Zac's embrace like a wounded little rabbit, and that sight pierced John's eyes painfully.

Unfaithful women would indeed do whatever they wanted!

"Let go of her, Zac Quinton!"

"No!"

John looked at Olivia icily and said, "Don't test my patience, Olivia."

Dolly was still waiting for emergency treatment, there was simply no time to waste.

Olivia was startled by John's glare and started trembling even more. She muttered, "Mr. Quinton, please let me go. I need to do a blood transfusion for Dorothy."

Zac was frustrated. He lowered his head and bellowed, "Aren't you aware of the state of your body right now? You, like this, and you want to do a blood transfusion for others?"

Olivia bit her lip, her lungs were cramping quickly and a gush of blood rose from her throat. She frowned as she swallowed it quickly, and coughed a few times because of it. Now, the taste of metal at the back of her throat was thicker than before.

She did not want to do a blood transfusion for Dorothy, but if John's eyes could kill, she would have already been

dead.

If she did not comply, she did not know if she would survive that night, or if her brother would remain safe. novelbin

All in all, she... It seemed like she still hoped for John to believe her, even if it was just wishful thinking.

"Let me go, Mr. Quinton."

Zac was so exasperated by her, but when he saw how adamant she was, he felt really helpless as he placed her back on the ground anyway.

As soon as Olivia's feet touched the ground, John scooped her up in his arms immediately and strode away.

Olivia's eyes were open, but tears began to flow down from the corner of her eyes.

Her heart hurt.

In the past, John would make a huge fuss with alcohol swabs, disinfectants, and band-aids even if she had accidentally pricked her finger sewing clothes. Even if it was just a tiny prick with a little bit of bleeding, he nearly sent her to the hospital because of that.

Now, however?

She had wounds all over her body, she was bleeding all over, and there he was, dragging her along to do a blood transfusion for his mistress.

What did she do wrong?

Perhaps, she was wrong to take Dorothy in as a sister, and she was wrong when she introduced Dorothy to John.

Maybe, she was wrong for still having feelings for this

man.

She was despicable indeed, right?

If she was not, why would she still reminisce about the past Johnny, even after he had tortured her like that?

“Johnny, if I died, would you have any regrets?” Olivia asked, her voice hoarse.

Chapter 28

John stopped in his tracks, glanced at Olivia, and said, “ Stop pretending, Olivia, you would never die.”

She would never die...

Did he not remember that she just came out of the operating theater less than 24 hours ago?

How dare he still declare that she would never die?

Olivia scoffed. “Wanna bet, Johnny? Wanna bet if I’d die or not?”

John's heart shook. It hurt a little.

He frowned and said, "Okay, I'll bet with you."

Olivia smiled.

'Johnny, you've lost your bet,' she thought.

John pushed the door open and Dorothy Ellis was lying on a bed inside.

The nurse was preparing the tools needed for blood transfusion, and when she lifted up her head, she saw John entering with Olivia in his arms.

The nurse remembered Olivia. She had also participated in the surgery to save Olivia's life last night.

"Take her blood."

"Are you sure, sir? This lady had just survived an

emergency operation, and it's only natural for blood loss

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Before the nurse could finish, John glared at her coldly. "You talk too much."

People who had been in high places of authority for a long time usually had a fierce aura, and with just one look from John, the nurse was terrified. She had no choice but to nod her head and say, "Please put Ms. Larson here.'

She saw Olivia and her heart trembled as she noticed that Olivia was pale, her lips were turning purple, the dressing on her arms was bleeding and her hands were cold.

What kind of hate it must have been for someone to torture a severely weak woman like that?

She did not dare to ask. She could only lower her head as she punctured Olivia's remaining good arm, with a needle and said softly, "Please bear with me, Ms. Larson."

Olivia had no expression on her face when she nodded. "It's fine, just take whatever amount that's needed."

Alas, before much blood was taken, Olivia passed out.

The nurse looked worriedly at John. "Sir, Ms. Larson has fainted, should we stop..."

"Go on! She's not dead," he replied coldly.

"This woman is indeed the queen of nuisances! She's

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been crazy countless times and pretended to be dead countless times as well. All she's doing now is pretending to pass out, so what's the big deal?

'If she wasn't this good, how did she manage to seduce all those men? Hah, she's also pretty good at it. I didn't even manage to find the man from two years ago,' John thought.

After the blood transfusion, the nurse wanted to put

Olivia in a wheelchair and wheel her back to her ward, but John stopped her.

He stooped down and carried her up from the chair so gently it was like he was carrying a fragile clay doll. The nurse was puzzled.

The one that had waited the entire day at Olivia's ward was him, the one torturing Olivia was him as well.

The nurse shook her head helplessly and lamented in her heart, 'This is probably what love is in rich and powerful families.'

John brought Olivia back to her ward and left immediately. Then, he went to Dorothy's ward.

"How did she lose blood?"

Dorothy was alone at home with Wes Coulson at her beck and call, how did she end up like this?
novelbin

Wes shook his head, distressed, and said, "Sir, I don't know. Ms. Ellis got me to buy her meatballs, so I did.

When I returned, she didn't go out of her room. She merely opened the door to take the meatballs. Later, the doctor came to change her dressings, so I brought the doctor up and I opened the door to see her fainted on the bed."

John frowned. Compared to Olivia, Dorothy was almost like she was made of glass. One touch and she would shatter into pieces.

"Okay. Let's go back to the office."

"Yes, sir."

Before John could take another step, a nurse came out and said, "Sir, Ms. Ellis is awake and she wants to see you."

So, John turned back.

Once he opened the door, he saw Dorothy in tears as she cried, "Johnny, I was so afraid that I wouldn't be able to see you again."

Chapter 29

John sat by the bed and assured Dorothy gently. "It's all good now, don't be afraid."

Dorothy batted her tear-soaked eyelashes, bit her lips, and looked at John. "Hug me, please?"

John paused for a while before embracing her in his arms.

Immediately, he heard the woes of the woman in his arms. "You left for so long, and Liv was also gone. My heart started to panic because I was so worried that something would happen to you two, so I went to the balcony to take a look.

"I didn't expect a bat to come flying towards me, and it terrified me so much! I wanted to take something to shoo it away, but it aggravated my wounds, and after that... I don't even know how I fainted.

"Johnny, why is it that when I called you, you didn't answer? I was really worried that something might happen to you."

John sighed. He overthought just now. How could he have suspicion for kind, frail Dorothy?

"Sorry, I didn't hear my phone ring. It won't happen again."

Dorothy nodded and responded with a soft “okay.”

Actually, she knew.

She knew about everything.

She did not faint, so there was no actual severe blood loss.

All she wanted was for John to notice her, so she could come to the hospital to get to know the situation.

When she saw John forcing the barely-alive Olivia to do a blood transfusion for her, she was ecstatic! If she was not pinching her thighs all this while, she might have just started laughing.

“Johnny, hurry, go back and rest now, I’ll return home once my drips are done.”

John felt sorry for her. Dorothy was already weak, what if her wounds reopened once more?

“I’m fine.”

“How are you fine? It’s clear that you haven’t slept the entire night. Hurry, go rest, what would I do if you fell

sick?

“Don’t worry about Liv, I’ll visit her before I leave and I’ll contact you if anything happens.”

John saw how obedient and understanding Dorothy was, ‘and his heart ached for her even more. He said to her gently, “Okay, I’ll make a move. Call me if anything happens.”

“Okay.”

After he got out of the ward, John got Wes to find Dorothy a caretaker to take care of her.

Wes loathed Dorothy’s pretentiousness. “Sir, if you’re gonna hire a caretaker, I think Madam needs it more.”

John thought about it and thought that it seemed like a good idea to hire one for Olivia, so the caretaker could help to keep an eye on her so no other men could go near her.

“Okay, hire two then. Females.”

Wes thought John cared for Olivia and breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay. Where are we heading to?”

“Back to the company, I’ll sleep there today.”

The journey back and forth these two days had delayed the project too long anyway.

“Okay.”

Olivia was dreaming again.

The dream was very chaotic, and her memory felt like a messy edit of a movie.

John’s face appeared very frequently, and as Olivia watched it, she cried.

Tears flowed down her cheeks onto her pillow, making a big wet patch.

She struggled to wake up, but the John in her dreams held onto her, refusing to let her leave.

“I won’t let you get away with this, Olivia Larson!”

No... Let her go, please...

She cried even more until she was sobbing as she asked for mercy. “Johnny, don’t...”

However, the John in her dreams ignored her. He held a knife and plunged it deep into her chest. He laughed and said, “Since you wanna run, I’ll kill you to keep you with me forever.”

The sharp, stabbing pain jolted her up from her dreams.

The moment Olivia opened her eyes, she saw Dorothy

smiling sinisterly at her, with her hands poking into Olivia’s thigh wound. Blood stained the dressings once

more.

Olivia had cold sweat on her forehead. She was still not fully awake from her dream yet as she looked at Dorothy with fear in her eyes. “Let go, Dorothy!”

“Hah, Olivia, I’m so happy to see you in pain.” novelbin

‘Dorothy snickered. “You’re already in this state, yet Johnny used your blood to save me. Say, why are you still fighting me?”

Chapter 30

Olivia was stunned. Dorothy knew.

If Olivia was asked about the thing that she regretted the most, it would certainly be picking Dorothy the snake up from the roadside and bringing her home!

“You’re diabolical!”

Dorothy loosened her hands and laughed. “Yes, I’m diabolical, but Johnny doesn’t think so. He thinks I’m the kindest person in the world.”

Then, she went nearer to Olivia and jeered, “In his heart, you’re the diabolical one.”

Dorothy’s words cut Olivia’s heart deeply.

She did not want to admit it, but what Dorothy said was

not wrong.

John Freeman did think of her like that.

What a joke.

“Dorothy, why don’t you force John to get a divorce, then? I’ve been Mrs. Freeman for three years now, and I’m getting a little tired. I’ll pass this position to you, then?”

Dorothy was the most annoyed at this precise fact.

She was able to get her hands on everything other than the position of Mrs. Freeman.

She bared her teeth, slapped Olivia across her face, and smiled as her face contorted. “Olivia, let me tell you a

secret.

“Uncle Wallace is here, and I was the one that greeted him.”

Olivia was so stunned when she heard the news that her face did not hurt anymore.

Uncle Wallace. She had forgotten about Uncle Wallace.

Ever since Dorothy moved in, she caused havoc in everything. Olivia did not even know how long she had been in the hospital since she was barely conscious most of the time.

“What have you done to Uncle Wallace?”

When Dorothy saw how frantic Olivia was, she was exhilarated.

“Don’t you get your knickers in a twist, he’s not dead yet.”

Dorothy seemed to be reminded of something right after she said this. “However, I think he’s gonna die soon. He’ll be just like your mother, lying there in agony as he dies slowly.”

What?

Olivia’s eyes were wide and bulging as she sat up from the bed. “What are you saying? My mother died of childbirth!”

“Dying of childbirth is merely a cover story.”

A gleam of evil flashed through Dorothy’s eyes. “Since she had already adopted me, why did she have to bear another son? Such a hypocrite of her to send me back to the Ellis’ once she was pregnant.’

What?

Olivia was a little confused.

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What does Mother giving birth to Brother have anything to do with Dorothy?

She did not belong to the Larson family, to begin with, so why could Mother not give birth to her brother?

That was her, Olivia Larson's younger brother, so how was that Dorothy's business?

Suddenly, Olivia remembered the autopsy report that Uncle Wallace had mentioned, and instantly, she understood a little more.

It seemed like Father grew suspicious of Mother's death as well, or else he would not have dug out Mother's remains and put her through an autopsy.

Does Father's suicide have anything to do with this matter as well?

Olivia struggled to get out of bed to grab hold of Dorothy. Unfortunately, her body was too weak from the original severe loss of blood and the blood transfusion. The

moment her feet touched the ground, she crumpled onto the ground.

She staggered to hold onto Dorothy's ankles, and with red-rimmed eyes, she spat through gritted teeth. "Dorothy Ellis, you killed my mother?"

“Hah, how is that my fault? She was already so close to dying. I didn’t even give her too much poison.”

Did not give her too much poison?

Olivia looked at Dorothy incredulously. Was this really the woman that she had taken in as a sister for the past ten years or more?

Hah, she was indeed an idiot!

“Dorothy Ellis, I will kill you for sure!”

Dorothy kicked Olivia’s hands away and scoffed coldly. Olivia Larson, you could barely stay alive yourself, and you want to kill me? Stop dreaming, you can’t save anyone!

“Oh, right, I think Uncle Wallace has evidence of me committing murder, so I’m gonna go back and finish him off right away. I wanna see if you can save him or not.”

Dorothy marched out of the ward immediately after she

said it.

Olivia’s face was soaked with tears. She bit her lip hard, helpless as she tried to suppress the pain. Then, she novelbin

dragged her body forward and crawled toward the door.

It was her stupidity that killed Mother, Father, and her child. Now, Uncle Wallace was going to die as well...