

G.H Hooked 211

Chapter 211

A car accident?

Olivia immediately thought of the wound on John's forehead. Could that be from the car accident?

However, why was the car accident being kept a secret?

Right after that, Olivia heard a sigh from Wes. "Madam, Sir actually cares for you. It's just that he doesn't know how to express it.

"When you mentioned that the car accident was a little fishy, he personally went to Willow City to look for clues.

"He had to run the company during the day and investigate Uncle Wallace's death at night, so that was why he was in an accident: he was exhausted. However, he didn't want you to worry, so he didn't breathe a word about it."

After listening to all of this, Olivia was stunned. Her lips trembled as she asked, "He went to investigate Uncle Wallace?"

"Yes. Sir did not believe that you killed Uncle Wallace, so he has been looking for evidence. He knew that Cole Zachary was a witness, so he sent people to look for him all across the city. I believe Zach will be found soon."

Wes frowned and added, "At first, I didn't want to be a blabbermouth, Madam, but if you continue to misunderstand each other like this, it'll only strain your relationship further."

Then, Wes took John's clothes and left.

Olivia was left in the room alone. She stared blankly in the direction of the door with

the memories of her life with John playing in her head.

Tears could not help but flow down her cheeks as her heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

Had she really misunderstood him?

No. How could that be a misunderstanding?

He was involved in making the Larsons go bankrupt. He was the one that personally locked her up... He was the one who had personally locked her in that wretched black room. He was the one that called their child a b*stard child and tried to force her to undergo an abortion...

Could all these things be considered a misunderstanding?

Olivia had seen for herself how lovey-dovey John was with Dorothy. She saw how intimate they were. How could all this be a misunderstanding?

John never believed in her. He did not even consider that she had loved him for seventeen years!

H-how could all these be labeled as 'just a misunderstanding'?

Olivia plopped onto her blanket and wailed.

Why?

Why was it that she was on the verge of giving up when she was told that he still loved her and believed in her?

Did John know that because Olivia still loved him, she would only focus on his good traits and ignore his negative ones?

How could she start to let go and begin to hate him now...?

In the back seat of a Maybach outside the hospital.

John leaned on the window with a cigarette held in between his lanky fingers. He narrowed his eyes and exhaled a smoky ring.

Did he... hit her often?

When did she start becoming so afraid of him?

Last time, Olivia was merely afraid that he would not come home. Then, it progressed to her being afraid that he did not believe her, and after that, she started yelling at him...

As John lit his second cigarette, Wes walked out of the hospital, opened the car door, and went inside.

Just as he was about to start the ignition, he heard an eerie voice from the back seat. "Wes, do I hit her often?"

Wes jumped up in shock and turned around frightfully. "Sir, why are you in the car?"

John glared coldly at him. "How can you be an assistant? Do you not notice other people being in the car?"

Wes pursed his lips and swallowed nervously.

If he was not thinking about what happened in the ward, would he have zoned out?

However, Wes did not dare to speak his thoughts out loud since those were things that Sir did not want Madam to know about at all.

"I'll pay attention next time."

Alas, John was still irritated. "Answer my question!"

Wes was stunned for a while before he realized what John was asking him.

"Sir, don't you remember when you've hit Madam?"

"You hit Madam several times because of Ms. Ellis. You also hit Madam at the hospital, and... you've held Madam captive. Don't you remember that?"

Hearing that, John's hand shook, and his cigarette fell out of the window. It was a long while after that before John responded coldly, "Serves her right."

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Wes took a deep breath. "Sir, you're contradicting yourself."

Perhaps the view was much clearer when one was not a part of the equation. To Wes, Olivia was the woman John had always loved.

Dorothy was just the spark that started this entire fiasco. She was the one stoking the fire in between them. John only gratitude for her, not love. He did not even like her.

The only one poisoning John's heart was John himself.

After the car started, John lit another cigarette and held it in between his fingers, allowing it to burn slowly.

He did not want to think of Olivia any longer, but the image of her being afraid was etched deeply into his mind. He could not push that image away.

In the end, all he could do was throw the cigarette butt away, close his eyes, and lean back.

"Let's go back to the office."

The next day, Zyla arrived really early. The first thing she saw when she entered past

the door was the blood on the ground.

Then, she saw Olivia sprawled at an unusual angle on the bed and got the fright of

her life.

Zyla ran to her and checked if she was breathing. Then, she checked if Olivia's body

was still warm.

After she ensured everything was okay, Zyla breathed a sigh of relief and took the mop. She was about to mop the floor clean when she wondered...

“What happened yesterday night?”

At that moment, Olivia opened her eyes groggily and jumped up from the bed to the floor.

“You’re awake, Sis Liv?”

“Yeah.” Olivia cradled her aching head and looked up. “Zy?”

“What happened last night, Sis Liv? Were you hurt? Why is there blood all over the floor?”

Zyla was mopping the floor. She lifted her head to meet Olivia’s eyes, which were clearly swollen from all the crying. Zyla was stunned.

“Sis Liv, was Jerk John here?”

There was only one person who could make Sis Liv cry!

Olivia knew she could not hide it from Zyla, so she nodded. “Yeah.”

Zyla wanted to ask more before she saw the blood on the bed. Then, she threw the mop down, ran towards the bed, and gave Olivia a once-over.

“Where are you bleeding from, Sis Liv? Are you hurt? I’ll get the doctor!”

Olivia smiled exasperatedly when she saw Zyla’s exaggerated reaction. “It’s not my

blood. It’s John’s.”

“Jerk John’s blood?”

“Yes.”

Zyla breathed a sigh of relief once more. “I was scared witless! I thought he hit you and got you injured again.”

“I was the one who hit him on the head.” After she said that, Olivia held up an ashtray. “With this.”

Zyla was once again stunned and rooted to the spot.

Had she hear Olivia correctly?

Sis Liv hit Jerk John’s head?

Since when had her Sis Liv become so manly?

“For real?”

Olivia saw that Zyla did not believe her and got down from the bed. She feigned a chuckle. “Of course! Why would I lie to you?”

Then, she put on a cardigan and pestered her. “Aren’t you here to discharge me?”

Zyla cheekily and joyfully packed up all the things Olivia had. “Discharging you right away! Good one, Sis Liv!”

After ten minutes passed, Zyla placed the bags to one side. “Just wait here for me, Sis Liv. I’ll get you the discharge papers.”

“Okay.”

The door swung open, and Zac walked in.

“Mr. Quinton?”

Zac nodded at Zyla slightly and looked at Olivia with a smile.

“Liv, I’ve received your apology through Zyla, and I accept it.”

What?

Olivia looked at the culprit with daggers shooting out of her eyes.

The culprit looked back and deemed the situation a dangerous one. She ran off with a plastered, awkward laugh left behind.

How could Zyla say that kind of thing to Zac? How dare she! That was absolutely ridiculous!

Immediately, Zac walked into the room and gently said, “Rainie Jameson is not my fiancée.”

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“Huh?” Olivia was confused.

“Rainie Jameson is not my fiancée.” Zac walked toward Olivia until he was by her

side and held her frail shoulders gently. He bent down to look at her and repeated what he just said.

Why was Zac explaining things to her?

“Oh.” Olivia was still frozen to the spot. Her response was apathetic and blunt.

The image of Zac being furious yesterday was still clear in her mind. For him to be so gentle today... What exactly did Zyla say to him?

Before Olivia could ask, Zac smiled. “Zyla only told me why you wanted to cut things off with me. Nothing else.

“The Jamesons wanted us Quintons to marry into their family because they wanted to be more influential in Ocean City. That’s why they wanted Rainie to marry me.”

Then, Zac looked at Olivia, and with overflowing gentleness in his eyes, said to her, “I didn’t agree to it. My life should not be tied to the Jamesons.”

Marriages for benefits between the rich had always existed, and if Mr. Larson had not loved Olivia the way he did, she would have also been handed odd into a marriage of benefits as well.

A marriage that had no love was more like a grave than a grave itself.

Olivia smiled lightly and said, “I know you. But Ms. Jameson seems to really like you a lot.”

That day, even if Rainie had not said what she did aloud, a woman’s intuition was often very accurate.

Zac did not continue the conversation. He switched topics and asked, "I've done my part in explaining. We're still friends, right?"

He threw the ball back into Olivia's court.

"Being my friend could result in being hit by a car. Are you sure about that?"

"That's what we call friends that had gone through thick and thin together."

At that moment, Zac fished out a box with a bracelet.

He put the bracelet on Olivia's wrist and pressed on the pendant. Immediately, a red

light started blinking.

"This is a beacon to call for help. If you're in danger, just press on it once, and I'll get a notification. I'll come and save you right away."

"This..."

Olivia looked at the blinking red light on her wrist and did not know how to explain her feelings.

She had been adamant about cutting ties with Zac. How had things become like this now?

"Zac..."

Before Olivia could finish, Zac interrupted her.

”

“Olivia Larson.” Zac released her hand, and his tone of voice was much colder. Dorothy Ellis could lay her hands on you at any time. I don’t want you or the baby to be in a dangerous situation. Do you understand me?”

It felt like something had hit her square in her heart. Yes. Her baby. Even if she was not thinking for herself, she should think about her baby.

Before Olivia could misunderstand, Zac added, “Also, Zyla is very worried about you.”

Olivia exhaled as she thought about Zyla and the baby. She looked up to look at Zac. “I’ll keep it. Thank you... my friend.”

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“Did you regularly take the medication I gave you?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“I’ve just given a new course to Zyla. Remember to take your medication and rest well after you’re discharged. If anything happens, I’m here. Don’t worry.”

‘If anything happens, I’m here. Don’t worry.’ This was something that John used to

say.

What a comforting and touching phrase.

Olivia pursed her lips. “Okay. I won’t.”

Zac marched out of the ward and heaved a long sigh.

He had almost blown his cover just now.

If Olivia found out that the friendship she shared with Zac was not so platonic after

all, she would immediately push him away without hesitation.

However, he did not want that. He would not like that to ever happen.

He would rather be a silent guardian angel by her side, protecting her and watching

over her.

In the ward, Olivia fished out her phone in the silent room and gave Dorothy a call.

“We’ll meet tomorrow at noon.”

“Okay. Here’s where we’re meeting.”

“I’ll decide where we’ll meet.”

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Before this, every time Dorothy picked out a place, something would happen.

This time, Olivia wanted to make sure nothing of that sort would happen.

She had only one goal, which was to get Uncle Wallace's body back. She wanted him to finally be able to rest in peace and not be floating about like a ghost anymore.

However, at the other end of the phone, Dorothy was enraged. "Olivia Larson! I have the trump card here, and don't you ever forget it!"

Olivia snickered. "I think you've got it wrong. I have the trump card. You wanna be Mrs. Freeman? Then I'm the one who has to sign the divorce papers. Uncle Wallace is all you have against me."

"Your brother..."

"I'll let you know when I decide on the venue.

Then, Olivia did not give Dorothy a chance to go berserk as she hung up the phone immediately.

At the same time, Zyla walked in after settling the discharging.

"Let's go, Sis Liv. We're done with discharge papers. The doctor asks you to come back next week for a follow-up check-up."

"A follow-up check-up?"

"Yeah. Don't you ever forget that you're a pregnant woman with end-stage lung cancer."

Zyla picked up Olivia's bags and sighed. "The doctor says that you're very fortunate to not see any major effects from all the torture your body has gone through."

Olivia laughed when she thought about her cancer. "You're becoming naggier and naggier, Zy."

"How could I not nag? You don't even care about yourself. If it wasn't for me watching you all the time, you wouldn't even eat your medication on time."

Olivia tugged Zyla's sleeves and said, "Okay, Zy, don't get mad. I'll eat my medication on time from now on. Who knows? Maybe Zac's medication will work miracles."

"I'll see about that."

The two of them walked to the car as they chatted.

On the opposite side of the road, there was a black Maybach under the tree.

In the car, Wes saw Olivia get in Zyla's car and asked in confusion. "Sir, aren't we here to bring Madam home?"

The man in the back seat snuffed out the cigarette in his hands and replied hoarsely, "Let's go back to the office."

Wes shook his head helplessly after hearing nothing else from the man. He started the car.

Sir was forever like this. It was clear that he was here because he missed Madam, but he refused to say anything.

The more ridiculous fact was that since Madam was admitted to the hospital and did not come home, Sir had not left his office. He had become a workaholic.

John watched Zyla's car disappear on the horizon and frowned slightly. A pang of loneliness grew in his heart.

He saw Olivia laugh.

He did not know why, but it just dawned upon him that he had not seen her smile in a very long time.

It seemed like Olivia would only smile a little in front of Zyla.

Why?

Why was there a pang of jealousy in his heart?

He scoffed and denied the thought.

Jealousy?

How could he be jealous?

He did not love Olivia at all! All he had towards her was hatred. He wanted her to live painfully by his side. He wanted her to wish that she was dead!

Wes watched the change of expression on John's face through the rearview mirror and shook his head.

It was typical human nature to be blinded by their true desires.

After lunch, Olivia sneaked out and took a taxi to Parese Hotel while Zyla was out.

She only sent the location to Dorothy after she got a room.

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That was the only way she could ensure the safety of the room.

After half an hour, Dorothy arrived.

The moment she entered through the door, her hands were outstretched. "Where's the divorce agreement?"

Olivia sat on the sofa and pointed at the paper bag on the counter.

Dorothy glared at her, opened the paper bags, and after she verified that Olivia's signature was on the papers, sneered.

"Wouldn't everything have been fine and dandy if you did this earlier, Olivia? Before this, I didn't actually want to take your life."

"Hah! Your words have no credibility, Dorothy Ellis."

"You deserve to die!"

Olivia did not bother arguing with Dorothy. She was direct. "Where's Uncle Wallace's body?"

She saw Dorothy smile an eerie smile. "You want that old man's body? Not so fast!"

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"You're going against your word, Dorothy Ellis!"

"I'm not the one that went against my word. You're the one that promised me two things, but as of right now, only one of those things are done."

Dorothy kept the divorce agreement in her bag and glared at Olivia. "Besides that, you've been provoking me recently, and Olivia Larson, my patience has its limits."

Right there and then, Olivia frowned and looked toward the door. "What do you want?"

Dorothy took a video camera out of her bag, switched it on, and pointed it at Olivia. "I want you to confess your sins, right here and right now!"

"What?"

"Record this video, and I'll tell you where that wretched old man's body is. If not, you'll never find it. Ever!"

"Dorothy Ellis!"

Olivia shot to her feet and glared coldly at Dorothy like she would love to devour her immediately if she could.

Dorothy refused to back down and slapped Olivia, causing her to fall onto the couch. With a twisted-up face, Dorothy shrieked, "Know your place, b*tch!"

Immediately after that, Dorothy yanked Olivia's head back by her hair.

"Ahhh!" Olivia screamed in pain.

Then, Dorothy flung her away and snickered. "Forget it. It'll dirty my hand if I beat you up. Do you know that Johnny's been with me every night since you went away?"

"Every night, he holds me and kisses me. You lost a long time ago, Olivia Larson."

Even if Olivia had seen it coming, her heart still ached suddenly.

She had definitely lost when it came to John Freeman.

That was why she could not lose Uncle Wallace this time. Thus...

She held in her tears with her fingernails digging into her skin. She looked up at Dorothy and spat through gritted teeth. "Hah, he's merely a man I used! Just take him if you like him so much. You two are truly a match made in heaven since you're a

b*tch and he's a b*stard!"

"You!"

Dorothy lifted her hands and was about to slap her, but Olivia caught Dorothy's hand

in midair.

She pushed Dorothy away hard and snarked coldly. "Don't you want me to record this confession video? Hurry up and set the camera up!"

Hilarious.

It was hilarious that she had to 'confess' that she had killed Uncle Wallace in front of his actual murderer.

However, she had no other choice.

Dorothy set the camera up. "B*tch, don't play any games. I'm warning you."

Olivia did not even want to look at her. Her bloodshot eyes stared straight at the camera, and she took a deep breath.

"My name is Olivia Larson, and this is my confession video. About a month and a half ago, I killed someone in the West Village.

“His name was Wallace Simmons, and he used to be a butler at the Larson Residence.”

The moment she finished that sentence, Olivia could no longer hold her tears back.

She sniffled and continued. “The reason I had to kill him was really simple. He found out some things that he shouldn’t have, so he had to die.

“I.. I invited him to that abandoned warehouse where stabbed his heart with a knife...”

She raised her hands to wipe her tears away. “Then, he died. To avoid suspicion, I set up the warehouse on fire.”

Olivia could not continue with any more.

Uncle Wallace did not die of a knife wound to the heart. He had died so gruesomely, and he still had to go through all of these things even after he was dead.

Poor Uncle Wallace had not done nothing.

If only he had not come to Ocean City. Then, he would still be alive.

When Olivia thought of that, she covered her face and wept.

Dorothy felt like everything had gone about right, so she kept the camera smugly.” Good work, Olivia Larson.”

Olivia looked at her with red-rimmed eyes. “Uncle Wallace...”

Alas, Dorothy smiled and said, “Sadly, it’s unfortunate that I don’t feel like telling you anything now. We’ll see when my mood improves.”

“What?!”

Olivia shot up to her feet and leaped at Dorothy. She wanted to beat her up, but she fell onto the couch again because her lungs were acting up. All she could do was watch her walk away.

Damn it!

She really wanted to kill Dorothy right there and then if she could!

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After taking the painkillers, Olivia had a thirty-minute rest in the hotel to recover.

She took out her phone and saw more than ten missed calls from Zyla.

She still had not managed to retrieve Uncle Wallace’s body, and her heart was aching, but she refused to let Zyla be worried too.

She cleared her throat and called her back.

“Sis Liv, where are you? Why aren’t you picking up your phone?”

“The smell is too strong at home, so I went out for a walk. I’ll be back soon.”

Luckily Zyla did not pick up on anything suspicious. “Yeah, that’s true. I guess we don’t have a choice since the pipe burst last night. I called the plumber to fix it late, but it was at night, so that’s why the smell is still there. If you’re uncomfortable with the smell, why don’t you stay at the hotel tonight?”

“It’s fine. I’m coming back soon.”

“Hmm, alright. Be quick, okay? I bought some chicken to make chicken soup for you with.”

“Okay.”

Olivia let out a sigh of relief after hanging up. Just as she got up and walked out, her phone rang again.

It was John.

She did not hesitate to decline the call.

There was nothing the two of them had left to discuss now that the divorce agreement was in Dorothy’s hands. Their status as husband and wife would be gone in no time.

Thinking of this, she could not help but snort.

‘Seventeen years... What have I been doing for the past seventeen years?’

She failed to honor her parents, she failed to protect her younger brother and the Larson family, and she could not even keep the only man she loved by her side.

How pathetic.

With that thought, she returned to Golden Hills Apartment in a daze.

When she reached downstairs, she saw a familiar Maybach.

The man was simply leaning against the car, but he still commanded attention.

John was handsome and had an elegant temperament which made him the star of the show, no matter where he was. That was probably the reason why Olivia fell for

him.

'But what is he doing here?

'To continue yesterday's unfinished argument?

'Or did Dorothy try to get in between us by badmouthing me again?'

John noticed her immediately. He put out the cigarette in his hand and said coldly, "Get in the car."

Olivia did not move. She stood a few feet away from him, staring at him.

"Why should I?"

John walked toward her with his long legs, grabbed her wrist, and stuffed her into the passenger seat without another word.

She was unwilling to follow him and wanted to open the door and leave, but she felt a murderous gaze staring at her, so she stopped moving.

Seeing that she stopped moving, John went to open the driver's car door and sat

inside.

"Mr. Freeman, what do you want? Do you want to beat me up or imprison me again?"

John glanced at her coldly and asked, "Olivia, do you really want me to beat you up?"

"Are you crazy? No one likes to get beat up. I'm not a masochist."

"Olivia, I'm not crazy. I wouldn't beat someone unless they deserved it."

Hearing that, she looked at him in disbelief.

'I deserved it?

'What did I do to deserve it?

'Was it because I fought back when Dorothy slapped me?'

She raised her hand and covered her chest, suppressing the pain in her heart.

"John, if the day comes when you finally realize that Dorothy Ellis is not who you think she is, will you beat her?"

"You and Dolly are different."

"Different? She's very different indeed. I'm a devil, while she's an angel. John, what were you thinking back then that made you want to get close to this devil?"

Olivia snorted. "If you didn't get close to me, I wouldn't have fallen for you. You wouldn't have become my devil, and I wouldn't be the devil in your heart either."

If John did not appear on that day seventeen years ago, she might not have ever seen sunlight again.

However, it was better to never see the sun than to see it but have it be taken away in the end.

Chapter 217

There was an inexplicable piercing pain in John's heart, and veins suddenly popped

on his hand that was holding the steering wheel as if he wanted to crush it.

'What does she mean?

'She regrets it?

'Who gave her the right to regret it?'

"Olivia, don't go overboard!"

'Go overboard?'

Olivia snorted. 'They are really a match made in Hell. They both said the same thing

to me.

'When have I ever gone overboard?

'What have I done wrong since the start?'

"John, if you're only here to insult me, I'd rather jump out of the car and die."

After saying that, she reached out to grab the door handle.

John's car was going close to fifty miles an hour, so even if she survived the jump,

she would be heavily injured or even paralyzed. How mad was this woman?!

He quickly locked the car and emergency braked by the roadside.

"Olivia Larson, have you gone mad?"

Due to the sudden halt, Olivia hit her head on the glass, and she cried in pain.

She covered her head and opened the door angrily but soon found that it was locked. She turned her head to look at John with a gloomy face and shouted, "Yes, I'm crazy! If I wasn't crazy, how would I have fallen in love with you?"

No matter how much she tried to hold them back, her tears still ended up rolling down her cheeks.

She was forced to make a deal with the devil that murdered her mother for the sake of retrieving Uncle Wallace's body. She even let herself be manipulated by them over and over again for her brother's safety.

'What else do I need to do for these people to let me go?'

John was slightly stunned after Olivia yelled at him. Seeing how she was tearing up

but still glaring at him ruthlessly, he felt a little upset in his heart.

The two continued staring at each other, and the temperature in the car seemed to drop to freezing point.

After a moment, John turned back and looked to the front while restarting the engine and threatening her coldly. "Olivia, my patience has a limit. Don't test me."

The engine started, and Olivia then understood that she was on a boat that would never turn back to shore.

She stopped staring at him and turned back to face the window.

'It's all my fault. I shouldn't have believed what Wes said and argued with John.'

The funniest thing was that she actually anticipated John acting differently than before when she tried to argue with him this time.

'Because he trusts me, no?'

Thinking about this, she suddenly chuckled and sighed. "John, let's not argue anymore."

This request came from the bottom of her heart.

Every time they argued, she would be hurt ruthlessly, and her heart would be in pain over and over again.

She could not take it anymore.

She refused to wander between hate and love and between hell and heaven forever. She was exhausted.

John did not answer. He just stepped harder on the accelerator.

An hour later, they arrived at an abandoned factory near the outskirts of the city.

John stopped his car and got down without looking at Olivia.

She was taken aback and followed him from behind, feeling nervous.

'What are we doing here?'

It felt as if he wanted to kill her and destroy all the evidence.

At that moment, he stopped in front of a factory entrance and knocked on the door. Then, the door opened from the inside.

Wes walked out from inside. "Sir, Madam."

"Where is he?"

"In there. The blood has been washed off, so it's not too..."

John frowned impatiently. "Enough. Bring me to him."

"Alright."

Olivia stood in front of the entrance for a long time after John went in.

Her anxiousness grew even more severe.

"Madam, please come in."

Olivia took a glance at Wes and gulped before walking into the place.

The door closed behind her with a bang, and the room instantly darkened.

It was probably because she was pregnant that she was extremely sensitive to smells. She could smell the blood after taking a few steps in, and she nearly vomited.

At that moment, the lights suddenly turned on.

“Come here.”

She looked in the direction John was looking at as he spoke and immediately froze

to the spot.

‘This is...’

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Cole was tied up and kneeling on the ground. His body was dripping with water, and he looked like a sinner being punished.

Olivia froze on the spot for a long time before gradually turning around to look at the expressionless John.

‘So Wes was telling the truth. John really sent people to look for Cole.’

All of a sudden, she felt overjoyed.

‘He trusted me, right?’

Suddenly, John asked, "He killed Uncle Wallace, right?"

She nodded in a daze. "Yeah."

"Do you want to get revenge?"

"Yes."

John picked up a fruit knife on the table beside him and passed it to her. "Kill him."

She was stunned once again and looked at him in confusion.

'What is he trying to do?

'It's illegal to kill people.'

She was still being charged for Uncle Wallace's murder. If she really killed Cole she would be doomed, would she not?

"Don't dare to do it?"

"No. Not really."

She hesitated for a moment but still took the knife from him.

She hated Cole because he was the one who started everything.

If it were not for him, she would not have to bear the charges of cheating and murder right now.

Whenever she thought about how Uncle Wallace looked in death, she immediately felt the urge to kill Cole.

She walked towards him slowly.

The closer she got, the heavier the smell of blood became. She frowned slightly and

endured the discomfort. Then, she raised the hand that was holding the knife...

Cole suddenly raised his head and grinned at her. "Kill me, and you'll be a murderer

forever!"

'Murderer!'

Her hand froze in mid-air. 'I don't want to be a murderer. Even if I have to die, I want

to die innocent.'

Then, a huge hand grabbed hers and pushed the knife into Cole's shoulder.

"Ah!"

Olivia shouted in fear and stepped back in a panic after letting go of the knife.

She only had one thing on her mind: she did not want to go to jail.

John's indifferent voice came from behind her. "You're hopeless. You talk about revenge, but you don't even dare to make a move."

At that moment, a weird thought creeped into her mind.

'Is John trying to lure me into killing so he can gather evidence against me and throw me into jail again? If his plan works, he can officially be together with Dorothy... And I'll end up branded as a murderer until the day I die.

'No, that's impossible.'

Olivia was shocked by her own thoughts. She looked at John horrifyingly and shook her head. "I don't want to be a murderer. I don't want to go to jail."

John was dumbfounded at first but immediately frowned. "I found him for you, but you're refusing to get your revenge."

"I want to get revenge. But I want him to be in jail, and I want him to prove my innocence. I don't want to kill him and wipe away all the evidence!"

Hearing this, John's eyes darkened a little, and he smiled coldly. "Olivia, is it because you have a certain kind of affection toward him? Is that why you don't want him to

die?"

"What?"

Olivia thought she heard him wrongly, and she looked at him in disbelief. "John, even until today, you still think that we're having an affair? Are you blind?"

After saying that, she quickly walked towards Cole and grabbed his hair to question him. "Cole Zachary, I want you to tell me the truth loud and clear right now!"

Unexpectedly, Cole glared at her with scorching eyes, grinned, and asked, “Ms. Larson, why are you so angry? You’re not like this in bed.”

“You...”

‘Cole is still lying!’

She was pissed and shouted angrily, “You’re lying! You said something else at the hospital back then!”

“Back then? You mean back when I caught you and Mr. Quinton in the act?”

Chapter 219

“You?”

“What is it? You’re feeling the urge to kill me, right?”

Cole grinned eerily. “Kill me, then! Hurry up!”

After saying that, he whispered so only Olivia could hear him. “I’d rather die than tell the truth in front of John Freeman.”

‘What?’

Olivia was so angry that she was trembling all over and her teeth were chattering. If she was not so rational, she would have killed him right there and then.

“What did Dorothy Ellis give you in exchange for this lie that might cost you your life?” “Dorothy Ellis? Who’s that?”

“You despicable man! It was you and Dorothy who set me up two years ago, you...”

Before she managed to finish what she wanted to say, John went forward and grabbed her arm. He said coldly, “Enough!”

“Olivia, we’re talking about him murdering Uncle Wallace. Don’t bring Dorothy up out of nowhere.”

‘Out of nowhere?’

She swung his hand away. “John, ever since you got to know Dorothy Ellis, you’ve gotten so stupid! You should mind the company you keep!”

“Olivia Larson!”

She laughed coldly and got closer to his face. “Do you want to beat me? Do it! Beat me until I die! Have you ever thought about why Cole wanted to kill Uncle Wallace even though he barely knew him?”

John was taken aback. He put his hands behind his back. “To rob him.”

“A robbery?” Olivia laughed angrily. “So you think that I’m having an affair with Cole, and you think he happened to meet Uncle Wallace, who came to Ocean City to visit me, and proceeded to kill him and rob him?”

“That’s the joke of the century!”

She had no idea how John came up with such a story.

Whatever it was, there was one thing she was sure of: John would choose to believe Dorothy no matter what, even if he suspected something being out of the ordinary.

After all, she refused to believe that the man who controlled Ocean City was really this stupid!

John did not answer Olivia and walked towards Cole. "Untie him."

Wes was dumbfounded. "Sir?"

"Untie him now!"

Seeing how John insisted, Wes had no choice but to obey his orders and untie Cole.

John kicked Cole's body, stepped on his arm, and said sharply, "Speak! This is your last chance!"

Cole shouted in pain before he started grinning again. "What do you want me to say? Do you want me to talk about what I do in bed with your wife?"

John gave him another kick, and this time, he stepped on his throat. Smiling coldly, he asked with a murderous aura in his eyes, "Cole Zachary, do I look like I'm joking with you?"

"No... Of course not."

Cole's voice trembled at that moment. Even though he was mentally prepared to lose his life, when death actually came near him, he was still afraid.

"Speak!"

"I killed that old man because I noticed that the box he had seemed valuable. Who could have guessed that there was nothing but a bunch of useless papers in there, and the box itself was not even an antique?"

Olivia went forward and continued asking questions. "What's your relationship to Dorothy Ellis? She was the one who called me there. So you just happened to murder Uncle Wallace at the same place and burned down the factory?"

“I have no idea who Dorothy Ellis is.”

Even if he was going to die, Cole still insisted on lying.

“You’re bluffing! You said something else in front of me and Zac that day in the hospital! It was you and Dorothy who set me up over and over again! Why aren’t you admitting it now? Why?!”

Olivia felt as if she was going insane. She continued shouting at him angrily.

“Nonsense!”

Cole sneered, and he had no desire to admit the truth at all.

“Wes, remove his tongue and eyes, then throw him into the ocean.”

After saying that, John kicked him away.

Hearing this, Cole trembled with fright. Soon, there was a foul smell in the air. He was so scared that he had peed!

Chapter 220

Cole knew that he could not last much longer, but he could not afford to let John know the truth.

Suddenly, he pulled out the knife in his shoulder and stabbed it into his chest.

“No!”

Olivia rushed over, hoping to stop him, but she was a step too slow, and everything was in vain.

The knife sank into Cole's chest, and blood gushed out.

"Cole, don't die!"

'He's the only one that knows the truth right now.'

Cole grinned at her and whispered with whatever that remained in him, "Ms. Larson,

I'm... sorry, I... I owe Dolly my life... I can't tell the truth even if I have to die..."

After saying that, his head tilted, and he lost his breath.

Olivia froze to the spot, and her tears rolled down her cheeks to her lips.

They were salty.

'Why?'

Why did they have to wrong her no matter what the cost was?!

Would it be the case that when she died, she would still be a cheating woman in

John's heart?

'I don't want this.'

Even if she and John could not be together in the end, she did not want him to

misunderstand her.

John was about to approach her, but he saw her suddenly and frantically laugh.

“How pathetic! What a joke!”

Olivia clenched her teeth and took a final glance at Cole. She then staggered up, stood up, and wiped away her tears.

John suddenly grabbed her arm. “What did he say?”

“You really want to know?”

Olivia turned around and looked at him. Then, she grinned, “But would you believe it if the words came from me?”

Seeing her attitude, John frowned. His gaze changed slightly, and his heart ached.

“Olivia, calm down.”

‘Calm down?’

Olivia sniffed. A weird smile was on the corner of her mouth, but her eyes were surprisingly cold.

“He said that he was sorry, but because he owes Dorothy his life, he must keep the secret and bring it to his grave. John, it seems like he likes your darling Dorothy so much that he’s willing to risk his life for

her.’

”

She let out a foul breath afterward and wiped away her tears, laughing. “How

pathetic, huh?”

She was mocking herself. ‘Even Dorothy Ellis has an infatuated man that loves her with his entire life. How about me?’

She had loved John for seventeen years, but all she got in return was suspicion, hatred, and betrayal.

At that moment, she felt like she had really lost to Dorothy.

She had a strong family background that Dorothy could never have herself, but she had no one who loved her, unlike Dorothy.

She had Cole at first, and now she had John.

Olivia walked outside, staggering. Her mind was a total mess.

After taking two steps, her lungs convulsed. She could not control it and spat out a

mouthful of blood.

John quickly went to help her and easily picked her up and carried her bridal-style to

walk out with her.

He put her into the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt. “Give me a minute.”

After saying that, he closed the car door and walked back into the factory.

“Settle the body, and leave no trace behind.”

“Don’t worry.”

John nodded and walked back out with a gloomy expression.

After two steps, he suddenly stopped, looked at Wes, and asked, “Wes, was it too much for me to make her kill Cole?”

Honestly, he could sense how alert and hostile Olivia was toward him.

“Sir, I understand your intentions. You want Madam to be able to deal with her own enemies.” Wes then paused. “But I assume Madam doesn’t think the same.”

This was a fact. Based on the conflicts they had gone through, Olivia definitely got the wrong idea.

John pursed his lips and did not say anything more. He just lit a cigarette.

However, as soon as it was lit, he remembered that Olivia had pneumonia, so he silently extinguished it.

After getting into the car, the two continued the journey in dead silence.

Olivia was like a puppet, leaning against the window silently.

John noticed her pale face, and he was worried.

'Am I really in wrong?'