

G.H Hooked 221

Chapter 221

The ringtone of Olivia's phone broke the strange silence in the car.

"Sis Liv, where are you?"

Olivia snapped out of her daze when she heard Zyla's voice. "What's wrong?"

"Stay in a hotel tonight. Don't come back home. There're lots of reporters outside. your house."

Reporters?

Startled, Olivia asked, puzzled, "Zy, please tell me what happened."

Zyla paused for a while then said, "Sis Liv, the video of you surrendering to the police has spread everywhere through the internet. Everyone thinks you killed your former butler because you wanted to cheat on your husband."

Olivia sneered. "I see. Make sure you take good care of yourself."

"Sis Liv, which hotel will you be staying in tonight? I'll bring you soup."

"It's okay. I'll go back and have it."

Then, Olivia hung up the call.

John glanced at her. "What is it?"

“Nothing.”

Wes frowned. Then, he made a turn, driving into Golden Hills Apartment. The first thing he saw was a group of reporters.

Immediately, John realized what Olivia was talking about on the phone. “I’ll send you back to Cliffside Villa.”

“No. These reporters are like flies. I’m sure they’ll be waiting at Cliffside Villa too.”

“I’ll drive you to a hotel, then.”

Olivia turned her head and glanced at John coldly as she scoffed. “John, why are you pretending to be kind now?”

In the warehouse, he had still suspected her even when they were confronting Cole, and he even forced her to kill him. Olivia did not trust John anymore now.

John’s Maybach was so obvious that the reporters were quick to notice.

All of them gathered around Olivia the moment she opened the car door.

“She’s here!”

“Ms. Larson, did you kill your butler because you were having an affair with another man?”

“As I understand it, the butler was very kind to you. How could you kill him?”

“Who is your lover? Does Mr. Freeman know about him?”

Some reporters even knocked on the driver's window. "Mr. Freeman, come out and say something."

"Did you know your wife was cheating on you? Will you get divorced?"

John was speechless.

He sat in the car in displeasure and looked at Olivia, who was in the crowd, annoyed.

Then, he opened the door and walked through the crowd with an annoyed and

murderous gaze.

His expression scared the reporters, and they quickly backed away, making way for him to walk.

John went straight to her. He tried to pull her back into the car, but she shoved him.

away.

"What are you doing, Olivia?" He was annoyed.

She looked at him coldly. "John, it was Dorothy who did all this. Since she started it, this will have to go on."

Her calmness dumbfounded John. She looked very different from how frantic she

was just now.

"Go back. I'll take care of it."

“Heh, no.” Olivia sneered and looked back at the reporters as she coldly asked, “What else do you want to know? Details of the murder? Or how I dumped the body?”

The reporters were startled. They thought Olivia would remain silent, but she was surprisingly frank.

Those who were bolder shouted, “Yes, yes! Can you please tell us more about the case? I’m sure everyone wants to know why the prime socialite of Ocean City, who was once so famous, is now a murderer.”

“Okay’

Olivia’s voice was cold. “Do you know where Uncle Wallace’s body is?”

The reporter was confused. “Ms. Larson, what do you mean by this?”

“I mean, Uncle Wallace’s body was stolen from the police station, and I want to find it because I don’t want him to be used after he’s dead. The body will give you the

answers you’re looking for.”

The body was missing?

The reporters were shocked. This was not the information they had gotten. Suddenly, John picked her up and walked into the apartment.

Chapter 222

However, before John could take Olivia to her unit, the police stopped him.

“Ms. Larson, can you please come with us?”

Olivia had expected all of this. Dorothy had put up the video and called the reporters, so she would not have forgotten about the police.

Dorothy did not just want to humiliate her. She wanted the world to see Olivia in handcuffs for of the murder.

“Put me down.”

John was reluctant, but he still put her down.

It irritated John to see Olivia accepting the handcuffs calmly.

Just as the police were about to take her away, he grabbed her hand and whispered, “Wait for me.”

Wait for him?

Olivia smiled. “John, isn’t this what you want to see?”

‘Hasn’t he always wanted to make Dorothy his wife?’

‘Hasn’t he often threatened to send me to prison?’

‘Isn’t this what he wants?’

‘Hypocrite!’

Olivia smiled as she faced the cameras, not showing the slightest bit of fear or panic.

Dorothy wanted to embarrass her. She had to smile and not let Dorothy get what she

was expecting to see.

However, tears rolled down her cheeks when she sat in the police car.

Cole had refused to prove her innocence until his final breath. Who else could do it for her now?

Dorothy?

She cried and laughed like a madwoman.

Even the police were intimidated by her.

When they were at the police station, the police asked Olivia for details of the

murder, but she kept her lips sealed.

She wanted to say that someone had forced her, but would anyone believe that?

Forget the police, even John would not believe her.

That made her feel even more miserable.

Olivia had done everything she could to get Uncle Wallace's body back, but in the end, she could not let him rest in

peace.

She felt really useless!

Perhaps the policeman was annoyed with her refusing to speak for some time, so he stood up and said, "Ms. Larson, we have plenty of time, so we advise you to confess."

"Officer." She suddenly spoke.

"Are you going to confess now?"

Olivia looked at the policemen with tears shimmering in her reddened eyes and hoarsely asked, "Have you found Uncle Wallace?"

"Not yet."

"Please find him. When I came to report that he was missing, you could not find him. I was the one who found his body. I just gave him to you, but you lost him. Can you please return him to me?"

Olivia did not want to plead her innocence. She just wanted Uncle Wallace to be

buried. It was worth it.

The police saw her crying from the bottom of her heart with every word. He felt helpless and left.

They checked the records. Indeed, as Olivia said, she had come to see the police. long before this. They also suspected that she did not murder the victim.

However, she had confessed in the video, so she was the main suspect. They could not release her unless they found evidence of her innocence.

They locked her in the cell.

She hugged herself and squatted in the corner of the room, disappointed.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over her. She did not lift her head as she thought someone would hit her again.

“Hit me if you want, but not in the stomach.”

However, all she heard was Dorothy’s triumphant laughter. “Olivia, you’re going to

jail, but you’re still thinking about your baby?”

Olivia lifted her head and clenched her teeth as she said, “Dorothy, how dare you go back on your word!”

“So what? You’re doomed now, and no one can save you. As for the dead old man, I’ve already thrown him into the sea to feed the fish!”

“Dorothy! I’m going to kill you!”

Olivia suddenly pounced on her frantically, wanting to strangle her. She was like a devil from hell, scaring Dorothy.

“Ahh!”

After all, there were bars, so Dorothy managed to back away.

Then, a familiar voice at the door called her name.

“Olivia Larson!”

Chapter 223

Before Olivia could react, Dorothy threw herself in the arms of the man who just spoke.

“Johnny, Liv seems to have gone mad...”

Her voice was soft, and she looked like a poor victim.

Olivia turned around and looked at the two of them. She sneered and said, “John, don’t you feel disgusting, acting lovey-dovey with her in front of me?”

His forehead puckered upon hearing this. He pushed Dorothy away and asked coldly, “Why are you here?”

Dorothy was startled and quickly grabbed John’s arm as she acted coquettishly. “I read on the news that Liv had been arrested, so I rushed over to see if there was anything I could do to help.”

“News?”

John looked at her coldly, and fear rose in her. It seemed as though John was distancing himself from her.

“Yeah, the news...”

“Go back. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Dorothy looked at Olivia with a worried look. “I...”

Before she could finish, John’s voice was colder as he urged again. “I told you to go back.”

Dorothy knew John was about to get angry, so she quickly nodded obediently. “Okay. I’ll wait for you at home.” After all, she had all the time in the world to deal with Olivia.

Before leaving, Dorothy did not forget to turn around and provoke Olivia with a smug smile.'

Olivia scoffed as she watched her leave. "It seems you two didn't come together."

Then, she stared at John coldly. "John, how well do you think you know her?"

"Olivia, don't you think it's pointless asking that?"

"Of course not."

She wondered how John would react when he discovered who Dorothy was deep down inside.

Would he still love Dorothy as much as he did now?

He was displeased and looked at her as he grumpily said, "Olivia, I'm here to take you out. Stop causing trouble."

Causing trouble?

Olivia sneered and shook her head. She felt like she should dump this man soon.

He was out of his mind.

The policeman came in and opened the cell door. "Ms. Larson, you're out on bail now, but please be ready to come back if you need to."

“Bail?” Olivia was startled.

“Yes.”

Olivia looked at John as she thought, ‘What’s this man trying to do?’

It was getting harder and harder for her to understand what he was trying to do.

The door was pushed open, and Zac appeared in the doorway wrapped in a black trench coat.

“Zac? What are you doing here? You can’t leave the hospital yet.”

Olivia ignored John and approached Zac, concerned.

“How could I not come when something has happened to you?”

Zac naturally lifted his hand and touched Olivia’s head. He asked softly, “They didn’t hurt you, did they?”

“No.”

John felt annoyed looking at that, and anger boiled in him as he dragged Olivia into his embrace.

“Zac, if you haven’t lost your memory, I’m sure you know Olivia and I aren’t divorced!”

Then, he dragged her out.

“Olivia, it seems I’ve been too nice to you, so you keep thinking about cheating on me.”

Olivia was in pain and shoved off John's hand. She stepped a few steps back and kept a distance from him.

"John, I'm an idiot! I was happy when Wes said you trusted me.

"All you

did was encourage me to kill! John, do you want me to kill and go to prison

so you and Dorothy can get married?

"Why did you come here to bail me out? Just let me go to jail!"

Olivia's words struck John's heart, making his expression become gloomy.

She had misunderstood him.

Chapter 224

As John and Olivia confronted each other, Zac stepped forward to hug her. He lowered his head and said, "Liv, stop quarreling with him. Let's all go home and rest."

Her body could not stand any more stress.

John stretched out his arms to stop them, and his gaze was murderous. "Zac, let go of her!"

"John, if you still love her, you know she has to rest. She just got out of the hospital and is pregnant. Do you think she can take it if you keep torturing her?"

With those words, Olivia's body began to wobble.

She covered her chest and endured the sharp pain. Her body would have fallen to the ground if Zac was not holding onto her.

Fortunately, Zyla arrived in time and took Olivia from Zac.

“Sis Liv, be strong. I brought you the medicine.”

Zyla hurriedly opened the bottle and shoved the pills into Olivia’s mouth.

However, Olivia spat out a mouthful of blood as soon as Zyla stuffed the pills into her mouth.

These days, she had been confronting John and Dorothy more often. Moreover, she was emotional after just being discharged from the hospital.

She had not taken her medication and shouted just now, so her body was on the verge of collapse. Her vision went black, and she fainted.

“Sis Liv!”

Zyla was worried sick. She looked at the two men confronting each other and scolded them. “You sons of b*tches, why are you still just standing there? Help me get Siş Liv to the car!”

John snapped out of his anger and quickly carried Olivia.

He had noticed Olivia’s weak state, but anger had overpowered him when he saw her getting so intimate with Zac.

The thought filled him with rage, but the woman looked half dead, so he had to bear

with it.

When they were at the police station's entrance, they bumped into Dorothy, who had

not left.

"What happened, Johnny?"

Dorothy saw John carrying Olivia, and anger grew in her. 'This woman has a death wish!'

However, John ignored her and headed to Zyla's car. "Open the door."

Zyla was startled and opened the car's back seat door.

After John put Olivia in the back seat, he closed the car door and looked at Zyla

coldly as he said, "Take good care of her. You'll be responsible if anything happens to her."

Zyla was dumbfounded, and before she could say anything, John snapped, "Don't let Zac get close to her!"

Then, he headed to his Maybach.

Dorothy grabbed Zyla and questioned, "Tell me! What's going on?"

"Mistress Ellis, I have no time to quarrel with you now!"

Zyla shoved her hands off of her, got into the car, and sped off.

Dorothy could not understand how a murderer could walk out of jail freely.

Why would John save Olivia? He should have lost trust in her by now.

John and Zyla's conversation revealed his concern for Olivia, making Dorothy feel jealousy overtaking her.

'Damn it, Olivia. I'll make you pay for this!'

Zac, who was standing not far away, watched Zyla leave with Olivia in her car. Only then did he get back to his car.

He had come to testify to bail Olivia out, but John beat him to it.

His eyes drooped at the thought.

Zac could not understand John's feelings for Olivia anymore. He wondered if John still loved her.

Meanwhile, John was sitting in his Maybach

He lit a cigarette and leaned against the window, puffing out smoke.

"Wes, what else did you say to her?"

Wes froze and broke out into a cold sweat. "Sir, H-I didn't want Mrs. Freeman to misunderstand you..."

"How much did you tell her?"

Wes repeated everything he had told Olivia and gulped. He could feel John's cold gaze boring into him without even needing looking back. Nervousness engulfed him.

Fortunately, John did not seem to mind it and just squinted his eyes. His voice was cold when he warned, "Control your mouth, or you'll lose your tongue next!"

"Yes! Yes, sir!"

"Find out which media site posted about Olivia's arrest without my permission."

Chapter 225

"Sir, you think some of them ignored your orders?"

In the afternoon, after the police arrested Olivia, John immediately ordered all media outlets not to report on it and retract all previous reports.

If no one released anything, it meant that Dorothy knew about Olivia's case before anyone else did.

He turned his head and looked out of the window as he pondered.

If this had something to do with Dorothy, he would have to believe what Olivia previously accused Dorothy of before this.

While pondering, his phone rang. It was a call from Dorothy.

However, John did not answer until Dorothy called him for the third time.

"Johnny."

Listening to Dorothy's coquettish voice, John's brows furrowed as he asked coldly, "What?"

After a moment of silence on the other end of the call, Dorothy sobbed and asked, "Johnny, are you mad at me? You haven't come to my place for a long time."

"I was busy at work."

"I know you're busy, but could you come and keep me company tonight? I'm a little scared to be alone."

John put out his cigarette and said impatiently, "Go to bed early if you're afraid."

Then, he hung up the call without waiting for Dorothy to speak.

He had no feelings for Dorothy nor did he want to hear her voice.

If it was not for her accompanying him when he had an accident two years ago and donating a kidney to save him, he would never have let such a woman near him.

Golden Hills Apartment.

Zyla had just put Olivia into bed when she heard the doorbell ringing.

She went to open the door, looked through the peephole, and saw the person outside. She hesitated.

"Ms. Jones, open the door. Mr. Freeman sent me here."

She knew this doctor was John's, so she did not want him inside here.

However, after that, a familiar voice came from the door. "Ms. Jones, Mr. Quinton sent me here. Please open the door."

Zyla looked through the peephole again and saw two men at the door.

She frowned and thought for a while. Then, she opened the door, and quickly pulled Zac's doctor in. Then, she shut the other doctor out.

"You know about Sis Liv's condition, don't you?"

The doctor froze and nodded. "Mr. Quinton told me about it."

"Then do something quickly. Sis Liv is unconscious, and I can't feed her the medicine. I'm worried."

After the treatment, the doctor sighed and injected some fluid into Olivia. "Ms. Jones, Ms. Larson needs rest, so please don't make her emotional. Otherwise, she might die and miscarry the baby."

"What? What the hell is going on? Just be clear with me. Will Sis Liv be alright?"

"Calm down, Ms. Jones. You know exactly what Ms. Larson's condition is like." The doctor kept his things and said, "The best treatment for now is to let Ms. Larson have a good rest."

"Ok. Got it."

When Zyla sent the doctor to the door, she noticed the other doctor was still outside.

As soon as she opened the door, the man blocked it and said, "Ms. Jones, since I'm already here, please let me take a look, or I won't be able to answer to Mr. Freeman."

She sneered and splashed the doctor with water from the glass by the door.

“Get out! Tell that scumbag John that he doesn’t need to worry about Sis Liv! Stop acting so high-and-mighty.”

With that, she slammed the door shut.

The two doctors were dumbfounded by her actions as they thought, ‘This girl is so bad-tempered!’

Zyla sighed and sat back by the bed as she held Olivia’s hand and muttered, “Sis Liv, get better quickly. You promised to take me to the snow mountain. Do you remember that?”

Zyla smiled when she recalled the past.

‘Sis Liv, you’re my only piece of sunshine. I’ll never let anyone harm you.’

Chapter 226

When Olivia woke up, it was already noon the following day.

She rubbed her head and sat up slowly in bed. She could hear noises in the kitchen.

Without needing to think about it, she knew it had to be Zyla making soup.

She got up and washed her face, but she froze when she looked at her pale reflection in the mirror.

She sneered as she thought, ‘I’m dying, yet I haven’t gotten revenge. I even got myself thrown into prison. What a pathetic life.’

When Olivia came out, Zyla walked out of the kitchen and saw her pale face. She smiled and checked on Olivia’s condition.

“Sis Liv, you look too pale. I made soup. You should drink more.”

He took her to the table and went back into the kitchen.

“You’ve been eating so little lately, and now you’re pregnant. You have to eat more. Don’t slack on it! Pay more attention to your nutrition levels.”

Listening to Zyla’s nagging. Olivia felt both sadness and warmth surging through her as she wept.

These days, she had only been thinking about how to find Uncle Wallace. She had forgotten she was pregnant.

She looked down and rubbed her belly with guilt.

‘Baby, Mom is sorry. Please hold on until Mommy solves this matter, okay?’

After a while, Zyla served the soup and rice. “Quickly, eat something. From now on, you’re not leaving my sight.”

Olivia sniffled, smiled, and nodded. “Okay.”

Zyla was good at making soup, and Olivia drank three big bowls until she was full.

After lunch, Olivia turned on her phone and saw Zac’s message of concern. She answered him carelessly. When she wanted to put down the phone, she received a call from Dorothy.

“Olivia, let’s meet.”

“No.”

“I can give you the old man’s body back.”

Olivia clenched her fist and coldly asked, “Didn’t you say you threw the body into the sea? It’s difficult to believe anything you say, you know?”

Dorothy sighed, “I mean it this time, Liv. I didn’t throw it, and it’s pointless for me to keep it. I just want you to leave Johnny.”

Olivia frowned, suspecting Dorothy’s motive.

“What trick are you up to this time?”

“Liv, I’ll meet you downstairs in half an hour.”

With that, Dorothy hung up the call.

‘What’s she up to?’

After everything she had been through, she did not believe that Dorothy would ever be kind.

She would never forgive Dorothy, even if Dorothy changed.

She would avenge her mother’s death.

At that moment, Dorothy sent her a half-opened picture.

Olivia’s gaze turned cold upon seeing the photo. She now knew she had to meet Dorothy again.

This time, she would not let Dorothy get what she wanted.

When Dorothy arrived downstairs, Olivia made an excuse to go out.

Unexpectedly, Zyla took off her apron and said, "I'll accompany you."

"Zy, can't you leave me alone?"

Olivia pursed her lips. "I know you're worried about me, but don't worry. I'm just going for a walk. By the way, I need you to take Uncle Wallace's autopsy report to the police."

Zyla hesitated when Olivia rejected. "Okay. Be careful."

"Okay. Don't worry."

After walking out of the apartment, Olivia knocked on Dorothy's driver's window and

said, "You lead the way. I'll take my car."

Dorothy was reluctant but nodded. "Okay."

Watching Olivia get into the car, Dorothy squinted her eyes and sneered. "Olivia, as the saying goes, torture is worse than death. Today, I will break your heart and make you feel worse than you will in de!"

Chapter 227

Olivia followed Dorothy's car, which slowly left the city and headed for the hills.

To prevent Dorothy from setting a trap for her, Olivia turned on the camera she had pinned to her clothes.

This time, she wanted everyone to see Dorothy's true face, even if it hurt her!

After driving for another half an hour, Dorothy finally made a turn and pulled over.

Olivia followed her, stopped, and looked around. A sudden uneasiness struck her.

It was a scary place, and it did not look like anyone lived here. She wondered what Dorothy was up to.

'Is Dorothy trying to kill me?'

Olivia reached for a knife and hid it in her pocket.

After getting out of the car, Dorothy opened the closed iron door and looked back at her. "This way."

After walking a distance inside, it struck Olivia that it was a funeral parlor.

However, it was an abandoned funeral parlor.

No wonder the police and Zac failed to find Uncle Wallace. This place was well

hidden.

However, what bothered Olivia was how Dorothy had gotten to know this place.

These days, she had a very strong feeling that Dorothy's connections were widespread and very powerful.

Suddenly, she remembered Aaron's advice.

'Could the person backing Dorothy up be John?'

Suddenly, Dorothy stopped and asked, "Olivia, why are you so obsessed with that old man's body?"

"Uncle Wallace was an important person in my life. And he died because of me.

Dorothy scoffed. "Olivia, your sense of righteousness is ridiculous."

"Cut the crap. Where's Uncle Wallace?"

"What's the hurry?"

Suddenly, Dorothy clapped her hands, and all the lights turned on.

Only then did Olivia realize that the room was not a morgue but a burning room. No wonder the smell and temperature had been weird when she entered.

"What's all this about, Dorothy?"

"A surprise for you."

"You..."

Before Olivia could finish her sentence, someone kicked her legs from behind, making her fall to her knees.

"Ahh!"

Her knee, which was already in pain, fell straight onto the concrete, making her scream in pain.

Seeing her in pain, Dorothy smiled and walked up to her, tugging at her hair. "Olivia, I said I would return the old man to you, but I didn't say how!"

'What?'

Olivia had already guessed what Dorothy was trying to do. She struggled frantically with her hands, but her shoulders were being pressed down so hard that she could not move.

"Do it!"

Then, a man appeared and pushed Uncle Wallace into the incinerator.

"No!"

Uncle Wallace's hometown was in the countryside, and he had an ancestral grave. Olivia hoped she could take him back home and bury his whole body there.

However, now...

Dorothy pulled Olivia's head back and laughed. "Olivia, don't be so anxious. More excitement is still ahead!"

Tears welled up in Olivia's eyes as she pleaded. "What more do you want, Dorothy? Uncle Wallace treated you so well. Please let him go."

"Let him go?" Dorothy sneered. "When did he let me go? He treated you and me differently before the Larson family was broke.

"Your father treated me coldly for a week after you broke his antique vase, and he blamed it on me.

“A splinter cut you. Obviously, it was a small cut, but he was still comforting you anxiously. And me? I climbed up to get the kite on the tree. My foot slipped, and I fell off. My calf was cut and bleeding a lot, yet he just looked at me coldly.”

“Olivia, do you think I should let him go?”

Chapter 228

As Dorothy spoke, she tugged Olivia’s hair again. Then, she looked at her painful expression and smiled.

“Later, when the Larson family went bankrupt, he came to you with evidence and met me.

“Do you know what the look he gave me was like?”

Then, Dorothy pinched Olivia’s jaw and said, “He looked at me up and down like I was a criminal!”

“Actually, I didn’t initially intend to kill him. He was the one who overestimated himself and worried about you all the time. It made me sick to think he was thinking about you even before he died!”

Suddenly, Dorothy dragged Olivia to the incinerator. “Olivia, this is what happens when you oppose me! I’ll let you off if you go to jail. Otherwise, this is what you’ll get!”

Tears had already smudged Olivia’s face. She was so heartbroken that she found it difficult to breathe.

Uncle Wallace treated her so well, but she could not even let him die in peace.

Suddenly, an unexplainable strength surged from her. She grabbed Dorothy's hand and forced her to let go.

Then, she slapped Dorothy.

"Ungrateful b*tch! Dorothy, you're so ungrateful! We educated you and gave you a place to stay and eat, yet you destroyed our family!"

However, the man behind her pinned her down before she could attack again.

Dorothy got up from the ground, and she covered her burning cheek. Then, she slapped Olivia back.

"B*tch! Your family has always seen me as your servant. You've never been sincere to me!"

Olivia's head tilted to the side, and fresh blood seeped out of the corner of her lips. She fell to the ground weakly.

At that moment, the incinerator stopped working, and Dorothy put on her gloves. She took a handful of ashes and threw them into the air.

Olivia spat out a mouthful of blood and picked up the ashes. She shouted angrily,"

Dorothy, what are you doing?"

Dorothy grinned. "What else could it be? I'm grinding the bone, then scattering the powder, of course!"

"You!"

"What's wrong with me? I thought you asked me if I was afraid of ghosts. I'll tell you now: I'm not afraid. If he comes to me, I'll tear his soul apart!"

How cruel!

This was the angel that John kept praising!

A serpent without humanity!

It was just ridiculous.

Olivia burst into tears and laughed at the handful of ashes in Dorothy's hand.

She was such a loser!

She had been saying she wanted to get revenge on Dorothy, but Dorothy kept toying around with her.

Then, she looked up to the sky and smiled. "Dorothy, I have a surprise for you too."

Dorothy froze. "What?"

"I won't tell you, but you'll find out soon."

Dorothy got angry and pulled her collar. "Dorothy, how dare you oppose me! Do you want to see your brother dead?"

Olivia sneered. "Will you let go of my brother if I don't fight you for it?"

She shook off Dorothy's hand, lifted her hand to wipe the blood from her mouth with her sleeve, and grinned eerily. "Besides, Dorothy, when have I ever fought you for

something? All this time, you've been snatching everything from me!"

"Are you threatening me?"

"How could I dare to do that?"

Dorothy looked at her grimly and threw all the ashes out of the window.

"Olivia, you made me do it!"

With that, she left, gnashing her teeth.

After Dorothy left, the smile on Olivia's face disappeared, and she stared at the ashes

on the ground. Her nails dug into her palm. "Dorothy, we'll see!"

Then, she lay on her hands and knees, collecting the ashes into a small jar she found nearby.

'Uncle Wallace, I'm sorry.

'But I'll take revenge on her for you soon.'

Chapter 229

When Zac and Zyla arrived, Olivia limped out of the dark from the funeral parlor.

"Sis Liv!"

Zyla quickly got out of the car and hugged Olivia. When she saw Olivia's disheveled hair and the blood at the corner of her lips, she looked worried. "Sis Liv, what's wrong? Is it that homewrecker Dorothy?"

After being hugged by Zyla, Olivia could bear it no longer. She buried her face into Zyla's shoulder and cried.

"Zy, Uncle Wallace's body has turned into ash. I'm so useless..."

Zyla was startled and patted her back gently as she comforted. "Sis Liv, please don't be sad. Uncle Wallace would have forgiven you."

Olivia cried for a long time. Finally, she lifted her head, looked at Zyla with teary eyes, and said, "Zy, I'm so afraid that I'll lose you."

"Sis Liv, Zy will always be here with you. Don't be afraid."

Olivia shook her head and cried. "No! I want you to go away. Leave Ocean City and never come back!"

"You want to drive me away again?"

"Zy, I want you to stay alive. You know that, right?"

Zyla was startled. She stared at Olivia with her bright eyes and pouted her lips.

"Sis Liv, don't drive me away, okay? Let me stay with you and take care of you."

Olivia did not answer and looked at Zac, who stood not far away from them.

"Zac, please help me again, will you?"

He agreed as he looked at Olivia strangely without asking for the details. "Sure."

She could not understand Zac's gaze, but she still smiled. "Thank you."

Olivia was not in a state suitable to drive, so Zac left Olivia to Zyla and waited for Wilbur to arrive.

Zyla nodded and helped Olivia get into the car.

After watching them leave, Zac's gaze became gloomy.

'This Dorothy woman has a death wish!'

Even if John wanted to protect Dorothy, Zac decided he would not let her get away with all of this.

Meanwhile, Zyla and Olivia were in the car..

Olivia leaned against the window. Her face was pale, but her eyes looked firm.

After a long time, she asked hoarsely, "How did you find me?"

Zyla pursed her lips and said, "Sorry, Sis Liv. I installed a tracker on your car."

It was Zac who installed a tracker on Olivia's phone, but Zyla did not tell Olivia the truth because she was afraid Olivia would overthink.

Olivia chuckled. "I don't blame you."

After a moment of silence, she suddenly asked, "Zy, can you tell me honestly why you're so nice to me?"

Panic flashed through Zyla. She chuckled awkwardly and said, "Sis Liv, why are you asking me that?"

"Zy, you talk in your sleep, you know?"

'Talking in my sleep?'

She froze and gripped the steering wheel tightly, not knowing how to answer.

"Zy, I don't mean anything by it. I just want to tell you that I don't deserve your kindness. I'm too dangerous to be around. You deserve a better life."

Zyla knew Olivia did not recognize her from her words. She heaved a sigh of relief.

She did not want to see pity in Olivia's eyes, so she would rather Olivia not remember her.

She only wanted to repay her kindness and stay by her side, even if it meant she would die.

"Sis Liv, I'm an adult and have the right to choose how to live my own life, don't I?"

Startled, Olivia turned around and looked at her in surprise. She moved her lips, but she did not know what to say.

Zyla was right. She was an adult and had the right to choose when to stay and when to go.

However, Olivia would not give her a choice.

Dorothy was getting more insane by the day, and she wanted to send Zyla away before anything happened to her.

Thus, she sent Zac a message.

[Zac, I'm sorry, but I want to ask you for another favor. Please help me send Zyla as

away as far as possible.]

[Okay.]

Chapter 230

Back at the Golden Hills Apartment, Olivia took out the memory card from the camera and inserted it into her tablet. Then, she edited the video.

After that, she sent the video to Zac.

[Help me create an untraceable ID and post the video. Make Dorothy understand how it feels to be a trending topic.]

Soon, Zac replied, "No problem, Liv. I'm glad you've started to fight back."

Olivia was shocked.

Zac was too kind to her, and he did everything she asked to. It made her feel sorry for him.

She even wondered if she was using Zac.

Suddenly, she heard Zyla's voice from outside. "Get lost! You're not welcome here!"

Olivia was shocked. She thought Dorothy was at the door.

However, when she was at the door, she saw John standing there coldly. Zyla was blocking him from entering.

'What's he doing here?'

"What are you doing here?"

Zyla turned around and said, "Sis Liv, don't talk to a scumbag like him. He doesn't deserve it."

Scumbag?

John was angry and looked like he was about to murder them any second now. Scared, Olivia quickly dragged Zyla away from John.

Olivia was afraid John would aim his anger at Zyla. "John, please don't mind what this little girl says."

Hearing this, John looked even more displeased. "Olivia, am I very old?"

Olivia was speechless.

'What's wrong with him?'

Olivia was too tired to argue with him about this trivial matter. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Do you dislike seeing me so much that you're in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

With that, John approached Olivia step by step as he stared at her coldly.

John forced Olivia to back up onto the sofa, and she fell on it.

“Ahh!”

Olivia was startled and tried to get up, but John leaned over her and pinned her to the sofa.

They were so close that they could feel each other’s warm breath.

It might have been because it had been too long since she last saw John so up-close that her heart hammered.

‘Damn it, my stupid heart. Why is it still hammering for this scumbag?’

Zyla noticed that Olivia was about to fall for John again, so she quickly pulled John away. However, she did not notice that someone was behind her. Wes pulled her out through the door before she could stop

John. He then shut the door behind them.

At the sound of the door closing, Olivia came to her senses, pushed John away, and said coldly, “Yes, I just hate you that much.”

John sneered, reached out, and dragged her back. He stroked her cheek with his long fingers and pinched her delicate lower jaw.

“Olivia, I told you you would never leave me in your lifetime, remember?”

Olivia gulped and looked at him, not understanding.

Yesterday, he forced her to kill someone. Now, he was acting like a fool as if none of that had ever happened.

Olivia could not understand this man anymore.

She did not know what he wanted.

One moment he wanted her to give Dorothy her place, and the next, he wanted her to stay by his side.

Suddenly, Olivia seemed to understand something.

He had one goal, and that was to torture her

“John, I don’t expect you to love me, believe me, but can you leave me alone? I’m tired.”

Olivia did not want to confront him anymore. She just wanted to save her energy for

revenge, get her brother back, and live the rest of her life peacefully.

However, she knew it was impossible. After all, John could not see Dorothy be

doomed to such an ending.

Suddenly, John picked her up off the sofa and asked in a cold voice, “So, you secretly asked Zac to draft up a divorce agreement just to get rid of me?”