

G.H Hooked 261

Chapter 261

Olivia paused, cocked her head, and looked at the man. "Why are you here?"

Zac chuckled lightly. "I've been here since yesterday, it's just that you were asleep. I made sure you were okay, then I left."

After he finished saying that, the next thing he said was in a graver tone. "You, on the other hand, didn't tell me anything about such a huge thing happening. You really do see me as a stranger, huh?"

That final sentence put Olivia's heart on alert. She pursed her lips and replied, "I don't want you to worry. Besides, it's not all that bad."

"Not all that bad? Olivia Larson, please try to at least come up with a better script the next time you lie."

She had nothing to say, so she looked down and stared at the road beneath her feet.

"I give up. Please, just tell me everything next time, okay?" Zac paused for a while before he continued. "Also, what was that?"

"Mrs. Jameson knelt before me in an attempt to get me to forgive Rainie Jameson."

Zac frowned and barked coldly, "The Jamesons are so rude!"

Oddly, Olivia was suddenly reminded of what Mrs. Jameson had said. Olivia

murmured, "Mrs. Jameson said she lost a daughter many years ago. What's up with

that?"

“That’s old news. Like, news from more than twenty years ago. Yes, the Jamesons lost a daughter.”

“What happened after that?”

Zac helped Olivia get onto the bed. Then, he took the medicine and water, passed it to her, and said, “I heard that they found her later on, and it was Rainie Jameson.”

Olivia paused. Something did not feel quite right.

“What are you thinking about, Liv? Come, take your medication.”

Olivia snapped out of her thoughts, took the medicine, and swallowed it. Then, she drank a glass of water to wash away the bitterness of the medication, but she still frowned involuntarily.

She was most afraid of pain and bitterness, but all she had with her right now were those two things. How ironic.

Suddenly, Zac handed her a candy. “If you think it’s bitter, eat a piece of candy.” Olivia was moved. She took the candy with a smile and sucked on it. “Yummy!”

Zac smiled as he caressed her head. “Let me handle the Jamesons. It’s ultimately my fault anyway.”

“Forget it.”

“You’re gonna just forgive Rainie?”

Olivia shook her head. “Not exactly. I’m just afraid that if you were to take part, things would get worse. What if Rainie thinks that this incident is why you’re breaking off the engagement? Wouldn’t her resentment get worse?”

Zac nodded. "I know what I have to do. I'll leave Wilbur behind to protect you. I won't let anything happen to you ever again!"

than to Olivia. He simply

It sounded like something Zac was saying more to him could not forgive himself for not protecting her, causing her to be injured yet again.

After Zac left, Zyla came running in.

When she saw the bruises on Olivia's neck, her face darkened significantly. "How

dare that Rainie Jameson! This is too much!"

Initially, Olivia had a scarf around her neck, so the bruises on her neck would not be so obvious. That was why Zyla did not know how bad they were.

"I'll make her pay now!"

Zyla was about to march out in a huff when Olivia said, "Don't go yet, Zy."

"Why not?! Sis Liv, please don't tell me you want to forgive her!"

Olivia raised an eyebrow and giggled. "Why do all of you think that I'm gonna forgive her? Am I such a gracious person in your eyes?"

Zyla pouted in frustration. "You're just too nice! Aren't you more gracious than you should be with Jerk John?"

Upon hearing John's name, Olivia's smile froze on her face.

Zyla was right about Olivia being very gracious toward John, so gracious it was unlike her.

What was she supposed to do? He had been her heartthrob for the past seventeen years, after all.

“I think something’s off with the Jamesons, Zy. I feel like the Jamesons have another daughter.”

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“Another daughter?” Zyla was a little confused. “What do you mean by that?”

With that, Olivia told Zyla everything she knew, especially what she had heard from the stairway.

After that, Zyla frowned. “Sis Liv, could it be that Rainie is actually not a Jameson?”

Not a Jameson?

Olivia pursed her lips and shook her head. “No way. There’s no way that the Jamesons would just pick a random girl to be their daughter.”

Everyone in Ocean City knew how much Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Jameson pampered this daughter of theirs. It was not possible for them to love her like that if she was not their own flesh and blood.

However, Zyla did not think so. She sneered. “Who knows? Since Mrs. Jameson lost a daughter, she naturally wouldn’t care if her new daughter was her own flesh and blood or not.

“For Mrs. Jameson to kneel down for Rainie, she must really love her.”

Olivia's eyes watered slightly as she was reminded of her own mother.

A glimpse of coldness flashed across Zyla's eyes. "Rainie just lucked out with a mother like that."

"Zy..."

Olivia knew that Zyla had no parents. She thought that she was merely envious, but she did not notice a trace of resentment within Zyla's tone.

Zyla was afraid that Olivia would overthink it, so she changed the topic. "Sis Liv, you said that Rainie told you that you messed up her plans? What plans?"

"I don't know. My gut tells me that it has something to do with the man that day."

That man?

Suddenly, Zyla seemed to remember something. "Sis Liv, I remember now! That day. when I went out to get you some fruit, I saw a crowd standing in the reception area. I heard your voice right after that, so I quickly ran over to take a look.

"While I was weaving through the crowd, I think I saw Rainie Jameson hiding amongst the crowd at the back."

Olivia was surprised. "Did you just say that Rainie was present that day too, and she watched with her own eyes as Mrs. Jameson was threatened and did not do

anything about it?"

Zyla scratched her head. "We can look through the security footage. I was entirely focused on you, so I did not see it clearly."

“Forget it.”

Olivia shook her head. She did not want to sink deeper into the muddy waters of the Jamesons.

At least right now she now knew why Rainie was so resentful. That was enough. for her.

She certainly did not want to have any associations with the Jamesons from now on.

At that moment, Olivia’s phone rang.

She picked it up, and there was a bellow on the other side. “F*ck you, Olivia Larson!”

”

”

Why was she suddenly being attacked again?

“What do you want, Rainie Jameson? I have nothing against you.”

“What do I want? I should be the one asking you that! What do you want?”

Rainie chuckled coldly. “But I’m not the only one hoping that you’ll die very soon.”

Olivia frowned. “What did you mean by that?”

“Dolly is coming out. Don’t you know?”

Before Olivia could respond, Rainie snickered. "Your husband, John Freeman, went there personally to get this done. Unexpected, right?"

What?

Did John really do all that for Dorothy Ellis?

Did he always have to go against Olivia?

Rainie's snickers got more ridiculous as she heard nothing but silence on Olivia's side. "Olivia Larson, you're just a second-hand b*tch! I won't lose to you!"

Zyla saw that Olivia was staring off into space and grabbed the phone immediately. She yelled, "Rainie Jameson! Acting this way when your life's already so great... One day, you'll lose everything! And

when that day comes, you'll be nothing but a sorry

little worm that everyone will reject!"

Then, Zyla hung up Olivia's phone and opened up the news portal. She passed the phone back to Olivia and said, "Ignore her, Sis Liv, there's no way that Dorothy will be coming out!"

Olivia was taken aback. She lifted up her head only to see the headline of the day.

"Dorothy Ellis's murder attempt on Zac Quinton, the young master of the Quinton family, has been confirmed!"

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"What..."

A new headline soon popped up as well.

“An evil mistress named Dorothy Ellis planned her own car accident, bribed the doctors, and framed the wife in order to take her place!”

Olivia’s breathing hitched. Her heart rate increased, and at that moment, she was overwhelmed.

She clicked the headlines, scrolled down, and saw that the article even included the testimony of the doctor. It seemed like Dorothy finally outdid herself with this one.

The comments were all filled with sentences describing how despicable and shameless Dorothy was, as well as some obscenities so bad that even Olivia could not stomach them. She was quick to switch off the screen.

“Zy...”

Tears began to flow down from the corner of Olivia’s eyes. Her lips curled up slightly as she hugged Zyla.

“What happened, Sis Liv? Why are you crying?” Zyla reached over to Olivia with her hand to wipe her tears away.

“I’m so happy, Zy.” Olivia sniffled as her trembling lips formed another smile. “I’m so happy, Zy!”

When Rainie threatened her by saying that John was getting Dorothy out, Olivia felt like she was being plunged into cold water from her head to her toes.

However, as of right now, even if John wanted to, he would have to first ask the Quintons for permission!

She wiped away her tears. As she was about to call Zac with her trembling hands, she realized that it was all his doing.

Only Zac would help her like this.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door, saying, "Ms. Larson, I'm Dr. Young."

Olivia did not think much about it when she put her phone down to answer. "Please

come in."

Zyla stood up and walked toward the end of the bed. She gave the doctor a once-over and asked, "Doctor, can Sis Liv be discharged?"

The doctor seemed to be taken aback that Zyla was also present. He shook his head. "Not yet. I'm here to give Ms. Larson her injection."

"Injection?"

Zyla frowned. "Isn't administering injections a nurse's job? And Sis Liv's primary doctor is Ken Lucas, isn't it?"

After what happened in the hall, Ken was now Olivia's primary doctor.

The doctor's face was slightly stiff as he explained. "Dr. Lucas sent me."

Zyla did not believe him, so she stopped him in his tracks. "Take off your mask. Let me see your face."

Olivia saw how cautious Zyla was being and tugged her shirt from behind, saying, "What's with you, Zy?"

"Take off your mask!" Zyla repeated.

“Ms. Larson...” The doctor pleaded with Olivia for help.

However, Olivia knew that Zyla would not look for trouble on purpose, so she chimed in as well. “Dr. Young, this isn’t the operating theatre. I don’t think it’s difficult to take off your mask.”

The doctor sighed helplessly and reached out to pull his mask down. With it down, he smiled sinisterly at Olivia, and at the same time, leaped toward her with a syringe.

in hand.

“You asked for this, Olivia Larson! If only you’d comply!”

“Ahhh!”

Olivia shot down from her bed and ran towards the other side, while Zyla stopped the man in his tracks. “Sis Liv, go look for Ken!”

Even if Ken was Jerk John’s crony, he would not kill Olivia.

Olivia saw that Zyla’s blockage of the man was failing, and after hesitating for a moment, she took a vase and threw it at the man.

The man took the chance to push Zyla away, rush over, and grab Olivia by the neck.

As the syringe was about to pierce through her skin, Zyla leaped over and struck the syringe so that it fell on the floor. She then yanked Olivia up and ran outside.

“Help! Somebody! Help!”

The pair had just gotten a head start when the man yanked Olivia back. He took out a

knife and was about to stab her in the chest.

At that moment, Zyla grabbed the knife with a sudden burst of courage. She held the pain in as she turned to scream, "Run, Sis Liv! Leave me!"

Before Olivia could think any longer, she stumbled and ran out of the door. She was about to scream for help when she bumped into someone in the hall

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"Ms. Larson?"

Olivia lifted up her head to see Wilbur. She immediately yanked his hand and pointed toward her ward in a panic. "Quick! Go save Zy!"

Just as they arrived at Olivia's ward, they heard a painful cry

from Zyla.

Wilbur swooped in and restrained the man while Olivia caught Zyla, > was falling backward, in her arms. When Olivia saw the knife that was buried deep in Zyla's

chest, she was stunned.

Blood. There was blood everywhere on Zyla's chest. Scarlet, crimson blood that

blinded Olivia.

"Zy!"

Her voice was shaking as her tears fell onto Zyla's face like rain. "Zy! Don't fall asleep! Hang in there!"

Then, she quickly placed Zyla down and ran toward the hallway, screaming and crying, "Doctor! Doctor! Hurry! Help!"

However, for some unknown reason, the hospital's walkway was unusually quiet. Olivia's cries for help echoed emptily and helplessly.

"Doctor! Please save Zy! Please save my Zy!"

As she ran towards the nursing station, Olivia bumped into Ken, and she tugged on his arms hard, shrieking, "Ken! Quickly, please save Zy! Zy was stabbed in the chest!"

"What?"

Before he could obtain any more information, Ken was calling someone on his phone as he ran toward Olivia's ward.

When he saw Zyla lying in a pool of her own blood, panic flashed through his eyes before he snapped back to his doctorly instincts, picked Zyla up, and ran outside.

However, when they passed by Olivia, Zyla tugged on her arm, whispered something in her ear, and passed out immediately after that.

Olivia's pupils dilated instantly. Her body froze on the spot for a moment before she chased after Zyla and Ken with a look of disbelief.

"Hang in there, Zy!"

"Ken! You have to save her!"

Ken nodded and brought Zyla into the operating theater while the other nurses and doctors appeared one by one.

Olivia looked at the glaring sign saying, 'operation theatre in use' and lost strength in her legs. She slid down the wall and plopped onto the ground.

She looked ahead blankly as Zyla's last few words rang in her mind.

"Sis Liv, I can die happy now that I've found you."

Found her?

What did she mean?

Zyla did say that she came to return a favor, and she had always said that Olivia was her sunshine...

Olivia tried to comb through her memories to learn when she had first met Zyla, but she burst into tears immediately, because she could not remember anything.

Suddenly, someone tapped her on her shoulder, startling her. She quickly looked up with her lifeless eyes.

Wilbur frowned slightly as he asked, "Ms. Larson, I've restrained that man. Do you want to report this to the police or settle it privately?"

Olivia asked with a hoarse voice, "Who is he?"

"Jorge Winston, the young master of the Winston family."

The Winstons?

The same Winstons that went bankrupt because of John, and the same Winstons

that buried her alive?

After a moment of silence, Olivia spat through gritted teeth, "I'll settle it privately."

"Got it."

Wilbur nodded and went back to the ward to watch Jorge since he could not let him

escape.

As for how this matter would be privately settled, he would wait until Zac arrived to decide that.

Olivia sat on the floor, and uneasiness filled her heart. She waited for a while, but she did not see Ken nor Zac. Instead, she saw John.

Her head was slumped as she picked at her nails. Suddenly, there was a shadow above her head. She thought it was Zac, so she lifted up her head and blurted, "Za..."

Before she could finish saying Zac's name, she was met with John's cold, menacing

eyes.

The Olivia that was before John was a messy-haired, disheveled, barefooted woman with blood all over her body and hands. She was looking at him with unfocused eyes.

Alas, John did not pity Olivia. He yanked her up painfully from the ground and accused her. "Olivia Larson, did you really have to make Dolly die before you'll stop this nonsense?"

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Olivia was in no mood to argue with John. "Let go of me!"

"Tell me!"

John had no plans to let her go just like that. The grip he had on her arm tightened further as he bellowed, "Why? Why do you want Dolly dead so badly?"

"John, you're hurting me."

"So, you know what pain is? Dolly slit her wrist! She tried to kill herself! Do you know that?"

Did Dolly attempt suicide?

Olivia was stunned for a while before she looked coldly at John and said, "Yes, I can't wait for her to die! She killed Uncle Wallace, she killed my mom, she forced my dad to kill himself, and she snatched you from me! Doesn't she deserve to die?"

"Those are all just your speculations."

"

Olivia looked at how he was questioning her, and her heart felt like it had been stabbed a thousand times. She could not help but sneer coldly. "You really love your Dolly, huh?"

When Olivia was buried alive because of John, where was he?

He was busy helping Dorothy Ellis get out of jail!

And now, because of him as well, Zy had been stabbed in the chest by a Winston, and here he was questioning her on why she could not forgive Dorothy.

Suddenly, she bit down on John's hand hard, and only released her jaw when she

tasted blood.

He released her, looked at the bloody bite mark, and roared, "Are you a crazy dog, Olivia Larson?"

She looked at him coldly, spat the blood in her mouth at him, and wiped the corner of her mouth. Then, she snickered. "Yes, I'm a crazy dog, but you're no human either!"

She pointed at the operating theatre and said, "Look at that. The Winstons wanted to kill me because of you, but Zy took the stabbing for me and is now fighting for her life!

"John Freeman, the last time I nearly died from being buried alive by the Winstons, did you know about it?"

Hearing that, John frowned, and a trace of panic flashed across his eyes.

However, Olivia did not notice it and continued with her berating. "John Freeman, I was buried alive because of you! Zy is fighting for her life because of you! And you You've only ever cared about your little mistress!

"Dorothy's life might matter to you, but what about our lives?"

"What do you mean, those things are just my 'speculations'? John Freeman, do you not have a brain, or do you not have a heart?"

Right after that, Olivia laughed self-deprecatingly. "I think you're just not willing to admit that Dorothy Ellis is an evil b*tch! Did you even acknowledge that she

orchestrated her own car accident?

"Why do you turn a blind eye toward her evil ways, but blame me for every little thing I do? What did I f*cking owe you in my past life?"

John had no words to say as he listened to Olivia's angry tirade. He stood in place

unmovingly.

He did not know that Olivia was capable of cussing like this. That was his first time hearing her swear.

Suddenly, she punched John square in his chest and spat through gritted teeth, "John Freeman, it would've been so nice if Jorge Winston stabbed you instead!"

John's heart shuddered, and it ached a little. Then, his head started pounding as well. Did she loathe him to that extent now?

Sadly, he had no choice. He clutched Olivia's hand tightly in his and started pulling

her in one direction.

"I need your blood, Olivia."

"What?"

“Dolly attempted suicide and lost a lot of blood. The blood bank is empty, so I need your blood, or she will die.”

Olivia’s breath hitched in her chest, and she felt like there was steel in her feet. She had poured out her grievings, and even after learning she had been buried alive, he could still remain so calm and so clear about why he was coming to her.

Men were the species with the coldest hearts indeed.

However, on the contrary, he was so loyal to Dorothy.

Olivia lost her strength. She allowed him to drag her wherever he wanted to go, and

her eyes were bloodshot as she merely stared at his back. She asked resentfully all of a sudden, “John Freeman, when I was buried alive, you weren’t there. Dorothy Ellis attempts suicide because she fears retribution for her sins, and you now want me to save her with my blood. Does my life really not mean anything to you?”

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John stopped in his tracks, but he did not turn around. He just said in a low and hoarse voice, “Olivia, I can’t afford to let her die.”

Hearing this, Olivia did not continue pursuing the matter. She smiled wryly, looking at

his back.

It was as if someone had stabbed her heart. The coolness forming around the wound made her whole body so cold that it stiffened. Waves of grief and anger

followed.

The meaning behind the words 'I can't afford to let her die' was that anyone could die except Dorothy, including Olivia herself.

If she was nothing in John's heart, why did he still keep her by his side and not let her go?

She was dying to ask him, 'So, what about our past, the time when we were madly in love?'

However, she knew that she would not like John's answer, so she just responded lightly, "Yeah, I get it."

John shivered slightly, then dragged her downstairs.

He tossed her into the room and said to the nurse coldly, "Extract her blood and save Dorothy."

The nurse stared at the wristband on Olivia's wrist blankly. "Mr. Freeman, she..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, Olivia interrupted her. "Just go for it. Take whatever you want. Just make sure to leave me with my final breath."

After saying that, she raised her head and smiled at John with tears in her eyes. "Don't worry. I won't let your little lover die."

John glanced at her coldly and turned away without saying anything.

The room fell into silence, and all that remained was the sound of the nurse extracting her blood. It felt awfully strange.

”

Just as the seven-ounce blood bag was about to be filled, John turned and looked at Olivia with a gaze that contained mixed feelings. When he spoke, his voice sounded like he had experienced a slight change of heart. “Olivia, actually...”

“Liv!”

John did not finish his sentence by the time Zac arrived.

Olivia was taken aback. “What are you doing here?”

“If I didn’t come, wouldn’t you be killed by this b*stard?” Zac looked at John coldly.” Miss, please stop taking her blood.”

The nurse had been unwilling to begin with, so she immediately nodded after hearing what Zac said. “Okay.”

“Zac Quinton, mind your own business!”

Zac obviously did not entertain John and walked straight past him. He took off his coat and covered Olivia, then helped her up while saying gently, “I’ll take you away.

from here.”

John reached out to stop him, looking exceptionally gloomy. “You’re not taking her anywhere!”

Olivia's body was very weak because of the blood extraction, and she leaned softly against Zac's body. He carefully hugged her shoulder.

It was such an irritating scene to John's eyes. It pissed him off.

"Zac, let go! Olivia led Dolly to commit suicide. I'm not done with her yet."

Unexpectedly, Zac sneered. "I was the one who exposed the news. Do you really think that a pregnant woman that needs to be in the hospital almost every other day. has the ability to make Dorothy commit suicide?"

"You?"

"Yes, it's me. I did it."

Zac no longer hid anything and said, "If you need blood to save Dorothy, take mine."

Olivia was in a daze, but she suddenly grabbed his sleeve after hearing this.

"Dorothy has Rh-negative blood type. You..."

Zac lowered his head and stroked her messy hair with a smile. "I do too."

'What?'

She widened her eyes as if remembering something. She asked him carefully, "Then ... the last time Dorothy and I were admitted to the hospital together, were you the one who saved me?"

She remembered clearly that the doctor had said there was only enough blood for one person in the blood bank and that John chose to save Dorothy over her.

When she woke up, the first person she saw was Zac, which meant that...

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Zac nodded. "Yes, it was me."

Olivia's tears immediately welled up and dripped on the back of Zac's hand. Before he could react, she had already hugged him. "Thank you, Zac. Thank you."

The man she had loved for seventeen years gave her up without hesitation when she was about to die, but a stranger like Zac chose to save her with his kindness and generosity. She would never forget such a good deed.

As for her heart, it was completely broken because of the man she loved.

She could still dream about reconciliation when she did not know the truth, but now that she did, she finally understood how cruel and unacceptable the truth could be.

'John really had no intention to save me back then.'

Thinking of this, Olivia cried so hard that she was out of breath, and finally passed out due to lack of oxygen

"Liv!"

Zac became anxious, picked Olivia up, and ran out, but John went forward to stop him at the door.

"Move!"

John's gaze fell on Olivia's face. "Dorothy can't wait any longer. Go draw your blood now."

After saying that, he snatched Olivia over and stared at Zac coldly. "You don't need to worry about my woman."

"John!"

Zac followed him, wanting to snatch her back, but he was afraid that she might get injured, so he only blocked his way.

"Zac, I'm warning you, the Quinton family will never be able to stand against me. Don't become the second Summers family."

"If you want to destroy the Quinton family, go ahead. Be my guest."

Hearing that, John sneered. "If Olivia learns that the Mr. Quinton whom she thinks is.

as gentle as jade is actually an indifferent and unfilial son, would she still believe in you?"

Zac's expression darkened with a hint of a threat. "If you dare hurt Liv again, I'll play this game with you until the very end!"

"Wow, Mr. Quinton. I'll be waiting."

John then walked away with Olivia.

Zac did not follow them and went back into the room. He unbuttoned his sleeve,

reached his buff arm out to the nurse, and said, "Do it."

However, he could not afford to let Dorothy continue like this. That woman had to be stopped.

John walked very slowly while carrying Olivia in his arms as if he was afraid that she might leave him.

He lowered his head and looked at the woman in his arms. If not for her pale face and the bloodstains on her body, this scene would have brought him back to their

past.

She looked very obedient when she was asleep. Even if she was frowning, it was still

cute.

Suddenly, he whispered in his hoarse voice, "Liv, how nice would it be if you were asleep like this forever."

At that moment, a thought suddenly popped into his mind. He wanted Olivia to stay by his side forever, even if she could not speak or move.

However, after a second thought, he rejected the idea again.

He lowered his head and kissed her lips gently. He even licked her lips with nostalgia right after. "The mouth that she uses to yell at me now is still so sweet."

If this mouth could no longer speak, things would not be right in this world.

He carried her into the room next to them and put her on the bed. Pulling off Zac's coat and throwing it on the ground, he then took off his own coat and covered her body. He caressed her face gently.

"Liv, I'm sorry."

Suddenly, he clutched his chest in pain and looked down at his shirt, which was slowly getting drenching in red.

He pulled his tie and looked at the soaked gauze in disgust while cursing. "Damn it! How useless!"

'It's taking forever for this wound to heal. How irritating!"

Immediately, he walked into the room next to this one and said to Wilbur, "Give me the man."

Wilbur recognized him and shook his head to refuse. "Nope. Sir said that I'm not allowed to do so."

Fortunately, John did not force him into it. He nodded slightly. "Okay then. Could you go outside for a while? I want to talk to him."

The Winston family already wanted to get revenge on John, so Wilbur did not refuse this time. He walked out of the room and then closed the door.

Soon, Jorge's scream came from the room.

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"Speak!"

John reached out to lift Jorge up, staring at him with scorching eyes. "Who ordered you to hurt my wife?"

Jorge's face had already been punched into a bloody mess, and he did not look like a young master at all. He pleaded, "Mr. Freeman, don't kill me."

John sneered. He let go of him and stepped on his abdomen with a little force. Jorge immediately spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Jorge, you should be happy that my wife is not the one who’s about to die. If not, you would be dead already.”

“Mr. Freeman, someone told me that... you and your wife are not on good terms, so even if I killed her, you would not be mad at the Winston family. If I had known. otherwise...” Jorge spat out another mouthful of blood. “I wouldn’t have dared to...”

It was true that he hated John and wanted to get revenge on him.

However, he also knew that if he actually killed someone that John cared about,

none of the members of the Winston family would survive John’s wrath.

That was why he chose Olivia, the wife who had been abandoned.

“Who told you that?”

“I... I can’t tell you.”

John looked at him coldly and said, “Aren’t you afraid to die?”

With just those few words, Jorge’s heart sank, and his body began to tremble uncontrollably.

He quickly grabbed John’s hand, exposing everything he knew. “I don’t know who they ate. They called me to tell me. All I know is that it was a woman.”

“She told me that your marriage to Olivia Larson was just in name now and that you’ve fallen for another woman, so you didn’t care about her life or death...”

Hearing that, a trace of murderous intent flashed across John's eyes, and he sounded more indifferent as he said, "What else?"

Jorge was horrified. He was afraid that John would break his neck right now, so he could not care less about revealing everything else.

"She also said that you hated Olivia because she betrayed you two years ago and

you even sent her to jail. If she dies, you'll be happy..."

that

'Happy?'

John's eyes were gloomy and terrifying. He stretched out his hand to grab Jorge's arm and turn it. Then, he heard a 'crack', and Jorge's arm drooped like a broken puppet as he was pulled to the ground.

Jorge cried loudly in pain, but after he locked eyes with John, he immediately bit his lips and endured the pain.

"Go back and tell the Winston family that Olivia Larson is my wife, and whoever dares to touch her again..." John snorted and opened the door to leave without needing to finish his sentence.

When Wilbur came in, Jorge was shrinking at the corner, begging while shivering.

"Let me go, won't you? I won't do it again, ever..."

Wilbur wiped the bloodstains off the floor without no expression on his face. "Sorry, Mr. Quinton said no."

Jorge gasped and comforted himself in his heart. 'At least it's better to be with Zac than John.'

In the ward.

John leaned against the wall the second he entered through the door. He was about to faint as he was so weak. His forehead was covered in cold sweat, and his lips were as pale as paper.

His shirt was drenched in red, and he did not know which parts of it were his blood or Jorge's.

Wes was shocked seeing him like this upon opening the door and quickly helped him to the bed. "Sir, what happened? Why did you tear your wounds open again?"

John frowned. He grabbed Wes's arm and said in a hoarse yet chilly voice, "Settle the remains of the Winston family. And..."

He endured the pain and took a deep breath, "Take a look at everyone Jorge has contacted recently. I want a complete list of those people."

After saying that, before Wes could question him, John fainted.

Ken was performing Zyia's surgery at the moment, so Wes could only stop John's

bleeding John himself since no one could find out about him being admitted to the hospital.

Especially the Winston family. They would definitely cause trouble if they found out.

However...

Wes shook his head as he cleaned John's wounds.

“Sir, why don’t you tell Madam about all of this?”

‘I really can’t understand you anymore.’”

Chapter 269

Olivia had a dream about her mother.

She was crying and wanted to hug her mother, but there seemed to be a barrier between them, and she could never reach out to her.

She could see her lips moving but could not hear her voice. She was anxious and started yelling while crying.

“Mom!”

However, her mother just shook her head with tears in her eyes and slowly walked

away.

“Mom, don’t go!” Olivia wanted to break the glass barrier as she cried. “Mom, take me with you, please?”

Sobbing over and over again, she woke up with Zac’s arm still in her grip.

Seeing her awake, Zac caressed her head. “Had a bad dream?”

Olivia was taken aback, and it took her a while to recover. She used Zac’s arm to

wipe her tears and said pitifully, "It wasn't a bad dream. I dreamed about my mother."

"Olivia, your snot and tears are all over my shirt. It was expensive."

Hearing that, she quickly let go of his hand. "I'm sorry. I...I'll buy you a new one.'

Suddenly, Zac pulled her into his arms and comforted her gently. "I'm kidding, you idiot! Why are you acting so serious?"

Although she had tried her best to distance herself from him, all she wanted now

was to be in his arms.

All because he gave her the sense of security that she needed.

Suddenly, she raised her head. "Where's Zy? How is she? Is she okay?"

"Don't worry, Zyla has been rescued. She will just need to be observed for another twenty-four hours. If..."

"Bring me to her."

Olivia looked like a cute rabbit as she pleaded, which made Zac tremble slightly and almost lose his mind.

"Okay."

He covered her with his coat and squatted down to help her put on her shoes. "Don't run around without your shoes anymore. You'll catch a cold."

Olivia was stunned and chuckled. "Zac."

He looked up and stared at her gently.

"Is every lawyer as naggy as you?"

"No."

He supported her to stand up, and as he was walking, he looked down at her profile and slightly pouted his lips.

Honestly, he was not a chatty person. He did not like talking outside of the court.

However, in front of her, he could not help but nag.

Zac sighed in his heart. 'I guess this is fate.'

At the ICU, Olivia could see Zyla lying in bed with a pale face and many medical fluid bags hanging beside her through the glass window.

This was her first time seeing Zyla in such a weak state, and tears immediately gushed out of her eyes.

"Zy is like this now all because of me."

She covered her face and started sobbing.

Zac hugged her and comforted her. "Liv, it's not your fault. It's the Winston family's."

“The Winston family!”

“I want to see the killer!”

Zac was worried about her health. “You just woke up.”

However, Olivia’s eyes were determined. “I want to see him. I don’t want to be the scapegoat for no reason.”

After saying that, she added, “Twice now!”

Zac knew that he could not convince her, so he brought her over.

The moment they stepped into the room, the first thing they saw was Jorge leaning against the wall with injuries all over his body. He seemed to have been beaten up earlier.

After Zac signaled for Wilbur to leave, Jorge suddenly knelt on the ground and kowtowed. “Ms. Larson, no, Mrs. Freeman, please forgive me! I know I was wrong,

and I dare not do it again.”

However, Olivia looked down at him indifferently. “Jorge Winston?”

“Yes, I am Jorge Winston.”

“I have nothing against your Winston family, so why do you want to kill me?”

Without waiting for him to speak, she picked up the fruit knife at the side, dropped it on his hand, pressed it down, and heard him scream in pain.

Chapter 270

Jorge was stunned when he was cut. All Zac and Olivia heard was him begging and screaming.

This move from her shocked Zac as well. He trembled a little and stared at her for quite some time before reacting..

It was because Olivia had cut Jorge's index finger off.

The floor was drenched with blood, and the scene was awfully bloody. Even her face was stained with a few drops of blood.

However, her expression was exceptionally calm as if she had just cut a carrot.

Right after, she tossed the knife aside and said firmly, "Jorge, remember everything that happened today. If there's a next time, it will be your neck instead of your finger then!"

After saying that, Olivia turned away and walked out of the room.

Zac quickly followed and gave Wilbur a few instructions. After that, he ran towards Olivia, who was standing still in the corridor.

Seeing her pale face and piercing eyes, Zac did not dare to speak, so he just stood there and accompanied her.

After a long while, Olivia said with a depressed tone, "Zac, why are you just staring at me? Come hold me up."

Zac was taken aback and quickly held her up by the shoulders.

Staring at a single spot on the wall, Olivia leaned against Zac, and her body softened. She turned to look at him with a mournful face. "My legs are weak."

Seeing how she looked, he could not help but chuckle and pick her up.

Judging by her aura just now, he thought she was not afraid at all.

"Where do you want to go now?"

Olivia knew that he was mocking her and immediately blushed. She turned away and whispered, "I... I want to see Zy."

Zac smiled. "Alright, I'll carry you there."

He finally knew why John had liked her so much in the past. She was indeed a very interesting lady.

"But Ms. Larson, do you want to wipe the blood off your face first?"

Hearing that, Olivia was dumbfounded and widened her eyes at him. "I have blood on my face?"

Zac smiled gently. "Yeah. I have a handkerchief in my coat. Take it, and wipe yourself

with it."

"Thank you."

She took the handkerchief out and simply wiped her face then asked, "How about

now?"

Zac took a quick glance then put her down and gently wiped off the remaining stains with his hand. "It's fine now."

Olivia blushed slightly, lowered her head, and pursed her lips for a brief moment before asking, "I... Was I scary earlier?"

"Yeah, I was scared by you."

"It's the Winston family going overboard! I can still deal with them burying me alive, but this time they hurt Zy, and I will never forgive them!"

After saying that, Olivia looked up and clenched her fists tightly. "And why should I take the bullet for John?"

If this was the past, she would not mind because she loved him and would do anything for him including sacrificing her life.

However, she already knew that John had given up on her long ago. He had even thrown her life away, so why should she still get injured for him?

Zac gently patted her head. "Liv, I will always have your back. No matter what you wish to do, just go ahead."

"Zac." Olivia looked up and smiled at him, "Thank you for not giving up on me back

then."

These words directly hit Zac's heart, making him tremble suddenly and almost reveal his actual thoughts.

"I'll never give up on you."

'I'll never stop helping you, nor will I ever stop loving you.' However, he could never say the second part of that sentence.

"Mrs. Freeman."

Ken's voice suddenly woke Zac up. His face immediately turned cold, and he looked

over.

"Long time no see, Ken."

This was the first time that the two were meeting since Ken returned to the country.

If this was before, they would have gone out to drink together long ago, but now that Zac and John were on bad terms, Ken naturally did not dare to act rashly.