

G.H Hooked 291

Chapter 291

“It must have been hard for you.”

Olivia tucked her collar and walked over to Dorothy with a sneer. “Dorothy, I don’t think you’ll be satisfied even if I die. Are you going to sell my ashes for a ghost marriage too?”

“That’s a good idea. I’ll think about it.”

Olivia was amused to see Dorothy seriously considering it.

After all, she was probably the ridiculous one.

She destroyed her family and happiness because of a moment of kindness. She was ridiculous to end up so miserably.

Standing face to face with Dorothy, she suddenly had an idea.

She should just kill Dorothy now.

Suddenly, Olivia grabbed Dorothy by the neck and said through clenched teeth, “If you want me to die so badly, why don’t you die first?”

Dorothy was caught by surprise as she panicked and slapped Olivia’s hand.

“Don’t... Don’t you want your parents anymore?”

“It’s not too late to kill you first.”

“You... You won’t find them.”

‘What?’

Olivia gasped and loosened a little.

Dorothy quickly took out her phone and said with a reddened face, “I can call them now and ask them to send the remains back. Let go first.”

Even though Fred was trying to find them, she had not received any news from him. Olivia was not sure if Fred could find them.

‘What if...’

Therefore, she let go and grabbed Dorothy’s phone.

However, no one expected Dorothy to turn around and run straight to the edge of the rooftop with her phone in the air.

“Come and get it if you dare.”

Olivia bit her lip and walked forward. However, before she could take two steps, her legs gave way, and she fell to the floor.

She was a little afraid of heights.

It was not that intense when she was in the middle of the rooftop. However, she started feeling dizzy after walking to the edge and seeing the pedestrians and traffic

below.

Although the hospital building was not very high, there were more than 20 floors. You would make a bloody mess if you fell.

“Olivia, I told you you’re useless. You couldn’t protect your family, save your brother,

and keep a man.”

Dorothy grinned. “You are a jinx. Anyone who comes near you will be unlucky. Olivia, you don’t deserve to live.”

‘A jinx?’

Olivia’s face was pale as she clenched her hands and forced herself to her feet. Her eyes were stern and determined.

She was indeed useless. Otherwise, how did Dorothy manage to fool her?

Suddenly, she smiled. “Dorothy, I made you lucky, didn’t I? Would you be here without

me?”

Hearing this, Dorothy’s smile froze. She rushed to grab her collar with a ghastly expression. “Olivia, say that again.”

Dorothy hated the sentence-“Would you be here without me?”

She especially hated it when it came from Olivia.

Olivia took the chance to grab the phone. Just as she was about to dial, Dorothy suddenly raised her hand and knocked the phone out of the way.

“Olivia, I want you to die today!”

With that said, she pushed Olivia to the edge and grabbed her just before she fell.

“But I’ll give you one more show before you die.”

Suddenly, a figure appeared on the rooftop. “What are you doing?”

Before Olivia could react, Dorothy cried and yelled, “Johnny, help. Liv’s trying to kill herself. I can’t hold her any longer.”

Hearing that Olivia was going to kill herself, John rushed over and reached out his hand to grab Olivia.

Just then, Dorothy pushed Olivia away with one hand, grabbed John with the other, and ran into his arms.

Olivia instantly started to fall.

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John’s hand missed. He tried to push Dorothy away to save Olivia, but Dorothy held him so tightly that he could not move.

Watching Olivia fall, John immediately grabbed Dorothy, threw her out, and ran to the rooftop to grab Olivia’s hand.

However, it was too late.

Their hands brushed past each other, just like how they often missed each other in their relationship.

“Olivia!”

John’s expressionless eyes finally had fear and helplessness. At this moment, he could not save the woman he had hated for two years and loved for four years, no matter how capable he was.

He even wanted to die with Olivia.

However, Dorothy held to his waist and yanked him inwards from behind. “Johnny, no.”

Olivia looked at the two hugging on the rooftop, and tears welled up in her eyes. Finally, she closed her eyes slowly.

He chose Dorothy after all.

Speaking of which, how many times had he given her up?

The third time? Or the fourth time?

She did not remember. All she knew was that it was probably the last time.

Her already wounded heart tore open as the cold wind poured into it, making it cold and painful until she seemed numbed by it.

‘Am I finally dying?’

She began to see her life flash before her eyes. Bits and pieces of her past began to

emerge.

It was from her birth to now.

Zyla's smile, Zac's gentleness, her brother Ian's figure, revenge for her parents...

It even included the good times with John and the charming young man 17 years

ago.

Also, her unborn child, who had gone through all the difficulties with her but could

not make it to birth.

She could not help feeling emotional. 'Is the twentieth floor that high?'

How was it that she had seen her whole life flash before her eyes, and she had not landed yet?

On second thought, she wondered if it hurt when she died.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes and glanced despairingly yet reluctantly at the increasingly vague figure on the rooftop.

She murmured in her mind, 'Johnny, this is the last time I'll see you. Goodbye.'

Just then, her body slammed against something, and a sharp pain came from her belly.

Zac's urgent voice rang in her ears. "Liv! Liv, don't sleep! Help!"

She looked at Zac in a daze. His expression was frantic, and his mouth was moving,

but she could not catch a word.

As Zac leaned over, she muttered in his ear, "Thank

With that said, she passed out.

you, Zac."

Zac watched the doctor load Olivia, who was covered in blood, onto a stretcher and followed them to the emergency room door.

He looked down at the blood on his hand. Furious, he hit the white wall with his fist.

He hated it. He hated why he was stupid enough to fall for that woman Rainie's tricks.

If Dr. Zucker had not called him to tell him Liv had run away, he might still have been

in the dark.

If the firemen were not there, they would not have had time to put up the air cushion.

If...

He dared not think about the ifs and the consequences of losing Liv because he

could not handle it.

He leaned against the wall with his head in his arms and stared dully at the ground.

He was afraid.

Suddenly he heard a thud and then a familiar curse. "John, you son of a b*tch! If Sis

Liv dies, I will kill you myself!"

"John Freeman!"

Zac turned and sprinted forward. He punched John in the face, pressed him onto the floor, and yelled, "Why didn't you save Liv? Where's your energy from digging last time?"

John did not fight back. He only looked at him blankly and said nothing.

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"You're a coward!"

Zac grabbed John's collar and punched him again. "Let her go if you don't love her anymore. What man are you to torture a woman?"

"If you still love her, you'll believe her!"

Then another punch landed on John's face.

Zac hit so hard that John's face immediately swelled, and blood spilled from the

corners of her mouth, but he did not move.

Perhaps seeing John standing still like a dead man, Zac got angrier and punched him again.

“You rather trust a vicious woman who makes up many things than trust your wife.

John, I’ve never seen trash like you!”

Suddenly, John glanced coldly at Zac. He rolled over and pressed him under him before punching him back.

“What about you? What trash are you? I’ve been your friend for more than 20 years,

and you’re interested in my wife?”

“John, you still care about that at a time like this? Do you have a heart? Liv is lying on the operating table in between life and death!”

“She’s my wife. Don’t worry about her!”

Then the two people got into a scuffle that grew violent. The passing nurse dared not intervene and could only call security.

Ken and Wes ran down the stairs, each dragging one of the two to separate them.

Ken looked at the two of them. Their clothes were messy, and their faces were

bruised. They did not look a bit like wealthy heirs.

He walked up to John and said coldly, “John, I can’t help you this time. If anything happens to Liv, I don’t want to be your brother anymore.”

John glared at him and sneered with red eyes, “What’s the matter? Are you

interested in my wife too?"

Ken froze and punched him in the stomach. "John, come to your senses. Stop acting like a maniac and make yourself a fool!"

Then he looked at Wes. "Take him away!"

Zac was sitting on the ground, his white shirt still stained with blood. If you had no idea what was going on, you would think he had killed someone.

Ken sighed. "Zac, take care of that wound and get changed. I'll handle it here."

However, Zac seemed to turn a deaf ear to Ken's words as he stayed motionless.

Ken tried to grab him, but Zyla stopped him.

"Let him be. Call the nurse and for medicine."

"But..."

Zyla glanced around her coldly. "I think you need to take care of the cameras. It's going to be a disaster if reporters make things up."

Zyla had no sympathy for John.

She did not care if Freeman Group was ruined because of it.

However, she knew the reporters would involve Olivia. There was no guarantee how ridiculous they would report it.

She did not want Sis Liv's reputation to be ruined when it was uncertain whether Sis Liv would survive this.

Ken looked up, pressed his lips together, and said, "Okay, I know how to handle this. Why don't you go back to the ward? I'll take care of this."

Zyla shook her head and sauntered to the emergency room. "No, I'm going to wait until Sis Liv wakes up."

Seeing Zyla's determined gaze, Ken knew he could not change her mind, so he nodded. "Okay."

After Ken had someone clear out all the spectators, only Zac and Zyla were left in the hallway.

The emergency room door remained shut after a long time. Zac suddenly hung his head low and said hoarsely, "Will she hate me?"

Zyla was confused. "Why will she hate you?"

"Because I fell for Rainie's trick and left Liv in the examination room. Otherwise... I

can stop this."

At least he would not let her fall from the 20th floor.

Zyla turned to look at him. "Zac, do you like Sis Liv?"

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Zac gave a self-deprecating smile. "Does it matter?"

He knew Liv did not love him, so it did not matter whether she liked him.

He was satisfied as long as she was healthy and happy.

Unexpectedly, Zyla walked up to him and said, "Yes."

Zac froze and looked up in a panic. Then Zyla said, "Zac, if you love Sis Liv, at least you're a better choice than Jerk John.

"You can protect her from getting hurt and care for her health. At least Sis Liv can survive by your side."

With that said, she asked again solemnly. "So, do you like Sis Liv?"

Zac was silent for a long moment before nodding. "Yes, I like her."

It was the first time he said this and liked a person.

"Then take her away."

Zac was stunned to hear that.

'Take Olivia away?'

However, he knew she would return if he took her away.

Zyla turned to look at the emergency room, bit her lip, and said, "I'll avenge her and save her brother. I want her to live."

She could not let anything happen to Sis Liv again. Absolutely not!

Suddenly, Zac chuckled. "You're just like her."

"What do you mean?"

Zac got up, leaned against the wall, and sighed. "That's what Liv said when she begged me to take you away."

Zyla stiffened and looked at him with mixed feelings. "Really?"

"Of course, you even said the same things." Zac turned around to look at the red light. "Zyla, she's not leaving. Just like you.

"Besides, I'm unlike John."

Zyla frowned slightly. Her voice was tinged with irritation. "Are you chickening out?"

"Are you scared?"

Zac shook his head. "I dare to take her, but I can't. Zyla, I can't force her to accept what's good for her against her will."

John had an overbearing personality. Most of the time, he only thought about what he wanted and ignored Liv's wishes.

It was just like how John locked up Olivia at home because she had a minor cold three years ago, causing her to miss a concert.

Three months later, the singer died unexpectedly, and that concert she did not attend was their last.

Olivia rarely mentioned it, but he knew it bothered her.

It was because they happened to chat about it when she was hospitalized.

At that moment, he saw light and regret in Olivia's eyes.

"I will avenge her and keep her safe, but I cannot go against her will unless I have to."

After a long silence, Zyla said, "Zac, maybe you know her better than I do."

In the ward upstairs.

Wes was applying the medicine for John when John kicked the coffee table to the ground.

"F*ck off!"

However, John was still bleeding, and Wes dared not leave.

"Sir, it will worsen if the wound isn't taken care of. Then..."

Before he could finish, John looked up at him, his eyes as red as those of a demon from purgatory.

With a chill down his spine, Wes suppressed it and said, "Think for Madam, if not for yourself, Sir. She wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

John shuddered at that. Even his voice trembled. "Will she worry about me?"

Wes could not help feeling sorry and nodded. "Yes."

'Will she?'

John pictured Olivia's face the moment she fell. 'What was on her mind?'

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After dressing the wound, John changed into a new set of clothes and sat still on the sofa.

No one knew what was on his mind, but it felt horribly depressing.

He sat from daylight to dusk. There was no light in the room. Only the white moonlight shone on him, and he looked colder.

Suddenly, he got up and walked out with his long legs.

He had just reached the door when he found someone kneeling at the door.

He glanced coldly at that person with his deep eyes and kicked her away.

"Johnny."

Dorothy cried and hugged his legs. "I know you're mad at me. I don't expect your forgiveness. Perhaps I shouldn't have been interested in you from the beginning. I love you, so I can't watch you fall."

"Let go!"

There was no affection in his voice. It even had a touch of malice.

However, how could Dorothy let go so easily?

It had been a good plan, but she never expected John to turn against her over it. She never even expected Olivia to survive!

How could she accept it?

“Liv tried to kill herself, so I tried to stop her. But she wouldn’t listen and wanted to jump.

“I ran to her to grab her, but Johnny, I ran out of energy. I couldn’t grab on...

“I didn’t expect her to fall. I didn’t mean it... If I had to do it over again, I’d rather it was me.”

The more Dorothy explained, the more disgusted John became.

Finally, he could not bear it anymore. He turned around and lifted Dorothy from the ground, saying coldly, “You should be glad you saved me. Or you would have been dead.”

When he let go, Dorothy fell to the ground. She cried out “Johnny” in pain before falling backward and fainting.

However, John turned and got into the elevator without looking at her.

As the elevator doors closed, Wes leaned out of the room and glanced coldly at the woman on the floor. “Ms. Ellis, Sir’s gone. Stop pretending.”

He said and closed the door. After a few seconds, Dorothy indignantly got up from the ground.

'That d*mnedOlivia. How did she survive this?

'No, I've been planning this for years. I can't lose here.

'I still have their remains. I still have a chance!'

ICU.

John looked at the woman in bed through the glass in the hallway. His face was icy, and there was no emotion in her dark eyes.

Fred's expression froze when he saw him. "Are you Ms. Larson's jerk husband?"

John narrowed his eyes. "Who are you?"

"I'm..." Fred was about to tell him, but on second thought, he said coldly, "Why should I tell you who I am?"

'Why is she surrounded by so many men?'

"

Besides that, each of them looked at him with a tinge of hostility.

"Don't try to frame Ms. Larson again. I have an innocent relationship with Ms. Larson.

With that said, he added again, "Ms. Jameson will be back soon. I advise you to hurry away before getting beaten again."

John glared at him, turned around to look at the woman inside, pressed his lips together, and said, "Take good care of her."

John had just left when Zyla returned.

Seeing Fred looking the other way, she asked, "What's the matter? Was someone here?"

"No... No one's been here."

"Go home. You have a sister to take care of."

Fred opened his mouth to say something about his manhunt, but he said nothing

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after all.

Zyla changed into a sterile outfit, went to the bed, took Olivia's hand, and cried, "Sis Liv, wake up, will you? Stop sleeping."

Doctors said Olivia had no brain injuries, but she had lost the will to live. It was why she fainted.

It was up to her whether she wanted to wake up.

Chapter 296

“Sis Liv, why don’t I tell you a story?”

Zyla snuffled and leaned on the bedside. She looked tearfully at Olivia, who was pale. “17 years ago, I was kidnapped by human traffickers and taken to a dark house, where I met you.”

“You were only about ten years old at the time, but you forgot your fear and protected me repeatedly when you saw me, who was younger than you.

“Remember? One time, they refused to feed me because I cried.

“You secretly hid half of your buns and slipped them to me after they left.

“Another time, you protected me when they were beating me up. You got injuries all over and were forced to starve with me.”

Zyla was already sobbing at this point. She held Olivia’s hand and shouted repeatedly, “Sis Liv, please wake up.

“You got me, Mr. Quinton, and your brother. You’ve got us. Stop sleeping, okay?”

After who knew how long, Zyla’s voice was already hoarse, but there was still no response from Olivia.

Therefore, she shut up and only looked quietly at the person on the bed.

Zyla even made up her mind.

If Olivia became a vegetable, she would kill Dorothy, even if it meant going to jail.

With that in mind, she suddenly spoke up. "Sis Liv, aren't you going to get revenge on Dorothy? Do you want to grant her wish?"

Olivia thought she was in endless darkness when she suddenly heard a familiar

voice.

'Who is it?'

She thought long and hard but could not remember. However, the voice kept ringing

in her ears like a curse.

'Shut up! How noisy.'

She covered her ears to stop listening, but she heard it anyway.

'I'm sleepy. I want to sleep. Stop talking, okay?'

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Suddenly she heard a name, and a sharp pain shot through her heart.

The next moment, dense needles seemed to be stabbing her head, giving her a splitting headache.

In the end, her whole body felt like tearing apart as the pain was interspersed with memories that made it difficult for her to breathe.

After a moment of excruciating heartache, she suddenly remembered.

'Yeah, I still haven't gotten my revenge!

'Dorothy's not dead yet!'

Suddenly, everything was bright, and she heard a familiar voice. She turned her head and saw Zyla looking worried.

The doctor soon surrounded her, talking about something. Then she fell asleep again.

It was already noon the next day when she woke up again.

Olivia's head felt groggy. Her hand subconsciously felt her belly when she felt a pang in her heart, and she froze.

Zyla turned around to see her awake. She immediately ran over and asked if she was okay.

"Sis Liv, are you awake? Are you okay? Would you like some water? Are you hungry?"

Although she was not pregnant for long and did not have an obvious baby bump, she was already familiar with the slight bump in her belly. It was because she would go to sleep every day touching it. However, where her hand rested was flat and even a little indented.

"Zy." Her eyes widened as her voice was hoarse and desperate. "Where's my baby?"

Zyla dared not look at her. She looked away, pressed her lips together, and said, "Sis Liv, drink some water to soothe your throat."

With that said, she turned around to pour water, but Olivia suddenly grabbed her hand.

“Where’s the baby?” Olivia endured the pain as she got up. Tears rolled down the corners of her eyes as her pale lips said shakily, “Is it gone?”

Zyla threw back her head to hold back her tears as she turned around to hold her

hand. “Yeah.”

Olivia knew she was already lucky she did not die after falling from more than 20 floors. There was no way the baby could survive.

However...

Even so, she could not accept it.

Then she blacked out again.

Chapter 297

Although she had thought of aborting the baby, it was hers after all. How could she give it up?

This baby repeatedly kindled her desire to live during these painful and desperate days.

She had fantasized about it.

Would she and John reconcile again when the baby was born? Even if it was during the last moments of her life, she was satisfied to have a happy family of three.

However, John killed the baby this time.

He destroyed their way back to each other.

Now, she could not even persuade herself to love him and forgive him.

Johnny, we became enemies after all.'

Olivia let out a sob and opened her eyes. Tears fell onto the pillow from the corner of her eyes.

She turned her head slightly to find that the pillow was already soaked.

She sat up on her hands, leaned against the head of the bed, and stared out the window at the setting sun.

There were groups of small sparrows twittering on the branches, but the room was

cold and cheerless.

It was like two worlds inside and out.

When Zyla pushed the door open, she noticed Olivia was awake. She immediately smiled. "Sis Liv, eat something. Ken had someone make soup."

Howeyer, Olivia did not speak but only stared out of the window.

Zyla's heart shuddered, and she tensed as she realized how serious the situation

was.

The room was drearily quiet. Every time she tried to speak, she looked up into Olivia's empty eyes and swallowed back her words.

She knew there was nothing she could say to comfort her.

Olivia still said nothing when it was already dark, freaking Zyla out.

Zyla shook her slightly in tears. "Sis Liv, will you stop behaving like this and talk to me?"

Even so, Olivia still did not respond.

Just as Zyla had no idea what to do, the door was pushed open, and a tall figure appeared.

"Go home and rest. I'll look after her tonight."

Zyla burst into tears at the sight of the person. "Mr. Quinton, Sis Liv has been sitting without moving like this for hours. Advise her."

Zac patted her on the shoulder and nodded, saying, "I will."

With that said, he walked up to Olivia, held her in his arms, and stroked her head.

"Liv, I'm sorry. If I hadn't left you there alone, nothing would have happened. Originally..."

Before Zac could finish, Olivia suddenly said, "I don't blame you."

Zac felt a sudden pain in his heart as he bent over to look at her. "Liv, blame me. You can hit me and yell at me. Don't hold it in, okay?"

Olivia looked up at him, tears pouring out instantly.

Zac gently wiped away her tears and said softly, "Cry, Liv. I'll always be here for you."

Olivia held him and cried for a long time until Zac's legs were numb. Then she slowly released him and asked with a sob, "What happened to your face?"

"My face?" Zac raised his hand to touch the red and swollen spot and said perfunctorily, "I bumped into the door yesterday."

However, Olivia shook her head. "You're lying. Did you get into a fight?"

Zac said nothing. He knew Olivia would not want to hear John's name, so he changed the topic by saying, "I've come to tell you some good news."

'Good news?

'What good news can there be when the baby's gone?'

"Dr. Zucker says your cancer count is lower. It's not much, but at least it's not getting any worse."

Zac grabbed her shoulders and said, "Liv, there's hope."

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"Hope?"

Olivia looked at Zac with red eyes, biting her lower lip and shaking her head. "Zac, my baby's gone. There's no more hope."

She wanted to end it once and for all, but she gave up the idea as soon as she looked down at her belly.

However, the baby was gone.

Her hope and her bond with John were gone.

“Zac.” She cried as she grabbed Zac’s hand. “Do you think the baby will blame me? Blame me for not taking good care of it?”

“Will it regret being my baby?”

Zac shuddered and took her hand. He soothed gently, “No, Liv. The baby won’t blame you,”

“But I lost it...”

The baby was so strong. It even miraculously survived the car crash.

How could it not blame her?

“Liv, Dr. Zucker said earlier that your baby was feeding off of you, making you weaker.

“Now that the baby’s gone, you can improve your health. You can have an operation when your condition is stable. Maybe you can be cured.”

Olivia was trembling, crying, and shaking her head. “This baby is special. It’s unique. It won’t be the same even if I get pregnant again.”

It was not going to be her and John’s baby or the baby who had accompanied her out of the dark.

Zac looked at her pale cheeks, and his heart ached. However, he could only hold her

and comfort her.

There was nothing he could do besides that.

Olivia fell into a deep sleep after she got exhausted from crying.

Zac carefully tucked her in and brushed the loose hair on her forehead. Then he sighed and walked to the window in the hallway.

He knew full well that Olivia's breakdown was not only about the baby but also John.

When she fell, she decided that John had chosen Dorothy over her.

At the same time, John gave her up.

With that in mind, Zac was upset.

He was frustrated. If he had been there, she would not have fallen off the building. None of this would have happened.

Therefore, Zac opened the cigarette he had just bought, held one to his lips, lit it, took a sharp breath, and let out a smoke ring.

He quit smoking a long time ago, but he could not find a second way to relieve his frustration.

Then he looked up at the stars and muttered, "Maybe I should have listened to Zyla and sneaked her away."

After finishing a cigarette, he blew the smell away before returning to the ward and sitting on the couch to look at Olivia.

He looked at her all night until Zyla came in for her shift in the morning. He left after giving Zyla some instructions.

Olivia still was not much of a talker, so when she said she wanted cotton candy, Zyla immediately went outside to buy them.

No sooner had she left than the door was pushed open.

Olivia thought it was Zyla, so she turned around and said, "Zy, is it you at the door...."

Before she could finish, she froze in place.

He seemed to have not slept for a long time. He looked tired, and he had stubbles, looking like he had been through a lot.

Looking at each other, Olivia had mixed feelings.

There was hate, resentment, sorrow, and shock.

Suddenly, she rushed up to John with bare feet and punched him in the chest.

John just let her beat him without stopping him.

When she got tired, she tugged at his tie and asked through gritted teeth, "Satisfied? Are you satisfied now, John? You finally killed your baby as you wanted!"

John frowned and reached out to touch Olivia's head, but she dodged him.

His hand froze in the air for a moment before he pulled it back and croaked, "Liv, we can have more kids."

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"More?"

Olivia's heart quaked as she bellowed, "John, do you not care because you think the baby isn't yours?"

It was their baby. How could he say "More" so easily?

John opened his mouth. Before he could speak, Olivia pushed him hard into the door.

"John." She looked at him tearfully, saying, "We can never have more children."

These words cut into John's heart like a knife.

"Why?"

"Why?" Olivia stared at him for a dozen seconds. Then she suddenly said with a

sneer, "John, do you really not know, or are you faking it?"

Yes, of course, he knew, but he did not want that to be the result.

"Olivia." He called her hoarsely. He looked up at her with a slightly forlorn look.

Olivia was in so much pain she could not breathe.

'Who is he to be disappointed?

'Who caused all this?

'Why does he never think he's wrong?

'Despair?

'No.' She found it ironic and suddenly threw her head back and laughed out loud.

Laughing, her tears poured out again and slid down his face to his mouth. It was salty yet astringent like her life.

She suddenly did not recognize the man before her, who she had loved for 17 years and shared a bed with. He became so unfamiliar.

"John, who are you doing this for?"

She recalled the scene she saw when she fell. She picked up the vase nearby and smashed it at John. She yelled through gritted teeth, "F*ck off! Get the f*ck out of

here!

"It was you. John, you pushed me off that building!"

Olivia's eyes went red as she threw everything she could reach at John, yelling. "You killed our baby!"

John's shirt was stained with water, blood, and fish soup. However, instead of fighting back, he looked up at Olivia.

"I'm sorry."

For a moment, Olivia felt her strength run out and quickly held on to the edge of the bed to barely keep standing straight.

The chill crept up from under her feet, making her tremble.

The mighty John finally lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry," but...

She sneered. "John, do you think you can pretend that nothing happened just because you're sorry? Stupid!"

John froze as he was at a loss for what to say for a moment.

Suddenly, someone yanked him out of the ward, shouting, "Jerk John, what are you doing here? I warn you. Don't provoke Sis Liv, or I'll kill you and your little lover!"

Then he embarrassingly stood in the hallway as soon as the door was closed.

Just as he was about to leave, Fred swiftly pushed the door to enter. Without checking what was going on inside, he said, "Ms. Larson, I found them."

Zyla had just helped Olivia to bed and asked in confusion, "What did you find? What happened?"

"I found the grave robbers."

Olivia jumped to her feet, her eyes wide. Her pale lips trembled as she asked, "Real... Really?"

Fred nodded. "Yes, and I brought back what they stole."

"Where are they?"

"I've kept them in the van parked downstairs. I've also checked that the coffins and urns were unopened."

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that. "Thank you, Fred. Thank you."

Then she seemed to have lost her breath and was about to collapse as her legs gave way. Fortunately, Zyla grabbed her just in time.

She closed her eyes and muttered, "I'm sorry, Mom and Dad."

Chapter 300

"What... What happened here?"

Fred asked with a frown when he suddenly saw the mess on the ground.

"Nothing." Olivia came to herself and looked up at Fred to realize the blood on his

shirt. She hurriedly asked, "What's with the blood on your shirt? Are

Then she patted Zyla. "Zy, go get a doctor."

you hurt?"

Zyla nodded and was about to turn when she heard Fred laugh. "Don't worry, Ms. Larson. None of this is my blood."

"Not yours?"

"Yeah, these belong to the grave robbers. I told you. I'm a martial arts champion. I can easily defeat a few thugs."

Fred paused. "By the way, I also asked them who was behind it."

Olivia sneered and said nothing.

After all, Dorothy had already admitted it. The only thing that made her curious was why it had taken so long for her to show off this time.

When neither of them said anything, Zyla could not help asking, "Who was it?"

Fred slapped his head. "Sorry, I didn't ask that. They said they didn't know who it was, only that it was a woman."

"A woman?" Zyla narrowed her eyes, snorted coldly, and said. "It must be Dorothy."

Besides Dorothy, she could not think of a second woman who would dig other people's graves.

Outside the door, John exuded a cold aura and immediately turned around to call Wes after hearing Dorothy's name.

"Find Dorothy!"

It was his fault for giving her too much trust that she would do such a monstrous thing!

Then John added, "I want you to look carefully into what happened two years ago."

He had no choice but to doubt everything now.

In the room, Olivia suddenly said, "Fred, leave this matter alone. Go get changed and get some rest."

With that said, she took a bank card out of her bag. "There's one hundred thousand dollars here for you. It's not much though."

Fred pushed her hand away. "Ms. Larson, I don't need your money. You've helped me enough. It's my job."

"But your sister needs money for her treatment."

"Ms. Larson, you forgot that Dr. Lucas has exempted my fees. I can cover my living expenses with some odd jobs."

Fred added again, "Besides, you're my savior, Ms. Larson. Give me a chance to repay you, okay?"

Olivia withdrew the card and smiled. "Okay, I'd be a bit of a hypocrite if I were any more forceful."

Fred breathed a sigh of relief. "I gotta go. Call me if you need me."

Looking at his back, Olivia said again, "Thank you, Fred. Thank you for saving my parents."

Fred paused and said with a smile. "Don't mention it."

It was only after Fred left that Zyla realized it. "Did that b*tch Dorothy have someone dig up Uncle and Aunt's graves?"

Olivia nodded. "Yeah. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gone to the rooftop to see her."

"That b*tch! Does she even have a heart?"

Olivia did not respond to that. After all, Dorothy was a viper-a viper that bit its benefactors.

After a while, she dialed Zac's number.

“Zac, can you find the forensic scientist who did Uncle Wallace’s autopsy?”

Zac froze slightly. “Yes, what’s the matter?”

“Can you help me find him? I want him to examine my mother’s body.”

“Your mother?” Zac was confused for a moment. “Do you want to open the coffin and examine the corpse?”

“Yeah, her body’s right downstairs.”