

G.H Hooked 31

Chapter 31

Zac saw Olivia crawling towards the door as he walked in.

She left a trail of blood behind her, and her face was pale. Zac was shocked to see her like this.

His first thought was that John had been here.

Zac quickly picked her up off the ground and put her on the bed. He turned around to go look for the doctor, but Olivia caught him by the wrist.

“Mr. Quinton, do me a favor, will you?”

“Whatever it is, let the doctor look at you first. Your wounds have torn open and need to be rebandaged...”

Before Zac could finish his sentence, Olivia wailed, “There’s no time left! Mr. Quinton, I have no time left.”

Zac was shocked. “What happened? Is John bullying you again?”

Olivia shook her head and struggled to get herself off the bed. “Someone is dying.”

Dying?

Zac was immediately put on high alert. Olivia was not the type of person to cause unnecessary trouble. She had to be telling the truth.

He leaned down again, picked her up, and headed out.

Although Zac had only gotten close to Olivia in the last few days, he knew that this woman was stubborn, and no one could stop her from doing what she wanted.

He knew she would not leave it even if he asked her to

leave the matter to him.

“I’ll make an exception for you this time. The next time, you’ll go to the doctor and let me handle this dying person.”

Olivia was startled. She only realized in the lift that Zac was planning to carry her to save this person from death.

“T-the peninsula.”

The peninsula?

Zac frowned. “Isn’t that where you and John live? Who’s trying to kill someone? John?”

In his opinion, no one else except John would do such a thing.

Olivia bit her lips. “No, it’s not John. It’s Dorothy.”

Her heart hammered in her chest as soon as she said those words.

‘Will Zac believe what I said?’

After all, even John did not believe her. Everyone thought that Dorothy was a kind girl and that Olivia was a vicious

woman.

She was taking a gamble. After all, she had no one else to seek help from.

After getting to know Zac these few days, Olivia felt that he was reasonable and would not draw a conclusion

before trying to understand a situation. At least, she hoped so.

“I see. Who is Dorothy going to kill?”

Zac put her down in the passenger seat of the car. He bent down to buckle her seat belt and walked around the front

of the car toward the driver’s seat.

“Uncle Wallace, our former butler.”

Afraid that Zac might misunderstand, she added. “The former butler of the Larson family.”

The butler of the Larson family was undoubtedly like family to Olivia, especially after her parents died. He was probably the last senior she cared about.

It was no wonder she was struggling and crawling on the floor just to get to him.

Zac’s long fingers gripped the steering wheel, and he stepped on the accelerator. “Sit tight. I’m going to speed up.”

The peninsula was far away, so it would take at least twenty minutes to get there from the hospital.

Olivia leaned back in her chair and looked listlessly out the window.

Suddenly, she said, "Mr. Quinton, why do you believe me?" After all, John did not believe her.

Zac was surprised and glanced at her. "I think you're honest and trustworthy."

'Trustworthy?'

Olivia was startled. She froze as she looked at Zac.

The streetlight reflected on his face. She looked at the flickering lights in a daze, immersed in her thoughts.

Zac reminded her of the John who had once loved her.

Zac did not notice her gaze and simply asked, "How did you learn about this? Did someone tell you?"

"Dorothy told me."

Chapter 32

Dorothy?

That answer shocked Zac. He had never been interested in John's women, so he did not know much about Dorothy.

Even though he disliked Dorothy, he never expected her to do something like this.

Dorothy knew Olivia was too weak to walk, yet she told Olivia about her murder plan. She wanted Olivia to feel distressed knowing about it while being unable to stop it from happening. It was indeed a vicious plan.

'Does John know about this?' Zac wondered.

However, he knew it was a pointless question. John definitely did not know about it.

"Why does she want to kill your butler?"

Olivia bit her lip, hesitating. She did not dare to tell anyone about her doubts regarding her parents' death. After all, she had no evidence about it. If Dorothy took advantage of the situation and accused her instead, she would be in trouble and unable to explain herself.

She timidly asked, "Can I refuse to tell you the reason?"

Zac did not question her further and just nodded. "Of course. I'm John's friend, and I understand if you want to

keep things secret from me."

Olivia was grateful to Zac, but she feared he might tell John about what she had told him.

She had no choice because their relationship was complicated.

Zac sped along the way and reached the peninsula in only fifteen minutes.

The house was dark, and there were no cards in the villa compound. It looked like John was not home.

Olivia felt a sudden wave of anxiety wash over her. Uneasiness rose in her when Zac pulled the car over.

She gritted her teeth as her body shuddered, unable to bear to think about Uncle Wallace's situation.

Knowing Olivia had a knee injury and could not walk because she had lost a lot of blood, Zac did what he had done before and carried her out of the car.

Olivia could indeed not walk, so she did not refuse Zac's help.

"Do you have the keys?"

"It doesn't need a key. There's a fingerprint sensor."

Olivia had installed a fingerprint recognition door nearly a year ago to prevent John from locking her out in the rain again.

Olivia unlocked the door with her finger.

The room was empty. The smell of disinfectant assailed her nostrils, but there was no smell of blood.

Olivia turned the lights in the living room on but saw no one around. However, she was an observant woman, SO she noticed the glass on the coffee table.

That glass was only for guests, so someone must have visited the house.

Zac put Olivia down on the sofa and said, "I'll go upstairs to check things out. Stay here and shout for me if

anything happens."

Olivia nodded. She had no choice because she really could do nothing with her condition.

However, before Zac could head upstairs, Dorothy walked down the stairs in her nightgown. She stood by the staircase, rubbed her eyes, and frowned. "Mr. Quinton? Why are you here? Johnny isn't home."

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Olivia supported herself and struggled as she got up from the sofa. She bit her lips and questioned Dorothy. Dorothy, where's Uncle Wallace?"

Dorothy seemed surprised to see Olivia, and she glanced at Zac meaningfully.

"Liv, aren't you supposed to be resting in the hospital? Why did you bring Zac home?"

Then, she looked at them in disbelief as she covered her mouth. "Oh my God! You guys aren't... Liv, how could you do this to Johnny? You're his wife!"

Dorothy's words disgusted Olivia.

Dorothy knew that Olivia was John's lawfully-wedded wife, so why did she choose to become John's mistress in the first place?

She was so shameless!

"Dorothy, I'm asking you once more. Where's Uncle Wallace?"

Dorothy frowned and said, "Liv, Uncle Wallace lives in the suburbs. When did he come to Ocean City? Did you lose your mind when you lost all that blood?"

Olivia froze. Dorothy was so good at acting. She looked so innocent as she spoke.

Her anxiety grew. She guessed that Uncle Wallace was probably already dead by now.

Chapter 33

Dorothy was a little annoyed.

If not for Zac's presence, she would have taught Olivia a lesson. She would have made sure she knew who ran this

house.

However, Zac was around, and he was John's best friend. Zac might suspect her if she showed him her mean side, so she had to be careful.

Olivia walked down the stairs with her brows furrowed. She looked at Zac worriedly. "Mr. Quinton, why are you listening to Liv's requests?"

"Liv is ill and always overthinking. You shouldn't

encourage her to run around or bring her back here. It's bad for her health."

'What a hypocrite!' Olivia thought.

Despite her injuries, she limped toward Dorothy. She grabbed Dorothy's neck and asked her again.

"Where is Uncle Wallace? Give him back to me!"

"Dorothy, I'll kill you if you refuse to tell me!"

Dorothy's face flushed red, and she tried to ask Zac for help. She struggled and kicked her legs as though she was going to suffocate.

Zac looked at Dorothy coldly, but after a few seconds, he tried to pull Olivia away.

"Olivia, it's no use asking her if she refuses to tell you anything."

Even though Olivia had wounds all over her, her grip was still strong due to how angry she was. Zac had tugged on her a few times but failed to pry her off Dorothy.

Her eyes burned with fury as she strangled Olivia's neck.

The faces of her parents, brother, and Uncle Wallace flashed across her mind, and her hatred toward Dorothy

grew.

She thought Dorothy should be dead!

She wanted to kill this woman and seek revenge for her family.

Everything had happened because of her. If she had not felt compassion for Dorothy and brought her back, her parents would not be dead now.

She had to end the bad luck she had brought into the world.

However, at that moment, the pain in her lungs struck her, and she coughed several times. A mouthful of blood rose up her throat. She could not swallow it nor spit it out, and it distracted her.

Zac took the opportunity to pull her away.

After getting up, she frowned and swallowed the blood with a hard gulp. However, her legs had turned to jelly because she had used up almost all the strength she had

in her.

Coughing, Dorothy got up from the ground and gasped for breath. She stared at Olivia in disbelief.

She did not expect Olivia to still have so much strength.

For a split second, she thought she was going to die.

“Dorothy, I can’t kill you today, but I will kill you one day! Kill me if you can!”

Olivia gritted her teeth. Her eyes were red as they stared at Dorothy.

Fear overpowered Dorothy, and she took several steps back in panic.

“Liv, please stop... I’m afraid...”

Suddenly, she glanced at the door and cried as she begged for mercy, “Liv, please let me go... okay? I- I know I saw something I shouldn’t have, but you... Don’t kill me!”

Olivia’s eyes were red as she clenched her teeth and said, “Dorothy, what are you talking about?”

With that, she supported herself to stand up and pounced on Dorothy again, planning to finally kill her this time.

However, her body was too weak. Before she could

pounce on Dorothy, she felt blood seeping out of her throat. She fell into Zac's embrace again.

Dorothy quickly got up from the ground and ran

anxiously towards the entrance. She threw herself into the embrace of the man at the door.

"Johnny..."

J-Johnny?

Olivia froze, her mind panicking. She felt goosebumps all over her body, and she felt paralyzed.

Zac reacted first and turned around. Then, he asked in surprise, "Johnny? Why are you here?"

John stared at Olivia, who was in Zac's arms. His gaze was cold, and so was his voice. "Olivia!"

Chapter 34

Olivia's heart shuddered, knowing she could not explain herself again.

John would probably not believe her even if she told him everything.

In the middle of the standoff, Dorothy lay in John's arms and cried, "Johnny, please don't blame Liv for this. It's me... It's because of me... I saw something I shouldn't have seen. That's why she strangled me."

"She strangled you?"

John looked at Dorothy's neck and saw visible finger marks on her fair and flawless skin. His gaze darkened, and he questioned sternly, "Olivia, did you strangle her?"

Knowing she could not deny it, Olivia took a deep breath and nodded. "Yes, I did. It's because..."

Before she could finish, John snapped at her. "Dorothy, tell me why she strangled you!"

Dorothy glanced at Olivia cautiously, then looked at John with fear. She bit her lips. "Johnny, it's alright. I'm fine. Let's forget about it. Pretend you didn't see that, okay?" "Speak!"

John only said one word, yet it suffocated Olivia.

She knew Dorothy would twist the truth.

In the next moment, she heard Dorothy's trembling voice. "I was sleeping upstairs. Suddenly, I heard a noise in the living room. I came out and saw..."

"

She paused, frowning as if she did not want to say more. Johnny, I-I can't say anymore. If I continue, Liv might hate me forever. I ...don't want that to happen."

Dorothy's acting was so impressive that even Olivia almost believed her.

However, John had no intention of letting it go. He stared at Olivia and demanded, "Tell me!"

Zac could no longer remain silent. He tried to explain. John, I can tell you the truth if you want to know. It's because..."

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“When I turned on the light, I saw Mr. Quinton walk in. with Liv in his arms, and they kissed on the sofa...”

They spoke at the same time, and Dorothy’s voice was louder than Zac’s.

A sudden silence fell upon the room.

John could not bear it anymore. He pushed Dorothy away and dashed toward Zac, pulling Olivia out of his embrace.

‘He squinted his eyes and looked at her with a warning gaze. “Well, Olivia. You cheated on me when you were pregnant, and now you’re doing it again when you’re ill.

Are you that desperate for another man?”

He reached out and grabbed her jaw. “Am I not enough for you, or are you just a sl*t?”

Olivia knew Dorothy would accuse her of something she

had not done. However, she did not expect Dorothy to accuse her of cheating. She was startled and did not know how to speak up for herself.

“John! Dorothy is lying. Olivia and I are here to save someone.”

“Save someone?”

John sneered. “You came to the peninsula to save someone? Is someone being murdered here? Why don’t I know about it, then?”

“You have to ask Dorothy. Perhaps she can answer you.”

“Zac!” John raised his voice, “You’re a lawyer, and you’re telling me Dorothy is trying to kill someone on the peninsula?”

Zac was about to attempt to convince John when he heard him scoff. “It’s ridiculous!”

“John...”

“Zac, I have no time to deal with you regarding all this nonsense. Get lost!”

“Johnny, it’s Uncle Wallace... Dorothy has Uncle Wallace with her. I came here to save him. Please help me save

Uncle Wallace.”

Olivia tried to calm herself down and begged John. “ Please, trust me this one time, okay?”

“Trust you?”

Olivia nodded.

John looked at her with disgust. “Olivia, do you think I’m a fool? Uncle Wallace has gone back to the countryside. Is he here? Can’t you at least think of a good lie the next time you try to pull your tricks?”

Olivia tried to explain, but she saw Dorothy smiling triumphantly at her from behind John.

Suddenly, disappointment struck Olivia, and she did not want to explain anymore.

Uncle Wallace was probably not in the house. Otherwise, Dorothy would not be so calm.

Olivia would have to go elsewhere to find him. She could not waste more time with John.

Not knowing where she found the courage, she grabbed Zac and pleaded with tears shimmering in her eyes. "Mr. Quinton, please take me away. Will you please take me to look for Uncle Wallace?"

Chapter 35

Olivia's actions undoubtedly further provoked John.

His expression changed, and he grabbed Olivia's neck. "I dare you to say that again, Olivia!"

Olivia's face was flushed from being strangled. She found it difficult to breathe, and the bloody taste in her throat made her feel nauseous.

"John! Let go!"

Zac punched John, forcing him to loosen his grip on Olivia's neck. Then, he grabbed Olivia, who was on the verge of dying.

"Are you trying to kill her? Do you know she is...?"

Before Zac could finish, Olivia tugged on Zac's clothes

and shook her head, signaling for him not to say another

word.

Then, she whispered in a voice only Zac could hear, "Take me with you..."

Olivia just wanted to get out of here. This place was suffocating her.

She had no strength to continue this fight with John. It was draining her little remaining energy...

However, before Olivia could leave the house, her vision

went black, and she fainted.

Zac picked her up and glared at John. "I'll take her back to the hospital. You can look for me there if you want to settle this matter with me."

John wanted to snatch Olivia back, but Dorothy grabbed his arms.

"Johnny, let Mr. Quinton take her back to the hospital. I saw that her face was so pale that she could hardly walk steadily..."

It was as if she was telling John that Olivia was still

thinking about betraying him even when she was already half dead.

John clenched his fist and glared at Olivia's pale face, but he said nothing more.

Olivia woke up on their way back to the hospital.

She covered her mouth and coughed frantically as soon as she woke up.

After a bout of coughing, Olivia took her hand away and looked down. Bright red blood stained her palm.

Zac frowned and handed Olivia a tissue. "Tell Johnny about what's happening. Why are you keeping it a secret from him?"

Olivia smiled. "Mr. Quinton, do you think Johnny will be

shocked if I suddenly die?"

Zac was stunned and did not answer her.

He thought Olivia would know the answer better than him.

Zac saw the blood Olivia had spat out and wanted to send her to the hospital as soon as possible. However, he heard Olivia saying, "Mr. Quinton, I'm so sorry I involved you in this matter. Your reputation is ruined because of me."

Zac felt sorry for her when he heard her apology.

"Don't say that. It's always you who suffers." Then, he paused before he continued. "Don't worry. I'll explain to John what happened."

Olivia sneered and shook her head. "It's useless. He

would not have already suspected me if he was willing to listen to our explanation."

Then, she weakly turned her head toward Zac. "He only believes what Dorothy tells him."

It was as if Olivia's heart had been torn apart. The pain caught her off guard, and she could not stop herself from coughing again.

She has explained many times, but he had not believed in her even once...

'Why won't he give me even one chance?

'What about the last three years we spent together? What

about the sweet life and love we shared?

'When did it turn into misery?'

Zac noticed her depressed mood and did not mention John again. He changed the subject and asked, "Do you need me to do anything else about Uncle Wallace?"

'Uncle Wallace...'

After the Larson family went bankrupt, she cut off many connections. This made it even more difficult to even find

the man.

When Zac saw Olivia leaning against the window saying nothing, he added. "Let me know if you need me. I can help you with this."

Even though Olivia did not want to trouble Zac, she had no choice now.

She looked at him and pursed her lips. "Thank you, Mr.. Quinton, for helping me this much."

"It's a matter of life and death. You don't have to thank me," He looked at her over his shoulder and asked, " Dorothy used to be the Larson family's foster daughter. Is that true?"

Startled, Olivia nodded. “Well, yes, but her identity as an adopted daughter only lasted a year. Then, my mother ‘got pregnant. So, she sent Dorothy back to the Ellis family. However, we still gave her money every year and supported her until she graduated from college.”

She also did not skimp out on all the high society balls. She always took Dorothy with her.

Zac did not know much about their family matters. However, after confronting her that night, he knew Dorothy was not a kind woman, yet John trusted her.

“Are you going to continue your relationship with Johnny?”

Chapter 36

Zac himself was startled by his own question. He had no idea why he asked such a thing.

He had agreed to himself to stay out of Olivia and John’s personal affairs.

“Actually, I wanted to ask you to help me with the divorce agreement.

”

“Do you still want that?”

Surprisingly, Zac was nervous. He found himself hoping Olivia would divorce John.

Olivia scoffed. “Before, I thought that if we were going to keep on torturing each other like this, we might as well free each other. However, you’ve seen the problem, Mr. Quinton. Johnny doesn’t want to set me free but has no intention of ever living peacefully with me again.

“And Dorothy hopes I’ll divorce John. I don’t want to make things easy for her. After all, I’m about to die. I want to annoy her till my final dying breath.”

Then, she suddenly looked at Zac and smirked. "Mistress. I want her to be tainted by the identity of being a mistress. Even if she marries John after I'm dead, she'll still be a mistress. That will be something she can't deny."

She did not care about why Dorothy hated her. She just knew Dorothy wanted to marry John legally, and she was not going to let that happen!

Zac glanced at Olivia. She seemed to be smiling, though it was a self-deprecating smile. There was a hint of

bitterness in it.

He felt sorry for Olivia, a woman who had been so strong for so long. It was sad to see her like this.

"Will it be worth it?"

'Will it be worth it?'

Olivia had never thought about that. Love was

unreasonable and could not be exchanged for anything in the world.

She thought it would be worth it if she could get revenge on Dorothy like this.

She had wanted to escape, but John brought her back, stopping her from leaving.

Since she could not run away, she might as well use her remaining time to get revenge on Dorothy. It seemed worth it.

“Mr. Quinton, I haven’t got much time left on this Earth. If I worry about the value of doing something, it’ll be a waste of time.

“I love Johnny deeply, even till now. I still love him, but

things aren’t as simple as they were before.

“My time is limited, so it’s better to be capricious. Anyway, any torture and pain will only last for six months at most, right?”

Zac’s heart skipped a beat when he heard Olivia mention that she had limited time left in the mortal realm.

Hearing it made him feel uncomfortable.

Olivia was strong. She was bruised and battered, but she feared nothing.

After a while, Zac asked, “Why aren’t you trying chemotherapy?”

“I’m afraid it’ll hurt.”

Zac’s grip on the steering wheel instinctively tightened. This woman, who was supposedly afraid of pain, had wounds all over her body. He had no idea how she had endured all of those painful encounters.

These days, every time Zac saw her, he spotted a new wound on her body. However, she never complained about them even when she was coughing up blood.

He felt sad. He wanted to give her a better life.

“I know some doctors abroad. Maybe...”

Before Zac could finish his words, Olivia shook her head and said, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Quinton, but staying alive means nothing to me anymore."

She could not do anything even if she were to stay alive.

She and John could not become a real couple again. The man she loved most had changed. Staying alive would only bring her more pain.

When Zac got out of the car after they arrived at the

hospital and was about to head to the passenger's seat, Olivia was already struggling to move her legs to get up.

"I'll help you."

Olivia wanted to reject his kindness, but she really could not move her legs. Her knees and thighs felt weak. She could only nod.

"Thank you, Mr. Quinton."

Zac picked Olivia up. He thought about how light she was, nothing like how an ordinary adult should feel to carry. His forehead puckered.

"Call me Zac. I don't want to hear anyone calling me something so formal after work."

Startled, Olivia chuckled. "Okay, Zac."

Before they got into the ward, Olivia noticed a shadow on the ground from the light. She gasped.

Sure enough, John had come looking for her. It was just like she expected.

Chapter 37

John stood by the window with his back leaning against the door and one hand in his pocket. Olivia could feel the cold aura around him even if she could not see his

expression.

Olivia patted Zac, asking him to put her down. Then, she leaned against the door and took a deep breath before shouting, "What else do you want to know, Johnny?"

Her voice trembled. She was afraid.

Zac felt sorry for her, even though he did not know exactly why. Olivia must have faced similar situations.

countless times before.

John turned around and stared at her coldly. He sneered and said, "Olivia, I thought you would learn your lesson after getting seriously injured, but you've disappointed me."

Olivia held onto Zac's arm as she limped into the ward.

Watching John approaching her, she held her breath and waited for the 'punishment' he would give her.

However, the man did not lay a finger on her this time. Instead, he dragged Zac out of the ward with him.

With her support gone, Olivia stumbled. Fortunately, the bed was in front of her, so she did not fall.

She watched John drag Zac out of the room. The door

closed behind them. The only person left in the ward was her, and she frowned.

Olivia wondered if John would bully Zac.

Zac was now involved in their private affairs because of her...

Outside the ward, John dragged Zac to a corner of the staircase where no one was around.

“Zac, do you plan to fight me?”

These two had grown up together. They had been best friends, closer than biological brothers throughout the

years.

However, Zac was now helping Olivia.

John did not believe what Dorothy told him. Zac and Olivia were not stupid enough to cheat on him on the peninsula.

However, Zac’s involvement in their matters angered John. It was as if his best friend had stolen his favorite toy.

“Johnny, I’ve never interfered in your personal life. When you married Olivia three years ago and took Dorothy as your mistress two years ago, I didn’t ask you anything about them.

“But I think you should stop all this nonsense, Johnny.”

Zac did not want to ruin his friendship with John over this matter, but he could not stand by and watch him torture someone without speaking up.

Olivia was already dying. It was pointless torturing her

like this.

John glanced at him coldly. "Stay away from this matter if you're still my friend, or I won't forgive you for this."

"Dorothy is not the woman you think she is. Don't be fooled by her. Not a word she said on the peninsula was true!"

John lifted his hand and pinned Zac against the wall by grabbing onto his neck.

John had been putting up with this for a long time!

He suppressed his anger at first to give Zac a chance, but he still chose to interfere.

"Zac, ask yourself, are you in love with Olivia?"

"If Dorothy hadn't been in the house, you two would've really kissed on the sofa, right?"

"Heh, Johnny, you've never suspected Dorothy, have you? You believe every word she tells you."

The trust between these two men should not be that fragile...

However, the thought of Zac having different intentions

while helping his beloved Olivia corrupted John's mind. He could not accept that Zac liked the woman he loved.

That was how overbearing, bossy, and paranoid John was.

To him, Olivia was his, and only he could touch her. Anyone who else touched her should die.

John put more strength into his grip, and his gaze turned cold as he threatened Zac. "Zac, this is the last time I warn you. I won't be so merciful the next time!"

He would have killed Zac if not for their brotherly bond. He wanted to give him a second chance.

John released his grip and turned to grasp the doorknob of the stairwell.

"John, she's dying. Set her free."

Chapter 38

John did not stop. He opened the door and left.

'Is Olivia dying?

'Who'd believe that?

'Isn't it just pneumonia? Pneumonia can't kill.

'Her fever has subsided. She can even move around and

seduce Zac. Will she die?

'Who is Zac trying to fool?'

When John dashed into her ward, Olivia was sitting on the bed, waiting for him anxiously.

She looked up at John, feeling a little afraid. "Jonny, I

have nothing to do with Zac, I swear."

Even though she knew it was useless, she took the trouble to explain again.

"Oh, nothing? Then what were you doing on the peninsula in the middle of the night with him? Don't tell me you were looking for someone!"

John strode toward Olivia and pinched her cheek as he sneered. "I checked the surveillance camera and saw that no one went to the peninsula today!"

'No way. That's not true...'

However, Olivia soon realized that Dorothy knew there would be surveillance, so she would have taken care of everything in advance.

This would make it even harder for Olivia to find Uncle

Wallace...

Getting no answer from Olivia, John thought she was admitting to his guess. The scene of Olivia walking into a hotel with a man two years ago flashed across John's

mind. His grip tightened.

“Olivia, why are you such a sl*t? Do you need a man that much?”

“I did nothing. Believe me. Dorothy plotted this against me. I didn’t cheat on you...”

“I saw it myself. Are you saying that I’m stupid or blind?”

“I swear I didn’t...”

The rest of her words got stuck in her throat, and she could not say them.

If John was willing to listen to her, they would not be in this situation now.

She stared into John’s sharp eyes and suddenly shouted, ((John, you are stupid and blind! Otherwise, you wouldn’t have believed Dorothy!”

John was startled. For a split second, he saw the Olivia from four years ago.

He was heartbroken. This woman would only ever be his, no matter what happened.

He did not care about Olivia’s retort and kissed her lips domineeringly. Then, he pinned her to the bed and sneered. “Since you need a man so much, I can’t neglect you as your husband! See if you can still sleep with other men after this!”

She was shocked. Olivia knew her body could not endure John’s ravaging desire.

She pushed as hard as possible, but the man’s chest did not budge. It stood before her like a brick wall.

“Please stop... Johnny. Please...”

“Stop? You don’t have the right to refuse me!”

“Johnny, we’re in a hospital. Please stop...”

John scoffed and loosened his necktie. “What’s wrong with doing it in the hospital? Doesn’t that make it more exciting?”

With that, he ripped off his tie with his slender fingers and threw it onto the ground.

Fear overtook Olivia because John had already unbuttoned his shirt. She suddenly slapped him.

“John, do you want me to die?”

“You believe every word Dorothy says, but you don’t

believe me even after I say something a hundred times! You’re sick.”

After Olivia finished shouting, she felt a piercing pain in

her lungs again. It burned her chest, and the smell of blood assailed her throat. She tried hard to swallow it

down.

In the past, she would not have yelled.

However, after learning about those secrets from the past, Olivia did not want John to misunderstand her. She failed to control her emotions as she was trying to explain herself.

Even so, she still shrank into a ball in fear.

Chapter 39

John stopped moving and stared at Olivia with his dark eyes, making her gasp in fear.

That was it. She had pissed John off.

Olivia closed her eyes, shrank her neck back, and instinctively shielded her head with her hands.

However, she did not feel anything even after a long time.

She carefully opened her eyes and peered through a gap in her hand. The man that had been in front of her just a

moment ago was gone.

She put her hands down and looked around. John was no longer in the room.

Olivia could not believe it. She had strangled Dorothy, and Dorothy had accused her of cheating on John. Then, she pissed off John and even slapped him. However, John had not done anything besides leave the ward.

This was impossible.

John had been so cruel to Olivia. He did not show her mercy even when she was wounded.

Had she woken him up from his daze with her words?

Olivia put down her sore arms and looked at her bleeding body. She sighed.

Perhaps John had begun to believe her. After all, they had been together for years, and he still loved her dearly.

Her heart thumped as if it had been revived. It felt alive again.

She moved to the head of the bed, rang the bell, and called for the nurse to rebandage her.

The nurse looked at her wounds and frowned. "Ms. Larson, is that man really your husband?"

Olivia nodded.

"That's cruel. How could he do this to you? It's domestic violence."

Domestic violence...

Olivia recalled a memory of her laying in John's arms as she looked up at him and asked, "Johnny, will you abuse me if you don't like me anymore one day?"

"Silly girl, what are you thinking?"

"I saw on TV that many men abuse their wives after they cheat on them and want a divorce. I'm afraid..."

John lowered his head and kissed Olivia's hair. He

pinched her cheek gently and smiled at her. "I won't

cheat on you, and I won't ever want a divorce. Liv, you're the only woman I love."

What an ironic memory.

He had cheated on her and abused her. The only part of the promise he had fulfilled was not divorcing her.

However, he was only keeping her around to torture her.

'Johnny, humans can always change. Will you be nice to me again after being mean to me?'

When the nurse saw tears shimmering in Olivia's eyes, she shook her head. Then, she left silently after bandaging Olivia again.

Some things were not for outsiders to meddle with. Only Olivia would know what was going on.

It was just like Zac asking her if her revenge plan was

worth it.

She loved John, and he had saved her four years ago. If she were to walk down memory lane, her love for him began when they were ten...

Olivia was unsure if it was tiredness or because she had lost too much blood, but she felt drowsy and fell asleep.

The following morning, the rustling of plastic bags woke her up.

She rubbed her eyes and looked over with squinted eyes. All she saw was Zac pouring porridge into a bowl.

“Mr. Quinton?”

Zac saw her awake, and he smiled. “Hey, don’t call me

Mr. Quinton. It makes me think I’m still at work.”

Olivia smiled sheepishly. “Sorry, you... Don’t you have to work today?”

“I don’t have to go to court today. Someone else is

looking after things. I have nothing important up today.”

Then, Zac handed her the porridge. “Can you drink it yourself?”

Olivia recalled how Zac fed her before this, and her ears flushed red. She nodded. “Hmm, my hands are better today. I can eat by myself.”

“Here. Finish it up.”

Olivia took a sip and praised the food. “Thank you. It’s delicious.”

She looked at Zac sitting by her bed and staring at her. It made her feel a little embarrassed.

“Mr. Quin... Zac, you don’t have to visit me.”

Chapter 40

Zac took out a phone and handed it to Olivia. "Last night, I bought you a new phone. But you were already asleep, so I took your old phone.

"Yours isn't broken, but it doesn't work that well. I got you a new one and forwarded the information from your old phone to the new one.

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He said it casually, but he was afraid he might have crossed the boundaries of their relationship. He kept glancing at Olivia to observe her emotions.

However, Olivia was only surprised.

Since John got mean and her father died, no one had ever cared about her this much.

Such gentle and unforceful care made her feel comfortable.

Zac noticed that Olivia was startled and thought she was worried about her privacy, so he quickly explained. ((Please rest assured. I didn't look through the stuff on your phone."

"No, I wasn't thinking about that. I-I wanted to thank you."

"By the way, about your butler, Uncle Wallace. The police called and confirmed that he got off the train at Ocean

City. Surveillance footage shows him taking a taxi from the train station to the peninsula."

To the peninsula... So Dorothy had been lying!

Her eyes widened, and she bit her lip. "Where could he be...?"

“I don’t know, but I promise I’ll help you find him. It’s just that...”

Zac frowned. “You have to prepare yourself for the worst.”

Olivia’s hand trembled, and the porridge in her bowl spilled onto the blanket. Fortunately, Zac managed to hold the bowl up.

She covered her face and bit her lower lip until it bled. This was Uncle Wallace they were talking about, her favorite butler.

She should have looked around the house last night. She should not have let her guard down. How could she have been so careless?

How could she have slept last night?

She would never forgive herself if anything happened to Uncle Wallace!

““It’s all my fault. I agreed to meet him. How could I forget last night... When I got back to the hospital, I fell asleep. I almost believed Dorothy’s story...”

Olivia kept blaming herself, and tears ran down her fingers. Zac could not bear to see her like this.

“Don’t worry. I promised you, so I’ll find the truth.”

“If Dorothy intended to hide him from us, you wouldn’t have been able to find him no matter how hard you tried yesterday.”

Zac was a little anxious and patted Olivia’s shoulder. Don’t cry. Leave it to the police and me, okay?”

Even he did not realize how gentle his voice was.

((

Olivia wiped her tears and gritted her teeth. "I'll make sure Dorothy pays for what she's done!"

Zac was afraid Olivia might act impulsively, so he gently pushed her shoulder to pin her down. "Take good care of your health first. Your health is more important right now. How will you get revenge on Dorothy with such a weak body?"

'Yes. I should recuperate first.'

Even though she was dying of lung cancer, she had at least to heal the wounds on her body.

However, she was still worried about Uncle Wallace. She hoped nothing had happened to him.

"You're right! My health is more important right now."

Olivia ate the half bowl of porridge and drank everything

in the thermos flask.

Zac heaved a sigh of relief. He knew how stubborn Olivia was. He knew he would have to ask the doctor to inject her with some sedative if she insisted on personally going to save Uncle Wallace.

Fortunately, he managed to convince her otherwise.

Olivia stayed in the hospital for another two peaceful days.

However, there were no news of Uncle Wallace, which upset her until she got a call from Dorothy.

“Olivia, do you want to save Uncle Wallace? I’ll give you a chance.”