

G.H Hooked 371

Chapter 371

Olivia looked at Zyla, puzzled. "Zy, what happened?"

She took a few steps closer as she spoke.

"Sis Liv, don't come near me!" Zyla hugged herself, crying and begging. "I beg you. Stay away!"

Olivia did not dare to approach anymore when she saw Zyla was in a very emotional state. She tried to comfort her gently. "Okay. I won't go near you. I'll stay here, okay?"

She nodded.

Olivia had hardly ever seen Zyla cry. Seeing Zyla crying and so devastated made Olivia feel both distressed and worried.

"Zy, what happened? Tell me, please."

Zyla bit her lips, trying hard not to cry, and shook her head.

"What happened?"

Olivia wanted to ask, but she was afraid to. Zyla might break down mentally. Olivia sat on the ground with

her.

"Zy, are you hungry?"

She shook her head.

“Are you thirsty?”

She shook her head again.

“Zy, today Ian’s school organized a mock test. I wonder what his results will be like.”

Zyla did not respond to that.

Olivia was anxious, but she could not do anything about it, and she felt helpless.

After a moment, Zyla looked at her suddenly and sounded like she was in despair when she said, “Sis Liv, I’m not pure anymore.”

Olivia froze when she heard Zyla’s words.

Her Zy...

Olivia dashed toward her and hugged her as she comforted her with tears shimmering in her eyes. “Zy, you’ll always be pure!”

Zyla pushed Olivia desperately. “Sis Liv, let go of me. I’m not pure anymore. I can’t touch you.”

“Silly girl, what are you talking about? My Zy is very pure. It’s someone else’s fault, not yours.”

“Sis Liv...”

“Zy, tell me who did this!”

Zyla cried and shook her head. "I don't know. I ran away without daring to look at their faces. Sis Liv, I'm dirty. I'm dirty..."

She had so little. In the end, her dignity was also taken from her.

At one time, she had tried so hard to keep herself pure within the chaos, but now, she had lost everything

just like that.

Olivia felt guilty. If she had not left yesterday...

It was her fault. She should not have left Zyla alone.

The girl who had just brought herself out of the dark had fallen into an abyss again.

All her strong defenses collapsed that night.

"Zy..."

Just then, Olivia's phone rang.

At first, she was not planning to answer. However, she walked out and answered when she saw the caller

"Have you received my gift, Olivia?"

"A gift? What game are you playing now?"

A laugh came from the other end of the call. "I told you. I'm not going to let go of anyone around you. Last night, I put something in the girl's cup."

'What?'

Olivia realized who was behind this and gritted her teeth as she questioned. "You did it?"

"Tsk. It looks like you've seen her," Dorothy laughed maniacally and said. "Ask her on my behalf, was last night exciting? I spent lots of time looking for men like them. Each one of them was well-built..."

"Dorothy, you're a beast! Do whatever you want to me, but don't touch my friends!"

"Oh, don't be angry. This is just the beginning," Dorothy sneered. "I want to play slowly and slowly watch you collapse!"

Olivia dug her nails into her palm and roared in a low voice, "Dorothy, how on earth could you do this? Do you want John and me to divorce? I'll divorce him at once."

"Why would I want your divorce papers? Anyway, the person John loves has always been me. I don't care about that anymore. A marriage contract is not important at all."

Dorothy scoffed and continued. "I'm sorry, Olivia. I don't want anything from you right now."

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"What do you want? Say it!"

"I love watching you break down, Olivia. When you break down like a madwoman, I think about how Johnny will divorce you, and how I'll become Mrs. Freeman."

Olivia shouted, "Dorothy! How dare you! I'm warning you! Don't you dare do anything!"

However, Dorothy did not care. She chuckled and said, "Olivia, what else can you do? All you can do is shout at me!"

"You!"

Olivia wanted to retort, but suddenly, she heard the sound of water flowing from the bathroom.

She was worried Zyla would take things too hard, so she threw the phone aside and rushed into the bathroom.

When she saw Zyla sitting in the bathtub, she was relieved.

"Zy."

Olivia hugged her. "I'm sorry. You suffered that because of me."

Zyla buried her head in Olivia's shoulder and cried. "Sis Liv, it's none of your business. It's my fate. I was lucky enough to meet you. That was already my redemption. It's my fault for wanting too much."

"Zy, what are you talking about?"

"Sis Liv, it's not worth crying for me. I'm sorry... I can't protect you anymore."

Olivia felt heartbroken. She hugged Zyla tightly. "Zyla, don't say something like that about yourself."

"Sis Liv...."

Zyla lifted her head. "I'm dirty now. I-I'm not qualified to be around you anymore.

"Sis Liv, I'm happy I could accompany you for so long.

"I'm garbage and shouldn't wish for much. God must have punished me because I was too greedy."

"Zy..."

Olivia had a thousand things she wanted to say to Zyla, but she could not say a word.

She suddenly understood.

Although she had encountered a lot of changes these two years, and her life had been plunged into darkness, it was nothing compared to Zyla's childhood.

As the saying went, some people had their childhood memories to heal their current sorrow, while others used their whole life to heal their wounds from childhood.

Zyla was strong, but she was also fragile.

Olivia's words of comfort were not strong enough to heal her.

She held Zyla's face in her hands and wiped Zyla's tears off her face with some water. Then, she forced a smile. "Zy, you are the light that led me out of my dark life."

She licked her lips and continued. "You know, before I met you, I had forgotten how to laugh."

"You're the one who made me laugh again. You're the one who made me see that there's still beauty in

the world.

Zyla was startled, and she looked at Olivia. Her body shuddered, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

That was what she had said to Olivia.

Olivia remembered it.

Olivia took down the showerhead. Then, she wet Zyla's hair as she smiled and said, "Zy, I'll help you take a bath, okay?"

Zyla looked at Olivia without responding.

"After washing up, relax in the bathtub. I'll make some spaghetti for you, okay?"

Zyla nodded in a daze.

Olivia knew Zyla needed time to recover from her emotions.

She would accompany Zyla, just like how Zyla had accompanied her.

After the bath, Olivia filled the bathtub with warm water and threw in a bath bomb. Only then did she ask Zyla to sit in it.

"Take your time. I'll cook you a bowl of spaghetti."

When Olivia walked out of the bathroom, Zyla took a brush from the shelf and scrubbed her body.

It was as though she thought she could clean herself better like that.

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In the kitchen, Olivia was cooking spaghetti, but she was absent-minded and worried.

She was worried about Zyla and what Dorothy might do next.

As she pondered, the doorbell rang.

Olivia turned down the fire. She looked through the peephole before she opened the door.

“Ken, where have you been? I tried calling you in the morning but couldn’t get to you.”

Ken was still in the suit he wore the day before. His expression was gloomy, and his voice was hoarse.
“I... Something happened last night. Is Zyla here?”

“Yes.”

Ken wanted to come in, but Olivia stopped him at the door. “Zyla is not in a good state, and it’s not appropriate for you to visit her now.”

“I...” Ken hung his head. “I’ve come to apologize for what happened last night...”

“Dorothy did that, not you.”

Startled, Ken’s gaze turned cold as he asked, “What did you say? Dorothy?”

Olivia beckoned him to lower his voice, and she frowned. “Zy is now in a terrible state. Don’t mention this. Just act as if nothing ever happened.”

“That’s...” Ken wanted to explain, but he feared Olivia might misunderstand him, so he gave up.

“Anything else?”

“Don’t let Zyla look at her phone. I’ll deal with the stuff on the internet.”

Olivia was in a puzzle. “What happened online? Does it have something to do with Zy?”

“Hmm.” Ken nodded, but he shook his head after that. “No... No! Those pictures are fake. You tell her it has nothing to do with me...”

Before he could finish, Zyla walked out in her night robe. She took the tissue box beside her and smashed

it on Ken.

“Get out! I don’t want to see you!”

Ken knew Zyla must have misunderstood and tried hard to explain. However, she had already stepped out of the kitchen holding a knife.

“Ken, I’ll kill you if you don’t get lost!”

Olivia was shocked and quickly pushed Ken out.

“Go, now! We’ll talk later.”

After closing the door, Olivia advised Zyla gently. “Zy, he’s left. Don’t be afraid. Please put down the knife?”

Zyla snapped out of her fear and threw away the knife in her hand in a daze.

Olivia hugged her and comforted her gently. "Don't be afraid, Zy. Don't be afraid. I'm here."

"Sis Liv."

Zyla cried and hugged her. Her heart seemed to be torn apart, and the pain was unbearable.

Only then did she know what being heartbroken felt like.

However, about Ken... She was already dirty and did not deserve to be with him.

Olivia helped Zyla get to the dining table. Then, she picked up the knife and walked into the kitchen to get the spaghetti.

"The spaghetti noodles may be a little overcooked. Please tolerate it. I'll cook you a delicious dinner later in the evening, okay?"

Zyla nodded obediently and began to eat.

After lunch, Olivia put Zyla to bed and comforted her for half an hour. Zyla gradually dozed off after that.

Olivia could not bear to see Zyla's swollen eyes.

Then, she tucked her in and prepared to go out.

Just as she covered Zyla with the blanket, Zyla's legs stuck out. Olivia tried to cover them up, but as she did, she saw blood stains and brush marks on the pair of fair legs.

Sadness surged through her, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She took the medicine box and sanitized Zyla's exposed wounds. Then, she covered the blanket over her. Olivia could only wait for Zyla to wake up to deal with the rest of the wounds, afraid she would disturb her sleep.

Then, she closed the door quietly and went back to the living room.

She took the phone and saw the news about Zyla.

A clear photo of Zyla was on it, with a video attached to the news.

In the video, she was following three men into a room with a smile on her face.

The title was even worse than she could imagine...

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After the media turned the story, it sounded as though Zyla was shameless and a sl*t...

Olivia was so angry that her ears flushed red. She wanted to kill Dorothy immediately.

However,...

She pinched her thigh to calm herself down.

That situation had been so traumatic for Zyla. She should not be impulsive and had to find the most appropriate solution.

She had to avoid Zyla from seeing this. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Suddenly, she remembered Ken saying, "Those pictures are fake."

'Fake?'

Olivia carefully looked at the photo. It was Zyla's face, but the body...

Suddenly, her eyes widened.

The photo had been composited!

It was a photo with Zyla's face and someone else's body.

Thus, the video...

Olivia could not help but carefully watch the video several times and finally found its flaw.

The woman in the video had nail polish on, but Zyla did not.

The video was fake too!

Dorothy was a b*tch!

After pondering, she decided to call the police.

She had to keep the effects of the situation to a minimum, which meant absolutely no media involvement.

Fortunately, when she called the police and looked again at the news, it was already gone.

It seemed Ken had settled things.

However, Olivia still felt uneasy after calling the police. After all, Dorothy had managed to get out of Uncle Wallace's case.

Thus, she called Zac.

"Zac, I want to sue Dorothy."

Zac was startled. "What happened?"

Olivia explained the situation curtly and said, "I have a phone recording of her calling me to show off. In the recording, she clearly admitted she drugged Zyla."

"Liv." Zac paused. "You should know that recordings cannot be used as evidence in court, but I can send her a lawyer's letter."

"Zac, I have to try no matter what. I can't watch her hurt Zy..." At the thought of Zyla's situation, she could not help but snifle. "Zy is in a terrible state, and I'm worried."

"Don't worry. Please leave it to me. Do you want me to come over?"

"No, no. I'm afraid she'll freak out if she sees a man now." Olivia bit her lips. "Zac, thank you."

After hanging up the call, Olivia looked around for Zyla's phone, wanting to hide it.

Although Ken had taken down the news, there were still some bloggers who would write about it.

She could not risk it!

Even after searching the place, she failed to find Zyla's phone. Then, she received a call from Dorothy.

“Olivia, have you seen the news? I told you this was just the beginning, so just you wait! The next one will be your brother, then... maybe Zac will be next.”

“Dorothy! Don’t make me go against you!”

Dorothy sneered. “I’m not afraid of you. Like I’ve said, you cannot hurt me. Johnny and the people behind me will protect me.”

‘The people behind her...’

Olivia suppressed her anger and asked, “Who is this person behind you? What does he want?”

“He...” Dorothy laughed arrogantly. “You don’t need to know what he wants. You only need to know one thing. That is, he will spare no effort to help me deal with you!”

‘What?’

Olivia did not understand when she had offended someone so powerful.

However, she also knew that no matter how much she asked, Dorothy would not tell her.

“Well, let’s see which of us dies first.”

After hanging up the call, Olivia continued to look for Zyla’s phone.

Suddenly, there was the sound of running water in the bathroom.

However, Zyla had just taken a bath and had wounds on her body. It was not the right time to take another bath.

Olivia ran to the door, but Zyla had locked it from the inside.

Uneasiness struck her, and she patted the door hard as she shouted, "Zy? Zyla, are you in there?"

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However, no one answered even after she knocked for a long time.

Anxious, Olivia ran into the living room and rummaged through the closet for the key.

However, the more anxious she got, the more of a mess her mind was, and her hand shuddered, making it difficult for her to stick the key in the keyhole.

"Zy! Zy, hold on. Please don't..."

Tears smudged her face, but she still could not open the door.

She started banging her shoulder against the door. After two knocks, Olivia finally managed to open the door.

Olivia froze when she saw what had happened inside.

Zyla lay in the bathtub, pale, and the bathtub was dyed red.

She had attempted suicide.

Olivia was not able to think much. She carried Zyla out of the bathtub, not knowing how she found the strength to do so.

When Olivia picked her up, Zyla moved and looked at Olivia in a daze as she spoke weakly. "Sis Liv, I...am ... sorry."

Olivia shuddered as she ran out of the toilet while comforting Zyla. “Zy, please stop talking. I’ll take you to the hospital now. You’ll be fine. You’ll be fine!”

Unexpectedly, reporters surrounded her once she walked out of the building with Zyla in her arms.

“Was it suicide?”

“Did she commit suicide because she felt humiliated by being exposed, or was it because of something else?”

“Why did she do it if she’s going to feel embarrassed about it?”

“Ms. Larson, are you involved? Does Mr. Freeman know about this?”

“Ms. Larson, where were you the night of the party?”

The reporters threw her question after question.

Olivia knew Dorothy was despicable, but she did not expect her to be so despicable.

Dorothy was the one who sent these reporters.

They tried hard to put the fault on Olivia and make the rumors worse. All they wanted was to make John believe that the situation had something to do with Olivia.

However, she did not have time to waste with these heartless people. Saving Zyla’s life was more important.

She looked at the people around her coldly and shouted, "You can continue asking questions! If it causes Zyla's death, I'll make sure you all die too!"

The reporters might have been shocked by Olivia's roar, or it could have been her words that scared them, but they stopped asking questions.

Olivia carried Zyla through the crowd and headed to the car. She put her in the back seat and sped to the hospital.

She only felt relieved when Zyla was pushed into the emergency rescue room. Feeling her bones turning to jelly, she fell to the ground.

She had never been so afraid before.

The last time Zyla was injured in the hospital, she was not so panicked.

However, this time, she was terrified.

Even though she already guessed that Zyla would probably commit suicide, she was still affected by it actually happening.

'Zy, you have to be alright. Otherwise,...'

Suddenly, someone pulled her up from the ground. He held her shoulder in a panic and asked, "Liv, what happened to Zy?"

"Suicide. Zy attempted suicide."

"What?" Ken shuddered. "Did she see the news?"

Olivia shook her head in a daze and covered her face as she wept. "I don't know. I couldn't find Zy's phone. I wanted to stop it. It's my fault..."

It was all her fault.

If she did not insist on going to the party last night...

If she took Zyla with her...

If she had watched Zyla....

If...

"It's all my fault. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I caused all this to happen to Zy."

"No... No," Ken helped Olivia stand up, and he took her to the chair nearby. Then, he looked at her and

said, "Liv, it's my fault. You should scold me. I'm the one who caused this."

"You?" Olivia looked at him in a daze. "What happened last night?"

"Last night..." Ken took a deep breath. "It's actually..."

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Before Ken could tell her what happened, the emergency rescue unit's door opened, and the doctor approached them.

"Fortunately, you got her here in time. The patient is not in danger, but she has lost plenty of blood and needs to rest for a while."

Olivia quickly stood up and asked urgently, "Doctor, the wounds on her body..."

Although she had only seen Zyla's leg, she knew the wounds were all over Zyla's body.

The doctor sighed. "Just now, we applied medicine to it, but you must reapply it for her frequently."

"Will..." Olivia bit her lips and asked, "Will it leave scars on her body?"

"That depends on the recovery process."

"Thank you, doctor."

Olivia and Ken followed Zyla to her ward. When they were in the ward, Olivia stared at Zyla's pale face, feeling remorseful and heartbroken.

Zyla's life had been rough. How could...

Tears flowed down her cheeks again. However, she realized Ken was still around and quickly wiped off her tears as she pursed her lips and asked, "Ken, what were you trying to tell me?"

However, Ken stared at the scratches on Zyla's arm, and his voice trembled as he asked, "Is her body covered in these scratches?"

"Well, Zy shut herself in the bathroom and scrubbed her whole body with a brush."

Olivia sniffled and continued. "She must have felt dirty and wanted to clean herself..."

'Dirty?'

Ken shuddered and could not say what he wanted to say.

He stood by the bed, staring at the woman in the bed, not saying a word.

Olivia did not think much about it when she saw he was not saying a word. She patted him on the shoulder and said, "Ken, you can go back. I'll be with her here."

"I want to wait for her to wake up."

"Ken." Olivia tugged Zyla under the blanket and sighed. "Zy's mood is unstable. I'm afraid she'll be emotional when she sees you. You can visit her when she's better, okay?"

Recalling the situation from earlier today, Ken knew Zyla did not want to see him.

However, he could not just leave like that.

"I'll leave when she wakes up. I..."

Before he could finish, a figure appeared in the doorway and interrupted him. "Ken, you're a psychiatrist. You should know how severe post-traumatic stress disorder can be. Don't take the risk."

Ken could say nothing and was dejected.

He understood, and because of that, he wanted to clear things up with Zyla.

However, Olivia was right. Zyla did not want to see him.

"Well, I'll go now. If anything happens, do remember to let me know."

"Okay. No problem."

Suddenly, Olivia recalled something and called Ken. "Ken, did you check the hotel surveillance footage?"

Ken nodded. "Yes, but the video from yesterday was deleted, so I can't find anything."

"Did you see who drugged Zyla?"

"No, I've seen all the videos. There's nothing there."

Nothing... It seemed that Dorothy had done a meticulous job of taking care of all the surveillance footage.

Olivia clenched her fists. "I see. Thank you."

After Ken left, Zac handed a file of documents to Olivia. "This is a lawyer's letter. I have listed a total of 18 charges. What are you going to do?"

Olivia took over the documents and sneered as she squinted her eyes. "Of course, make her pay the price!"

She might wait and watch if this was about her.

However, Dorothy was now harming the person she treasured most, and she could not tolerate it!

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"What can I do for you?"

Olivia shook her head. "You have helped me enough. I'm afraid it will hurt you if you get involved too much in this matter."

She suddenly remembered Jimmy's matter. She looked at Zac, worried, as she asked, "I'm a little worried about you. The Jameson family's matter is scaring me..."

When Olivia lifted her head, she noticed the wound on Zac's face and frowned. "What happened to your face?"

Suddenly, she remembered John's words and asked, "Did John do it?"

Zac looked away and said, "Nothing. I accidentally bumped into something."

"You're lying." Olivia turned his face around and looked at his slightly swollen cheek. He even had a

wound on his forehead. She pulled him to the sofa nearby and said sternly, "Sit down."

Then, she turned around and took out the first aid kit. She rubbed some medicine on his wound and put a plaster on it.

"Lie to me one more time, and I'll never speak to you again."

Zac felt warm and smiled. "It's just a slight injury. Don't act so serious."

"I'm serious about this." Olivia looked at Zac seriously. "I'm not joking."

Zac stopped smiling and nodded. "Okay. I know, but John's bodyguard's injuries are worse than mine. He might be in the hospital now."

"Hospital?"

"Well, I practice kickboxing, but I don't usually use it."

Then, he looked proudly at Olivia, expecting to be praised.

Unexpectedly, Olivia glanced at him. "I don't think you're that great at it. Maybe you should practice more."

Zac was speechless.

Olivia chased Zac out of the ward after applying medicine to his wound.

"You can leave. You don't have to be here."

"You're not well, and you need to rest. We don't know when she'll wake up..."

"Zac, I know you mean well, but you're busy, aren't you? You didn't sleep well last night. Have a good rest today. Don't push yourself. I'll have to take care of you if you are exhausted."

He had no choice but to get up and leave.

After everyone left, Olivia tried to look at the time on her phone.

However, what she saw was the photo of her carrying Zyla in the elevator.

The worst part was the title of the news. [The woman in the photo committed suicide out of shame.]

How much money had these reporters received? They were trying to put Zyla in a terrible situation and break her down.

Then, she looked at the lawyer's letter on the table as her anger grew.

She could not wait anymore!

However, she was afraid Zyla would do something irrational if no one was watching her, so she called Fred.

“Fred, do you have time? I want to ask you for a favor.”

Fred was surprised to receive the call. “Ms. Larson? Yes, I’m free.”

“Come to the city hospital, will you?”

“No problem. What floor are you on? I’ll be right there.”

Olivia told Fred her location, and he arrived there in a while. When Fred saw Zyla on the bed, he was startled and asked, “You need me to take care of Ms. Jones?”

“Well, just keep an eye on her for me. I’m afraid she’ll wake up and do something silly.”

Fred nodded. “No problem. Leave it to me. But Ms. Larson, where are you going?”

“To run a few errands. I’ll be back soon. I’ll leave Zyla to you.”

“Okay.”

Olivia got into her car outside the hospital and called the police as she drove to Dorothy’s apartment.

“Officer, I know who the culprit is. I’ve sent you the address”

After she hung up the call, she stepped on the accelerator. 'Dorothy, just you wait!'

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When Olivia was on the ground floor of Dorothy's apartment, she suddenly remembered the news, so she called Ken to ask him to negotiate with the media.

They had to get rid of everything before Zyla woke up.

When everything was settled, she went upstairs and knocked on Dorothy's door.

Soon, Dorothy opened the door and saw Olivia leaning against it with her arms folded over her chest. She was looking at her disdainfully.

"What are you doing here, Olivia?"

"Don't you know what I'm here for?"

Dorothy smiled and shook his head. "I don't."

Anger rose in Olivia upon seeing Dorothy's reaction. She sneered and said, "I recorded the phone calls today. I can play you back every word you've said."

Dorothy's expression changed, and she growled, "Olivia, are you looking for trouble? Aren't you afraid that b*tch Zyla will lose her reputation?"

“Don’t you forget that your brother is still in my hands! He’s going to take his A-levels soon. If anything happens to him, you...”

Dorothy looked at Olivia mockingly and deliberately did not finish her sentence.

“Are you threatening me?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Olivia took out her phone and was about to press the play button when the policeman stepped out of the

elevator.

“Ms. Larson, where is the suspect you mentioned?”

Olivia pointed at Dorothy. “It’s her, Dorothy Ellis.”

Dorothy put on an aggrieved look when she saw the police. “Officer, what have I done?”

“Ms. Larson is suing you for using others’ photos illegally, falsely accusing others, and employing rapists.”

“What?”

Startled, Dorothy looked at Olivia and pouted her lips as she sobbed. “Liv, what are you doing? Do you have any proof? How could you accuse me so unjustly?”

The policeman asked, “Ms. Larson, do you have any proof?”

“I have a recording of the phone call. I don’t know if that counts as evidence.”

“Yes, it can be used as referential evidence, but not as conclusive evidence.”

Olivia glanced at Dorothy coldly. “If so, why don’t you ask Ms. Ellis to accompany me to the police station, and we’ll slowly listen back to the recordings?”

Dorothy’s gaze turned cold.

She could not go to the police station.

Besides, there would be a real mess if Olivia played that recording.

She could not let that happen.

Dorothy cried so hard that her shoulders trembled. “What’s wrong with society nowadays? How can you take me to the police station without any evidence?”

“Olivia, no matter how jealous you are of me, you shouldn’t accuse me! I haven’t gone out today, so how could I have done the things you’re accusing me of?”

“Heh.” Olivia scoffed. “Of course I knew you wouldn’t admit it.”

Then, she clicked on the record. “Let’s listen to it here, then.”

However, the recording only played until the sentence: [Olivia, did you get my gift?]

Someone snatched the phone and turned it off.

Olivia lifted her head and saw John trying to delete the recording. She wanted to snatch it back.

However, John was taller than her, and she could not reach it since he was lifting the phone away from her.

She got angry and kicked him in the knee as she cursed. "You son of a b*tch, give me back my phone."

John was in pain and threw the phone back into her arms, but the recording was now gone.

"John!"

John's eyes turned red. "What are you doing? Who are you to delete the recordings?"

He glanced at her coldly. "Your so-called evidence is just a missing recording." Then, he looked at the police officers. "Nothing happened here. You can go back."

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"John, are you trying to cover up what Dorothy has done?"

However, Olivia felt like she was foolish to ask that.

It was not the first time he had helped Dorothy. There was no need for her to ask.

Dorothy hugged John and cried in his arms. "Johnny, I didn't do anything. I was with you last night and didn't have the chance to do anything."

Olivia scoffed. "Really? I didn't even say when this happened. How do you know it was last night?"

"You seem to know exactly what I'm talking about. It must be difficult putting on an act."

Dorothy was startled and shook her head. "I don't know, but I only saw you last night. If anything happened, I can only guess it was last night."

"You can go on giving excuses!" Olivia reached out and grabbed Dorothy. "Since you're innocent, why don't you come to the police station with me?"

"That's enough!"

John pried Olivia's grip open and protected Dorothy in his embrace as he said coldly, "Olivia, enough! She was with me last night. She never left the house."

Olivia staggered backward and managed to stand up straight only after balancing herself.

She felt disappointment striking her, and she was in despair.

The man who had been bugging her for days to get back together with him was now defending another woman. His words were all lies.

All he did before was just put on an act.

As soon as Dorothy returned, he showed his true self again and stood against her.

However, she was not the old Olivia anymore and would not give up easily. She would not let Dorothy walk away after what she had done.

Immediately, she looked up and laughed. She lifted her hand and slapped Dorothy.

"Dorothy, John and I are still married. Aren't you being too arrogant, hugging my husband in front of me?"

“The slap is to remind you I’m not dead yet.”

Then, she shoved the thick lawyer’s letter into Dorothy’s face. “Since you chose the hard way, I’ll see you

in court!

“As for you, John...”

Olivia glanced at him coldly and wanted to slap him. However, she stopped herself.

“Never mind.” She gritted her teeth and cursed. “Hitting you would only dirty my hands!”

“John, you might have protected your mistress today, but that doesn’t mean you can protect her forever. So, if you don’t make sure she behaves, I might go berserk one day and do something crazy!”

John’s eyes turned gloomy, but he hid his emotions well, so no one realized it.

Without giving him a chance to speak, Olivia turned around and headed downstairs.

She let out her breath in the car and leaned back weakly, gasping for air.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain in her chest and coughed.

It hurt. It hurt like hell.

Suddenly, someone opened the car door and handed a pill to her. “Liv, you must have forgotten to take this again. Take it quickly.”

Olivia looked at the person, and she took the pill.

“Drink some water. Don’t swallow it just like that.”

Although Olivia was used to it now, it still hurt when she swallowed pills without drinking water.

After taking her pills, she was relieved. Then, she turned and looked at the person. “Why are you here?”

Zac carried her out of the driver’s seat and put her into the passenger seat. Then, he helped her fasten her seatbelt and wiped her drenched forehead before he frowned and said, “You think I don’t know what you

want to do?”

Olivia smiled wryly. “You can see that I lost again.”

“I got someone to check on the matter. Even if the surveillance footage is gone, we might be able to track who erased it.”

Olivia immediately sat up. “Really?”

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Zac was not sure either, but he comforted Olivia. “Let’s wait for the news. We can’t just let go of this matter, but...”

Olivia stared. “What, but?”

“Don’t you know what your body is like right now? Zyla would feel bad if she saw you ill when she woke up.”

Olivia lowered her head and muttered, "Of course I know, but she put Zyla into this state, so I could not ignore it."

However, Dorothy had John protecting her. It would be difficult for her to deal with them alone.

Suddenly, she turned to Zac and asked, "Zac, you've been a legal counsel in Freeman Group for many years. You should know the company's loopholes, right?"

Zac was driving. He was shocked by Olivia's question.

"Liv, what do you want to do?"

She clenched her fist and bit her lips. "Dorothy is so bold because she has John protecting her. She might be unable to do all this if the person supporting her is defeated."

"You... want to go against John?"

"Hmm."

She felt heartbroken whenever she thought of John. He pushed her off a building, making her lose her baby, yet she had never thought about taking revenge on him.

It was all because she had loved him for seventeen years and could not bear it.

However, just now...

What he said and what he did had stabbed her in the heart. She was awake and could not hesitate

anymore.

They could hurt her, but not Zyla!

He clearly knew everything. A few days ago, he still hugged her and begged her not to leave...

How could he... protect Dorothy so much?

Suddenly, Olivia's phone rang, snapping her out of her memories.

"Did something happen to Zy?"

"No. Ms. Jones is awake."

"Really?" Olivia cried.

'Yes. She wants to see you.'

"Okay, I'm on my way back. Don't let her worry."

After hanging up the phone, Olivia wiped her tears and pursed her lips. "Zac, Zy is awake. That's great!"

She was so afraid that Zyla would never wake up.

Zac was also relieved.

He was afraid that Olivia would keep asking him about Freeman Group.

Although he was now against John, he was a lawyer with ethics. He would not go against his profession's

ethics.

Moreover, John was good at dealing with his legal affairs. It was almost flawless.

Thus, after sending Olivia to the hospital, he left without hesitating.

Olivia opened the door and saw Zyla eating the orange Fred had peeled for her. She cared about nothing else besides Zyla at the moment as she hugged her.

“Zy, you scared the hell out of me. I don’t want you to do that ever again.”

Her tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably. “Zy...”

Zyla was almost about to cry. She patted Olivia’s back and forced a smile. “Sis Liv, I’m sorry. I’ll never do something so reckless again.”

Olivia sniffled when she saw Zyla smiling. “Don’t smile. Do you know...”

“Sis Liv,” Zyla held Olivia’s hands with tears rolling in her eyes as she said sincerely. “At the time, I wanted to die, but your face popped into my mind when the knife cut through my blood vessel. I regretted it.

“I promise I won’t do anything stupid again. Forgive me this time, okay?”

Zyla was sincere, but she kept one thing to herself.

When she thought of Olivia, she did not regret dying. Instead, she blamed herself for dying. If she was dead, who would protect Olivia?

She could not die while Olivia was still alive!