

G.H Hooked 381

Chapter 381

Olivia wiped her tears and said with a smile, "Silly girl, hide from me if you want to cry. I want you to live happily, okay?"

"Okay."

Olivia and Zyla hugged and sobbed.

After a long time looking at them, Fred felt like an outsider and wanted to leave silently.

When he got up, Olivia noticed him.

She wiped the tears off her face and looked at him as she pursed her lips. "Sorry. I forgot you were here." "Ms. Larson, please don't say that," Fred scratched his head. "I'll leave now since Ms. Jones is awake." "Okay. Thank you."

Then, Olivia suddenly thought of something and quickly went after Fred. "Fred."

"What's the matter, Ms. Larson?"

She looked at the ward and pulled Fred closer before she whispered, "I know you have good computer skills, so I want to ask if the deleted surveillance footage contents can be retrieved or trace the IP address of the person who deleted it."

Fred pondered. "I cannot give you a certain answer. I have to see the system to know about that."

"I see..."

Olivia was disappointed but also relieved.

She believed it when Zac told her, but she also doubted it a little.

Zac always gave her a feeling that he was saying things to comfort her.

However, since Fred said so, there should still be a chance to retrieve it.

“Erm...” Olivia took out her phone and clicked on the video. “They said this is also surveillance footage. Can you find the exact date and time of this footage, or... anything fishy?”

To avoid Fred from misunderstanding, she explained, “This video is faked. The person in this video is not Zy, but they’re wearing the same clothes and shoes. You do understand what I mean, don’t you?”

Then, she looked up and waited for Fred’s response.

“Yeah, sure. Can you tell me where the surveillance location is and the rough time this happened?”

“It was the Grand Bay Hotel last night, but I don’t know the exact time.”

Fred pointed at the phone screen. “Send the video to me. I’ll look for it and tell you if I find anything.”

“Okay. Thank you, Fred,” Olivia bit her lips. “Don’t let Zy know about this, okay?”

“Don’t worry,” Fred smiled at her.

Fred’s smile was bright, and it made Olivia feel at ease.

After returning to the ward, Zyla tentatively asked, “Why were you out there so long? Have you been discussing something behind my back?”

“Nothing. It’s just something about his sister.”

“Oh? How is she?”

Olivia brushed Zyla off with some random answer while ordering takeout online. “Still the same, not much better. She probably needs to undergo another surgery.”

“Poor thing. She is still so young.”

Zyla’s voice sounded gloomy. Olivia was worried and refused to leave that night. She insisted on sleeping. in the same bed as Zyla.

Zyla could only agree since she insisted.

The two lay in bed as they looked at the bright moon through the window. Olivia muttered, “Zy, let’s go to some grassland one day and look at stars, okay?”

If she was still alive when everything was over...

“Okay, Sis Liv. I want to go skiing too. I grew up in the south and feel like not getting the chance to ski is a pity.”

Olivia squeezed her hand and said, “Okay, I’ll take you skiing. Maybe we can see the aurora.”

“Really?”

Laughter filled the room as though what had happened before was just an illusion.

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Olivia was worried about Zyla and accompanied her daily in the hospital, trying to keep her from doing anything dumb.

After three or four days, Zyla's condition improved, and she smiled more.

However, Dorothy showed up again just when everything was going well.

Looking at the two laughing in the ward, she sneered. "Olivia, Johnny has hired the best lawyer in the country to help me with my lawsuit. Your lawyer's letter is just a piece of paper."

Olivia's smile froze, and she glanced at Dorothy coldly. "Dorothy, what are you doing here? You are not welcome here!"

"This is a hospital. Of course I can come when I want."

Dorothy even played with her hair and laughed. "I should have come earlier, but Johnny doesn't let me leave my bed. Otherwise, you would have gotten the news earlier."

"Shame on you!" Zyla pointed at the door and snapped, "Get lost! No one wants to hear your disgusting words!"

Dorothy scoffed. "You seem to have recovered quite well since you can scold me now. Didn't you attempt suicide a few days ago?"

"By the way, even if this goes to court, would you dare to attend, Zyla? It seems like you'd have to tell the public about what happened that night."

'What?'

'That night...'

Zyla's face sank when she heard what Dorothy said. She wanted to retort, but she could not.

She wanted to puff out her chest and say she did not care, but her body began to shake uncontrollably, and she had no courage.

At this moment, Olivia got up and walked to Dorothy. Without a word, she lifted her hand and slapped Dorothy.

"Dorothy, if you feel it's so difficult to part with my man, why are you here? Looking for a fight?"

Dorothy was shocked. "You! Olivia..."

However, Olivia's gaze was cold. "Do you think I am afraid of you? Dorothy, remember, you're a mistress, and that's a disgraceful title.

"Like your mother, you tried hard to get someone else's husband, yet you'll always be the mistress."

"You!"

Dorothy's face turned pale. She wanted to fight back, but someone grabbed her arm.

"So, you did it all. How dare you come?"

Dorothy looked at the man and shoved off his hand as she grinned. "Why would I be afraid to come? You are the ones who lose, and you are the ones who lose your reputation. What am I afraid of?"

She knew that with John backing her up, none of them would dare touch her.

She shook her wrist when she saw Ken could say nothing, and she said, "If you have the time to hit me and scold me, you might as well beg me."

"Perhaps I will show you some mercy and tell you who the man was from that night."

Before Olivia could speak, John said coldly, "You don't need to worry about this. Get out of here!" Dorothy snorted coldly, turned her head to Zyla in bed, and said meaningfully, "Ken, aren't you curious who the man who slept with your woman that night is? I can tell you since you and Johnny are acquainted."

Zyla's face turned pale. She bit her lips and threw the pillow at Dorothy as she shouted, "Go away! Get out of here!"

Olivia was afraid Zyla would break down again, and she warned Dorothy. "Dorothy, you'll pay for what you

have done!"

Then, she quickly returned to hug Zyla in the ward as she comforted her gently. "Zy, don't listen to her nonsense. All that didn't happen..."

Dorothy pursed her lips and left in satisfaction.

She just wanted to see them powerless, furious, and desperate, which was the only way to make her happy.

After Dorothy left, Ken also entered the ward.

"Zyla, listen to me. That night..."

“Get out! I don’t want to hear it!”

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“Zyla, give me a chance to explain, okay?”

Ken tried to approach her and explain, but Zyla took the fruit knife and placed it on her wrist. She clenched her teeth and shouted, “Get lost! Come here again, and I’ll cut my wrist.”

“Zy!”

Terrified, Olivia grabbed the knife and waved her hand at Ken. “Ken, leave now. Let’s talk about it when her mood is stable.”

Ken had no choice but to hang his head and walk out with confusion and a worried look on his face. After everyone had gone, Olivia put the knife in the farthest place she could from Zyla. Then, she held Zyla’s hand. “Zy, you promised me you won’t do something silly again.”

Zyla looked at Olivia in aggrieve, buried her head in her knees, and cried.

Olivia was relieved only when Zyla’s emotion was stable. She tugged the blanket and placed a glass of water by Zyla’s bed.

“Zy,” Olivia took a deep breath and licked her lips nervously. After a while, she did not ask what she wanted to do.

Zyla noticed Olivia’s hesitation. “Sis Liv, ask what you want to ask. I’m fine. Just now...”

She hung her head and rested her hand on her forehead. “I was impulsive.”

Olivia frowned slightly. "Zy, you... you don't actually hate Ken, do you?"

The room was silent except for the sound of the cold wind blowing through the treetops.

Olivia was afraid she had said something which affected Zyla's mood. She quickly said, "Zy, I'm sorry.

I'm..."

"It doesn't matter," Zyla suppressed her emotion. "You are right. I don't hate him."

Zyla covered her face, and Olivia could not see her expression. However, she could hear Zyla's whimper.

After a long time, Zyla wiped off her tears and lifted her head to see Olivia as she smiled. "At first, I hated him because I thought he was John's lackey. I thought he was bad.

"Then, I suddenly realized that he wasn't so annoying.

"Last night, after he dragged me away, we were standing on the patio, drinking.

"I turned my head to look at him, and at that moment, I suddenly felt that he was very handsome, like a shining star in the night."

Zyla smiled when she spoke, but tears flowed down her cheeks.

She sniffed, paused, bit her lip, and continued to force a smile. "Later, he apologized to me for what happened during the day and kept explaining.

"I don't know what's wrong with me. My heart is beating fast. When the cold wind blows, I can feel my cheeks burning."

She took a long breath and tried to prevent her tears from flowing. "But, Sis Liv..."

"There is no way we can get together after this happened."

Although Olivia noticed the romantic tension between Ken and Zyla, this was the first time she heard Zyla admitting it.

However, something like that happened.

Olivia felt sorry for them, and at the same time, she blamed herself for it. She clenched her fists but tried to comfort Zyla. "Zy, this is not your fault. You are still you, and both of you..."

However, Zyla interrupted her before she could finish.

"Sis Liv, I'm still me to you, but I'm not me to him anymore."

She went to the window and looked out into the cold winter night as she said with a bitter smile on her face. "Besides, he's not what he used to be, is he?"

Zyla had that night with another man, and Ken had that night with another woman.

How could they ever go back to the way they were?

Even if she had feelings for Ken, she was now not fit to dream about being with him...

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"Sis Liv, tell him on my behalf that..."

Zyla took a deep breath and dug her nails into her palm as she looked at Olivia. "I hate him and don't want to see him anymore. Ask him not to show his face to me again."

Heartbroken, Olivia frowned. She could not nod.

Zyla and Ken liked each other and had no grudge or misunderstanding between them. The only thing was that Zyla had fallen into a trap, leaving her with a trauma she could not escape.

She would not have the heart to split them apart.

They were not like her and John, who had hatred and the lives of two dead kids between them.

A future was ahead of them, and they had a chance...

Zyla saw no response from Olivia and smiled. "Sis Liv, you don't have to be sad for me. This is my fate, and I can't change it."

"Zy..."

"Sis Liv, I know what happened that night was an accident. However, for him and me, it will be a knot for a lifetime."

Zyla sighed, and she stroked her finger down the window. "Even if he and I do not say anything about it, we cannot forget that night if we date. I would rather have regret, rather than have something we both care about stopping in the way."

Olivia understood.

However, she felt Ken would not or should not mind.

"Zy, there is one thing I must tell you. Actually..."

Before Olivia could finish, her phone rang.

As soon as she looked at the caller ID, she declined the call.

“Actually, you...”

However, the phone rang again and again. She hung it up, but the calls came in endlessly. Olivia lost her patience. She picked up the call and scolded. “John, are you insane?”

“Come down. I’m downstairs.”

“I’m at the hospital. We will meet when you get hospitalized.”

Just as Olivia was about to hang up, she heard the man’s voice again. “I know. I’m outside the hospital.”

She looked out the window and saw the conspicuous Maybach parked downstairs, with a tall figure standing beside it.

“I have nothing to say to you.”

However, the man on the other end of the line seemed to have lost his patience. “Come down.”

Not knowing if it was because she had gotten used to it, Olivia was shocked and answered obediently. “Okay.”

She looked at Zyla apologetically after hanging up the call. “Zy, I will be back soon. Don’t do anything silly,

okay?”

Zyla nodded obediently. "Well, if he bullies you, shout. I will go immediately to save you." Olivia felt bad and pursed her lips. "Sure. Okay."

As Olivia was going out, she took the knife with her, afraid Zyla might commit suicide again.

John attracted attention no matter where he was.

Even if he leaned against his car, he attracted the attention of everyone around.

Before, she liked how he shone because it was like the sun.

However, now, she was disgusted by it.

"What are you doing here? You have hurt Zy. Aren't you satisfied?"

She blamed herself at first.

Now, knowing about Ken, she felt even more remorse.

Zyla would have dated Ken if it were not for her.

However, to Olivia's surprise, John was not mad. He frowned and looked at her. "Olivia, this matter has nothing to do with me."

"Nothing to do with you?"

Olivia scoffed. "Mr. Freeman, you say you have nothing to do with this? Aren't you with your mistress all day and night?"

“Dorothy also said you wouldn’t let her get out of bed. Since you were so close, don’t you know what she did?”

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John squinted his eyes and looked at Olivia with interest. “Are you jealous?”

‘Jealous?’

Olivia stared at him for a moment and laughed.

She would have been jealous and miserable in the past, but now her mind was calm.

If she felt anything, it was only disgust.

“Mr. Freeman, what an interesting guess. There are so many men in this world. Why do I have to envy Dorothy for having one of them?”

John’s expression turned gloomy. He grabbed Olivia’s wrist and pulled her into his embrace.

“Olivia, stop speaking like that.”

Olivia felt pain. She frowned and struggled. “John, do you dare to swear you know nothing about Dorothy drugging Zyla?”

John froze upon hearing that.

He knew from Wes about Zyla attempting suicide, and it seemed to have something to do with Dorothy. That was why he came.

He knew nothing about anything else.

Olivia was more annoyed seeing him remain silent. She shoved his hand away and said, "If you don't know, you can ask Ken. He is your friend and a victim. He will never lie to you."

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"I really don't know," John's expression was difficult to interpret. "I didn't say I don't believe you."

Olivia might have been somewhat happy to hear it if this was before.

However, it now sounded ironic.

She looked up at him coldly and sneered. "Mr. Freeman, if you believe me and you don't know anything, then why did you protect Dorothy that day?

"Don't you think you're a hypocrite for telling me this after deleting recorded evidence for her and swearing she was with you?"

With that, she chuckled and showed a realized expression.

"Oh, I see. Dorothy is more important to you, right?

"So, whatever she does, it's the right thing to do and to protect, isn't it?"

Their eyes met, and after a long time, John said, "I will investigate."

"Investigate?"

Olivia looked at him in disbelief. "John, you have said this more than once. However, as long as it is related to Dorothy, every piece of evidence you find will point me wrong.

"You never really wanted to know the truth. You just wanted to cover it up."

Then, she exhaled her breath and gave him a desperate look. "No need. I will take revenge on Dorothy in my own way. I'll destroy whoever tries to stop me!"

Then, she turned around and went into the inpatient building.

Olivia only sniffled when she walked into the elevator.

She could not bear his hurtful tenderness.

What she could stand no more were his unpredictable emotions.

Looking at Olivia leaving, John's gaze turned cold.

He had done a lot of research on Dorothy.

The more he looked, the more he realized Dorothy seemed different from what he saw before.

However, this time, Dorothy knelt a day and a night until she vomited blood to get his forgiveness when she returned to Ocean City.

Her body was now broken because she had donated him one of her kidneys.

He had to protect her out of gratitude.

Dorothy did not leave the house that night and never made any calls...

After getting into the car, Wes noticed John's expression. He summoned his courage and said, "Mr. Freeman, there is something I know I shouldn't say, but I will say it anyway.

"Mr. Freeman, do you care about Mrs. Freeman at all? Who will you choose between Mrs. Freeman and Ms. Ellis?"

Wes turned his head around and looked at John. "Mr. Freeman, you can have both of them."

To Wes, he knew John cared about Olivia, but he always ruined their relationship because of Dorothy.

In the end, the gap between the two grew.

John lifted his head and peered at him. "Wes, you are getting bolder and bolder recently."

"Mr. Freeman, I...

"To the apartment."

He wanted to ask Dorothy about it in person.

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The apartment.

Dorothy had just entered the room when she heard someone knocking.

Smug, she hummed a little song and opened the door.

However, her expression stiffened when she saw who it was. "Johnny, what are you doing here?"

"It's my house. Can't I come?"

Dorothy chuckled dryly. "I didn't mean that. I just thought you were..."

Before she could finish, John looked at her coldly and asked maliciously, "Did you do that to Zyla?"

"Zyla?"

Dorothy quickly took his arm and said coquettishly, "Johnny, even you are doubting me? You said you would believe me."

John threw her hand away without hesitation, his body exuding a cold pressure.

"Don't challenge my patience. I've given you enough trust."

Seeing his harsh attitude, Dorothy sat on the couch and began crying. "Johnny, you always do this. You questioned me for Olivia.

"If I hadn't lost a kidney to save you two years ago, I wouldn't be so weak now.

"I know that my love for you is my own business. I didn't ask you to reciprocate it. Why are you so cold to me?"

With that said, she covered her face and cried while peeping through her fingers to observe John.

To her surprise, John's face remained as cold as ever.

"I don't know anything, Johnny. Do you need me to leave Ocean City so you can be assured?"

She had been too aggressive in the past. She was always pushy, which made John suspicious of her.

Therefore, she was taking a step back this time.

If she made John guilty enough, she could lower his suspicions of her.

Besides...

Dorothy stood up and looked at John with grievance and tears. "I know you kept me by your side to find the answer, but I won't tell you so easily."

John finally spoke up.

"I'll get someone to cure your illness, but you'd better not have any unnecessary thoughts!"

Dorothy hung her head low and snuffled. "I wouldn't dare. Johnny, my only fault is falling in love with you, but I can't quit unless you kill me."

However, John did not believe her. He said solemnly, "I warn you, Dorothy. Don't try any more tricks. Or I'll kill you."

With that said, he turned around and slammed the door.

Dorothy looked at the closed door, stomped her feet with hatred, and cursed out loud, "B*tch! Olivia, that f

*cking b*tch! I'll kill you!"

An eyesore! What an eyesore!

It took her two years and so much time and effort to get John's trust and love.

Mrs. Freeman's position was within reach, but now it was getting farther away.

Why did John change so suddenly in such a short time?

No, she could not accept it!

A week later. Golden Hills Apartment.

Zyla's injury had healed, but not her trauma. Probably not for a while.

To Olivia's disappointment, neither Zac nor Fred could find any good evidence.

The trail of what happened that night went cold.

After the evidence was destroyed by Dorothy many times, Olivia also suddenly understood something.

If she wanted to get back at Dorothy, she probably could not take the conventional route.

"Sis Liv, hurry and eat." Zyla served soup to the table and casually asked, "Have you taken your medicine today? Are you going to pick up that punk this afternoon?"

Zyla's voice pulled Olivia out of her trance.

She gathered her thoughts and went to the dining table, "I've taken my medicine."

With that said, she smiled and took Zyla's hand. "Instead of picking up Ian today, I'd like to see a movie. with you. What do you think?"

Zyla was overjoyed. "Really? Alright."

Olivia pursed her lips as she looked at her smiling face.

She could not do that until she got Zyla and Ian settled,

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"Sis Liv, you don't have to watch me every day. You and that punk can hang out in the neighborhood during weekends."

Olivia glanced at Zyla. "I'm even more worried because you're always trying to send me away. Ian probably has classes on weekends. He won't have much free time in Year 3."

Zyla curled her lip. "Sis Liv, I mean it. I'm fine, and I won't do anything stupid again."

"Let's dig in. The food is getting cold."

Zyla sat helplessly while lowering her head.

Olivia stole a glance at her and secretly shook her head.

Whenever she closed her eyes at night, the image of Zyla lying in a bathtub full of blood woke her up.

She was so scared.

She was scared that Zyla would disappear from her side when she was not paying attention.

She was not taking any chances.

Suddenly, Zyla nudged her. "Sis Liv, that punk called."

Olivia instantly came to herself, took her phone, walked to the balcony, and answered it.

"Ian?"

"You don't have to pick me up today."

"Oh, okay. Do you have any plans?"

"There will be a joint exam the day after tomorrow. The teacher arranged a closed study session, so I won't go home until the end of the exam."

After hearing the explanation, Olivia sighed in relief and said with a nod, "Okay, Ian. Good luck. I'll make you something tasty when you're done with the exam."

Ian, who also knew what happened to Zyla, asked awkwardly after a pause, "Well... Is your friend alright?"

"Yeah. She has recovered."

"Mental problems aren't to be underestimated. If you have a problem, find Brother Ken. He's a psychology major."

The Brother Ken who Ian mentioned was Ken.

However, Olivia did not tell Ian what happened between Ken and Zyla.

Therefore, she could only reply, "Okay, I'll keep watching. Zyla will be happy to know that you care about her."

"Hmph, I don't care about her. Don't overthink it." Ian paused. "That's all. Bye."

"Okay, remember to rest and do your best."

Just as Olivia was about to hang up, Ian mumbled, "Remember to take your medicine too."

With that said, he hung up without waiting for Olivia to react.

Hearing the beeping sound, she shook her head helplessly.

The kid was so not honest with himself.

He was worried about Zyla, yet he acted like he did not care.

However, she was happy that Ian behaved this way.

At least he was not as hostile to her as before.

For now, she wanted nothing more than for Ian to grow up healthy and not be caught up in any more drama.

In the next few days, Olivia continued to follow Zyla around. They even slept in the same room.

Zyla was speechless but happy.

Growing up, no one had ever cared for her like that.

It turned out this was how it felt to be loved.

At the end of the week, Olivia got a call from Dorothy while she was thinking about what to cook for Ian after his exam.

“Olivia, come to Larson’s Residence.”

Olivia froze and asked with a frown, “Dorothy, what do you want now?”

“What do you think? Isn’t Ian living at Larson’s Residence? You don’t want your brother anymore?”

‘Ian?’

Olivia panicked, but then she realized that Ian was supposed to be at school right now.

“You liar! Dorothy, I advise you not to do anything.”

Dorothy, on the other end of the line, sneered. “Do you think I have time to mess with you? I fooled Ian to

come home. Today, I’m going to cripple both his legs and hands as a gift to you!”

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“I’ll only give you an hour to come here alone, or I’m going to cripple one of Ian’s arms right now.”

Although Olivia had her doubts, she could not risk Ian.

After hanging up, she quickly called Ian.

She called ten times, but his phone was turned off.

Olivia panicked.

She could only sneak Fred over to watch Zyla.

When Fred arrived, he grabbed Olivia as she hurried outside. "Ms. Larson, where are you going?"

Olivia's behavior seemed suspicious to Fred too, and he had no choice but to ask.

"Oh, I want to make Zyla a big meal, but I don't want her to know. Can you keep it a secret for me?"

Seeing Olivia looking so sincere, Fred did not ask any more questions and nodded. "Okay, don't worry. Come back soon."

"Yes. Thank you."

After getting into the elevator, Olivia breathed a sigh of relief.

For a moment, she was afraid that Fred would see through her.

It would be bad if Zyla found out.

Larson's Residence.

There was nothing out of the ordinary in the courtyard, and she could not tell if anyone was in the house.

Olivia cautiously pushed the door open and walked in. However, she was hit in the back as soon as she got inside.

“Ah!”

With a scream of pain, she fell to the ground and fainted.

Dorothy came out of the shadows, looked at Olivia on the ground, and sneered. “Pour cold water on her and wake her up.”

She wanted Olivia to watch herself get humiliated!

“Hsss! It’s cold!”

When a bucket of cold water came down in the cold winter, Olivia sat up in shock.

However, Dorothy kicked her to the ground as soon as she sat up.

Dorothy stepped on her hand and said through gritted teeth, “Olivia, I was too careless, which let you live this long. You’re dead meat this time!”

Besides, not only did she want Olivia to die, she wanted her to die a humiliating death.

Olivia gritted her teeth as she endured the pain and glared up at Dorothy coldly. “Where’s Ian?”

However, Dorothy took a stick from a burly man nearby and hit Olivia on the right leg.

As Olivia shrieked, Dorothy smiled grimly and said, "Idiot! Ian's at school taking his exams. How can he be

at home?"

Then Olivia realized it.

Ian was taking an exam, so his phone was off, of course....

How stupid of her!

Realizing Dorothy did not have Ian, Olivia decided to fight back.

However, before she knew it, Dorothy hit her on the right leg again, causing her to nearly faint from the pain.

However, Dorothy refused to let her pass out. She shook her awake by grabbing her collar before hitting her again.

"Ah!"

Seeing Olivia in pain, Dorothy threw her head back and laughed. "Olivia, does it hurt? Shout it out if it hurts! You can beg me too, and perhaps I'll consider saving you a leg."

Olivia went ghastly pale as she clutched her leg in pain, but her eyes were firm. "You want me to beg you? Dream on!"

With that said, she tried to endure the pain and stand up. However, her legs were weak, and Dorothy was stepping on her hand, so she could not move.

Suddenly, Dorothy hit her in the right leg again and said with a smile, "Olivia, you know what? Johnny knows all about these."

"Johnny was in the room with me the night Zyla was drugged. He was holding me on the bed, whispering in my ear how he missed me."

With that said, Dorothy laughed out loud. "And you know what? He even told me you were stupid, and all he had to do was make you think he still loved you with a few words.

"He also said he has long hated you, but he couldn't divorce you because of his pride. So he asked me to deal with you!"

Olivia froze. Her right leg had gone numb-she could not feel a trace of pain.

Her heart was torn into pieces. It hurt so much that it was dripping with blood.

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Dorothy knew Olivia believed her when she saw how pale her face was.

"Olivia, I'm so happy to see you so desperate. How great would it be if Johnny could see it too?"

Olivia looked away from Dorothy, but tears streamed down her face.

She did not cry when her leg was broken.

However, she cried the moment she heard John try to kill her.

She said she did not care, but when she heard that the man she had loved for 17 years had asked her enemy to kill her for him, she could not bear it any longer.

Olivia thought she knew John well enough, but she was the loser after all.

She had always been the inferior one in their relationship.

Dorothy leaned over and pulled Olivia's hair. She said with a sneer, "You're a cripple now. Once I cut your face, don't think you'll be able to seduce men!"

Dorothy believed John would never want Olivia again once Olivia became a cripple.

Men were visual creatures. There was no way they would like an ugly woman.

Therefore, she took a dagger from a man nearby, grinned, and cut Olivia's face.

However, just then, Ian's voice was heard outside the door.

"Olivia? Are you in there?"

Olivia suddenly found strength from nowhere, pushed Dorothy away, and was about to warn Ian.

However, before she could speak, the man nearby covered her mouth.

Another man ran over and pinned Olivia to the ground.

Dorothy glared hatefully at Olivia, feeling upset. However, she had no choice but to remind the four burly

men.

“Help me take care of this. I gotta go.”

Olivia looked in the direction she fled and struggled to free herself, but she could not move because of the man’s strength.

A burly man took the opportunity to hide behind the door, ready to attack Ian.

Olivia’s eyes reddened as she struggled to free herself.

“Umm... Umm...”

Just as Ian pushed the door open, she pulled out all the stops to throw off the man who was pinning her. She ran over and took the blow for Ian.

“Ah!”

The blow hit Olivia on her right shoulder with such force that it knocked her off balance.

Her right leg was already broken, so she fell to her knees as there was no way to keep her balance.

“Hsss!”

Fortunately, Ian was quick to crouch down and catch Olivia before she hit the floor.

Ian was so shocked that he screamed, “Olivia!” when he saw her covered in blood.

Olivia braced herself and smiled with relief when she saw that Ian was okay. “I’m glad you’re okay.”

The four burly men, who followed Dorothy’s orders, would not let go so easily.

They picked up the stick and swung at Ian.

Olivia sensed this and immediately threw Ian under her, and all the sticks fell on her.

Ian was stunned. Suddenly, he felt a warm liquid trickle down his face.

When he looked, it was blood!

It was Olivia's blood!

It took him a dozen seconds to struggle out of Olivia's arms, kick down two burly men, and punch the other two.

However, the four burly men were too strong for Ian to subdue them all, and he was soon overpowered.

Without thinking, Ian hugged Olivia, who was dying, and cried while shouting, "Live, don't sleep. Just hang in there. I'll get you out of here."

With that, he ran out with Olivia in his arms.

One of the four men blocked his way, while another snatched Olivia from Ian's arms and threw her to the ground.

The man then leaned over Olivia and violently removed her clothes.

Another man pinned Ian to the ground so he could watch Olivia being humiliated.

“Liv! Liv!”

Chapter 390

When Ian saw that the man was about to violate Olivia, he screamed his lungs out.

“Liv! Olivia, wake up!”

However, Olivia was in so much pain that she had no strength to fight back. She moved her right hand with her remaining strength and gestured toward Ian.

‘Don’t be afraid.’

Then she gave him a big smile and mouthed silently, ‘Run when you can.’

Ian froze in place.

Dorothy said she was the Larson family’s sinner, and he believed her.

Therefore, he never thought of seeing her in the past two years.

When they met, he hit her and called her names.

Later, he hurt her repeatedly.

He never trusted her, treating her like an enemy and refusing to call her “Liv”.

However, she never blamed him but cooked and sent him to and fro school with her ailing body.

Now, she was dying as she tried to protect him. She even faced being defiled by strangers, but she still smiled to reassure him, not wanting him to worry

“Liv...”

Ian broke down in tears. Watching Olivia’s body exposed gradually, he suddenly had a surge of energy and broke free from the man’s grip. He rushed over and punched the man onto the ground.

“Olivia! You mustn’t accept your fate! I haven’t avenged Mom and Dad on you yet. Nothing can happen to

you!”

Olivia slumped on the floor. Hearing Ian call her “Liv”, she could not help smiling.

Just as the man pinned Olivia down again, the main door was kicked open with colossal force, and a tall figure entered with bloodthirsty malice.

Without a second thought, he kicked the man off Olivia.

“Wes, catch these people and kill them!”

Then he burst into fury when he saw Olivia’s fair chest and stepped on the man.

With a dagger in hand, he slashed it at the man’s genitals.

Then there was a scream and a splash of blood, and the man fainted.

John took off his coat, covered Olivia, and walked out with her in his arms.

Smelling the familiar scent, Olivia remembered Dorothy's words and pushed him away as hard as she could.

"Let me go!"

However, Olivia was so weak that she failed to push John.

Looking at the restless woman in his arms, John said with a frown, "You're covered in wounds. Why are you so stubborn? Do you want to die?"

Trembling with fear, Olivia pushed him as hard as she could. "Go away!"

"Olivia, don't move. Let me take you to the hospital! How can I put you down when you've broken your leg?"

Olivia's head was dazed, but John scared her sober.

She trembled with fear.

He was not here to save her but kill her.

She kept repeating in her head that he wanted her dead!

Luckily, Zac came in time. Seeing John and Olivia in a standoff, he quickly said, "John, give Liv to me. You can take Ian to the hospital."

When John did not move, he urged him again, "Hurry up. Now is not the time to fight. Life is at stake here."

John had no idea why Olivia was mad, but since life was at stake, he could only place Olivia in Zac's arms.

"Zac, don't have any funny ideas. Or..."

However, Zac did not bother to talk to him. "Enough nonsense. Even Ian has fainted. Stop wasting time."

With that said, he lifted Olivia into the car.

Olivia could not keep her eyes open. Seeing that it was Zac holding her, she let out a sigh of relief that she fainted.