

G.H Hooked 391

Chapter 391

John asked Wes to take Ian to the hospital and stayed behind.

Looking at the unconscious man on the ground, he picked up a bucket nearby and poured cold water over him.

The man instantly sat up from the floor, looked up into John's bloodthirsty eyes, and shuddered instantly. He frantically waved his hands and opened his mouth to beg for mercy.

However, he did not say a word after opening his mouth for some time.

John was in no mood to waste time with him. He held the dagger to his neck and whispered coldly, "Tell me who sent you? What are they after?"

The man was scared, shaking his head desperately, but the only sound out of his mouth was "Uhh".

John lost his patience and stabbed the man in the thigh, causing him to yell in pain.

John frowned, grabbed the man's jaw, looked at his throat, and yelled, "F*ck. He's a mute."

He was mostly focused on Olivia as the first stab went down, so he did not notice that the man's screams were hoarse.

It seemed that the matter was not that simple.

Who could be behind this?

Was it Dorothy?

However, Dorothy could not have planned it out so well....

He checked their phones, but there was no information. All these people were also mute, making John a little worried.

Was their target Olivia or someone else?

The Winter family was associated with him earlier, while the Jameson family was associated with Zac.

John quickly called Wes. "Before you kill them, find out who these people are and if Zac and I have made any enemies lately."

"Yes."

After hanging up, he walked inside.

At the back door, he noticed a button that looked like it belonged to a woman's clothing, so he bent over

to pick it up.

After checking around and finding nothing suspicious, he handed the disabled man to his bodyguard and drove to the hospital.

The hospital.

When John arrived, they were still trying to save Olivia, and Zac was pacing anxiously outside the door. He grabbed Zac by the collar and pushed him against the wall. "Zac, what have you done this time?"

When Zac saw it was John, he grabbed his hand backhanded and yelled, "John, what the h*ll is wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me? Didn't the Jameson family almost kill Olivia for you?"

John gritted his teeth and squeezed his hand around Zac's throat. "Did you know that all four of those men were mute? They came prepared!"

'Mute?'

Zac froze before pushing John with his hands and feet. He frowned and asked, "What did you say?"

"Think it through. See if you've offended anyone lately. Don't let my wife get involved in your sordid business!"

"The same goes for you." With that said, Zac glanced coldly at him. "In particular, Dorothy, who wants Liv dead more than anyone else."

Just then, Ken came sprinting over. "How's Liv? What happened?"

Before Zac could speak, John suddenly reached out and dragged Ken to the stairwell.

"What happened the night of the party last month?"

Hearing it was about that night's incident, Ken's expression turned slightly ghastly. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Ken, tell me!"

Ken frowned and threw away his hand to walk out.

However, just as he grabbed the doorknob, he heard John say, "Olivia thinks I did it, so I want to know what happened."

Something serious must have happened. Why else would Olivia fight him with her last breath when she was already half dead?

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Ken froze. He was silent for a moment before saying, "Dorothy spiked Zyla's drink that night."

With that said, he turned to John and said, "She admitted it herself."

Then he opened the door and went out.

After knowing him for years, he believed it had nothing to do with John.

However, Olivia's accusations and suspicions were not unfounded, so Ken was not going to defend John.

John's expression was ghastly. If Dorothy did it, it was not surprising that Olivia hated him.

However, he needed proof.

Olivia had a dream.

A dream of a happy reunion.

There were Zyla and Ian. They went to the prairie together, where they rode horses and enjoyed the sunshine and the smell of the fresh grass.

The laughter in her ears filled her with happiness.

Then they went to a snow mountain.

Zyla glided carefully across the snow, clutching her hand in fear and refusing to let go..

Suddenly, she heard a loud noise.

Before she knew it, the avalanche was in front of her.

Zyla and Ian were screaming in her ears, but her consciousness faded.

“Liv! Liv!”

It was Ian’s voice. He was calling her.

Olivia snapped out of her dream and shouted, “Ian!”

She wanted to get up, but the pain kept her from moving.

The next thing she knew, she was in the hospital with her right leg in a thick cast, hanging high at the end

of the bed.

“Liv?” Zac helped her up and said worriedly, “Don’t move. You’re badly hurt and need to stay in bed.”

“Where’s Ian?”

“He’s in the ward. He’s okay; not as seriously hurt as you. He already visited you once when you were unconscious. Don’t worry.”

When Olivia heard her brother was fine, she breathed a sigh of relief and said with a sigh, “Ian’s fine. That’s good.”

Suddenly, she remembered something and grabbed Zac’s hand. “Where’s Zyla? You didn’t tell Zyla, did you?”

Zac patted her hand. “Don’t worry. Zyla doesn’t know anything yet.”

With that said, he adjusted the bed upward. “Why don’t we get you something to eat?”

“Yeah, okay.”

Seeing Olivia was skeptical, Zac added, “On the way to the hospital, you woke up and grabbed my hand, telling me to keep this from Zyla. Remember?”

Olivia froze.

There seemed to be such a thing.

Struggling to wake up, she begged Zac not to tell Zyla and lie to her, saying she went to keep Ian company.

However, she was so badly hurt that she could not keep it a secret for long.

Zac saw through her worry. “You’d better tell her. You need a lot of rest. You can’t hide it from her.”

“But she’s not doing well. I...”

“Liv, don’t worry about Zyla from your perspective. She’s not as fragile as you think, and...” Zac put the bowl on the table. “You might not know this, but you’re more important to her than herself.”

Olivia pressed her lips together, hung her head low, and said nothing.

How could she not know when Zyla had risked her life so many times to save her?

However, Zyla had already suffered so much. She did not want her to suffer again.

“I’ll have Wilbur watch you for the next few days. Let me know if anything goes wrong. Stop acting on your

own again.”

Olivia snuffled, took a sip of her soup, and said under her breath, “Don’t be so dramatic. I’ll pay attention from now on.”

“Liv, didn’t you notice that the four people who grabbed you were mute?”

‘Mute?’

Olivia froze. Her attention was on Dorothy, so she did not notice it.

Now, in retrospect, she noticed the clues.

However, how could they be mute?

“I’m worried it has something to do with my dad. So do what I say this time. Okay, Liv?”

'Jimmy Quinton?'

Olivia froze. "How could it have anything to do with your dad?"

Zac frowned. "My dad approached you at the wine party, didn't he?" "Yeah."

"He's no gentleman. In his opinion, you stood in the way of his plans."

There was a chill in Zac's eyes as he spoke. "He'll get rid of anything that gets in his way."

He called to confirm, but he never trusted the man.

That man was the ultimate hypocrite!

Olivia did not have a good impression of Jimmy, but she was shocked to hear Zac describe him this way.

He was Zac's biological father, after all, so something must have happened to make Zac say that.

However, compared to herself, Olivia thought Zac was more dangerous.

"Zac, you're worrying too much. My injury has nothing to do with your father."

Olivia paused, bit her lip, and said, "On the contrary, I'm more worried about you. Your father seems determined to have you marry the Jameson family."

Zac sneered. "Of course. In his mind, nothing is more important than profit."

With that said, as if thinking it would upset Olivia, he whispered again, "Don't worry, he won't do anything

to me

Olivia did not want to tell Zac about Dorothy.

After all, she did not want him to get involved anymore.

However, she thought Zac would go after Jimmy if she did not tell him.

Zac would get hurt if the father and son fought.

She did not want him to get hurt.

"Zac." Olivia grabbed Zac's hand. "Dorothy did this, so it has nothing to do with your dad."

'Dorothy?'

Zac was not surprised.

However, the men being rendered dumb concerned him.

Was Dorothy that smart and capable?

Not wanting to worry Olivia, he did not pursue it. Instead, he changed the subject and said, "Soup won't be enough. What else do you want? I'll get it for you."

With that said, he added with a smile, "It's good for you to have something in your stomach. Ken will bring you a nutritious meal this evening."

“Meatballs.”

“Alright, I’ll buy some now. Have a good rest and call Wilbur if you need anything. He’s right at the door.”

With that said, he turned around and walked out.

Olivia opened her mouth, wanting to say she did not need Wilbur. However, she nodded because she was afraid he would overthink. “Okay.”

Zac had just left when she heard Wilbur’s voice.

“Mr. Freeman, don’t give me a hard time.”

Then a cold voice rang.

“Get out of the way! Don’t make me do it!”

“Mr. Freeman, go ahead if you insist on going in.”

Olivia knew how loyal Wilbur was. Afraid Wilbur would suffer if they fought, she quickly said, “Wilbur, let

him in.”

“Ms. Larson...”

Olivia glanced coldly at John before turning to Wilbur and saying, “You don’t have to fight someone like that. I’m afraid you’ll get your hands dirty.”

Wilbur had no choice but to leave.

John frowned. He was about to lose his temper but became softhearted when he saw Olivia covered in bandages.

She deserved to be angry with him after such a terrible injury.

“What are you doing here? Here to see if I’m dead yet? Or have you come to rub salt into my wounds?”

John’s eyes grew darker as his thin lips said, “Olivia, you’re still mean even after this.”

For a moment, Olivia seemed to see sorry in his eyes, which pricked her heart.

However...

He wanted her dead. Why would he feel sorry?

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“I’m mean, but you’re aggressive.” Olivia looked up at him with a smirk. “Mr. Freeman, I’m no match for you.”

Her speech cut into John’s heart like a knife, hurting him.

He stepped forward and raised his hand to help Olivia with her hair

However, as soon as he looked up, Olivia closed her eyes and looked away as if in horror, forcing him to withdraw his hand.

“Am I that scary? Hmm?”

She narrowed her eyes warily and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw John taking a step back.

“Yes, I don’t want to die yet after all.”

“Olivia, I had no idea about that night.”

Olivia sneered. “I don’t know if you did that yourself that night, but I owe all my injuries to you!”

Seeing this, John frowned and could not help reaching for her hand.

Before he could touch her, Olivia took the pillow nearby and hit him, yelling in horror and disgust, “Don’t touch me!”

She was disgusted by the thought of the man who had spent several nights in bed with Dorothy, cursing her while flirting with Dorothy.

How could he be so disgusting?

John froze as loneliness in his eyes. “Olivia, I have nothing to do with what happened that night. I’ve asked someone to look into your injury. If...”

Before he could finish, Olivia looked at him sarcastically and shouted, “John, you tried to kill me! Have you looked into yourself?”

“What?”

John froze and grabbed her wrist. “I didn’t do it. Olivia, why would I kill you? Would I kill you and run over to save you?”

He called her that day, only to have no answer.

At first, he thought she just did not want to answer his phone, but he found her in Larson's Residence after checking the GPS.

Ian was still in the middle of his exam. He left his meeting and drove over in case something happened to

her.

However?

She made him out to be the bad guy.

Olivia struggled in pain as he grabbed her, yelling, "Because you're a hypocrite! You have no shame!"

Tears rolled down the corner of her eyes, her heart already shattered.

She looked at him in despair and pain as she screamed, "John, you said it yourself. You kept me around to torment me!

"Why save me?"

"Because you want to keep torturing me and make my life a living hell!"

"Why did you ask Dorothy to kill me for you?"

"How else can you put on a good show if you want to be a good man who can kill me and save me at the same time?"

John looked at her stunned, feeling angry and pained “Olivia, I didn’t kill you! Don’t go too far!”

“How else can you put on a show if you’re trying to keep the image of a good man to kill me and save me at the same time?”

John looked at her in astonishment, angry and sorry. “Olivia, I’m not trying to kill you! Don’t go too far!” However, he could not deny that he had said them.

He was indeed trying to torture her

However, he could not do it.

“Go on! Go on pretending! Dorothy told me everything!”

Olivia cried as she yelled, “She told me how you made her happy in bed, called me names, despised me, and wanted me to die!

“Aren’t you with her every day? Would she lie about you?”

“Olivia!”

John’s chest felt so tight that he could not breathe. He tried to explain, but he felt his explanation was in

vain

It was because Olivia would not believe him.

However, he was going to say it anyway.

“Olivia, I’ve never touched Dorothy!

“Never?” Olivia threw her head back and laughed John, have you forgotten how you grabbed my neck and threatened me when Dorothy had a miscarriage?”

After she finished yelling, she picked up the paring knife and stabbed it in John’s direction with scarlet eyes.

“F*ck off! I’ll kill you if you come here again!”

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However, she could not reach him after all. The knife did not stab John.

Startled, John reflexively held her hand. “Liv...”

“John, what are you doing here?”

Just then, Zac burst in, dragged John out, and shut the door behind him.

Zac hurried back to the bed, snatched the knife from Olivia’s hand, and put it aside. He consoled softly. It’s okay. Don’t be scared. Don’t be scared.”

Olivia looked up blankly at him as if she had just come to herself. A tear rolled down the corner of her eye to the corner of her mouth.

It was bitter and astringent.

It was the second time she had tried to kill John.

How did their love and her 17 years of love turn into this?

Did one of them have to die to end this nonsense?

Feeling sorry, Zac cradled her in his arms and patted her on the back. "Liv, it's okay. I've got you. Don't be _afraid."

It was a long time before Olivia cried her heart out in his arms.

John looked a little punch-drunk after he was kicked out of the ward.

He felt Olivia's hatred. Unlike before, she hated him now.

He never touched Dorothy, but...

He could not remember the night he got drunk, but Dorothy refused to tell him.

The thought of Dorothy made his blood boil.

Why was she involved with everything?

Just as he reached the hospital entrance, he saw Dorothy walking in quickly from outside.

John strode forward and grabbed Dorothy's neck, his eyes icy. "Dorothy, I just warned you not to touch my wife. Have you forgotten?"

Having suddenly been grabbed by the neck, Dorothy was stunned and almost fainted.

After seeing who it was, Dorothy immediately looked aggrieved and patted his hand. "Johnny...I.... I don't know what you're talking about..."

“You don’t know? Dorothy, do you know what happens to people who touch my wife?”

Frightened, Dorothy blushed and cried. “Johnny...”

She did not expect John to be at the hospital, or she would not have come.

However, what confused her was how did John know it was her so quickly?

“I... Can’t breathe...”

John was strong and would strangle her to death.

However, he was morally prevented from doing so.

Hence, he let go and said coldly, “If you touch Olivia one more time, I’ll kill you.”

Unexpectedly, Dorothy coughed and said, “Johnny, you won’t kill me.”

“You can try me.”

He could not kill her, but he had ways to make her a living hell.

Dorothy’s eyes went red as she gasped. “Johnny, I never hurt Olivia. You should believe me.”

However, John turned around and walked out without glancing at her.

Dorothy gritted her teeth and stumbled after him. She grabbed his arm and asked, “Johnny, don’t you want to know the truth about that night?”

John stopped, threw her hand away, and sneered, "Is that a threat?"

Dorothy looked up into John's cold murderous eyes and felt a thump in her heart.

Her tricks were not working....

What did that b*tch Olivia do to make John change so much?

He never believed Olivia before!

"Johnny..." Dorothy grabbed him, feeling aggrieved. "I didn't do it. I just want to stay with you. Don't drive me away..."

John's eyes rested on her sleeve. Looking at the similar button, his face grew darker.

"Dorothy, you're too greedy!"

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Back in the car, John took out the button and examined it.

"Wes, check Dorothy's recent whereabouts."

Wes nodded, noticing the button on John's hand. "Should I check the button?"

He tossed the button into Wes's hands. "Check it. And the surveillance footage from the night of the wine party last month."

Speaking of that night...

Wes frowned slightly. "Sir, the surveillance footage from that night is missing. The hotel said the surveillance cameras malfunctioned and broke."

'Broke?

'What a coincidence."

"Sir, I've checked. I don't think Mr. Quinton and you have made any enemies recently. There's no way those nobodies can find Madam."

John narrowed his long narrow eyes.

Dorothy was incapable of that. She must have someone behind her.

However, if even he could not find them, they must be hiding pretty deep, so he could only wait.

"Got it. Let's go back to the company."

Evening.

Olivia had calmed down, but her eyes were red and swollen. You could tell she had been crying.

"Liv, I told the kitchen to make a big feast. Eat more."

Ken came in with a lunch box. Seeing Zac there, he nodded. "Zac, I've prepared a lot. Let's eat together."

Zac was about to say no when Olivia persuaded him, "Zac, join us. You've done so much last night. Hurry

home and rest after eating."

“I’m fine. I don’t trust you being alone.”

“Isn’t Wilbur here? Besides, I won’t be fooled by Dorothy again.”

However, that being said, Olivia did not feel confident.

If Dorothy caught Ian or Zyla, she dared not risk that.

Zac said nothing. He helped open the lunch box but looked down to see Olivia handing him cutlery.

“Zac, I’ll get mad if you don’t eat.”

Zac had no choice but to take the cutlery and chuckled. “You leave me no choice. I’ll eat, okay?”

“Ken, why don’t you join us? You brought so much. I can’t eat it all.”

Ken did not refuse and sat down.

However, the three were unusually silent as they ate, only hearing soft chewing.

After the meal, Olivia persuaded Zac to leave.

Watching Ken pack things up, Olivia finally said, “Ken, I’m sorry about you and Zyla.

“Dorothy wouldn’t have hurt you two if you hadn’t been so close to me. This incident...”

Ken’s figure paused slightly. “Liv, don’t apologize. It’s not your fault. Besides...”

He pressed his lips together and looked at Olivia with a complicated look. "I'm not the victim here."

Olivia froze, puzzled. "What does that mean? Don't you like Zyla?"

"Just because I like her, I'm not considered a victim. That night..."

Before Ken could finish, Zyla's voice came from the door.

"Ken, so that's the kind of person you are!"

"No, Zyla. Will you give me a chance to explain?"

"I don't want to hear it." Zyla pushed him out and slammed the door shut, yelling, "I never want to see you. again. F*ck off!"

She was sad.

However, she suddenly felt relieved after hearing Ken say it.

Olivia had a feeling that there was a catch, but Ken kept getting interrupted, and she had no idea what he was trying to say.

Seeing Zyla's anger, she pressed her lips together and tentatively said, "Zyla, Ken's not like that. There's got to be something else going on."

"Sis Liv, don't worry. I'm not sad anymore. At least this incident has made me see through this man. What's so bad about missing out on a jerk?"

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"Zyla."

Olivia could tell that Zyla was upset, despite her speaking as if she was unaffected.

However, she did not know how to say it.

Outsiders should stay out of other people's relationships, but she could not ignore them

because it started because of her.

Zyla came over and sat beside her. She looked at her bandages with sorry. "Sis Liv, were

you going to keep this from me until I called?"

"I... I didn't want you to worry."

"I know, but how can you go alone? I think of that punk as a brother too. I won't let things

slide if anything happens to him."

With that said, Zyla took her hand, bit her lip, and said, "Sis Liv, I've recovered. Don't keep

secrets from me anymore. Let's face it together, okay?"

Olivia was silent for a moment before bringing the subject back. "Zyla, there's something I

was about to tell you last time but was interrupted.

"Ken once said you're someone he wanted to protect."

Zyla froze, looking at her in disbelief. "Are you kidding me?"

"I'm not. He said it when you blocked the knife and were hospitalized for me."

Olivia was a little guilty as she spoke.

Ken did say he had someone to protect, but he did not name them.

However, she was confident that her judgment would not be

wrong.

Zyla paused for a few seconds before smiling wryly. "Sis Liv, I barely knew him at the time.

How could he possibly say such a thing?"

With that said, she got up, walked to the window, and sighed. "I'm sure I'm not the one he

wants to protect."

"Zyla..."

Olivia could not go on after hearing this.

She was afraid she would make more mistakes as she spoke.

She knew what Zyla was worried about, so she did not want to talk about that night and rip

open Zyla's wounds.

At this point, Olivia felt like everything she did was wrong.

“Zyla, it’s getting late. Hurry home and rest.”

“Sis Liv.” Thinking Olivia was angry, Zyla hurriedly grabbed her hand. “Are you... mad?”

Olivia stared at her for a few seconds before bursting into laughter. “Zyla, you’re the one who should be mad.”

Zyla blinked at her and said with a pout, “Sis Liv, will you let me stay with you tonight?”

“No, go home and rest.” Olivia pointed to her broken leg. “Look. My leg’s still hanging.”

“But...”

“Be good. I’ll worry less if you go home to rest. By the way, where’s Fred?”

The mention of Fred reminded Zyla. “Oh, I locked him outside...”

Olivia was speechless.

Zyla opened the door, called Fred in, and exchanged pleasantries.

“It’s late. All of you should go home. Wilbur will be here all night. I’ll be fine.”

With that said, Olivia looked sheepishly at Fred. “Fred, please take care of Zyla.”

“Okay, sure.”

Zyla wanted to protest but did not want Olivia to overthink, so she said nothing.

Once everyone was gone, Olivia let out a sigh of relief, lay down in bed, and soon fell

www.

asleep.

The next morning.

She was in a daze when she suddenly heard someone calling her in a mutter.

“Liv?”

When she did not respond, she heard another call. “Liv?”

‘lan?’

She snapped her eyes open, met lan’s clear eyes, and said happily, “lan, did you just... call

me Liv?”

lan did not expect her to wake up suddenly. Startled, he looked away with reddish ears and

denied. “No, you misheard it.”

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Her little brother was embarrassed.

Olivia smiled and tapped his hand. "Ian, help me adjust the bed up."

Ian obeyed and went over to adjust the bed, asking, "How's the height? Is this good?"

"Yeah, it's just right. Thank you."

Olivia was worried when she saw the bandage on Ian's hand. She frowned and said, "Ian, does the wound on your hand affect your writing?"

Ian glanced down. "It's okay. It's not very serious. Besides, I've finished the joint examination. I have no more examinations."

"How'd it go?"

Ian lowered his head and said nothing.

"Ian, I'm just asking. After all, you're taking the senior high entrance examination next year. I'm afraid..."

Before Olivia could finish, Ian suddenly looked up at her with a determined look and said, "Don't worry. There's still half a term left. I can catch up."

Because of everything that happened to the Larson family and especially Olivia two years ago, Ian had a chip on his shoulder. He even began to indulge himself under Dorothy's encouragement.

It led to him going overboard on some subjects. He was ridiculously poor in liberal arts.

Although he studied for the joint exam, the result was probably terrible.

Seeing Ian having a fighting spirit, Olivia did not want to pursue it. Instead, she smiled. "I'm glad you've grown up and know you should study hard, Ian."

Embarrassed by the compliment, Ian scratched his head and asked, "Are your wounds still hurting?"

"They're alright." Olivia smiled and said, "Ian, hearing you call me Liv, it doesn't hurt anymore. They're all healed."

"I already said you misheard me!"

Exasperated, Ian got up to leave.

Olivia immediately laughed and apologized, "Okay, it's my fault. I shouldn't have said anything. I'll wait for you to call me Liv, Ian."

With that said, she winked at him. "Ian, that day will come, right?"

Ian poured her a glass of water and gave it to her sulkily. "Maybe you will if you don't make more enemies.

It was worrying that she still ruined her body when she already had pneumonia.

She risked her life to protect him the other day...

Ian felt a little sorry at the thought.

Olivia took a sip of water and said solemnly, "Speaking of which, I must warn you that you should be careful of Dorothy in the future. She's not as nice as you think.

"I know it's a little harsh to say this, but..."

Thinking Ian was about to have his senior high entrance examination, Olivia could not speak the truth.

Dorothy was so close to him these two years.

If she exposed Dorothy now, she was afraid Ian might not take it well.

She sighed. "Anyway, just be careful and call me if you need anything. You can study for the exam the rest of the time."

However, to her surprise, Ian did not retort but nodded this time. "Okay."

Olivia froze. Her heart filled with joy, but she said nothing about it.

She had said so much that Ian was annoyed.

"By the way, Ian, Ken's bringing me lunch this afternoon. Eat with me, okay?"

"Yeah, okay."

The room fell silent. After an unknown amount of time, Ian suddenly walked up to her and asked, "Have you divorced John?"

"No, not yet."

Olivia's breathing became disordered at the mention of John's name.

She glanced up at Ian and laughed dryly. "What's the matter?"

“I hope you don’t get a divorce.”

Olivia’s smile froze. For a moment, she did not know what to say.

They probably could not get a divorce, but their marriage was in ruins.

Suddenly, Ian said, “I know the incident two years ago led to your breakup. I think you were wrong. And you’re ridiculously wrong.

“But I hope you can get back together.”

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Olivia had always had a hard time saying no to Ian’s requests.

However, there was no way she would agree to get back together with John.

Besides, John would refuse even if she wanted to

How was he getting back together with her when he was trying to kill her?

Her heart ached vaguely at the thought of these.

“Ian.” Olivia lowered her head and said with a wry smile, “I’m afraid I can’t promise you that.”

With that said, she looked up. She fought back her tears, pressed her lips, and said, “After all, he was already with Dorothy.”

Ian shook his head. “You must be mistaken. How could he be with Dolly?”

He had spent a lot of time with them these past two years.

He could tell that John did not feel that way about Dolly.

Suddenly he sighed. "But maybe it's because you broke his heart with the affair, so he's just using Dolly to get back at you."

Olivia's heart hurt more after hearing that.

John made everyone think that he and Dorothy were innocent and that she had wronged him.

He twisted the facts, and she became the one at fault instead.

Maybe that was what John was good at.

Even if she were dead, no one would think he did it. Perhaps he could even make himself look like the loving widow left behind.

Olivia looked up, held back her tears, and smiled. "Ian, you don't know about love yet."

With that said, an annoying voice came from the door. "Liv, I've come to see you. Are you okay?"

Then Dorothy hypocritically walked up to Ian, held his hand, and asked him with concern, "Ian, are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"Oh, what's the matter with your hand? What on earth happened?"

She was such a fake.

Olivia wanted to kick Dorothy out, but Ian was still around. She was afraid Dorothy would say something that would make Ian misunderstand.

“Did you come empty-handed?”

Dorothy said reproachfully, “It’s all my fault. When Johnny told me you were in trouble, I rushed over and forgot about things like fruit baskets and flowers.”

Ian smiled before Olivia could say anything. “Never mind. Those aren’t important. What have you been up to recently, Dorothy? Why haven’t I seen you?”

“Recently...” Dorothy demurely brushed her hair and said meaningfully with a smile, “This isn’t something a kid like you should know. Johnny has been naughty. He’s so clingy that he refuses to let me go out.”

Ian’s expression froze as disappointment flickered in his eyes.

However, Dorothy did not notice it. She continued to say with a smile, “I’m sorry. I will visit you more often from now on. Don’t be mad, okay?”

For some reason, Ian suddenly felt sick in his stomach and replied half-heartedly, “I’m not mad.”

“Ian, you can blame Johnny for this. He’s so clingy. I’ll talk to him when I get back.”

Seeing Dorothy go on and on about this, Olivia finally had enough and snapped, “Dorothy, that’s enough!”

“Ian’s still a kid. Why do you keep talking about your sex life?”

Ian had just wanted her to get back together with John.

Dorothy was now displaying her and John's affection. Olivia could tell that Ian did not want to hear it.

Thinking Olivia was jealous, Dorothy said aggrievedly, "Liv, that's a mean thing to say. Ian had to find out about Johnny and me sooner or later."

"You!"

Olivia wanted to slap her, but she was crippled and could not move.

Suddenly, Zyla walked in at some point, slapped Dorothy, and yelled, "Do you have no shame? They're still married. Why are you so rude?"

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"Ah!"

Dorothy held her burning cheek and glared at Zyla in disbelief, wishing she could rip her up right now.

However, she had to fake it in front of Ian.

Then she blinked, and tears poured out. "Ms. Jones, what are you doing?"

With that said, she turned around to look at Ian. "Ian, I didn't mean that. I thought everyone knew. I..."

Seeing her eyes red from crying, Ian felt sorry and said, "Forget it. Your and John's business has nothing to do with me."

"Ian..."

However, before Dorothy could finish, Ian added, "But I want Liv and John to be together. They love each other and shouldn't be separated."

Dorothy froze as soon as he said this.

If she heard him right, Ian just called Olivia "Liv" and said he wanted Olivia and John to get back together

Two years. She carefully brainwashed him for two years, and he was not even on her side.

Dorothy wanted to explode, but she gritted her teeth and endured it after all.

"Ian, I know you can't accept it for the moment She wiped her tears "You will accept it one day. Love isn't up to others."

However, Ian was not interested in listening. He glanced coldly at her and left the room.

Ian's reaction caused Dorothy to have the intention to kill him.

She thought of him as a younger brother she had watched grow up, so she was somewhat reluctant to harm him.

It turned out she was too naive.

She wanted to kill ingrates like this!

Besides, since John would not let her touch Olivia, she would kill everyone Olivia cared about!

With a grim smile, she turned to look at Olivia and threatened, "Olivia, don't think you've won. The game

isn't over!"

With that said, she pushed Zyla away and walked out on her heels.

When the room was finally silent, Olivia frowned with concern.

Ian's reaction left her with mixed feelings.

She was glad he was on her side.

She was worried Dorothy might want to kill him if he talked.

Zyla sat beside her bed. "Sis Liv, don't worry. She won't touch that punk."

"That's uncertain. Ian doesn't have any backup and does whatever she says. I'm afraid something's going to happen."

"Ian's not stupid. Look at his reaction. He knows right from wrong." Zyla patted Olivia and comforted her,

Besides, it's pointless for Dorothy to touch Ian."

Olivia did not quite agree with that.

After all, Dorothy had gone after Ken and Zyla to get back at her.

The only thing she could do was get someone to protect Ian.

“Where’s Fred?”

“Oh, he’s gone to see his sister Zyla pouted and said affectionately. “Sis Liv, stop letting him follow me around. He made me look like a prisoner.

Amused, Olivia chuckled. “Okay, I got it. I’ve got a new assignment for him.”

Zyla thought quickly and said with a smile. “You don’t want him to follow Ian, do you?”

“Yeah.”

“Sis Liv, I’m afraid Ian will go crazy.

“Why? Is Fred an eyesore?”

Zyla stood up and snapped, “He’s such an eyesore. He’s like a shadow. When I’m in the shower, he knocks once a minute and insists that I answer.”

Olivia could not help smiling at the description.

Sure enough, she was right. Fred was a man who could do great things.

She liked him more and more now.