

## **G.H Hooked 881**

### Chapter 881

“Brother, you don’t mind, do you?” Fabian deliberately looked at Zac and asked.

Zac sat in his wheelchair and smiled calmly. “Of course. I’m sure it won’t affect the shareholders’ decisions even if our father is here. It’ll always be fair.”

They were known as major shareholders, but many of them only had a small portion of shares.

After all, in a big company like Quinton Group, anyone with 5% of the shares had the right to join the meeting.

“It’s great to have your support, Brother.”

Fabian looked at the shareholders and said, “Well, without further ado, let’s start. Those who choose my brother, please raise your hands.”

No one raised their hands.

Everyone knew that even though Fabian was Jimmy’s illegitimate child, he had spent years working in Quinton Group.

What about Zac?

He had just joined Quinton Group and was crippled. Recently, rumors about his broken marriage gave others a bad impression of him.

Moreover, the result depended on the leader.

They would be doomed once they were on the wrong side.

When Fabian thought he had won, everyone's phones rang, including Fabian's.

They received an audio message. Dorothy's voice came from it once they played it.

"If you have evidence, call the police. What's the point of threatening me? What can you do even if I've told you I was the one who asked someone to beat Kate up? Not only did I hit her, but I also imprisoned her!

"She was afraid to call the police, you..."

Before the second sentence could be played, Dorothy grabbed the phone and turned it off.

"Phoebe! It must have been Phoebe!"

Dorothy stood up and shouted, "Please don't believe this, everyone. It's all been edited. It's Phoebe's trick to make you think I'm vicious. She's framing me! Please don't believe this."

However, her words did not dispel everyone's doubts.

"It's weird. Hasn't Zac divorced Phoebe? If they're divorced, why would she help him?"

"Moreover, there were rumors that Zac cheated on her. Why would she help him now? Are the rumors of their divorce and disloyalty fake?"

Facing the doubts made Dorothy's face turn pale. She glared at Zac. "Zac, why don't you explain? Is this part of your trick?"

Zac looked expressionless, but he was surprised deep down.

He thought that since that day, Olivia would never care about him. Never did he expect that she would use her way to help him.

It made him wonder if she still hated him.

They all looked at Zac, waiting for Zac's explanation. However, Zac remained silent, making everyone in the conference room anxious.

"Brother, what the hell is going on? Today's meeting is to choose the CEO of Quinton Group, not to let the Quinton family become the laughingstock of everyone."

Then, Fabian grabbed Olivia, who had gone frantic, and reminded her with a whisper, "Control your temper. Don't fall into the trap."

After hearing this, Dorothy calmed down, sat, and said, "If you don't believe me, you can also look into this matter or ask Kate herself."

"To be honest, the Lucas family is also a reputable family in Ocean City. If something had happened to Kate, wouldn't Ken make me pay for it?"

That was convincing, but Dorothy had more scandals than Zac. Thus, they still doubted her.

At this time, someone said, "Enough. This meeting is about who is suitable to be the CEO, not whose wife made the most mistakes. We have to focus on the future of Quinton Group. So, I'm choosing Fabian."

With someone taking the lead, the shareholders Fabian had bribed earlier also spoke.

In an instant, Zac was on the losing side.

However, when Dorothy thought she was winning, someone opened the conference room door. Olivia stepped into the room.

“Wait! I think I have the right to be in this meeting.”

Chapter 882

“Phoebe!”

Dorothy stood up and shouted, “What are you doing here? You have nothing to do with Quinton Group now!”

Olivia peered at Dorothy calmly and smiled. “Sister-in-law, why do you seem so afraid to see me?”

“Heh! You and Zac are no longer married. What are you doing here? Don’t you feel ashamed?”

“Ashamed?”

Olivia chuckled. “Why should I feel ashamed? Firstly, my husband did not cheat on me. Secondly, my husband and I are not divorced. I’ve just been spending more time taking care of Kate recently, so I rarely visit Zac.”

With that, she walked to Dorothy. “Why are you so concerned about our affairs?”

Dorothy reached out and pulled Olivia into her arms. She whispered as she clenched her teeth, “Phoebe, don’t think you can help Zac turn the tables even if you come. It’s impossible!”

Olivia pushed her away and said nothing. Instead, she headed to Zac and nodded before she stood behind him.

From the moment she came in, Zac felt his heart almost leap out of his throat.

He thought she would never meet him again. Unexpectedly, she still came to Quinton Group for him and helped him clarify the rumors.

What the hell was she thinking?

Zac's heart skipped a beat upon seeing Olivia smiling at him. His grip on the wheelchair handrest tightened.

"Sister-in-law, your presence at the meeting is good, but do you know that you don't have voting rights?"

Fabian reminded Olivia 'kindly\*' and said, "Someone, get a chair for Phoebe."

"It's alright. I'll stand."

Then, Olivia took out a document from her bag. "Moreover, I think you've misunderstood. I didn't come today to attend the meeting as Zac's wife. Instead, I'm one of the shareholders."

"What? Shareholder?"

Bewildered, Dorothy stared at her and asked, "You have no shares. How could you be a shareholder of the company?"

"What if someone had given me 10% of the shares? Am I a shareholder, then, Sister-in-law?"

"What?"

Dorothy wanted to rush over to Olivia and hit her. Fortunately, Fabian was quick to react and stopped her.

"Calm down. Do you want everyone to know you're vicious?"

Dorothy glared at him and said, "Fabian, what do you mean by that? Do you want to quarrel with me here? Without the Jameson family backing you up, do you think..."

"Hold your tongue! Don't keep mentioning the Jameson family. Do you think I've been working in Quinton Group for years for nothing?"

Then, Fabian forced Dorothy to sit and warned her, "Don't say a word anymore!"

Then, Fabian walked over. He looked at the documents Olivia had brought and nodded. "Phoebe, you're right. You do have the right to join the vote."

"Brother, your wife is nice to you, indeed. She's so capable that she got these shares from somewhere to back you up."

Those words sounded ironic, meaning to say that Olivia slept with another man to get the shares.

Olivia scoffed. "Rest assured, Fabian. I'm not like your wife. I got my shares legally."

Fabian did not know how to retort to that and pursed his lips before returning to his seat.

Zac looked at Olivia. "You..."

However, Olivia refused to talk to him now and said calmly, "Let's talk after this."

Zac felt disappointment upon hearing her cold voice.

He could see that Olivia had not forgiven him.

Why did she come, then?

Just then, Dorothy's phone rang. She hooked her lips when she saw the message.

'Very well, then, Phoebe! Since you've decided to go against me, don't blame me for doing this!'

Chapter 883

After all this, Fabian suggested that everyone take a break and have some tea before continuing the meeting in half an hour.

Everyone had no opinion on this, so they left the conference room.

Olivia followed Zac to the lounge next door. After pushing him to a corner of the room, she sat on the sofa far from him.

She did not look at Zac at all.

First of all, she was not a forgiving person. Every time she saw Zac, it would remind her of Jess. It broke her heart to think of how Jess died.

"Liv..."

Zac controlled his wheelchair and brought himself to Olivia. "I'm sorry. Do you want to hear my explanation?"

Olivia did not lift her head. "I gave you a chance that day. It was you who did not grasp it and chose to remain silent. If you explain now, it would only sound like you're making up stories."

"N-No. I was in a panic back then."

"It doesn't matter anymore."

She looked up at Zac and said, "Zac, forget it. You know, no matter how you explain it, the fact is that you traded Jess' life for mine. You knew it from the beginning, but you didn't tell me."

"I..."

"Zac, let's not talk about anything else. You could have at least handed the letter to me, but you did not."

Olivia sighed. "Four years, Zac, four years. You had many opportunities to tell me, but you hid it. I asked you to help me to find Jess' daughter, but you told me she was dead. Now, I even suspect you were lying to me about that. Did she die?"

She looked into Zac's eyes, her gaze filled with complicated emotions. "Zac, is she really dead?"

Zac frowned, thinking about how to tell Olivia. Just as he was about to speak, someone opened the door, and Dorothy entered the lounge.

"Since you both are here, I have something to tell you."

Olivia looked at Dorothy warily. "I don't think we have anything to talk about."

"You'd better listen to what I came to say before you retort me, Phoebe, or I'm afraid you'll regret it!"

Dorothy sneered. "How about we make a deal?"

"Don't beat about the bush if you have something to tell us."

Olivia had little patience for her. She would have killed Dorothy for the second time if not for the law.



“You remember you have a daughter, don’t you, Phoebe?”

Hearing the word ‘daughter’ made Olivia panic, and she darted up from the sofa. “What did you do?”

“You don’t seem to know about your daughter’s visit to Ocean City.”

Lyla was in Ocean City?

“Don’t you dare do anything to her, Dorothy!”

“Heh! My request is very simple. Transfer your shares to me and help me to M

Dorothy pointed at Zac. “Eliminate him from the game and I’ll return your daughter.”

“You!”

“Your daughter is so young and cute. I can sell her for a few bucks. After all, I don’t want her to die.”

“Dorothy, how dare you?! How could you involve a kid in the matter between adults?”

Dorothy scoffed and said, “If I were you, I would agree immediately. After all, a kid who stays in that kind of environment might not... stay alive for long.”

“How dare you?!” Olivia rushed to Dorothy and strangled her, pinning her to the wall. “If you dare hurt my daughter, I’ll kill you!”

“I’m not afraid of you. Olivia hit me with her car four years ago, but she didn’t kill me. God is protecting me. What can you do to me?”

Mentioning the incident four years ago, Olivia's anger rose, and she exerted more strength on her grip. She wanted to strangle Dorothy to death.

Just then, her phone rang.

"Miss, something bad happened. Sam is missing."

"What?"

Sam was missing, too?

She glared coldly at Dorothy, tightening her grip on the phone.

It must be Dorothy!

Chapter 884

"Did you also kidnap Sam?"

Dorothy's face flushed red, and it was getting more difficult to gasp for air. "Yes, I thought you didn't care, so I forgot to tell you."

"Dorothy, you're looking for trouble! I told you before that the children are my bottom line. You shouldn't have provoked me!"

At this time, anger had overpowered Olivia, and she no longer cared about the law.

Zac quickly approached Olivia to persuade her to calm down. "Pheebs, calm down!"

“Calm down? Are you asking me to calm down? How am I supposed to calm down? She kidnapped Lyla!”

“You should at least check if she’s lying.”

Just as he spoke, Dorothy lifted her hand that was holding her phone. “Zac, I... won’t lie about things like this.”

Olivia saw Lyla being tied up with something stuffed in her mouth. She was in a big barrel.

“Phoebe, if you... kill me... you won’t... see your... daughter anymore!”

Olivia’s gaze grew sharper, and she exerted more strength.

However, she eventually loosened her grip because of Lyla.

She grabbed Dorothy’s collar and said, “Where’s my daughter? Tell me!”

“I’ve told you it’s a deal, and I’ll tell you where she is after you give me the shares.” Dorothy coughed and looked at Olivia provokingly. “I’m telling you, a child in a barrel like that can’t survive for long. You’d better hurry up.”

Thinking her plan worked, Dorothy grinned. Unexpectedly, Olivia shoved her aside and looked at her from above. “Forget it. Even if I agree to the deal, you won’t tell me where they are.”

Four years ago, Ian almost died because of this.

If she had not run out to find Ian, Zyla would still be alive.

Dorothy was trying to use the same trick again?

In her dreams!

Olivia gritted her teeth and said, "Besides, Dorothy, you're wrong. I know more about you than you think!"

Perhaps the person who knew Dorothy best in this world was her.

Even though Dorothy was startled, she did not fluster. Instead, she grinned. "Well then. Be prepared to collect the bodies of your daughter and Sam!"

"Remember, Dorothy, if anything happens to my daughter, I'll bury you with her!"

She would never tolerate Dorothy's act. She wanted to kill Dorothy immediately.

Olivia walked past Dorothy and dashed out of the lounge. She went to Fabian.

"Fabian, I own 10% of the shares. I'm one of the major shareholders, right?"

Fabian nodded. "Yes."

"Okay. I have something urgent that I have to excuse myself from. So, change the date of the CEO selection meeting."

She walked straight into the elevator.

Just as the elevator door was about to close, a hand stopped it, and Zac wheeled his wheelchair into the elevator.

He waited until the elevator door closed before speaking.

“I’ll help you look for them.”

Olivia glanced at him. “Go back. If you’re not there, Fabiana and the shareholders will reprimand you and you’ll get even fewer votes.”

Zac knew Olivia was mad at him. He grabbed her hand. “Nothing is more important than Lyla’s life.”

However, Olivia shoved his hand off. “Zac, it’s inconvenient for you to move around with the wheelchair. It would be better if you stay here. If you want to help, send Wilbur to help me.”

Immediately after speaking, she walked out of the elevator.

Zac looked at her leaving and his legs. Then, he smiled bitterly.

Of course! He was useless, after all.

He could not even help her with something as simple as that.

He and Olivia could never be as close as before anymore.

Four years ago, he gloated about John’s consequences. Now, how much better was his condition than John’s?

Chapter 885

Once Olivia left Quinton Group, she dialed Harry’s number, asking him to wait for her at the bar.

Then, she dialed Fred’s number.

Since Dorothy kidnapped Lyla in Ocean City, Fred should be in this city too.

However, Dorothy had not mentioned anything about Fred. Thus, Fred might not have been kidnapped yet.

Finding Fred would help to get to know more about what happened.

However, Fred did not answer her call.

It made her anxious.

What the hell was going on?

Should she call the police? However, after what happened four years ago, she felt uneasy. Moreover, her daughter had been missing for less than 24 hours. The police would not attend to her case.

After thinking about it, she called John out of the blue.

However, she felt uncomfortable calling him when she recalled what had happened in the past. She hung up the call and dialed Ken's number instead, asking him to meet her at Time Bar.

When she arrived at Time Bar, Harry was already waiting for her.

"What's the matter, Boss?"

"How good are you at using computers?"

"I'm not bad. What can I do for you?"

"I need you to track a person's whereabouts."

“Okay.”

Lyla had been kidnapped once in Murica. Thus, Olivia took some precautions. She gave Lyla a bracelet as a gift with a tracker embedded in it.

That was the only way to keep her daughter safe.

It would be difficult to breathe in the sealed container as it had limited oxygen.

Soon, Harry said, “The signal appeared last at Watercast Road. I think I can’t detect the signal anymore because it was disrupted after that.”

“Help me find out how many abandoned factories, buildings, or mountains are nearby, starting from Watercast Road.”

“Okay.”

However, the range was big, and they did not have the time to check every single one. Lyla’s life was in danger.

A farm on the outskirts of the north side of the city

Lyla had been locked in a sealed barrel for half an hour when she finally woke up.

However, her hands were bound, and her mouth was stuffed with a rag. She could not scream or move.

It was pitch-black. The air was getting heavier, and she was in immense fear.

Tears flowed uncontrollably down her cheeks, and her tiny body trembled.

Suddenly, she remembered what her mommy had said about not crying when things got tough because crying would not solve anything.

Thus, she tried hard to hold back the tears and forced herself to calm down.

However, she was only five, and it was not easy to hold back her tears.

Suddenly, a hoarse voice came from the barrel. "Is there anyone else here?"

Lyla tried hard to move, trying to let him know she was there.

However, it was dark in the barrel. They could not see each other, and that worried her.

Suddenly, a pair of hands touched her face and pulled the rag off her mouth.

"Are you alright? Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere else?"

At that moment, Lyla thought that the little boy's voice was very gentle and pleasant to hear. It was just like a ray of light in the dark. Without thinking, she jumped into his arms and began to cry.

Sam was startled by her action, but he comforted her cautiously. "What's your name, young girl? I'm here. Don't be afraid."

In fact, Sam was only 11 years old, and he was afraid too.

However, when he found out there was a little girl younger than himself here, he suddenly became brave and shed no more tears.

He had only one thought in mind, which was to appease the girl.



Lyla sniffled. "My name is Lyla. What about yours?"

"Sam."

"Sam, are we going to be stuck here forever? My hands... My hands are still tied."

When Sam mentioned the word 'mother,' Lyla wept again. "Sam, I miss my mommy. If I had not been disobedient and come looking for ommy, those bad people would not have kidnapped me."

Chapter 886 Time Bar.

"Have you found them?"

Harry turned the computer screen to Olivia. "Boss, the area's too big. It's hard to find them."

Olivia looked at the large area and ran her hands in a panic through her hair.

However, she knew she could not panic.

Lyla and Sam were still waiting for her. How could she panic?

Harry saw her panic and was about to ask when Ken rushed in.

'I've sent someone out to look for them. Have you heard anything?' "No, I don't know where they will be. Dorothy showed me an iron barrel.

She put Lyla in an iron barrel..."

Perhaps Ken's presence made Olivia feel like she had someone to rely on. Her eyes watered instantly.

"What do we do? I have no idea where they could be. Besides... The barrel is so small. Even if Lyla is small, there's only so much oxygen. We don't have much time." "What else do we know? Let's try narrowing it down."

Olivia showed Ken the picture and continued calling Fred.

However, she still could not get through.

'Harry, help me find another person.' "Okay."

After telling Harry Fred's phone call, Olivia started pacing back and forth. Her palms were already covered with cold sweat.

"Madam, I found Fred and Ms. Lyla's flight to Ocean City."

Wilbur walked in. "They arrived in Ocean City at 7 AM, got into a taxi at the airport, and disappeared." "What about the taxi? What have we got?"

Wilbur shook his head. "Nothing. It's like the taxi went missing."

Olivia's heart shuddered. Her legs gave way, and she almost fell to the ground.

Fortunately, someone held her up from behind. "Don't be afraid. I'm here.

We'll find them."

It was John.

She turned around to look at him, tears welling up in her eyes. She punched John in the chest.

“Do you know Dorothy has our daughter? We don’t know where they are.

She could die any minute!

“If you hadn’t indulged Dorothy so much, this wouldn’t have happened to Lyla! John, you’re responsible for this!”

John knew she panicked. Instead of arguing with her, he pulled her into his arms and whispered, “It’s okay. It’s going to be okay. We’ll save our daughter.”

Olivia could not hold it any longer and cried in his arms.

“What if something happens to Lyla? What do we do... What do we do...”

Olivia freaked out even though she tried hard to keep calm.

However, how could she calm down when Fred was missing, and Lyla and Sam were trapped in such a dire situation?

Suddenly, her phone rang.

She thought it was Fred, but she turned it on to find text messages from Dorothy.

Dorothy: [Phoebe, your two children are going to die because you went against me!]

Dorothy: [Your daughter is dying. Hurry and prepare the coffin.]

Then came a video of Lyla and Sam trapped in the barrel.

It was obvious from the video that Lyla had some difficulty breathing.

Although Sam kept comforting her, Lyla still had difficulty breathing due to the enclosed environment and fear.

“Don’t be afraid, Lyla. They’re coming for us. You’ve got to hold on.”

Sam was scared but continued comforting Lyla gently.

The scene left Olivia devastated. The two children keeping each other warm shattered her last defenses and caused her breathing to quicken instantly...

## Chapter 887

It was pitch black as the air got thinner.

“Sam, I... I can’t seem to breathe. Are we going to die?”

Lyla leaned weakly into Sam’s arms, her tiny body trembling.

She was afraid and wanted to cry, but the thin air made her weak, sleepy, and exhausted. She even lost the strength to cry.

Sam hugged her tightly. “Lyla, you can’t sleep. Why don’t you tell me a story about you and your mommy? Or why don’t you sing to me?”

Sam also became a little afraid as time went on. However, he dared not and could not be afraid for Lyla’s sake.

He had to be Lyla's pillar of support.

Lyla was his godmother's only child, and he must protect her.

"Sam, I'm so sleepy..."

Lyla's eyelids felt heavy, and she could not stay awake. She would have fallen asleep if Sam had not flicked her forehead suddenly.

"Ah!" 'Lyla, don't sleep. Godmother will be sad if anything happens to you.' "Godmother?"

Lyla woke up from the pain. "Sam, why will your Godmother be sad?" 'Your mommy is my godmother.'

Lyla's nose turned sore as she thought of her mommy. Her shoulders shook as she said tearfully, "Sam, I miss Mommy so much. I haven't seen Mommy in a long time."

Then she suddenly asked in frustration after a long silence, "Sam, will I ever see Mommy again?"

Sam seemed to feel a pinch in his heart. It was a little painful.

He had no idea if they would ever see the light of day.

It was a sealed barrel, and there was so little air that the longer it went, the harder it was to breathe.

However, they probably had no chance to see the sun once they fell asleep.

Therefore, he was afraid to sleep, much less let Lyla sleep.

"Lyla, trust me. Godmother will come and save us. We'll be alright."

However, Lyla's voice was gone once he finished speaking.

Scared and worried, Sam reached out and squeezed Lyla's little hand. 'Lyla, don't sleep. Talk to me. Talk to me about anything. Tell me what you wanna do after seeing your mommy.'

Lyla woke up again in a daze when she heard the word "Mommy".

"Mommy... I want to eat and sleep with Mommy... Mommy's cooking is delicious, and... I want to know who my father is, but Mommy told me I don't have a father... Sam, can anyone not have a dad?" 'No, everyone has a dad. You have one too, Lyla.' "Mommy says my father is dead, but I think she's lying to me." "Lyla." Sam stopped her as his voice deepened. "If we get out, I'll take you to your father, okay?" 'Really?'

Lyla finally came back to life a little, and her breathing calmed down gradually.

"Lyla, go on. Hurry and tell me what's interesting abroad. I want to experience it someday."

Lyla started talking about life abroad, especially life with Olivia.

Therefore, the two children spoke to each other, struggling to hold on in the dark iron barrel.

The adults outside panicked.

Olivia had just fainted when she woke up suddenly.

She was looking for Lyla, so she could not faint.

John was surprised by her sudden sobriety while Ken explained like nothing happened, "She's too scared to faint. Liv probably has the strongest willpower among us, or she wouldn't have made it through these last few years."

John felt a pang in his heart.

'What has she been through all these years?'

He had never heard her mention it.

However, he knew it must be hard.

Otherwise, how could the once arrogant heiress turn out this way?

Suddenly, Time Bar's door was pushed open, and a figure stumbled in...

Chapter 888

The man was covered in blood. He reached for a chair but fell to the ground because he missed it.

Everyone was stunned. The first to react was Olivia, who sprinted over.

'Fred?'

She held Fred and looked at the blood on his body. For a moment, she did not know where to put her hands. "What... What happened to you?"

Fred's bloody hand took her hand as he opened his swollen eyes with difficulty. "Liv... Liv, Dorothy captured Lyla. Hurry... Hurry and save her..." "Got it. Got it. We're looking for them now. Let me take you to the hospital first."

However, Fred shook his head. "Liv, I might not make it. Leave me alone. Save Lyla... first! They went to the north side of the city. I... I heard them say it's some farm..."

Fred fainted due to major blood loss once he finished speaking.

Panicked, Olivia did not know who to help first. She looked up at John in a panic. 'Ambulance... Save... Farm... City North Farm. No, call an ambulance first... Lyla's at City North Farm...'

Tears could not help rolling down the comers of her eyes. Her helpless and flustered look made John's heart break.

He reached out and pulled her to her feet. "Liv, are you okay? Give him to Ken. We'll save Lyla." "No!"

Olivia held on to Fred, refusing to let go. She cried as she shook her head.'

I can't leave him."

Fred had given up so much to help her take care of Lyla. He became a father figure at such a young age. He had given so much already that nothing must happen to him...

Nothing must happen to him...

Fortunately, Ken had already crouched down to examine Fred's injury.

"Liv, let go. I'll take him to the hospital. Don't forget I'm a doctor."

Olivia seemed to snap back to herself suddenly. She looked blankly at him and nodded blankly. "Oh, yes. You're a doctor." "He had been stabbed a dozen times and lost a lot of blood. He probably struggled just to get here to you. He missed the best time for treatment. I have to get him to the hospital immediately.'

With that said, Ken already called someone in to help him carry Fred out.



John held Olivia and shook her hard. 'Liv? Liv? We're going to save Lyla now, okay?' 'Lyla... Lyla!'

Olivia snapped back to herself and nodded, "Yeah, hurry and save Lyla. City North Farm."

John led her at the front while Wes led the rest in the back.

The heater was on, but Olivia was still pale and shivering.

John reached out and took her hand to realize it was cold to the bone.

It was not winter yet, and the heater was on. Why was she so cold?

John took the coat and put it on Olivia as he whispered, "Liv, it's better if you put it on."

Then he drove with one hand while the other held her hand tightly.

The chill passed down the palm to his heart.

'Did she remember something?'

Olivia looked blankly ahead, remembering the winter four years ago when she also hurried to the suburb like now.

It was to find Ian, who Dorothy had locked in a freezer truck.

The lake was so cold that winter that it seemed to eat her away.

It was the first time she was that scared.

What happened to Ian and Lyla was more suffocating than what happened to herself...

This time, the fear ate away at her again as she sank into the ice cave bit by bit.

'Lyla... My daughter, you gotta be okay...'

She suddenly squeezed John's hand. She could not afford to lose this time.

Chapter 889

'Sam, don't you think it's getting cold...'

Sam's heart tightened as his already stiff arms pulled Lyla into his arms.

'What about now? Do you feel any better?'

Lyla shook her head as she shivered. "Sam, I think... I can't hold on any longer..." "Lyla, don't say anything discouraging. I won't let anything happen to you when I'm around!" "Sam, if we survive and get out, I'll buy you some ice cream, okay?" "Sure." "What flavor do you like, Sam?" "Vanilla." "What a coincidence. Me too."

Suddenly, Lyla lamented again, "Why isn't Mommy here yet? I cant hold on any longer."

She was exhausted.

However, she had not seen her mother for a long time. She missed her mother and father. She also wanted to find her father.

Sam had just promised to help her find her dad.

“Lyla, do you want to hear my story?” “Hmm? Your story?” “Yeah, my story.”

Lyla would have liked to reply cheerfully, but she was so sleepy and cold that she had no energy to even speak.

“Lyla?”

Sam shook her, trying to wake her up, but she seemed to have passed out as she did not react.

Sam panicked and looked up to find an opening.

He dug his hands with difficulty on the iron barrel. He called Lyla’s name as he dug. When he was about to give up after some time...

Meanwhile, Olivia and John finally made it to the farm.

However, how were they going to find them on such a big farm?

John sent people into the farmhouse to look but found no one.

Looking at the tire prints on the road, it looked more like they had left.

It seemed they had left after dumping Lyla and Sam here. They had no intention of sparing them.

Dorothy installed a camera in the barrel just to provoke Olivia into despair.

Just then, Olivia’s phone rang again. It was Dorothy again.

Dorothy: [Phoebe, your daughter looks like she has given up her last breath.

What do you think? Do you want to beg me?]

Dorothy: [I'll tell you where they are if you beg me. Otherwise, you won't find them even when they're dead and rotten!]

Then Dorothy sent another video where the two children were no longer moving. Only Sam held on and occasionally called out to Lyla, and Lyla only answered in a daze and stopped moving.

Olivia knew that the children's time was running out.

They needed to find them immediately.

However, she would never beg Dorothy for mercy.

It was because she knew Dorothy would not tell her no matter what.

She had gone through all of it four years ago.

However, she wanted to kill Dorothy even more when going through it again.

'Dorothy, you won't be arrogant for long. I will make sure you lose everything!'

If there were not been so many things going on in her family during this period, Dorothy would not have been able to enjoy it for so long.

Olivia felt a tightness in her chest that was killing her. She could not stand it any longer and finally called Dorothy.

“Dorothy, do you want me to beg you? Dream on! But let me tell you. I’ll bury you with my daughter if she dies!”

As she spoke, Olivia’s eyes darkened as a chill exuded from her body.” Dorothy, I will make sure you’ll be buried alive!”

Chapter 890

After yelling that, Olivia hung up without waiting for Dorothy’s reply as John watched in shock.

“Don’t stand there. Hurry and find Lyla.”

You could tell from the video that Lyla was basically in a coma. She would be in danger if they could not find her within half an hour.

Therefore, she did not have time to talk nonsense with John.

However, they found no sign of Lyla and Sam after searching the farm.

Overwhelmed with helplessness, Olivia would have suspected that the news was false if Fred had not told her with his grievous wounds.

‘Lyla must be here!

‘I must find them!

‘But where the h\*ll are you, Lyla and Sam?’

Olivia looked around, even almost getting down on her hands and knees, but it was all in vain.

“Liv, take a break first.’

John saw that she did not look well and walked over to advise her.

Olivia pushed him away. “If you think we’re wasting time, you can leave, but don’t stop me from finding my daughter!” “Liv, you know I didn’t mean that. Lyla is my daughter too. I...”

Olivia turned around and glared at him. “Lyla’s not your daughter. You don’t have to shed crocodile tears.”

John knew that the more he talked, the angrier she became. He kept his mouth shut and followed Olivia around, keeping an eye on her.

As far as he was concerned, she could give birth to another daughter, but there was only one Olivia.

Nothing was more important than Olivia.

Olivia suddenly stopped and looked down to search for something.

“John, do you find anything different about this soil?”

John leaned in to look and stepped on it. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he pulled Olivia away.

“This soil looks like it’s been freshly dug up. Let me see.”

He found a shovel nearby and began to dig as he spoke.

Sure enough, they saw something sticking out after digging for a while.

With her sharp eyes, Olivia immediately recognized it as the top of an iron barrel and dropped to her knees to dig the soil with her hands.

“Liv!”

John grabbed her, but she pushed him away. “Lyla’s right down here. I’ve got to save her! She can’t wait any longer!”

Her eyes were red as her hands dug frantically through the dry dirt. She did not stop even if her fingertips bled.

‘Lyla, I’m here. Hold on.

‘In a minute. We’ll get you out in a minute!’

Fortunately, John had some people come and dig. Soon they removed the soil off the top of the iron barrel and found some tools to pry it open.

“Lyla? Sam?”

Olivia yelled but did not hear a sound. She stuck out her head to see the two little ones snuggled together. Their breathing had stopped.

She panicked, and the tears came pattering down her face.

“Quick. Get them to the hospital!”

She reached out and lifted Lyla out first. She checked her breathing and listened for a heartbeat to make sure there was one before hurriedly carrying Lyla into the car.

John followed with Sam in his arms. He put Sam in the back seat and sped toward the hospital.

“Lyla...”

Olivia did not expect to meet Lyla again under such circumstances.

She hugged Lyla tightly, breathless from crying.

“Lyla, you gotta be safe... Safe!”

She brushed away Lyla’s messy hair and caressed her tender yet dirty cheek. “Lyla, I’m sorry. It’s my fault for leaving you there alone...”