

G.H Hooked 891

Chapter 891

Olivia rubbed her hands as she paced back and forth anxiously outside the emergency room.

'The kids have been in there for an hour. Why are they not out yet?

'What if something happens to Lyla...' "Liv, sit down and rest. Don't be too tense. They'll be fine."

Olivia had not eaten all day. Her lips were pale and bloodless, and her thin and weak body looked like she would collapse the next minute.

John's heart broke as he gave her a bottle of milk.

"At least drink a little. Lyla will be worried if she sees you like this later."

Hearing this, Olivia took the milk, drank it all in one gulp, and gave it back to him.

John frowned.

He was well aware of the woman's stubbornness.

However, he was worried to see her like this. She might fall ill just when Lyla was all right.

Therefore, he went over and raised his hand to knock her out.

"Liv."

Ken walked over from the front. He froze for a second when he saw John's actions. Then he pretended not to notice and said, "They saved Fred, but he's going to have to stay in the hospital for a while. After all, he's been stabbed many times." "Is he really all right?"

Olivia walked up, bit her lip, and asked, "Did he hurt any internal organs or anything?" "No, he was lucky enough to avoid damaging those. I've transferred him to the top floor." "That's good."

She could not handle it if anything happened to Fred.

However, she had to wait for Fred to wake up and find out.

'Why did he take Lyla to Ocean City without making a single call?

'There must be something else going on.

'I'm afraid... it has something to do with Dorothy.'

Olivia clenched her hands at the thought.

'Dorothy! I can't let Dorothy off the hook this time!'

Just then, the emergency room door finally opened, and the doctor walked in.

Both children are fine at the moment. But they would be unconscious for a while because they have been deprived of oxygen for too long. We'll give them another thorough examination when they wake up."

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief. "Doctor, are they really okay?" "Don't worry. There's no serious problem as we treated them in time. But if it's half an hour later, the consequences will be unimaginable. Especially the little one. She's too young. If she lacked oxygen for too long, she would become permanently brain-damaged even if she woke up."

Olivia glanced blankly at the doctor, and her legs gave way as she almost fell to the floor.

John held her as he comforted her gently, "Lyla will be fine. The doctor's only speculating. Don't be afraid."

Olivia stared blankly at the ground for a long time. Suddenly, she stood straight and glanced up at John. She pushed him away and walked out without saying a word.

John quickly pulled her back: "Liv, you need a break. Be good, okay?"

Olivia turned around and glanced coldly at him before shaking him off. "Let go! John, there's no telling what I'll do if you try to stop me."

With that said, she gave Harry a call.

"Still at the computer? Look up Dorothy's location for me." "Okay, I'll send it to you once I find it."

John figured out what she wanted to do. However, he silently followed her instead of stopping her.

"Where are you going? Let me take you there." "No thanks."

Remembering how John defended Dorothy four years ago, Olivia did not trust him.

"I will never interfere with what you are going to do. I will only be your driver."

Then John opened the car door to let Olivia in and walked around to get into the driver's seat.

He did not say another word the whole trip. He only watched Olivia silently.

He even figured out what she wanted to do.

However, he would support her this time!

Chapter 892

Quinton Residence.

Dorothy was currently lounging on the sofa, eating fruits while watching TV. She was having a good time.

It was because she knew that the two b*stards would be dead by the end of the day.

She rejoiced at the thought.

'Phoebe, you repeatedly went against me. I made you lose everything this time!'

While she was thinking, a figure suddenly blocked her view of the TV.

Upset, she said indignantly, "What idiot dares to block my view? Do you have a death wish?"

However, she looked up into Olivia's scarlet eyes and instantly shuddered.

"When... When did you get in, you b*tch?"

Seeing her malicious look, Dorothy gulped and tried to get up to call someone, but Olivia pressed her down on the sofa.

"What are you doing? Phoebe, you b*tch. Get off me! Do you want to die?" "Do you know the Jameson family will come after you if anything happens to me? And Zac. I'll make sure he gets kicked out of Quinton Group!"

Olivia began choking her with a blank expression.

Dorothy hit the sofa in horror and tried to free herself, but Olivia was so strong that she failed.

‘Phoebe, let... let... let go! Forget... Forget about having it easy... if I die!’

Dorothy was still threatening her and scaring her.

However, Olivia was undaunted.

When did Dorothy let her have it easy?

When had she let her family go?

No, so there was no threat whatsoever!

Just as Dorothy was about to breathe her last breath, Olivia suddenly let go of her grip and quickly grabbed a fruit knife from the table and stabbed Dorothy right in the thigh.

“Ah!”

Olivia looked at her coldly as if she was a demon who had returned from hell and was about to take her down to hell. There was nothing but malice.

“Phoebe, you lost your mind! Ouch! Ouch! I won’t let you off the hook, Phoebe! I won’t let your daughter off the hook either. That b*stard. I’ll make sure she...”

Before she could finish speaking, Olivia clenched her teeth and twisted the knife that Dorothy fainted from the pain.

Olivia picked up a cold Coke from the table and threw it onto Dorothy's face, waking her up.

"Ah! It's cold!" "Ah! Ouch! Ouch! Lunatic!"

Olivia sneered and leaned into her ear as she spoke hoarsely, "Dorothy, it's illegal to kill, so I'll keep you alive. But it's not you who's going against me. It's me who wants you dead!"

Once she finished speaking, she smiled darkly. "By the way, I will make sure you spend the rest of your life in prison if you call the police!"

Dorothy was angry yet afraid. "Don't you dare! I..."

However, one glance from Olivia made her keep her harsh words to herself.

Olivia also pulled the knife out of Dorothy's thigh when she left.

Blood gushed out, and Dorothy fainted again from the pain.

Olivia walked out without looking back. It was as if nothing had happened.

John saw the blood on her body and face as well as the knife in her hand. He went over and helped her wipe it off. He was relieved to confirm it was not her blood.

Olivia handed him the knife, "This is evidence that I hurt Dorothy. Take it."

John took it and glanced doubtfully at her. "Don't worry. I'll destroy it for you."

Olivia looked up at him and smiled.

It was not a cold smile but a bright one. However, the brighter her smile was, the more terrifying it was.

“You can also take it to the police and help Dorothy sue me.”

John frowned. “Liv, you know I won’t.”

Instead of replying, Olivia looked at the knife and asked indifferently, “John, do you remember four years ago when Dorothy and I were lying in the kitchen covered in blood?”

Chapter 893

John nodded.

How could he forget?

He made such a bad decision that he almost killed Olivia.

If Wes had not called Zac for a blood transfusion, she would probably...

His hand trembled at the thought.

He could never... make up for the mistakes he made in the past.

However, Olivia did not continue dwelling on the incident but asked, “Did you believe Dorothy when she said she stabbed me to protect herself because I stabbed her in the leg?”

She looked up at John once she finished asking.

“I don’t believe it now.” “No, I asked if you believed it at the time.”

John looked blankly at her, speechless, but his hands shook harder.

Sorry, regret, and pain filled his heart.

He did not remember what he was thinking at the time. He only thought Dorothy could not die and Olivia could not have it easy. He did not think about whether Dorothy's words were true.

Olivia glanced at him and raised her hand to take his.

"Calm down. I'm not trying to give you a hard time. I'm only curious if you think I'm that mean."

John shook his head. "No, Liv. I... I didn't even wonder if it was true."

Olivia paused and burst out laughing, "Really?"

He nodded. "Really, Liv. I'm not lying."

Olivia was amused to see how desperately he wanted her to trust him.

She threw her head back and laughed a few times before calming down and shaking her head. "John, I can tell you that Dorothy stabbed herself and me."

John felt his heart clench. The feelings in his heart grew stronger as if they were about to consume him.

He was so wrong and ridiculous...

Olivia sighed and pulled open the car door. "But I finally got back at her with the stab today. I feel much better. Let's go back. I wanna see Lyla."

John had no idea what she meant by this and whether she hated him or did not care anymore.

All he knew was that his heart felt uncomfortable like it was on fire.

His journey back was drearier than their journey here.

Back at the hospital, John and Olivia went upstairs to check on Lyla. Since Lyla was still unconscious, John left first.

He could not bear the dreariness. It left him breathless.

Olivia looked at his figure but said nothing.

She had a tightness in her chest earlier, but she was relieved after stabbing Dorothy.

When facing people like Dorothy, the meeker you were, the more you were bullied.

She was only scared if you fought back.

However, Olivia also knew Dorothy would not leave her alone and would take further action.

Therefore, she gave Harry a few days off and asked him to take turns guarding Lyla with her.

The hospital.

Dorothy was stabbed in the thigh and found only a long time later. She lost a lot of blood, and the hospital blood bank had insufficient blood.

“Mr. Quinton, there’s not enough blood in the blood bank, so we need to transfer it from another hospital. I’m afraid it will take some time. Do you have Rh-negative blood type?”

Fabian glanced at Dorothy with disgust. "I don't, nor does my father." "The hospital has only enough blood to keep Mrs. Quinton conscious, but I'm afraid we won't be able to save her leg."

Fabian was impatient. "Just get straight to the point." "She might need to amputate and need crutches and a wheelchair."

Hearing this, Dorothy instantly woke up and grabbed the doctor's arm. "I know who has Rh-negative blood type!"

Chapter 894

"Who?"

Dorothy looked at Fabian and said, "Zac!"

Upon hearing the name, Fabian scoffed and said, "Dorothy, are you out of your mind? After all the times you gave trouble to Zac and Phoebe, do you expect Zac to donate his blood to save you? Stop dreaming!" "Beg them!"

Fabian's expression changed instantly. What did you say? You asked me to beg them?" "Yes, he's your brother. He should save me no matter what. Otherwise, let the media expose him for not caring about his family!"

The corners of Fabian's mouth twitched. He only found Dorothy to be a lunatic-an ignorant lunatic.

Seeing that he was unswayed, Dorothy said again, "Fabian, this is your chance to take him down. What are you waiting for?" "I can take him down if he doesn't give you a blood transfusion. But if he did, not only can I not take him down, but I have to give him the position! Do you take me for a fool?"

Dorothy got furious. "Fabian, what do you mean? Are you going to do nothing? The Jameson family..." "Bah, f*ck the Jameson family! What else can you do but use the Jameson family to pressure others?"

Fabian was disgusted. "What has the Jameson family ever given me?"

Nothing! I wanted to divorce you after that live-stream incident. Can't you tell I've been putting up with you?"

He found it disgusting and unfortunate to have such a dirty woman as his wife-in-name!

"I've done all I can by sending you to the hospital. I'll get someone to send the divorce papers to the hospital. You and I will have nothing to do with each other from now on."

Hearing this, Dorothy stared at him in disbelief. "Fabian, don't think I don't know you have a mistress. I'll kill her if you mention divorce!"

Fabian suddenly turned around and grabbed her by the neck. "Dorothy, I'll make sure you'll also lose your other leg if you do that!" "Fabian, have you lost your mind? Don't forget... You're a bastard! You can never... be legitimate!" "Ha. Yes, I'm a bastard." Fabian leaned into her ear and whispered, "But I'm better than a whore like you! Dorothy, ask the Jameson family to attack Quinton Group if you dare. But don't worry. I will make the Jameson family beg me in tears!"

With that said, he let go of Dorothy and walked away without looking back.

The doctor and nurses nearby were dumbfounded.

They dared not stop him earlier, but now what?

Suddenly, Dorothy coughed a few times, looked coldly at the doctor, and ordered, "Go find Zac. You must find him!"

That b*tch Olivia would have died if Zac had not given her a blood transfusion.

Therefore, Zac must also be an Rh-negative blood type.

The doctor was afraid of Dorothy and could only nod.

However, where would he find Zac?

Fortunately, he remembered that the hospital director and Mr. Quinton knew each other and called the secretariat.

“Dr. Lucas, the emergency room just called to say that Mrs. Quinton has suffered blood loss and needs Rh-negative blood type, but there aren’t enough in the blood bank. It might be too late to treat her if they transfer the blood from outside, which could result in permanent leg damage. They said they want you to ask Mr. Quinton for help. You...” “What? Major blood loss? What are the injuries?” “They said someone stabbed her in the leg.” “What? Take me to her!”

Ken got up from his chair and rushed out in a hurry.

She was fine earlier. How did she get injured in the blink of an eye?

“Ah. Ken, why are you leaving in such a hurry?” “Sorry, I’m in a hurry...”

Ken stopped and looked down at the woman clutching her head and crying in pain. “What... What are you doing here? You’re not hurt?”

Olivia angrily rolled her eyes at him. “I came over to see you. I’m here, of course.” “If you’re here, who’s the injured Mrs. Quinton?”

Chapter 895

“Injured Mrs. Quinton?”

The secretary nearby asked, “Are they talking about Mr. Fabian’s wife?”

Olivia came to herself when she heard this. "What's wrong with my sister-in-law?" "She was stabbed in the thigh and lost a lot of blood, but there's not enough blood in the blood bank, so..."

The secretary looked at Ken. "What now, Dr. Lucas?"

Instead of answering, Ken looked at Olivia and asked, "What do you think?"

Seeing that he was a little disinterested, the secretary advised, "Dr. Lucas, she's a member of the Quinton family and the heiress of the Jameson family. They will make a scene if anything happens to her in our hospital. When the time comes..." "The Quinton family will stay out of this."

The three looked over and saw Zac wheeling his wheelchair up to them.

"If the Jameson family wants to get involved, I can help you with the lawsuit."

However, the secretary still seemed worried about the hospital's reputation. "Mr. Quinton, Mr. Fabian's wife is looking for you. She wants you to give her a blood transfusion. Mr. Quinton, save her since she's your sister-in-law. Otherwise, I'm afraid..."

Ken cut her off. Ms. Watson! You're fired."

Ms. Watson froze. "Dr. Lucas, I'm doing what's best for the hospital. We won't suffer from doing the blood transfusion. We're a hospital. Saving a life is of boundless beneficence. Besides, they're

relatives. Our hospital has to take responsibility if anything happens." "Ms. Watson, would you give a blood transfusion to your enemy?"

Olivia turned her head around and looked coldly at her. "Would you still be so generous if someone got you into a car accident and broke your legs, putting you in a wheelchair for the rest of your life? You might as well check the news before morally blackmailing us."

Ms. Watson did a double-take before turning her head around to look at Zac and Ken.

"I... I did it for the hospital..." "For the hospital? So you asked others to be generous? Thanks to that woman, my husband broke his legs, my daughter and son are unconscious, and my brother suffered a dozen stab wounds all over his body and has just been rescued! You're telling me it's only a blood transfusion?"

Olivia became more agitated as she spoke. Her scarlet eyes stared intently at her. "Can't you see any of this? All you saw is his refusal to give a blood transfusion, and you criticized us for doing nothing. If you're that great, why don't you help her?" "Pheebs, calm down."

Ken knew she had lost her temper. He quickly stopped her and glared at Ms. Watson. "Why are you still here?"

Ms. Watson came to herself and hurriedly ran away.

Olivia shook Ken off. "That's Dorothy! An enemy who destroyed my family. I can't calm down. I wish she died during resuscitation!"

Once she finished speaking, she suddenly laughed out loud, looked at them, and said, "By the way, do you know why Dorothy was injured?"

Ken and Zac looked at each other before looking at her with concern.

She pointed to herself. "I did it."

Olivia smiled, and her tears began to flow. "I would have stabbed her in the heart if I could kill! How many people have died and had their lives ruined because of Dorothy? Who does she think she is?" "Ha, it's the first time I've ever seen anyone pleading on her behalf!"

Ken frowned. "Liv, she didn't know. Don't take it personally. I've fired her."

Olivia raised her hand to wipe away her tears before pressing her lips together to force a smile. "I'm fine. I only hope Dorothy will die soon!"

With that said, she looked at Zac. "Zac, you can donate blood to whoever you want, but you'll be my enemy if you donate it to Dorothy!"

Chapter 896

Olivia did not like to express her emotions.

Most of the time, she kept everything to herself and tried to handle it alone.

However, she blew up this time.

Zac knew Dorothy had touched a sore spot and forced her temper out.

"Ken, how are Lyla and Sam?"

"They're still unconscious and haven't woken up. The doctor said they might die if we sent them there a little later."

Zac sighed. "And Fred?"

"He's unconscious too. He probably has to be hospitalized for a month."

Ken turned to look at him. "I don't know what happened between you and Liv, but she's been exhausted for a while, so try your best to take care of her. Stop causing her trouble."

"She agreed to the divorce."

“What? Did you really have an affair?”

Zac shook his head in frustration. “No, it’s because of Jess from four years ago.”

Ken looked away and was silent for a long time.

Jess’ incident four years ago had always been a thorn in her flesh, and there was no way to solve it.

“So, are you going to give up?”

“I created the scandal about my infidelity to make her leave to stay out of Quinton Group’s affairs. She could also stay away from Dorothy and avoid being hurt. Now...”

Zac patted his thigh. “It’s too late for anything. I got her involved and almost got Lyla and Sam killed. Ken, I think I’m useless.”

Ken looked at his legs. “When are you going to talk to her?”

“What?”

“The thing about your legs.”

“Does it matter?”

Ken sneered. “Ha, I don’t know about that. You only have to decide if you want to keep her. Don’t make any more mistakes.”

Zac shook his head with a bitter smile and wheeled his wheelchair toward the elevator.

He wanted her to stay, but would she?

She would never forgive him for Jess' incident.

However, he had no regrets.

She would have died in prison if he had not done that. How could he watch her die?

Besides, Jess brought it up herself.

On the other hand, Dorothy woke up and realized she could not feel her right leg. She instantly panicked and frantically called for a nurse.

"What happened to my leg? Why can't I feel anything?"

The nurse looked at her timidly. "Ms. Jameson, you were so emotional that you suffered a hemorrhage."

Dorothy glared at her. "I asked you what happened to my leg?"

"Your leg... is probably., ruined..."

Dorothy picked up an ashtray nearby and threw it, hitting the nurse on the head and causing her to bleed.

"How dare you ruin my leg? You did it on purpose, didn't you? You're avenging that b*tch, aren't you?"

Dorothy angrily swept everything to the floor as he spoke. "F*ck off! I will sue you! I'm going to sue you until you go bankrupt! I'll have that b*tch pay for my leg with her life!"

The nurse quickly covered her head and ran. She fainted as soon as she got to the corridor.

However, Dorothy was unwilling to give up. She called Mrs. Jameson while texting thugs.

“Mom, you must get justice for me. Lucas Hospital ruined my leg!”

Mandy was cutting meat in the kitchen. When she heard the news, she was so shocked that her knife fell to the ground, almost hitting her foot.

“What? How did you injure yourself? Is Fabian bullying you?”

“Mom, Fabian doesn’t want me anymore. He’s getting a divorce, and my legs...”

Dorothy cried as she spoke, sounding aggrieved.

However, her hand typed out a message.

Dorothy: [Get someone to kill that b*tch, Phoebe!]

Chapter 897

After the fuss Dorothy made, Mandy went to Ken with her lawyer.

“Dr. Lucas, something went wrong with my daughter’s surgery. I need an explanation.”

Ken was prepared. He took out all the paperwork.

“These are the details of Dorothy’s treatment, Mrs. Jameson. You can check them out. The rest will have to wait until my lawyer gets here.”

Mandy took them, looked through them, slapped the table, and said, “Ken, what’s the meaning of this? Do you think you’ve done nothing wrong when the blood bank of a big hospital like yours doesn’t have enough blood?”

“Mrs. Jameson, you realize that your daughter has an Rh-negative blood type, right?”

Mandy froze. “So what?”

“Rh-negative blood type is rare. We have every blood type in our blood bank, but our Rh-negative blood type reserves will never be enough. We’ve even requested more blood bags from the nearest hospital as per the procedure. It’s our standard procedure and the fastest way. Our doctors and nurses handled it very well.”

“But Dolly’s leg is crippled!”

“Your daughter brought it onto herself.”

Once he finished speaking, Zac wheeled in from outside. “Mrs. Jameson, I’m Zac Quinton, Lucas Hospital’s legal representative.”

Mandy glanced coldly at him. “Zac, you’re Quinton Group’s lawyer. Supposedly...”

“Mrs. Jameson, I’m helping Lucas Hospital on behalf of my law firm. It has nothing to do with Quinton Group. Besides, you should also know my brother Fabian has filed for divorce from Dorothy.”

“Is this what the Quinton family is like? Kicking people when they’re down!”

Zac sneered. “Dorothy asked Fabian to beg me for a blood transfusion to save her.”

Mandy had no idea about these things and was shocked.

She had a good impression of Zac, but she could not comprehend the situation now.

“Zac, so you did nothing? You caused my daughter to lose a leg?”

“Mrs. Jameson, please choose your words carefully. Firstly, it’s my blood. I have the right to decide whether to help. Secondly, I have nothing to do with your daughter’s leg.”

Zac banged his legs as he spoke. “Speaking of which, I should be suing her because she caused the car accident and crippled both my legs, which is more than her.

“Besides that, take what happened recently for instance, she went after my daughter, son, and my wife’s brother to kick me out of Quinton Group. All three are lying in the hospital wards upstairs and are unconscious. Who do you think should sue whom?”

Mandy’s eyes widened as she shook her head. “No way. You’re lying. My daughter isn’t like that. She’s the victim. She lost her leg. You and Lucas Hospital ruined her leg. You should compensate!”

“Mrs. Jameson, I thought you were the kindest person in the Jameson family. Now it seems that you would blind yourself for your daughter.”

“Dr. Lucas, don’t say such a thing to intimidate me. There’s no evidence for anything you said. Why should I believe you? If that’s true, why didn’t you sue Dolly? You’re making false accusations!”

Once she finished speaking, the door was opened, and Dorothy’s voice rang.

“Phoebe, your daughter looks like she’s dead. What do you think? Do you want to beg me?”

“Phoebe, prepare the coffins. They’re both dead meat.

“Phoebe...”

Olivia found the video Dorothy had sent her earlier and held it up to Mandy. "Mrs. Jameson, I know you have cancer and haven't been well, so you don't care what's going on out there. I don't blame you for not knowing.

"But you're wrong to say there's no evidence. Let me tell you that I have evidence!"

Mandy looked at the familiar face, shuddered, and gulped. She was momentarily at a loss for words.

She knew her daughter was not kind, but she had never expected her to heartlessly attempt to murder two small children!

Chapter 898

"Phoe... Phoebe?"

Mandy called her with a tremble. "These..."

"Dorothy sent me these. She captured my daughter and son and put them in an iron barrel. Then she buried the iron barrel under a farm in the

suburbs. I..."

Olivia's nose turned sore at the memory. She frowned, fighting back her tears. "I almost lost two children, Mrs. Jameson. I hear that you have experienced losing your child. You should understand, right?"

The corners of Mandy's mouth twitched as she tried to get Olivia to let Dorothy go. However, the words were on the tip of her tongue, but she could not get them out.

How could she get justice for her daughter?

It was karma!

Why would she suffer karma if she had not put her two children in an iron barrel?

However... However, she was her only daughter. How... could she not be distressed?

Olivia snuffled and raised her hand to wipe away her tears. ' But you can rest assured I wont call the police on her.'

Mandy looked at her in shock. "Really?"

"Yes, but not because I'm kind. It's because I think prison is too easy for her. The Jameson family is rich and powerful. Even if she was arrested, she would probably be locked up for only two days before being released, and the whole thing would be over."

Olivia sneered and said, "I dont want that because it's not enough to punish her for the evil deeds she has done. Mrs. Jameson, you should be grateful to God for only letting her lose a leg so far."

Olivia's words left Mandy speechless.

She felt ashamed.

She was extremely ashamed.

She was asking Ken for an explanation, but she was now the perpetrator. She should be thankful that others did not give her a hard time. She dared not give Ken trouble.

Besides, she had read the paperwork and understood that the hospital did everything right.

However, it was her daughter, so she had an ax to grind.

“I...”

Mandy bit her lip and turned to look at Ken. “Dr. Lucas, let’s leave it at that.

I won’t sue the hospital.”

With that said, she turned and walked out, her figure more bent than when she had come.

Only when they were truly gone did Olivia let loose and sat on the floor.

She was also afraid that the Jameson family would go after Ken for this.

She knew how difficult those people could be.

However, there was no way she was letting Zac or herself save Dorothy.

Therefore...

People were probably this complicated.

Ken stepped forward and helped her up. “We can solve this without you.” “After all... I caused it. I should do something.”

Olivia smiled. “It’s normal for a mother to help her daughter, but Dorothy won’t let that go so easily. You gotta be careful.”

“I know. Don’t worry. You’d better take good care of yourself first. Look at how thin you are.”

“I’m fine.”

Olivia gulped and forced a smile. “I wanted to let you know that I might not be free to spend time with Kate these days. So as her brother, you should spend more time with her. Stop being so difficult.”

Ken lowered his head and did not answer when Kate was mentioned.

He noticed that Kate had changed these days, but Kate’s slanderous remarks about Zyla were a thorn in his flesh. He could not get over it.

“Ken, don’t be so petty. She’s still young. Forget about what she said when she was ignorant.”

“Okay, I’ll see her when I’m free.”

Ken wanted to escape. He pointed to the door. “It’s time for my meeting. I gotta go.”

With that said, he pushed the door open and left, leaving Olivia and Zac alone in the room.

Olivia wanted to leave too, but Zac stopped her. “Liv, if... you want a divorce, let’s go to the lawyer’s some other time.”

Chapter 899

Olivia paused and did not look back. “Let’s talk about it some other time.” “Liv.”

Zac clutched the arm of his wheelchair, his palms full of cold sweat.

He longed for her to stay and be the same as before.

However...

“Zac, didn’t you only tell me Fabian is divorcing Dorothy?”

Olivia looked back at him. “Quinton Group’s stock price will plummet if you both get divorced. It’ll be a mess even if you become the CEO. You won’t have any authority. Wait till you’re settled. Don’t worry about it.”

“Liv, it really isn’t what you think. I didn’t force Jess to die.”

Olivia pressed her lips together and smiled a little helplessly. “Zac, even if Jess offered to die for me, I couldn’t accept it.’

She knew that everything Zac had done was for her.

However, she could not move on because it was for her.

Of course, she was more relieved to be proactive than passive.

At least Zac was still the kind Zac and not a bloodthirsty monster.

“Liv, is there really no going back... between us?”

Zac hesitated for a long time before asking eventually.

Olivia looked away from him and was silent for a long while. “Why don’t we talk sometime after all this is over? I’m not in the mood... with Lyla’s current condition.’

“Got it. It was rude of me.”

With that said, Zac caught up with her in his wheelchair. “Can... Can I see Lyla?”

“Yeah, of course, but she hasn’t woken up. I don’t think she’ll wake up today. I

“It’s alright. I just want to see her. It’s been a long time.”

Olivia did not answer him. She opened the door and headed upstairs.

One led the other. Each immersed in their thoughts.

Ken arranged for the two children to be in the same ward so that it was convenient for them to look after them.

However, Fred was still next door, so Olivia still had to run here and there.

Besides, Olivia was already exhausted, so she was sleepy even before her shift.

“Miss.”

In a daze, Olivia heard someone calling her. She immediately got up in shock. Without even seeing who the person was, she stumbled out of the room. “Is Lyla awake? I’ll get the doctor. Wait...”

“Miss!”

Mrs. Simmons held her back and helped her fix her clothes with some distress. “Miss, look at how haggard you are. Hurry back to rest. I’ll keep watch tonight.”

“No.”

Olivia snapped back to herself and patted her head to force herself to wake up.

“Mrs. Simmons, you’re not in good health. How can you keep watch?”

“What about you? Do you see how much weight you’ve lost? It pains me to see you go to the hospital everyday to take care of others instead of yourself.’

Mrs. Simmons’s eyes reddened as she spoke. She put the food containers on the table. “If nothing else, have some food first, Miss. I made you pudding and mushroom soup. Have some.”

“Okay, sure. Eat with me.’

Olivia also knew Mrs. Simmons was worried about her, so she obediently sat down to eat the whole thing instead of refusing.

No sooner had she opened the food containers than there was a voice at the door. “Boss, I’m here for my shift.”

She froze when she saw Harry. “Why are you here? Didn’t we agree to change shifts at 12 AM?”

Harry scratched his head sheepishly. “I don’t have to go to the bar today. I also didn’t have anything else to do, so I thought I’d come over earlier so you could go home earlier and get some rest.”

Harry reached up and felt Olivia’s forehead. ‘Boss, you’re so exhausted that you’re running a fever. Go home.”

Olivia froze, stunned by Harry’s actions.

Chapter 900

“I’m fine.”

Olivia slapped his hand away, stood up, and pointed at the mushroom soup. "Now that you're here, drink this mushroom soup as supper."

"That's inappropriate...'

"Drink it since I told you to. Don't tell me nonsense. Be careful, or I'll fire you."

"Don't." Harry quickly gave in. "I need my salary to pay my school fees. I can't afford to lose this job."

"Why aren't you drinking it?"

After the scene that Mrs. Simmons and Harry made, Olivia knew the two would continue nagging non-stop if she did not leave.

She lifted the pudding jar, threw her head back, and drank it all in one gulp. Then she wiped her mouth. "Alright, I'll leave now that you're here. But just this once, got it?"

"Got it!"

"Mrs. Simmons, go home with me."

"No." Mrs. Simmons shook her head. "There are two wards for two people. We need people in both."

"Mrs. Simmons, you were advising me earlier. How can you..."

"Miss, don't worry. I'm fine. It's just for one night. It'll be alright. I know it's just for once."

With that, Mrs. Simmons pushed Olivia out. "Go home. I caught up on my sleep during the day. I'll call you right away if they wake up."

Olivia could not do anything about her.

She thought she was stubborn, but Mrs. Simmons was even more stubborn.

There was no way to keep arguing like this, and she could only compromise in the end.

“Alright, but sleep when you’re tired, got it? Don’t be stubborn.”

“Okay, got it. Miss, how can a young woman like you nag more than an old woman like me?”

With that said, she locked Olivia outside. Miss, hurry back.”

Olivia,“ ...”

She wondered who nagged more.

However, she did not want to do anything about it at this point. After all, she was exhausted. She even walked with a little flutter on her feet.

However, she did not expect to have a hard time getting a car when she was tired.

There should be a lot of cars at this hour. Was God trying to give her a hard time?

In desperation, she could only walk while trying to get a taxi. She considered it to help with digestion after her meal.

The streets seemed colder than usual today. Was it because the weather was getting cooler?

Suddenly, the screeching of brakes broke the silence, and she saw five or six men get out of a van and run toward her.

Olivia's expression changed as she tried to run, but she was too late. She was dragged into the car by the men.

"Help! Who are you? What do you want?"

Slap! Someone slapped her hard. "Shut up! We're being paid to take good care of you. You don't need to know anything else!"

Then came another slap that knocked Olivia unconscious.

When she woke up, she found herself in a shabby house.

Fortunately, her hands and feet were not bound.

Therefore, she got up to run. However, she ran into one of the men once she opened the door.

"Are you trying to run?" The man grabbed her and pushed her to the ground. "Brothers, she's awake. Let's enjoy ourselves while she's still alive. She's pretty good-looking. She has nice skin, and she smells good. I heard she's also the daughter-in-law of an affluent family. She must taste good!"

"Let go of me!"

Olivia lifted her leg to kick him, but the man grabbed her and pinned her down again before she could run.

"I like your fiery temper. Otherwise, it would be boring!"

Rip! The men tore her clothes.

“No! F*ck off!”

However, it was unknown whether she was too tired recently. She struggled so weakly that it did nothing to the men.

Then she saw the rest of them come in and undress her.

Olivia closed her eyes in despair. It seemed she could not escape it this time...