Olivia F 534

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Olivia's pained walls resounded throughout the villa. Cyril had just dealt with the man who was running out of Olivia's room, In the end, he was still too late.

When He saw the blood spurting from Mona's chest, he felt as if his heart had turned numb.

After all, he had undergone professional training. Even if his relatives had fallen in front of him, he

wouldn't pause his

engaged in close combat with him.

mission.

Cyril saw that the man was wearing a bulletproof vest and, hence, unharmed. Lunging at Warren, Cyril

Olivia lowered the gun in her hand. Her mind was buzzing, and she could only see red.

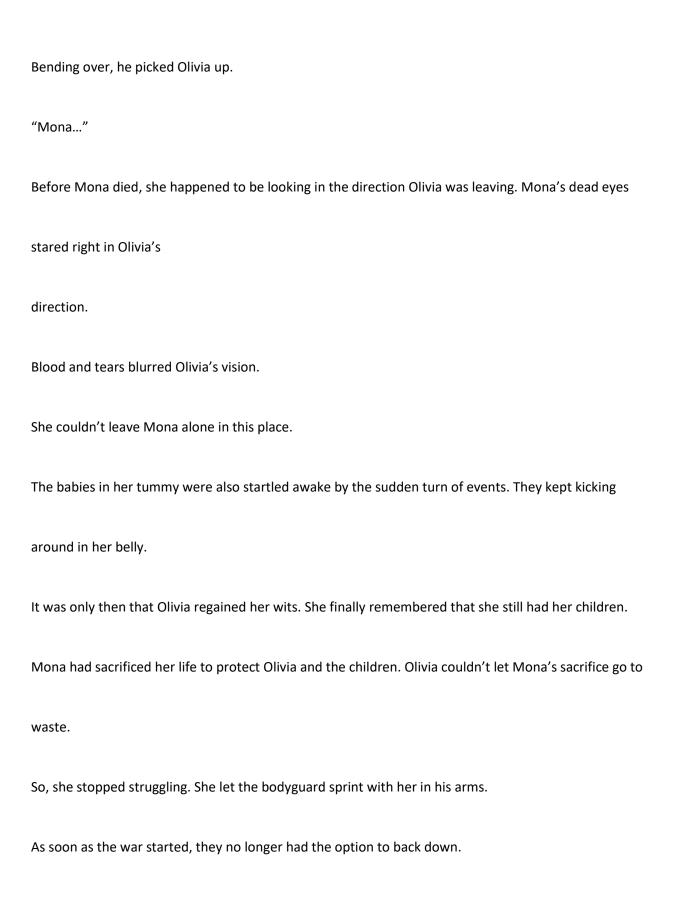
Mona's body fell limply by her side. Blood tainted the bracelet on her wrist.

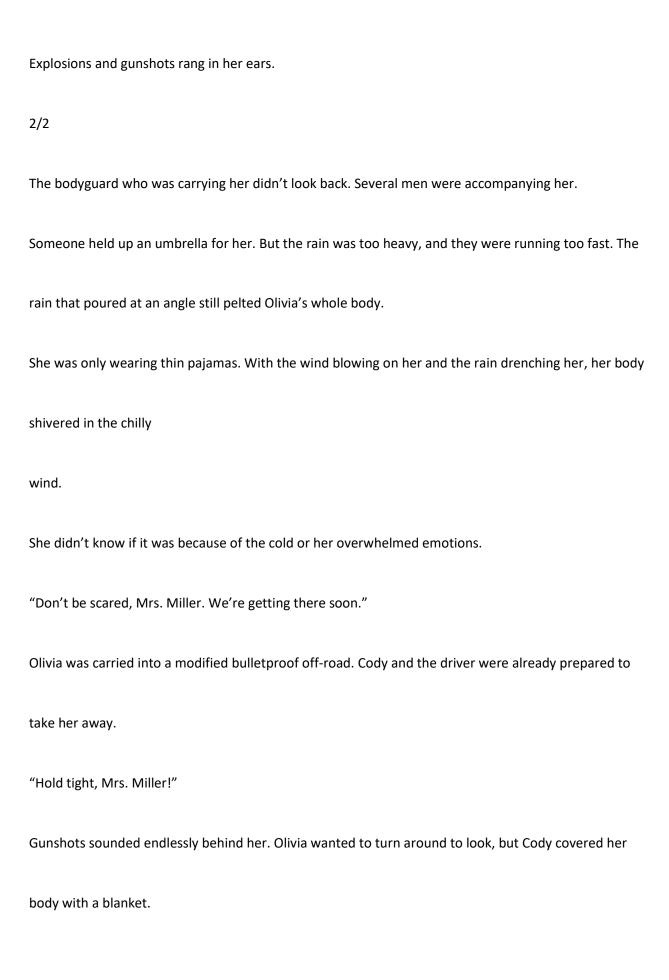
The pendant she had praised before was now covered in blood. It lay on the floor with her body, never

to get up again.

Olivia knelt on the floor, tears pouring out of her eyes. She wanted to block the wounds with her hands,







Holding Olivia in her arms, she said, "Don't turn around. Don't look!"
Olivia knew that there would be people injured and killed.
Those people had been with her for half a year. She was already familiar with them all.
Some weren't that much older than her. They were like older siblings to her.
But at that moment, they were fighting for her. Olivia's tears streamed silently as her hands gripped
Cody's arm.
She kept recalling Mona's face before the latter died.
"Mrs. Miller, calm down. Don't cry! Do not let it affect your children, or it'll easily lead to premature birth.
"You've only been pregnant for six months. Children born prematurely have a very low rate of survival.
You have to persevere for the children!"