

G.H Hooked 19

Chapter 19

In the Intensive Care Unit.

Olivia was lying in bed quietly with the ventilator

connected to her. Her hands were unable to take in any injections so the nurse could only place the

needle on her

arm.

Her thighs, knees, and abdomen were covered with

bandages, if she had more injuries, she would have been wrapped fully like a mummy.

Her face was as pale as paper, if the ECG machine was not beeping, no one would know that this was a

living person.

John stood by her bedside, frowning and he said with a hoarse voice, "Olivia Larson, don't die! I will

never allow you to die!"

She would only be his woman, be it dead or alive.

As long as he was alive, he would never give her away to anyone else!

He held her chilly and skinny hand while sitting by the bedside, a trace of heartache flashed through his eyes.

Zac looked at his pretentious look and could not help but frown. "John Freeman, get out. I assume she won't want to see you when she wakes."

Hearing such, John raised his head and glared at him coldly. "You're hiding something, aren't you?"

It was obvious that the doctor wanted to say something earlier, but Zac interrupted him first.

"The doctor said that Olivia has...'

However, he had no idea what kind of illness Olivia could have.

Her body had always been strong and healthy, unlike Dorothy who could fall sick from the slightest thing.

"You don't need to know."

John's eyes were sharp, and his whole body exuded an icy cold aura, all of which showed his anger.

"Zac Quinton, tell me."

Zac took a glance at Olivia in bed and remembered that he. promised her to keep it a secret.

However, he knew John's temper and that he would never give up until he got his answer.

"Olivia has pneumonia and she will get a fever easily if she gets caught in the rain which will lead her to face breathing difficulties."

John was stunned. 'I didn't know that she has pneumonia?'

Zac added, "The doctor mentioned it the previous time,

you can ask for the report if you don't believe it."

He had already approached the doctor in private, so even if John insisted on getting proof, it would not be a

problem.

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"The previous time?'

John was annoyed and he asked, "Why didn't you tell me?"

If he knew that she had pneumonia, he would never have kept her in the rain for such a long time.

"What difference does it make? Do you care?"

"You were all over Dorothy the previous time and even gave her the last pack of Rh-negative blood, have

you ever wanted Olivia to stay alive?"

His words pierced John's heart and he could actually feel the pain in his chest.

At the same time, he wanted to punch Zac back. 'How can he know more about her than myself?'

Even if he did not love Olivia anymore, his strong

possessiveness would not allow any other men to dream about her, not even Zac Quinton!

"If you are not Zac Quinton, you would've been dead by now!"

He said with a threatening tone.

Yet, Zac did not care and sneered. "If it wasn't for me, Olivia would have been dead already."

Fact indeed.

If Wes did not call him over, Olivia would have died from blood loss, how could she still be alive by now?

Then again...

He looked at Olivia and smiled bitterly in his heart. 'Does she seem alive now?'

After all, if she could not make it through the next 24 hours, this would be the end of her.

Zac felt pitiful for her whenever he thought about her future.

Even if she made it through this time, how about the next?

‘How about lung cancer? Can she survive that?’

‘She was a prideful beauty of Ocean City, how did she end up in such a state?’

‘Women should fear marrying the wrong man, I guess she just loved the wrong man.’

Zac went out of the ward after making sure that John would not harm her and sat in the corridor.

He knew that he was still an outsider by the end of the day.

John was holding Olivia’s hand in the ward and he

sounded surprisingly gentle.

“Olivia Larson, if you make it through this time, let’s make up for each other, shall we?”