

G.H Hooked 231

Chapter 231

A divorce agreement?

A few seconds later, Olivia realized what all of this was about.

It seemed like Dorothy had already given John the divorce agreement.

“Now that you’ve got the divorce papers, Dorothy must have explained everything to you, right?”

John frowned and stared at Olivia coldly. “What does this matter have to do with Dorothy? Didn’t you mail this to me?”

“John, you’ve been saying that you’re so smart, but how can Dorothy fool you so easily?”

Noticing John’s rising anger, Olivia felt it was ridiculous. “Dorothy forced me to sign the divorce agreement and the confession video. Both of them were part of our deal.”

“What deal?”

“For Uncle Wallace.”

Olivia had no idea if John would believe her, but she could see the mixed emotions in his eyes. He seemed to be more hesitant than angry.

Taking advantage of his absent-minded state, Olivia pushed him away, climbed up from the sofa, and looked at him coldly from a few feet away.

“Well, I don’t think you’ll believe me either. After all, Dorothy only needs to say one word to make you believe her.”

Then, she smiled bitterly and muttered, “I’m ridiculous. Why did I even tell you this?”

She felt like a clown. Even though she knew that John would not believe her, she still chose to explain things to him each time.

It was as if John would believe her if she said it enough times.

She had sworn not to explain things and not fall for him again.

However, she found it difficult to control her feelings. She would lose her rationale and get into the most pathetic state she had ever been in.

“I’ll check it out.”

Then, John stood up and looked at her. “I will ignore this divorce agreement.”

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Olivia was startled and stared at the man before her with teary eyes. “You...”

Suddenly, the door was pounded on with great force.

“Open the door! Olivia, you b*tch! Open the door!”

‘This familiar voice... Is it Dorothy?’

‘Has she seen the video?’

Olivia glanced at John and was about to open the door. However, John stopped her and shielded her with his body.

“I’ll do it.”

She did not stop him. After all, she also wanted John to see Dorothy acting frantically.

John strode over and opened the door.

Unexpectedly, all they heard was the crisp sound of a slap when John opened the door.

“B*tch!”

Olivia was stunned to look at the scene before her. Dorothy had just slapped John!

However, Dorothy was more shocked than Olivia.

Dorothy opened her eyes wide and panicked. She carefully reached out to touch John’s face, but he backed away.

“J-Johnny, why...are you here?”

“I-I didn’t mean to.”

“Johnny...”

John's looked into Dorothy's eyes coldly as he spoke angrily, "Dorothy, are you insane?"

That was the first time John had ever scolded Dorothy.

It scared Dorothy, and tears streamed down her face as she shook her head, trying to explain, "Johnny, I didn't want to do that. I didn't know you were here."

It should have been Olivia who opened the door. It was Olivia she wanted to slap!

'How did that happen?

'Why is John here?"

Olivia could not help but snicker.

It was an interesting scene.

"So, do you mean you came here in a huff to slap me?"

Olivia stepped out from behind John and looked at Dorothy coldly, waiting for her

response.

She wanted to see what Dorothy was going to do.

Chapter 232

"You!"

Dorothy looked at Olivia sinisterly and clenched her fist as she scolded her. "Olivia, it's you! You did this to me! You set me up for everything! You did it on purpose!" "Me?" Olivia pointed at herself and clenched her teeth. "Dorothy, do you mean to say I harmed you? You destroyed my family and destroyed my marriage. Who do think is the mean one here?"

"I didn't! Why would I harm you?"

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Dorothy buried herself into John's arms in tears and said, "Johnny, don't be deceived by her. I'd never hurt Liv."

As if afraid that John would push her away, she added, "Johnny, don't forget that Liv killed our child."

Child?

Olivia sneered. "You used a fake test slip, but you still think you had a baby? Are you delusional, Dorothy?"

In the past, Olivia put up with Dorothy whenever John was around.

She would not endure Dorothy's ridicule and bullying any more today.

Uncle Wallace had to suffer all this because of her patience.

She might be the one dead next if she continued enduring it.

However, she did not want to die in grief with the baby in her womb.

“Dorothy, I’ve been trying not to kill you. Even though you killed my mother, I tried not to kill you. What did you do? You forced me to get divorced, forced me to surrender, and finally, scattered Uncle Wallace’s ashes before me!

“What have I ever done to you? You keep saying I hurt you, but don’t you know how much harm you’ve done to me?

“At the beach, you dragged me into the water and pretended to be the victim in front of Johnny.

“In the hospital and in Cliffside Villa, you stabbed yourself and claimed I did it!

“First, you stabbed me, then yourself to become John’s mistress. Dorothy, you’re bold! I couldn’t ever sacrifice as much as you did!”

At this point, Olivia held onto the door, breathing heavily and coughing.

Olivia was so angry. She had almost shouted, which made her lungs feel like it was going to explode and made it difficult for her to breathe.

Dorothy stared at Olivia and looked at John in grief.

“No, Johnny. That’s not true... I don’t know why Olivia is acting like this. I don’t know

John pushed Dorothy away and stared at her as he emphasized each word.” Dorothy, I gave you a chance to explain.”

Wes had already given him the information he found out before he came.

On the day of Olivia’s arrest, only one media outlet published the news, and that reporter admitted that it was because Dorothy bribed them.

That was why he came to see Olivia today. He wanted to explain.

However, he did not expect Olivia to have become so much feistier recently and not even listen to him speak.

What he did not expect the most was that Dorothy, who seemed kind and

introverted, would suddenly act so crazily.

“What do you want me to explain, Johnny? Do I have to explain why Olivia made up those lies or explain why I’m here?”

Dorothy cried grievously, “I came because Olivia framed me and posted a video of me. I came to ask her for an explanation.

“I was jealous of her, I admit it. It’s because you haven’t divorced her. I’ve always been a mistress, and I am unhappy about it!”

Then, she turned to Olivia and said, “Olivia, I haven’t harmed you, and I have not killed anyone. Auntie and Uncle Wallace were so nice to me. I would never kill them.”

Chapter 233

Olivia was so angry that she was trembling all over. This woman was lying about everything so calmly.

“You! How dare you say such a thing!”

Olivia coughed again because of her emotional fluctuation. She covered her mouth with her hand and swallowed the blood back down.

Then, she stared at Dorothy and scolded her. “Dorothy, you’re a demon! A hopeless, ungrateful woman!”

“Olivia, don’t go too far! You blamed Uncle Wallace’s death on me and edited such a video saying I threw Uncle Wallace’s ashes all around.”

Dorothy sniffled and bit her lips as she said, “I struggled to find Uncle Wallace’s body because I was afraid you would be sad, so I wanted to burn the ashes and give them. to you.

“But what did you do? You planted evidence to frame me!”

Olivia’s lips quivered as she looked at Dorothy in disbelief.

She could really make up stories.

She lifted her hand, wanting to hit Dorothy. However, someone caught her hand in mid-air.

“That’s enough!”

With a sullen face, John shoved Olivia’s hand away and said coldly, “Olivia, enough is enough. Don’t push it.”

His strength was so overwhelming that he pushed Olivia all the way to the wall.

She leaned against the wall, her pale face was as pale as it. She looked at John in anger and despair and felt the pain in her heart.

The truth was right before him, but he chose not to see it.

Dorothy was happy and thought John still believed her.

She rushed into John’s arms and said, “Johnny, thank goodness, you believe in me. Otherwise...”

However, John pushed her away before she could finish her words. He looked angry. "You should also shut up!"

He swore he would have killed Dorothy if she had not saved his life.

Dorothy immediately shut up and stood aside obediently, feeling uneasy.

John turned around and looked at Olivia, wanting to say something. However, she covered her chest and staggered to the sofa, wanting to pick up the divorce. agreement on the ground.

His heart skipped a beat.

'What does this woman want to do?'

Olivia did not see her. Instead, she looked at Dorothy with a smile and said to her with a scoff, "Dorothy, I still owe you a surprise."

Dorothy took a step back in fear. "What are you doing?"

Olivia held up the file in her hand and grinned. "Do you think a document like this could make me and John get divorced? In your dreams.

"John and I didn't just register our marriage in Ocean City. We also registered our marriage overseas."

"What?"

Seeing that Dorothy was so shocked, Olivia smiled and tore up the divorce agreement in her hand. "Besides, I have no intention of divorcing Johnny, so don't even think about winning this one!"

With that, she threw the paper pieces at Dorothy.

Watching Dorothy's face turning pale, Olivia felt pleased.

'You can't get what you want. It must be sad, huh?'

Then, she looked at John and asked, "Johnny, we agreed to never divorce, right?"

John stared at her calmly for a long time and nodded.

"Johnny..."

At this point, Dorothy's face was pale. Before she could protest, the police approached her.

"Ms. Ellis."

Dorothy froze and moved closer to John. "Johnny, what's going on?"

"Ms. Ellis, you are suspected of murdering Wallace Simmons. Please come with us."

Chapter 234

"What? Don't touch me! I didn't kill anyone!"

Dorothy panicked and hid behind John. "Johnny, help me, quick! I'm innocent!"

"Ms. Ellis, please cooperate with us."

"No! Why are you arresting me? Do you have any evidence? Don't accuse me unjustly!"

Dorothy was panicking. She gripped Johnny's sleeve tightly and refused to let go.

The policeman looked at John helplessly. "Mr. Freeman, please don't make this difficult for us."

John's face was gloomy. He pried Dorothy's grip open and handed her to the police.

"Dolly, the police will clear your name if you're innocent."

That destroyed Dorothy's last hope of getting away.

She was not innocent and might have to go to prison if the police interrogated her.

"Johnny, I didn't do it..." Dorothy cried and reached out to pull John, but he dodged.

She would never give in.

Suddenly, she rushed forward and shouted at Olivia, "Are you satisfied, Olivia? You have done so much to frame me!"

Before Olivia could react, John stood before her, frowning as he said, "Dorothy, stop it!"

With that, the police handcuffed Dorothy.

"Johnny..."

Dorothy cried as the police dragged her away. John watched her leave, but he felt nothing.

When the corridor was quiet, John turned around and looked at Olivia, who looked pale, and only spoke after a while. "Have a good rest." Then, he left.

“John, wait a minute.

“There’s something else I want you to hear,” Olivia said, holding up her phone.

She did not know why the police came for Dorothy, but she knew she would not get a

second chance if she did not let John hear it.

With tears in her eyes, she looked at John’s back, which had once been her support. However, now she felt like he was so far away.

“Even though I’m tired of explaining, Aaron and I are innocent. Someone framed us.”

Just when Olivia wanted to press the play button, John snatched the phone and smashed it.

“That’s enough!”

Olivia was shocked. Her hand froze, and she could not react.

‘What does he mean by that?’

After a while, she looked at him with tears and clenched her teeth. “Why? Why don’t you want to hear the truth?”

However, his voice was cold. “Olivia, do you have to hit her when she’s already down?”

‘What is he talking about?’

She was trying to tell the truth and clear her name!

“Johnny, you have such a double standard.”

Tears rolled down Olivia’s cheeks, and her lips trembled. “It was Dorothy who paid Aaron to frame me, just like what happened to Cole.”

She looked up to hold back her tears, sniffled, and scoffed. “Heh. What am I doing this for? You don’t love me anymore, but I still want to explain that I’m innocent.”

With that, she wiped away her tears, let out a deep breath, and pushed John out of the door. Then, she slammed the door shut.

When the door was closed, she felt her legs turning to jelly. She slipped down the door to the ground, crying and hugging her knees.

John’s defense and trust for Dorothy broke her heart. The truth was before him, yet...

‘Why? Do you have to be so mean to me?’

What did her past with John mean if he could love another woman so dearly?

Chapter 235

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Thinking that it was John again, Olivia roared, “Get out! Don’t let me see you again!”

“Sis Liv, it’s me, Zyla.”

Zyla?

She was startled and wiped away her tears, trying to control her emotions. However, when she opened the door and saw Zyla, she could hold it back any more and wailed as she hugged Zyla.

She knew she was useless. She hated herself, but she could not control her tears. After a long while, Olivia stopped crying, let go of Zyla, and headed to the bathroom. She took her medicine, showered, changed her clothes, and walked out again. When she saw Zyla looking worried, she smiled and said, "Zy, I'm fine."

Olivia said she was fine, but she still felt heartbroken.

Zyla made herself a cup of tea and handed it to Olivia. "Sis Liv, drink some tea to warm your body."

"Where were you just now?" Olivia asked, taking a sip.

"Oh, after Wes dragged him out, we went to a café downstairs. Then, we saw the police and feared something would happen to you. So, we rushed back, but we saw the police taking Dorothy away."

"What happened? Did that scumbag John bully you?"

Zac rolled up his sleeves and looked like he wanted to fight. "I'll go find him now. I'm not afraid of him even if he's a thug in Ocean City."

She was serious about it.

Zyla would do anything to protect Olivia.

Olivia had been feeling heartbroken. However, Zyla's words warmed her, and she laughed. "Zy, it's not good to act impulsively."

"Hmph! I'm really not afraid of him!"

Suddenly, Zyla thought of something and took out her phone. She tapped on the trending searches. "Dorothy was trending. I think the police are after her because of that."

"Show me."

The most striking one was, 'Conclusive evidence that Dorothy Ellis murdered someone!'

She froze for a moment. The video did not seem to prove the murder...

Thus, she quickly clicked the link and saw a bunch of photos of chat conversations.

The content of the dialogue between the two participants was about what to do with Uncle Wallace.

Startled, Olivia recalled that Ben had mentioned he had evidence of Dorothy murdering Uncle Wallace.

The contents were so shocking that she closed her eyes.

However, when she closed her eyes, she could not help but clench her fists as her mind filled with images related to Uncle Wallace.

Hire a murderer? That was not enough!

Olivia wanted to put Dorothy in jail for a lifetime!

She picked up the phone to call Zac. "Did you post the chat records?"

“Yes,” Zac chuckled and said, “Liv, I promised you I would help you take revenge. This is just the beginning.”

“What other evidence do you have?”

“Dorothy paid for my murder, faked her car accident, and everything in the Larson. family. She couldn’t escape.”

Olivia was startled.

This was her revenge. She wanted Dorothy to lose everything, her reputation, and stay in the dark cell all day. Killing Dorothy was not enough to ease her anger.

However,...

“Johnny would not let Dorothy go to prison.”

John would not let it happen.

His attitude just now had explained everything.

Zac sneered. “Liv, you don’t need to worry about that. All you need to do is tell me whether you want revenge.”

“I’ll do it as long as you say you want. I can assure you with my

life.

“I...”

Olivia felt grateful, but she refused to put Zac in danger. "Zac, I want revenge, but I want you to be safe. I don't want you to assure it with your life."

Chapter 236

The other end of the line fell silent once he finished speaking, making Olivia nervous for some reason.

"Zac, last time in the hospital, you said you and I were sworn friends."

Olivia pressed her lips together and said solemnly, "I care a lot about my friends. If it costs your life to do it, I don't want it. Got it?"

After all, dealing with Dorothy was her business.

If there was going to be death, it was going to be hers, not Zac's.

Zac and Zyla were the only ones who sincerely stayed by her side, so she could not afford to lose either.

Suddenly, a chuckle rang in Olivia's ear like a mountain stream.

It was the first time she had ever said something like this. Zac's chuckle annoyed her. "Why are you laughing? Are you having second thoughts?"

"Liv." He called her with a chuckle.

"I'm glad you're finally admitting we're friends. I really am glad."

Olivia's ears reddened slightly. "Anyway, you and Zy are my friends. Promise me that nothing happens to you."

“Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing. I’ll always have your back.”

“Okay.”

They were silent for a moment. Olivia said, “How did the other thing I asked you to do go?”

“When are you going to send her away?”

‘When,..’

Olivia thought about it. “Tomorrow night. Tomorrow I want to hold a funeral for Uncle Wallace. I’ll send her away when it’s over.”

She wanted to send Zyla away immediately, but knowing Zyla, she would notice something was wrong if she knew Olivia was holding a funeral for Uncle Wallace.

“Okay, I’ll arrange it after it’s over.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Olivia, please don’t give me any more trouble.”

Olivia took a moment to realize what Zac meant and could not help chuckling. “Okay. Got it, Mr. Quinton.”

After she hung up, Olivia took the small bottle of Uncle Wallace’s ashes out of her coat and sat on the edge of the bed in a trance.

Uncle Wallace, who doted on her, had died in front of her.

She could not save him, nor could she bury him as soon as possible. However, she also made him a bargaining chip, giving Dorothy opportunities again and again.

Uncle Wallace had been found, but all that remained was a tiny bottle ashes.

“Uncle Wallace, I’m sorry...”

Olivia clutched the bottle tightly as tears dropped on her hand.

Zyla walked in from outside. Seeing her cry, she thought something had happened again, so she quickly sat down and hugged her.

“Sis Liv, I’m always here for you if you’re tired.”

Olivia sniffed her nose and pressed her lips together. “Zy, come with me to buy an urn and choose a cemetery plot for Uncle Wallace’s funeral tomorrow.”

Zyla hugged Olivia and nodded. “Yes, okay. We’ve got to give Uncle Wallace a proper funeral.”

The next day, Olivia got up early, washed up, and changed into a black dress.

Looking at her flat stomach, she could not help but sigh.

‘Baby, is it hard to have a mom like me?’

It had been more than three months. If the baby had another mother, the belly would have been obvious, but it had been suffering for more than three months with her.

Then she touched her belly. “Baby, give me a little more time. Soon... You will soon be born safely,”

"If I survive until then."

Olivia asked Zyla to take her to the police station first.

She wanted to meet Dorothy.

Chapter 237

Olivia's heart shuddered as she entered the familiar place.

How many times had she been here?

However, this time was unlike before. She came here as a free woman, not a prisoner.

When she reached the iron bars, Olivia found Dorothy looking haggard after only one day.

She was still wearing the same designer clothes but had lost her spirits. Her hair and makeup were a mess. She seemed a little tired of being

'It's not enough! It's not nearly enough!

questioned by the police.

'What does Dorothy's suffering compare to my mom's death, Uncle Wallace's suffering, and my brother's life?'

"Dorothy, you deserve this."

Hearing Olivia's voice, Dorothy turned around and screamed at her, "Olivia! I'll kill you!"

"How unrepentant! Dorothy, you're really hopeless."

"Ha, I'm hopeless? Olivia, you and the Larson family made me do it!"

Dorothy's eyes were scarlet as she held the railing and grinned at her. "Olivia, you don't think that's going to get me, do you? Johnny will save me."

Olivia's heart jerked at the mention of John's name, but she pretended to look calm.

"Save you? You're a murderer. Why would he save you? Dorothy, don't think too highly of yourself."

Suddenly, Dorothy grinned. "Do you think you're different from me? Didn't you come here to brag about your win? But I won't lose, Olivia."

"So? Wait till you get out."

"I'm not going to jail."

Seeing Dorothy's confidence, Olivia sneered. "The evidence is conclusive. You've killed so many people and already have a lot of blood on your hands. It's not that easy to get out."

"Olivia!"

Dorothy growled and banged wildly against the bars as if she wanted to break out and tear her apart.

Olivia stepped back and said coldly, "I just wanted to let you know that today is Uncle Wallace's funeral and the day you go to prison."

“You!”

“What? Are you going to kill me?”

With that said, Olivia threw her head back and said with a smile, “Dorothy, there are cameras here. If anything happens to me, you’ll be the first person the police will arrest!”

Then she turned her head and walked out.

After having taken two steps, Dorothy’s sulky voice came from behind. “Olivia, don’t count your chickens before they hatch. Johnny will save me.”

Instead of stopping, Olivia sneered. “Wait all you want then.”

Olivia had no idea if John would save Dorothy.

All she knew was that John would not let Dorothy go to prison as things stood.

Then she would have to expand the chain of evidence.

She had an idea in her mind, which she quickly denied.

‘No, I can’t do such a terrible thing.

‘But...’

Then she rubbed her temples. ‘Forget it. I’ll settle Uncle Wallace’s funeral first.’

The funeral.

Olivia chose the cemetery near Mr. and Madam Larson, so it was easier for her to pay her respects in the future.

Although she did not inform them, many people came. Most of them were the Larson family's old acquaintances.

Of course, these people were only here for show.

Olivia stood in front of Uncle Wallace's tombstone and looked at Uncle Wallace's smiling face in the photo, and her tears fell again.

"Uncle Wallace, I'm useless. Even at this age, I'm still a crybaby." She mumbled to herself.

However, she did not expect to turn around and see the last person she wanted to see.

Chapter 238

He was in his usual black suit as he stood tall. He looked at her with cold, distant eyes.

Olivia did not want to see him, but it was Uncle Wallace's funeral, and she did not want to make a scene.

Therefore, she stepped aside.

John placed the flowers in his hand in front of the gravestone. He glanced at her and said indifferently, "I need to talk to you once this is over."

Olivia felt strangely uneasy.

‘Is he here to intercede on Dorothy’s behalf?’

“I don’t have time.”

John said nothing after getting rejected, nor did he stay. He walked away as she never spoke.

Olivia slowly breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that he did not make a scene,

She knew she would have to face what she feared sooner or later.

However, she could comfort herself as long as it did not happen.

Maybe he still had feelings for her and would not force her.

More people came and made polite remarks, and Olivia made polite replies in return.

“Mrs. Freeman, I didn’t expect to see you again. I’m sorry about Mr. Simmons. My condolences.”

Olivia looked up to see Rainie standing in front of her, wearing a large black hat.

“Thank you, Ms. Jameson.”

She had nothing much to say to this woman and just wanted to get it over with.

However, Rainie did not leave after putting down the flowers. Instead, she whispered, “Olivia, you’re insatiable. That’s too greedy.”

Olivia froze. She knew what Rainie meant.

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“Ms. Jameson, I think you misunderstood. Zac and I are just friends. Whether you get married or not is none of my business.”

“Don’t overthink it. I just don’t like other women around my fiancé, especially a married one.”

With that said, Rainie said with a smile, “But I heard you and Mr. Freeman are getting a divorce.”

Olivia could tell that the woman was here to make trouble at this point.

Besides that, Rainie and Dorothy were best friends. She probably wanted revenge for old and new hatreds.

Olivia’s face darkened slightly. “Ms. Jameson, I appreciate that you came to Uncle Wallace’s funeral, but please don’t make a scene, or I won’t go easy on you.”

Rainie sneered and was about to cause a scene when a voice behind her stopped

her.

“Rainie.”

Rainie’s expression instantly changed when she heard the voice. She immediately turned around with a smile and held the middle-aged woman who called her. “Mom, I’ve placed the flowers. You’re not feeling well. Let’s go back first.”

“Wait.”

With that said, the woman walked up to Olivia.

It was when Olivia got a good look at the woman.

Mrs. Jameson was elegant. You could tell she was from an affluent family. However, her expression was cold when she looked up at Olivia.

“I don’t care if you’re Ms. Larson or Mrs. Freeman. I hope you know two-timing will blow up in your face sooner or later.”

Olivia frowned, looking ghastly pale. “Mrs. Jameson, it’s Uncle Wallace’s funeral today. I hope you won’t talk nonsense.”

*Hmph, talk nonsense? The Jameson family and the Quinton family have a marriage. agreement. You should have some self-respect, Ms. Larson!”

Olivia became furious as Mrs. Jameson was so aggressive.

She would not put up with it if it were not Uncle Wallace’s funeral.

Rainie took Mrs. Jameson’s hand and said pitifully, “Mom, what are you talking about? Ms. Larson and Zac are just friends. How am I supposed to make friends. when you say it like that?”

“Friends? Rainie, a woman like her isn’t worthy of your friendship.”

Suddenly, Olivia felt a squeeze around her waist, and she was pulled into someone’s

arms. A deep, cold voice rang above her head.

“Mrs. Jameson, what kind of woman is my wife?”

Chapter 239

“Mr. Freeman, keep an eye on your wife since you’re here. I don’t think you’ll look too good if there’s another scandal like two years ago.”

The Jameson family was scared of John, but Mrs. Jameson did not back down for the sake of her daughter.

“Really? My wife was set up two years ago. Don’t you know that, Mrs. Jameson?”

With that said, John sneered. “Besides, Zac’s my friend. Shouldn’t he be nice to my wife?”

Hearing this, Olivia froze and looked up at John in shock.

Did he do it for himself, or did he believe what she was saying?

Olivia had to admit that her heart was beating so fast she could barely contain the smile.

It was the first time in two years that he had said he trusted her.

Would it not be great if it were true?

“Mom, Mr. Freeman is right. Zac and Mr. Freeman are close. It’s natural that they’re close.”

Rainie tried to persuade Mrs. Jameson, but she looked at Olivia with a hint of disdain.

Olivia saw it and remembered it.

It seemed that the woman and Dorothy were the same, so she should be careful.

Mrs. Jameson snorted coldly. "It better be!"

She glared at Olivia before leaving with Rainie.

As soon as the Jameson family left, Olivia heard John whisper, "Olivia, stay away from Zac. If you get in the news again, even I can't defend you."

With that said, John let go of her waist to leave.

Suddenly, Olivia grabbed his arm, while her eyes went red instantly. "John, don't you believe me?"

John glanced coldly at her and sneered. "Olivia, the best thing about you is that you will even lie to yourself."

Olivia's mind buzzed instantly.

He did not believe her.

He had only said that for the outsiders' benefit. He had never believed her.

He did not believe Olivia was innocent, even though it was confirmed that Dorothy had killed someone.

Olivia suddenly let go of her grip with a forced smile. "Yeah, got it."

She was overthinking.

The tearing pain in her heart made her almost lose her footing.

Fortunately, someone was behind her to catch her, which brought her back to her senses.

“John, don’t go too far.”

Olivia looked up to see Zac and pushed him away while she steadied herself.

She did not want Uncle Wallace’s funeral to be a farce.

Uncle Wallace’s life had been sad. He even died without a complete body. If the funeral was ruined again, she would hate herself for the rest of her life.

John looked at the two, his face solemn and horrifying. “You’d better control your fiancée. Be careful that she’ll come out and trouble others.”

He never liked women like Rainie.

Seeing they were about to start an argument, Olivia said, “It’s Uncle Wallace’s funeral today. If anything, why not wait until after the funeral? Okay?”

With that said, she looked at them with a touch of supplication.

Zac nodded. “Okay, got it.”

John sneered, said nothing, and turned away.

Zac looked down and whispered, "The car's all set. Where do you want to send Zyla to?"

Olivia tilted her head to look at the busy Zyla nearby. She pressed her lips together and said, "Zac, I'm wondering if you can drug Zy with some anesthetic? I'm afraid she refuses to leave when she wakes up. Can we send her abroad?"

Zac froze for a moment, not expecting her to be determined to send Zyla away.

"Yes. I have a plane."

With that said, he asked again, "Liv, are you sure you want to send her away? I have a feeling she came to repay you."

Chapter 240

'Repay me?'

Although she never thought about it, Olivia knew Zyla was so good to her that she would even give up her life for her.

As Zyla turned around to look over, Olivia chuckled and waved her hands at her, tears hidden in her eyes.

"Zac, that's why I'm sending her away. I want her safe."

It was not safe for Zyla to stay in Ocean City-whether John, Dorothy, or the Jameson family.

Zyla was too considerate of her and often stood up for her. She was afraid she would one day be the reason Zyla got hurt.

She would probably never forgive herself if that happened.

Zac did not pursue the matter after getting a definitive answer. "Okay, I know what to do."

When the funeral was over, Olivia stood in front of the grave, pondering, and Zyla

came over.

"Sis Liv, you're not in good health, and you're pregnant. It's been a long day. Let's go home first. You can visit Uncle Wallace another day."

"Yeah, okay."

Olivia nodded. "Zy, go back to the car. I want to speak to Uncle Wallace alone."

Zyla hesitated, took off her coat, and put it over her. She said, "Okay, hurry up. It's getting windy."

"Okay."

Watching Zyla's leaving figure, Olivia sighed.

She had gotten used to Zyla's presence these days. If Zyla were gone, maybe she would not get used to it. After all, Zyla was sometimes more considerate than her

mother.

However, there would always be a time to say goodbye, right?

Especially since she had terminal lung cancer.

Olivia's heart filled with sadness at this thought.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her outward.

"Ah!"

Startled, Olivia was about to scream when she looked up to see that it was John holding her.

'Didn't he leave just now?'

"John, let go. You're hurting me."

"Be quiet!"

John did not let go but walked faster.

'What is he trying to do?'

Olivia was dragged down to the big tree at the cemetery entrance before John stopped and turned to look at her grimly.

Olivia staggered, shook her red wrist, and asked indignantly, "John, what on earth are you trying to do? Are you still trying to insult me?"

She did not want to hear it.

John spoke suddenly. His voice was cold and threatening. "Olivia, do you want Dolly to die in prison?"

Olivia froze as she felt a chill in her heart.

Sure enough, he came to plead for Dorothy.

‘What was he doing when Dorothy framed me for murder and put me in jail?

‘He wanted me to go to jail for the rest of my life!’

She felt herself losing balance as her body swayed. Then she looked up at John with red eyes. “Are you pleading for her?”

With that said, she stared at him, trembling with tension.

She prayed. ‘Please don’t admit it, okay?’”

The next moment, she heard John’s reply. “Yes. Dolly was wrong, but she didn’t deserve to die. She didn’t kill them. She used to be your best friend. Are you so heartless that you want her dead?”

‘Doesn’t deserve to die?

‘It turns out that killing someone is just a mistake in John’s case.”

She sneered. “Ha, John. I think she got it too easy even if she’s dead. I want her to make her life a living hell by slowly suffering in jail!”

“You want me to let her go? Dream on!”

“Olivia! How could you be so mean?”

'Mean?

'Oh, he thinks I'm mean.'

Olivia's tears dropped and clouded her eyes as she smiled sarcastically. "You know what, John? My right lacks..."