

G.H Hooked 901

Chapter 901

Bang!

The broken door was suddenly kicked open, and a tall figure stood in the doorway, gazing darkly over the half-naked men.

“You’re looking for trouble! How dare you spoil our fun!”

Several men had already picked up their sticks and rushed forward without even putting on their clothes.

The man on top of Olivia swore and got up to join the fight.

Olivia finally caught her breath and opened her eyes in a daze to look at the person. Her heart shuddered at the sight of the familiar face.

‘It’s him?’

John had learned martial arts before. He had no trouble taking on a few thugs. He soon knocked six of them to the ground.

He quickly took off his coat and put it over Olivia. He hugged her tenderly as he looked at her with pain and remorse. Suppressing his anger, he said gently, “Don’t worry. I’m here to save you. It’s okay.”

Smelling the familiar scent and feeling the warmth in his arms, Olivia’s frantic heart somehow calmed down.

Feeling the shiver from the person in his arms, John stroked her hair. “It’s okay. It’s okay. I’ll take you away.”

Olivia looked up at him. Tears hung on her long lashes, making her look pitiful.

“Johnny, I’m untouched.”

John’s heart throbbed, and the pain in his eyes could no longer be hidden when he heard that.

“Olivia, I’m sorry...”

‘Is she reminded of the past?’ Did she remember the insult he had once said to her?

Four years ago, she had repeatedly told him that she was untouched, but he did not believe her and insulted her repeatedly.

It must have hurt her a lot.

“Do you believe me?”

She suddenly asked warily again.

“Yeah, I do. I believe everything you say.”

Olivia looked at him as if trying to figure out whether he was telling the truth. She forced a tearful smile after a long time.

“That’s good.”

The way she looked made John feel a little upset.

However, he had to get her out of there first.

“Good girl. Let me take you away now, yeah?”

Olivia nodded obediently and put her arm around his neck.

Olivia’s expression changed suddenly, and she ran out of his arms.” Johnny, watch your back! Ah!”

Before John knew it, Olivia ran behind him at some point and blocked the blow.

“You’re looking for trouble!”

He got up and stared at the man with scarlet eyes. His right hand grasped his neck hard and sent him flying with a kick.

“Olivia?”

He quickly bent over to pick Olivia up. The gloom in his eyes faded as it was replaced with worry. “I’ll take you to the hospital now. Why are you so silly...”

However, he was not only worried but also happy.

‘So she still loves me, right?’

He happened to meet Wes, who hurried over, at the entrance.

“Arrest everyone inside and interrogate them!”

“Yes!”

John nervously put her in the back seat and sped off to the hospital.

She was already in poor health and had been working so hard lately.

Besides, she had not rested for an entire day after Lyla's incident. She was also injured because of him...

He would make the mastermind pay the price once he found them!

'The mastermind...'

He thought of someone, so he rushed upstairs to a ward and grabbed the person by the neck after sending Olivia to the emergency room.

"Is it you?"

Chapter 902

Dorothy was sleeping when someone suddenly choked her in her sleep. Her cheeks reddened instantly, and she was unable to breathe.

She patted John's hand, "Let... Let go..."

"Dorothy, let me ask you again. Was it you?"

"I... don't know... what..." Dorothy rolled her eyes. "What are you... saying..."

"Ha, Dorothy, do you think I won't kill you?"

"You... You... can't!"

Dorothy thought she still had the trump card. She looked up at John with no intention of admitting it.

John would not kill her here, so he let go.

“You’re overthinking. If I found out you sent someone to go after Phoebe, I’ll make your life a living hell.”

He knew Dorothy would take the easy way out by dying.

Moreover, he knew that all Olivia wanted was to make Dorothy’s life a living hell!

Therefore, he would help her.

Dorothy violently coughed several times, looked at John’s back, and said with a sneer, “I didn’t expect you to fall in love with a replacement, Mr.

Freeman.”

Seeing John ignore her, she roared again, “It doesn’t matter how nice you are to Phoebe. You killed Olivia. She’s never coming back!”

Then, she threw her head back and laughed. “Olivia, look how badly you’ve lost!”

She could not help clenching the sheet after a while.

Since John appeared and questioned her, it meant those people had failed, and Phoebe had escaped her doom again!

She refused to accept it!

She had defeated the real Olivia. There was no way she would lose to a fake.

She could not let it go so easily!

Phoebe James!

She had a grim expression as she said through clenched teeth, "Phoebe James, I won't let you off the hook so easily!"

However, she saw the number that she was scared of lit up on her phone as soon as she was about to call someone.

Besides assigning her new tasks, he rarely took the initiative to contact her.

This time... he probably found out about the progress and came to find fault.

His patience was limited. She had not taken over Quinton Group and had caused a conflict between John and Zac. She might have annoyed him.

He would not abandon her as Phoebe had said, would he?

No... No...

She wanted to reject the call but was scared, so she could only answer the call with trembling hands.

"Mr. Tres."

"How much longer do I have to wait?"

The man's voice was indifferent. However, the more indifferent he was, the more scared Dorothy was.

She clenched her hand tightly and gulped, "Not much longer. Once they hold the shareholders meeting, then..."

"I don't want to hear an explanation. I want results."

"Mr. Tres, I'm sorry. I'm incompetent. But please give me another chance. I won't let you wait too long.

"Ha, I think you've forgotten what our goal is."

Hearing this, Dorothy's body trembled as her teeth began to tremble. "Mr. Tres, what do you mean by that?

The man on the other end of the line sneered. "Where's Phoebe James?"

'Phoebe?*

Dorothy felt her blood freezing.

It seemed Mr. Tres found out about everything she did in Ocean City.

However, how did Mr. Tres know Phoebe?

"That b*tch has been meddling with our plan. We would have succeeded long ago if it wasn't for her. It's why I wanted to get rid of her first. Mr. Tres, you gotta believe me."

Once she finished speaking, there was a long silence on the other end of the line.

Just when Dorothy thought she had managed to fool him, the man spoke up again.

“Dorothy, I’m not a fool.”

“Mr. Tres...”

“I’ll give you one last chance. Otherwise... You know the consequences.”

“Yes, got it. I will complete my task as soon as possible.”

“Don’t touch Phoebe.”

The person on the other end of the line hung up once he finished speaking.

‘What does he mean?’

‘Does Mr. Tres know Phoebe?’

Chapter 903

The Jameson family became Quinton Group’s equal overnight due to Mr. Tres’ support.

Dorothy was also what she was today because of him.

She had never seen this man before, but he was capable of many things.

In other words, she and the Jameson family would be nothing if it was not for Mr. Tres.

Therefore, she could not offend Mr. Tres and would not become his abandoned chess piece.

However...

Why would Mr. Tres call because of Phoebe?

Dorothy was uneasy and could not calm down for a long time.

However, she still refused to accept it.

Seeing how similar Phoebe's face was to Olivia's was disgusting enough, but it disgusted her more that Olivia kept meddling with her plans.

No, she would still do it even if Mr. Tres requested.

Did Mr. Tres not want Zac and John to go against each other?

What if she framed one of them for Phoebe's death?

However... what about Fabian if that was the case?

She did not want to give up her identity as Mrs. Quinton.

Olivia woke up a day later.

She opened her eyes in a daze and saw Lyla's adorable worried face before she could take in her surroundings.

"Mommy?"

For a moment, she thought she was dreaming and looked at her in a daze." Lyla?"

“Mommy, you’re awake. I’ve been awake for a long time.”

Once she touched her daughter’s warm face, Olivia knew it was not a dream. She sat up in bed and hugged Lyla tightly.

“Lyla, you scared me to death. I thought I’d never see you again.”

“Mommy, I was scared too, but I’m a little braver because I have Sam with me.”

Olivia tried to hug her tighter. However, she felt a piercing pain and could not help letting out a hiss as soon as she clenched her right hand.

“Mommy, you’re hurt. You need a good rest.”

Olivia looked down to realize her right arm was in a sling. Even one small movement seemed to give her a ripping pain.

The hit probably injured her shoulder.

However, she was so excited to see Lyla wake up safe and sound that she forgot about the pain.

“Lyla, are you sure you’re okay? Did Mr. Lucas arrange a physical examination for you?”

Just then, Ken came in with Sam. “Don’t worry. The two children have had a thorough examination and are both healthy. But they should avoid strenuous exercise and rest well for half a month.”

With that said, Ken looked at her and shook his head. “And you. Do you know what’s going on with your body? Do you think you’re the same...”

“Ken!”

Olivia frowned and gave Ken a look to shut him up.

However, Ken thought she was wrong to keep it a secret.

The children and her friends should be in the know.

"I don't want to say this, but you've gone too far. You've had a relapse before, and you still acted silly. Think about Lyla even if you don't think about yourself, okay? Do you know how worried she was when she found out you were unconscious? Her face was so red from crying, and she refused to leave no matter what."

Olivia's heart felt a vague pain as she touched Lyla's face guiltily. "I'm sorry. It's my fault. Sorry, Lyla."

"Mommy, I should be the one to apologize. None of this would have happened if I hadn't made a fuss about seeing you."

Olivia felt terrible as she recalled how she had secretly sent her child abroad. She had brushed Lyla off when Lyla made a fuss about seeing her.

She pressed her lips together. "Lyla, are you still mad at me?"

Lyla pouted. "I was mad at you for chasing me away and lying to me, but... I stopped being mad when Mr. Lucas told me later that you were the one who saved me and got hurt for it."

"Mommy, your shoulder must hurt."

Chapter 904

Sensible children always made people feel sorry for them.

Olivia's eyes reddened instantly as she hugged Lyla tightly, apologizing profusely.

“Are you still going to send me away, Mommy?”

“Not anymore.”

Olivia forced a smile and pinched Lyla’s chubby face. “You’ll follow me from now on. You’ll be wherever I am, okay?”

Lyla’s eyes lit up when she heard that. “Really? Don’t lie to me, Mommy!*

With that said, she raised her little hand, put out her pinky, and said childishly yet sternly, “Mommy, let’s do a pinky swear. We can’t go back on our word once we pinky swear.”

“Alright, let’s do a pinky swear.”

Olivia wiped her tears as she did a pinky swear with Lyla.

“It’s a deal.”

“Okay.”

Lyla grinned once she got an affirmative answer. Her eyes curled into little crescents.

Olivia’s saddened mood brightened again when she saw her daughter’s happy smile.

She sent Lyla away because of Dorothy.

However, she let Dorothy hurt Lyla after all.

She had only realized now how happy and satisfying she was to have Lyla around.

Moreover, since Dorothy already knew Lyla's existence, it would be dangerous even if she sent her away. Lyla might as well stay with her. She could keep an eye on her all the time.

Olivia turned her head to look at Sam, who was standing silently. "Sam, come here."

Sam walked over nervously. He did not get too close but stood half a meter away from the bed.

"Godmother."

The child was sensitive. He probably felt somewhat left out when he saw her and Lyla's interaction. He was also scared of behaving too intimately and accidentally overstepping boundaries.

He learned at an early age to observe and lived cautiously.

Even though he knew his mother was dead because of him, he was not traumatized by it.

It made Olivia's heart ache.

Therefore, she pretended to be angry: "Sam, you've been naughty. You stood so far away when you knew I hurt my shoulder. Are you bullying me for not being able to grab you?"

Sam froze and looked at her in shock. His dry lips parted but did not utter a word after a long time.

Lyla cocked her head and held out her hand as she looked past Olivia. "Sam, hurry over."

Sam moved stiffly forward when he heard Lyla's remark.

Lyla's little hand immediately held his hand and pulled him toward the bed. "Sam, why are you so shy all of a sudden? She won't gobble you up."

Olivia smiled. "Sam, come and hug your sister and mother, okay?"

Sam looked blankly at Olivia this time.

It turned out that he had not heard wrong. She did address him and called herself his mother.

"It's mother, not godmother. She's not Auntie, she's Mom!"

With slightly reddened eyes, Sam climbed onto the hospital bed and hugged Lyla and Olivia.

"I'm sorry."

"Silly boy, what are you sorry for? I don't want to hear that again."

After saying that, Olivia grabbed the two kids. "Lyla, Sam is your brother from now on. Listen to him and don't bully him. Got it?"

"And you, Sam. You're not allowed to apologize so much from now on.

You're a big brother now. You gotta keep an eye on your sister when I'm occupied. You gotta be stern. Otherwise, how can you keep your sister in check?"

The two children's reaction was different. One was excited, while the other was nervous and flustered.

"Brother. I have a brother now!"

Lyla hugged Sam. "Sam, please look after me from now on."

Olivia corrected her. "Lyla, he's your brother. Be polite. Tell people you share the same mother if someone asks, got it?"

Lyla nodded. "What about our father?"

Chapter 905

Father... They would probably never get over this.

"Lyla, about this..."

Before Olivia could finish speaking, Lyla suddenly shouted toward the door, "It's Daddy!"

Olivia looked around and saw John walk in.

Lyla wanted to run toward him, but Olivia pulled her back. "Lyla, he's not your father. Don't call him that."

John's eyes flickered with loneliness as he paused.

"But I saw him when I was video-calling you, Mommy."

"It's not him."

However, Lyla did not believe her. She looked at John with a stern little face. "Then why was he in the video? Besides, my nose looks like his nose, so he must be my father."

Olivia was annoyed. "Lyla, why won't you listen? I told you he's not him because..."

She glanced up at John coldly and said through clenched teeth. "Your father's dead."

Lyla burst into tears, “Mommy, I want a father. I don’t want to be a child with no father. When I was at kindergarten, the others made fun of me for not having a father. Someone even said that you’re a homewrecker and that’s why I don’t have a father.”

Olivia’s heart sank as she glanced at John and hugged Lyla again.

“Don’t listen to those people. They’re talking nonsense.”

“But why don’t I have a father when everyone else does?”

She did, but her biological father rejected her and called her a bastard four years ago.

She could not allow the same thing to happen again.

Since John refused to acknowledge the child four years ago, he did not deserve Lyla.

Besides, she was Phoebe now, not Olivia.

What did John have to do with Phoebe’s daughter?

She wanted Zac to pretend, but now that her relationship with Zac was in such a state, it was unsuitable to do so.

Just as Olivia was wondering what to do, Sam wiped Lyla’s tears and said gently, “Lyla, not only do I not have a father, but I also don’t have a mother. If Godmother hadn’t kindly taken me in, I’d still be on the streets.

“But Lyla, look. You’ve got a mother, an uncle, me, and Mr. Lucas. You’ve got a lot.

“Not everyone can have everything. You don’t understand the adult world yet. Stop making a fuss. You’ll upset your mother.”

Sam was unclear about the past, but he did know that Olivia did not want to acknowledge John.

If they kept this up, things would get ugly.

Ken also pushed John at this time. “Hurry, say something.”

John thought Olivia would acknowledge him when Lyla said so.

Unexpectedly, Olivia was so determined.

It seemed that there was still a long way to go.

John stepped forward, leaned over, and rubbed Lyla’s soft hair. “Sorry, I’m only your mother’s friend.”

With tears still hanging from her long lashes, Lyla looked at him doubtfully. “Uncle, are you really not my father?”

The question made him sad.

He glanced up at Olivia only to get a nasty glare. He could only say with a nod, “Yeah, I’m not.”

“Do you know my father, then?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know him, but I believe your father isn’t a good man, or he wouldn’t have left an adorable girl like you behind.”

Lyla bit her lips aggrievedly. “Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

John felt tightness in his chest.

He thought he would not care much about his daughter before meeting Lyla. However, he realized how lovely the little girl was after meeting her in person.

She was so adorable that he could not bear to lie to her.

Chapter 906

“Mommy, can I stay with you?”

Lyla wiped her tears dry and leaned softly against Olivia’s arms.

Seeing that she stopped making a fuss, Olivia was about to say yes when she heard Sam say, “Lyla, be good. Mommy’s hurt and needs to rest well. Why don’t we go back next door to sleep?”

Lyla looked at the bandage on Olivia’s arm and nodded, “Yeah, okay.”

With that said, she took Olivia’s hand as if afraid that she would fall asleep and wake up never seeing her mother again. “Mommy, you promised you wouldn’t send me away. Don’t lie to me.”

“You’ll wake up and see me tomorrow.”

“Okay!”

Lyla was reluctant to leave, but Sam brought her out.

Ken saw what was going on and also said, “I’ll take the kids back.”

With that said, he turned around and followed them. He also closed the door thoughtfully.

Olivia wanted to ignore John, so she turned her head around to look out the window.

It was already late autumn, and the trees outside were almost bald, leaving only a few withered yellow leaves in the cold wind.

It looked a little desolate.

John slowly sat down at the end of her bed and helped her fix the quilt." Why did you save me?"

Olivia ignored him.

"Olivia, you're still..."

"No, you misunderstand."

"Then why did you save me?"

After a while, Olivia glanced back intently at him and said with a chuckle, "I probably didn't want to feel like I was indebted to you.

"John, since you asked, I'm going to be frank."

With that said, she pressed her lips together. "I almost forgave you a while ago. I even thought of getting back together with you."

There was a flicker of surprise in John's eyes when he heard that. His slender fingers could not help but clenched the quilt.

He was happy she thought of getting back together, but he knew something must have happened afterward.

“Then you pretended to be Mr. M.”

“Olivia...”

Olivia raised her hand to tell him not to speak. “Hear me out.”

“The incident gave me the time to calm down and realize that I forgave you, not because I love you, but because I feel indebted to you.

“I always thought you owed it to me, so I was never touched that you saved me.

“But I...”

She smiled self-deprecatingly. “You know I’m too soft-hearted. I didn’t feel good when you got shot twice because of me. If you did die because of me, wouldn’t I have owed you?”

“I didn’t want that, so I took the blow for you. That way, I won’t feel like I owe you anything again.”

She looked at him calmly after that. “That way, we can call it even, John.”

John’s heart sank instantly, and he felt like he was going to faint.

His head also began to hurt, making it difficult for him to breathe.

However, he suppressed the discomfort. “Olivia, is this what you really think?”

Olivia glanced at him and asked in reply, "Or what? Do you expect me to get back together with you because of these?"

Suddenly, she seemed to think of something. "Oh, John, are you asking why because you met Lyla and want to acknowledge her?"

Before John could speak, she shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I'll never let her acknowledge you. Her father's dead."

"John, for me, the man I loved died four years ago."

John could not bear it any longer. He pulled her into his arms, held the back of her head, and kissed her forcefully.

Chapter 907

'No, I won't admit it!

'We never ended!

'We won't end things!'

John's lips were cold, momentarily stunning Olivia.

She pushed him hard when she snapped back to herself, but the man was so strong that he seemed to want to swallow her up. He held her so tightly that she could not move.

Unable to push him, she bit his lips, and their mouths smelled of rust.

However, John only frowned and deepened the kiss.

It was like tasting sweet dew after a long drought. He was reluctant to give up this rare opportunity.

Sometime later, John finally released her, leaned his head against her neck, and said in a deep voice, "Olivia, you still love me, don't you?"

Olivia pressed her lips together. "No, you're overthinking."

No way. She called him "Johnny" and told him such things. There was no way she did not love him...

John looked up and held her face with both hands. "Olivia, stop torturing me. I can't take it anymore."

Olivia's eyes were indifferent. "That's your business. What does it have to do with me?"

"Olivia."

John took a deep breath. "How long do you plan to get back at me?"

"Ha. Mr. Freeman, your question is funny." Olivia threw her head back and looked at him with contempt. "I will get back at you for the rest of your life because of what you have done in the past. There will never be an end to it. If you're mad and can't handle it, you can also kill me like how you've done in the past."

"Olivia Larson!"

John got mad. "You know that's not what I meant."

"It's impossible for things to work out between us. And leave Lyla alone, or I'll do something."

"Olivia, you're cruel."

"I'm no match for you."

Olivia silently clenched her left hand, digging her nails into the flesh to hide her emotions.

She told herself to never go soft.

She knew what John was asking, and she remembered what she had said.

She also knew better why she tried to block the hit.

However, she would not admit it.

John could do nothing about her. He dared not shout at her or force her to stay with him because he was afraid she would think he had never changed.

He got up, lowered his head, and chuckled. "Olivia, you won. Really."

She was sure of his feelings, obsession, and persistence for her...

There was no way he was letting go.

"Olivia, will you forgive me if I prove that I really am Mr. M one day?"

Olivia froze, clenching her left hand again. She shook her head coldly and firmly. "There's no way that will happen."

Hearing this, John's heart felt like it was stabbed. It was painful.

He made Olivia lose trust in him.

Therefore, it no longer mattered if he was Mr. M because she refused to believe him.

'But Olivia, I really am Mr. M.'

However, he said nothing more, turned around, and walked out.

It was not until the door was closed that Olivia breathed a long sigh of relief and let go of her already stiff left hand.

She raised her hand and touched her chest as she smiled bitterly.

'Olivia, why won't you speak the truth?'

Suddenly, the door was pushed open again. Olivia thought John had returned. She said coldly without turning her head around, "What are you doing here?"

"Olivia, why did you do that?"

Ken frowned. "That's not how you feel at all, right? Otherwise, you wouldn't have blocked it for him. Your excuse is lame.'

Olivia did not want to discuss it with him and said with a sneer, "What about you? You pretend to be clear-headed, but what did you do? Why won't you see Kate? Is it really because of Zy?"

"Fred woke up and wants to see you."

Why? The question was complicated, and he did not want others to know.

Chapter 908

Fred did not hurt his internal organs but had lost so much blood and hurt his bones that he was unconscious for a long time.

He was leaning against the head of the bed with pale lips. He almost got out of bed at the sight of Olivia's bandage on her arm.

"Liv, why are you hurt? Did Dorothy do this?"

Olivia shook her head. "I'm fine. Lie back and don't move. Be careful not to touch your wound."

Not wanting Olivia to worry, Fred could only lay there obediently.

Ken looked at the two. "I'm going to check the test report. You two can talk. N

Olivia glanced at his back suspiciously, feeling something strange.

"Liv, I suspect Dorothy set all this up."

Fred's words brought Olivia back to her senses. She sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "I've been meaning to ask you why you came to Ocean City. Did Dorothy trick you into coming here?"

"No one answered when I called. I tracked you down to find out you've been in the hospital all along."

Fred paused and continued saying, "Just then, I got a phone call saying you were dying and asked Lyla to come back and see you one last time."

Olivia frowned. "No way. I never got a call from you."

"I was skeptical because there are plenty of such scams. So I checked the number and found it to be from the city hospital's emergency room. I had no problem calling from a different number too.

“But I was still worried. I called Ken and Zac but couldn’t get through.”

Fred bit his lip like a child who had done something wrong. “Liv, I’m sorry. I was so worried that something had happened to you that I brought Lyla to Ocean City. I was also so worried that I might have overlooked something. That’s why they found out about us.”

Olivia patted his hand and shook her head, “You’re not to blame. It’s not your fault. Go on. What happened after you got off the plane?”

“I queued for a taxi after getting off the plane, so I didn’t doubt the driver’s identity.”

Fred coughed slightly. “But I noticed something was wrong halfway because he was getting increasingly off the route that it didn’t look like we were going downtown. I thought I could handle one driver.

“I didn’t realize there was a van behind me. As soon as I took care of the driver, a group of people rushed out of the van and dragged me off the car.

I was afraid they’ll scare Lyla, so I covered her face...”

“Then they left you by the roadside and took Lyla away?”

Fred nodded. “Yeah, they knocked Lyla out, so I don’t think Lyla saw anything gruesome.”

With that said, he asked worriedly, “How is Lyla? Did you save her? Is she traumatized?”

“Yeah, I did. Don’t worry. She’s fine, physically and mentally.”

Fred breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s good.”

Olivia was distressed to see the wounds all over his body and the bruises on his face. She reached out to caress his swollen cheek.

“How did you find the bar?”

“They crushed my phone. I couldn’t inform you, nor could I catch up with them. So I drove the taxi to the bar to try my luck. What if... What if you were there?”

Fred smiled. “Even if you weren’t there, I could call the police somewhere, couldn’t I?”

Seeing his smile, a hot tear fell on Fred’s hand.

‘He must have been in a lot of pain...’

Chapter 909

“Liv, I... I’m really fine. I’m strong. I will recover soon.”

Fred panicked and wiped her tears. “Liv, don’t cry. You’re also injured. You need to rest.”

Olivia snuffled and forced a smile. “I’m useless. All I do is cry.”

“Liv, don’t say that. You’re only worried about me.”

“You’re more sensible than the others. You make me seem a little ignorant.”

Olivia forced a smile. “What do you want to eat? I’ll ask Mrs. Simmons to prepare it for you.”

“I’m okay with anything. I’m not picky.”

Fred licked his dry lips. "Liv, what about Dorothy?"

The mention of Dorothy made Olivia furious.

It seemed that the person behind her was powerful.

They could put on such a show that Fred did not find anything unusual. They even arranged the taxi so accurately.

Dorothy could not have executed such a plan alone.

Besides, who found Fred's phone number?

"Liv?"

Seeing that she was silent, Fred lowered his head and called her gently.

"It's okay. Leave Dorothy to me. You should get well first."

Scared that she would be impulsive, Fred grabbed her. "Liv, don't be impulsive. You're already hurt. You're no match for Dorothy."

Olivia sneered. "I owe my injury to her, but she's not much better." She was now a half-cripple with a broken leg and needed crutches.

Once she finished speaking, the culprit appeared at the door.

Dorothy entered the ward in a wheelchair, wheeling it somewhat unskillfully.

Seeing Fred, she sneered. "Wow. He's still alive. I thought he was dead."

Fred was agitated at the sight of her. He immediately tried to get out of bed, but Olivia stopped him.

“Fred, don’t move. Be careful not to hurt your wounds.”

“Liv, she’s here to provoke us again. I can’t stand her.”

“Stay out of it.’

Olivia stood up, looked down at Dorothy’s bandaged leg, and smiled icily,” Does your leg still hurt?”

With that said, she leaned over and pressed hard on the spot where Dorothy was injured with her left hand.

Blood soon soaked the gauze.

“Ah! Phoebe!”

Olivia grabbed her jaw. “Ms. Jameson, you’ve got to be careful with your other leg. Otherwise, you’ll lose both and be in a wheelchair forever.”

“You! Phoebe, don’t you dare!’

Olivia let go of her and said disdainfully, ‘I was scared earlier, but I can do it now. Do you know why?’

Dorothy was stunned for a moment.

Olivia narrowed her eyes and gazed coldly at her. “Because you touched someone you shouldn’t have touched. I told you I wouldn’t go easy on whoever hurt my daughter. Dorothy, you gave me courage.”

“Who do you think you are?” Dorothy was a little scared but still stubbornly provoked her by saying, “You’re only a substitute. You don’t really think John and the rest like you, do you? Phoebe, don’t be ridiculous. Everyone is just helping the dead woman, not you.’

Looking at Dorothy, who thought she was smart, Olivia could not help sneering. “I didn’t say I asked them for help, did I?”

“You’ve failed twice in a row. What are you going to do next?”

“Are you going to send someone to kill me? Or are you going to kidnap someone?”

Dorothy’s heart clenched, suddenly finding herself unable to understand the woman in front of her.

Why did she look so weak when they first met but now looked so forceful and indifferent?

She even looked murderous...

Chapter 910

“Arent you afraid?”

Olivia gazed at her and walked toward the window. “What would I be afraid of? Afraid of death?”

“Everyone is afraid of death.”

Olivia did not deny it and nodded. “Yes, but you have other things that you’re afraid of, don’t you?

Her tone was calm, but this only frightened Dorothy more.

“I heard that Fabian asked you for a divorce?”

Dorothy's expression darkened. "How did you know?"

"Ha, you don't like Fabian, but you're afraid of a divorce because it's embarrassing.

"And you're afraid of people finding out about your history – all the things you've done, and all the men you've slept with."

As she spoke, Olivia looked at her and said with a chuckle, "Dorothy, you're afraid of so many things, and they're all things that are out of your control. That's what makes you so uneasy."

"The person you're working with is probably disappointed in you too. Who knows when they're going to abandon you?

"Do you think the Jameson family will go bankrupt if they lose that person's support? You..."

Olivia deliberately paused. "Could you continue being an heiress? Won't the status and power you long for collapse overnight?"

Dorothy trembled and looked at her in shock.

'How did she see through me so clearly?

'Die! This woman must die!'

Dorothy clenched her fists and said through clenched teeth, "So what?

You're still no match for me. You're surrounded by burdens-your daughter and your brother. Phoebe, do you know what your weakness is?"

Dorothy said with a grin, ' You have people you care about. You care about others too much, so you could never outdo me."

Olivia could not argue with that.

She was right.

The reason Dorothy was able to do so much damage to her four years ago was that Dorothy was heartless—she only cared about herself.

An extremely selfish person could often climb high by stepping on other people.

“Okay, bring it on. I’m waiting.”

Dorothy knew Fred was still around. Even if she were hurt, he would jump at her if she hurt Phoebe.

She hurt her leg and could not fight against two, so she sneered, turned around in her wheelchair, and left.

“Liv, would you like to leave first?”

Olivia turned to look at Fred calmly. “What are you talking about, silly boy? You’re my brother. You’re hurt. Where would I go?”

Still, he was glad to see that Liv was braver than ever.

After leaving the ward, Olivia returned to her room.

She was exhausted, and her throat tasted of rust, probably from a relapse of her lung cancer.

Still, he was glad to see that Liv was braver than ever.

After leaving the ward, Olivia returned to her room.

She was exhausted, and her throat tasted of rust, probably from a relapse of her lung cancer.

She was probably having such volatile moods because she has been so tired lately.

She called Ken before resting.

“Do me a favor. Send some men to protect the children and Fred. I’m worried that Dorothy will go after them again.”

Ken sighed. “Okay, don’t worry. I won’t let anything happen to them in my hospital. You...”

“Did they find out something? Is it a relapse?”

“No, but you might really have a relapse if you keep on doing this. You’d also know if it relapses...”

Olivia pressed her lips together. “I know, so Ken...”

She heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. “If anything happens to me, please take care of my children, my brother, and Mrs. Simmons. I’m not afraid to die. I’m only afraid that no one’s going to take care of

them.”

Ken could not help cursing, “Olivia, that’s enough! Don’t speak like these are your last words. I don’t want to!”

No one wanted to die. Only Olivia lived every day like it was her last.