

G.H Hooked 331

Chapter 331

When Zac walked out of the hospital, he called Wilbur.

“Pick two things about the Jameson family and post about them. Make sure they start to trend.”

“Okay.”

“Then, report the Jameson family anonymously to the Ministry of Auditing and Inspection and say that you suspect them of tax evasion.”

Wilbur was startled. “Mr. Quinton, are you sure you want to do that?”

“Of course. And I won’t stop there. I also want to sue Rainie Jameson for attempted murder.”

After hanging up the call, Zac drove to the Jameson family.

When the butler of the Jameson family saw him, he was stunned for a moment and smiled as he greeted him. “Mr. Quinton, what brings you here? I’ll inform Mr. Jameson that you’re here.”

Zac shook his head. “I’ll go see him now.”

The butler did not dare to say anything as Zac might be his future master, so he led

him into the house.

Gordon was in his study, making calls as he frowned.

John wanted him to look for Rainie and had told him that Freeman Group would halt one collaboration project of theirs for every extra hour he took to find her.

It had been two hours, yet he still could not find Rainie. That left him in an anxious situation.

If this situation continued, the Jameson family would be doomed even if they eventually found her.

“Mr. Jameson.”

Suddenly, he heard the butler knock on the door and shouted, “Why are you disturbing me? Don’t disturb me tonight, no matter what it is!”

“Mr. Jameson, it’s...”

Before the butler could finish his words, Zac pushed open the door and walked in.

“Mr. Jameson, are you going to refuse to see me too?”

Gordon quickly stood up when he saw it was Zac. He forced a smile and said, “Of course not. Mr. Quinton, I welcome your presence with open arms.”

He pointed to the sofa. “Please take a seat.”

The Jameson family was now one of John’s targets, and the only thing which could save him from that was the Quinton family.

However, Zac wanted to break off the marriage agreement, and it made him worry.

To see Zac visiting him made his day, and he would flatter Zac as much as he could.

He waved to the butler and said, "Pour Mr. Quinton a cup of tea."

"It's alright. I'll make this short."

Gorgon's smile faded. After asking the butler to leave, he smiled again and asked, "May I know why you're here this late?"

"Mr. Jameson, do you think that since I don't work in the Quinton Group, I don't have any value within the family, so you take my words for granted?"

"M-Mr. Quinton, what do you

mean?"

Gordon panicked. He had no idea what had happened. How did he offend two big shots?

Zac sneered. "When I broke off the engagement, I warned you to keep an eye on your daughter and not let her cause trouble. Do you still remember that?"

"Yes, of course."

"You remember?" Zac stared at Gordon coldly. "Your daughter is very talented indeed. She's twisted stories, attempted to kill, and even kidnapped someone. She's done everything so well, just like a real criminal.

"You really should make her the successor of the Jameson Group's chairman, so she won't have to lower herself and marry me."

Gordon was so terrified that sweat drenched his forehead, and his face was pale.

He thought about killing Rainie.

“I’ll warn you one last time. I’ve already broken off the engagement. If you fail to control your daughter, I’ll feel like keeping the Jameson Group around would be pretty pointless.”

Before Zac left, he glanced back and said coldly, “You should remember that Olivia is

someone you can’t touch.”

Gordon nodded his head and said nothing more.

Even if Zac and the Quinton family were on bad terms, they still had to go through Zac to get acquainted with the Quinton family.

However, Rainie had offended the two most wealthy families in Ocean City in one day.

Gordon gasped. He would remember all his life that Olivia was not someone he could hurt. Otherwise, he would end up dead.

Meanwhile, Zac ran into Rainie, who was escaping, when he was at the door.

She was so scared that she ran away when she saw him. However, he grabbed her and pulled her back.

“Rainie, you chose this path instead of just living a good life as Ms. Jameson. Just wait. Prison will be your next home.”

Chapter 332

After Zac left, Rainie dialed Dorothy’s number in panic.

However, she called more than ten times, yet it did not go through.

A chill ran down her spine.

Even Zac wanted to kill her. She was doomed. Who else could help her now?

'John or Mom?'

However, because of the news today, Mrs. Jameson had asked her for an explanation and refused to answer her calls later that day.

Rainie wondered if she would have to look for John.

He did not like Olivia, so he might help her.

However, she did not have John's contact.

Wiping the sweat from her forehead, Rainie limped back to the villa. She might have a chance to live if she asked for her Daddy's help.

Once she got into the house, she fell to the ground with her hand on her painful arm. "Daddy, help me."

When Gordon saw her, his expression turned gloomy as he beckoned. "Seize her! Send her away!"

'What?'

"Daddy, why are you sending me away? My arm is dislocated..."

However, Gordon only glared at her. "Serves you right! Take her away!"

Then, he turned around and went upstairs again.

He had to call John quickly to tell him the good news.

The Jameson family had a chance to survive now.

Goron's subordinates dragged Rainie into the car.

It was the longest night of her life for Rainie, and it changed everything.

A day passed. Olivia slowly opened her eyes. However, she had to shut them again because of the intense light.

She saw a blurry figure, but she could not tell who it was.

There was a sharp pain in her head, and a flash of a memory made her involuntarily.

"Sis Liv?"

She tried hard to open her eyes and look in the direction of Zyla's voice.

cry

Olivia opened her dried lips when she saw the worried look on Zyla's face. "Zy?"

"Sis Liv! You're awake!"

Zyla ran outside excitedly and brought Ken back. "Sis Liv has regained consciousness!"

Ken asked Zyla to lift the head of the bed, and he checked Olivia's eyes with a flashlight. "Do you feel any discomfort?"

"My head." Olivia's voice was hoarse, and she touched the back of her head. "My head hurts."

"What else?"

"What else?" Olivia looked at him blankly.

"

Alarmed, Ken asked, "Do you know who we are?"

Olivia glanced at them and nodded. "Zy and Ken. What's the problem? What's wrong with me?"

Ken heaved a sigh of relief. "You hit your head. It caused a concussion."

Zyla hugged Olivia and cried. "You scared me. I thought you would lose your memory and forget about me."

"There, there. Don't cry," Olivia hugged her. "Zy, I'll never forget you, even if I forget everyone else."

Zyla wiped away her tears and bit her lips. "Don't forget me, or I'll cling to you daily."

Olivia smiled. "Okay."

Zyla got up to pour some water for Olivia while Ken had to go back to work after a nurse came looking for him. The ward was quiet again.

The sun shone on the bed, warming the ward. Olivia could not help but look up at the sun and put out her hand to block the glare

She was glad she was still alive.

Not long after, Zac heard the news and rushed over.

“Liv.”

“Zac.”

Zac was relieved to hear her say his name.

It was great that Olivia had not forgotten him.

“I’m sorry. It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have been stubborn and quarreled with John back.

then.”

Olivia shook her head. “It’s not your fault.”

Zac looked at her carefully. “Do you still remember John, then?”

Chapter 333

Olivia blinked her eyes, puzzled, and was about to answer when Mrs. Jameson came rushing in, panting as she pounced onto Olivia’s bed.

“Liv, please save Rainie!”

Olivia was startled and instinctively hugged Zyla.

“What happened to Rainie?”

“She was beaten, taken to the police, and now, she’s probably going to jail.

“I went to visit her in the police station, and she was covered in blood, looking like she was about to die.

“Liv, please help her. Someone framed her!”

Olivia was slightly shocked.

She had no idea how much had happened while she was asleep.

However,...

“Sorry. There’s nothing I can do.”

“Liv.” Mrs. Jameson held her hand and wept as she said, “I’m sure you can do something.”

Olivia’s heart skipped a beat when she saw Mrs. Jameson begging her. She frowned and shook her head.

“Mrs. Jameson, I just woke up. What can I do?”

She was about to pull her arm away, but Mrs. Jameson’s grip grew tighter.

Zac could not stand it anymore and pulled Mrs. Jameson away. “Mrs. Jameson, Liv is the victim here.”

“Zac,” Mrs. Jameson grabbed Zac. “Please save Rainie. She is your fiancée, after all.”

Zac’s eyes turned cold as soon as he heard the word ‘fiancée’. He lifted Mrs.

Jameson from the ground.

“Mrs. Jameson, you and my mother used to be on good terms.

“I’m being polite because I respect you. Don’t blame me for being rude since you don’t want to be respected.”

“Mr. Quinton...”

“If

you push her like this, it will only make her dislike you more and want to avoid you.”

John turned around and looked at Olivia as he said gently, “I’ll make you remember me.”

Then, he released her and walked away.

‘Forgetting me?’

‘Absolutely not!’

However, John felt like there was a new chance now. A chance for Olivia to hate him. less.

Watching John leave, Olivia’s gaze turned cold. She dug her nails deep into her palm and felt sadness surging in her.

She wanted to forget, but even with the concussion, she remembered everything about him.

If she forgot everything, could everything go back to how it was before?

She shook her head. Even if she had forgotten everything, John would not forget to get revenge on her.

Mrs. Jameson visited Olivia again the following day.

Olivia felt uncomfortable when she saw her.

“Mrs. Jameson, you should look for the person who sent her to jail, not me.”

“Liv, I know Rainie did something terrible and she has to be punished, but can you please punisher her with something lighter?”

Olivia frowned. “Rainie is your daughter, but I’m also my mom’s daughter. Do you think I deserved to be bullied?”

Mrs. Jameson did not know what to say to that and stood silently in the ward.

Olivia was upset to see Mrs. Jameson still in her room.

Mrs. Jameson was doing this because Mrs Jameson knew she was kind and would give in.

However, a few minutes later, John walked in wearing a black suit. He only gave Mrs. Jameson a cold glance, making her quickly leave

He turned to Olivia and spoke as gently as possible, “Liv, I’ve brought someone to

see you.”

Olivia said nothing and looked behind him.

Seeing the people behind her, she smiled happily. “Ian?”

Ian placed the fruit basket by Olivia’s table and nodded as he asked, “How are you?”

“I’m fine. How about you, Ian? Are you eating your meals on time?”

“Yes, I am.”

Olivia felt heartbroken when she saw Ian distancing himself from her. She did not notice the change in John’s expression.

‘It’s fake! She’s faking amnesia!

‘It’s impossible for her to remember everyone else except me.

‘So, she wants nothing more to do with me?’

Chapter 334

Olivia finally turned around and looked at John when he flared up.

However, her gaze upon him looked distant and puzzled. “Parson me, sir. Do we know each other?”

Everyone in the room froze upon hearing that.

'Did she lose her memory?'

Zyla was surprised. "Sis Liv, you really don't remember him?"

Olivia shook her head innocently. "Should I remember him?"

A trace of joy flashed across Zyla's face.

Forgetting John meant she had forgotten her painful memories. That was something incredible.

However, John seemed displeased and lifted her chin to look into her eyes.

"Olivia, are you pretending to have amnesia?"

Although he remembered Ken telling him that the potential side effect of a

concussion was amnesia, she remembered everyone else, including Mrs. Jameson. The only person she had forgotten was him.

He refused to believe it.

Olivia frowned. "Sir, I don't know you."

After a few seconds of silence, John looked disappointed and said coldly, "I'm your

husband."

"Husband?"

Olivia tugged Zyla's sleeve and asked, "Zy, is he really my husband?"

Zyla looked at John and said, "He was once your husband."

John stared at Zyla coldly. "Zyla, don't mislead her."

With that, he pulled Olivia's wrist, wanting to drag her out of the ward. However, Zac stopped him.

"John, let go."

"Get out of the way!"

"If

you push her like this, it will only make her dislike you more and want to avoid you."

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'So, she wants nothing more to do with me?'

Chapter 335

To avoid John seeing through her act, she intentionally asked Ian about his school and life.

Ian approached and observed her. "Last time, you cooked a delicious beef salad. When will you cook it for me again?"

“Last time?” Olivia pretended not to remember and held his hand excitedly. “Ian, the last time I made you the beef salad was two years ago. Do you still remember that?”

Ian quickly pulled away his hand doubtfully. “I’m talking about last month. It’s alright

you don’t want to make me that again.”

if

“Of course I do,” With tears in her eyes, Olivia forced a smile and said, “I’ll cook for you whenever you want to eat.”

“You really don’t remember?”

Ian pointed at John. “Last month, you went to see me at the Larson’s residence. John was there too.”

‘Oh. They were testing her memory.’

Olivia shook her head. “I don’t know him. Do you live with him? Has he looked after you for two years?”

With that, she looked at John and smiled. “Thank you for taking care of Ian.”

That smile made John feel confused.

‘She really doesn’t remember?’

He knew Olivia would never smile at him or thank him.

However, he did not know why he felt like it was a forced smile.

Did it mean he was not even a replacement for her first love if she had forgotten him?

John's gaze turned gloomy, and he dragged Ian out of the room.

"John, what are you doing?"

"That's all for today. Let's go."

"Oh, okay," John said.

Ian had been reluctant to visit, so he did not mind leaving so soon. He followed John out.

Listening to their leaving footsteps, Olivia drooped her eyes and bit her lips as tears dripped onto the blanket.

She hated him so much. To continue faking her amnesia, she had actually smiled to thank him.

How ridiculous!

Ian would not hate her if not for him.

She and Ian had been brother and sister for years, but they were now strangers after these past two years.

Olivia could not understand why she hated John so much, yet she could not forget him.

She hoped they would not test her again, or she might lose control.

It was better if they could just stay away from each other.

In the evening, Olivia asked about Zac's injury, and Zyla explained everything that had happened.

"But Sis Liv, I wasn't there and did not know what happened.

"By the time I saw him, he was holding you from the elevator with his hands covered in blood."

Olivia frowned and took a sip of water. "Where did Rainie want to take me after knocking me off?"

Zyla shook her head. "I don't know. Mr. Quinton refused to say. I'm sure it wasn't a good place."

Olivia had guessed that.

However, she did not expect Rainie would hate her so deeply.

She should not have gotten involved in the Jameson family's affair.

"Zy, let's get discharged now."

"Discharged?" Zyla was dumbfounded "Sis Liv, you just regained consciousness and need rest"

Olivia took the bracelet out of her bag and pursed her lips. "Zy, bring Ken here."

"Oh, okay."

After Zyla left, she took out a paper and wrote a letter. Then, she wrapped the bracelet with it.

When Ken arrived, she gave him both.

"Ken, give this to Mrs. Jameson if she comes tomorrow.

"Don't tell anyone about my discharge from the hospital."

Then, Olivia left silently with Zyla through the stairwell.

She wanted nothing more to do with the Jamesons, and she did not want to get herself killed

Only many years later would she learn that some things were destined from the beginning, and she could not escape it.

Chapter 336

After dropping Ian off, John got frustrated and drove to The King's Club.

John was tipsy when Ken pushed the door open and walked in.

Watching him downing drink after drink, Ken snapped, "If you have time for a drink, you might as well get therapy."

“So what if I remember? She forgot.”

With that said, John pushed the glass to Ken, narrowed his eyes, and asked, “She remembers all of you except me. Is she pretending?”

“Not necessarily. The human brain forgets selectively. She’ll forget the person who hurts her the most.”

‘The person who hurt her the most...’

John threw his head back as he took a swig of wine. Then he lit a cigarette and immersed himself in the thick smoke.

After a long silence, he said hoarsely, “What about the person you love the most? Will she forget?”

The first love she loved for 17 years.

The thought of Aaron filled him with anger, and he put out his cigarette.

‘She likes Aaron so much.

‘Alright, I’m gonna ruin the Summers family!’

Ken looked on with mixed feelings and did not know what to say.

Love became hate. The one who hated the most was also the one who loved the

most.

She chose to forget John, enough to show that she loved John the most. However, why did this man pay so much attention to small details?

“John, I don’t know what misunderstanding you and Liv have.

“But, as far as I know, she’s not the kind of woman who marries randomly.

“She married you, bore your children twice, and gave her life to keep your babies. Who do you think she loves?

“Olivia had so many suitors back then, but she never even looked at them.

“How could she find any random man?”

John scoffed. “You don’t know her well enough.”

Come to think of it, what could he do even if she was faking it?

Suddenly, he grabbed Ken. “I’ll accept therapy, starting tomorrow.”

Ken froze in disbelief. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah.”

Even if she wanted to forget him, he wanted to know what memories he lost.

At 10 p.m., Olivia was getting ready for bed when her phone rang suddenly.

She froze at the sight of words on the screen.

‘What is he going to say if I answer it?

'If I don't answer it, will it blow my cover again?'

Just as she was in a daze, Zyla came over, glanced at the screen, and snapped, "Sis Liv, don't answer it. The lunatic's probably going to cause trouble again."

Olivia looked up at her and asked blankly, "Zy, do you believe I've forgotten him?"

Hearing the words, Zyla paused and looked over in shock. "Sis Liv, what are you. talking about?"

"Zy." She smiled wryly as tears rolled down her cheeks. "I didn't forget. I didn't lose my memory. I remember everything.

"Why? Why didn't I forget when I tried so hard to forget?"

She beat her head as she cried, "Why?"

Shocked out of her wits, Zyla immediately grabbed her hand, held her in her arms, and comforted softly, "Don't push yourself, okay? We can't control our memory."

Yes, they could not control it.

Therefore, her head was still full of love and hate for John.

However, she was suffering. It was so hard.

Could he not show up again and give her time to forget?

Exhausted from crying, Olivia picked up her phone and saw a dozen missed calls on

it, and her chest felt stuffy.

While she was deep in thought, there was another phone call.

She could not escape it after all, so she picked it up

“Liv, if you forgot me, how about we start over?”

Chapter 337

‘Start over?’

Olivia covered her mouth and cried silently.

Why? The man was always like this. Once he got drunk, it was as if nothing had happened.

They could not go back.

She hated John for his ruthlessness, stupidity, indifference, and imprisoning her.

He once said he refused to divorce just so he could keep her around and torture her repeatedly.

It was never for love.

‘Start over? Is he trying to fool me again?’

‘But Johnny, I won’t fall for it this time.’

“Liv?”

The sound of his voice on the other end of the phone made Olivia's heart shudder with pain.

Fighting back the tears, she bit her lip and said, "Mr. Freeman, since I've forgotten, we might as well end things here."

Once she finished, she heard heavy breathing on the other end of the line.

After a while, John said coldly, "No. No, Liv. We can't end things."

Olivia's breathing paused, and her lungs hurt.

"Mr. Freeman, we didn't have a good past. Why continue?"

He said through gritted teeth, "Olivia, are you trying to get Aaron with this?"

She exhaled and said tearfully with a bitter smile, "Yeah, yes. I'm going to find him. After all, we were a mistake from the beginning."

With that said, she hung up.

She was afraid that if they continued talking, John would ruthlessly expose her.

Olivia thought she was a terrible actor, but John believed her, which was considered a good thing.

Sometimes, she did not know what was wrong with her.

Why hesitate when she should be hating him?

While Olivia was recuperating, she and Zyla had almost all of their meals delivered to them.

It was either food Ken brought or food Zac cooked. They had a pleasant time.

No one talked about the past.

It was as if Dorothy and John never existed.

John did not call again after that night. It was as if he had accepted it.

It went on for half a month until John called again one afternoon.

Olivia was hesitant to answer the phone, but thinking it was daytime and he would not be drinking or talking nonsense, she answered it.

“Hello.”

“Go to Ocean City No.1 Junior High School.”

Olivia was confused. “What are we doing there?”

“Ian’s in trouble. I’m stuck in a meeting. Go check it out.”

“What? Ian’s in trouble? Do you know what happened? I’ll go now.”

Olivia did not have time to think. She hung up, grabbed her coat, and hurried out the door.

What happened to Ian at school?

She was distraught, urging the taxi driver to hurry up and texting Zyla where she was going.

“Miss, you’re going to a school, not the hospital. What’s the hurry?”

“Something happened to my brother at school, Sir. Please hurry. I’m worried.”

Zyla happened to go to the hospital for a follow-up today, so she was not at home, or she would not have taken a taxi.

The taxi driver pretended to speed up, but he dared not go over the speed limit.

As soon as she got to Ocean City No 1 Junior High School, Olivia gave 100 dollars and hurried off the car.

However, she was stopped by security at the door. “Register yourself. Who are you looking for?”

“Ian Larson.”

“What year and what class is he in?”

That question left her puzzled.

It was her first time in Ian’s school. She did not even know what grade or class he was in. She was so anxious that she stomped at the door.

She tried to get the security guard to make an exception but was too frightened by the fierce look in his eyes to speak.

She had no choice but to call John.

She tried to call but could not get through.

Olivia had to hang up and call again, but still no answer.

It made Olivia panic. Her hair stuck on her forehead with sweat, and her little face reddened, making her look angry.

“What do you have to do with Ian Larson, Miss? Do you not know what class he’s in?”

Olivia bit her lip and apologized while on the phone. “I’m sorry. I’m his sister. We haven’t seen each other for two years.”

The security guard glanced dismissively at her. “You haven’t met for two years. I doubt your identity.”

Just then, the call finally came through.

“What’s the matter?”

“John, what year and class is Ian in? Can you tell his homeroom teacher that I’m at the entrance, and the security guard won’t let me in?”

Hearing Olivia’s anxious voice, John was secretly happy. He smiled and said, “Call me Darling and beg me.”

Olivia froze as if she had heard him wrong. “What did you say?”

There was a silence on the other end of the line as if hinting at her. ‘You heard me.

Stop pretending.’

She bit her lip for a moment. "Does it have to be this way?"

When they were lovey-dovey two years ago, she would hold his arm and call him Darling" every time she was affectionate.

Strangely enough, he happily agreed to everything as soon as she called him "Darling

".

However, the word she had not uttered for almost two years had become a mouthful.

"I'll hang up if you're not going to speak."

The man on the other end of the line urged her relentlessly.

Olivia tugged at the corners of her mouth, gritted her teeth, and shouted bitterly, "Dar... Darling, help me."

John smiled slightly, but his voice remained cold. "You failed. Try again."

He liked feeling wanted by her.

It made him feel a little better.

Olivia rolled her eyes. The man was only giving her a hard time.

However, when she looked up at the security guard's interrogative gaze, she

softened her voice and whispered into the phone. "Darling, help me, okay? Ian is still waiting inside."

"Year 3 Class 1."

"Okay, I'll go there now."

Just as Olivia was about to hang up, John reminded her by saying, "Use the right appellation to address me when you beg me next time."

"Got it."

After hanging up, Olivia looked at the security guard. "I'm looking for Year 3 Class 1's Ian Larson."

The guard seemed to recognize her embarrassment and nodded. "Okay, go in. It's on the fifth floor of the first building. Care more about your relatives from now on."

"Thank you. Thank you."

Olivia immediately rushed over, worried.

She knew how Ian was and was afraid of him getting into a fight and getting hurt.

On the fifth floor, she heard a high-pitched voice coming from the office next to her before she could find the place.

"Ms. York, this must be dealt with severely. You must punish Ian Larson somehow!"

"Mrs. Yeager, they're already in Year 3. We can't punish the child."

“What do you mean by that? Look at the wounds on my child’s body and face. Do you know that my son is joining the entertainment industry someday?”

“Well...”

Olivia stood at the door and knocked gently. “Excuse me. I’m Ian Larson’s sister.”

Hearing the sound, everyone looked over. The moment they saw her, their expressions changed instantly.

The homeroom teacher, Ms. York got up immediately. “You’re Ian’s sister? I haven’t seen you before”

“Sorry, I wasn’t in Ocean City.”

“Well, the two kids fought and got injured, so...”

Before Ms. York could finish, Mrs. Yeager rushed over, grabbed Olivia, and pushed her forward.

“Look, is this how the Larson family teaches manners? Call your mother here if there’s no other choice!”

Chapter 339

Olivia, who was already weak, staggered with such force that she hit her stomach on the corner of the desk.

“Hsss.”

She gasped in pain and leaned painfully against the desk, clutching her stomach.

Ian, who had been silent, suddenly rushed up and pushed Mrs. Yeager away, yelling, "What are you saying? Why did you bring up my mother?"

Mrs. Yeager frowned. "Your mother didn't even come after such a serious incident. I can tell that the Larson family has no manners!"

"Say it again!"

The fact that his mother died after he was born was Ian's sore spot.

He had Olivia protecting him earlier, so he was fine.

However, his sister disappeared two years ago, and his father died. He lost everything all of a sudden.

He even felt like a sinner in the Larson family for a while.

"Say one more word, and I'll kill you!"

Annoyed, Mrs. Yeager raised her hand to hit Ian.

"Since you don't have parents, I will teach you a lesson for them today. What..."

Slap. There was a slap on the face.

However, it was not Ian's but Olivia's.

Everyone was stunned, probably not expecting Olivia to get slapped.

Then a gush of blood poured from Olivia's throat. Unable to resist it, she turned her head and vomited on the floor.

It frightened Mrs. Yeager, who took a step back and explained hurriedly.

"I didn't hit her. She came over herself."

Ms. York asked quickly. "Ms. Larson, how are you? Shall we go to the hospital?"

Olivia waved her hand, took out a tissue, and wiped the corners of her mouth. "No, let's settle things here first."

"Really?"

Ms. York was still a little worried. After all, she vomited blood.

Olivia smiled. "Really. Let's deal with the children first."

"Okay, okay." Not daring to delay any longer, Ms. York wiped the blood on the floor before standing aside and biting her lip. "Let's keep this quiet. Shall we, Mrs. Yeager?"

Mrs. Yeager was the one who refused to let go, but now that Olivia had vomited blood, she would probably back down.

However, Mrs. Yeager sat on the couch and pointed to her son's leg in a cast. "Don't even think about it. Who knows if you faked that blood?"

"Mrs. Yeager, well..."

Olivia stopped Ms. York and glanced at Zack's wound. Then he turned to look at Ian standing nearby with his eyes glazed over.

Zack had a scar on his face, and his leg was in a cast, which looked serious.

Ian's face and arms were covered in blood, but his face was cold as if it did not matter.

Olivia looked at Zack. "Zack, let me ask you why did you fight? Did you really hurt your leg because of Ian?"

"Hey, what do you mean by that?"

Mrs. Yeager took offense and glared at Olivia.

However, Olivia was not afraid of the look in her eyes. She gazed coldly at her. "Mrs. Yeager, I want to know how this started. Ian will never hit someone for no reason."

"Who do you think you are..."

"I'm his sister, and I've brought him up. Shouldn't I know better than you what my brother is like?"

"..."

"You're an adult and a mother. Please set yourself as an example, or I fear your child will follow your bad example."

"You!"

Mrs. Yeager got up and looked at Olivia with a ferocious expression as if she were going to hit someone.

Suddenly, Ian, standing next to Olivia, raised his hand to protect her behind him and looked coldly at Mrs. Yeager.

“Are you going to hit someone again? Do it again, and I’ll break your son’s other leg.”

Chapter 340

“You! You!”

Mrs. Yeager sat down on the ground and began to cry. “You’re unreasonable. You’re bullies.”

She looked like a victim, and even Zayn could not stand it.

“Mom, stop it.”

Adolescents took their pride seriously, so Zayn could not stand it. He snapped, “I called Ian an orphan. He has no parents.”

Once he finished speaking, his mother’s gaze shocked him, so he quickly said, “But I

didn’t do it. Ian started it!”

‘An orphan? No parents?’

The words cut Olivia to the core. If it were not for Dorothy, the Larson family would not turn out this way.

Ian would not be called an orphan too!

“You’re lying! What you said was worse than that!”

Ian suddenly pointed at him and shouted, "What you said deserves a beating. Even beating you up was a light punishment."

"What did you say?"

Mrs. Yeager got up from the ground, shielded her son, and snapped, "Ms. Larson, my son is going to be in the entertainment industry. He has hurt his leg and ruined his face. You must pay for it!"

"Ian is getting a demerit. And you have to compensate me with a million dollars!"

"Give me a demerit if you dare. I'll beat you again next time!"

Olivia stopped Ian and snapped quietly, "Ian, shut up!"

"You're weak. You won't say anything even if you're bullied. I won't be like you."

Ian shook off her hand and rushed out of the office.

"Ian!"

Olivia was worried about Ian, but she could not leave him alone, so she looked coldly at Mrs. Yeager.

"Mrs. Yeager, don't worry. Your son won't be able to join the

entertainment industry. You're committing blackmail by asking for one million dollars. Wait until you hear from my lawyer!"

"What?"

Mrs. Yeager wanted to catch up with Olivia, but she had followed Ian out of the

office.

It left Ms. York confused. What could she do?

The Yeager family had some money in Ocean City too. She had no idea how to handle this.

Olivia chased Ian out of the school, but Ian did not stop, no matter how much she shouted.

“Ian! Stop running. I can’t catch up with you.”

She had terminal lung cancer and was no match for an adolescent.

She was soon out of breath, and the smell of iron filled her throat, making it harder for her to breathe and even nauseous.

She did not even have time to watch out for the cars when crossing the street.

Suddenly a car came to a screeching stop in front of Olivia, causing her legs to go limp, and she fell to the ground.

The driver poked his head out and swore, “Can’t you watch before crossing the road? Are you trying to con someone?”

Shocked, Olivia’s lungs twitched, and she coughed violently. She was too dizzy to stand up.

People around her had no idea what happened, so no one dared to help.

“Medicine...”

Olivia leaned weakly against the car front, trying to find the pills in her bag, but her hands trembled uncontrollably, and she could not find them.

Just then, someone pushed through the crowd and walked up to her. They put her arm over their shoulder and apologized to the driver. “Sorry, my sister’s not feeling well.”

There was nothing the driver could say, so he shouted, “Be careful next time.”

Ian helped Olivia to a nearby park bench and rummaged through her bag looking for the medicine. He saw a bottle and pulled it out, asking, “Is it this one?”

“Yeah, one will do. Cough cough...”

Ian immediately gave her one before saying with a frown, “I’m going to get some water. Wait here.”

Looking at his back, Olivia smiled.

He was still the brother who cared about her. He had never changed.