

G.H Hooked 361

Chapter 361

“I’m not going.”

Olivia rejected John without hesitation.

The man on the other end of the line was silent for a moment before he chuckled gently. “I’ll come to pick

you up.”

She frowned. She was a little frustrated. “John Freeman, who do you think I am? Just because you want me to, I should drop everything I’m doing and go? I’m not going!”

“Don’t you want to see Aaron Summers?”

Aaron?

Olivia’s face darkened. What did this man want this time?

What did this have to do with Aaron?

Also, there was nothing going on between him and her, so why did John keep bringing him up?

“Did you forget what I said? Aaron Summer’s life is still in my hands.”

Another threat?

Olivia snickered coldly. "Just kill him, then."

Right after that, Olivia hung up.

What she did not expect was for Dorothy to call her not long after that.

"I'm back, Olivia Larson."

"You don't have to specially inform me."

Dorothy laughed. "Why shouldn't I? I'm with Johnny right now. He's showering at the moment. Here, listen!"

Olivia immediately heard the sounds of water sloshing.

Her heart ached suddenly. She might have already gotten used to all this, but she still could not remain calm.

"Now that I'm back, Olivia, I won't let you go this time. You wait and see."

After hanging up the phone, Olivia stood rooted to the spot, a little emotional. Her chest felt heavy with emotions.

As she turned, she saw the bags by the door and got up to walk toward them.

After staring at them for a long time, Olivia suddenly spoke. "Zy, let's go to the party tonight."

“Huh? Do you want to go?”

“Yeah, I do. I want to see what Dorothy Ellis has up her sleeve.”

“But...”

Zyla wanted to talk her out of it, but when her gaze fell onto the bags of clothes Ken brought over, she changed her mind. “Okay. We’ll go together, then.”

It was six o’clock in the evening. Olivia received a call from Ken.

“Are you done changing, Liv?”

Olivia was stunned for a while. “Yeah, I am. Where’s John?”

“Err, he said there were still some things he had to get done in the office, so he sent me to come to get you. Come down, please. I’m here.”

Olivia’s fingernails were buried deep in her flesh. She answered through gritted teeth, “Okay.”

He had indeed not shown up.

After Olivia and Zyla made their way downstairs, they saw Ken leaning by his car, dressed in a grey suit.

When he saw Zyla, he was flabbergasted. “You’re going too, Zyla?”

“What, can’t I come too?”

“Of course you can! It’s a coincidence that I don’t have a plus one tonight, so you’ll have to sacrifice yourself as my plus one tonight. You don’t mind it, right?”

Zyla rolled her eyes at Ken and said, “I do mind. But for Sis Liv, I’ll do it.”

Ken smiled as he looked at the dress Zyla was wearing.

It was the dress he bought her as an apology. It was the first time he had ever seen her in a dress.

“You look nice in that dress.”

Zyla huffed coldly, linked her arm with Olivia’s, and entered the car.

“Did you plan for this from the beginning, Ken Lucas?”

Ken laughed humorlessly after Olivia had exposed him. “Where would I get the courage from? I’m still a sinner right now...”

Olivia lowered her head and stopped speaking.

There was once when John courted her like this too, but that was in the past.

After they had arrived at the hotel, the three of them got out of the car. Ken scanned the surroundings and said, “Liv, Johnny should be arriving soon. Let’s wait for him inside.”

Olivia nodded, took Zyla’s hand, and was about to enter the hotel when someone beside her spoke. “Look there! Quick! That’s Mr. Freeman’s car!”

“So many high-profile peeps are here at this party! I heard the Quintons are coming as well.”

“The Quintons? I heard that the Freemans and the Quintons aren’t on good terms right now. Is it true?”

Even if Olivia knew that she should not give care, she still stopped to turn around.

However, a woman instantly stepped out of a Maybach that Olivia was familiar with.

This was the woman that Olivia would recognize anywhere, even if she was burned to ashes.

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Olivia’s heart felt like it had been stabbed and cold air was flooding the open wound, causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

She just stood in place, watching as John adjusted Dorothy’s dress hem and waited for her to link her arm through his and walk towards Olivia.

Was this the clearing of air he had mentioned?

Coincidentally, Dorothy lifted her head, looked at Olivia, and leaned onto John. Then, she smiled at Olivia smugly.

Zyla glared at Dorothy and John coldly and yanked Olivia into the ballroom.

“Jerk! B*stard! He’s looking for trouble, isn’t he?”

Zyla turned abruptly to Ken and glared daggers at him. “Ken Lucas! Did you know about this? Did you do it on purpose?”

Ken was about to cry. He swore in his heart to never do John any favors again from now on!

John was not worth it!

He had tricked him. Again!

"I really didn't know. Maybe he has his own reasoning...."

Zyla scoffed coldly. "Ken Lucas, don't you think your explanation makes you sound really guilty?"

Of course Ken knew! However, what else was he supposed to say?

"Forget it." Olivia tugged Zyla's hand. "I think Ken was tricked."

Ken nodded immediately. "Yes! I was tricked! Damn it!"

Sadly, Zyla did not buy it. She tugged Olivia by the hand and walked towards the bar area. "You hungry, Sis Liv? Let's go have some cake."

Olivia's chest was heavy and uncomfortable, so she grabbed a glass of alcohol and downed it immediately.

That got Zyla really worried. She said, "Sis Liv, let's go for a walk, shall we?"

"Why should we go for a walk? We're not done watching the drama yet, so why should we leave?"

Olivia's nails dug deep into her palm. She suppressed her emotions and downed another glass.

Her heart was in pieces.

Why, Olivia, why?

'For you to be sad over a jerk like that... Don't you think that you're just too pathetic?' she thought.

Suddenly, she realized that hatred was the root of all of this.

If there was no hate, would that mean that there was no longer any love either?

She tugged on Zyla's hand and smiled. "Zy, if I no longer hate him, does that mean I won't have to suffer anymore?"

Zyla paused for a moment, hugged her, and replied gently. "Give it some time, Sis Liv. One day, even when he kneels down to beg you for forgiveness, you won't feel anything anymore."

Right after that, they saw Dorothy sashay her way toward them.

"Tsk, Olivia Larson, why are you even here? Johnny probably didn't even invite you, right?"

Zyla glared coldly at Dorothy and said, "Yo, and here I was wondering who was yapping away. Hello, Mistress Dorothy! Long time no see!"

"You! You're toying with death! How dare a person as lowly as you come to an event like this?"

Zyla's words got sharper after she saw how furiously red Dorothy had become.

"No, wait. To call you a mistress is an insult to all mistresses. You're not worthy of being called a mistress at all."

"You!"

Dorothy lifted her hand and was about to slap Zyla when she grabbed her hand in midair. "You're a snake. Sis Liv was so good to you, and this is how you repay her?"

“Let go of me!” Dorothy’s face was contorted with rage.

“Let go?” Zyla snickered. “Sure!”

Immediately, she threw a glass of red wine into Dorothy’s face.

Before she could react, Zyla grabbed another glass and threw it at her face again.

Then, a resounding slap landed on Dorothy’s face. “Dorothy Ellis, I advice you to stop bullying Sis Liv, or you’ll get it from me!”

Dorothy was panicking. She lost her composure as she shrieked, “Zyla Jones, I...!”

Suddenly, a deep voice rang out. “What’s going on here?”

Dorothy immediately retracted her contorted expression and looked carefully at John. Then, she cried, “Save me, Johnny! She threw wine in my face, and she slapped me...”

As Zyla watched how protective John was over Dorothy, she pulled Olivia behind her and yelled, “You’re a b*tch, and you’re a b*stard! What a match made in heaven!”

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John’s face immediately went dark and gloomy. A storm was brewing in his eyes, almost like they were going to explode soon.

Olivia was quick to push Zyla into Ken’s arms. “Take her away.”

“Sis Liv!”

Zyla was unwilling, but Olivia glared at her and ordered Ken. "Ken Lucas, take her away quickly now."

Ken did not dare to disobey her, so he yanked Zyla's hand and headed out.

On the flip side, Olivia's hands were balled into fists as she spat coldly, "John Freeman, this has nothing to do with Zyla. Dorothy was the one that was going to hit her."

"Johnny, my face hurts."

Dorothy pulled at John coquettishly and said, "Johnny, they've got me looking like this now. How am I supposed to join the party?"

John removed Dorothy's hands silently and replied stoically, "Go find Wes for a change of clothes."

Dorothy saw that John had no means of avenging her, so she cried, "Johnny, you brought me here, so if they hit me, it means that they're hitting you by extension, right? Also, there are so many watching eyes..."

John glared at her apathetically and said in a low voice, "Dorothy Ellis, don't test my patience."

Dorothy sniffled, turned around, and went to look for Wes.

She was clear that John was not entirely trusting of her yet, so she could not push his limits, since if she angered him, it would be detrimental.

However, to Olivia, this scene looked more like John flirting with his little mistress and her scoffing and snickering.

"Why are you being so publicly nice to me today, Mr. Freeman?"

If this was before, he would have immediately exploded and gotten her to kneel before Dorothy as a sign

of apology.

He was really acting a little low-key today.

John frowned. "Olivia Larson, don't say things so snidely."

"How could I dare to? You're the one with the ultimate power, Mr. Freeman. You could one day just finish me off silently."

Right after that, Olivia chuckled. "Oh, right, I understand now. You did mention that my purpose in coming here today was to clear the air around our marriage, right, Mr. Freeman?"

"You're such a brilliant businessman indeed."

Those few sentences from Olivia had John fuming with rage. He pulled her hand and said, "I'm not as despicable as you claim I am."

Olivia flung his hand away. "In my eyes, you're exactly that despicable."

John's heart ached all of a sudden as he stared at the woman before him.

His tone softened since he was the one that broke his word to her. "It was an accident today. It won't happen again."

"You don't have to explain since I don't remember you anyway."

A dash of sadness flashed in John's eyes as he pulled her into his arms. He said coldly, "Olivia Larson. You did not forget, and I know that."

Olivia trembled when she heard that, then, she turned and smiled at John. "Does it matter whether I remember or not?"

"Yes."

"If I forget, it means that you're just a stranger to me. On the other hand, if I remember, it means that I hate you."

Ever since they made the first step onto the wrong path, they passed the point of no return between them.

If she could forgive that, it would really be too insulting to her love..

She did not want to insult her love.

At that moment, a middle-aged man walked toward them. "Johnny, I have some business to discuss with Ms. Larson right here. May I borrow her for a while?"

John turned to address him. "Hello, Uncle Quinton."

The man asked once more, "May 17"

"What are you gonna talk about?"

"Just some personal businesses."

Olivia looked closely at the man who was wearing a black suit with golden-framed glasses. He looked sophisticated and gentle.

He had an aura somewhat similar to Zac's and the looks to match.

After putting two and two together after hearing the way John addressed the man, Olivia asked, "Are you Mr. Quinton's father?"

Jimmy extended his hand and said, "Good day, Ms. Larson. I'm Jimmy Quinton, Zac's father."

"What would you like to talk to me about?"

"It's about my son."

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About Zac?

Olivia had known Zac for such a long time, and he had never once talked about his father, so she guessed that they were not on that good of terms.

For Zac's father to come looking for her like this, it surely could not be anything good.

This had Olivia worried for Zac.

She pushed John away and said, "Mr. Quinton, if I have the answers to whatever you may ask, I will tell you everything."

John hung onto Olivia once more and said to Jimmy, "Don't make things difficult for her, Uncle Quinton."

Jimmy chuckled and said, "What is it you're saying? Could your Uncle Quinton really bully your wife?" John did not reply to that and merely let go of Olivia's hand. Looking at the backs of Jimmy and Olivia, who were walking away, he could not help but frown.

As Jimmy and Olivia walked onto the balcony, Jimmy handed Olivia a glass of wine. "Ms. Larson, I heard you've gotten very close to Zac as of late, right?"

She took the glass of wine from him but did not drink it. She nodded and replied, "Yes. Mr. Quinton is a good man."

"You should know that Zac has a marriage arrangement with the Jamesons, right?"

Olivia frowned. "I'm aware."

"Zac has been a disobedient boy since he was young, and now that he's older, he's even more opinionated now. He refuses to work at Quinton Group so much, it's like it'll kill him if he does. He insisted on going out there to open some law firm."

Jimmy sighed and continued. "But he's my only son. If I don't pass on this huge family inheritance to him, who else can I pass it on to?"

Olivia noticed that he had some hidden meaning between his words. "Mr. Quinton, if you don't mind, please just get to the point."

"You don't have to be so courteous with me, Ms. Larson. You are Zac's friend, so you can just call me Uncle Quinton."

"Uncle Quinton, please just get to the point."

"Please help me persuade Zac to come home. Will you?"

Olivia observed Jimmy. Even though there was a trace of worry in his eyes, it did not look like a father missing his child.

"Uncle Quinton, I don't think I can be of any help regarding the situation between you and Zac."

“Liv.” Jimmy looked at her and pushed his glasses up. “The marriage arrangement between him and the Jamesons was decided a long time ago. Please try to convince him to not be so stubborn.”

The marriage arrangement with the Jamesons?

The purpose of Zac’s father meeting her today was so she could persuade him to adhere to the arranged marriage?

Rainie Jameson was already heading to prison. The arranged marriage was still going to take place?

Olivia was slightly unhappy about it. “Uncle Quinton, times are different now. Freedom to love whomever you want is important for marriages nowadays.”

“Freedom to love?” Jimmy looked at Olivia and narrowed his eyes like a sly old fox. “Liv, you and Johnny are the result of freedom to love, and in the end, it’s still a sh*tshow, isn’t it?”

“He has another woman outside of marriage, and you have another man as well.

“Yes, arranged marriages don’t get love involved, but at least they won’t hurt each other. Even after Zac marries Rainie, he can still stay with you, no?”

Olivia was stunned to the spot.

Was this really what this father had to say for his son?

Was this really what this high-profile elderly person had to say to a member of the younger generation like

her?

What an insult it was to the word 'sophisticated!!

"Mr. Quinton, Zac and I are just friends. We didn't commit adultery."

He was unphased. "Maybe not now, but what about the future? Can you guarantee that?"

"What about you, Mr. Quinton? Do you have another woman outside of marriage as well?"

"No man is loyal. Just look at John Freeman, and you'll know. At the time..."

Before Jimmy could finish, Olivia could not take it anymore. "Mr. Quinton, even if you're that kind of person, it doesn't mean that everyone's the same as you are. I finally understand why Zac doesn't have a good relationship with you. If I were him, I'd be ashamed of you too! You hypocrite!

"How dare you treat your child like an object? For you to come up with all these abnormal sayings just to justify you exchanging him for benefits! You've opened my eyes to a whole new world today.

"Also, have you forgotten that Rainie Jameson is still in prison? You'd be practically ruining Zac's life!"

Jimmy looked sinisterly at Olivia and said, "Olivia Larson, don't you forget that the Larsons are bankrupt. Are you sure you want to anger me?"

Before Olivia could respond, she was pulled into an embrace.

"She's my wife. Are you sure you want to touch her, Uncle Quinton?"

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Jimmy's face contorted into a grim, mocking smile. "I'm helping you, Johnny."

"You don't have to worry about me, Uncle Quinton."

Immediately after, John took Olivia's hand and led her to the other side of the building.

"How many times have I told you to leave Zac alone, Olivia Larson? Why won't you listen?"

Olivia flung his hand away and smirked coldly. "If it wasn't for Zac, I would've died so many times already."

"Jimmy Quinton isn't someone you can afford to anger.

"Yes, I can't afford it." She stared at him. "I can't afford to anger you as well. I'm just a weak, powerless woman. I can't afford to anger anyone."

"Olivia Larson!" He grabbed her wrist with strong might and barked coldly, "Do you not know how to listen to instructions on what's best for you?"

She felt elated as she watched John fume with rage.

"How I see it, no matter how much of a trash bag Jimmy Quinton is, he's no match for you!"

Olivia flung hard to get John to release her, but it was to no avail. She got frustrated and yelled, "Let go!" "Me? Trash?"

John pinched Olivia's chin tight and swooped in with a kiss.

Watching her blow her top like an angry, hissing cat, John chuckled coldly. "You're never ever going to escape the palm of my hand, so why do you have to try to go against me all the time?"

Olivia glared at John spitefully, her teeth gritted. "John Freeman, you're nuts!"

“You were still pretending to be gentle, sweet, and the perfect husband just a week ago, so why don’t you continue that act of yours right now? Were your true colors exposed once more? Did Dorothy get you to take off your mask?”

Before John could respond, Olivia bit him hard on the arm, forcing him to let her go. She ran for her life.

What kind of stupid party was this? She had had enough!

Olivia was walking quickly toward the outside when someone yanked her on the hand.

She thought it was John and was about to yell before she heard the voice that she loathed the most.

“Where do you think you’re going, Olivia? Are you running away?”

Olivia stopped in her tracks, flung her arm hard to get Dorothy’s hand off of her, and laughed coldly. “I’m not used to parties full of jerks and b*tches.”

She turned and was about to walk away when Dorothy stood in her way. She giggled and asked, “Are you afraid of watching Johnny pamper me? Are you jealous? Envious? Do you feel longing, or are you just overwhelmed?”

“Wait a minute. You’ve lost your memories, right? You should’ve forgotten everything, right?”

Olivia paused for a while before looking at Dorothy with suspicion.

Did John tell Dorothy about her losing her memory?

Hah, they really did talk about everything.

“Don’t worry, Dorothy Ellis. Even if I lost my memory, no, even if you were burned to ashes, I would still recognize you.”

“Are you pretending to have lost your memory, Olivia Larson?”

Dorothy looked at Olivia coldly. “For you to feign losing your memory to get Johnny to pity you... Or are you just trying to make Johnny guilty so he comes back to you?”

Olivia’s heart shuddered when she heard what Dorothy had to say. Her fists were balled up as she replied, “You’re overthinking this.”

“Am I really overthinking? I heard that Johnny was so guilty he became sweet to you again for a while. Are you so happy about it that you’re horny again?”

Before Olivia could retort, Dorothy smiled menacingly. “Too bad. Johnny will never love you again. Besides that, I’m back, so he won’t even pity you now!”

Those words pierced through Olivia’s heart hard.

No matter how hard she tried to forget, her heart still ached.

Dorothy was right.

Once she got back, John changed.

What happened today was the strongest evidence there was, right?

Suddenly, Dorothy smiled. “If you don’t believe me, Olivia Larson, let’s run an experiment.”

Immediately, she tugged on Olivia and plunged both of them into the fountain.

It was wintertime, and the water in the fountain was painfully cold. Olivia was immediately frozen to her bones.

It was a good thing that the fountain was not a deep one, so the water did not go over her head.

Unfortunately, it was also precisely because of that that she was able to watch John jump into the fountain and carry Dorothy out without even sparing her a glance.

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Dorothy flashed a smile of victory at her and leaned her head into John's arms.

"Johnny, I didn't push Liv. Really..."

After getting out of the fountain, John put her down and glanced at her coldly. "Only you know if that's true."

Dorothy froze for a second and then cried as she held his waist. "Johnny, I don't have any reason to push her. Am I really so wicked in your eyes?"

She coughed a few times while speaking. "Who's the reason for me being so weak now?"

Hearing those words, John toned down a little. "Then you should mind your own business better." Seeing their intimacy, Olivia felt as if someone had stabbed her in the heart. It was extremely painful. She endured the freezing cold and crawled out of the water with difficulty. She walked toward them, drenched, and snorted. "Dorothy, you're really dedicated to proving that John loves you, huh? It's honestly unnecessary."

Then, she looked at John in despair. "He's just a piece of trash that I used and discarded. Just ask, and I'll give him to you. You don't even need to pull this act."

She turned around and burst out into tears. At the same time, she was still laughing.

'I must laugh, even if I can taste the saltiness.

'I couldn't care less!

'It was just seventeen years, right?

'He's just a man, right?

'It's just John Freeman.

'Whoever wants him, be my guest! I, Olivia Larson, don't give a damn anymore!'"

John felt a piercing pain in his chest as he observed her figure from behind. He wanted to stop her. However, Dorothy hugged his waist tightly, and her voice was still traveling to his ears.

"Johnny, I'm hurt..."

In the end, he could only carry her upstairs.

The location of the hotel was quite remote. Olivia noticed her surroundings becoming increasingly creepy, with only a few street lights shining around.

The wet clothes clinging to her body made her shiver from the cold.

It got even colder when the wind blew on her.

She did not know how long it would take to leave this place, nor did she know where Zy was.

Suddenly, the rain started pouring.

The cold raindrops fell on her body, and she could not help but shiver and sneeze.

Winters were always freezing, especially this current one.

She put her hand to her mouth and let out a breath in exchange for some warmth.

However, the warmth disappeared in the blink of an eye, just like the love John gave her.

Thinking of this, she could not help but feel sad. Her face was covered in a mixture of rain and tears.

Suddenly, she looked at the gray sky and asked with a tearful smile, "Can I survive until next winter? Or will I die in this one?"

'But I haven't gotten my revenge, I haven't reconciled with Ian, I haven't found someone for Zy to rely on, I haven't repaid Zac's kindness, and...'

Moving became more difficult with every step she took as she started to feel faint. Every inch of her body was cold and stiff.

'Am I... dying?'

Out of nowhere, she saw a blinding light which made her squint.

"What is this?"

'The angel light of heaven?'

Sadly, she hated the light now. She would rather go to hell.

“Liv!”

“Who’s calling out to me, the king of Hell?”

“Liv! Why are you drenched? Oh my god, you’re freezing.

She seemed to fall into a warm and strong embrace at that moment and then felt as if she was being hugged.

“Stay with me, and don’t sleep, Liv. Stay strong.

Zac carried her to the backseat and covered her with a blanket. Then, he turned the heater to the max.

Even so, he was still extremely worried.

‘She has lung cancer. She will definitely catch a fever by being in the rain during winter.’

He called Dr. Zucker while speeding his way to him.

‘Liv, don’t leave me!’

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After sending Dr. Zucker off, Zac sat by the bedside, staring at the woman lying in bed with a frown.

Tears streaked her pale face, and it was obvious that she had cried earlier.

She looked so delicate and fragile. How could John put his hands on her?

Zac tidied up her messy hair, but after looking a little longer, he could not help but touch her warm cheek.

'Liv, why?'

'You already knew that Dorothy would be there, and you know who John chose. Why would you still go to him?'

When Zy called, Zac was preparing the necessary documents for tomorrow's courtroom.

Initially, he was not planning to go. After all, he did not want to bump into a certain someone.

However, knowing that Dorothy was present, he could not help but worry about Olivia.

That madwoman could play any trick on her.

After contemplating for some time, he became restless and drove all the way there as soon as he could.

Unfortunately, he was still a little too late.

"Liv, every time I see you, you're heavily injured and dying. Yet, once you regain some energy, you go back to him. Why are you doing this to yourself, Liv?"

Zac murmured, and he was tempted to soothe her frown. He gazed at her and drew his hand back.

He could not face her this way anymore for fear that he might come clean to her about his feelings.

He did not want to destroy their friendship.

With that, he stood up, wanting to leave.

However, as soon as he stood up, Olivia grabbed his hand.

“Don’t leave...”

Her tone was very light, with a hint of coquettishness, which made Zac gulp.

He wanted to break free from her hand, but somehow, she had the energy to resist him, so he was unable

to move.

“Don’t leave... Stay with me, okay?”

How could he reject her request?

He was completely discouraged. He sat back down on the bed and patted her hand lightly. “I’m here. I won’t leave.”

Suddenly, Olivia started to whimper and pursed her lips like a pitiful child.

“Why? Johnny, why are you treating me like this?”

“Johnny, I’ve loved you for seventeen years. How could you hurt me like this... Why can’t you remember? Why...”

Zac choked on his breath, and he felt as if he was suffocating.

Then, he chuckled bitterly.

'So, she's sleep-talking and thinks I'm John.

'Seventeen years. So, she's loved him for a very long time, huh?'

"Johnny, you promised to protect me forever! You promised me seventeen years ago, and I remember it. Why did you break your promise?"

Olivia's cries grew heavier. Every sentence she spoke was coming from her pained heart.

At the same time, every sentence she spoke was a stab to Zac's chest.

The more she talked about everything that had happened between John and her, the more pathetic Zac felt.

He had promised to be her guardian knight that would protect her silently.

However, somehow, he had begun to think about replacing John.

'Zac Quinton, you're so ignorant.'

After quite some time, her temperature finally lowered from the effects of the medicine, and her breathing gradually smoothed out.

Zac broke free from her grip, left the room, and went to the fridge to grab a can of beer.

One was not enough, so then, he opened another

He then walked out to the balcony and stared at the sky, which had only just stopped raining, with a lost

expression.

He really thought that he would stop caring about everything

However, the more he drank, the more pain he felt

Suddenly, a figure walked toward him.

Zac stared at the figure moving towards him. He thought that he was drunk and starting to see things, so he waved his hand with a smile.

“Liv, go away.”

Immediately, he heard a hoarse voice. “Where do you want me to go?”

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Then, Olivia snatched the beer from his hand and chugged whatever was left in the can.

“Do you have more?”

Zac was stunned and did not know how to react. “What?”

“I’m talking about the beer. Aren’t you drinking?” Olivia sat beside him. “Why are you drinking alone?”

Zac was in disbelief, and he placed the back of his palm on her forehead. He could feel that she was still warmer than usual.

He finally came back to reality after seemingly confirming that this was Olivia in the flesh.

“Liv, what are you doing out here? You still have a fever. Hurry, and go back to rest.”

However, she did not move and just looked at him. Her eyes were filled with loneliness, but she was still smiling. "Zac, let me be selfish tonight. Just for once?"

"No. Dr. Zucker said..."

She stood up and pulled his hand. She said coquettishly, "Drink with me, please? Just this once."

She wanted to get wasted tonight..

Although her head was still a little heavy, her heart was still aching.

Alcohol was probably the only thing that could numb her pain.

Zac was helpless towards her wishes. He went back into the room to bring a thick blanket to cover her up and grabbed a can of beer that was left out of the fridge.

"You can only drink room-temperature beer."

Olivia nodded obediently.

Seeing how skinny she was, Zac could not help asking, "Have you eaten dinner? Are you hungry?"

Olivia touched her tummy and nodded. "Yeah, I am hungry."

"Okay, wait here, I'll cook something for you."

After he went to the kitchen, she supported her chin with her hands and looked up at the sky.

“I wonder what Zy is doing now.”

Olivia wanted to give her a call, but she did not want to disturb her private time with Ken.

Thinking of that, she could not help but think about John as well.

“What is he doing with Dorothy now?”

‘Above the cocktail party is a room. Have they cuddled and slept already?’

Her heart had been dead ever since the fall.

However, when she saw him carrying Dorothy, her heart was broken once again.

“I guess I just can’t accept the fact that he is so unpredictable.”

Not long after, Zac brought out two plates of pasta.

“There’s nothing much at home, so I made some carbonara. Is that okay?”

Olivia looked at the noodles in front of her and immediately took a huge bite without saying a word.

It was warm and delicious.

“It’s delicious.”

However, when she took the second bite, the tip of her nose started to hurt, and her tears started streaming again.

“Zac, you’ve saved me once again.”

He was dumbfounded. “Don’t say such silly things. Hurry up and eat.”

“Alright.”

She took another bite with her head lowered so no one could see her expression.

However, her shivering shoulders still exposed her emotions.

Zac felt distressed and patted her back gently. “Just cry if you want to. Let it out.”

She whimpered a few times, looked up at him, and forced a smile. “Zac, after I’ve taken my revenge, can I work at your law firm forever to repay your deeds”

Hearing this, he was taken aback. He felt a trace of warmth in his heart, and he reached out to touch her head. “Sure. I can cover your food and accommodation, but there will be no salary. Are you willing?”

“Of course.” After saying that, she chuckled. “Just make sure you give me the year-end bonus.”

Zac was amused. “You’re so cunning. The year-end bonus is huge”

She opened the can of beer, and they had a toast. “You need to save some money for me to raise my brother, right?”

He did not know whether it was because of the alcohol or the sultry night, but Zac suddenly raised his gaze to look at her.

“I can raise both of you.”

Chapter 369

Zac regretted what he said immediately.

'That was too impulsive. How could I say that?!

'If she..."

"Sure."

He thought he had misheard, but Olivia smiled at him right after. "As long as Mr. Quinton doesn't feel irritated by my weak body."

Seeing Zac in a daze, she moved closer to him. "Are you regretting it already?"

"No, no..."

"Zac, I have no idea how much longer I'll live. If I die, I'll be more at peace with you taking care of my brother rather than John."

Olivia took a sip of the beer and smiled. "Plus, you can make Ian earn money to support you in return when he's older. It's a win-win situation."

Hearing her words, Zac let out a sigh of relief. However, he was also a little disappointed.

"No problem. I'll exploit him ruthlessly."

The two smiled at each other and made another toast with the cans of beer in their hands.

Olivia started to get dizzy and fell on the table after drinking three cans.

Zac, on the other hand, had sobered up. He gently nudged her. "Liv?"

He confirmed that she had fallen asleep after calling her a few times without getting a response.

He was afraid that she might catch a fever again, so he carried her back into the room and covered her with a blanket properly before going back to the balcony.

Looking at the beer cans on the ground, Zac twitched the corner of his lips.

In fact, he was already satisfied. He could only continue being around her if he kept quiet about his feelings.

If he actually came clean to her, she would definitely avoid him, knowing her personality.

Just after he finished cleaning up the rubbish, Olivia's phone rang.

He was afraid that it might disturb her sleep and wanted to decline the call, but when he saw John's name, he could not resist picking it up.

"Hello."

The person on the other side of the line spoke coldly the second he heard the wrong voice.

"Where's Olivia?"

"She's sleeping."

"Pass her the phone."

Zac hated the tone of orders immensely, so he said in dissatisfaction, "She's unwell and only just fell asleep. Call her tomorrow."

Then, he hung up the call.

John had always been like this, demanding and autocratic. He was never a considerate person.

Back then, Zac would somewhat tolerate him.

However, now, watching how he had tortured Olivia without realizing his mistake, Zac could not endure it anymore.

One could never be a victim again if one was once the culprit.

However, Zac did not expect to see John appear outside of his house half an hour later.

"What are you doing here?"

"Picking up my wife."

Zac did not open the door. "Go home. I won't let you in."

Immediately, he heard John say, "Your father came looking for Olivia, and they didn't have a pleasant conversation."

'What?'

Zac opened the door. "What are you talking about? What was the conversation about?"

Once the door was opened, two men in black pinned Zac onto the wall.

John glanced at him coldly. "You should ask your father that. After all, it was a private conversation between them."

"John! Let go of me! Liv has a fever. Don't touch her!"

"Don't touch her?" John punched him in the chest. "If I don't touch her, you think that you get the right to? Don't forget, we haven't divorced yet!"

"John!"

John ignored him, went straight to the room, and carried Olivia away.

Zac wanted to stop him, but the two bodyguards pinned him down, so he was unable to move.

In the end, he could only watch them leave in the dark.

In the car.

John sat in the backseat with Olivia in his arms. He reached out his slender fingers to check her

temperature.

She was indeed warm.

However, when he got closer and sniffed her, he could smell the alcohol.

'What kind of fever is this?'

Suddenly, Olivia grabbed his sleeve and murmured, “Zac, I know that you don’t have an easy life either, do you?”

Chapter 370

‘Zac?’

‘How intimate!’

Olivia burrowed into John’s arms in a daze and even held his arm and smiled. “Being with you makes me feel safe. Thank you.”

John was furious, but he obviously could not sober up a drunk person, so there was no point in being mad at her.

He called his bodyguards. “Beat him up, brutally!”

The next day.

Olivia was still very sleepy. She felt like her throat was dry, so she called out from the bed.

“Zac, is there water?”

Not long later, someone helped her up and gave her a glass of warm water.

She said thank you and finished the glass of water in one gulp.

Now that her throat was no longer dry, her stomach felt bloated, and she frowned. “Zac, where’s the toilet?”

As she spoke, she opened her eyes in a daze and got out of bed.

“On your left.”

“Oh, thanks.”

However, just as she was about to go left, she noticed the difference in the voice she had heard and stopped in her tracks.

Before she could react, the man spoke again. “Aren’t you going to the toilet?”

Olivia turned over and saw John sitting on the sofa in a set of gray pajamas, staring at her mockingly.

Instantly, she returned to her senses and did not want to go to the toilet anymore.

“What are you doing here? Where’s Zac?”

“Olivia, take a good look at where we are.”

Hearing this, she looked around and frowned. “John, why did you bring me here? What did you do to Zac?”

John sneered. “He’s on the way to the hospital, I guess.”

‘What?’

‘Hospital?’

“How despicable of you!”

Then, she grabbed her bag and walked out while trying to call Zac.

“Stay right there!”

John stood up, grabbed her shoulder, and pulled her into his arms. “If you dare walk out of this place, I get my men to beat him until he’s paralyzed.”

Olivia looked at him in disbelief and scolded him. “John, Zac is your best friend. Are you even human anymore?”

“Take another step, and I’ll make him lose one arm. Try me.”

The two stood challenging each other for a few minutes. Suddenly, Olivia laughed and gave up struggling.

“John, does Dorothy know that you brought me home? Aren’t you afraid that she’ll be jealous? Next thing you know, she’ll leave you again, and you’ll have to waste time looking for her everywhere. Isn’t that troublesome?”

John frowned and said angrily, “Olivia, enough already.”

“No way!” She glared at him fiercely. “It’d take me more than three days and nights to cover everything I’d like to scold you for! Do you want to keep listening?”

She had the same amount of rage in her today that she had sadness yesterday.

She would never believe in his fake affection anymore!

Immediately after, she stepped on John ruthlessly and forced him to loosen his grip so that she could escape.

She continued calling Zac as she walked downstairs. She then let out a sigh of relief upon finding out that he was fine.

Later on, she called Zyla but did not get a response even after five or six tries.

She then called Ken instead, but he did not pick up either.

She suddenly felt uneasy. 'Did something happen to them?'

She called a taxi and rushed to Golden Hills Apartment to see if Zyla was home.

However, when she arrived, the house seemed vacant.

She finally started to get anxious now. 'Where could this girl be?'

'Did she get drunk last night?'

'But... Why is my right eye twitching like mad?'

Suddenly, she heard a suppressed cry.

She opened the bedroom door and saw Zyla shrunken back into the corner, covering her face and on her knees, her shoulders shivering nonstop.

"Zy..."

Olivia went over wanting to hug her, but just as she stopped in front of her, Zy raised her head up suddenly and shouted at her with tears covering her face, "Don't move!"