

G.H Hooked 431

Chapter 431

Zac froze for a few minutes before he realized what Olivia had just said. He looked at Olivia incredulously and asked, "Liv, did you just say you stabbed John?"

Olivia chuckled when she saw the bewildered expression on Zac's face. "Why? Do you think I don't have the guts?"

She took another puff. Then, she looked out the window. Her gaze looked desperate yet relieved. "I didn't just stab John. I hit Dorothy with a car too."

"Liv..."

Zac was speechless for a moment. He did not know what to say.

He was partly shocked and worried, but mostly, he felt sorry for her.

Suddenly, he stooped down to pick her up. Without waiting for her to react, he sprinted downstairs.

"Zac, what are you doing?"

Zac's expression was cold, and his voice sounded firm. "I'm taking you away."

Zyla had asked him to take Olivia away from this place, but he refused because he did not want to force Olivia to do something she did not want to do.

As a result, his decision killed Zyla, which led to the current situation.

He must not turn his back on Olivia now His only job now was to send her away from this place safely

“Zac, don’t do that. Put me down.”

Zac put her in the car, stepped on the accelerator, and sped out of the hospital.

“Liv, don’t worry. I’ll take care of things here. I’ll send you abroad now. When things are over, you can come back to visit Ian.”

“Don’t worry,” He said softly. “I will take good care of Ian and make sure he grows up healthily I will send you videos of him regularly.”

“Zac.”

“It’s too late to book a ticket. I’ll send someone to fly you out of the country directly. You don’t have to worry about money and accommodation because I’ll arrange everything for you. After I settle everything here, I’ll visit you there.”

Olivia looked at Zac’s nervous reaction and felt terrible. She shouted, “Zac!”

“Liv...”

“Zac, don’t do this. It will ruin your life. You’re a lawyer. You can do this.”

Zac was a prestigious lawyer and the young master of the Quinton family. He was still the noble son of the Quinton family, no matter his relationship with his family.

He had a bright future ahead of him, and she did not want to be a burden on him.

Zac stopped the car and looked panicked, unlike his usual self. “Olivia, you have terminal lung cancer, and your leg is injured. I can’t let you go to prison. You will die.”

Olivia reached out and held his hand. “Zac, you have saved me countless times, but please let me be this time, okay?”

“Absolutely not! Olivia, you have to go this time I won’t give you a choice here.”

“Zac.”

His expression turned gloomy as he snapped, “Just take it as me not respecting your decision. I’m going to make you do this.”

Then, he pulled over in the garage and started calling people to fly a helicopter over.

Olivia said nothing and got out of the car obediently

He immediately picked her up when he saw her getting out of the car. “Liv, I’m not giving you any opportunity to slip away.”

Looking at Zac’s panicked state, she felt bad. It was her who dragged him into this.

When she entered the house, she bit her lip and said, “Don’t worry. I won’t run. I’ll listen to you. Don’t be angry.”

Zac was startled upon hearing that. “Really?”

“Of course. I know you want what’s best for me, and I won’t do anything silly.”

Zac believed her partially when he saw her sincere expression. He put her on the sofa and asked, “Where

is your ID? I’ll get it for you. Wilbur will come and pick you up at the airport later”

She gulped and grabbed his arm. "Zac, let's have a drink."

Before he could refuse, she added, "Just one glass. We may not see each other for a long time."

After hesitating for a few seconds, he nodded. "Okay."

When Zac brought two glasses of wine to her, Olivia stood up and hugged him, sobbing. "Zac, thank you."

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"Liv..."

Olivia let go of Zac, wiped her tears, and smiled. "Zac, help me take care of Ian."

Then, she handed the glass to him. "Come on. Cheers."

Zac did not think much of her actions. He drank it all up.

Mixed feelings boiled in him as he caressed Olivia's head. He frowned as he said, "You should take good care of yourself. If..."

Before he could finish, he sensed something was wrong. He looked at Olivia bewilderedly and fell onto the sofa with his eyes closed.

Olivia sniffled. She covered him with a blanket and eased his puckered forehead.

"Zac, I'm sorry. I can't listen to you. I can't leave just like that.

"I'll leave Ian to you. If..."

Thinking of the two filthy lives in her hands, she hesitated and retracted her hand. Then, she said with grief, "There might not be an if. In the future, you should take care of yourself and... be wary of your father."

Then, she stood up, turned around, and walked out.

However, she turned around again after taking a few steps. She looked at Zac as she tried to hold back her tears. "Zac, take care of yourself."

He had helped her so much. This was not enough to thank him.

However, she had chosen her path, so she would have to bear the consequences.

Besides, she was a dying woman. She could kill her enemies, and it was worth avenging everyone she had lost.

Outside, she took a taxi straight to the police station.

"I killed two people. I'm turning myself in."

A week later, in the detention center.

Olivia huddled in a corner, looking strangely indifferent as if the sentence had no meaning to her, no matter how many years she would get.

When she first arrived, she was scared, nervous, and flustered.

However, now, she had gradually gotten used to it and accepted her boring life in the cell.

That week, her life was only about taking records of her crime and staying alone in the cell. Time seemed stagnant to her.

Suddenly, she had a lot more time to think and to look back on her life.

However, the more she thought about it, the less she cared.

The police officer came over as usual and said, "Ms. Larson, Mr. Quinton is here. Are you going to reject meeting him today too?"

This time, she looked up unexpectedly. "I'll meet him today."

The police officer froze for a moment. "Okay. I'll take you to him."

She followed the police officer to the meeting room. Her step froze when she saw Zac, and her heart ached, but she still smiled as she greeted, "Zac."

His body froze upon hearing the voice. After being shocked for a few seconds, he rushed toward her and hugged her.

"Olivia, how could you be so silly? Why did you turn yourself in? Why won't you meet me?"

"I'm a lawyer. I can help you. Why.....?"

"I'm sorry, Zac," said Olivia, who was deeply moved.

Even though there were thousands of words on the tip of his tongue, he did not know what else to say

when he met her.

Zac released her, carefully looked at her for a while, and said, "You've lost a lot of weight."

Olivia stretched out her hand and rubbed his puckered forehead. "Zac, stop frowning all the time. I'm afraid your face will be wrinkled when you get old. Don't worry about this. It's the punishment I should get, no matter how many years of prison they sentence me to."

He held her hand as he looked at her fondly. "Liv, was it worth it?"

Olivia said nothing for a while, then smiled. "It was."

She was in jail, but she got her revenge

She avenged everyone she loved and herself.

Perhaps the most exciting moment in her life was when she smashed Dorothy's head to the ground and watched her bleed to death.

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"Liv, John said he wouldn't sue you. He didn't tell the police that you stabbed him."

Actually, Zac did not want to tell Olivia about that.

He had heard about John recovering and immediately looked for him, wanting to ask him not to sue Olivia.

However, John had said as much before Zac could request him to. "Zac, help her. I will not sue her."

At that moment, Zac suddenly understood.

John loved Olivia, but his love for her was an obsession.

John had been his friend for many years. Even though their friendship had ended because of Olivia, they were still brothers for life, and he would not be that despicable.

Olivia's expression changed slightly, but she did not react much.

After a pause, she asked, "Where's Dorothy?"

Zac drooped his eyes and hesitated to tell her. "She is in a coma."

Olivia froze, and she looked at Zac reluctantly. She gnashed her teeth and said, "Not dead?"

She thought Dorothy was dead. It would be showing Dorothy mercy if she was not dead, and that was what Olivia did not want to see.

Zac added. "She was in the ICU, but she looked like she would not make it. Liv, let me help you. Your brother needs you."

Brother...

"How is Ian?" Olivia asked.

"Things are getting better. The doctor says there's a good chance of him waking up."

"That's good."

After muttering for a while, she suddenly stood up and walked to the door. Just as she was at the door, she turned around and said, "Zac, help me take care of Ian. Don't do anything else."

Even if Dorothy was not dead, she must not get Zac involved.

However, she could not reconcile herself to the thought that Dorothy might not be dead.

It was like there was a grudge in her heart, and she was biting her teeth to hold onto life.

She wanted to live. Dying before Dorothy did was not her plan.

That night, Olivia got her sentence. Since she had turned herself in and one of the victims did not sue her, she was given a ten-year sentence in prison.

She shuddered when she heard her sentence.

Ten years? How many ten-year-long periods could one have during their life?

She doubted she could make it through those ten years.

...

Both Zac and John had applied to visit her countless times, but she refused to meet them.

What was done was done. She did not want to see these people again or have anything to do with them

In Zac's case, she felt sorry for him because she owed him so much, and she did not want to bring him.

trouble again.

In John's case, she was determined when she took her revenge. He killed Zyla, so she stabbed him. Everything was over, and they did not need to meet anymore.

It was not until three months later that the bully cornered her in the laundry room again.

The first woman kicked her to the ground, then stepped on her hand and smiled. "I'm here to tell you something delightful today."

With that, the woman crouched and pulled Olivia up by her hair. "Tomorrow, I'll be out of prison, so I'm not afraid to tell you why I've been picking on you and beating you up every day for the past three months."

Olivia sneered in pain. "Someone paid you, didn't they?"

"Very clever indeed. Do you know who hired me?"

"Who?"

"Ms. Jameson!"

Rainie Jameson?

However, if she was not mistaken, Rainie was still in prison herself. Moreover, she did not remember Rainie having a grudge against her

However, for some reason, she was relieved when she knew it was not John.

At least she would not have to spend her life hating the man.

The woman saw her puzzled look and smiled. "It was Ms. Dorothy Jameson, the Jameson family's daughter, whom they just got back. She's Mr Quinton's fiancée and the love of Mr Freeman's life Don't you know that?"

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“Besides, she helped me get out of prison early, so when I get out, I’ll help her.”

The woman sneered. “My final task is to cripple you!”

Olivia would be stupid if she did not know who the young lady of the Jameson family was after what the bully told her

‘Dorothy Jameson?’

Olivia could not help herself from laughing. “Who is Dorothy Jameson? Isn’t she Dorothy Ellis, the ungrateful foster daughter of the Larson family?”

“B*tch! Watch your mouth. How dare you say something like that about Ms. Jameson? Are you looking for trouble?”

The woman kicked Olivia’s body. “Do you know that two most powerful young masters in Ocean City are trying to win her heart? You’re just a prisoner. How dare you call her by her name? You don’t even deserve to be her slave!”

Olivia ignored her.

It turned out Zyla had been trying to tell her that the Jameson family’s biological daughter was Dorothy

However, it also left her wondering.

If Dorothy was the biological daughter of the Jameson family, why would she have to go through all this trouble?

Rainie was in prison, and the Jameson family had prepared the ceremony to welcome back their daughter. Perhaps there was some other story behind this.

Unfortunately, she could not find Rainie.

After she was imprisoned, she asked her fellow inmates and prison guards if they had seen her.

They told Olivia that Rainie never stayed in the same prison for more than a month and that no one ever knew where she was going next. Even the guards would only be informed on the day of the transfer.

Any prison guard who encountered Rainie would be assigned to follow her until she moved to the next prison.

That made Olivia feel like something was fishy about Dorothy being a part of the Jameson family.

From what she knew about the Ellis family, Dorothy should be their biological daughter.

When she refused to speak, the bully kicked and hit her again. She even picked up an iron and laughed. Boss, why don't we iron her face with this?"

The woman smiled. "That's a good idea. I think Ms. Jameson hates her face too."

Then, she took the iron and slowly placed it near Olivia's face.

Olivia snapped out of her thoughts and screamed as she dodged. However, those women grabbed her, and she could not run.

Just as the iron was about to touch her face, a figure came running to protect her.

“Ahh!”

The stinging pain made the woman cry, but she pulled Olivia outside as she endured the pain.

“Jessie, what are you doing here?”

Olivia looked at Jess in disbelief

“When I saw you gone, I knew they must be bullying you again. Three months, and I only saw you fight back once. Since then, you’ve never done anything about it.”

The only time was when Olivia showed up and rescued Jess from another bully.

Actually, she did not intend to lay a helping hand, but Jess reminded her of Zyla.

Maybe she saved Jess out of guilt.

Since that day, Olivia made herself a new enemy..

However, she also made a friend. A friend she could rely on.

“Alright, stop running. We’ll be put in detention again if they catch us running. I’ll take you to the infirmary

“Fight back the next time they bully you. Don’t just let them do what they want to you.

Olivia smiled. “Okay.”

After learning that Dorothy was not dead and had suspiciously become the daughter of the Jameson family, Olivia felt riled up for the first time in a long time

That ungrateful b*tch survived and got herself a better status, yet she

Her attempted revenge seemed useless now

However, Olivia had never thought the bully would burn the infirmary after she and Jess entered.

It was burning like the scene the day Uncle Wallace died.

Olivia and Jess kept trying to escape, but they had blocked all the exits. Finally, Olivia's lung cancer symptoms stuck, and she collapsed in the fire

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The president's office, on the top floor of Freeman Group.

John was reading through a document. Wes did not knock on the door before rushing in.

"Wes, don't you know how to knock on a door?"

Wes took a few breaths and said in a flustered voice, "Mr. Freeman, Mrs. Freeman is dead."

John stopped writing, and his hand shuddered.

It took him a long time to sneer as calmly as he could. "She will never die. Before this..."

Before he could finish, Wes interrupted. "It's true this time. The news just came from the prison that Mrs. Freeman was burned to death."

John looked up at Wes and asked, "Is she... really dead?"

"Yes. Mrs. Freeman was the only one in the infirmary. All the cameras were on, and the police have verified her identity. It's Mrs. Freeman."

'Is she really dead?

'How?

'How could she die... before she could forgive me? She can't die..."

John could not accept it.

After a long silence, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Was it intentional or accidental?"

"Police say there were signs of someone setting fire to the place, but they are still investigating."

"What?"

John suddenly slammed the table. He stood up, and his eyes were bloodshot as he gritted his teeth and – said, "Wes, find out who did it!"

That night, he shut himself in a dark room and stared at the night sky without saying a word, recalling all his past memories.

He wanted to see her for the last time, but Zac took her body away before he could see her.

'Why?

'How could you be so heartless, Olivia?"

Two days later, the funeral was held at the Larson family's burial ground.

John wore a black suit and sunglasses to the funeral.

The reporters gathered around him.

His face was cold, and he said nothing as he laid a flower gently on her grave.

Zac did not stop John or even talk to him.

The two men looked at each other. Then, John turned around and walked away.

He had walked only a few steps when a man rushed forward, seized him by the collar, and pinned him against a tree.

"Son of a b*tch! If it weren't for you, Zyla and Liv would still be alive! John, why aren't you dead?"

John knew him. He was there when they saved Ian.

He pushed the man away and said coldly, "Go away!"

Fred stopped John and punched him in the face. "This punch is to teach you a lesson for Liv's sake! Son of a b*tch! Have you always wanted Liv dead? Are you glad she's dead now?"

"You must be laughing in your heart, right? John, let me tell you now! You'll be punished for all the evil things you've done."

John picked up the sunglasses and put them on again. Instead of attacking Fred, he grabbed him by the collar and warned him. "Are you threatening me? Look at yourself. I could kill you in a minute if I wanted to."

Then, he pushed Fred away and left.

When he got into the car, he took off his sunglasses, revealing a pair of slightly red eyes. However, his voice was still cold. "Wes, give me the first aid kit."

Wes looked at John's wound and frowned. "Mr. Freeman, do you want me to teach that boy a lesson?"

"No." John looked at Fred through the window and said, "He is doing this for Liv."

Wes nodded. "Where do you want to go now, Mr. Freeman? Why don't you go back home and take a nap? Your eyes are..."

"Stop at the corner."

Two hours later, when most of the people were gone, including Zac, John got out of the car and headed to the cemetery.

Olivia's grave.

Dorothy sat in the wheelchair with a flower in her hand.

"Olivia, you lost after all.

"Two years ago, I made up a story about you cheating on Johnny with just two photos.

“Honestly, I thought it wouldn’t work. I did not expect John to believe what I told him, and you said...”

“So, what Liv said was true!”

Dorothy froze, and she looked back in horror. The first thing she saw was John’s cold face. “Johnny? When... did you...?”

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“I heard everything.” John walked up to her, grabbed her neck, and said through gritted teeth, “So you faked it all! Dorothy, why?”

Dorothy was breathless from the grip. “Because I’m jealous! I’m jealous of her!”

Jealous?

John felt his rage burning, only wanting to kill the woman in front of him!

All of this was because of her.

As a result, they misunderstood each other until Liv died.

He still thought she cheated on him, and she still thought he killed Zyla.

Dorothy blushed as if she were going to die the next second.

She patted his hand hard and said with difficulty. “Johnny... You can’t kill me. You... You promised!”

John intensified his grip until Dorothy was about to lose her breath.

Dorothy coughed several times and croaked, "Cough cough. Johnny. When you begged me to let Olivia go, you promised you wouldn't kill me if I didn't sue her and agreed to a reduced sentence. Remember?"

John clenched his hands as the veins in his forehead bulged. He wanted to kill the woman right away.

However, he did promise her.

"Those conditions don't make sense now that Liv is dead."

Dorothy cried and said, "Johnny, cough cough... I saved your life two years ago. How can you kill me now that both my legs are crippled because of you?"

"I did all that because I love you. I've done nothing else. I'm not going to live much longer, Johnny..."

With that said, she reached out to grab John, but he raised his hand and shook her away.

"I warn you. If I find out you had anything to do with Liv's death, I will make your life a living hell, Dorothy!"

With that said, he turned around to leave the cemetery and went straight to Ken's house.

Ken had just gotten back from the funeral. He was not surprised to see John.

There was only one last round of the hypnosis treatment.

John remembered many things, but the most important memory was still missing, so Ken guessed he would come.

“John, I have a question I’ve been thinking about for a long time, but I still want to ask you myself. We’ve been best friends for more than ten years. I hope you won’t lie to me.”

“Go ahead.”

“Did you have anything to do with Zyla’s death?”

John frowned. “No, I didn’t ask anyone to kill Zyla. She was Liv’s friend. I wouldn’t do such a thing.”

Ken stared at him for a long time before nodding and saying, “Yes, I believe you. Come on in.”

Cliffside Villa.

John got out of the car and looked blankly at the lifeless villa.

It was his and Liv’s matrimonial home, and it had been empty for over six months.

The house was still around, but not the people.

He pushed the door open, and the dust blew in his face, making him cough several times.

Everything looked the same. In a trance, he could see Olivia working on something.

Memories poured out, and their loving moments and arguments surfaced before their eyes.

As he went upstairs, every step felt heavy, and his heart ached at each step.

“Liv, I remember it all, but you’re gone.”

When he saw the familiar layout after entering the bedroom, he seemed to be able to smell her familiar faint scent, but there was no sign of her anywhere.

He opened the wardrobe and was disappointed to see just a few of his suits hanging inside.

He opened the drawer to find something but suddenly saw a photo.

It seemed to be the one Olivia was looking at when sitting on the floor earlier.

As soon as he picked it up and looked at it, his breathing stopped, and he froze

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It was not Aaron in the photo. It was none other than himself.

He was still in school that year.

He wanted to read in peace, so he went to the most deserted corner of the school alone, but he did not realize that there were people behind him....

John looked blankly at the photo. His heart throbbed with pain, causing him to have trouble breathing and fall to the ground.

He realized at that moment that he was Olivia's first love.

He thought she was in love with Aaron and used him as a substitute.

He even used that as an excuse to repeatedly insult and call her names....

"Why didn't she tell me the truth?"

Why did she admit repeatedly that Aaron was the one she loved?

'Is it because she was disappointed in me?'

Leaning sadly against the bed, John turned the photo around to see a line of words written on the back.

[It's been five years. I finally found you, but I won't bother you. I'll come to you when I'm older. I hope you don't forget me.]

'Five years?'

John frowned slightly. He aligned the time with his newly recovered memory and suddenly realized it.

His hands trembled instantly..

"So. Am I the guy Olivia has been in love with for 17 years?"

17 years ago, he rescued several abducted children, including Olivia, from a cabin in the mountains.

She had never lied to him.

She said she had loved him for 17 years. She said he was her only man...

He did not believe her.

Instead, he sneered. "Liv, I'm so stupid."

It was all laid out in plain sight. Why did he choose not to see it?

Now that she was dead, he remembered. What was the point?

He punched the ground hard, and the pain was piercing, but it was nothing like heartache.

Suddenly, he turned around to get a glimpse of a small bottle under the bed and picked it up.

He realized it was a medicine bottle after taking a look.

He had looked up the ingredients of the medicine, but he found a small piece of paper inside when he opened it again.

He took it out and saw the words "Lung cancer" written on it.

Lung cancer?

'She really has lung cancer!'

However, he held the test report and said she was trying to trick him with vitamins.

His hand dropped feebly to the ground. He found it ridiculous as he looked at the photo and the medicine

bottle

What the hell had he been doing these two years?

"Mr. Quinton, do something about it. Sir has locked himself in there for three days without eating or drinking. I can't persuade him to come out. I'm afraid something bad will happen if this goes on..."

Zac looked at the closed door. "Don't worry. I'm not going to let him die. It's too easy for him if he just died like that."

Liv had suffered so much for this man.

'Three days?

"How can he pay all this debt in three days?'

Zac stepped aside and said coldly, "Wilbur, break the door down!"

"Yes."

Bang! With a loud bang, Wilbur knocked the door down, and there was a strong smell of wine.

Zac frowned and said with a sneer, "Mr. Coulson, I think you worry too much. At least he had a drink. He won't die."

The room was dark with the curtains drawn, and it was hard to see where John was.

Zac strode to the window and yanked back the curtain to find John sitting on the floor clutching a bottle of wine.

He found him with messy hair, blank eyes, a scruffy face, and messy clothes. He looked dispirited.

He had known John for more than 20 years, and it was the first time he had seen John this way.

However, Zac had no sympathy.

He leaned over and pulled John up from the ground. "John, who are you showing this miserable behavior to?"

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John did not say a word. He just let Zac carry him while he continued to drink wine.

Zac smashed the bottle to the floor and yelled, "Drink. All you know is drink. Why don't you kill yourself by drinking?"

After some time, John finally hoarsely shouted, "Wine!"

Seeing him like this, Zac had mixed feelings. He let go of him and dropped him to the ground.

Then he turned around and ran into the bathroom. He poured a bucket of water all over John and threw the bucket out.

*John, are you awake?

"Do you know how loathsome it is to realize your true feelings until it's too late?"

"Do you think Liv will forgive you for behaving like this?"

John looked blankly at him, wiped the water off his face, and grinned like a lunatic.

Zac frowned, turned his head around, and commanded, "Wilbur, get me a bucket of ice water."

"Okay."

Wilbur soon came in with a bucket of water full of ice.

Without thinking twice, Zac grabbed the bucket and poured the water all over John's head, chilling him from head to toe.

The piercing iciness made John shiver, and his lifeless eyes changed a little.

Zac handed the bucket to Wilbur. "Again."

Five buckets were poured over him. John, pale as a ghost, sat shivering in the puddle.

"Are you awake? If you're not, I'll keep pouring till you do."

Suddenly, John looked up blankly at him with his dark eyes. Trembling, he asked, "Did she mention me the last time you saw her in prison?"

Zac paused for a moment before shaking his head. "No."

John's pupils dilated. He shivered as he got up from the floor. His lips were pale and bloodless, his eyes cold.

"Really? Not even a word?"

"I told Liv you were awake and not going to press charges."

John looked at Zac expectantly, but Zac's next line was—"Instead of replying to me, she changed the subject and asked if Dorothy was alive."

John's eyes darkened again.

Disappointed? Or despair?

“That was the last time I saw her, but she didn’t say a word about you. John, you made Liv desperate. You brought it all on yourself”

Zac glanced at him. “If Wes hadn’t begged me, I’m telling you, I won’t attend your funeral even if you’re dead.

“But I’m telling you, don’t die so easily. I don’t want Liv to face you in the other life!”

With that, Zac only said, “Be careful” and walked away.

After Zac left, John collapsed to the ground and fainted.

17 years of love and dispute for nothing.

It was all for nothing after all.

Four years later. Murica.

At a table in front of the French window, a woman in a pink dress was drawing a design in the sun.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

“Ms. James, you’re wanted on line 1.”

“Didn’t I say not to disturb me while I’m drawing?”

The assistant panicked. "It's Ms. Sutherland."

Olivia put down her pen, got up, walked to her desk, and picked up the phone. "Jennie, what's wrong?"

"It's an emergency."

She knew Jennie Sutherland's mother must have forced her to go on another blind date when she heard her speaking sweetly on the phone.

"Pheeb, my mom's killing me. She's not in Murica, but she arranged so many blind dates. This time, she threatened me that she would live stream herself jumping off a building if I refused to go."

Olivia was helpless. "What do you want me to help you with?"

"Would you mind meeting the client for me?"

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"You know I don't see clients. We'll talk about it tomorrow if it's not urgent. Or you can send your assistant..."

"No, Pheeb. It's an important client. I wouldn't trust anyone else. Just do me a favor and help me meet them. What if I give you and Lyla all my time this weekend?"

Olivia smiled helplessly and said, "Alright, I'm scared of you now. If you use your coquettishness on a man, you won't still be going on blind dates."

"You're the best, Pheeb. I'll send you the address later."

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Olivia glanced at her phone. It was almost time to leave.

She cleared the desk and walked out with her bag.

Shoreside Cafe.

Olivia walked into their usual private room and saw a man in a white suit sitting inside.

“Hello, are you Mr. Hemsworth?”

The look in the man’s eyes changed slightly when he saw her, and he nodded. “Hello, Ms. Sutherland.”

Olivia ordered a cup of coffee, sat down, and explained. “Ms. Sutherland took the day off for some personal matters, so I came instead. I’m TO’s designer, Phoebe James. I hope you don’t mind, Mr. Hemsworth.”

“It’s alright. It’s an honor to meet the designer.”

“Great. What specific request do you have, Mr. Hemsworth?”

After that, Olivia opened her notebook to record it.

However, there was no response from the other party after a long time.

“Mr. Hemsworth?”

She looked up and met Xavier Hemsworth’s eyes.

The man had a pair of beautiful narrow eyes. With his delicate features, his handsome face looked more affectionate.

It was easy to get entranced when you looked at him.

Xavier pressed his lips together and smiled. His long fingers stirred the coffee in his cup. "Ms. James, are you married?"

Olivia froze and shook her head. "Mr. Hemsworth, even though I'm not married, there's nothing wrong with my designs. We..."

"I know." Xavier interrupted as he lowered his head and took a sip of coffee. "I like your designs, Ms. James. I'm just a little curious about the designer. I hope you don't mind."

"It's alright, but there's nothing worth being curious about me." Olivia withdrew her gaze. "Why don't we talk about what kind of ring you want to customize, Mr. Hemsworth?"

"What kind of diamond ring do you like, Ms. James?"

Olivia could not help frowning. She was a little irritated.

"Mr. Hemsworth, the ring is for your wife. There's no point asking me."

"I don't mind making another one for you."

When Olivia heard this, she could not stand it any longer. She slammed on the table and got up, yelling, "Mr. Hemsworth, I don't think our atelier's ring suits you. Goodbye."

She hated unfaithful men.

The man was even more disgusting. He talked about giving her a ring after only a few minutes. How ridiculous!

Realizing it was already 6 PM after checking the time, Olivia drove straight home.

She smelled honey-glazed ribs and instantly felt a lot better.

“Liv, why are you home so early today?”

Wearing an apron, Fred walked out of the kitchen and offered her a glass of orange juice. “Drink some juice first if you’re hungry. Dinner will be ready soon.”

“I’d like some coffee.”

“Coffee? You can’t sleep if you drink coffee so late at night. Juice is healthier. Isn’t it, Lyla?”

As soon as he finished speaking, a little girl in a princess dress rushed over and hugged Olivia’s calves. She spoke in a cute voice, “Mommy, have some juice with me.”

Olivia chuckled and rubbed her head. “Alright, I’ll have some juice.”

With that said, she took a swig of orange juice. Then she bent over to pick up Lyla and pinched her chubby face. “Have you been good today?”

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“Yes, I’m good today. Ask Uncle if you don’t believe me.”

Olivia smiled. "Your uncle dotes on you. When hasn't he covered for you?"

Lyla stuck out her tongue, buried her face in her arms, and wrapped her little hands around her neck. "Mommy, will you take a bath with me tonight?"

She was in a bad mood but suddenly felt better after Lyla showed up.

"Alright, play with your toys. Wash your hands for dinner later."

"Okay."

After dropping off Lyla, Olivia entered the kitchen and leaned against the door as she drank the orange juice.

"Why are you at home these days? No classes?"

"Liv, I'm in my senior year and am about to graduate. I don't have any classes. I've even finished my final year project. I'm just waiting for the presentation."

Olivia pressed her lips together. "Are you sure you're not going to graduate school?"

Fred glanced over his shoulder at her as he cooked and shook his head. "Liv, I'm lucky to be able to graduate from university. Besides, I want to help you. It's too hard for you to take care of Lyla alone."

Olivia's eyes darkened a little when Fred said that. "It's alright with me if you want to further your studies. The atelier's revenue isn't that bad either. We can afford it."

“Liv, you’ve changed my life twice, and that’s enough. I want a job working from home to help you with Lyla.”

“Lyla’s already in kindergarten. You don’t need to keep an eye on her. You should go out and look for a job.

Fred served the food. “I want to slack off. Don’t expose me.”

With that said, he asked, “Is Jennie joining us for dinner today?”

Olivia smacked her head. “Oops, I forgot to ask. I’ll call...”

Before she could finish, the door opened. Jennie took off her heels and trotted over to hug Olivia.

“Pheebs, I’m sorry. Did you settle a deal with that guy?”

Olivia’s face darkened at the thought of the man. She pushed Jennie away, saying, “Forget him. He’s a womanizer. It’s a waste of time.”

“Huh? Really? He was very cordial on the phone.”

Olivia snapped, “The One was founded to express loyalty to marriage and only love one person for the rest of your life. However, he wanted to give me a ring. There’s something wrong with him.”

Seeing that she was angry, Jennie hurriedly helped her massage her shoulders. “Calm down. I won’t send clients to you anymore. Forgive me.”

Lyla tugged at Olivias clothes too. “Mommy, forgive Aunt Jennie.”

Olivia’s biggest weakness was girls sweet-talking her, and there were two. She could not stand it, so she gave up right away.

The next day, Olivia dropped Lyla off at kindergarten before heading to the atelier.

Not long after entering the office, Jennie stuck out her head and said, "Pheebs, that important client yesterday came in and asked for

you."

"Again? No."

"He's already here."

"What?"

Before Olivia could reject, Xavier showed up at the door.

"Ms. James, I'm sorry about yesterday. I came to apologize."

As he spoke, he pulled out a bouquet of yellow tulips from behind and held them in front of Olivia. "Ms. James, be the bigger person. Forgive me."

Olivia did not extend her hand but stood there and stared at him indifferently. "Ms. Sutherland is here today, so why don't you just talk to her?"

"I'd like to talk about the design. Besides, I think The One designs more than rings. You also have bracelets and stuff, don't you?"

Jennie asked, "Mr. Hemsworth, what exactly do you want to customize?"

"A bracelet."

Olivia froze. "Not a ring?"

'Sorry, my joke went too far. I apologize.'

Olivia was embarrassed and took the flowers, pressing her lips. "Forget it. Let's go to the conference room and talk."