

## **G.H Hooked 461**

### Chapter 461

The morning of the next day.

Fred saw that Olivia did not look too good and wanted to advise her to stay home, but since she wanted to finish up the sketch as soon as possible, she was adamant about going to work.

He was helpless, but he did not force her to stay home.

“Be careful as Jenson Luke might lay his hands on you. Don’t worry about Lyla. I’ll watch her the whole day today.”

Olivia nodded. She bit into her toast, put on her shoes, and left in a hurry.

She was still a little shaken. It could be from her dream becoming too real.

When she reached the atelier, she had just gotten out of her car when someone called out to her the moment she took a few steps away from the car.

“Ms. James.”

Hearing that familiar voice, Olivia was stunned and frozen on the spot.

Olivia could not tell if she was still dreaming or if she was in the real world, so she turned around frantically to find John coming down from his car and walking towards her.

The only thought that came to her mind was...

He was here to kill her!

Olivia took some steps back in fright and shook her head as she said, "Don't come near me! Don't come any nearer..."

"Ms. James?"

John did not know what happened and was about to step up to ask her when he noticed something unusual happening on top of the building.

"Watch out!"

After John roared, he ran forward immediately, caught Olivia in his arms, and was about to move her to a safe area when...

"Ahh!"

Olivia was so frightened her legs gave way, causing both John and herself to tumble back onto the ground.

Just as they crashed onto the ground, a brick fell from the sky and landed at Olivia's feet, shattering in front of her.

Olivia was so afraid she tugged her legs back and looked up in a panic only to see a figure running away.

At the same time, her phone rang. It was a message.

[Phoebe James, I'm not afraid even if you call the police! You'd better watch out. I'm not going to let you go.]

Was it Jenson Luke?

Was he crazy? How dare he throw bricks at her!

"Are you okay?"

Upon hearing John's voice, Olivia's mind was jerked back to the present. This man was still here, and she had him over her...

Olivia climbed up quickly, shook her head, and said, "I'm fine."

After the whole fiasco, she was sure that someone wanted to kill her, but instead of it being John, it was Jenson.

At the same time, John picked himself up. As he dusted the dust off himself, he asked once more, "Are you really okay? That person seemed to be targeting you. Do you need..."

Olivia was still trying to calm down. She avoided his gaze and said quickly, "I'm fine."

Then, she did not pay any more attention to John as she ran into the atelier.

He wanted to chase after her, but when he remembered how much she detested him and

how afraid she was of him, he suppressed the urge to run after her and got back into the

car.

“Wes, find out what trouble she has gotten herself into recently. Also, get someone to find me that person.”

Wes nodded and as he glanced at the abrasion on John’s hand, he asked, “Sir, do you need to go to the hospital?”

John lowered his head to look at his hand. “No. It’s just a small wound.”

With that, a dash of loneliness flashed across his eyes.

Why did Olivia seem like she had forgotten about him? How could she be so apathetic toward him?

Did he really hurt her that much?

On the other side, Olivia staggered into the atelier, went to her office, closed the door, leaned on the wall, and panted hard.

Everything happened so quickly just now, and she had almost blown her cover in front of John.

‘Damn it, Olivia Larson! Why did you have to be so absent-minded?’

‘How could you not tell the difference between dreams and reality? If he knew that you’re Olivia Larson, you’re done for,’ Olivia thought.

She was already in a lot of trouble with Jenson, and if she threw John into the mix as well...

Olivia really could not think of what would happen after that.

Knock knock!

"What happened, Pheebs?"

Olivia swallowed her saliva, calmed down before she opened the door, and with feigned calmness, said, "Nothing happened..."

"Nothing happened? You won't tell me that Lyla got kidnapped yesterday, and you just had someone throw bricks at you! Are you not planning to tell me that too?"

Jennie stared hard at Olivia with a solemn expression. "Pheebs, how much more are you hiding from me? Am I even a friend to you?"

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Olivia still tried to argue, but when she lifted her head to see Jennie's eyes, she suddenly lost her strength and slumped on the couch.

"It's Jenson Luke."

"Jenson Luke?"

Olivia nodded. "Yeah, the person that kidnapped Lyla and who threw a brick on me is Jenson. He threatened me to not sue him. He also wanted me to give him ten million dollars before he would stop."

Jennie's eyes widened as she shrieked. "He can dream on! For us to not ask him to return the money, it's already a really kind deed from our side! How dare he demand money from us? Does he really think that the law is just for decoration?"

Then, Jennie looked at how worn out Olivia looked and could not help but soften her tone. She walked up to give Olivia a once-over.

"Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine."

Jennie sighed, turned around, and left.

After a while, Jennie poured a mug of honey-lemon drink, passed it to Olivia, sat beside her, held her hand, and said, "Look at you. Your hands are still shaking, and you're here telling me that you're okay?"

"I did get a little frightened just now."

"Pheebs, before this thing with Jenson is over and done with, stop coming to the atelier. I'm here, and it'll be fine with just me here."

Olivia paused for a while before she replied, "No! I'm just about done with the sketch for Xavier Hemsworth's order."

Then, she pursed her lips and added, "Jennie, I know you don't want me to worry, and you've specially told them to prevent me from seeing the numbers, but how can I not care about such a huge hole? I've got to at least get the Xavier order done, get the remainder of the pay, or..."

"Phoebe James, it isn't as bad as you think it is. Also, I have my own money too! We don't need to go to that extent. Also, I'm more worried about your life and your safety. You know that?"

"You're in danger too. What if....."

“Jenson would not find trouble with me. You’re the one that interacted with him the most,

and also, he would not dare to mess with me.”

However, Jennie knew Olivia, and she knew that Olivia was extremely stubborn, so she relented. “I saw your sketch for the Xavier case. You’ll be able to finish it today, right?”

Olivia nodded. “Yeah. I’m almost done.”

“Okay, finish it up today, and stay at home tomorrow! Don’t you dare go anywhere.”

Jennie saw how Olivia wanted to argue, so before she could speak, she added, “Don’t fight me on this, or I’ll come to your house to work and watch you.”

Olivia was at a complete loss for words at that moment.

The atelier was at its most difficult period, and it was already inappropriate for her to not be present. If Jennie were to be absent as well, would things not completely crumble?

Olivia had to relent. “Fine, I’ll stay at home. I’ll finish the rest of the orders at home. Atelier will be all yours, okay?”

“Drink this while it’s still warm. This is my secret recipe! I would make this for no one else but you.”

Olivia smiled. “I’m honored.”

Jennie smiled as well. After nagging her for a while more, she got up and left Olivia’s

office.

After Jennie left, Olivia's smile disappeared instantly. Her eyes dimmed immediately as well.

She had to figure out a way to get Jenson Luke out of the way.

Good thing nothing really happened during the day, and Olivia was able to hand in her sketch to the producing party on time. That allowed her to breathe a sigh of relief.

There were also more patrols in the area, so Olivia did not think too much of it when she organized her table and left the atelier.

However, when she had just reached the parking lot, she saw a figure darting toward her.

"Phoebe James, I'll kill you!"

Olivia ran backward, but unfortunately, her stilettos got stuck in a manhole cover. She simply could not yank it out, no matter how hard she tried.

The man was about to splash her with the bottle he held in her hand, so Olivia wanted to remove her heels to make a run for it. However, since she was panicking, she could not seem to coordinate herself enough to do it.

In a split second, a lanky figure ran towards her and tucked her snugly within their arms.

Then, with the sound of a bottle clanging to the ground, the man that had her arms around Olivia let out a low hiss.

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In an instant, a security guard came running out and had the man who threw the bottle pressed firmly on the ground. After removing his cap and mask, Olivia realized that the attacker was not Jenson Luke.



Olivia was a little stunned. "Where's Jenson Luke?"

The attacker spat at her. "Pah! You evil wench! I have nothing to say to you! I was the one that threw the brick on you just now. I just want to kill you, you evil wench!"

She did not know this man, but she was sure that he was Jenson's accomplice.

When one of the guards asked her, "Ms. James, should we call the cops?"

"Yes, inform them, and please send him to the police station."

"Okay."

Then, the security guard yanked the screaming and thrashing attacker up from the ground and dragged him into the car.

Olivia's head was aching. She did not expect Jenson Luke to be such a nuisance.

If things were to continue as they were, as long as she did not have Jenson arrested, she and everyone around her would have no peace.

After that situation, she was a little worried for Lyla and was about to leave.

Olivia was halfway up when she remembered her savior, and when she lowered her head, she was met with John's handsome face.

Him again?

Olivia stared intently at John, but she could not understand the emotions in his eyes.

However, the man in her arms was sweating profusely, and even though he was trying to hold it in, his lips were extremely pale, and he was clearly in discomfort.

Olivia's heart shuddered. Did the bottle hit him just now?

The bottle could not be so powerful, right?

Before she could speak, Olivia noticed that her heels were bubbling and melting after coming into contact with some of the liquid.

Was that... sulfuric acid?

She was flabbergasted. Her eyes widened as she stared at John. "Are you hurt? Is it serious?"

He pointed at his right leg and said, "It's not serious, but please help me up."

If his leg was not injured, he would not be lying unmovingly on the ground.

Olivia looked immediately to see blood oozing out of his pants, which were stuck to his flesh, and her heart dropped.

Frowning, she tried to wipe the acid away from the wound with her handkerchief, but since the flesh of John's leg was injured, she did not dare to do anything more to it.

The only thing she could do was sling John's arm over her shoulder and say, "Hold onto me, I'll help you up and get you to the hospital."

"Okay."

John looked down to see that Olivia's face was tainted with worry for him, and he smiled silently. The melancholy in his heart seemed to have dispersed a little.

Was she worried for him?

Olivia did not care to fuss over him as she got him into her car and drove off immediately.

Neither spoke for the entire journey.

Olivia was a little anxious, while John looked at her quietly like he was not the one who was injured.

When they arrived at the hospital, she stopped her car, helped him get out of the car, and asked, "Are you still okay? It's just that one part, right?"

John nodded. "Yeah."

Once they entered the hospital lobby, Olivia grabbed a passing nurse and said, "Please help him! His leg was burned by acid. Please help him now!"

The nurse was stunned for a while before she yelled for help to put John on a bed. After checking and seeing that it was just that one part of his leg that was hurt, the nurse heaved a sigh of relief.

"You're too nervous, miss. This isn't that bad. It'll be over soon once it's been dealt with."

"It's bleeding, and the flesh seems like it's dissolved, so how can you say that this isn't severe? What if there's a scar..."

Olivia did not know what had gotten into her as words like that came spewing out of her mouth. Before she realized it, the words had already been said.

She covered her mouth quickly, embarrassed, and looked awkwardly at the nurse. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

The nurse did not think much of it. She was merely flabbergasted by Olivia's reaction. The only response she could muster was to nod stoically at Olivia while saying, "It's going to be okay, miss."

The man on the bed, however, let out a light chuckle. "I didn't expect Ms. James to care so much for me."

Olivia glared at the man on the bed. "You think too much. I'm just afraid of blood."

Then, she lowered her head to look at John's leg. "Looks like it's not that bad. I'll make a move now."

Just as she had turned around and was about to leave, John grabbed her hand and said, " Ms. James, I've saved you twice today, haven't I? Please don't be so cruel."

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Cruel?

Olivia could not help but scoff in her heart when she heard that term.

The feeling of her being moved and being anxious for John disappeared immediately.

If they were talking about cruelty, who else could be crueler than John himself?

What a joke!

Olivia tried suppressing her hatred, turned to look at John, and snarked coldly, "Mr. Freeman, thank you for saving me, but since the nurse said that you'll be okay, I don't think I can be labeled as cruel."

John paused for a while, his lips tightly pressed together as he froze awkwardly. He released her eventually and muttered, "I'm sorry."

Olivia was stunned.

She expected John to be angry about it, and she expected him to retort, but she did not expect him to apologize.

For reasons unknown to her, she felt a little uneasy hearing John apologize to her.

If he had half the patience he had for her today in the past, they would not have come to where they were now at this moment.

Alas, he had been the cruelest to her.

She did not know what to reply to him with, so she left hastily after she threw him a glance.

There was a mess of emotions in her heart at that moment.

Hatred, fear, and doubt swirled around and filled her, making running away the only escape and way out for her.

However, she was stopped in her tracks halfway out.

"Ms. James."

Olivia lifted her head in a scurry to find Wes standing in front of her.

What did he want?

Olivia frowned slightly. "What is it?"

Wes scanned her from top to toe and replied in a low voice, "Ms. James, I'm Mr. Freeman's assistant, and there's a favor I'd like to ask from you."

"What is it?"

"You should know by now that you really look like our Madam." Wes paused, and a hint of

probing crept into his eyes. "So, I'd like you to pretend to be our Madam, so our Sir's long, heartfelt desires will come true."

Olivia knew what Wes was trying to say, and her face darkened. "Sorry, I refuse."

She thought things would be over with her refusal, but Wes added, "Ms. James, I guess you're sick of being someone else's replacement, right? If you were to pretend just this once, it will all be over, and Sir will no longer follow you around anymore."

Replacement?

Olivia's heart ached painfully, suddenly.

It was at that movement that it suddenly hit her. Phoebe James was Olivia Larson's replacement, was she not?

John had no idea that she was Olivia, but he had jumped out to protect her time and time again. She had already become the replacement, had she not?

However, she brushed herself off the very next second.

It was impossible that John would want to protect Olivia.

He most certainly would not. He could not wait to kill her off!

“Hah, I’m not a replacement for whosoever, and I’m not getting involved in this disgusting game of yours.”

After saying that, Olivia walked past Wes and got into her car.

It was only then she had allowed herself to exhale in languish as she slumped into her seat.

After what seemed like forever, Olivia laughed bitterly.

She did not expect to still be clueless about how John thought after so many years.

It had been twenty-one years since they first met.

How many twenty-one-year-long periods could one have in their life?

Sadly, it had been twenty-one years, and she still did not understand John.

She was a failure.

Just like that, Olivia got home in a daze.

The moment she entered her house, she was greeted by a pretty pair of narrow eyes.

“You’re finally back, Pheebs! I called you several times, but you didn’t pick up. I’ve been worried to death!”

Olivia was so surprised she took a step back.

The man in the house took her bag from her enthusiastically and placed her indoor slippers before her. “Don’t worry, Lyla’s already asleep, and your brother’s cooking in the kitchen. I’m a good man and not a burglar. Why are you so afraid?”

Initially, Olivia was so speechless she did not know how to continue the conversation, but in the end, she was tickled by his last sentence.

Him? A good man?

“No good man in the world would claim to be a good man themselves.”

Xavier chuckled and pointed at himself, his eyebrows cocked up. “I would.”

This man...

Olivia shook her head, speechless. “Mr. Hemsworth, usually, the people that claim that they’re good are bad.”

Xavier did not mind. “Pheebs, if you think I’m a bad man, I don’t mind it too.”

Then, he added with raised eyebrows, “People always say nice guys finish last, right?”

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“I don’t like bad boys, Mr. Hemsworth.”



“Pheebs, could you just call me by my name? You addressing me as Mr. Hemsworth makes me feel like we’re not close at all.”

Olivia chuckled lightly. “You’re my client. Of course we’re not close.”

Xavier’s face darkened slightly. He was slightly displeased. “Would you bring normal clients home?”

Since when had she brought him home?

Just when Olivia was at a loss for words, Fred walked out of the kitchen with dinner in his hands. When he saw Olivia, he was instantly attentive.

“Liv, I heard someone threw a brick at you, then someone threw acid at you too! Are you okay?”

He put dinner down on the table, walked up to Olivia, and scanned his eyes all over her. After he was sure that she was unharmed, he breathed a sigh of relief.

“I wanted to come to get you in the afternoon, but Jennie said you were okay and that she had asked the guards to increase their patrols, so I didn’t go. Why did someone come and throw acid at you in the evening, then?”

Olivia sighed. “I think he’s Jenson’s accomplice. But the acid did not land on me.”

“Who did it land on, then?”

When Olivia thought about that person, her heart involuntarily tugged painfully. She pursed her lips and brushed him off casually. “A passerby.”

Then, she went into the bathroom, turned on the water, and filled the basin with it. Right after that, she plunged her head right into the water.

She held her breath till her head was muddy, then she pulled her head out instantly, wiped the water off her face, and looked at her reflection in the mirror.

Olivia, Olivia, did the four years of lessons not teach you enough?

He was just slightly bleeding, and you got so anxious?

Then, she took another deep breath and plunged her head into the water once more.

She hated John Freeman, but she hated herself more.

If she was slightly crueler four years ago and had not given Wes a heads-up, John would no longer be alive.

If he died, she would probably not have to live so anxiously now.

However, she could not turn back time, so what use was regret?

“Mommy! Is Mommy back?”

Suddenly, a kiddish voice rang out and immediately pulled Olivia back to her senses. She pulled her head out of the water, wiped her hair and face, calmed down, and opened the door.

As she walked out, she saw Lyla giggling in Xavier’s arms.

It really seemed like she really enjoyed Xavier’s company.

Was it because he was handsome?

Olivia shook her head and thought, "Handsome men are usually dangerous men, Lyla. Please don't be deceived by their looks."

When she walked over to carry Lyla, she asked, "Are you heading back now, Mr. Hemsworth?"

"Are you chasing me out, Pheebs?"

"No..."

Xavier was a little sad. "I'm only here because I was worried for you, but now that I know that you're okay, I can be at peace. If you want me to go, I'll go."

Xavier got up, rubbed Lyla's fluffy hair, and said, "Bye, little Lyla!"

Olivia was speechless. This man was too good at putting on an act. gam

For him to use retreating as a means for him to advance... It really made her feel bad.

After a short while, Olivia pursed her lips and said, "Err... If you don't have dinner plans, you can leave after dinner. Fred cooks pretty well."

"Really?"

Xavier was already putting on his shoes by the door, but once he heard what Olivia had to say, he immediately flung his shoes away and asked, "Are you for real?"

Olivia was completely speechless. She nodded and said, "Yes."

That man had indeed planned it all out from the start.

When Fred came out of the kitchen once more to see that Xavier was still there, he was a little displeased. "Why are you still here? We're about to have our dinner soon."

Xavier was no saint he plopped down on the chair. "I know. Pheebs invited me to stay for dinner."

Invited?

Fred looked suspiciously at Olivia, but after seeing how helpless Olivia looked, he knew that what Xavier said could not be further away from the truth.

However, Xavier had already started eating and was complimenting Fred. "This is not bad! I like this! It's been too long since I last ate home-cooked food. I miss this!"

Then, Xavier lifted his head, his pretty narrow eyes squinted further. "Pheebs, can I come over more frequently from now on?"

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Before Olivia got to speak, Fred already rejected him without any mercy.

"Don't even think about it. Get your chicks out there to eat with you. Leave my sister alone."

Xavier pretended to be emotional and sighed. "Fred, ever since I got to know your sister, I've dumped all of them away. I still prefer mature women."

"You!"

Those words were sweet to hear, but unfortunately, Olivia was not who she used to be.

She smiled politely, "Alright, let's eat. I'm hungry."

Fred wanted to fight back, but he swallowed the words back after hearing what she said." Okay, I'll set up the table."

Olivia picked up Lyla, took a scoop of scrambled eggs, and blew on it slightly, "Here, have some eggs."

Lyla took the spoon and smiled, "Yummy. But Mommy, Lyla can eat by myself."

"Mommy hasn't fed you for quite some time. Let Mommy do this, okay?"

After thinking for a bit, Lyla nodded. "Alright, but only the eggs."

"Okay."

Olivia felt as if she was dreaming.

Other children would be running around here and there and causing chaos at home when they reached three years old.

However, Lyla did not.

She was very obedient while still having the innocence of a child in her.

Her smiles were very healing. Every time Olivia felt sad while thinking about the past, everything felt worth it whenever she saw her smile.

Xavier looked at them with a meaningful gaze, no one could see through what he was

thinking.

After the meal, Olivia's mood improved.

In fact, she should also thank Fred and Xavier rather than just Lyla.

The two would constantly talk back at each other like two kids, and they even fought for food which amused her and relieved her tense emotions.

When Fred was washing the dishes, Xavier stood up. "It's getting late, Pheeb. I won't disturb your rest."

Lyla was already sleepy at that moment, and her yawns came one after another.

Olivia nodded. "Alright. Drive safe."

Seeing her not moving, Xavier smiled, "Aren't you going to send me off?"

Olivia was stunned, but she still stood up and walked to the porch while carrying Lyla. Just as she was about to take the keys, Xavier stopped her.

"Don't worry about it, stay here."

"Oh. Be safe, then."

While Olivia was in a daze, Xavier suddenly leaned over and moved toward her, causing her

to widen her eyes in fright and look at him in panic.

Xavier liked her look. He smirked and gave Lyla a peck on her cheeks.

"Goodbye, little Lyla."

That being said, he wore his shoes and opened the door. "Goodbye, Pheeb."s.

Olivia remained still on the spot even until the door closed.

'What was I thinking?

'I actually thought that Xavier was about to kiss me?

'How embarrassing!'

After she regained her composure, she carried Lyla to the bathroom. The mother and daughter took a bath, and after putting her to sleep, Olivia fell straight into her comfortable

bed.

It was probably because she was exhausted that she fell asleep in no time.

At that moment, her phone rang.

She wanted to decline the call, but she accidentally clicked the answer button as she had her eyes closed.

A voice came from the other end of the line. "Ms. James, it's me."

Hearing the familiar voice, she immediately woke up. Staring at the phone number, her eyes darkened.

"Mr. Freeman, do you need anything at this hour?"

“You’ve been attacked twice today. I’m afraid that you might be put in danger before the culprit gets arrested. I suggest you stay home these two days.”

After a pause, he continued. “Give me your address, and I will send a few men over to protect you.”

‘Address?’

Olivia did not believe that he was unable to find her address.

However, she felt that if she did not tell him her address, he might actually not come over.

“It’s fine.”

‘No matter what, I cannot let him discover Lyla!’

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“Why?”

Olivia suppressed the anger in her heart and said coldly, “Mr. Freeman, I thank you for saving me twice today, but I don’t think we’re close enough for me to need your protection.”

After a pause, she said, “So, thank you, but it’s not necessary.”

John was silent for a long moment before saying, “Alright, understood.”

“If there’s nothing else, Mr. Freeman, I’ll hang up. I’m tired.”

After saying that, she hung up the call.



She knew that as a stranger, she might sound indifferent.

However, it was impossible for her to be grateful to John.

One would be a fool if they fell for the same trick twice, and she did not want to be that fool.

Olivia was close to rotting after staying at home for two days, but Jenson was still nowhere to be found.

At night, Jennie came over for dinner. She was dragged aside the minute she stepped into the house.

“Jennie, have there really been no orders recently? Is our atelier dying?”

“Pfft, what do you mean, dying? Phoebe, do you hear yourself?”

Jennie said with a solemn expression, “TO Atelier is our joint creation. How could I let it die?”

Olivia lowered her head. “Although I am grateful that I get to spend time with Lyla, I feel empty when you don’t give me work as well...”

“I know you better than anyone. I got you something to do.”

“What is it?”

Olivia's eyes brightened, and she immediately hugged Jennie's arm. "Tell me!"

Jennie took an envelope out of her bag and stuffed it into her arms. "This is an air ticket to Solaria City and a ticket to a jewelry exhibition happening there. The flight is scheduled for tomorrow morning."

Seeing this, Olivia was stunned. "What is this for?"

"Don't worry. Jenson cannot leave the city, so you will be safe once you land in Solaria City,

www

and you'll be free to go anywhere. There's an exhibition there that you've been looking forward to, so you can take it as a chance to go on a vacation."

Olivia was thrilled but she shook her head right after. "No. I can't leave Lyla alone. What if something happens to her?"

"Lyla will be fine. I'm here, no?"

Fred came over as well. "Sis, just go. See it as a holiday."

"But..."

"Jenson's target is you, not us. He will probably be less alert if you're gone, just go ahead with the trip."

Olivia gripped the air ticket and felt bad.

Later that night, Fred came and knocked on her door after Lyla was asleep.

“Sis, it’s me. Can I come in?”

Olivia walked over and opened the door. “Come in.”

“Sis, I know you don’t want to go, but all of us want you to. Lyla secretly asked me to talk to you about it. Even she feels you’ve been too tense recently.”

Hearing this, Olivia was stunned. “How can Lyla say that? She’s only three years old...”

“That’s exactly why she’s so sensitive to everything.”

Hearing that, Olivia smiled helplessly. “Even if I don’t want to go, you all will tie me up and throw me there.”

In the end, she pointed at the luggage bag in the corner. “Alright, I’ll go. Get me the suitcase.”

Fred nodded and laughed/ “That’s right. Don’t worry. I’ll send you to the plane safely.”

Olivia chuckled lightly.

She was very fortunate to be able to meet them.

However, she did not expect life to let her walk away so easily.

Some people were just meant to be entangled with you for your entire life from the moment you met them.

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The day she reached Solaria City, Olivia went around town and had a meal before going back to her hotel.

She had almost never gone out of the city alone over these four years.

Which made her very unused to the situation now.

When she got back, she immediately called Fred and asked to see Lyla. After making sure that both of them were safe, she let out a sigh of relief.

He said that she was too naggy and told her to go explore the town herself. Then, he hung up the call.

Olivia sighed helplessly. She took a look at the time and saw that it was only 8 p.m. It was indeed too early to sleep now.

After thinking for some time, she decided to hit the bar nearby.

Someone came over to strike up a conversation not long after she sat down.

The man seemed to be tipsy, and the glass that he was holding was shaking. "Hey beautiful, are you alone? Let me accompany you."

Olivia frowned and pushed him away. "Leave me alone."

To her surprise, the man thought that she was playing hard to get. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and leaned towards her.

"Your man knows that you're playing hard to get, right?"

As he was speaking, he blew air on her face.

God knew how much this man had drunk earlier. The smell of alcohol on his body disgusted Olivia.

She covered her mouth right after and could not help but vomit on the man.

Seeing this, the man was pissed and stood up after slamming the table. "What are you doing? How dare you vomit on me?!"

"Sorry... You're too smelly, I couldn't endure it..."

She continued vomiting while apologizing which made the man back off and scold her." What the hell?"

He reached out his hand, wanting to grab her hair, but he was stopped in mid-air by

someone.

"You..."

Before he got to finish his words, he saw a pair of icy cold eyes staring at him, and he was

shocked.

"Get lost!"

After saying that, the man pushed him away hard.

Olivia was stunned, and when she saw the face of the person, she froze on the spot.

Suddenly, a handkerchief flew in front of her.

“Wipe it off. I know that you weren’t actually vomiting.”

Olivia took over the handkerchief and wiped her mouth. Her voice trembled slightly. “Thank you.”

The guy sat beside her and asked for a drink. Then, he started sipping.

After a while, he said, “It’s been a while. How are you?”

She looked away. “I think you’re mistaking me for someone else. I...”

“You are Olivia Larson, right?”

He chuckled lightly, and his tone got colder. “I know that you want to start a new life. So do I. I’m planning to visit her when I get back later. You coming?”

Olivia’s body stiffened, and her hands were shaking.

She knew that she could not hide anything in front of him.

This was probably a psychologist’s unshakable trait. No matter how one hid, he or she could still see through you.

“In fact, I don’t think John couldn’t recognize you. Maybe he’s just pretending not to so he can run into you again. Whatever happened four years ago...”

Olivia could predict what he wanted to say, and she interrupted. “Ken.”

As she spoke, she looked at him with a pleading expression. “Don’t tell him.”

Hearing this, Ken smiled briefly. "Don't worry, I won't tell him. I didn't keep in touch with him over these four years either."

Olivia let out a sigh of relief after getting his promise.

After a long time, she suddenly said, "Even if he didn't instigate what happened four years ago, it was still related to him. Even if that didn't happen, I can't forgive him either. You should know that."

As she spoke, she breathed out a foul breath with a hint of a sob in her voice. "Ken, I miss Zy so much. I really do."

## Chapter 469

After a long moment, Ken said in a deep voice, "Me too."

The moment she thought about Zyla, Olivia's tears could not stop flowing.

She was so young, and she had so much that she could achieve.

"But I rarely dream about her. I managed to in the first year, but after that, nothing appeared."

Olivia suppressed her whimper. "Is she still blaming me? That's why she doesn't want to

see me?"

She never told anyone about Zyla after coming to Murica.

Now that she had finally found someone who shared similar feelings to her, she could not hide the thoughts in her heart anymore.

Ken reached out and patted her back. "I suppose she doesn't want you to be immersed in the emotions anymore. As for me, I guess she really hates me. I've dreamt of her many times, but she never said a word to me in my dreams."

After saying that, he downed the glass and smiled bitterly. "I guess she's punishing me."

Probably because of the seriousness of the topic, both of them involuntarily fell silent. Only faint weeping and sighing could be heard.

All of this seemed incongruous with their lively surroundings.

"Right." Ken pursed his lips and retrieved the loneliness in his eyes. "Zac faked your death right?"

Hearing this, Olivia was stunned and wanted to deny it.

However, she also knew that she could not conceal anything from Ken.

He took another sip of his drink. "Zac treated you very well, and he only wanted alive. Even though he knew that this meant goodbye forever, he still went for it."

She understood the first part of what he said, but not the end.

you

to stay

"He treated me really well, and I owe him so much. As a friend, I have nothing to repay

him."



Hearing the term 'friend', Ken chuckled.

She was confused and turned over to look at him.

"He told you that you were friends?"

Olivia nodded. "Yeah."

Ken was dumbfounded, "Just another coward. He wanted to give you everything he could, but he chose to keep so much to himself for fear of losing you."

"Ken, what are you..."

Before Olivia finished her words, Ken looked at her and said, "He likes you."

'He likes me?'

Olivia froze in place as if petrified.

'Zac likes me?'

'How is that possible?'

'He is kind hearted, and he helped me because of John, but later on...'

Various scenes flashed through her mind.

He saved her many times without hesitating, donated his blood on behalf of her, and even got on bad terms with John...

Olivia suddenly stood up, grabbed her bag, and walked out of the bar.

"I... I don't feel well so I'll go back to my hotel."

Ken stopped her. "I'll send you."

She wanted to refuse, but her brain was a mess and could not react properly, so she followed Ken into his car.

Along the way, she stared ahead blankly. Her thoughts were all jumbled up together.

The fact that she had been enjoying Zac's care for such a long time without knowing his feelings... She felt like she had overstepped her boundaries.

When she got back to the hotel, she called Fred.

"Fred, do you think that Zac..."

It was such a difficult thing to say. Just as she was forcing herself to say it, she heard Fred ask, "What happened to Mr. Quinton? Anything urgent?"

"No... I mean... Zac and I... I mean..."

She clenched her fist and bit her lips hard. She mustered up her courage but still could not bring herself to say it.

Fred, on the other hand, seemed to have understood something and asked, "Sis, you finally found out that Mr. Quinton likes you?"

Slam!

Her phone fell straight onto the ground.

Olivia felt that she was like a two-faced b\*tch. Everyone knew what was going on, but she did not.

She even claimed to be his friend while enjoying his love and affection.

‘T...’

Olivia lay in bed and buried her face in her pillow, her mind going haywire.

At the same time, Ken walked out of the lobby and saw John leaning against the car with a cigarette between his fingers, staring at him.

He seemed to be waiting for him.

Chapter 470

“Long time no see.”

Ken initiated the conversation and walked over to open the passenger seat car door. He then turned back and got in the driver’s seat.

“Let’s go somewhere else to talk.”

Without saying a word, John raised his hand and took a sharp puff of the cigarette. Then, he extinguished the cigarette butt, threw it into the trash can, turned around, and got into the car.

The two kept quiet along the way as if they were both just waiting to reach their destination.

Ten minutes later, the two went back to the bar from before and went into the private cabin.

John simply sat down, lit a cigarette, and poured a glass of wine.

After a long moment, he finally opened his mouth. "You've been keeping in touch with her?"

"No. My first time meeting her after four years."

"Where have you been these four years?"

"Advanced study, and on a retreat."

John leaned against the sofa, closed his eyes, took a puff of the cigarette, blew out the smoke, and asked in his hoarse voice, "She didn't deny it?"

"Deny what?"

Ken only realized what John was asking after a while and nodded. "Yeah, I knew you recognized her."

Hearing this, John opened his eyes and laughed self-mockingly. "If you can recognize her, of course I can."

Ken did not respond and took another sip of wine.

"I remember her frown, her smile, her every word and action, even those little habits. She hasn't changed, how can I not recognize her?"

After saying that, he downed the glass he had in hand. "But she doesn't want me to know. She's fine with everyone else knowing, just not me."

"John, have you reflected on your own issues?"

"It was a misunderstanding."

"But it was never a misunderstanding to her. It was pain and despair."

Ken poured another glass of wine for himself. "John, it's not just her. Even I cannot forgive you."

John was taken aback, he put out the cigarette and lit another one.

However, he did not smoke this one and only clipped it between his index and middle finger. He placed his slender hand on the armrest and let the smoke billow around him.

"You are responsible for Zy's death."

"I didn't do it."

Ken sneered. "I know that it wasn't you, and I believed you four years ago. But you are still responsible for it despite the fact that you think you are innocent."

John was irritated. "How am I responsible?"

"What do you think? You were the one who allowed Dorothy to do whatever over and over again. That's why all of that happened. Zy could not stand aside seeing Olivia suffering. And what did you do? You protected Dorothy, contributed to her unethical behavior, and hurt Olivia over and over again. In the end, Zy died because of that, and you dare to claim that you are innocent?"

Four years had passed, and Ken never expected that this man in front of him would never have considered that he was wrong.

They had grown up together since young, and he knew that John had a stubborn. personality but he did not expect it to be this bad.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got, and he shouted, "If it wasn't because of you, how would Dorothy have gotten so powerful? John, you are a bigger sinner than Dorothy!"

Hearing this, John felt a ball of fire burning in his chest and was about to shoot it out of his body.

Suddenly, he threw the wine glass on the ground hard and stood up to yell, "I am not!"

"Yes, you are!"

Seeing that he was pissed, Ken did not want to continue the conversation and left.

When he reached the door, he turned his head and said to the man in the dark, "John, if you can never get that through your head, you will never be able to get Olivia back."

That was the last piece of advice he could give him as a friend.

He did not want to say too much.

As soon as he left, John became so angry that he raised his hand and swept all the wine bottles on the table to the ground.

Wes heard the noise and quickly ran in to see the liquor and glass shards all over the floor.

"Sir?"

“Get out!”

“But...”

John raised his head, and his scorching eyes were filled with murdering intent. The veins on his forehead popped out, making him look like a mad beast.

“Get lost!”

Wes did not dare to stay. He could only close the door, but he was very worried and  
anxious.