

G.H Hooked 471

Chapter 471

Meanwhile, Wes had already dialed Olivia's number.

Before the call went through, John pushed open the door with force, his gaze cold. "Hang up!"

Wes was about to explain when the call went through.

"Hello, who's that?"

John's gaze turned cold upon hearing the voice. He snatched the phone, hung up the call, and deleted the number from the contact list. Only then did he throw the phone back to Wes.

Finally, he even warned Wes, "I'll never let you go if I find out you tried to call her again behind my back."

Wes lowered his head and answered, "Yes, Mr. Freeman."

John looked away and said, "Deal with the matter inside and ignore me."

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"Yes." Wes looked at John's body swaying and was worried. He wanted to help Byron, but Byron pushed him away.

"Mr. Freeman..."

John said nothing and glared at him coldly. It scared Wes, and he swallowed his words.

Since Mrs. Freeman died, Mr. Freeman's temper had grown worse.

Hotel.

Olivia did not care about the weird call. The only thing on her mind now was how she could repay Zac's kindness.

She could ignore it if she knew nothing, but she could not let things be now since she had already known.

Unfortunately, she owed Zac too much.

There was no way to pay it back.

She wondered what she should do.

After a night of pondering over this dilemma, Olivia dozed off until it was almost noon before she woke up again.

Fortunately, the jewelry show was in the afternoon, so there was still time.

At noon, she ordered a little food, cleaned herself up, and went out.

The location of the jewelry exhibition was nearby. It was in the mansion residential area, only walking from the hotel.

By three o'clock, she was in the exhibition area.

Pieces of jewelry were everywhere. It was heaven to those who appreciated the art.

Soon, Olivia was in the mood, fully appreciating and thinking about how to design jewelry.

Suddenly, someone approached her, blocking her from looking at the ring she was observing.

Olivia lifted her head and saw the face she never wanted to see again.

She froze and subconsciously took a step back.

Then, she bumped into a passing waiter. Before she could apologize, a hand reached over and pulled her inward.

“Be careful. You’ll stain your clothes.”

Olivia gulped and pulled her hand from John’s grip. “Thank you.”

He moved to her side. She could read nothing from his gaze.

“You seem to dislike seeing me.”

“N-No...”

She panicked. She never imagined seeing John in Solaria City. It was a rare coincidence.

She felt it was as though John was haunting her.

“Why are you here? Shouldn’t you still be in the hospital?”

“I left the hospital that day,” John seemed to see through her thoughts and chuckled. Don’t worry. I didn’t follow you here. I just came to work and visit the jewelry exhibition.”

To prevent exposing that she was Olivia, she could only smile and change the topic with a smile.

She did not want to be alone with this man, but he followed her everywhere.

“Mr. Freeman, do you like jewelry very much?”

“Maybe.”

“Are you going to buy some for your wife?”

John looked at her and sounded sad when he said, “My wife passed away.”

Olivia could not help feeling heartbroken upon hearing that and blurted out, “Didn’t you marry a new woman?”

John looked at Olivia meaningfully and asked, “Ms. James, why would you say so? Do you think I’m a playboy?”

“Well, yes.”

“I’m sorry about what happened before. It’s because...”

Knowing what he was going to say, Olivia interrupted him. “Mr. Freeman, do you have a minute? I’ll take you to dinner tonight as a token of gratitude for saving my life.”

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After asking, Olivia did not wait for a response. She looked at John and said, “Mr. Freeman, if you are not free...”

“I’m free.”

That answer left Olivia with no choice.

Frustration surged through her.

Inviting John to dinner was not what she had in mind.

However, he, as a stranger, had saved her twice. For courtesy’s sake, she should at least express her gratitude, or else it would be obvious what was happening.

She had forgotten that man was not picky with choosing women at all.

She felt her heart ache.

Never did she expect herself to have such bad taste in men.

Noticing the expression on Olivia’s face, John realized she was unhappy about the offer and asked casually, “Why do I have a feeling that you seem reluctant to invite me to dinner?”

‘Did he just see through my thoughts?’

Olivia pursed her lips, regained her composure, and smiled reluctantly. “No. I just didn’t expect you to be free, Mr. Freeman. I was surprised.”

Fortunately, he did not ask further, but Olivia lost all interest in looking at the exhibits.

Finally, she ended her visit with just a simple stroll.

“Any favorite restaurants?”

It was Olivia's first time in S City, and she had been put here forcefully. She had not made any tour plans, let alone having any favorite restaurant in mind.

"No. I'm not familiar with this place."

"Do you prefer Western food or Asian food?"

Olivia thought for a moment. "Western food. It'll be easier to find."

"Okay."

John walked to the Maybach, opened the door, and protected her head gentlemanly. Then, he closed the door for her.

However, the more careful and gentler he was, the more unhappy Olivia felt.

The feeling was somewhat indescribable.

She did not know whether it was anger, hate, or jealousy.

After what Olivia had been through, it was clear to her that she could not still love this man, but why did she care?

They made small talk all the way to the restaurant.

It was mostly awkward.

Olivia regretted it deeply. Why did she have to invite him to dinner? She had brought this onto herself.

When they arrived, she got out of the car without waiting for John to open the door.

After looking around, she noticed it was a harbor.

It made her wonder what they were doing there. She even considered that John might be planning to take her and throw her to some random island.

John glanced at her. "I thought you might be tired of eating Western food in restaurants, so I thought I'd take you to try Western food on a cruise ship."

He gestured to the ship's large anchor and said, "It's not going anywhere. Don't worry."

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"Really?" Olivia made up an excuse. "I have thalassophobia, and I'm afraid of the deep sea."

John smiled. "Really. I swear I'm not lying."

This man's promises were nothing to Olivia anymore.

However, she was already there, so she had no choice but to follow him up the ship.

After ordering food, Olivia went to the deck to look at the distant scenery.

It was not quite dark yet, so she could still see the islands not far away. The sky was blue, the clouds were white, and the trees were green.

"Ms. James, are you afraid of me?"

Olivia was shocked, and the beauty of the scenery before her shattered.

“Mr. Freeman, do you do this to every woman?”

John frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Sacrifice your life to rescue her, be a gentleman, and wait patiently.” Olivia looked at him. “Like this.”

John turned his head and looked into the distance. “Of course not.”

She was taken aback and felt an indescribable mixed feeling rising in her. After a long time, she asked, “Is it because I look like your dead wife?”

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Olivia smiled self-deprecatingly and said, “My guess is right, isn’t it?”

“No.”

“No?” Olivia looked at him with disdain. “Mr. Freeman, I am very disappointed in you. You

have done all this, but you don’t even have the courage to admit it.”

John’s gaze looked complicated. “Ms. James, what do you want me to say, then?”

Olivia knew it was her who was dwelling on the past.

She was very concerned about the fact that Phoebe was being taken as Olivia.

She looked at John and said, “Forget it. I don’t feel well today. I’ll excuse myself today and send you a gift of appreciation some other day.”

With that, she walked past John and out of the restaurant.

John stretched out his hand to grab her when she passed by him. However, he was afraid she would misunderstand his intentions, so he took his hand back.

Maybe Ken was right, and he was wrong.

He thought that he had changed, and she would be able to see it...

Olivia got off the ship and headed back to the hotel in a taxi.

She wanted to leave the place that night, but she did not have a plane ticket, so she had no choice but to stay in the hotel.

However, the more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

She was mad at John, but she was more mad at herself.

Olivia urgently needed someone to talk to, but she could find no one.

Jennie knew nothing about her true identity, and Fred...was a man. He would not understand her feelings.

The only person who understood her was Zyla.

However, her Zy was murdered four years ago.

Thinking of Zyla made her tear up, and she could not control her sorrow from overpowering her.

'Zy, I really miss you.'"

When she cried in devastation, she almost turned on her phone and called Zac.

However, just a second before she did, she stopped.

Zac had a crush on her, so it would be inappropriate to talk about her feelings for John to him.

Finally, she cried on the bed. After crying for a long time, she fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, there was a constant knocking at the door.

Olivia was in a daze, and she could not tell whether it was from her dream or reality, so she did not get up.

However, the knock did not stop. It came again and again, louder and faster each time.

"Olivia!"

Suddenly, she heard John's voice and woke up from her dream.

Even in bed and holding her breath, she still heard the knock on the door.

It was not a dream.

She got up and went to the door. Looking through the peephole, she saw John standing outside, seemingly swaying.

After pondering for a while, Olivia opened the door.

When she opened it, he pounced on her and held her tightly in his arms.

“Liv, don’t ignore me, okay?”

“I know what I did was wrong, and I’ll change. Please don’t ignore me. Let’s start everything again, okay?”

Olivia’s heart skipped a beat, and she froze.

Suddenly, a strong smell of alcohol assailed her nostrils.

‘How much did this man drink?’

It smelled awful.

“Mr. Freeman, you are drunk.”

“I’m not drunk!”

John lifted his head and looked at her passionately. He held her by the back of her neck

and kissed her.

That kiss was very oppressive. John was like a bear, licking its honey greedily.

Olivia almost lost his breath, yet she could not push him away.

It had been four years. They had not kissed in four years.

Olivia felt strange, and her heart was hammering.

“Liv...”

In a daze, John pushed her onto the sofa. He placed his cold lips on her neck and moved to kiss her lower bit by bit.

“Liv, I miss you so much. Please don’t leave me...”

“Mr. Freeman... Mm...”

John did not want her to talk, so he once again covered her mouth with his lips.

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Olivia was suffocated by the kiss and collapsed into John’s arms.

Suddenly, his slightly hoarse voice rang in her ear. “Liv. Liv...”

The voice was like a spell, snapping Olivia out of her daze.

‘What the hell is going on here?’

She lifted her hand and pushed John away. “Mr. Freeman, I’m Phoebe James, not Olivia Larson! You’ve kissed the wrong person!”

John was startled for a moment and cupped her face as he muttered, “I did not.”

Then, he kissed her again.

Fortunately, Olivia turned her head and dodged.

“I’m Phoebe James! Look carefully. Olivia Larson is dead!”

‘Dead?’

John froze and looked at Olivia in a daze.

Olivia took advantage of it and pushed John away. Then, she sprinted to her room and locked the door from inside.

She leaned against the door and gradually dropped to the ground.

The memory of what just happened confused her.

She touched her lips. Her heart quivered, and she seemed to have recalled something, making her tear up.

Four years? Those years were like a dream.

Suddenly, the scene of Zyla dying in her arms and blood staining her hands flashed through her mind. Zyla did not answer her, no matter how she shouted and cried.

Hatred. It was the only emotion she felt right now.

Olivia clenched her fists, stood up, and opened the door.

When Olivia opened the door, she saw John lying on her sofa.

Maybe the sound of the door opening startled him. He suddenly turned and fell off the sofa.

Olivia was startled, but John did not seem to be awake.

It seemed he had passed out because he was drunk.

Olivia took the fruit knife from the counter and walked to him step by step.

She crouched, lifted the knife, and aimed to stab the man in the chest.

“Oh, you rolled off the sofa in the middle of the night. Perhaps God wants to punish you for

what you’ve done.”

Chapter 475

John knew it was a sarcastic remark.

However, John did not plan to ask further.

After all, according to what he knew about Olivia, she would not push him off the sofa in the middle of the night.

He got up from the floor, patted his clothes, and asked, “Did I do anything inappropriate last night?”

“Mr. Freeman, you can leave now since you’re awake.”

Not wanting to quarrel with him any longer, Olivia got up from the sofa, went straight to the door, and opened it.

“Please leave.”

“Ms. James, I apologize for doing anything inappropriate last night.”

Presumably, because of the hangover, John’s voice was hoarse, making him sound sexy.

“Apologize?” Olivia sneered. “Do you think an apology is enough after you hurt someone?”

“I was drunk last night...”

“Forget it.”

Olivia did not want to listen to his so-called explanation and stopped him. “Since you don’t want to leave, I’ll leave.”

She slammed the door and quickly walked into the elevator, pressing the ‘close’ button.

However, just as the elevator doors were about to close, a pair of slender hands blocked it.

John opened the door and entered the elevator. He stood before the door, blocking Olivia’s

way out.

“Ms. James, I hope to solve the misunderstanding head-on. Escaping...”

Before he could finish, the elevator suddenly shook, and he reminded Olivia quickly, “Hold on to the handrail.”

However, the elevator swung again before Olivia could react, and the lights went out.

Olivia was afraid of the dark, especially in such a dark, confined space, and her body began to tremble. She reached out and tried to grasp the handrail, but perhaps it was because her body was so stiff that she could not find it.

“Are you alright?”

“Y-yes.”

Olivia did not want to show her weak side before him, so she clenched her teeth and

endured it.

However, her voice was trembling, and John could hear it.

He followed the sound, reached out, and grabbed her hand. Then, he comforted her. “It’s okay. I’m here.”

However, the elevator shook and fell again after he said that.

Olivia could hear the grinding of the iron cables at the top of the elevator. Her legs felt weak, and she lost her balance and fell.

John noticed her abnormality and wanted to protect her in his embrace.

The elevator suddenly stopped, and the huge force made John lose his balance.

To avoid hurting Olivia, he had to shield her in his arms while he fell heavily to the ground.

“Ahh!”

Already afraid of the dark and the elevator so rickety, Olivia was scared out of her wits and forgot to put on her disguise.

Her thin body shrunk in John's arms as she held tight onto his neck, resting her head on his right arm.

After a jolt, the elevator finally stopped.

John could feel the woman in his arms relying on him, and he smiled.

He reached out and touched Olivia's head. "It's okay. Don't be afraid."

Olivia snapped out of her fear and wanted to sit up. However, she had accidentally pressed John's right arm, making him hiss in pain.

"Are you hurt?"

Then, she fumbled all over his body.

John grabbed her hand and said, "It's okay. You sit on the side, and I'll keep holding you." Olivia froze for a moment and leaned aside without shoving off his hand.

However, the claustrophobic space made her lose her breath, and soon, she was covered in a cold sweat.

Suddenly, John sat on the ground and said gently, "Close your eyes. Imagine the clear sky. You are lying on the grass, smelling the faint grassy smell. You can see the shadows of the trees around you..."

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Surprisingly, it worked.

When Olivia imagined that scene, her breathing eased, and the fear in her partially dissipated.

Worried that she was not getting better, John held her hand tightly and said, "Don't be afraid. I will always be with you."

Her tears rolled from her eyes and flowed down her cheeks.

Twenty-one years ago, he had brought her out of the darkness by saying, "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

Thus, she followed him until she finally married him.

However, six years ago, Dorothy appeared, destroyed everything they had, and turned this lovely couple into enemies.

Now, Olivia had mixed feelings and could not believe her ears when she heard something like this in such a situation.

She did not want to fall into the abyss of love again.

The six years of pain were enough to last a lifetime and make her desperately want to avoid John forever.

However, why did he have to cling to her no matter where she was?

Why would he not set her free?

It would be better if they stayed apart and as strangers.

John felt her body trembling and thought she was afraid. He quickly asked, "What's wrong? Do you still feel uneasy?"

"Mr. Freeman, why do you do this?" Olivia asked, holding back her tears and trying to control her voice.

"Huh?"

"Why do you want to save me? Why do you want to hound me? Am I a stand-in for wife?"

The elevator fell into silence.

The cold atmosphere shocked Olivia, and a chill ran down her spine.

Could it be that she should not have asked that?

After a long time, she said again, "Mr. Freeman, I..."

your late

"I'm sorry."

This time, John interrupted her. His voice was hoarse and sounded guilty.

"I'm sorry."

He apologized again.

Olivia froze. That proud John had learned how to apologize, which astonished Olivia.

“I did many things and wronged her, but I never had a chance to make it right before she died.

“She wouldn’t see me. She wouldn’t listen to me. She wouldn’t speak of me before she died.”

He sighed. Then, he smiled bitterly and said, “I guess she gave up on me, so she left me alone to live with the pain.”

Olivia was shocked and felt her heart aching, making her feel a little uncomfortable.

“I wanted to make it up to her, but there was no chance. You, Ms. James, look just like her.”

John’s voice was hoarse and deep. “You are alike in every way, including your personality and your attitude toward me. So, the more you want me to leave, the more I feel I should compensate you.”

He paused for a long time, heaved a sigh of relief, and said, “I want to atone.”

‘Atone?’

Olivia looked in his direction.

She did not know why, but even though it was dark and she could see nothing, she could

feel John’s sorrow.

Did he regret that she was dead?

However, why would John, who did not love her anymore, want to atone?

She did not believe it.

There was a long silence. Then, she suppressed her urge to cry and asked, "What did you do to her?"

"A lot."

John was always a man of few words, but he was chatty today.

"We started with one misunderstanding and ended up with a million misunderstandings." John pursed his lips. "She thought I was cheating on her and in love with someone else."

"Were you?"

"No. I have never touched or loved anyone else."

'Never?'

Olivia felt as though something had stabbed into her heart when she heard that.

Why did he refuse to admit it even until now?

Dorothy would not have conceived his child if he had never touched another woman.

If he had not loved Dorothy, Dorothy would not have had the chance to hurt her and her child again and again.

"I knew it was unconvincing, so she didn't believe me. There was nothing I could do." Then, he asked, with a hint of hope, "Do you believe it?"

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After a long silence, Olivia said, "I don't believe you."

"Why?"

She was startled by the further question. "Well, you don't have any proof, so I don't think I need to believe you."

This time, John said nothing.

He knew very well that this was the answer she had given him before.

Even after four years and a different identity, she still chose not to believe it.

"Please give me a chance to atone for what I've done."

Olivia was heartbroken, and she did not know how to respond.

As Olivia, she was unwilling to forgive John.

As Phoebe, she did not want to have anything to do with this man anymore.

"Mr. Freeman, your wife has passed away. How can you atone? A dead person can't see

what

you do for her."

She sighed. "Besides, I don't want to be a stand-in for the deceased. I have my own life."

The elevator fell silent except for the sound of heavy breathing, which made the air seem thinner.

After a long time, John suddenly asked in his hoarse voice, "Do you think it's possible that she isn't dead yet?"

Olivia's heart skipped a beat.

From the beginning to the end, she did not know whether John had identified her as Olivia.

However, she would put on an act as long as John did not bring it up.

His question now...

Before she could respond, there was a voice outside the elevator.

"Is there anyone in there?"

Without thinking, Olivia shouted. "Yes. Help us!"

"Just a moment, please. Please stand back. We'll open the door with force now."

"Okay."

After a while, the firefighters sawed open the elevator door, and a light came in from outside.

Olivia squinted her eyes and blocked the dazzling light with her hand.

Then, she saw a pair of hands reaching for her. "Miss, please hold onto me. I'll pull you out."

For a moment, Olivia was in a daze. She let go of John's hand and grabbed the fireman's

hand.

The elevator was stuck between two floors, so the exit was relatively small. It took a while for her to climb out.

The fireman's face and body were dusty, but those eyes were bright. "Miss, are you injured? Do you feel any discomfort?"

Then, he shouted to the medical staff nearby. "Doctor, check her condition quickly."

With that, Olivia was pulled onto a stretcher by the ambulance staff.

She was somewhat in a daze when everything happened. Everything before her overlapped with the scene from twenty-one years ago.

However, when she saw the person before her, she was relieved.

She always saw John as her light and followed him.

However, she realized John was never the light.

He just happened to be there. He happened to be one of many lights. He was not the only

one.

Thinking about it, she suddenly laughed.

The paramedics checked her vital signs, thinking something was wrong, but they could find nothing wrong.

“Miss?”

Olivia snapped out of her thought, looked at her, and smiled. “Thank you. I’m fine.”

“To be safe, you should go to the hospital for a thorough examination.”

Then, she added, “You, miss, are a lucky person to have survived this earthquake.”

“There was an earthquake?”

Olivia saw John lying on a stretcher and being pushed into an ambulance as soon as she

asked that.

“How is he?”

“Who?” The paramedic realized who she was asking about, took a look, and said, “His condition is not too bad. His right hand is broken, and his third right rib is broken. He needs to go to the hospital for further examination. Miss, do you want to accompany him?”

Olivia froze and shook her head. “No. I don’t know him that well.”

Then, she watched John being pushed into an ambulance. Their eyes met, and they both had mixed feelings surge through them.

She bit her lip and ran over. "Wait a minute. I'll go with the ambulance to the hospital."

John froze for a moment and looked at her without saying anything.

Then, Olivia added calmly, "I don't want to owe you for saving me."

John had saved her as Phoebe three times, so she could not leave just like that.

Many years later, Olivia recalled her feelings when she said this and realized she was just making up an excuse.

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John was pushed into the emergency room when they arrived at the hospital. Olivia followed behind and saw all the injured people.

Some people were bleeding, while others had broken their limbs. They were crying and shouting, and it was chaotic.

At that moment, Olivia suddenly felt lucky.

While John was receiving his treatment, she took the opportunity to call Fred to tell him

she was safe.

"Liv, you scared me to death. I saw the news and couldn't get through to your phone. So, I thought you were caught in the earthquake."

“Fred, calm down.”

“How do you expect me to calm down? Disasters can’t be avoided.”

Olivia switched it to video call and showed Fred her whole body. “Don’t worry. I’m really fine. Intact, and not injured at all.”

Fred heaved a sigh of relief and said, “That’s good. I didn’t even dare to tell Lyla about it. I was afraid she would cry and want to find you.”

“Is she alright? Has she been a good girl?”

“Yes. I have been looking for a kindergarten for her recently. We have a few in mind and are waiting for you to return to make the final decision.”

“Okay. Is there any progress on Jenson Luke’s case?”

“Not yet, but I’ll follow up on it.”

“Did you hack the traffic system again?” Olivia asked seriously.

Fred was startled and looked away as he brushed her off. “No... Why would I hack it?”

“Don’t lie to me, Fred. Your dark circles proved it,” Olivia sighed. “Fred, listen to me. Leave this to the police. Don’t do anything about it. I’m afraid to lose my brother.”

She knew he was trying to find Jenson through the traffic cameras, but it was dangerous.

He was a little reluctant but still nodded. “Okay. Lyla is sleeping. Do you want me to wake her up?”

“No. I’ll be back in a few days.”

“Liv, take care of yourself. You look thinner than the last time.”

Olivia smiled. “You should go and catch up on sleep. Bye.”

After that, she called Jennie to explain the situation. Jennie only hung up the call after making sure she was fine.

She accidentally scrolled past Zac’s number, and she paused.

She wanted to send him a message, telling him she was okay. However, she recalled Zac knew nothing about her coming to S City, so she felt it was better to keep him from learning about this.

It was mainly because she had not thought of a way to deal with her relationship with him.

yet.

Meanwhile, the nurse took John to the private ward after getting bandaged and getting a check-up.

Leaning on the hospital bed, he felt at a loss.

That woman was gone.

Did she leave?

Just as John was wondering, someone pushed open his ward door. Olivia walked in with a plastic bag in her hand.

“I didn’t eat last night, and I was a little hungry after all this, so I went out to get some food.”

Then, she put the plastic bag on the table and unpacked the box inside. "I wanted to buy some porridge, but there's no porridge here. So, I bought some pasta. Is that alright?"

Startled, he nodded. "Sure."

She pushed one of the bowls to him and ate the other herself.

She was hungry and took two big bites. Only then did she notice John was staring at her all the time. She stopped and asked, "Eat! Why are you looking at me?"

Ignoring him, she took another mouthful of her food.

However, John stared at her, making her annoyed. She frowned and said, "I'm hungry. That's why I'm gobbling up my food. Stop looking!"

"Erm..."

John pointed his right arm meaningfully and said, "My hand is plastered up, so I can't use it."

Only then did Olivia realize his right hand was plastered. She pursed her lips, opened his lunch box, and placed the fork in his left hand.

"Well then, it's a good opportunity to learn how to use your left hand."

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John wanted to protest but was afraid to stop her from eating, so he had to hold the fork in his left hand to pick up the noodles in the bowl.

It was probably the most pathetic moment of his thirty years of life.

He failed to even eat a mouthful of pasta.

Meanwhile, Olivia had already put down her fork and was staring at him.

Their eyes met, and she compromised.

“Forget it. I’ll feed you.”

Then, she sat next to him, rolled the noodles with the fork, and sent it to his lips. “Ah! Open your mouth.”

John stared at her for several seconds before opening his mouth.

“A little wider.”

Seeing John not cooperating, Olivia frowned. “If you don’t cooperate, I’ll leave you to it.”

John had no choice but to open his mouth wide.

Olivia stuffed the noodles in. “Close, and chew.”

After eating a few mouthfuls, John realized something was wrong.

After swallowing the food, he asked, “You seem very skilled in feeding people food. Do you often feed others?”

“Well, but not human,” Olivia picked up a mouthful of noodles and shoved it into his mouth. “I’m used to doing it with a dog.”

“Cough...”

John was immediately choked.

Was this woman treating him like a dog?

“So, do you still want me to feed you?”

John glared at her. His brows furrowed. After a standoff, he nodded. “I’m hungry.”

“Okay. Open your mouth.”

He watched her as he ate the pasta.

He thought the woman’s mood had changed since she got off the elevator.

However, he could not put his finger on what was wrong.

After John had finished his food, Olivia looked at hers and stood up. “I’m going to warm

mine up and come back later.”

“Thank you.”

Olivia was startled. “You’re welcome. You saved me, so I should thank you.”

With that, she went out.

When she was outside, she smirked, feeling pleased.

At last, she was not so afraid of this man. He was no longer the light of her life. She had cleared all her fear.

It brightened her mood.

John had saved her, hurt her, harmed Zyla and Ian, and even helped Dorothy. Those facts were all true.

However, she would never be kind to him again in the future just because she saw him as her savior.

After warming her pasta, she met Wes when she was back.

“Now that you’re here, Mr. Coulson, can I leave?”

Wes was startled and shook his head. “I came to help you deliver the necessities. Now I have to go to a meeting. I might have to trouble you to take care of Mr. Freeman, Ms. James.”

Olivia did not refuse. She nodded. “Okay. After all, Mrs. Freeman got injured because he saved me.”

By the time John healed, Olivia would be gone from his life, and she would have nothing to do with him.

Suddenly, Wes stopped her. “Ms. James, did I tell you that my last name was Coulson?”

Olivia’s heart skipped a beat. She had blurted it out subconsciously.

After calming herself down, she smiled and said, “Don’t you remember you told me when you stopped me the last time and asked me to stand in for the deceased Mrs. Freeman?”

Wes Coulson was afraid John might hear this, and he did not question her further. “Maybe. I’ll leave Mr. Freeman to you then.”

After Olivia entered, Wes scratched his head.

He did not tell her that. When had he ever told her his last name?

Then he took a see-through bag from his pocket containing a hair.

It was Ian's hair, which he had specially asked the servant to send over.

He planned to send this strand of hair and the one he got from Phoebe to get a DNA test done. Two days later, he would be able to know if Phoebe was Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman had confirmed she was Olivia, yet she chose to deny it decisively. Therefore, Wes wanted to stop John from going in deeper and hurting himself more.

Chapter 480

After having her meal, Olivia looked at the time and saw that it was already evening. John's injury was not serious, and he could do most things independently.

"Mr. Freeman," She got up from the sofa and said, "It's getting late. I'm going back to the hotel. I'll see you tomorrow."

John had expected her to stay, but she had chosen to leave before even 7.00 p.m.

"How about during the night..."

"You can't shower while you're injured, and you've already eaten. You hurt your right arm, but you shouldn't have trouble going to the bathroom."

As they spoke, Olivia was already at the door. "You have an assistant, so it would be better for you to look for him if you need anything. So, I'm leaving."

Then, she opened the door and walked out without giving John any chance to persuade her to stay.

She hailed a taxi outside the hospital and returned to the hotel.

She heaved a sigh of relief at the thought.

The radio station in the car was broadcasting the earthquake in Solaria City. Overall, it did not seem too severe. No buildings collapsed, the ground did not split apart, and there were only a few casualties.

According to the Earthquake Bureau forecast, there would be no further aftershocks.

The tragedy she saw in the hospital was caused by a traffic accident in which a bus rolled off the road, leading to severe casualties.

When she was at the hotel, she looked around and found everything was the same as before.

Everything that happened before seemed like a dream, but now, she had woken up, and everything was clear.

Her messy mind was now calm.

Olivia smiled and explained the situation to the receptionist. Then, she took another elevator to her room.

After taking a bath, she got to bed early.

She was getting ready for bed when the phone rang.

“Pheebs, there was an earthquake in Solaria City. Are you okay?”

“Mr. Hemsworth?”

The man on the other end of the call sounded displeased and complained, “Pheebs, I’ve told you to call me Xavier. Don’t always call me Mr. Hemsworth. It sounds like we are strangers.”

Perhaps she was in a good mood. Instead of being as serious as usual, she chuckled and said, “Okay, Xavier. Thank you for asking.”

Xavier noticed she was in a good mood. “Why do you sound so happy even after experiencing an earthquake? Pheebs, are you really in Solaria City?”

“Yes,” Olivia looked up at the ceiling and smiled. “Probably because I survived and didn’t get hurt. I feel lucky.”

“I’m glad you’re not hurt. I was thinking of flying over to see you.”

“Don’t you have to go to work?”

Xavier snorted. “Do I look like a salaryman to you?”

Olivia shook her head helplessly. “Alright, Mr. Hemsworth. I know you’re from a wealthy family, you’re handsome, and you have a high status.”

“Pheebs, did you just call me handsome?”

Olivia could hear Xavier's happy laughter from the other end of the call.

"I mean that..." Olivia pursed her lips. "I'm not suitable for you. Don't waste your time on me."

She did not know if what Xavier said was sincere or not. After what Zac had done for her, she was afraid whenever someone said they liked her.

She was afraid she could not pay back what they had done for her.

"Pheebs."

Xavier chuckled. "What you say is too decisive. It doesn't depend on you to say if we are suitable. You can't stop me from being nice to you."

That suddenly left Olivia speechless.

Indeed. She could not stop him...

"It's late. I'm going to bed."

"Pheebs, do you know you like running away from trouble?"

Running away?

Did she like to run away?

Before she could speak, Xavier said, "Have a good rest. We'll talk about it when you're back."

After hanging up the call, he looked at the man beside him and asked coldly, "Are you sure

you saw her entering the hospital with John?"