

G.H Hooked 491

Chapter 491

Back at the hotel, Olivia huddled in the bathtub with her arms around her knees, looking blankly at the floor.

'What should I do?

'Take Lyla and leave Murica?

"What about the atelier?"

The atelier was her and Jennie's brainchild. They attracted every client and created every design.

They even designed the chairs and tables in the atelier...

Besides, how would Lyla adjust to being kidnapped and now having to change cities at her age?

She would have fled without a word if she had been alone, but she could not even run away

now.

She had no idea what John was thinking or if he recognized her.

However, she knew the closer he got, the more dangerous it was.

Therefore, it was better if she left.

Therefore, she took out her phone to book a flight, but her hands were shaking. She lost her grip and dropped her phone into the bathtub.

She scrambled to pick it up and nudged a tap on the side.

The cold water poured down from the top, chilling her heart and clearing her mind.

She could not leave.

She would expose herself if she left.

Olivia leaned weakly against the bathtub. Unable to leave, she had to keep playing Phoebe.

Suddenly, she began to cough violently.

Enduring the pain, she got out of the cold water and quickly turned on the hot water. Then she took off her sodden clothes and threw them aside until the water temperature was just right before sitting in the bathtub again.

After ten minutes of soaking, she finally felt warm and comfortable.

She had an operation four years ago but could not cure her lung cancer.

According to what the doctor said, she was merely surviving.

How long she could survive was up to fate.

After a hot bath, Olivia climbed into bed.

She was tired and had no appetite, so she just went to sleep.

In the middle of the night, her phone rang suddenly.

She answered the phone in a daze and heard someone on the other line saying, "Ms. James, I'm a nurse at the city hospital. We just found Mr. Freeman with a stash of alcohol in his room. We went to get it, yet he yelled at us.

"You know sick people aren't supposed to drink, especially in a hospital. So..."

Olivia was speechless. She opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling. There was a long silence before she spoke.

"So what? Is he drunk?"

"Not yet. We can't control him, so we'd like you to come and check on him, Ms. James. What if something goes wrong?"

After a long pause, the nurse called her again without waiting for Olivia's reply. "Ms. James, are you listening?"

Confused and anxious, the nurse could only ask, "So will you come over, Ms. James?"

Olivia gave a cold reply and said no more.

"No."

With that said, she hung up the phone, threw it aside, and pulled the covers over her head. However, she was not at all sleepy after closing her eyes for a long time.

She was somehow irritated, tossing and turning in bed.

'What does this man really want?

'Why won't he stop when he's already injured and hospitalized?'

Less than half an hour later, her phone rang again.

Thinking it was still the nurse, she answered the phone and said impatiently, "I said I'm not going. Stop calling."

"I want to see you."

Olivia froze. After a pause, she said coldly, "I don't want to see you. I want to sleep."

The other party was silent for a while. Their hoarse voice was lonely.

"I'll wait for you until you come."

Chapter 492

She used to think John was not clingy enough, but she now found him to be like taffy-she could not get rid of him.

She had no idea when it started, but she only found the person she longed for to be overly difficult.

"I'm not going. You can wait if you want.

"I know you'll come."

Olivia only found her chest so stuffy that she exasperatedly hung up. Then she turned it off

and threw it out.

Knowing that the man was pretending to be pitiful, she could not sleep as she lay in bed.

After tossing and turning on the bed for the umpteenth time, she finally could not resist. sitting up.

Looking out at the night sky, she cursed, "D*mn it!"

She quickly changed her clothes and hurried to the hospital.

The man was so troublesome.

She would have to clean up the mess if something went wrong when he was hospitalized.

It was better to appease him as soon as possible to avoid a long delay.

Olivia knew she was only making excuses.

The nurse told her a lot more when she arrived at the hospital. She was not in the mood to listen, so she waved her hands.

"I see. I'll check on him."

With that said, she trotted off toward the ward.

The hospital ward was quiet at night. It was white everywhere and much gloomier than during the day.

Scared, Olivia gulped, paused at the door, pushed it open, and walked in.

The lights were off in the room. It was dark, and she could see that no one was on the bed through the light in the hallway.

Her heart sank. 'Where did he go?'

"Mr. Freeman?"

There was no response, so she was worried. She turned around to run outside.

However, a pair of hands pulled her back and pushed her against the door as soon as she reached it.

"Ah!"

Startled, Olivia screamed to fight back and heard the familiar deep voice. "It's me."

She breathed a sigh of relief when she found out who it was.

"Mr. Freeman, what are you doing? Let me go. You're still hurt. Don't do this."

"I'm not letting go."

Though it was dark, she could feel the man moving closer to her. Finally, she could feel his breath on her face.

'Alcohol?'

"Were you drinking again?"

The man rested his head on her shoulder and replied with a low, "Yeah".

Olivia was secretly having a breakdown. His hand was still broken, yet he was doing whatever he wanted.

"Have you lost your mind? Do you not want to leave the hospital?"

"I don't want to lose you again. Don't go, okay?"

"Mr. Freeman, I..."

Before she could finish, the man's cold lip came down and stopped everything she wanted to say.

The smell of alcohol crept in, making Olivia's head spin.

She reached out to push him, but she heard the man's anguished moaning as soon as she touched him. Her heart softened immediately, so she withdrew her hand.

However, as soon as she withdrew her hand, the man became more aggressive as if he wanted to empty her out.

It took an unknown amount of time before he finally released her and begged, "Don't go. I don't care who you are. Don't go, okay?"

Olivia's breathing fastened. She stared at him in the dark. After a long silence, she pushed him away.

“John, do you think you can do whatever you want? Should the whole world function the way you want?”

“You get drunk when you’re unhappy. What about me?”

“Should I play along?”

She had had enough.

She begged him to return to her side, yet he was indifferent and arrogant.

Now?

He repeatedly pretended to be drunk and made a scene, forcing her to stay, but why should

she?

John froze and grabbed her without saying anything.

However, Olivia shook him away without a care. “John, didn’t you ask me why I wanted a new life?”

She sneered. “Because I wanted to get away from you, or I’d lose control and kill you.”

Chapter 493

John’s heart shuddered as he looked up at her with indescribable emotions in his eyes.

He knew she was telling the truth.

However, he did not want to set her free.

There was a long silence. Just as Olivia was about to leave, he said something suddenly.

“Stay with me for one night, okay?”

Afraid Olivia would refuse, he added, “Just for one night. I won’t do anything.”

He did not want her to go, and he did not want her to go with someone else. Especially that guy surnamed Hemsworth!

He wanted to ask what it was with the guy surnamed Hemsworth, but he was scared and could only beg her to stay.

Olivia turned around to look at him. She sized him up. “Are you pretending to be drunk?” John smiled helplessly and plonked down on a nearby couch. “Whatever floats your boat.” He did not know how drunk he was.

He was drunk last time. This time, he was half awake and half drunk.

Olivia stood where she was, looking at the figure in the dark with an indescribable feeling in her heart.

Digging her nails into the flesh, she told herself that this man was only acting.

However, she gave in after all.

Finally, she breathed in relief. “Okay, I’ll stay with you tonight. Go to bed. I’ll sleep on the couch. It’s late. We should go to bed.”

She just did not want John to pester her endlessly. By agreeing once, she would be relieved.

It was how she comforted herself.

However, John did not budge. His voice was shaking slightly. "Take the bed. I just had the sheets changed. I'll sleep on the couch."

Olivia did not pretend to be polite with him. She took off her shoes and lay down on the bed. Then she turned around and had her back against him.

After all this, she was no longer sleepy, so she only closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

After an unknown amount of time, she felt someone climb into bed and take her in his

arms as she drifted off to sleep.

Although there was a hint of alcohol, it could not conceal the familiar scent.

She instantly opened her eyes and looked.

John put his left hand under her head while his right hand was on her waist. His eyes were

closed, and he rubbed his chin against the top of her head from time to time.

Her heart churned with anguish.

She frowned, turned around, and had her back against him again.

John sensed it and opened his eyes to look before taking her in his arms again.

This time, it was tighter than earlier.

“I know you won’t forgive me, but I can’t give up on you.”

She sneered to herself.

If Zyla and their baby had not died, maybe she could have taken a step back, but what was the point of forgiveness?

Early the next morning, Olivia quietly got up and left before John woke up.

She did not go to the hospital for several days.

However, she sent food to John every day and asked the nurse about his condition.

Olivia was relieved to learn that his condition had improved, and all that was left was to

rest.

Since he was recovering, her identity as Phoebe did not owe him anything. Therefore, she could leave.

As she packed up, she remembered what Ken had said about escape.

Maybe she loved escaping.

However, she could not run away forever. There had to be an end to it.

Therefore, taking her bag and going out of the door, she should say a proper goodbye to John.

However, the taxi broke down on the way.

“I’m sorry, Miss. It looks like you’ll have to get another taxi. It won’t be fixed for a while.”

Olivia had no choice but to pay the fare and stood on the roadside trying to get another taxi.

However, there were no taxis, and it began to rain.

She had to take shelter from the rain at a roadside coffee shop, oblivious to a familiar figure in the corner.

Chapter 494

Not knowing when the rain would stop, Olivia ordered a cup of coffee and waited.

However, after finishing one cup of coffee, the rain only got worse. There was no sign of it stopping.

However, the place she was in was somewhat awkward.

She would get wet if she went to the hospital.

If she skipped out this time, she might not go again.

Sometimes, courage only took a moment, while getting discouraged also took only one

moment.

As she hesitated, the phone rang.

“Pheebs, are you coming back?”

Olivia recognized the voice and replied indifferently, “I have something going on, so I got delayed.”

"I asked the police and heard they had found Jenson Luke's hiding place. It probably will not be long before they arrest him. That way, you can come back safely."

"Really?"

'Why hadn't Fred told me about it?'

"Yeah, I missed you."

'Uh...'

He gave Olivia goosebumps. The man was... so cheesy.

If it had not been for that face and those eyes, he was probably what everyone on the internet called a self-absorbed man.

"Mr. Hemsworth, you're so flippant and insincere."

Xavier chuckled. "Do you think I'm too flirtatious, Pheebs?"

Olivia was silent for a moment before nodding and saying, "Yeah, you're quite flirty."

"It seems you like someone reserved and indifferent, Pheebs?"

The question caught her off guard.

John appeared in her mind. He was indeed reserved and indifferent, but that was not why she liked him.

The thought of the man made her turn her head to look out of the window at the rain.

‘Why hasn’t the rain stopped?’

“Pheebs, you’re quiet. Are you tacitly admitting it? So will you like me if I’m reserved?” Xavier said after pressing his lips together.

He made Olivia laugh. “Xavier, I’m just a divorced woman with a child. With your conditions, you can easily find a young and beautiful woman.”

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may be flirtatious, but I’m not that shallow.”

Olivia smiled helplessly. “Forget it. I’m no match for you. I’m going out, so I’ll hang up first.”

“What’s the weather like over there? Put on some sunscreen on sunny days.”

“It’s raining.”

“Did you bring an umbrella?”

“Yes, I did. Alright, I gotta go.”

With that said, Olivia hung up and got up to leave.

However, as soon as she got up, she and a passing waiter bumped into each other. The coffee in their hands spilled onto her clothes.

“Miss, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

Olivia looked at her coffee-stained shirt, picked up a paper towel nearby, and wiped it. Forget it. You didn’t mean it.”

The waiter stopped her. “Miss, I’m really sorry. You know what? Why don’t I compensate you with an outfit?”

“No thanks.”

“No, Miss. Your outfit looks expensive. I...”

“I insist.” Olivia glanced at him. “It’s cheap and only a knockoff. It doesn’t cost much.”

“But...”

Olivia sighed helplessly. “If you’re really sorry, could you lend me an umbrella?”

The waiter froze for a moment and nodded repeatedly. “Sure, no problem.”

With that said, he handed over a black umbrella.

Olivia did not even look closely at it. She said thank you and walked out of the coffee shop.

She had already noticed no taxi was on the road, so she could only walk to the hospital.

Fortunately, she borrowed an umbrella. At least she would not be soaking wet.

However, she had just finished pondering and walking past several blocks when the umbrella was snatched away by a passing motorcycle...

Chapter 495

Olivia was dumbfounded.

She was so unfortunate.

Did God forbid her to see John?

However, she promised herself not to avoid him anymore, and she must go this time.

Behind her, a car stopped at the corner of the road.

“Sir, why don’t we send a car to pick her up?”

The man in the back row looked on coldly. “Hmph. Don’t bother with it.”

“But... It’s bad if Ms. James catches a cold.”

“People aren’t that fragile.”

After hearing this, the driver dared not make a sound again. After all, his young master had a strange temper. He dared not provoke him.

Despite the warm weather, Olivia had lung cancer after all. Her lungs started feeling uncomfortable after getting caught in the rain.

She covered her mouth and stifled her cough. She tried to find shelter from the rain, but no shops were on that stretch of road.

After walking a long way, her right leg began to hurt.

'Damn it!

'Why do I have to suffer?

'Just because I don't run away from John?

'Does he deserve it?"

Olivia gave up and wanted to head home, but no taxi was in sight.

Just when she was disheartened, a small figure ran over holding an umbrella.

"Lady."

Olivia looked at them and was slightly surprised. "Sam?"

"Lady, it's great that you recognize me." With that said, he stood on tiptoe and tried hard to

hold the umbrella for Olivia. "Why don't you have an umbrella?"

She coughed softly. "My umbrella was blown away."

"Huh? Are you going to the hospital?"

"Yeah."

“I’ll take you there then. It’s just that... I’m a little short.”

Seeing how hard he was trying, Olivia smiled. She took the umbrella, put her arm around his shoulder, and pulled him into her arms. She lowered her head and whispered, “How about this?”

Sam froze slightly. His heartbeat raced as his ears turned red.

It was the first time anyone had ever held him like that in the rain.

It was warm.

Once they reached the hospital entrance, Olivia put away the umbrella. Seeing Sam was a little wet, she took hundreds of dollars from her bag and shoved it into his hand.

“Here, buy some clothes...”

With that said, her heart broke when she looked down to see his shoes showing his toes.” And buy a pair of shoes. Remember to call me if it’s not enough.”

Sam’s heart melted as he grabbed her arm. “Lady, thank you. But this money...”

“Take it.”

Olivia smiled. “I’m not charitable. It’s just that I can’t bear to see you in ragged clothes and starving ever since becoming a mother. So, take that as a little thank you for helping me earlier, okay?”

Sam knew Olivia’s stubbornness, so he stopped rejecting her. He nodded obediently.” Thank you. I’ll be sure to repay you.”

Olivia only smiled. She said nothing and turned around to walk inside.

However, she had only taken two steps when she wobbled and nearly fell due to the injury on her right leg.

Sam quickly stepped forward to help her. "Lady, are you hurt?"

Olivia swallowed the pain, bit her lip, and said, "No, I'm fine."

"Lady, where are you going? Let me take you."

She wanted to refuse, but her right leg was a little numb, making it difficult for her to walk. A dull pain in her lungs also made it impossible for her to refuse.

"Okay, take me to the inpatient department's top floor."

Sam could not help worrying as he watched her face turn pale.

Ordinary people would never get so weak after getting caught in the rain. Lady must be hiding something from him.

In particular, he could feel her shaking as he held her.

"Lady, do you have some hidden disease?"

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Olivia coughed as she covered her mouth. She chuckled and shook her head. "No, really. Maybe it's because I haven't had enough rest recently and was caught in the rain."

Sam frowned as she replied and did not ask again.

However, he felt that Olivia must be lying to him.

After getting out of the elevator, she let go of Sam. "Go home. I can go there myself."

"Are you sure?"

Sam was afraid Olivia would think he was still a child, so he added, "I can get a nurse to help you."

"No thanks. It's nearby. Hurry back. Don't worry the grown-ups."

"Yeah, okay. Be careful, Lady."

Olivia nodded and watched the elevator go down before she turned around to enter the ward.

When she reached the door, she held onto the wall momentarily to catch her breath.

If Zyla saw her now, she would probably scold her.

She put herself in such a difficult situation to say goodbye and not escape.

She shook her head with a sneer and held her breath as she pushed the door open.

However, the room was empty.

'Where is he?'

To avoid what had happened that night, she turned to look behind the door but found.

nothing.

‘Has he been discharged from the hospital?’

Just as she was thinking about it, the washroom door was pushed open, and a tall figure stepped out from inside.

Olivia paused. John had swapped his hospital gown for a suit and regained his piercingly cold temperament.

John also saw her. Seeing she was soaking wet, he returned to the washroom to get a towel.

He strode over, put a towel over her head, and gently wiped her hair.

“Why are you wet?”

He looked as if he had forgotten what had happened.

Olivia hated it when he did this. He always forgot unilaterally as if the conflict and pain did.

not exist.

She took a step back, slapped his hands away, and pulled the towel off her head. “I came to see you today because I wanted to talk to you.”

Olivia pressed her lips together and looked up at him coldly. “John, I’m sick of being a substitute. I don’t want you to think I’m your support whenever you’re drunk.

“As I said, I have my life. Your presence disrupted my life. I don’t like it.”

With that said, she paused. “So please don’t contact me again, John. I don’t want to see you again.”

John’s face darkened, and his deep eyes instantly went cold slightly.

When he said nothing, Olivia bit her lip and said, “Let me go, okay?”

John narrowed his eyes dangerously as the veins on his forehead burst. He wanted to choke her, take her away, and lock her up.

Because it was the only way she would stay with him forever.

He stared at her as he suppressed the fire in his chest. “Is that what you came through the rain to tell me?”

“Yes, because I didn’t want to leave it unsettled.”

Olivia sensed John’s murderous intent as they looked at each other, but she could not back down at this point.

“Do you hate me that much? Do you have to be so resolute?”

Olivia gulped, terrified. However, she raised her head and said through gritted teeth, “Yes.”

“Good. Very good!”

John sneered. "Ms. James, I won't force you to stay since you hate me."

With that said, he turned away from her. "Leave."

He did not want to see her joy when she left. It was as if he could deceive himself that she was also sad.

Olivia froze and stared at his back in disbelief.

Why did he let her go so lightly when he was so icy earlier?

It was unlike John at all.

However, now that it was settled, it was time for her to go.

Therefore, she turned around to leave. However, she blacked out and fell to the ground as soon as she was out of the door.

"Liv!"

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John eventually could not help looking back at her back as she left.

However, the thin figure collapsed to the ground before his eyes.

"Olivia!"

He tried to pick her up, but his hand had not recovered fully, and his right hand was not strong enough.

Just then, Sam ran over. "Lady!"

Then he looked at John. "Uncle, wait a minute. I'll get the nurse."

John ignored him and held Olivia in his arms, only to find that her clothes were wet, and she was shivering.

He remembered that she had lung cancer and could not be exposed to the rain...

He gently brushed away the damp hair from her forehead and said through gritted teeth, "Olivia, you're too hard on yourself just to have nothing to do with me!"

However, he was never letting go again.

Sam soon came with the nurse and the doctor. John gave a brief description, and the doctor took her to the ward and put her on the bed.

Sam wanted to follow, but John grabbed him by the collar and dragged him out.

"Who are you?"

Sam shook him off and glanced at him coldly. "And who are you?"

"I'm asking you here."

John had a commanding presence. He was especially icy at this moment.

Sam was afraid, but he kept his back straight. "You don't need to know who I am. All you need to know is that Lady is my savior, and I will avenge her if anything happens to her."

John froze and then sneered. "How old are you? You're still a kid. How can you help?"

"Ha." Sam raised his fist. "Did you bully Lady?"

"She's my wife. Why would I bully her?"

"Wife?"

Sam sized him up. "If she's your wife, you must have treated her badly. You left her in the rain."

Not wanting to talk to him, John snorted coldly and looked into the ward.

Just then, the doctor walked out.

"The rain caused her to have a fever. We've given her treatment to reduce her fever. It's not a big problem."

With that said, the doctor sighed again. "But Mr. Freeman, you should be more attentive to Ms. James when she has such a bad condition. She's more fragile than ordinary people and prone to fevers and colds. If it happens frequently and the fever cannot be reduced in time, it might trigger her old disease."

John's face darkened slightly as he nodded. "I see. When can she leave?"

"She can be discharged when the fever goes down in an hour, but... she might have a recurrent fever. It's best to keep her in the hospital for observation."

"Okay."

Wes arrived as soon as the doctor had left.

“Sir.”

John glanced at him. “We’ll leave in an hour.”

“But...”

“Just postpone the meeting. Can’t they wait an hour?”

Wes’s expression looked complicated. “Sir, you won’t be leaving the hospital early if this meeting isn’t so important. If we delay it, I’m afraid...”

John glared coldly at him. “Wes, since when do you have so much to say?”

Wes could only nod in horror. “Yes, got it.”

“Call Ken and tell him to meet me at the apartment.”

“Yes.”

John entered the room to see Sam sitting anxiously by the bed, and he could not help frowning.

Where the h*ll did this kid come from?

However, he knew he must be a result of Olivia’s kindness after thinking about it.

However, he did not want to see him, so he turned around to look at Wes. “Wes, throw this. kid out.”

“Yes.”

“I’m not leaving! I’ll wait for Lady to wake up.”

“This has nothing to do with you. She’ll be fine with me around.”

Sam wanted to fight back, but Wes dragged him out. When he tried to enter again, he was

stopped at the door by two bodyguards in black.

Inside, Wes handed John a folder with a complicated look on his face.

“Sir, this is a DNA match between Ms. James and Young Master Larson.”

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John turned his head to look coldly at him. His body exuded an icy pressure. Even his voice was a little colder.

“What did you say?”

Wes did this without John knowing, so Wes was a little nervous.

He was afraid John would kill him for it.

However, he could not allow a woman like that to influence him.

“Sir, I took a DNA test on them without telling you. If Ms. James and Young Master Larson aren’t related, there’s no way she could be Madam.”

John narrowed his long narrow eyes. His gaze was as sharp as arrows.

“Who told you to do it?”

“Sir, I know I might not survive it, but..

Wes looked up at him. “Four years ago, after Madam died, they took advantage of your grief and attacked Freeman Group. Freeman Group almost.

“Shut up!”

John grabbed his neck. “Wes, I think you have a death wish.”

“Sir, Freeman Group is yours. What happened four years ago had such a great influence on Freeman Group. We haven’t recovered to our peak until now. We can’t... We can’t let this woman. bring down

Freeman Group, Sir...”

“You’re looking for trouble!”

He tightened his grip but let go just as Wes was breathless.

John looked away from him and said coldly, “Get the f*ck out of here!”

“Sir...”

“Get the f*ck out!”

Knowing John would kill him, Wes could only put the test report down, get up from the floor, and walk out.

After they were gone, John looked at the pale woman on the bed and the report on the floor.

He did not even need a test report.

The woman in front of him was Olivia. There was no way he was wrong.

She had lung cancer, an injured right leg, and likes to grow pea shoots....

In particular, the familiar scent was unmistakable when he kissed her.

He also knew Olivia had bared her heart many times as he pressured her. She just had not exposed herself.

Including how she braved the rain today to say her last goodbye.

All this proved that she was Olivia Larson, who died four years ago.

Therefore, what did he need this test report for?

John sneered and bent down to pick up the test report on the floor. He walked to the window, lit it with a lighter, and threw it into the ashtray.

He breathed a sigh of relief as the test report went up in flames.

The report should never have existed, and he could not let Olivia know that he had identified her as Olivia.

It was because the only way they could be in touch was if he thought of her as Phoebe.

Even if... it was goodbye.

An hour later, Olivia's fever had subsided after finishing the IV drip. John found someone to buy a wheelchair, put her in it, and helped her get discharged.

He was unable to drive because his right hand had not healed.

Wes usually drove, but John was still upset with Wes, so he had someone else drive the car.

John had an apartment here. He bought it a long time ago and had not lived in it much since.

Ken had someone clean it up an hour ago.

When John arrived, he wheeled the wheelchair upstairs himself. Ken was already waiting inside.

"What happened?"

"She was caught in the rain and got a fever."

"John, what are you doing? Are you trying to torture her again? Will you only come to your senses.

when she's dead?"

John glanced at him, not wanting to explain.

"Look after her for me. I have something to do, so I gotta go."

Ken frowned and grabbed him. "Where are you going?"

"I have an important meeting I need to attend. Take care of Olivia."

With that said, he headed outside.

Watching his hurried figure, Ken walked to the door and stopped him. "John, aren't you afraid you'll regret it?"

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John stopped but did not look back. He only replied indifferently, "No."

He knew she did not want to see him.

Maybe it would be worse if he stayed.

Ken snorted coldly as he looked at his back.

The man was the same-always so self-centered and self-righteous.

He would never have come if John had not said Olivia was sick and needed care.

The sight of John reminded him of Zyla's tragic death.

He told Olivia he was sure John had nothing to do with it.

However, how could he really think he had nothing to do with it?

He just hated himself more than he hated John.

Looking at Olivia sleeping peacefully in bed, he sighed.

People were always confused yet sober. He spoke as if he had seen through everything, but why were they tangled with each other?

However, Ken also understood Olivia just as he understood Zyla.

She was gone, but he could not move on.

Soon after, he got a phone call, and his expression changed instantly.

“Are you sure?”

It was unknown what the other party had said. He spoke sternly and urgently, “I see. I’m coming.”

After getting off the phone, he immediately called John but could not get through. He could only call Wes, explain the situation, and ask him to come over and take care of Olivia. Then he texted John, left any medication they might need, and left.

It was two hours later when John saw the text. He immediately got in the car and returned to the apartment.

However, as soon as he entered the apartment, he saw Wes standing next to the bed, trying to give Olivia an injection.

He hurried forward and slapped away the syringe. “Wes, what are you doing?”

Wes was shocked, his legs gave way, and he dropped to his knees.

“Sir, you misunderstood...”

“Misunderstood? You even took a DNA test without telling me. How dare you say I misunderstood?”

Wes pleaded, “Sir, you misunderstood me. It’s a fever-reducing medicine. Ms. James has a fever.”

“What?”

John touched Olivia’s forehead and noticed it to be unusually hot.

He turned around to glance coldly at Wes. “F*ck off!”

Wes knew John did not believe him. He tried to explain but eventually gave up and walked out.

Olivia had a high fever, but she frowned when she heard John scolding.

“John, you’re so brutish!”

John froze for a moment. Thinking she was awake, he went to help her. “You’re awake?”

Instead of answering, Olivia said tearfully, “Johnny, please let me go, okay?”

John’s heart trembled, and he could not help frowning. Was he talking nonsense because of the

fever?

He stretched out his hand and found her back covered in sweat.

No wonder she had a fever.

He sighed and began to help her change her clothes, but Olivia kept her hands and feet busy even though she was limp from the fever.

“Don’t touch me!”

With that said, Olivia punched him in the chest.

Then she began to cry again. Her legs kicked helplessly, “Johnny, I’m carrying your baby. Watch out. You’ll hurt the baby...”

‘The baby...

John relented and reached out to wipe her tears, comforting softly, “You’re confused from the

fever.”

After helping her undress, John wiped her sweat with a hot towel. He wiped her entire body before covering her with the blanket again.

However, he was afraid that she would wet the blanket with sweat, so he could only find one of his clothes from the closet and put it on her. He also put a towel behind her.

Then he prepared to give her another fever-reducing injection.

However, just as he grabbed her arm, she grabbed his hand.

“Johnny, we lost our baby... Give him back to me!”

Chapter 500

John froze with a chill in his heart.

Looking at the tearful person in his arms, he did not know how to respond.

They had two children, but they lost them all.

Suddenly, Olivia grabbed him and screamed, "John, why? Why would you kill Zyla? Why on earth did you do it?"

Every word pierced John's heart.

It was a long time before he reached out and touched her face. He whispered with a tremble, "Liv,

it's over. Stop thinking about it, okay?"

The person in his arms was silent. John thought she was asleep and continued to inject her with fever-reducing medicine.

However, no sooner had he finished than he heard the person in his arms mutter, "It's not over."

'It's not over...

Breathing heavily, John wiped the sweat off her body. He put her on the bed, tucked her in, and glanced deeply at her as he left the room.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw Wes standing with his head hanging low.

As soon as he saw him, he looked up immediately. "Sir, will you forgive me for this time? Don't kick

me out.”

John glanced coldly at him and went straight into the stairwell without speaking.

The stairwell was not frequented, so it was cool and dark inside.

He casually lit a cigarette and took a sharp drag before hearing someone push the door open and walk in.

He knew who it was without looking back.

“Sir, I know I was wrong to take the liberty of making the report, but I couldn’t ignore it. There’s no way this woman is Madam.

“How could Madam not care about your safety, Sir?”

John froze slightly before sneering. “You’re wrong. She’s so indifferent to me just because she’s Olivia.”

It was because she could not move on.

Olivia was not the same Olivia who loved him to death.

He just found out about it.

He could not help bursting into laughter at the thought of his stupidity.

Puzzled, Wes asked, "Sir, you..."

John flicked the ash with his long fingers as he narrowed his deep eyes. "Wes, I know her better than you do. Will I make a mistake?"

Wes lowered his head and said nothing. He dared not contradict him, but he felt it was all the result of John's obsessive longing

He wanted redemption, so he found a woman who looked like Madam.

John suddenly put out his cigarette and said hoarsely, "She was delirious with fever, calling my name, asking about our dead children, asking why I killed Zyla.

As he spoke, he gave a wry smile and turned around to look at Wes. "Do you still think she's not her?"

Wes froze, lowering his head and not daring to speak.

He knew his boss would never lie, no matter how confused his boss was.

However

The two were silent for a long time. John calmed down and said coldly, "Since you've worked for me for so many years, I will spare you this time. But if you interfere again, I won't spare you!"

"Thank you, sir. But

“That’s enough!”

John’s face darkened. “I’ve burned the report. Don’t mention it again!”

Wes pressed his lips in panic, but those simple words stuck in his throat. He wanted to speak but kept his mouth shut.

Since Ms. James was Madam, there must be something wrong with the report.

However, John was furious right now. It would be better if they talked about it later.

Therefore, he gritted his teeth and said, “Got it, sir.”

John walked past him without saying anything. He stopped after taking a few steps and ordered, “And don’t let her know that we know who she is.”

“Yes.”

John went back to the apartment. Before he could reach the bed, he heard Olivia’s weak, hoarse voice.

“I’m fine. I’m just a little drowsy.”

“Who is she talking to?”