

## **G.H Hooked 521**

### Chapter 521

John was pissed off. He glared at Xavier coldly and approached him step-by-step. "Let her go! Don't make me repeat myself!"

However, Xavier was undaunted and took a step back. "I will never hand Pheeb's to someone she hates!"

"Are you testing my patience?"

John's murderous intent grew. He almost wanted to beat Xavier up. "Don't think I don't know what's on your mind. You get her drunk, then you..."

"What then?"

Xavier sneered. "I'm not as despicable as you. I've called Pheeb's's brother to come."

A car pulled over by the road, and Fred got out, rushing to them.

"Xavier, did you get my sister drunk?"

Xavier handed Olivia to Fred and said coldly, "Do I have to inform you if I get her drunk?"

It sounded reasonable, and Fred carried Olivia.

Unexpectedly, Xavier grabbed his arm. "Fred, is this man Pheeb's ex-husband? He kept pestering Pheeb's and wanted to take her away."

Fred looked at the man Xavier was talking about.

His body shuddered when he saw John's face.

They did everything they could to avoid this man. Fred did not expect to meet him again under such circumstances.

"Who is this? I don't know him."

"You don't know him? So, he isn't even her ex-husband?"

Fred dared not look into John's eyes and lowered his head. "My sister is weak. I have to take her back home."

Xavier released him and said, "Alright. Have a safe drive back."

When Fred passed by John, he peeped at him and was relieved only when they saw no difference in his expression. Then, he quickly took Olivia to the car.

Meanwhile, Xavier sneered. "Why do you have to do all this?"

John did not want to waste time talking to Xavier. He grabbed Xavier by his collar and threatened, "I'm warning you not to go near her again!"

With that, he pushed Xavier away and headed to his car.

The reason he was still there was to keep an eye on Xavier.

He would not let him lay his hands on Olivia!

After getting into the car, Wes looked worried as he glanced at John's ashen face with the rearview mirror. "Mr. Freeman, what should we do next?"

"Follow that car."

"Yes."

"Did you get any information about Jenson?"

"He was caught when he tried to escape. Nothing else happened. Mr. Freeman, aren't we going to go back to Ocean City? That place needs you. Otherwise, there will be chaos."

John squinted and sneered. "You're afraid they'll cause trouble?"

Wes was puzzled and nodded as he said, "Mr. Freeman, the Freeman Group suffered a blow four years ago, and it has not recovered fully back to its peak yet. I'm afraid..."

"Heh. What is there to be afraid of? Isn't it better if they expose themselves?"

Wes felt helpless. He could not understand John anymore.

Even if Phoebe was Olivia, what could he do if she refused to admit it? There was no point clinging

to it.

After a while, he caught up with Fred's car.

“Stop him!”

Wes stepped on the accelerator and drove past Fred’s car. Then, he turned the steering wheel and pulled over in front of Fred’s car.

John got out of the car and walked to the driver’s seat. He knocked on the window.

Fred looked out of the window and saw the man’s cold face. He knew he could not escape this time and decided to try his luck.

He rolled down the window and swore, “What are you doing? Are you trying to rob us? I’m warning you...”

“Fred, we met four years ago.”

Fred gasped. He knew John recognized him.

“Four years ago? It’s been so long that I don’t remember anymore.”

John took his time and said, “At the funeral of my wife Olivia in Ocean City. I remember it clearly because you punched me.”

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Fred broke into a cold sweat. He knew he might not be able to brush John off.

However, he would never spill the beans.

If he did, it meant he would be admitting Phoebe was Olivia.

Then, all the hard work they had done before would be pointless.

“You’ve mistaken me for someone else. I haven’t been to Ocean City.”

Then, he rolled up the window.

However, he did not expect John to stick his hand in and press the switch before he could close it completely.

“Mistook you

for someone else?” John looked at Olivia in the back seat and sneered. “What a coincidence. Your sister and my wife look exactly the same.”

Fred gulped nervously and scolded, “Why are you so stubborn? Are you trying to scam us?”

“If you don’t let go, I’ll call the police.”

John fixed his gaze on Fred, making him feel scared. His leg, which was on the brake, trembled uncontrollably.

Just then, Olivia, who was in the back seat, made a fuss.

“I’m not drunk, and I want more! Pour the wine, quick!”

After shouting, she leaned forward and vomited.

Fred quickly said, "Sir, we really do not know you. My sister is vomiting uncomfortably. I don't have time to waste here talking to you."

John looked at the frowning woman in the back seat and took out his arm.

Fred immediately stepped on the accelerator and drove off.

That had scared the hell out of him.

He was afraid he would forcefully take Olivia away.

Four years. They had been hiding for four years, yet John found them.

It seemed that this city was not a good place to stay. They had to do something about it.

If John found out about Lyla, their problems would get bigger.

When he was sure John was not following, Fred drove into the residential area he lived in.

As soon as Olivia got home, she threw up in the bathroom.

She vomited as she swore.

"Son of a b\*tch!

"John, you son of a b\*tch! Why are you haunting me? Why won't you leave me alone?"

Then, she began to cry again.

“Zy, I’m sorry that I haven’t avenged you. Zy...”

The noise was so loud that Lyla woke up from her sleep.

“Uncle, what’s wrong with Mommy?”

Fred stopped Lyla from coming near and comforted her. “Lyla, go to bed. Your Mommy is just drunk.”

“Mommy seems upset.”

“It’s alright. Your mommy can sleep it off. Go to bed, Lyla.”

Lyla glanced at Olivia and nodded obediently. “Alright, then.”

Finally, Olivia stopped vomiting. Fred put her in the bathtub and rinsed her with water. After all that, he dialed Jennie’s number and asked her to come over to help Olivia change. Meanwhile, he went to get some non-alcoholic drinks.

They spent quite some energy carrying the drunk Olivia to bed.

Jennie sighed. “What happened? Why did she drink like this?”

Olivia was not usually a heavy drinker. In fact, she rarely drank, much less got drunk.

Fred did not explain in detail. He only said briefly, “It’s hard to avoid sad memories. Thank you for coming over tonight.”

Before leaving, Jennie suddenly asked, “Who is Zy?”

Fred was startled and did not know how to answer her.

“She just kept crying and muttering ‘Zy’, and she seemed so sad as she apologized.”

“Zy...” Fred sighed and said, “An old friend of Phoebe’.”

Jennie pursed her lips and asked something else when she was at the door, “By the way, today, a man came to the studio looking for Pheeb. Is that man Pheeb’s ex-husband?”

“A man? What did he look like?”

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Olivia woke up with a splitting headache the following day.

She rubbed her head and looked around with her eyes squinted.

It was a good thing it was her room.

‘Did Xavier send me home?’

However, she seemed to reFred’s voice vaguely.

Olivia drank so much last night that she could not remember anything.

She knew she should not drink so much anymore. It would make her feel sick.

With her brows twisted, she entered the living room in a daze. “Fred?”



Fred was cooking spaghetti and came running upon hearing her voice. "Liv, you are awake? Does your head hurt?"

Olivia nodded. "Yes."

"Wait for a while."

He took a chair and helped her to sit down. Then, he took a cup and made Olivia a non-alcoholic drink.

"I'm cooking spaghetti. Drink this first and have some food later. I'll cook you some meat for lunch."

Olivia nodded as she rubbed her temples.

"How did I get home last night?"

Fred handed her the drink and sighed, "Are you sure you want to ask that? You were drunk, and Xavier told me to pick you up. I met John at the door of the bar."

Upon hearing this, Olivia suddenly sobered up a little. "What? You met him? Did he recognize you?"

"I didn't think he recognized me at first, but then he chased me down in his car and stopped me."

"What? Stopped you?"

She felt like her head was going to explode.

"We are doomed. He would have already noticed."

Fred shook his head. "I don't know... But I think it's only a matter of time before he finds out, so it's better to leave this place."

Speaking of leaving, Olivia recalled that both Zac and Ken had mentioned this before too.

Now even Fred was suggesting it. Everyone was asking her to leave.

“No. If we leave now, won’t it prove that we are guilty and tell him that his guess is right?”

Fred sighed. “I know, but I’m afraid he will discover Lyla if we stay here longer.”

Olivia took a sip of the drink, in a dilemma.

She felt she was being forced to leave, which was her only choice.

While Fred was serving the spaghetti, she returned to her room and took her handbag. Then, she stared at the document for a long time.

“Liv?”

Olivia bit her lips and took the folder out when she heard Fred calling her.

“Fred.”

She handed the file over. “Take this.”

“Liv, what is this?”

“Didn’t you say we should leave? This our destination.”

Fred froze. Then, he took a look at the document. “Liv, did you prepare this a long time ago?”

“I didn’t prepare it. It was Ken who got this all ready.”

Olivia said with a wry smile, “Yesterday, he came to me and gave me this to ask me to escape. Only now do I feel like we have no choice but to leave.”

“Was it Ken who came looking for you yesterday? What did he say that made you drink so much?”

Olivia shook her head. “Nothing. Keep this. If you sense something fishy, leave with Lyla first.”

“Aren’t you coming with us?”

“Fred, if I leave with you, John will suspect something, and wouldn’t Lyla’s identity be exposed then?”

Although what she said was true, Fred was reluctant to do that.

“Liv...”

Before he could finish, Olivia’s phone beeped, and it was a message from Mr. M.

[Have you finished the first draft?]

Olivia frowned. He said it was not urgent, so she could not understand why he was urging her now.

Then came another message from him.

[Ms. James, I have no intention to urge. I just dreamed of her last night and missed her. So, I thought of asking. Hope you don’t mind.]

Since he had already asked, how could Olivia possibly not mind?

However, it had been days since he had assigned her that task.

So, Olivia replied, [I'll send the first draft to you within these next two days.]

Mr. M replied, [Let me know when you're done. I'd like to talk to you in person.] In person?

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They had been chatting online before this, but now he was suddenly suggesting he meet her. Olivia was both surprised and nervous, but she still replied, [No problem.]

She just had to quickly draw a beautiful first draft.

After eating the spaghetti, Olivia took a bath and decided to go out.

"Liv, where are you going?"

"To work."

"You have a hangover and a headache. Take a day off today. I've already talked to Jennie about it."

Olivia smiled. "It's alright. I've eaten spaghetti, and now, I feel better. My client is urging me to send him a first draft. I have to finish it quickly."

"Wait."

Fred took a thermos flask and handed it to her. "Take this."

“What is this?”

“Tea. It’s good for your health, especially for hangovers.”

After Olivia took it, she patted his hand. “Fred, I must thank you for caring for me for so many years.”

“Liv, you don’t have to thank me.”

“Well, being my brother means taking care of me.”

With that, Olivia chuckled and headed to work.

Once she was in the atelier, she started to beautify Mr. M’s first draft.

However, her head hurt because of the hangover, making her unable to focus, which frustrated

her.

Suddenly, the assistant knocked on the door, holding flowers in his hand. He said, “Ms. James, the flowers for today are here.”

Olivia frowned. “Just put it in the vase as usual. Why do you have to show them to me?”

“There’s a card and a box today.”

Olivia glanced at it. “Give me the card and the box. Take out the flowers and put them in a vase.”

“Okay”

“Close the door for me on your way out.”

“Okay, Ms. James.”

Xavier was the sender of these flowers. She had rejected them, but he would not listen to her, so she could only accept it.

However, she did not understand what he was up to today.

When she opened the card, she saw many lines of words.

[I wanted to send you home last night, but I was afraid you might think I was taking advantage of the situation, so I called Fred to pick you up. I hope you don't mind.]

[The gift is my apology. After all, I said I would drink with you last night, but I drank very little.]

[You are a designer. You might not like ordinary jewelry if I give it to you. So, I looked for something else.]

[This is the cinnabar amulet bracelet I asked someone to make for me. Don't worry. I have never worn it before. I hope it can keep you safe.]

[On the other hand, regarding the choices and regrets discussed last night, I would like to say that whatever you fear will come to you. If you are forced to, you might as well choose, right?]

[Finally, don't call me back. I'll be abroad by the time you see this card.]

After reading the card, Olivia opened the box on the side and found a cinnabar amulet bracelet.

She smiled.

That man was an expert at winning a woman's heart. His words were caring and straightforward, yet creative.

Olivia shook her head somewhat helplessly. She could not do anything about it.

After a moment of silence, she took out her phone to make a call.

"Ken, don't hang up just yet," She paused. "I'm not here to advise you. I just want to remind you to be careful. Even if the Lucas family is powerful, the Jameson family is the same. Don't rush into things. I'm afraid..."

"I know."

"Can you tell me when you find out the truth?"

Ken remained silent for a moment and answered, "Of course I will tell you."

"Okay. Then, be careful, and keep in touch."

After hanging-up the call, Olivia a sigh of relief. She was selfish when she questioned Ken, but stopping him from taking revenge was also selfish.

She was afraid she could not get past herself.

Now that she had said it out loud, she felt better.

Just as she was deep in her thoughts, Jennie walked into her office.

“What are you thinking about? You seem so distracted.”

Olivia was startled for a moment. “Nothing. Just a hangover headache.”

“You should have taken a day off at home and rested well.”

“It’s okay. Mr. M is urging me for the first draft, and I can’t reject him.”

Jennie nodded. She walked over to Olivia and bit her lips as she asked, “Who was the man who came to look for you yesterday?”

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“A friend.”

Olivia asked casually, “Why are you asking?”

Jennie smiled. “Nothing. He just seemed a little cold, so I thought it was your ex-husband coming

to look for trouble. That’s why I asked.”

“Don’t worry. That man is not my ex-husband. He is not usually like that.”

“Really? What’s he usually like?”

“Well. He is usually funny and elegant. He doesn’t have a beard and is usually cheerful.”



“Oh, I see. He looked a bit sad yesterday and a bit... murderous...”

Olivia lifted her head and stared at Jennie as she asked, “Jennie, why do you want to know about this so badly?”

“I-I care about you.”

Jennie felt a little guilty and did not have the guts to look into Olivia’s eyes.

H

Feeling that something was not right, Olivia stood up, held Jennie’s face, and gazed into her eyes. Look at me. Tell me, have you seen him before? Or... Have you fallen in love with him at first sight?”

“No! That’s impossible.”

Jennie grinned and pushed her away. “What are you talking about, Pheebs? Do I look like the kind of person who falls in love at first sight? Besides, how could I like him when he looked so old?”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course!”

However, the more Olivia observed, the more she felt like Jennie was behaving unusually.

In all the years she had known Jennie, she had never seen her care for any man.

Jennie was cold even to her ex-boyfriend.

However, when it was about Ken, she showed a hint of shyness and guilt.

It was just that they had only met once, and Jennie could not possibly fall for someone so quickly.

However, Olivia felt it was her duty as a friend to warn Jennie. She said thoughtfully, "Jennie, I don't care if that's the case. I have to warn you about something.

"Don't think about dating that man. It won't work out."

Jennie was startled, and she chuckled as she patted Olivia's shoulder. "Why do you look so serious? I said it's not because of that."

Olivia said nothing more and poured her a cup of drink. "Drink it. It's good for your health."

"Okay."

She had said what she wanted to say. There was nothing she could do anymore.

Two days later, when Olivia had finished the first draft, she immediately messaged Mr. M.

[Mr. M, I've finished the first draft. Do you want to collect it at the atelier, or should I meet you somewhere else?]

A while later, Olivia received a reply.

[4.00 p.m. at Moonshride Hotel. Room 3606.]

It was a simple message.

In the afternoon, Olivia saw it was almost time.

She packed the first draft and informed Jennie before she left.

It was her first meeting with Mr. M, and she wanted to make a good impression.

However, nervousness struck her, and her hands were sweaty.

It was four o'clock sharp when she reached Room 3606. Olivia took a deep breath and knocked

on the door.

However, after knocking on the door and waiting for a long time without getting any response, she, knocked again. "Sir, I'm Phoebe from the TO Atelier."

At this moment, a staff member approached her.

"Are you Ms. Phoebe James?"

Olivia nodded. "I am."

"This is the room access card Mr. M asked me to give you." With that, he handed her the room card and walked away.

Room access card?

Olivia was confused and even a little panicked.

After all, she had gone experienced many unfriendly incidents in hotels.

However, she was already there and had to see what was going on. She bit her lips and opened the door.

It was a bright and spacious suite, but no one was in there.

She wondered where Mr. M was. It occurred to her that he might be hiding somewhere.

Just then, to her surprise, the phone in the room rang.

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After looking around to ensure no one was there, Olivia walked to the desk and answered the phone.

“Is this Ms. James speaking?”

“Yes.”

“Mr. M had to go abroad temporarily, and it may take a week for him to return. Please keep the first draft in the room. He will look at it when he comes back and contact you after that.”

Olivia was relieved. “Okay, no problem.”

“He has also prepared a gift for you, Ms. James. It’s on the coffee table. Please take it with you when you leave.”

“A gift?”

“Yes. Mr. M told you not to reject it. It’s a gift from him to you as a friend.

“May I ask who Mr. M is?”

The man on the other end of the phone did not hesitate. He simply refused to answer. “I am sorry. Mr. M has said it’s not the right time to reveal his identity. When the time is right, he will tell you about it, Ms. James.”

The answer was precisely what Olivia expected.

The more this happened, the more she felt like Mr. M was a rich old man.

She guessed he was ill and had gone for treatment.

“Okay, I see. Thank him on my behalf.”

“Okay, Ms. James. I’ll excuse myself now. Bye.”

“Goodbye.”

After hanging up the call, Olivia went to the living room and saw a gift on the coffee table.

After thinking about it, she went forward and opened the package.

To her surprise, it turned out to be a book.

It was a book she had mentioned in passing when they chatted.

However, it was not the usual version being sold on the market, but a rare edition of the original language’s version.

While Olivia was thinking about it, her phone dinged. It was a text message from Mr. M.

[Do you like the gift?]

[Yes, thank you.]

[I wanted to give you an expensive gift, but I was afraid you would not accept it. So, I gave you this

book. Although it's not a new book and a private possession of my friend's, I hope you are satisfied with it.]

[Yes. I like it.]

After sending it, Olivia thought of his sudden departure and added, [Mr. M, I wish you a speedy recovery, too.]

[Okay. Thank you.]

Olivia put the draft on the coffee table, put the book in her bag, and left the room.

Someone who gave others books as a gift in this day and age could only be her grandfather's age.

With that in mind, Olivia smiled.

She could not believe an old man would love his wife so dearly and be so modern. It was interesting.

"Pheeb."

Suddenly, she heard someone calling her and looked back.

When she saw the man, she froze for a moment. "Xavier? Why are you here?"

Isn't he abroad?"

Xavier smiled and walked over. "I got back at noon and just met a client."

"A client?"

"Well. Why are you looking at me suspiciously?"

Perhaps because Olivia had not met Mr. M, she was in a bright mood.

She glanced at Xavier and smiled. "You are a rich man. Why would you meet your client in a hotel?"

"Pheebs, it isn't nice to say that."

Xavier lowered her head and sighed. "I never thought you would think of me like that. Why would I book a hotel room if I haven't pursued any woman since I met you?"

Olivia felt embarrassed that she had gone too far with her joke.

"Sorry, that's not what I meant. I just never see you working, so..."

"I seldom go to work. After all, you said I am a useless rich man, but I can do serious things too." Then, he looked at Olivia seriously with his beautiful narrow eyes, looking aggrieved.

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That glance made Olivia feel more guilty.

“Are you free tonight?” she asked.

Xavier nodded. “Yes.”

“Let me buy you dinner.”

Xavier thought he had misheard. He was startled and asked, “Pheebs, did you just say you want to buy me dinner? Did you suggest that? Are you serious?”

Olivia sounded helpless when she said, “Are you coming or what?”

“Yes, of course. I’m just a little flattered.”

“Is there anywhere you’d prefer to eat?”

Xavier thought for a moment and took her hand. “Yes, I will take you to a place you will like very much.”

“Really?”

“I promise. You can beat me up if you don’t like it.”

Olivia burst into a laugh, and she asked, “Why would I beat you up?”

Xavier opened the passenger’s seat for her in a gentlemanly manner and protected her head from getting knocked. Then, he helped her put on the seatbelt, closed the door, and got into the driver’s

seat.



Sometimes, Olivia got the feeling he was a playboy.

However, sometimes, she felt he was serious.

In any case, she felt relaxed when she was with him.

When he started the car, she asked, "Do you know why I want to invite you to dinner?"

"Why?"

"One reason is to thank you, and the other is because I want to clarify some things."

Xavier smiled wryly. "Pheebs, you're breaking my heart. I just saw hope when you invited me to dinner, but you crushed it right away."

"Sorry. I didn't want you to get the wrong idea."

She looked at him and said, "I don't want to lose a friend like you, either."

Xavier his eyebrows and said, "You consider me a friend of yours?"

"Yes. I didn't want to get too close to you, but you're an interesting person, and I think an extra friend wouldn't matter."

"Pheebs."

Xavier's voice sounded helpless. "You are so merciless."

"Huh?"

Olivia was in a puzzle. She did not know what she had said that was wrong.

The next second, Xavier smiled at her and said, "I like it."

Olivia was speechless.

'I have said so much for nothing.'

Xavier was stubborn indeed.

The two chatted as they headed to the restaurant.

Suddenly, she noticed they were getting further and further away from the city as if they were driving deep into the mountains.

"Where are we going?"

"A small restaurant in the mountains."

"It sounds creepy when you put it that way."

"Why? It's a great place to dine. All the people who can eat there are rich, and you have to make a reservation."

Olivia froze. "You made a reservation?"

"Yes."

Olivia had a feeling she was being tricked by Xavier.

Sensing Olivia's uneasy reaction, Xavier added. "I made the reservation for a month."

A month?

"Why?"

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"I remembered you liked Ocean City's food, but I couldn't cook that cuisine. So, I looked around the city and found this place."

Xavier smiled and said, "I didn't know which day I would be able to meet you, so I made the reservation for a month so I could bring you there anytime."

Olivia was shocked.

She did not know he was so considerate.

It was just that...

"You shouldn't have put so much effort into me.

"I'm not as good as you think I am, Xavier," Olivia said as she looked out the window at the greenery on the hill.

Xavier, however, looked indifferent and said, "So what? Nobody's perfect. It's not like I have a crush on you because you're perfect."

“I’m not a good person.”

Olivia looked at him and emphasized each word.

She had killed someone, gone to prison, and had a past married life she did not want to recall. It

was not worth it for him to put his effort into her.

Besides, she did not want to date anyone anymore.

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Unexpectedly, when Xavier heard this, he laughed instead of being mad.

“Pheebs, aren’t you too hard on yourself? You seem like a much better person than me.”

Olivia did not expect him to react like this, and she did not know how to respond.

She could not confess she had been to prison.

After all, Olivia had been to prison, not Phoebe.

If Xavier was curious and investigated it, her identity might be exposed.

Of course, to her, the most important thing in her life was Lyla.

It was hard enough for her to not have a dad.

If anyone found out Lyla had a mother who had once been to prison, her future would be bad.

Thus, Olivia just smiled and shook her head. "I just think you have so many choices that you don't need to spend your time on me.

"After a failed marriage, I no longer believe in love."

"I know, so I wasn't expecting you to agree immediately."

Xavier glanced at her and said gently, "I hope you will give me a reason to stay by your side. Don't always chase me away. That's all I want."

At this point, she did not know what to say, so she kept her mouth shut.

By the time they got to the restaurant, it was already evening.

The golden sunset hit the lush trees lit by the evening glow. It looked beautiful but sad at the same time.

Olivia did not like sunsets, but she felt she was like one.

She feared that one day she would sink into the ground like the sunset, never to rise again.

Noticing she was in a daze, Xavier approached and patted her. "What's wrong?"

Olivia snapped out of her thought and glanced at him. "Oh, nothing. It's just that I haven't seen nature for a long time."

"Let's go in."

“Okay.”

When they were in the restaurant, Olivia realized Xavier’s description of the restaurant was wrong. It was not small at all.

There was a courtyard, and in it were waterfalls and fake mountains. Further in was a long corridor that looked like it was from the medieval era.

They followed the attendant into the private room in the middle, which was titled ‘Bridge Over

Water’.

The private room had a balcony with a pool underneath it. In the pool were some lotus flowers.

“This place is unique.”

“So, do you like it?”

“Well, yes. Thank you for bringing me here.”

It had been four years since Olivia left Ocean city, and it was the first time she had seen something so close to home in four years.

Xavier walked to her side. “I have already ordered the dish. Taste it, and see if you like it.”

“Okay.”

Then, she realized something. “I said I wanted to buy you dinner, but in the end, you were the one who prepared all this.”

“It doesn’t matter. You owe me a meal, then.”

Xavier smiled. “I am the one who benefited from this.”

Olivia felt embarrassed. “I rarely eat out, so I don’t know which restaurants are good, so I asked you... Only now did I realize this.”

“Pheebs, why do you care about such a trivial matter?”

Suddenly, Xavier looked at her and asked, “By the way, did you like the last little gift I sent you?”

“Oh, speaking of that.”

Olivia realized what he meant. She rummaged through her bag and took out the box. Then, she handed it to Xavier. “Please take it back.”

“Why?”

“I don’t think I should accept it for no reason.”

“It’s cheap. It was only a few hundred bucks.” Xavier pushed the box back. “If you have to quarrel with me for something that cost only a few hundred bucks, I don’t think you consider me your

friend at all.”

He was cunning indeed.

It would be easier for her to reject it if it was a little more expensive.

“You know what? How about I design a ring for you sometime?”

Looking at his startled expression, she added with a smile. "Rest assured. It will certainly not be one with diamonds on it. It'll be a male ring."

"Yes, of course." With that, Xavier opened the box, took out the bracelet, and helped her put it on. This is for safety. I hope you keep it on."

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"Thank you."

Olivia moved her wrist. "It's beautiful."

"Good to know you like it."

Looking at the cinnabar on her wrist, she suddenly asked, "Why did you think to give me a cinnabar amulet?"

Xavier lifted his head and looked at her. "I've been worried about Jenson and the earthquake incident you encountered in Solaria City. Although it may sound a little superstitious, what if something happened to you?"

"Those were coincidences, but it's good to have an amulet to protect me."

"Oh, right." Xavier suddenly frowned. "Do you remember that man you met at the exhibition?"

She was a little confused. "That man? Who?"

"It's..." Xavier patted his head, thought for a moment, and said, "The man you met when you were at the exhibition suddenly appeared and chased after you. I met him again the night you were drunk."

Olivia finally realized he was talking about John.



Panic struck her, and she instinctively balled her fists, tangling her clothes.

“Oh?”

“You know what? He tried to stop me and asked me to hand you over to him, but I don’t know him, and I’m not sure you do. So, I did not.”

Then, Xavier sighed. “Fortunately, I called Fred. Otherwise, that man is too difficult to get rid of.”

“You did the right thing.”

“Pheeb, do you know him? He is not your ex-husband, is he?”

Hearing the word ‘ex-husband’ made Olivia feel so nervous that she forgot to breathe.

She pursed her lips and looked at the water. “No, I don’t know him.”

Fortunately, he did not notice anything unusual about her. Still, he warned her with concern. “That’s alright, but you must be careful because I think he’s stalking you.”

“Maybe it’s just a coincidence.”

“I’m afraid it’s not. Should I call the police?”

“Don’t.”

Olivia stopped him immediately.

Xavier was startled. He touched Olivia's forehead. "Pheebs, are you feeling unwell? Why do you look so pale?"

"No..." Olivia shook her head. "Maybe it's the cold night air."

"Yeah, it's a little cold when the sun goes down. Let's go in."

As he spoke, he took Olivia back to the private room and closed the balcony door behind them.

Soon, the waiter served the dishes.

Xavier filled her bowl with some mushroom soup. "Pheebs, have some mushroom soup. It will warm your body up."

Olivia, who was still in a daze, nodded her head stiffly. "Okay."

That feeling that her hidden secret was being dug out little by little was not good. It made her feel

insecure.

What she feared most was John pestering her.

She had bid farewell to her old life, yet he was still bugging her!

During this time, he did not call or come to see her. It made her doubt if he had been stalking her.

Was there some conspiracy going on?

Although he had said those things in Solaria City, Olivia did not believe all of it.

“Pheebs?”

After Xavier called her several times, Olivia snapped out of her thought and moved the bowl toward her.

“Pheebs, why are you so distraught? Are you worried this guy will hurt you? I can get someone to protect you.”

“It’s alright.”

Olivia forced a smile. “I’m fine. I didn’t expect so much to happen to me while I was drunk.”

“Okay. Have some of the dishes.”

Xavier pointed at the dishes on the table. “Look. Beef carpaccio, aglio olio, grilled meat, braised prawns, mushroom soup, garlic bread, and vegetable stew. I guessed they were your favorites.”

Olivia noticed that the dishes on the table were her favorites.

Xavier smiled upon seeing her startled expression. “I asked before I ordered.”

Olivia enjoyed the food because she did not want to disappoint Xavier.

He squinted his narrow eyes and seemed to see through everything.

Chapter 530

Although Olivia enjoyed the meal, she could not eat much, and there were plenty of leftovers.

To avoid waste, she had to pack some back for Fred to eat.

Xavier laughed. "Pheebs, you are a diamond designer. Do you have to be so down to earth?"

Olivia smiled sheepishly. "I don't want to disappoint you. I have a small appetite, and I couldn't eat much."

"Even though I don't like Fred, I don't feel good about making him eat leftovers," With that, Xavier stood up and said, "You know what? I'll take it home and finish it."

"Huh?"

"I mean it."

With that, Xavier went to look for a waiter to help him pack the food, and he took it when he left for his car.

"Pheebs, this is the leftover dinner I had with you. I won't waste it."

She was embarrassed upon hearing that, but she did not say anything.

On the way back, he was in a good mood. "Pheebs, I'm delighted tonight."

Olivia glanced at him. "Xavier, stop saying that, or I won't eat out with you anymore."

"Okay, okay, I'll stop."

Xavier quickly smiled and surrendered.

"You're driving. Be careful."

“Sorry. I was in such a good mood that I forgot myself.”

It was already dark when they were at the bottom of the mountain. There were many turns down the hill, so Xavier drove slowly.

Olivia opened the window and let the night breeze blow on her face, making her feel better.

Suddenly, the car made an abnormal sound, and Xavier pulled over by the roadside.

“Pheebs, wait in the car. I’ll go down and take a look.”

“Okay. Be careful.”

Xavier nodded and got out of the car.

After a while, he lifted his head and said, “Pheebs, the car has a flat tire. I’ll change it now. Wait for a while.”

“Huh?”

Olivia got out of the car. “Can you do it? Shall we call for help?”

She used to call for help whenever there was anything wrong with her car. After all, she could not always identify the problem.

Xavier smiled. “Of course. I might look thin, but I’m muscular.”

Olivia could not help smiling. "Hurry up, then. Parking on a mountain path like this is dangerous."

"No problem. There are almost no cars in this area."

Just as he spoke, a car dashed out of the road and pulled over beside them. It startled Olivia.

Before they could react, four people came out of the car and pinned Xavier to the ground.

"Run, Pheeb!"

Olivia wanted to call the police. However, someone knocked her unconscious with a stick before she could take out her phone.

"Pheeb? Pheeb? Wake up!"

Who was calling her name?

Olivia frowned and opened her eyes with difficulty feeling pain in her head. It was dark, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

"Pheeb, don't be afraid. I'm here."

Just then, she felt someone grabbing her hand and giving her a soothing touch.

Olivia realized that her hands were tied behind her back, and Xavier had just spoken.

However, that was not enough to ease her anxiousness in the dark.

Sensing that she was trembling, Xavier moved closer and leaned against her as he said softly, "Pheeb, they are outside. I think they want money. Don't worry. Nothing will happen to us."

Olivia bit her lip and leaned gently against him, trembling as she said, "I-I'm afraid of the dark."

"Don't be afraid. Take my hand."

However, a scene from the past began to flash across Olivia's mind.

Her memories flashed from being kidnapped when she was young, to being left in the little black hut by John, to getting trapped in an elevator a while ago.

Her body trembled more and more violently.

She wanted to escape...