

G.H Hooked 541

Chapter 541

“The client for the custom ring.”

“Huh?”

Jennie thought about it for a long time but still could not figure out what Smith had to do with the lawsuit.

“Pheebs, what on earth are you talking about?”

“I designed the ring because Mr. Smith was going to propose. If we could find him and make him testify, we’d have a better chance at winning the lawsuit.”

“Yes!”

Jennie jumped up and clapped her hands, saying, “Gosh, why didn’t I think of that?”

However, her spirits sank again on second thought. “Pheebs, it’s been more than two years. It’s even a problem whether we can find him. Besides, what if he doesn’t want to go to court?”

“I’m not thinking that much. Let’s find him first.”

Olivia was not quite sure about this either, but she had to try.

She was pretty sure the TR incident was targeted at her.

Therefore, she refused to give up and would fight to the end.

“Pheebs...”

Jennie was genuinely horrified. She grabbed her head and sobbed, “What on earth is going on? Everything’s been going wrong lately. It’s our blood, sweat, and tears...”

Looking at her behavior, Olivia crouched down, hugged her, and sighed. “I’m sorry, Jennie.”

“Why are you apologizing? You didn’t plagiarize. They’re framing us!”

“I’m sorry.”

Olivia did not know what else to say but sorry.

If it was not for her, the atelier would not have been targeted.

Jennie cried for a while and wiped her eyes, saying, “Pheebs, I’m fine. I just panicked for a second. I thought it through now.”

“Whatever it is, I can’t let them take The One so easily. It’s our blood, sweat, and tears. We must fight them!

“I have a little bit of money. I’ll sell my two houses and ask my parents...”

With that said, she snuffled. “I know it’s not enough. It wouldn’t be enough even if we sold your houses, but you’re right. We can’t just sit back and do nothing.”

Olivia helped her wipe her tears. “I’ll see if I can spare some money too.”

Suddenly, Jennie looked up at her and said, “Pheebs, what about the guy who funded you to start the atelier? Can’t you borrow some money from him?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“What about Xavier?” Jennie grabbed her. “He’s rich, and he likes you. Ask him. He’ll give you some.

Olivia shook off her hand and said with a frown, “Jennie, it’s not that I don’t want to ask. It’s that I

can’t ask.”

“Why? Pheebs, let’s wait until the atelier gets over this if anything. Xavier’s not going to force you.”

Olivia said nothing and walked to the window with her head down.

Annoyed, Jennie got up and ran after her. “Phoebe, stop it, okay? I’m willing to sell my houses to settle this. Can’t you even lower your dignity a little bit?

“Why are you always doing this? They’ll do something as long as you ask, but you always refuse to

do so.

“Do you think you can carry all the burden? You think too highly of...”

“It’s not about my dignity!” Olivia retorted, turning her head.

“What is it then? Go on!”

“He saved my life, and I already owe him my life. How can I pay him back if I ask him for more money?”

Jennie was stunned. She had no idea.

“He saved your

life?”

“Yes!” Olivia’s eyes reddened as she felt aggrieved. “Jenson tried to kill me the day I was kidnapped. He got stabbed for me. Otherwise, why would he be hospitalized?”

“Jennie, it’s not that I won’t give in. It’s that I can’t give in anymore!

“You thought it’s just a request, but I’m the one making it. How am I gonna repay him? Am I supposed to offer myself to him?”

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After yelling, Olivia could not help covering her face and shaking her head. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry...”

Jennie came to herself and hugged her. “Pheebs, I should be sorry for being so dependent. I

shouldn’t have questioned you like that.”

Olivia understood Jennie’s skepticism.

However... there were things she could not tell her.

It was indescribable.

All this happened because of her, and she should pay the price.

However, she was unwilling to pay that price...

She would not go to Xavier unless she had no choice.

As for the money...

She had 30 million dollars, but she could not use it.

The money was Ken's, not hers. Even if she had to use it, she wanted to spend it on Lyla.

She might not be able to accompany Lyla in the future. What kind of mother was she if she could not leave her any money?

The money had to be enough to support Lyla to adulthood, complete her studies, get a job, get married, and buy a house...

She could not spend it casually.

Olivia felt helpless as she thought of it.

Four years ago, she was helpless and cornered.

It was also the same four years later.

She dragged down the people around her over and over again...

Maybe starting over was also an escape. She had to face it, right?

"Pheebs, I'll figure it out. Besides, what if we win?"

Jennie said as she forced a smile, "Let me find Mr. Smith's address for you."

With that said, she sat in front of the computer and began to search.

Soon, she said, "I found it! I sent it to your phone. Take a look. It's not that far away. Do you want me to go with you?"

Olivia came to herself and glanced at the phone. "No thanks. I'll go myself."

With that said, she walked out.

When she reached the door, she stopped suddenly. "Do we have any orders? What did the clients say?"

"We only have ten clients. Three are already in processing, two are on the way, and five are regular designs we're sending tomorrow."

"Let's see if they pay us."

Olivia paused. "Since we don't have any other clients, let's give the people out there two days off so they don't feel like they're not in the mood to work here."

"Yeah, alright."

Olivia opened the door and was about to speak when the assistant came running over.

"Ms. James, Ms. Sutherland, something bad happened. Five clients just called to ask for a refund."

"Did they get the goods?"

“One got the goods but didn’t say they’ll return it. They only asked for a refund. The rest are in processing or on the way. What do we do?”

“How did they know?”

The assistant held the tablet up. “TR published a news article about it, and it went viral.”

They gasped when they saw the large headline and obvious logo on the screen.

Olivia did not expect TR to move so fast.

The news article was published as soon as the lawyer’s letter arrived.

They did not give her any chance.

“Proceed with the ones in processing. Don’t send out the ones we haven’t sent. Get back the ones we sent out but haven’t delivered to the clients. And give me the address of the ones who didn’t return the goods. I’ll think of something.”

“Yes.”

Olivia pursed her lips. “That’s it for today. All of you can get off work. You have two days off.”

“Ms. James...”

“Spend time with your families and get some rest. We’ll talk about it if you’re still willing to come back, okay?”

They all nodded. “Okay.”

Olivia glanced at Jennie and walked out the door.

It was not until she was in the taxi that she sighed and bit her lip in fear.

‘What should I do?’

The more she thought about the whole thing, the more aggrieved she felt.

Therefore, she quickly turned on her phone and called John.

She desperately wanted to ask what he was up to.

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The line soon got through.

“Ms. James?”

Hearing the familiar deep voice, Olivia got so nervous that she did not know what to say and hurriedly hung up again.

John called back after a while.

Looking at the familiar yet unfamiliar name, Olivia hung up again, shaking.

She then leaned against the window and took several deep breaths before calming down enough

to reply with a text message.

Olivia: [Wrong number.]

Then she blocked John's number.

Out of sight, out of mind.

She was too impulsive.

What if she questioned him and let it slip, saying something he did not know?

What if he did not even know she was Olivia?

Or, what if... what if he did not do it? Would she expose herself by running over there?

'No, I can't expose myself.

'Lyla's still here. We haven't left. I can't...'

With that in mind, she quickly booked two tickets to Rushia.

She had to hurry and send Lyla away.

When she got there, Olivia sighed and calmed herself down. She smiled politely, walked over, and knocked on the door.

Soon, a man opened the door.

"How can I help you?"

“Are you Mr. Smith?”

The man frowned. “Yes, and you are?”

Olivia handed him her business card. “I’m Phoebe James from The One. You customized a -proposal ring here two years ago. Do you remember?”

Smith glanced at the business card, his face looking indignant. “So?”

“The atelier is having a bit of a problem. We’d like you to do us a favor by proving the date of the ring. It would be better if there’s a photo.”

“Are you done?”

Olivia nodded.

The next second, Smith banged the door shut in her face.

It caught Olivia off guard.

‘What’s going on?’

She could only knock on the door again. “Mr. Smith, I know I’m bothering you, but we’re really in serious trouble. If you could...”

Before she could finish, the door swung open, and a bucket of cold water was poured over her head.

“How dare you talk to me about the damn ring? The One? It’s a curse! We’re divorced because of your damn ring!”

Smith threw the bucket at Olivia, yelling, "Get the f*ck out! I never want to see you or your bloody atelier again!"

With that said, the door ruthlessly closed in her face again.

Olivia stood in the doorway in confusion. She stared blankly at the door for some time before coming to herself.

There was no hope. It was never-ending trouble.

She shook the water off her body and wiped the water off her face with a tissue.

She had just finished wiping her face when a car sped past her, causing the puddle of water on the entrance to splash all over her. There was even mud in her mouth.

This time, she did not even have the patience to wipe. She simply threw caution to the wind and sat on the steps nearby.

She did not know what to do anymore.

Even if she wanted to use Ken's money, she had to inform him.

Besides, would she not admit to plagiarism if they did pay TR 30 million dollars?

Would The One not be destroyed? Her career as a designer would also be ruined!

Just then, the phone rang.

Desperate, she looked over to see that it was Xavier. She hesitated to answer it.

However, she eventually answered it because of Jennie.

“Pheebs, is something wrong with the atelier? I saw that you were sued, right?”

“Well, yes. But it’s alright. We’ll sort it out ourselves.”

“Pheebs, tell me if you need money. I have 30 million dollars.”

Olivia sighed and smiled despairingly. “Xavier, I can’t owe you anymore. I can’t pay you back.”

Perhaps she was what Jennie said she was just difficult.

However, she could not do it.

She would rather take a chance than lose a lifetime of freedom for 30 million dollars.

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After hanging up, Olivia helplessly looked up into the gray sky, tears silently rolling down her face.

She wiped it away and tried to hold back her tears.

However, she could not stop crying, no matter how hard she tried.

A thunder burst in the sky, and rain poured down, mercilessly hitting her body.

Finally, she could not bear it any longer and burst into tears while covering her face.

“Why me?”

She kept asking herself what she had done wrong.

'Why is it always me?

'Didn't I suffer enough four years ago? Why does God want to punish her like this?'

She was driven to the brink. Enemies were at the front, while the abyss was behind her.

What else could she do?

It had been four years. She thought she hid deep enough, abandoned enough, and was low-key enough.

However, fate seemed to be playing with her. The career they had worked so hard to build was destroyed with one blow.

It had been four years. Why was she still so weak?

She beat herself up a lot.

If she had been slightly more ruthless, indifferent, and stronger, would she have been able to get

back at them?

However, what was the use of beating herself up now?

The point was what she should do next...

She did not want three years of her and Jennie's blood, sweat, and tears to go down the drain, and

money was not the point.

The point was how to prove their innocence and win the case.

Suddenly, an umbrella appeared overhead.

Olivia looked up to find a stranger.

The man was dressed in a black suit and sunglasses. He looked serious.

Unsure whether it was a hangover from her kidnapping, Olivia grabbed her bag and winced. "Yes?"

The man noticed her expression and bent over slightly. "Ms. James, Sir sent me here to pick you

'Sir?'

Olivia looked at him warily. "Who is it?"

"Mr. M."

"Mr. M? How did he know I was here..."

The man pointed to the car. "Ms. James, why don't you get in the car first?"

Olivia glanced at it, hesitated, and got in.

After getting into the car, the man pointed to the back seat. "There are clothes for you to change into. If you want to get changed now, you can raise the partition. Don't worry. I can't see a thing."

“Tell me why he sent you first?”

The man seemed to figure out that she would ask and nodded. “Sir knew about your kidnapping and was worried about your safety, so he sent me to protect you.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

Olivia bit her lip. “Where is he?”

“He’s not back yet. He doesn’t know what has happened here. Ms. James, let me know if you need any help, and I will tell Sir later.”

Olivia paused slightly before shaking her head. “No thanks. I can settle this myself.”

With that said, she pointed to a black button. “It goes up if I press this, right?”

“Yes, choose any clothes you want. Sir chose them for you.”

Olivia looked down. There were lots of clothes-mostly casual outfits.

Mr. M seemed to know her well.

After thinking for a long time, she could not help asking, “Who on earth is it? Or could you tell me

how old he is?”

The man shook his head. "Ms. James, I haven't met Sir either. So I can't tell you, but I hear he's of noble descent. He should be quite old."

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief.

It was a good thing. She would be a little afraid if he were young.

"Take me to the atelier, please."

"Okay."

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Olivia raised the car partition, randomly picked out an outfit to change into, and put her wet clothes in a bag before lowering the car partition.

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"I'm not sure. I'll let you know when he gets back."

After pondering for a moment, Olivia suddenly gazed at him and asked sternly, "Can I trust you?"

The man froze for a moment before nodding. "If you trust Sir, you can trust me."

She received a call from Zac as soon as she arrived at the atelier.

"Liv, I saw the news. I already wired you 10 million dollars. I'll figure out how to wire you the rest in two days at the latest."

“Zac, I don’t want any money.”

“Hmm?”

“I don’t want to compensate them. I want to win this lawsuit.”

Zac on the other end of the line was momentarily silent. “You want to go against TR to save The One?”

“Yes, I’ve thought about it. Jennie and I have spent three years working on the atelier. I can’t let it get destroyed like that.”

Olivia paused. “Someone’s trying to get back at me and destroy me, and I can’t let that happen.”

“What does that mean? Do you know something?”

Then she told Zac all about Jenson, Dorothy, and TR.

“There are no such coincidences in the world. I don’t believe there’s no one behind this.”

“And who do you suspect?”

“John.”

“What?” Zac was shocked. “Liv, I know you don’t trust him, but this has nothing to do with him.”

“Jenson told me that the guy who fished him out was someone from Ocean City who hates me.”

Olivia sighed. “And Dorothy’s the only one in Ocean City who hates me, isn’t she?”

“But he doesn’t know who you are.”

“Zac, why do you still trust him so much?”

Zac rubbed his temples. “Liv, I’ll look into this. Don’t worry. I’ll help you contact a lawyer for the case against TR. Don’t worry about it.”

Olivia bit her lip. “Ken was the reason I came to you in the first place.”

“Ken?”

“Yeah, I’m afraid Ken will do something stupid. He has done so much after returning. I’m worried about him.”

Olivia paused. “I’m worried about you too. The Quinton family and the Jameson family are related by marriage. I’m just worried Ken is too aggressive that your dad will force you to get married. You and

Ken will be stuck in a difficult situation by then. I’m afraid...”

Hearing her worry about him, Zac smiled. “Don’t worry about us. You should worry about yourself.”

“We’re all friends. I want everyone to be safe.”

“I’ll talk to Ken. Don’t worry. I have to prepare the materials for court tomorrow. Gotta go.

“Yes, okay. Thank you.”

After hanging up, Olivia took a deep breath.

The rain had also stopped at some point. The dark clouds gradually dispersed, and the sky also cleared up.

Could her crisis go away like this?

Then she shook her head, pushed the door open, and walked in.

Jennie was now alone in the atelier, looking like a mess and depressed.

“Jennie.”

“Pheebbs! You’re back.”

Jennie showed her an order sheet. “The one who received their order was willing to return it but asked for a refund on the deposit. I told them we would pay them back once we got our stuff.

“Two of the remaining few asked us to deliver as usual, and they paid the balance in advance. Even though it’s not much.

“As for the other seven, I paid back their deposit as requested.”

Olivia hugged her. “Jennie, I’m sorry I didn’t get Mr. Smith.”

Jennie sighed. “It doesn’t matter. We still have a chance.”

With that said, she looked at Olivia carefully. “Why did you change your clothes? Did something happen on the way?”

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Olivia shook her head. "It's okay. I got wet from the rain, so I got changed."

"Really?"

Jennie was skeptical but did not pursue it further.

"By the way, I've got someone to help us get a lawyer. I hope we get someone who can compete with TR."

"I reached out to a few, but they rejected us as soon as they heard it was TR."

Jennie said with a bitter smile, "They said no one can win a lawsuit against TR."

Olivia did not know what to say about that.

Words of comfort seemed hollow because she knew very well that it would be a fierce battle.

"We still gotta try hard to find evidence that we designed that first.

"The problem is that TR is crafty. They released their design first and said they produced it three years ago. They even have documents and some rich people to back them up."

Olivia gasped and froze in place for a long time.

After a long pause, she said, "Jennie, let's go home and see what the lawyer says. I don't think we can do it alone."

"Okay, why don't I treat you to dinner?"

"Forget it. Let's eat at my place. Fred made your favorite food."

“Okay, but this...”

Olivia shook her head helplessly. “I’m afraid I can’t keep it a secret any longer, but if he doesn’t ask, don’t say anything. Just pretend you don’t know.”

“Okay, got it.”

However, what surprised Olivia was that Fred did not mention anything during the meal. It was as if he did not know anything about it.

However, he pulled her over to the balcony as soon as Jennie left.

“Liv, why didn’t you tell me what happened with the atelier?”

Olivia looked at him and breathed a sigh of relief. “So you know. I was wondering how I was going to keep it from you. I guess I don’t have to.”

“Liv, don’t handle everything yourself. I’m your brother. You should trust me.”

“I believe you. What do you think you can do, Fred?”

“We can work it out together, or I can even hack into their computer and see how they got those files.”

Olivia closed her eyes and sighed, helpless and scared. “Fred, don’t mess around. Or they’ll sue you. You’ll probably have to go to jail by then.”

Panicked, Fred tapped the railing. “Liv, what ideas do you have?”

“I don’t know what to do.”

The air froze suddenly.

The two looked at each other before finally turning their heads to look into the distance.

“Liv, come with us. Forget about The One and compensation.”

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief. “Fred, I could leave. What about Jennie? Can she handle it?”

“She...”

“She still has her parents. What will their family do if they track them down?”

“But we don’t have that much money, and we can’t win this lawsuit. What else can we do?”

“I’m going to win this lawsuit.” Olivia looked at him sternly. “Fred, I can’t let the brand I built suffer like this.

“Besides, do you think the people behind this will leave me alone when I’m gone?”

Fred said nothing but lit a cigarette and took a long drag.

Olivia coughed, bit her lip, and said, “If he’d let me go, all of this would have ended four years ago on the day Olivia Larson died.”

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With that said, Olivia turned into the living room, took an envelope from her bag, walked out onto the balcony, and handed it to Fred.

“I’ve booked your flights for tomorrow. Now, go pack and leave tomorrow morning.”

Fred looked at her in disbelief. “Liv, what are you doing? Are you forcing me to leave?”

When he refused to take it, Olivia grabbed his hand and forced the envelope into his hand.

“Fred, this is an order, not a discussion.”

“Liv!”

Fred lost his temper for the first time. With scarlet eyes, he clenched the envelope, wanting to tear it apart.

“I’m not trying to force you to leave. I need to keep Lyla safe. The further away she is from me, the safer she will be.”

Olivia looked over her shoulder at Lyla, who was playing with blocks in the living room, and her eyes could not help turning red.

“Do you think I’m willing to part with her? But I’m afraid. I don’t want to lose you again.

“I can lose the atelier, but I don’t want to lose you. Got it?”

With that said, she trembled and said through clenched teeth, “Fred, when Zyla died in my arms. four years ago, I swore I would never let anyone near me get hurt again.

“However... Jess died in prison because of my incompetence.”

Olivia gasped for breath, her chest feeling like it was going to explode.

Worried, Fred reached up to help Olivia, only to have her push him away.

“Fred, I can’t afford to lose you again. I have the power to send you away now. I can’t let what happened four years ago happen again.”

With that said, she turned around and headed inside.

“Liv, can you...”

Before he could finish, Olivia glanced coldly at him over her shoulder and said, “I’ll tie you up if you refuse to leave!”

That statement made Fred swallow his words.

How could he not know why Olivia did it?

However... How could he leave her like that?

They took care of each other and depended on each other for four years.

He thought of her as a sister and did not want anything to happen to her. However, who was going to protect her if even he was gone?

Olivia went to the bathroom to wash her face before returning to the living room and sitting next to Lyla.

“Lyla, I have something to tell you. Listen carefully.”

Lyla put down the blocks and hugged her hand tightly. “Mommy, are you going to give me up?”

Olivia stiffened, rubbed her hair, and forced a smile. "No way. Why would I give you up, Lyla?"

She held Lyla in her arms and whispered, "Lyla, you're my baby and the last person I want to lose. You mean a lot to me, Lyla."

"Why are you leaving Lyla then?"

Who said kids knew nothing?

Children were sensitive. They could notice the slightest difference in adults.

Lyla lay in her arms. Her soft voice had a hint of grievance. "Mommy, you haven't been looking

well lately. I also kept hearing you asking Uncle Fred to take me away"

With that said, Lyla raised her little head and looked at her with her bright eyes. "Mommy, did I make you angry?"

When Olivia heard this, she could not hold it any longer and burst into tears.

"Lyla, you've been good. You're not the problem. I am."

Olivia snuffled. "I'm changing jobs, so I'm leaving to live in a different country. It's just that you and Uncle Fred are going there first. I will meet up with you later."

Lyla reached out her little hand and wiped her tears. "Mommy, why are you crying?"

"I..." Olivia bit her lip. "I don't want to part with you, Lyla."

She did not know whether and when she could meet her again after separating this time.

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“Lyla, remember I say next, okay?”

Lyla nodded blankly.

She did not know what would happen, but she thought her mother was more serious than ever.

“Take your meals on time, don’t be picky with food, sleep and rise early, and rest well.

“If you have anything on your mind, tell your uncle. Don’t keep it to yourself, got it?”

Lyla nodded. “Got it.”

Olivia bit her lip. “Good girl. Study hard when you grow up so you can choose the life you like.”

With that said, she forced a smile. “Lyla, do whatever your uncle says. But speak up if he did something wrong.”

Lyla tilted her head, thinking what her mother said today was so deep that she understood with a hazy notion.

However, what was life?

Lyla pressed her lips together and gazed at her with her sparkling eyes.

“I know it’s too early to tell you this, but take my word for it, Lyla. You’ll get it when you do.”

Lyla nodded again. "I'll keep that in mind, Mommy."

With that said, her eyes reddened slightly. "But Mommy, are you not going to be around? Are you lying to me?"

Olivia bit her lip and fought back tears as she gently touched Lyla's chubby face and continued saying without answering the question.

"Lyla, don't cry in front of outsiders in the future. The more you cry, the more they will bully you. Be like a little leopard and the proudest princess. Don't bow to anyone, and don't pity others. Don't pick anyone up from the roadside..."

Lyla got increasingly confused, but she tried to remember everything her mother said.

She even held back her tears.

"Lyla." Olivia let out a long sigh and said, "You must remember the last thing too."

"Mommy..."

"Don't like a person because of gratitude or their appearance. Don't believe whatever you see. You should be able to accept and let go of feelings. Be a playgirl instead of someone with hopeless infatuation."

"Got it."

Although Lyla said so, Olivia knew she did not get it.

However, she could prevent Lyla from going down that road again as long as Lyla could keep it in mind.

If she had not fallen in love with that man at the first sight and picked up that woman on the roadside out of kindness...

Oh, but there were no what-ifs?

Sensing something, Lyla hugged Olivia for dear life and began crying. "Mommy, can you sleep with me tonight?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll sleep with you tonight."-

Lyla cheered happily and held her tighter.

Olivia cherished every second she spent with Lyla and did not leave the room until she had put her to bed.

Fred was waiting for her in the living room.

Fred looked up at her when she got out. "Must you do this?"

She said with a bitter smile, "Yeah. I don't want to, but I'm pushed to the edge now. I can't get you involved, can I?"

After a while, Fred put out his cigarette and hoarsely said, "Got it. I'll do whatever you say."

With that said, he got up and headed inside before suddenly stopping and looking over. "Liv, rest earlier. Let's eat together tomorrow morning."

Olivia was scared to look at him, so she turned her head to look out the window. "Yes, okay."

She hardly slept that night for fear that she would never see Lyla again after tonight.

Tears began to flow again at the thought of it.

The next morning, she heard noises from the kitchen and went out while Lyla was still asleep.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning. Liv, go wash up. Breakfast will be ready in a minute.”

Olivia glanced at the kitchen and nodded. “Okay.”

Fred’s expression instantly changed when she left. Then he stared darkly at the glass of orange juice before him.

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By the time Olivia had washed her face and got out, Fred had put breakfast on the table.

There was a glass of orange juice, a sandwich, and a bowl of chicken soup.

It was simple, but it was all her favorite food.

“There’s so much food.”

“Liv, this is our last breakfast for a while. I must put in some effort, of course.”

Olivia pressed her lips together. “Fred, you’ve grown up.”

“I’m going to be taking care of Lyla by myself. I have to grow up, of course.”

“It’s great that you figured it out.”

With that said, Olivia looked down and took a spoonful of chicken soup. “Yes, your cooking is still the best.”

Then she took another bite of the sandwich and said with a nod, “The sandwich is delicious too. I’m sad when I think how I won’t be able to eat it again.”

Fred did not answer but pushed the orange juice to her. “I just made this. Hurry and drink it. Its nutrition deteriorates over time.”

Olivia took it and drank it without hesitation.

“Dig in. Don’t just watch me eat. You have a plane to catch after the meal.”

“Okay.”

Fred began eating. He focused on Olivia out of the corner of his eye as he ate.

However, he got a little anxious when Olivia seemed all right after some time.

“Liv, do you feel anything different?”

Olivia was confused. “Different? No.”

‘Why isn’t she feeling different?’

While Fred was thinking about the problem, he suddenly felt tired. His eyelids felt heavy, and he

soon fell on the table.

Olivia watched him fall and sighed.

“Fred, do you think I can’t tell what you’re trying to do?”

She could not believe that Fred had suddenly become so obedient.

Something must be wrong if things were out of the ordinary!

She already knew Fred would do something, so she played along.

Unexpectedly, he tried to spike her drink as Zac did.

After finishing her soup, Olivia dialed an unfamiliar number.

“Come on upstairs.”

The doorbell soon rang.

Olivia went to open the door, and there stood the man who had picked her up that day.

“This is between you and me. Can you promise me that?”

The man nodded.

“Not even Sir. You can’t tell him.”

With that said, Olivia handed him a check. "I know it's not much, but I can't ask you to work for nothing."

The man took the check and glanced at the amount. "I can't take it."

"Take it as hush money, okay?"

He had no choice but to accept it. "Okay, what can I do for you?"

Olivia pointed to Fred, who had fainted. "I need you to help me carry my friend into the car. Then I need you to help me with some luggage."

"Sure, no problem."

After they were done carrying the luggage, Olivia let the man head downstairs before going into the room to pick up Lyla. She grabbed her bag and went downstairs.

Watching Lyla sound asleep, Olivia pressed her lips together. "Lyla, I'm sorry. I have no choice."

Once she got downstairs, she put Lyla in the back seat and placed the bag in Fred's arms. She gazed at both of them, clenched her teeth, and shut the car door without hesitation.

She looked at the man. "Please help me take them to Boulder City's airport."

The man nodded. "Sure. You'll have someone else protecting you over here. Don't worry."

Olivia froze, smiled, and shook her head, saying, "No thanks. I'll be fine."

Then she took one last glance at them in the car before turning around and saying, "Let's go!"

She dared not look any longer for fear that she might be reluctant.

Only when she heard the car leave did she turn and look. Tears poured out her eyes, blurring her sight.

“Fred, Lyla, I’m sorry I lied to you.”

There was no way she could go to Rushia so soon.

Chapter 550

The hospital.

Olivia entered the ward with the food container.

“Have you finished reading these books? Do you need new ones?”

Xavier looked over when he heard her. He put down the book he was holding and shook his head with a smile when he saw her. “No. Why are you here?”

“I promised to see you every day. How could I not come?”

With that said, she opened the food container and said, “But today’s meal might be a little simple. It’s just chicken soup. You don’t mind it, do you?”

Xavier paused slightly. “No, I’m glad you came to see me when you were already busy.”

“Don’t say that. You’re my savior.”

Olivia poured it out for him and pushed it up to him. “Hurry. Drink it while it’s hot.”

“The atelier...”

“I’ll take care of it. Don’t worry. Dig in.”

Then she looked at the flowers by the bed and said, “Dig in. I’ll change the flowers for you.”

With that said, she turned around and walked out.

Upset, Xavier shouted, “Pheeb, don’t bother.”

Olivia smiled. “Xavier, it’s bad luck to have wilted flowers in the ward.”

The atelier had encountered a big crisis. You could tell without a doubt that she must be anxious, but she did not show any bad emotions.

Not only did she not look upset, but she was also smiling.

However, those red eyes clearly just cried...

Xavier’s heart twitched, and he felt some pain.

When Olivia returned, Xavier pulled a check from under the pillow. “Pheeb, here’s 20 million dollars. Take it.”

Olivia froze and pushed his hand away. “I don’t want it.”

“Why?”

“Xavier, I told you. I already owe you my life. I can’t owe you anymore.”

Xavier frowned. “Pheebs, I don’t think you owe me anything. And you don’t need to keep in mind that I saved you.

“I was only stabbed on the back of my shoulder. It would have been your heart if you were

stabbed. I think my way is the most appropriate.”

Olivia looked at him quietly before bursting into laughter and saying, “I know you’re trying to comfort me. You’re doing a bad job at it, but I’m happy. Thank you.”

With that said, she pressed her lips together. “But I won’t take the money, even if you lend it to me.”

“Pheebs...”

“Call me stubborn.” As Olivia arranged the flowers, she said, “Xavier, I don’t want to compromise with TR. I want to win this case, so I don’t need the money. Take it back.”

Xavier froze and looked at her in disbelief. “You’re suing TR? You’re... no match for them.”

“It doesn’t matter. I can’t allow someone to slander The One I created. Even if I die, I will prove my innocence and that I did not plagiarize.”

The look in Xavier’s eyes changed slightly. There was a touch of complexity in his beautiful narrow eyes.

He withdrew his hands after some time. “Okay, but let me know if you ever need anything. I won’t ask for anything in return.”

“Okay.”

Olivia put the wilted flowers in the garbage bag before holding up fresh ones and asking, "Don't you feel better when you see gorgeous blooming flowers?"

Xavier could not tell for a moment whether she was optimistic or faking it, but he nodded anyway. "Yeah, it's pretty, but you're prettier than the flowers."

Olivia rolled her eyes at him, picked up the garbage bag, and walked out.

"I'm leaving. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay."

Olivia's smile disappeared once she was out of the hospital ward.

She could not smile, but how could she give a sick person bad vibes?

Suddenly, a tall figure blocked her way.

"Ms. James, how long are you going to hide from me?"