

## **G.H Hooked 741**

### Chapter 741

The four froze instantly, not daring to move. Zac said hoarsely after a long pause, "Wilbur, I left a file in the car. Will you get it with me?"

"Sure."

Wilbur panicked too. After all, he knew the relationship between these three people. Facing this situation, his young master could not say anything.

Seeing the ghastly expression on Zac's face, Olivia got furious and kicked John.

"John, forget about getting Lyla to acknowledge you!"

With that said, she stormed upstairs and hid in her room.

She stayed hidden for two hours until John left and Zac knocked on the door, snapping her back to herself.

"Liv? Are you asleep?"

"No, no." She opened the door in a panic and fixed her hair, not daring to glance at Zac.

"Are you hungry? You haven't had dinner. Will you come downstairs and eat something with me?"

Before Olivia could speak, Zac took her hand and wheeled himself downstairs.

"Mrs. Simmons said you made soup. I think you made beef stew. I love beef stew, but I love anything you cook."

"Zac... I..."

"You don't have to say anything. I know. John explained to me."

With that said, Zac smiled. "Even if he doesn't explain, I won't misunderstand anything. I know how you are."

It was simple enough, but Olivia felt guilty about it. It was not supposed to happen after all.

"Is there a solution to Fabian's issue, Zac?"

"There's nothing to be solved for the time being. Anyway, it's up to Jimmy to admit it. If he admits, we'll go in the direction where he admits. We'll go in the direction he doesn't admit if he doesn't."

"He hasn't said anything yet. He must be thinking and weighing the matter."

Zac nodded. "Of course. Profit is his priority."

After a bowl of soup and a short walk around the yard, Olivia wheeled him back to his room and offered to massage his legs. Maybe to make Olivia feel better, Zac did not reject her.

"Liv, you don't have to feel bad. Being a couple, even a fake couple, it's about mutual trust, isn't it?"

Olivia froze slightly and looked up at him.

Zac asked calmly. "You believe in me, don't you?"

Olivia nodded.

“Atta girl. If you believe in me, I believe in you too. I won't blame you even if you choose John.”

"Zac, I won't choose him. Even if he's good now, what happened has happened. There's no way I can forget it."

Zac was afraid she would overthink, so he patted her on the back of her hand. “I know.”

“By the way, I've booked a restaurant. Would you like to go out with me for dinner tomorrow night?”

Lest Zac thought it still bothered her, Olivia quickly nodded. “Sure.”

The next day evening.

Zac returned to Elegance Gardens to pick up Olivia as soon as he got off work.

When he saw her wearing the long dress he had given her, he could not help but smile. "It looks nice. I thought you wouldn't wear it."

"I didn't want to wear it, but I didn't want you to think I didn't like it, so I wore it anyway. What do you think?"

"Looks good. It suits you. Hurry and get in the car."

“Okay.”

They had a pleasant conversation along the way. However, when they got to the restaurant entrance, they bumped into Fabian, who had just gotten out of the car, while they were still in their car.

Dorothy was walking next to Fabian!

However... More coincidentally, Olivia and Dorothy wore the same outfit!

Chapter 742

Dorothy soon came and knocked on the car window.

Olivia wanted to ignore her, but she kept knocking like she would not stop until she saw her.

Zac knew she would humiliate them if they got out of the car, so he grabbed her. "Liv, just ignore her."

"Never mind. I'm not afraid."

Olivia went ahead and ordered, "Wilbur, help Sir get his wheelchair out."

"Yes."

Then she opened the car door and stepped out gracefully.

The golden camisole set off her skin, making it look as white as snow. The drooping texture of satin showed her figure well. She looked sexy yet demure and elegant. She made Dorothy seem out of place and even look like a fool.

Fabian's Adam's apple could not help rolling when he saw Olivia.

How could the same dress look so different? It made him a little jealous of Zac.

Dorothy was furious when she saw the look in Fabian's eyes. She pinched him on the arm and warned in a whisper, "Fabian, if you glance at her again, I'll gouge out your eyes. Don't forget I'm here to make you look good."

Fabian withdrew his gaze and glanced at Dorothy.

However, having seen the real deal, the fake was not good enough.

Dorothy looked Olivia over and said with a sneer, "What a coincidence. People would think you were imitating me."

"Ms. Jones, you must be joking. I don't have the habit of stalking people."

Dorothy's expression changed slightly as she held back her anger.

However, she could not lose her temper in such a place, so she reached for Olivia's hand.

"Since we're wearing the same thing, why don't we take a picture?"

However, Olivia dodged her hand. "No thanks. I don't think it'll look nice."

"You!"

Dorothy was about to lose her temper when Fabian said, "Mrs. Quinton, is it because of the news, so..."

Olivia thought they were good actors. She did not want to talk to them, so she walked around them to the other side of the car and wheeled Zac into the restaurant.

Unexpectedly, Fabian stopped them again when they got to the entrance.

"Mr. Zac, I don't know who told the press about the rumor, but I had nothing to do with it."

Zac looked up at him and only asked, "So you're not Dad's son?"

The question left Fabian speechless. "Mr. Zac, that depends on the paternity test. I don't know.'

Olivia hit Fabian's hand away. "Please let US through, Mr. Fabian. Zac and I are hungry."

With that said, she wheeled Zac into the restaurant.

Once they sat down, Olivia looked at Zac and said, 'Zac, you..."

"Do you want to ask me about the outfit and the restaurant?"

Olivia shook her head. "I meant to ask whether you knew they've gotten together?"

"I don't know. It's the first time I've seen them together too."

"That's strange.'

She never expected the two to get together.

At least, she didn't expect it to be so soon.

Olivia pressed her lips together and got up. "Zac, keep an eye on my food while I go to the washroom.'

As soon as she entered the washroom, she saw Dorothy following suit.

After ensuring the washroom stalls were empty, Dorothy revealed her true colors.

"Phoebe, don't you find yourself funny? It's alright that your face is fake. You're also wearing fake clothes. Are you not afraid of making yourself a laughingstock?"

Olivia shook the water off her hands. "Ms. Jones, are you lacking confidence?"

"What did you say?" Dorothy rushed over and grabbed her by the wrist, "Think about my status. And what's your status?"

With that said, she sneered. 'Have you never doubted Zac? Why this restaurant, and why this dress?

"You don't think he fell for a fake like you, do you? He's using you, idiot!"

Chapter 743

"Using me?"

Dorothy laughed even louder when she saw her looking confused. "You're really stupid. Do you have any idea what Zac has done for Olivia?

"He only married you because of your face. Do you really think he loves you?"

"Isn't it obvious why he's using you?"

Dorothy pointed to herself, "He's only using you to curry favor with Fabian. How would he know that Fabian's coming to this restaurant or that Fabian bought me this dress if he hadn't asked?"

Dorothy poked Olivia hard as she spoke. "He just wants to embarrass you."

Olivia frowned, unable to follow Dorothy's logic.

"Why am I a disgrace if it's the same outfit?"

"Ha." Dorothy seemed to be flabbergasted by her stupidity. She shook her head speechlessly. "Jeez. You only look like Olivia. Your IQ is no match for hers."

Then she pinched Olivia's jaw as she pressed against the wall and said with a sneer, 'Don't you know what it means to be a dupe? You're the dupe, got it?'"

"Ms. Jones, I took a couple of psychology classes once. I think you..."

Olivia looked at her indifferently. "You have extremely low self-esteem, so you're starting to get conceited."

"You! What does that mean?"

Dorothy gritted her teeth and said, "Do you mean I don't deserve to be the real deal?"

"I didn't say that."

"Who are you to compete with me? I'm an heiress of the Jameson family. And you? She's just a village girl! Zac isn't qualified to compete with Fabian! w

Dorothy threw her head back and said with a cackle, "Zac only has the title and no power. He's even a cripple. Can he stay in Quinton Group if he doesn't suck up to Fabian?"

Olivia could not figure out Dorothy's logic.

However, she had never understood it, nor did she want to understand.

She reached out and pushed Dorothy out with a chuckle, "Ms. Jones, now that you say it, I can kinda see why you would dress like me, find a bastard, and dine at this restaurant after being rejected by Zac."

As soon as she spoke, Dorothy's expression changed instantly as she slapped Olivia.



“B\*tch! Who do you think you are?”

However, Olivia slapped her back before Dorothy could react, "Dorothy, here's your slap!"

With that said, she pushed Dorothy away and walked out.

Dorothy paused. She looked and sounded so much like Olivia that she immediately thought she had seen a ghost.

However, she got angrier when she thought further.

‘That b\*tch Phoebe must have used Olivia's tone to scare me!

‘B\*tch, I must find a way to kill her!"

Olivia came out of the washroom. A few bites into her meal, she got into an argument with Zac. Then she grabbed her bag and left.

Zac tried to stop her, but he bumped into the corner of the table and nearly fell to the ground because his wheelchair was inconvenient. He looked like a mess.

However, Olivia only looked over her shoulder and ignored him.

""Pheebs, wait..."

Despite Zac's calls, Olivia did not look back.

Dorothy could not help smiling at this scene. It seemed false when they said they did not care. They quarreled so soon.

However, it was a pity there were no reporters in the restaurant, or this would have made headlines and embarrassed them.

Therefore, she nudged Fabian, pointed at Zac, and said, "Fabian, this is your chance."

Ha, she would make Phoebe pay for the slap she gave her tenfold!

Chapter 744

Elegance Gardens.

When Zac came back, he was still injured, looking like a mess and haggard.

"Sir, what's the matter with you?"

Zac waved. "I'm fine. Where's Liv?"

"Miss is in her room and probably asleep. Do you want me to wake her up?"

"No thanks. I'm just asking."

Mrs. Simmons saw that he was wounded. "Oh, Sir, why are you bleeding? Wait here. I'll take care of this for you. No... I'd better wake Miss up."

With that said, she wanted to go upstairs.

Zac stopped her. "Mrs. Simmons, I'm fine. You don't need to be so nervous. I only scratched it by accident."

However, Mrs. Simmons would not listen. She yelled upstairs, "Sir, why do you have skid marks on your wheelchair? Did you fall? What on earth..."

Before Mrs. Simmons could finish, Olivia opened the door and rushed downstairs. "What happened?"

Mrs. Simmons glanced at Olivia. "Miss, why don't you come downstairs next year?"

"Mrs. Simmons!"

"I'm going to run Sir's bath. The first aid kit is in the cabinet in the living room. Go get it yourself, Miss."

Mrs. Simmons chuckled and went upstairs once she finished speaking.

She knew there was no way Miss would ignore Sir. She even said she did not like him. Most couples fell more in love with each other over time. There was no way they had no feelings for each other when they were together everyday.

Olivia took the first aid kit, pouted, and looked at him guiltily. "I'm sorry. I didn't expect this..."

"It's not your fault. It was an accident."

"Was it really an accident? I... don't believe it."

Zac chuckled. "What's so hard to believe? Why would I lie to you?"

"You're afraid I'll feel guilty."

"But the show was a success. They fell for it."

The look in Olivia's eyes changed slightly. "Really?"

"Yeah, we can see what they're going to do soon. But I think you shouldn't bring me food at work for a while."

"Why? You don't like it?"

Zac shook his head somewhat helplessly. "How is that possible? I wanted to do the whole package, or they'd get suspicious."

Olivia was somewhat reluctant. Zac was already in such a bad situation. She was afraid he would starve if she did not bring him food.

"But..."

Zac took her hand, his deep eyes reading her thoughts. "Don't worry. I won't starve even if I have no power, right? Give your husband some confidence, will you?"

The word "husband" made Olivia blush in her ears and nod. "Okay."

She cleaned Zac carefully before putting a band-aid on him. "Be careful in the bath later."

"Yeah, I'll be fine."

After examining if there were other wounds, she let out a sigh. "You won't blame me for not consulting you, right?"

Zac shook his head. "Of course not. I believe in you as much as you believe in me."

Hearing this, her eyes watered slightly, and she patted him with a smile. "I believe you, of course. We agreed to trust each other, didn't we? Besides, Dorothy's logic is ridiculous."

"What's her logic?" Olivia told him about what happened in the washroom.

"I think she's good at comforting herself. I'm no match for her."

"I think it's something we can take advantage of."

Olivia froze. "What do you mean?"

"I found someone we can use in the future during my days in Legal Department."

"Who?"

"Elaine Simpson."

Olivia blinked, puzzled. "Elaine Simpson? But she's the most hostile toward you. She's with Fabian." Zac said with a half-smile, "She's useful because she's on Fabian's side."

Chapter 745

Zac did not mention the specifics, and Olivia did not pursue it.

Anyway, she did not have to worry about any of this. Zac could handle it.

After Mrs. Simmons ran the bath, Olivia helped Zac into the bathroom. Then she called Ken over to help with the rest.

When Ken came out, he complained while wiping water off his arms, "Olivia, why don't you hire a caretaker or a male nurse? Or you can handle everything by yourself? Don't you feel guilty treating me like a servant every time?"

Olivia pulled out the soup she had cooked all morning. "I don't trust others. Please accept this as a small token."

He wanted to say no, but the soup smelled so good. It smelled better than his chef's cooking, and he could not refuse.

As the saying went, "Gifts blind the eyes". Ken gave in. He held the pot of soup and muttered, "If you don't trust others, do it yourself. That's the most reliable way."

Olivia's ears went red. "I... I have no choice. We're of different genders after all."

"Why treat him like a stranger when you're already married?"

Annoyed, Olivia turned around to enter her room.

Ken pressed his lips together and looked over his shoulders at Zac as he came out of the bathroom. "Zac, what are you two doing? Are you going to pretend to be married forever?"

"Ken, don't say nonsense. Liv is sensitive. Be careful, or her imagination will run wild again."

"I'm looking out for both of you. You like her too anyway. And you're the right man for her. Why bother?"

Zac rolled his eyes at him. "Ken, don't blame me for losing my temper if you say any more nonsense."

Ken was helpless as he looked at the soup in his arms. Then he looked at Zac and shook his head. "I helped you take a bath for nothing. You turned your back on me. I'm going home to enjoy my soup. Goodbye."

Once Ken was gone, Zac returned to the hallway and wheeled his wheelchair to Olivia's room door.

"Liv, are you asleep?"

"No."

"Don't worry about what Ken just said. He's drunk and talking nonsense."

Olivia leaned behind the door. After a moment of silence, she bit her lip and said, "He's right. I shouldn't keep finding him for this."

"I know. I'll try to do it myself in the future. I've been working on my upper body strength."

With that said, Zac explained in case she misunderstood him, "I also went to the hospital to check. The doctor said I could try physiotherapy next week. I'll..."

Before he could finish, Olivia opened the door and leaned against the door stile. "That's not what I meant."

Zac froze. "Huh?"

"I... I meant it's my job to... bathe you, not Ken."

Zac's expression changed slightly, his heart racing.

He had to admit he was not as calm as he used to be since the two of them lived together because of the fake marriage, and he did not know how to keep a distance like before.

However, he always felt that it was wrong, and that he had overstepped his boundaries.

The light in the room was off, so he could not see her face. However, he could smell the faint fragrance, and he unconsciously rolled his throat.

"Liv..." His voice became a little hoarse. "Really. You don't have to worry about what happened today. I'll ask Wilbur to help me in the future. Don't worry."

With that said, he closed the door for her. "Go to bed and don't let your imagination run wild."

He quickly entered the bathroom, turned on the tap, and forced himself to cool down with cold water.

On the other hand, Olivia was so ashamed of her rejection that she dived under the covers without showing her head.

'Oh no!'

'Am I too unreserved?'

'How could I suggest such a thing?'

'Especially when I know he likes me... I've gone too far!'

Chapter 746

One night passed.

In addition to the ripples in Olivia's heart, the situation in the Quinton family had also been turned upside down.

After seeing the news that Fabian and Dorothy had dinner, Jimmy was no longer indifferent and suddenly began to respond to the illegitimate child affair.

He also said he would hold a press conference at 10 AM to give everyone an explanation.

Such a change was putting Zac at a worse disadvantage, of course.



After seeing the news, Olivia glanced at the time. It was already 9 AM, so she immediately rushed out of the room to talk to Zac.

However, she looked around and could not find him.

Mrs. Simmons saw her hurrying downstairs. Not knowing what had happened, she pulled her to the dining table. 'Time for breakfast, Miss.'

"Mrs. Simmons, have you seen Zac?"

"Sir has already gone to work."

Olivia frowned and walked out.

Zac was already boycotted in Quinton Group, and there was no doubt that the press conference would announce Fabian's status.

Besides, her matching dress with Dorothy was also trending.

In that case, would everyone not be watching Zac make a fool of himself?

She could not leave him alone at a time like this. She had to...

However, someone grabbed her by the wrist as soon as she stepped out of the door.

"Let me go!"

"Olivia, where are you going?"

Olivia shook her hands vigorously. "It's none of your business! Let me go!"

"You're going to Zac, right?"

Olivia froze and glared at him. "Yes, can you let go now?"

John moved closer to her, forcing her to press against the door. Seeing that she still wanted to run, he pressed his hand against the door and blocked her way.

"John, what on earth do you want? Get out of my way!"

"Calm down. What good will you do by going? Get scolded with him?"

"This is our business, not yours!"

The word "our" cut deep into John's heart. His eyes darkened, and the strength in his hands increased a little. "Come with me."

With that said, He pulled her to the side of the car and pushed her inside.

"John! Let me go! What are you doing?"

He did not let go of her hand until he had locked the car door. He glanced at her. "Have you forgotten what day it is?"

Olivia was so angry that she did not have time to think, so she snapped, "What does it have to do with me? Have you lost your mind again, John?"

"Today is your mother's birthday."

The air inside the car instantly turned to frost.

'Mom's birthday?

'I forgot... I forgot all about it!'

Olivia shuddered, disheartened, and banged her head feebly against the car window.

Helpless, John pulled her to her feet grimly. He let her lean on his shoulder before giving her a bottle of warm milk.

"Drink it."

Olivia knocked the milk away. "No."

She blamed herself. She could forget anything, but how could she forget her parents' death anniversary and birthday?

Did she think she could start over after four years?

Did she think she was not Olivia Larson but Phoebe James?

John knew what she was thinking. Instead of losing his temper, he said indifferently, "Now isn't the time to fight back. Fabian needs to think he's got everything going for him and that his position is stable before we can do something."

With that said, he raised his hand to wipe the tears from the corner of her eyes. 'Besides, Aunt wont be happy to see you like this.'

The look in Olivia's eyes changed slightly, but her posture remained the same.

"I might know who your Mr. M is."

When he mentioned Mr. M, Olivia suddenly turned to look at him. "What did you say? Do you know Mr. M?"

Chapter 747

Seeing that she reacted to it, John smiled slightly. "Yeah, probably."

"How do you know about Mr. M?"

Olivia was on her guard. She remembered Mr. M. She barely talked about him, even with Zac. How could John possibly know? Did he look into her?

"I only saw that your house is on sale and was about to help you buy it when I realized someone beat me to it, so I looked into it."

Olivia narrowed her eyes. "Is that all?"

"Because he's a man. I'm sensitive to any man around you. Is that answer satisfactory to you?"

Olivia withdrew her gaze and looked out of the window without another word.

The mindset was indeed what John would think, but she did not believe him when he said he knew who Mr. M was.

"I take you to him when I find out."

"Well talk about it when you find out."

Finding it different from his expectations, John pressed his lips together and told her, "Ian will go to the cemetery too." Ian..."

She could not let Ian find out about her mistake.

Olivia coughed softly, fixed her clothes, and forced herself to calm down by opening the window and letting the breeze blow through her.

Whether it was Zac, forgetting her mother's birthday, or Mr. M, she should have kept it to herself until she was done visiting her mother.

At the cemetery.

Even on sunny days, the cemetery was always foggy, making people feel several degrees cooler when they entered.

Olivia could not help shivering and walked ahead with the flowers John prepared.

Many of her loved ones were buried at the end of the road. Every step felt heavy.

Suddenly, she stopped and looked at John nearby. "John, wait here for me."

"I'll go with you."

"No." Her eyes were cold as she put some distance between her and John. "You have the face to see them, but I don't have the face to see them with you."

John stopped walking, and they locked eyes.

"John, I know you want to say you didn't kill them. But ask yourself, can you say it has nothing to do with you?"

John's mouth twitched. He could not answer the question.

When two people had a standoff, a voice came from behind. "John? Liv?"

When they looked back, Ian bit his lip and corrected himself, saying, "No, I should call you Phoebe."

Olivia's heart quivered. For a moment, she did not know what to say.

Having her brother call her Phoebe was not what she wanted to hear.

Ian nudged John. "Are you here to see my mother?"

John nodded. "Yeah."

"Then hurry up. Don't delay further. My sister said Mom likes to receive blessings in the morning."

With that said, he glanced at Olivia and walked on himself.

Olivia knew Ian would find out something if this continued, so she glared at John and followed Ian.

When they reached Mrs. Larson's gravestone, Ian put the flower down and rubbed the picture on the gravestone.

"Mom, I haven't been able to spend time with you, but Liv says you're gentle and beautiful. It's a pity that I can't visit you with Liv."

Then he dragged John over. "But John came with me as usual."

Olivia glanced at John and asked, "You used to come together?"

Ian nodded. "Yeah. For the past six years. Even when John and Liv aren't on speaking terms, John would bring me to visit my parents every holiday."

She stiffened and looked at him in disbelief.

"Has all the flowers I've seen before been from John?"

Chapter 748

When they came out of the cemetery, John pulled open the back door of the car and shoved Ian into it. "Sit in the back."

With that said, he walked around the car and got into the front passenger seat.

Olivia took a double take, glanced at him, and sat next to Ian.

"Ian, how have you been eating?"

Ian raised his eyebrows. "What's the matter? Phoebe, are you gonna cook me good food again? I'm indeed a little tired of instant noodles. What are you going to make for me today?"

"What do you feel like having?"

"I'm having cravings for everything. Why don't we have a barbecue? It's been a long time since I have any."

Olivia could not say no to Ian's enthusiastic invitation. She nodded repeatedly and said, "Okay, we'll cook whatever you want. We'll buy the ingredients later."

"Yeah, I know a market. It's fresh, and there won't be any paparazzi."

Olivia paused. "Are you being followed?"

Ian glanced at her and smiled. "You're being followed, not me."

"I've been watching the news lately, and you've been trending a lot. You were trending yesterday because of a dress. I think someone must be following you."

With that said, he patted John again. "But John already got rid of those stalkers for you, so don't worry."

"Is that so?"

Olivia peered at John but did not thank him. She soon heard Ian say, "Zac seems to be in a lot of trouble too. Is he okay? If

"It's alright. He'll sort it out."

"I hope so. It's chaotic wherever Dorothy goes. I don't want the Quinton family to end up like the Larson family."

Olivia had mixed feelings when she saw Ian frowning.

She had no idea if she was paranoid. She always thought Ian had seen through something. What he said today was implying something...

John glanced at the two in the rearview mirror and said, "You'd better think about what to cook for the barbecue later."

He still wanted her to enjoy the sibling affection before the truth was revealed.



When John sent Olivia back to Elegance Gardens, it was already 6 PM.

They kept quiet the whole way, but he could tell Olivia was happy.

"You can visit Ian by yourself in the future if you want. Don't always be forced to go."

Olivia snorted coldly. "Don't worry about it."

"Liv, will you stop being so hostile to me?"

"Don't think you can wipe the slate clean just because you sent my mother some flowers."

John grabbed her slender wrist and pulled her into his arms. He chuckled as he watched her bite her lip with a determined face.

"That's how you should treat other men, not me."

"The man I hate the most is you. Am I supposed to smile at you?"

"Liv, don't forget the most terrifying part is the unknown, and you already know me. You've also seen the worst of me. I don't have to pretend anything in front of you."

With that said, he touched her cheek gently with longing in his eyes.

"It's the people hiding from you that you need to watch out for."

Olivia thought he was talking about Zac and said with a sneer, "Don't start a fight here."

"I'm not talking about Zac." John's fingertip brushed against her lips. "I know Zac better than you do. He's a good guy who won't hurt you, but I don't know about the rest. Including Mr. M and Xavier."

"You can't assume that everyone is like you. Some people are never nice to get something."

John chuckled and leaned up to her, their lips almost touching.

Liv, there's a reason why a man is nice to a woman. Mark my words."

Chapter 749

He pressed Olivia so hard that she could not breathe and could only look blankly at him.

Hearing a familiar engine sound, she suddenly snapped back to herself. She pushed John away and swore, "You pervert. You're shameless!"

Seeing that she tried to run away, John yanked her back and looked at her with a half-smile. "How am I shameless? Hmm?"

He knew Zac's car was back and that Zac might see them, but this ignited his desire to conquer her.

It was only when he saw her flustered that he felt some sense of existence.

Olivia's face went cold as she bit him hard on the hand. "Remember who you are. You're Mr. Freeman, and I'm Mrs. Quinton!"

With that said, she glared at him, slammed the door shut, and walked straight toward Zac.

As Wilbur lifted Zac out of the car, she trotted over and wheeled his wheelchair. She looked down and whispered, "How was your day at Quinton Group? Did anyone bully you? Did you eat?"

Dumbfounded by her questions, Zac smiled. "Liv, I'm not that fragile. Don't worry."

With that said, he caught a glimpse of the Maybach out of the corner of his eye. "Where have you been today?"

For some reason, Olivia felt guilty. Her hands broke into a cold sweat as she held the wheelchair.

Without hearing her voice, Zac turned around to glance at her. "Liv?"

Olivia caught her breath and gathered her thoughts. "Oh, today is my mother's birthday. I went to the cemetery."

"Did you see Ian?"

"Yeah, I did. And we had a barbecue together."

"I smelled it."

"Huh?"

Olivia's eyes widened. "Is it strong?"

Zac chuckled. "A little."

As they passed the Maybach, John rolled down the car window and nodded to Zac. "Goodbye."

As he left, John glanced up at Olivia again with a slight smile before rolling up the car window.

"He.."

Worried that Zac might overthink, Olivia wanted to explain. However, she thought explaining was giving excuses. She did not want to worry her, so she stopped talking.

Zac saw through her and patted her hand. "I asked John to stop you. Otherwise, you would have come to Quinton Group."

"Did you send him?"

"Yeah, he's free today anyway. Ian would overthink if he accompanied you to pay respect to your mother. Wouldn't that be great?"

Olivia was confused. She frowned. "Zac, you... you're not trying to make me get back with him, are you?"

Zac glanced at her before laughing out loud. "It's your choice to get back together. Who am I to influence your choice?"

As soon as they entered the room, Wilbur suddenly ran in. "Mr. Quinton, wait a minute. I forgot to change your wheelchair."

Then he pointed to the mud marks on the ground and said, "The wheelchair caught some mud from the cemetery. I'll get you another wheelchair, or there will be mud marks all over the house."

Zac frowned and waved impatiently, thinking he was meddlesome.

Olivia understood immediately. "Zac, did you just pay your respects to my mother?"

"Yeah, you've made me go in your place these four years. It has become a habit."

"Thank you."

Olivia took his hand. "I almost forgot Mom's birthday today."

Wilbur happened to hear this when he came in. He said quickly, "Sir visited her every holiday. Sir even sent that female prisoner four years ago flowers regularly. He has always been thoughtful and gentle."

"Wilbur! You have a lot to say today!"

However, Wilbur had no plans to stop. He put down his wheelchair and said, "Sir, I don't want Madam not to know what you've done for her. Just like four years ago..."

Zac's eyes darkened as he glared at Wilbur. "Shut up! Get out!"

Chapter 750

"Sir..."

Wilbur was reluctant as he stood still.

Zac was irritated as he pulled a retractable baton stick out of his wheelchair and hit Wilbur. "If you don't get the f\*ck out of here, never come again!"

Wilbur got scared. He lowered his head and walked out.

Horrified by the scene, Olivia tugged the hem of Zac's top. "Zac, what's with the four years that Wilbur said? Is there something you're not telling me?"

Zac's eyes darkened as he put away the baton and comforted, "It's nothing. Don't listen to his nonsense."

"Really?"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?"

With that said, Zac looked at the time. "I've got a few things to take care of. You can eat first. Just leave me some."

Then he went alone up the track to the second floor and into his study.

Looking at his back, Olivia frowned, a little uneasy.

Zac rarely did this. There must be something wrong.

However, she trusted Zac. He would not hurt her or anyone around her, so she could not imagine what he was hiding from herself.

More importantly, she was worried about him. She was scared he was consumed by the pressure and eventually lost his direction.

"Miss, I made bean soup for you. Do you want some?"

Olivia snapped back to herself and nodded. "Okay, heat it for me."

"I've just heated it, and the temperature is just right."

Olivia stepped forward, took a sip, and looked up at Mrs. Simmons. "It is just right."

Mrs. Simmons smiled. "I know you don't like it too hot. How could I forget about this little habit?"

With that said, she sighed. "How's Sir? Is he okay?"

"Yeah, he's good. He's much nicer than he was four years ago."

"He doesn't know who you are yet?"

Olivia shook her head.

Lest Mrs. Simmons asked any more questions, she picked up the bowl and went upstairs. "Mrs. Simmons, I'd like to take a shower, so I'm going upstairs."

"Oh, okay."

After a bath, she lay in bed with mixed feelings. She wondered if Zac could handle Quinton Group.

After what Dorothy and Fabian had done, it was harder for her to go after Dorothy.

Revenge was getting harder.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and wanted to reject the call. However, she was afraid it was important and answered it impatiently in the end.

"What is it?"

"I found Sam's parents."

'Sam's parents?'

Olivia perked up and sat up in bed. "Really? Who is it?"

"His father is Noah Ginger, and his mother is Jess Sanders."

The moment she heard the name, Olivia froze.

Jess Sanders... The name was no stranger to her.

Her memories flashed back to four years ago...

Before she knew it, she heard John say, "Besides, I also found out Noah might not be dead, but we don't know where he is yet."

Not dead?'

Chill instantly spread from the soles of her feet to the top of her head, making her feel like she was in an ice cave.

Jess had thrown away her youth and eventually her life for a jerk who was still alive. It was not worth it!

Without saying a word, she hung up and ran to the study door without shoes on to tell Zac about it.

However, when she reached the door, she heard his voice making a phone call. His tone was unusually cold.

Have you found him? Make sure you clean it up. Don't let anyone find out!1