

G.H Hooked 871

Chapter 871

Olivia was a little shocked. She thought it would be a happy ending, yet it ended... pathetically.

Instead of answering her question, Milo put a sugar cube in Olivia's coffee and said, "I made up the rest of the story. The story of the I father and son has not ended yet."

Olivia was in a puzzle. "Why did you tell me this story?"

"I just happened to feel a little emotional upon hearing it. Why does the son hate his father so much? I wouldn't know what to do if my son also hated me like that."

"I don't think the story would end like how you think, sir. Maybe the son will realize his father loves him, and their misunderstanding will be resolved."

Milo lifted his eyebrows. "Do you really think so?"

Olivia nodded. "I prefer my version of the story over your guess.

No conflict can't be resolved between a father and son unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless..." Olivia gulped and said, "Unless the father killed the son's mother, and the son happened to see it. Otherwise, why would he hate his father so much that he kept his father imprisoned?"

Milo's gaze changed, and he snorted coldly. "That depends on what the son thinks."

"I think it also depends on how the father deals with it."

“oh?”

Milo stared at Olivia sharply, but Olivia was looking at the sea and did not notice.

“Relationships are mutual, not one-sided, right? Even if the son is determined to make things work with his father, Rome wasn’t built in a day, and the father will never be on good terms with his son again until he gives in.”

Then, Olivia looked at Milo. “I still think there’s something strange about the story you told me.”

Although she said so, she had someone in mind: Zac.

‘Is Mr. M trying to tell her about Zac and Jimmy?’

‘Leading me to make a conclusion?’

Milo looked at her for a few seconds before laughing. “Ms. James, you are a kind person indeed.”

Suddenly, Olivia asked, “Sir, the last time you called me, you said John was unreliable. Why do you say so?”

Milo tapped his forefinger on the desk. “Ms. James, have you met Mr. Freeman’s parents or other family members?”

Olivia's heart skipped a beat, and she said nothing.

“The son in the story was scary enough, wasn’t he?”

As he spoke, he looked up at her coldly. “A man without any family background will be scarier.”

However, Milo did not say much more. It was as if he had deliberately set up a situation to make Olivia doubt John.

“It’s getting late. Do you have time to have dinner with me?” Olivia shook her head. “Not today. Someone in my house is ill, and I must go back and check on them.”

“Okay. Let’s talk again some other day.”

When Milo got into the car, he looked at Olivia through the window and could not help but hook his lips up.

As expected, this girl was the perfect person to start with.

After Milo left, Olivia was still sitting there, feeling worse.

So many emotions rushed up inside her, but she had no place to vent and no place to keep them.

The more she thought, the more the story sounded like Zac and Jimmy’s. It would not be good if the story ended like Milo’s ending. Humans could easily wake up the demons in others.

Even though she felt that Jimmy and John were unscrupulous people who would do anything to get something, she did not want to see Zac becoming a monster trying to get revenge.

Either way, Jimmy was Zac’s father, and if Zac really did that, he would be unfilial.

However, she could not do anything. Now, she and Zac could never go back to how they were before, and she might not be able to care about the Quinton family’s matters anymore.

She looked up at the sky and let out a long sigh.

It would have all been great if she did not find the letter. She could be frank with Zac and expose his poor acting. Then, she could hand My. M's shares to him. However, now ... it was too late.

Chapter 872

Elegance Gardens.

After Olivia left, Zac sat in his study and did not move. He wanted to divorce her, to make her hate him so she would leave him alone and never care about the Quinton family's affairs again.

However, that was not what he wanted deep down.

Zac did not want her to think he was a devil or a murderer. He had sworn to hide it from her for the rest of his life because he did not want her to hate him.

Besides, he knew her too well.

She would hate him, but she would hate herself even more.

No! He did not want that...

Ever since the night he lost his temper, it had been difficult for him and Olivia to be on good terms again because he could not be magnanimous anymore.

Then, he thought of using this and asked Jamie to help him put on an act. He tried to deceive Olivia and make her leave.

He would help her get her revenge. All he wanted was for her to be happy.

However, now...

There was no going back, and she would never look for him again.

Zac's hands trembled upon thinking that.

Everything he had cared for so carefully fell apart.

He could not think of a way to deal with this mess, but he was unwilling to give her up!

It was not what he wanted!

He swept all the books on the table to the ground.

No! He needed to fix this! He had to do something.

"Godmother, what's the matter? Uncle... Quinton? This place..."

Sam appeared in the doorway from nowhere. Looking at the mess the floor, he was shocked. "Uncle Quinton, where is my godmother?"

He looked around and did not see Olivia. So, he grabbed Zac and asked, "What have you done to my godmother? Are you bullying her? Godmother had been having a difficult time lately. Can't you be nicer to her?"

Zac glanced at Sam expressionlessly. "She is not here. She left."

"Why? What the hell did you do to Godmother? Your sudden mention of divorce has left her helpless. Why are you bullying her?"

Why did you marry her if you don't love her? '

Facing Sam, who had gone berserk and was questioning him, Zac remained silent and said nothing.

What could he say?

He could not say he married her because he wanted to protect her. Telling him the reason they quarreled would not be a good choice either.

He could not say anything. Letting Sam know the truth was the last thing he would ever do!

That was the only thing he could do for her. He could only keep the secret!

“Uncle Quinton, say something. Where did she go? She is not well. Do you know that? She just got discharged from the hospital and hasn't recovered yet. This kind of weather...”

Zac did not pay attention to anything Sam said except, ‘She just got discharged from the hospital.’

Olivia was hospitalized.

Zac was bewildered that he knew nothing about it.

What the hell was he doing all this time?

Was he really protecting her?

At this moment, the sound of a cup falling on the floor came from the door. Mrs. Simmons held Sam and said, “What did you say? Ms. Larson was in the hospital?”

Sam quickly covered his mouth and gulped, not knowing what to do.

“Speak! What happened to her?”

“Godmother... said it was just a common cold.”

“I’m possible! ”

Mrs. Simmons did not believe it. “If it was a cold, she would not have to deceive me. It must be a cancer relapse.”

Then, she turned around and ran out. “I must go and find her. It would be bad if she got ill outside.”

“I’ll go with you!”

Sam ran out of the study behind Mrs. Simmons, leaving only Zac in the room with the scattered books on the ground.

He closed his eyes, slowly thinking, ‘Liv, what you saw wasn’t real.

‘It isn’t...’

Chapter 873

Meanwhile, Olivia was in Time Bar. Her face was pale as she sat by the counter.

"Give me a glass of wine."

"Sure."

The bartender looked up and recognized who it was.

"Boss, do you want to go to the private room behind? It's quieter there."

Olivia shook her head.

"No. Just get me a bottle of whiskey."

The bartender also knew how much Olivia could drink and advised, "Boss, you will get drunk easily. Please don't drink too much."

"Cut the crap!"

Olivia glared at him coldly.

"I'll fire you if you talk nonsense again!"

"Okay. I'll pour the whiskey for you."

Olivia leaned against the counter and scoffed at the men and women enjoying themselves around her.

After Milo left just now, she sat by the beach for a long time.

Looking at the empty beach made her feel lonelier, sadder, and more depressed. She wanted to go somewhere warmer to disperse her disappointment.

However, she could not return to any places she knew. She thought of this bar when she could not think of anywhere else to go. She had bought this bar.

Although she seldom went to it, she was still the owner.

Of all the places she knew, she felt no one could find her there, and she would not have to face them sober.

Wine was a great thing to get her away from reality.

After two glasses of wine, she felt warm inside her body, and her mind was hazy. She liked the dizzy feeling.

Dizzy and drunk, she would not have to think about anything.

She was surprisingly a good drinker today. She would usually be drunk after three glasses of wine, but she was still sober after five this time.

That was just how things always were.

The more one wanted to be drunk, the more difficult it would be.

"Hey, girl. Did you come alone?"

Suddenly, someone sat down beside her and accosted her.

"I'll buy you a drink. What are you drinking? Whisky?"

The man grabbed her glass and said, "Don't drink whiskey. Drink something else."

Then, he said to the bartender, "A margarita for the young lady, on my tab."

The bartender glanced at him and wanted to explain, but Olivia stopped him.

"Okay! I'll have a margarita."

The bartender wanted to persuade her to stop drinking, but his eyes met Olivia's cold eyes, and he had no choice but to do as told.

However, he had diluted the alcohol in that cocktail.

Olivia naturally knew that margaritas had a strong aftereffect.

However, she had come to get herself drunk, so she did not care too much.

As soon as the bartender made it, she drank it in one go.

Then, she smiled at the man and said, "I want another glass of this."

The man was stunned momentarily, then smiled and said, "Okay. One more glass of a margarita. I'll buy you more drinks, even if you want ten!"

"Ten more, then. The drinks are on you."

"Sure."

However, the man was also a little worried. He feared she was a good drinker and his money would go to waste.

Thus, he reached out his hand and touched Olivia's thigh to see if she was willing.

Noticing she was not resisting made him grow bolder.

He threw his arms around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

"Miss, what happened that made you drink alone here?"

Olivia leaned against him and said emotionlessly, "I murdered someone."

The man froze.

"Miss, let's not talk about such a serious topic. Why don't we go to the private room? No one is there, and we can...Heh, well...you know..."

"Don't you want to hear my story?"

Olivia looked at him.

"Maybe after you've heard my story, I'll go to the private room with you."

"It's better to have this conversation in the private room. This place is crowded with all kinds of people."

"Is that so?"

Little did they know that, not far away, a pair of cold eyes were fixed on them.

Chapter 874

What was this woman trying to do? She was leaning in toward an outsider and was not even afraid that the man would take advantage of her! Just as he was about to stop the man, Olivia suddenly pushed the man away.

She leaned against the counter and said to the bartender, "Call the police to arrest him! Tell them he harassed me!"

"Okay."

The bartender immediately called the police.

The man flared up upon seeing this.

"You leaned on me and even drank the drinks I bought you, yet you want to call the police to arrest me now?"

Olivia was already a little drunk, but her mind was still clear. She picked up a beer bottle and smashed it against the counter.

Then, she pointed the broken end at the man.

"What did you just say? I leaned on you?" The man was startled.

"What are you trying to do? Are you trying to kill me? I'm calling the police!"

"Call the police, then."

Olivia huffed and scolded the man.

"What makes you think you have the right to call the police? I hate it when others lie to me! Why did you lie to me? Why?"

Her voice grew louder until she sounded hysterical.

The man was dumbfounded and wanted to run away.

However, Olivia was still in a bad mood and wanted to vent her anger. She could not scold Zac, so she had to find another place to vent her anger.

Since this man came to her, she would not let him off the hook so easily.

"Somebody, catch him! Don't let him leave until the police come! ' "Yes, boss!"

"Boss?"

The man's legs turned to jelly, and he fell to the ground.

"You're the bar owner? Aren't you afraid I'll make a complaint about your bar?"

Olivia pointed at the surveillance camera above.

"Do you see that? I have surveillance cameras here. Why do you think you can sue me and it won't be the other way around?"

Then, she laughed, grabbed the glass on the counter, and drank the wine.

Perhaps it was because she had held it in for so long that the wine emboldened her and shed her disguise, though it did not make her drunk.

She was not a weak person in the first place.

However, Olivia's family went bankrupt, her father committed suicide, and she became embroiled in a scandal.

Finally, she lost her husband's trust and love and was forced to live a sad life.

Since then, she was no longer the proud Ms.

Larson and could not live her life the way she wanted anymore.

Olivia held the broken beer bottle and approached the man.

"I'm sure this isn't your first time doing this in my bar.

If I get the surveillance footage of you, you'll be punished by law.

Do you think you can still sue me then?"

The man did not dare to cause a scene anymore.

He changed his attitude and begged for mercy.

"Boss, please show me mercy. This is my first time doing this."

For some reason, the sight of the man begging for mercy made her feel sick. She wanted to smash the beer bottle on him.

When she raised her arm, she felt someone grab her wrist from behind.

"That's enough. Let the police take care of the rest."

The man's voice was gentle.

It was more like it was trying to coax her rather than order her about. She put down the beer bottle. She sat back by the counter to get another drink without looking at the person who stopped her.

Suddenly, a hand reached out and grabbed her glass.

"You've had enough wine. Stop drinking."

"Give it back. I'm not drunk."

"you've already drank a lot."

"It's none of your business!"

Since Olivia could not snatch it back, she drank another glass of wine.

The man who stopped her panicked upon seeing this.

"Are you out of your mind? Your stomach will feel uneasy if you drink like this, even if you aren't drunk."

"Is that so?"

Olivia turned around and looked at him with a smirk.

"So what if my stomach hurts? Every part of me is sick. You should know about my health, don't you?"

With that, she raised her hand and wiped her lips.

"Do I have to remind you of who ruined my health? Why do you have to pretend to be kind now?"

"You are drunk.Come with me."

Olivia shoved off the man's hand and stared at him coldly.

"How can you say such a thing? "John, everyone can stop me, but not you! Don't you remember who caused all this? It was you! Why do you have to pretend to be nice now?"

John's hand froze in midair.He looked at her helplessly and sighed.

Then, ignoring Olivia's rejection, he carried her and walked to the private room at the end of the corridor.

"Let go of me! I'm going to call the police if you keep doing this!"

"You can call the police! I'll wait here for the police."

"You! "

John placed her on the sofa when they were in the private room.

"I know you're in a bad mood, and I won't stop you from venting, Liv."

Then, he handed Olivia the beer bottle on the table and pointed at his head.

"Smash it on me.I won't stop you from doing it or hit you back.You can hit me until you feel satisfied."

"Do you think I won't dare to hit you?"

"Do it."

John got down on one knee to make things easier for Olivia to hit him.

It was the same pose one would get into to ask for their partner's hand in marriage, except he did not have a ring, and it was not a romantic occasion.

Olivia gritted her teeth and stared at him. She raised her hand to smash the bottle but stopped before she did.

Only when she did that did she learn that she could not get herself to hurt him.

It was like when she failed to kill him four years ago. She could not bear to do it.

Then, she threw down the bottle, covered her face, and cried.

"Why? Why, John? Why did you flirt with me when I had already forgotten you? Why did you try to make me give in? Why did you make me find out you still aren't trustworthy after you made me go easy on you?"

John looked at her. He stood up and wanted to wipe her tears, but he retracted his hand after hesitating.

Olivia cried sadly.

"John, why did you let me down again? Why do you have to put me in such a pathetic situation? Why are all of you making me look pathetic? No matter how bad Dorothy is to me, I'll just hate her. All I wanted to get from her was revenge. I would never feel sorry for it. But..."

Grievance grew in her as she spoke.

It reminded her of everyone, including John, Zac, Zyla, and Jess.

Everything that happened to them flashed across her mind, making her feel sad, aggrieved, and suffocated.

"Why did you all do something like that? You make me unable to hate you all or even blame you for it. You make me...I can't scold you. All I can do is blame myself instead..."

She thumped her chest.

"Do you know how much I blame myself? I blame myself for being useless for believing in you, for falling for you again, and for myself...I blame myself for the death of so many people. I don't know how to explain to Sam what happened. Olivia stepped forward, grabbed John's tie, and shook it vigorously.

"John, tell me, what should I tell him? How can I face him?"

John grabbed her hand, pulled her into his arms, and held her tightly.

"Liv, you don't have to think about anything from now on. Just trust me. I'll do the rest.!!"

However, Olivia did not believe this and tried to struggle out of his arms, but John locked her in his arms.

"Liv, don't move. Listen to my heartbeat. Everything I say is true...I did not lie."

He had never deceived her.

Four years ago, everything was a misunderstanding. He had not lied to her since they met again.

Even if he did lie to her, they were just white lies.

Chapter 876

Perhaps it was because Olivia's obsession seemed to reduce since she had vented her anger, so Olivia gradually dozed off in his arms.

Looking at the peacefully sleeping woman in his arms, John touched her face gently.

"Liv, trust me for once, okay?"

Then, he put her on the sofa and removed the coat to cover her body.

Afraid she might feel uncomfortable, he put her head on his lap.

He heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed she was breathing evenly before pulling out his tie from her grip and laying back on the sofa's backrest.

'Liv, that man who's pretending to be Mr.M is a bad guy.

He's up to no good.

Don't believe what he says!' However, he knew things might turn out differently if he was frank, and Olivia might trust Milo even more.

He squinted his eyes at the thought.

That man was pretending to be Mr.M to get closer to Olivia.

It made John wonder was that man after, him or Olivia? Could he be the mastermind behind Dorothy, whom Olivia mentioned? Who the hell was the guy? So far, that man had been careful, not letting any surveillance camera capture his appearance.

The more mysterious a man was, the more dangerous he would be.

John looked at the woman sleeping in his lap and frowned.

However, she refused to trust him.

While he was pondering, his phone rang.

"Is Liv with you?"

"Yes."

Zac remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Okay."

John quickly spoke to stop Zac from hanging up the call, "Wait a minute. Have you met Liv today?" Zac said nothing, but he did not hang up the call.

"What did you say to make her lose her mind like this?"

"When did she know that Sam is Jess' son?"

John immediately understood why Olivia wanted to get drunk.

It had something to do with the death of Jess four years ago.

"Months ago. I thought she told you."

"Maybe she doesn't realize it, but she subconsciously trusts you more than me."

Trust him? John looked at the woman sleeping soundly on his lap and smiled bitterly.

"Zac, you're wrong. She trusted you more than me, but you destroyed her trust."

"No."

"Zac, you should have kept it a secret forever from her."

"Heh! I didn't want her to know, but it already happened."

Zac regretted it.

He knew he was not as important as John to Olivia, but he also knew he had a certain place in her heart even though he could not replace John.

Otherwise, she would not have flown back from Murica to save him.

However...

John was right. He destroyed her trust in him.

That trust began to erode from the moment he tried to push her out of the mess.

"Zac, I don't know what you're up to, but I'm sure you know Olivia's temper. What you're doing now is not helping her."

Although John was now scolding Zac, he would be making the same choice as Zac soon.

"John, if you care about her, look after her. Make sure she doesn't get involved in Quinton Group's matter. To Dorothy, Olivia is someone she wants to get rid of. If Olivia's identity is exposed, you know what will happen to her."

"You're useless! You should have protected her the day you married her instead of worrying that Dorothy would harm her."

Zac sneered.

"Well, I'm useless, and I admit it. I'm a useless crippled man. What about you? John, when you married her, you promised to love and protect her forever. Did you do what you promised?"

Those words made John upset, and he could not defend himself.

Yes! He did not protect Olivia well either!

Chapter 877

When Olivia woke up the next day, it was already three o'clock in the afternoon.

Olivia sat up on the sofa, holding her forehead. She still felt dizzy even after sleeping so much. She squinted and looked around, relieved after making sure she was in Time Bar's private room.

However, she vaguely remembered meeting John last night.

Olivia had also scolded John, but what happened after that? She could not recall any of it.

With a hangover and a headache, Olivia felt thirsty.

She got up, opened the door, and walked out to get some water.

The bartender saw her and immediately came to help her.

"Boss, you're awake. Please sit and wait while I make you some hangover tea."

"Did something happen last night?"

The bartender knew Olivia had forgotten what happened last night because she was drunk.

Remembering John's words, he shook his head and said, "No. Nothing happened."

"Impossible."

Olivia shook her head.

"I clearly remember something happened last night. How did I get into the private room, then?"

"Oh. You got drunk, so I helped you to get to the private room."

With that, the bartender handed over a cup of hangover tea.

Olivia drank it.

Then, she looked at him and asked, "What's your name?"

"Harry Xander."

"Do you have any family members?"

"No, I'm an orphan. I grew up in an orphanage."

At the word 'orphan,'

Olivia's heart skipped a beat as she turned the cup.

"How old are you?"

"aren't you in university?"

"I am, but I have no money, so I must work."

Olivia lifted her head and observed him.

"What's your major?"

"Intelligent manufacturing."

"This major has a promising future. Having only an undergraduate degree is not enough. It's better if you can get a Ph.D. degree. Have you ever thought about studying abroad?"

Harry's hand, which was wiping the table, froze. He looked at her in disbelief.

"Boss, what..."

"If you want to further your studies abroad, work hard and I'll increase your salary. If you can get an offer, I'll try my best to fund your education fee. However, you have to promise me one thing."

"Please continue, Boss."

"When you complete your studies, I want you to return to the country to work for me."

After saying this, Olivia drank her hangover tea and left the bar.

Only Harry was left in the bar, and he was flustered by what he had just heard.

The boss, who never showed up, came suddenly and said she wanted to help him finish his studies.

That was a pie in the sky! Harry felt something was off about it.

Before he could catch up and ask, Olivia had already left.

Meanwhile, Olivia did not have other intentions.

Maybe because she was drunk last night, she considered revitalizing Larson Group.

Larson Group was her father's work of life.

It would be a pity if it went bankrupt just like this.

However, she had to consider this in the long run.

Elegance Gardens.

When Olivia opened the door, she saw Mrs. Simmons sitting in the living room waiting for her.

When Mrs. Simmons saw her, she got up from the sofa and approached her worriedly.

"Where have you been, Miss? You didn't take your phone with you or tell me where you went. If Mr. Quinton didn't tell me you were in the bar, I would've called the police."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Simmons. I shouldn't have made you worry."

"I'm not asking for an apology, silly girl."

Mrs. Simmons hugged Olivia, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"I just want you to at least share what's going on with you and not keep it to yourself. Let us know if you are ill, and let someone help you. Don't bear it yourself. You'll be stressed out with it."

Olivia bit her lip and nodded.

"Okay. I won't keep things to myself."

"That's what you said last time. You're always like this. However, what happened last night?"

As Mrs. Simmons spoke, Sam dashed down the stairs and threw himself into Olivia's arms.

"Godmother, Mrs. Simmons and I were so worried about you. Where did you go? What happened? Did Uncle Quinton upset you?"

Sam's concern reminded Olivia of Jess' death, and her legs became jelly. She knelt on the ground.

Chapter 878

"Godmother! What are you doing?"

"Miss, why are you kneeling? Get up!"

Olivia bit her lip, held Sam's hand, and cried, "Sam, I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

Sam knelt and hugged Olivia in a panic.

"Godmother, don't scare me. Why are you suddenly apologizing to me? Are you going to dump me? Are you going to send me away?"

The greatest fear of a homeless boy who often needed others' kindness to have a home was to be abandoned.

Although he seemed accustomed to it, he deeply cared about it and felt lonely.

Olivia shook her head.

"Didn't you ask me last time how your mother died four years ago? I'll tell you today, but...I know you'll probably never call me 'Godmother' again after I tell you."

"Why do you say that, Godmother? Wasn't my mother's death an accident?"

"What if it wasn't an accident?" Sam was startled.

"Not an accident? How is that possible?"

"The truth is..."

As soon as Olivia spoke, she was pulled up from the ground.

"Come here!"

Ken yanked her out and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Telling him the truth."

She shoved off Ken's grip and questioned, "Did he send you?"

"It's none of your business who sent me. You can't tell Sam the truth."

"He has the right to know the truth, and I must tell him."

"Olivia, be reasonable. You'll feel no less guilty even if you tell him the truth."

Olivia wanted to walk back in, but Ken stopped her.

"Get out of the way!"

"I won't let you enter."

"Ken Lucas!"

Olivia lifted her head and glared at him.

"Do you know how kind he is to me? I can't lie to him."

"Have you thought about the consequences of telling him the truth?"

"Yes, of course. He might never take me as his godmother anymore."

Ken looked at Olivia disappointedly and said, "After Sam lost his parents, he lived under the roof of others and was bullied. He's sensitive and careful. Have you noticed that he seems happier after meeting you?"

Stunned, Olivia asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"I want to tell you that you're the one who warmed Sam's heart and gave him a new family. Now you want to tell him the truth and make him feel abandoned again. You're cruel and selfish. Do you know that?"

That was something Olivia had never thought of. Her heart skipped a beat, and she frowned without saying anything.

"Don't destroy his happiness now, okay?"

She wanted to remain silent, but she could not.

Olivia sobbed and shook her head.

"No, I can't."

"Olivia, why do you have to be so stubborn?"

"Yeah, I'm stubborn." Olivia licked her dry lips.

"You said telling him the truth is destroying his happiness. Have you ever considered that we won't be able to hide the truth forever and that he'll know about it sooner or later?"

"I didn't know the truth before and could live with it. However, I know about it now, and I feel guilty. Ken, I feel guilty!"

Then, she lifted her head to hold back her tears and continued.

"Ken, I don't want to tell him either...I don't want to, but..."

"What if he learns the truth ten years from now? He'll hate me even more.He'll even think my love for him the past ten years was out of guilt.It would be pointless even if I explained myself to him."

"Ken." Olivia wiped her tears.

"I don't want Sam to turn out like Ian."

Ken had nothing to say upon hearing that.He knew more or less about Ian.

The rebellion of kids was always turbulent and extreme.

Once they rebelled, no one could change their mind.

At that moment, he understood Olivia's difficulty.

However.., a young voice suddenly sounded from behind them.

"Godmother.,"

Chapter 879

Olivia shuddered and looked over in dread.

"Sam, you... Why are you here?"

"Godmother, I heard it all."

Olivia was so nervous that her lips trembled. Her nails dug into her flesh, and she even forgot how to breathe.

Even though she had been preparing herself to face it, she was suddenly afraid when the moment came.

Sam approached her and held her hands with his little hands. Then, he lifted his head and looked at her.

“Godmother, no matter what happened four years ago, I will never hate you, let alone leave you.”

Olivia frowned. “Sam, if you knew the truth. ”

“I know what you wanted to tell me.”

Sam interrupted her. “You wanted to tell me you are why my mother died. My mother would not have died if it were not for you, right?”

Olivia was startled and looked at him.

Sam was only 11 this year, yet he was so sensitive and could even guess what was happening...

“If it weren’t for you, Godmother, I would’ve delivered those things. I would’ve probably died one day, gotten arrested by the police, or become a drug addict. My life wouldn’t end well.

“You gave me a new life and brought me away from the dirty world I was in before this. Now, I’m a boy from a wealthy family.

“Godmother, without you, I wouldn’t be living like this. You’re my savior. Why would I hate you?”

“Sam...”

Olivia looked at him in disbelief. "Aren't you worried that I approached you because I knew your identity from the beginning?"

"No, you wouldn't have done that."

Unexpectedly, Sam denied it without hesitation.

'You couldn't have known me when you met me in Murica. You didn't even ask me my name. If you were playing nice, you would have done it then.'

Sam touched his chest and said, "I can feel your sincerity and kindness."

For a moment, Olivia was at a loss for words.

She only felt Sam was mature, more mature than Candy. She was ashamed.

"Moreover, my mother was sentenced to death. She could not have survived. I think my mother willingly died in the fire on your behalf."

Sam looked into Olivia's eyes firmly and asked, "Godmother, don't you believe that my mother's care for you was real?"

Olivia believed Jess sincerely cared about her!

It was just that... she felt she did not deserve it.

Olivia felt she was so stupid. Everything was so obvious, yet she did not realize it. She did not even have the chance to thank Jess until she died.

"Are you sure you don't hate me, Sam?"

Sam nodded seriously. "Godmother, let bygones be bygones. Our hope lies in the future, right? Uncle Lucas has always taught me to look forward and get out of the past.

Why do you want to lock yourself in the past?"

Those words touched Olivia, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Every word Sam said stabbed her heart.

Finally, she crouched, hugged Sam, and cried.

Ken spoke upon seeing this, "Liv, even a kid has a better understanding of the matter than you."

In many cases, Olivia had to admit that Sam was more open- minded than her.

However, she could not forget the past, especially after the death of those who sacrificed themselves for her.

'Jess, look...

'Your son is a good boy, and he's sensible. I'll make sure he grows up to be a successful man and make you proud by telling you how great your son is when we meet in the afterworld.'

Chapter 880

Olivia got up early on the day of the shareholder meeting held by Quinton Group.

When she went to have her breakfast, she beckoned Sam to walk to her side.

“Sam, are you ready to report to the new school today?”

Sam hugged his schoolbag, nodded, and said, “I’m ready. Please be rest assured. I’ll study hard.”

Children who lived a tougher life would be more sensible than other kids. They would cherish the opportunity given to them to go to school.

Sam and Ian were different in this aspect.

One cared more about himself, while the other cared about others more.

Olivia touched Sam’s head. “God boy. Eat some more for breakfast, and I’ll drive you to school later. Mrs. Simmons will pick you up after school.”

“Are you going out today?”

“Well, Uncle Quinton’s company has a meeting today. I’m going there.”

“Are you and Uncle Quinton back on good terms now?”

Olivia touched his nose. “Why does a little boy like you love to gossip about things like this? It’s the adults’ matter.”

“I’m not gossiping. I’m just concerned. That day when Mrs. Simmons and I returned, the study was in a mess. It looks like you both have just

quarreled. Moreover, Uncle Quinton didn’t return home after that day. I...”

A mess?

Olivia frowned. She did not touch anything when she left.

However, she did not think much of it. She pushed the milk to Sam and said, "Drink it."

Deep down, she still could not forgive Zac.

However, what Sam said that day enlightened her.

Instead of hating him, it was better for her to let the bygones be bygones.

At the top floor conference room of Quinton Group.

All the major shareholders of Quinton Group attended the meeting. The conference room, which used to be empty, was now filled with people.

Fabian sat on the main seat with Dorothy beside him. Meanwhile, Zac sat opposite them.

Suddenly, Fabian stood up and said, "Everybody, since everyone has arrived, let's begin the meeting."

Someone looked around and asked, "Where's Mr. Quinton? Why isn't he here?"

"Father won't be coming today. We don't have to wait for him."

"What? Mr. Quinton isn't coming? How could Mr. Quinton not attend a meeting like this?"

Fabian knitted his eyebrows and said, "My father said he'd easily affect your judgment and choice if he came. Therefore, to ensure fairness, my father decided not to attend the meeting."

"This is..."

Some old shareholders were dissatisfied, but it was not an appropriate

time to speak out. Thus, they said, "We're here to choose the CEO of Quinton Group after all. Today's decision will affect the future development of Quinton Group. Didn't Mr. Quinton arrange anything for a big event like this?"

"No."

Before anyone could speak again, Dorothy stood up. She took Fabian's hand, saying, "Fellow shareholders, Mr. Quinton is doing this because Quinton Group will eventually be handed to his descendants. So, he decided to hand down his authority now."

She took out a document and continued, "Here is the cooperation agreement between Jameson Group and Quinton Group. All we have to do now is choose a new CEO and wait for him to sign this.

"I think you all know that we, Jameson Group, have the land, right? This contract is an agreement to transfer the land."

She might be beating about the bush, but everyone knew she meant that only by choosing Fabian they would be able to get the land Jameson Group owned.

To put it bluntly, Dorothy was threatening them.

Moreover, Quinton Group wanted to get this land.

Therefore, those who had opinions about Jimmy not attending the meeting decided to shut their mouths.

"Okay. Since everyone is already here, we'll start to vote. Do you have any comments?"

This time, everyone shook their heads and said, "Mr. Quinton is right. The company will be handed over to the next generation one day. We're okay with it as long as Mr. Quinton is still in charge."