

## G.H Hooked 913

### Chapter 913

“Pheebbs and Lyla don’t need you to protect them.”

John walked in and interrupted Xavier and Olivia’s conversation. He had a food container in his hands, which he waved as he walked toward Olivia, smiling. “I brought you your favourite chicken soup, Pheebbs.”

Olivia rolled her eyes at him. “I don’t feel like eating that. Take it away.”

“I cooked it myself. It smells really good. You don’t want to try it?”

Then, John went to set up the small desk and was about to pour the chicken soup out before he was stopped.

“Mr. Freeman, didn’t you hear Pheebbs say that she didn’t feel like eating it? Also, she needs to replenish her nutrients now, and she can’t just be eating non-nutritious things like chicken soup.”

“She’s always liked this.”

“She used to. She doesn’t now, nor is it suitable now. Why force her to eat something she doesn’t like?”

Before John could reply, Xavier smiled faintly and added, “To care for someone is to respect their wishes, and not to force them to accept your goodwill.”

With that, John smilingly pushed Xavier’s hand away. “What about you? Have you ever respected what her wishes were? You’re here, forcing her to accept you, aren’t you? Let me tell you, even if she and Zac Quinton get a divorce, it still won’t be your turn!”

“Oh, and it will be yours instead, won’t it?”

Xavier narrowed his beautiful eyes and growled, “From what I understand, you only like Pheeb because she looks like your ex-wife, right?”

John’s expression darkened as he glared coldly at Xavier in silence.

“Also, the reason you miss your ex-wife is that you feel guilty, since she died because of you, correct?”

“What is your true intention, Xavier Hemsworth?”

“What else would my intentions be?” Xavier turned to Olivia. “I only want Pheeb and Lyla to be happy, blissful, and safe. Nothing else. Whether Pheeb chooses me or not is her choice, and not within my consideration.”

“Also, she’s still not divorced from Mr. Quinton yet. That would depend on Mr. Quinton, wouldn’t it?”

John had never really trusted this man, but Olivia trusted anyone else except for him.

It was hard for him to even begin to remind Olivia to watch out, since whenever he opened his mouth, it would worsen their relationship.

John looked icily at Xavier and smirked. “I have the same intentions as you do, so I’ll be keeping an eye on you.”

Then, he shoved the soup toward Olivia. “Just have some? You haven’t eaten anything for a day and a night, so just have some to warm your tummy. Then, tell me what you feel like eating, and I’ll prepare it.”

Olivia took the food container and frowned. She did not touch the soup.

She was indeed very hungry, and the chicken soup did smell nice, but she did not want to eat his cooking.

It used to be her favorite before, but now, she felt like there was an ulterior motive hidden within it.

It was Lyla he was after, right?

Watching how Olivia did not even touch the soup, John paused for a moment before using a spoon to scoop out some soup, blowing on it to cool it down, and holding it near Olivia's mouth.

"Sorry, I forgot you're having trouble with your hands. It's not hot now. Try it?"

"Pheeb doesn't want it. Take it away!"

Olivia looked at the two of them. She was not well and did not have the strength to watch them argue. She also did not want Xavier to see her argue with John since it was their business and no one else's.

So, she opened her mouth and swallowed that mouthful of soup quickly." Just leave it here. I'll eat it myself."

"Pheeb, if you don't like it, just say it straight to his face! Don't force yourself to accept it! This is so disrespectful to you!"

"Get out, Xavier. You don't have a place to speak here."

"You have no right to ask me to leave, John! Not unless Pheeb chases me out!"

Just as the two men were about to start brawling, Ken walked in with a skip in his step. "You're so fortunate! Zac got me to bring you yummy food, and there's your favorite..."

The room fell into dead silence.