

G.H Hooked 441

Chapter 441

After discussing the design, Olivia and Jennie walked Xavier to the door.

“Are you free this evening, Ms. James? Can we have dinner together? Consider it me making up to you, okay?”

Olivia shook her head. “Sorry, my brother cooks for me every day.”

Xavier smiled awkwardly. “Ms. James, you still have a problem with me. It seems it would take me a long time to change your impression of me.”

Olivia said nothing but gave a perfunctory smile.

After Xavier was gone, Jennie dragged Olivia into her office.

“Pheebs, what’s going on? Why do I get the feeling he’s attracted to you?”

Olivia rolled her eyes at her. “Am I supposed to be happy that a jerk is attracted to me?”

“No, what if it’s all a misunderstanding?”

“Even if it’s a misunderstanding.” Olivia turned around and walked outside. “Don’t forget I’m also a mother. I’m going to sketch.”

Xavier did not find Olivia again after that, and the matter was considered over.

It was not until a few nights later that Olivia got a sudden phone call while she was sound asleep.

“Ms. James, I’m sorry. This is Reminisce Bar. Mr. Hemsworth is drunk. You’re the emergency contact on his phone, so we can only call you. Could you come and pick him up?”

‘A bar?’

Olivia sobered up instantly. “Who’s drunk?”

“Mr. Hemsworth.”

‘That womanizer?’

What did his being drunk have to do with her?

After thinking about it, she decided to hang up.

“Who did you call? I told you I wasn’t drunk. What’s wrong with you?”

“What if she misunderstands again?”

It was Xavier’s voice, followed by the bartenders. “Sorry, Mr. Hemsworth. I’m afraid. something bad will happen to you when you’re already so drunk.”

“What does it have to do with you? Give me my phone back and f*ck off!”

Then the phone hung up.

Olivia lay in bed pondering. Tossing and turning, she eventually got up, got changed, and

went out.

She did not want to be nosy, but she was worried about the guy causing trouble at the bar.

He was the atelier's client after all.

Yesterday, Jennie showed her the company accounts and realized they did not have much business recently, so she did not want to lose Xavier as a client.

However, when she got to Reminisce Bar, she regretted it.

Once inside, she saw the man sitting at the bar counter, drinking glass after glass. He had a woman on each arm, looking intimate.

'He seems to be drunk?'

Olivia walked up behind him and hit him with her bag. "Mr. Hemsworth, look at you. Even if you're drunk, you have no lack of people to send you home. I'm leaving."

She was about to leave when Xavier pushed away the women and grabbed her.

"Look. There's no one left. Since you're here, have a drink with me."

Olivia frowned. "Mr. Hemsworth, I don't think I know you well enough to drink with. I

you.

wouldn't have come if you weren't scolding the bartender on the phone."

With that said, she looked at the man at the bar counter and saw his cheeks reddish. "Did he hit you?"

The bartender shook his head and then nodded again. "It's okay. Mr. Hemsworth's drunk."

Xavier suddenly hugged her. "Thank you for picking me up, Ms. James. I can't think of anyone else besides you."

"Don't be touched. I did it for money." Olivia pushed him away. "Get up. I'll send you home."

As they pushed and tugged, Olivia suddenly looked up to see a familiar yet unfamiliar figure walking in from outside.

Even in the bright light, she could make him out clearly.

He was as handsome as ever and seemed to have a better temperament.

Suddenly, the man looked back in her direction. She lowered her head and ran out with

Xavier.

They only looked at each other briefly, but it was enough to mess with Olivia's breathing.

It turned out you could not forget some people just because you did not see them.

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Outside Reminisce Bar, Olivia quickly stopped the car.

However, it was unknown if the odds were against her or if there were fewer taxis at this time. There was not even a car in sight.

Just as she was panicking, a deep husky voice rang behind her.

“Liv? Is it you?”

The familiar voice called her name, and she froze in place, not daring to move.

“Liv.” John walked up in front of her, staring at her with his deep eyes. His thin lips quivered as he asked.
“It’s you, isn’t it?”

Not daring to look him in the eye, Olivia gulped, Suppressing her panic, she coldly replied, I’m sorry, sir.
But you’ve got the wrong person.”

‘Wrong?’

John froze and looked at the woman in front of him in disbelief.

She was the woman who had been entangled with him for more than a decade and stabbed him in the heart. How could he possibly get the wrong person?

“Liv, it’s been four years.”

It was not like he had not thought over the four years that she might still be alive.

Therefore, he was only delighted when she appeared.

He reached out and grabbed her. He had let go four years ago. It was why there had been all those misunderstandings. He did not want to let go anymore this time.

“Please let go, sir.”

“Why won’t you acknowledge me? Do you still hate me?”

Olivia hurt as he tugged at her, but she could not get her hand out after trying several times.

She knew full well that she could not face this man again, or she would be exposed.

She had lived incognito for four years, afraid of meeting him and being discovered by him.

It was because she did not want to return to the hell that John had created.

Suddenly, the drunk Xavier straightened himself, waved away John's hand, fook Olivia into his arms, and held his head high. "Who are you? How dare you harass my girlfriend? Do you have a death wish?"

John's eyes

darkened as he gazed grimly at Xavier. "Let go! Let go of Liv!"

"Liv? What Liv? This is my girlfriend, Phoebe! Not your Liv! Get the f*ck out of here! Watch

out. I'll call the police!"

A taxi arrived just as he finished. Olivia quickly stopped it, opened the door, pushed Xavier in, and got in too.

As she closed the door, John stopped her. "Liv, I won't give up."

Olivia glanced up at him and laughed dryly. "Sir, you've really mistaken me for someone else."

With that said, she pulled the door and slammed it shut.

As the car started, she looked in the rearview mirror and saw John getting further and further away before letting out a sigh of relief.

She frowned as she looked at her sweaty palms.

Olivia was dead. Only Phoebe existed now.

However, her fear of him was physical, and it did not calm down just because she was Phoebe.

“Where to, Miss?”

The driver’s voice pulled her out of her trance.

Olivia quickly pushed the man next to her. “Mr. Hemsworth, where do you live?”

However, the man beside her was unconscious and unresponsive.

With a lack of choice, she gave her address and called Fred.

“Fred, get downstairs.”

Fred was in a sleepy daze on the other end of the line. “What’s the matter?”

“Help me carry someone upstairs.”

“Oh, okay.” Then he realized something was wrong and immediately sat up in bed. “What? Carry someone? Who?”

"A company client. Stop asking. Just come downstairs."

Fred stood there like a statue when they reached.

Olivia got out of the car and pointed to the drunk in the car. "That's him. Just let him sleep in the living room. I'll go upstairs first."

Fred stared at her for a moment and nodded. "Yeah, get some rest."

As soon as she got home, Olivia ran into the bathroom and hid in the tub, where she curled up trembling.

It took a while before she made a call while trembling.

"Zac, I saw him."

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"I've seen him. I'm so scared. Will he abduct me? Zac..."

Zac glanced at the time. It must be 3 AM in Murica. Something serious must have happened for Olivia to call him in the middle of the night.

He quickly comforted, "Liv, slow down. Where did you see him?"

They had little contact for the past four years to avoid being tracked down by John.

Nothing like this had happened in the past four years. How did she meet him?

"In a bar. At a bar called Reminisce Bar..."

Olivia bit her lip. Her voice was a little tearful. "Zac, I don't know why I met him... I was only picking up a client, and I ran into him..."

"He came running over asking me if I was Olivia and said he wouldn't give up... Zac, what do we do?"

"Calm down. I'm here for you. It'll be alright. I'll come over right now."

Olivia rejected. "No. He's only speculating. But we can't hide it any longer if you show up."

Zac knew her fear and immediately corrected himself by saying, "Don't worry. I won't go over. I forged your identity myself, so there won't be a problem. Everything will be alright. as long as you insist you don't know him."

After a pause, he added, "Liv, actually... I don't think he'll hurt you."

He did not want to defend John.

However, Olivia had a stress response, and he did not want her to live in fear all the time.

"Zac, I don't know... I'm scared. I'm not scared he'll kill me. I'm scared he'll recognize me, kidnap me, and we'll return to the way things were."

Olivia covered her face as she said tearfully, "I don't want to lose anyone else. I can't afford it."

Four years ago, Zyla's death provoked her to stab John and hit Dorothy with her car.

After getting imprisoned, she refused to see anyone, including John.

Then the fire happened.

She thought she was dead and seemed to see Zyla and her parents in a trance. It was not until Zac appeared in front of her and woke her up. She only believed she was still alive. when she saw the unfamiliar ceiling.

Zac told her that he had had cancer surgery and was doing fine now. It might not relapse as long as he took his medicine on time.

Therefore, in honor of her rebirth, she named herself Phoebe like the word “Phoenix”.

A phoenix rising from the ashes.

Since then, she changed her identity, settled down in Murica, and started a new life.

However, she did not expect Dorothy to become the heiress of the Thornton family. Even the Thornton family became a family comparable to the Quinton family.

Dorothy also became the top socialite in Ocean City.

Dorothy did not have such backups back then, yet Olivia failed miserably, killing Uncle Wallace and Zyla.

Today, Dorothy was at the top of the hierarchy, and she was only a prisoner who escaped death.

How was she going to fight against this woman?

She had been afraid since then. Like a turtle hiding in its shell, she avoided seeing anyone whenever possible.

Instead of a phoenix rising from the ashes, she lived one just for the sake of remaining alive.

It was only when Fred and Lyla arrived that she slowly opened her heart and came out of the room.

However, there were certain limits.

Therefore, when she set up TO Atelier, she made a deal with Jennie that she would only design, not meet clients.

It took four years before she gradually returned to normal.

However...

John showed up again. He had found her.

She felt as if she had no way out. She felt like a cornered prey, waiting to be slaughtered.

She never regretted getting revenge for those who died by being ruthless with those two people but had lost her courage and resolution.

All she had left was fear because she was no match for them.

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“Liv, do you still see Dr. Chance regularly?”

After Zac noticed something was wrong with Olivia’s emotions, he took her to a psychologist.

The doctor asked her about her condition and concluded that Olivia had PTSD.

Zac had been urging her to go back to the doctor these past four years, but he did not keep an eye on her that often once her condition improved.

However, Olivia's condition relapsed again as soon as John showed up.

"If you won't let me come over, will you at least go see Dr. Chance?"

Olivia bit her finger and was silent for a long time before nodding. "Okay, I'll see her, but.... Zac, I'm afraid I can't hide it much longer. As soon as I saw John..."

She could not describe it.

It was complicated.

Fear, panic, pain, hatred, and erratic yearning.

The combination of emotions made it impossible for her to face this man.

She could not face who she used to be.

"Phoebe." Zac deliberately called her by her current name. "You're now Phoebe James. You have a brother Fred James, a daughter Lyla, and an atelier. Olivia's past has nothing to do with you. Got it?"

Zac had said this many times.

How could Olivia not know?

However, how could one make a clean break from the past and abandon it?

No one could do that, and she was no exception.

After a long silence, she asked hoarsely, "Is... Ian okay?"

After getting a new identity, she had not seen her brother Ian for another four years.

If he knew she was alive, he would hate her.

With that in mind, her heart clenched in pain.

"Ian's doing good. He has grown taller and more mature. He studies hard and will take the National College Entrance Examination soon."

Ian should have been in college by now.

However, he was a vegetable for half a year because of the kidnapping. After waking up, it took him another half year to recover, and he had to repeat a year in school.

Olivia took a deep breath, wiped her eyes, bit her lip, and said, "Thank you for taking such good care of him."

"Don't be silly. Come back and meet Ian after he goes to college. He misses you too."

Sometimes, many mistakes were forgiven after a person died.

It was probably because no one wanted to hate a dead family member.

However, Olivia did not have the courage. She was afraid of Ian hating her again.

"There's no hurry. All that matters is that he's well. Lyla's still so young. I'm scared of going back."

“Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of him.”

Olivia snuffled. “Zac, thank you so much. If it weren’t for you... I would have been dead.”

“Say thank you again, and I’ll fly over to teach you a lesson right now.”

She pressed her lips together. “Don’t be impulsive. I’ll stop. It’s getting late. Get some rest.”

After hanging up, she folded her arms around her legs and buried her face in her knees.

She slept in the bathtub all night.

The next day.

Olivia came out of the shower to find Fred in the kitchen and Xavier sitting at the dining. table drinking milk.

Xavier smiled at the sight of her. “I’m sorry for last night.”

She did not like womanizers like Xavier but remembered he fended off John last night, so she smiled politely. “It’s okay. It’s all about the money.”

Xavier could not help quipping. “Ms. James, are you crazy about money? Why don’t I customize some more jewelry? You’ll probably be nicer that way.”

“Wait till you pay.”

With that said, a little girl toddled over, rubbing her eyes and asking in a cute voice, Mommy, who is this man? Is he my daddy?”

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Olivia glanced at Xavier, leaned over, and picked Lyla up. "Lyla, don't call any man you see Daddy. It's dangerous. There are a lot of bad guys out there."

Lyla turned her head to look at Xavier and blinked. "Mommy, I didn't do it randomly. I only called the man that because he's good-looking."

'Good-looking...

She was already judging people by their appearances at such a young age.

Unfortunately, good-looking men were just as dangerous as good-looking women.

"Lyla, I don't mind being your daddy. If you want, help convince your mommy, and I'll be your daddy."

Xavier leaned in and pinched Lyla's chubby face as he spoke. "How cute."

Lyla was convinced as she widened her dark eyes. "Really? Lyla's going to have a daddy. That's great!"

Olivia glared coldly at Xavier. "Mr. Hemsworth, kids take their parents seriously. Please don't joke about it."

With that said, she carried Lyla back to the bedroom.

"Lyla, I've told you. Your daddy has gone somewhere far away and isn't coming back."

Lyla lowered her head in disappointment. "But I want a daddy. All the kids in kindergarten have one except me. Why is that?"

It was unknown whether Lyla was mature because she had a different childhood experience. She was only four years old but kept asking questions she did not know how to

answer.

Olivia hugged and consoled her softly, "Lyla, everyone has parents. You have a daddy too. He's just not by your side."

Little Lyla raised her head and thought about it. As if afraid of upsetting Olivia, she grinned. "Okay, I got it. No more questions from me. Stop feeling bad, Mommy."

She kissed Lyla. "Lyla, you will understand some things when you're older."

This girl was so sweet that she always made Olivia's heart melt.

Without Lyla, she would probably have suffered more these last few years.

On the other side, in the living room.

Fred put the eggs and bacon in front of Xavier. "Mr. Hemsworth, hurry and leave after you're done."

Xavier took his time eating the egg. He looked up at Fred. "Your egg's pretty good, but you're a little harsh."

"Mr. Hemsworth, my family and I don't know you well. It's good enough that we sheltered a drunk like you for the night and provided you with breakfast. What more do you want?"

Seeing Fred upset made Xavier feel better.

He could not help it. He enjoyed seeing people irritated.

Before he could say another word, Olivia was already out the door.

“Ms. James, your brother seems quite hostile to me. I...”

“Are you done with your meal, Mr. Hemsworth? You may leave if you’re done.”

Olivia interrupted and dragged him to the door. She opened it, pushed him out, threw his coat into his arms, and slammed the door shut in his face.

Looking at the heavy security door, Xavier smiled and shrugged.

“This woman’s getting more and more interesting.”

Inside, Fred frowned and warned, “Liv, this guy doesn’t look nice. Be careful.”

“I know what to do. Are you going back to school today?”

“Yeah, I have to go back and hand in my homework. I’ll be back this afternoon.”

Olivia nodded. “I’ll take Lyla. You can go.”

Fred glanced at her strangely. “Liv, is there something you’re not telling me?”

He had a feeling there was something wrong with her since last night.

Olivia paused and shook her head. “No, I just didn’t sleep well last night.”

However, her face darkened after Fred was gone.

She knew she had to face it no matter how scared she was. She could not be a turtle forever.

She had to be strong for Lyla.

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After dropping Lyla off at kindergarten, Olivia went to see the psychologist Dr. Chance.

“Ms. James, Mr. Quinton told me you’ve had another episode?”

Olivia sat across from her and nodded. “Yeah, do I have to continue taking medicine?”

Dr. Chance stared at her for a moment and shook her head. “Ms. James, as I’ve said, your illness is complicated. It’s not as simple as what we call PTSD.

“You’re afraid because he bullied and hurt you. But more importantly, you’re afraid of him retaliating even more because you’ve stabbed him, aren’t you?”

Olivia was silent for a moment. “Yeah, something like that.”

“Taking medicine can only control your fear, but it can’t get rid of the root of your problem.” Dr. Chance put the medicine on the coffee table. “I’ve filled the prescription for you, but it’s still up to you to solve the problem.”

Olivia understood all these things.

However, knowing and doing were two different things.

Seeing her lowered head, Dr. Chance said, “Ms. James, you have to face the past. You refused to face the past in the past four years. You’ve been running away from it, so you’re panicked when he shows up. Come to me again when you’re ready to face it.”

Olivia was lost in thought after coming out of the counseling room.

During these four years, John and Dorothy became more and more powerful, while she became a prisoner with a criminal record.

At the same time, she had two younger brothers and a daughter. She was afraid to risk the people around her.

Therefore, she went into hiding.

She naively thought she would not be found as long as she stayed hidden and incognito.

However, the moment John appeared, she was doomed to be wrong.

She could hide for a while but not forever.

Maybe Zac and Dr. Chance were right. She should face her fears.

She was afraid of repeating the mistakes, but what could she do to prevent that?

When it was almost time to get off work in the afternoon, Xavier returned to the atelier. This time, he walked straight to Olivia’s office door with flowers in his arms.

Knock knock.

Olivia was sketching when she heard a knock on the door. She got slightly impatient.” What’s the matter?”

Xavier walked up to her with the flowers in his arms and said with a smile, "Ms. James, you're as grumpy as ever."

Olivia looked up and stared at him coldly. "Mr. Hemsworth, you don't have to come every day to supervise, do you?"

"I'm not here to supervise. I'm here to apologize and say thank you."

With that said, he stuffed the flowers into her arms and put one hand in his pocket. Standing in the sun, he smiled and said, "To repay you for saving me yesterday, I would like to invite you to dinner today."

After a pause, he raised his eyebrows and said, "You won't refuse again this time, will you?"

Olivia did not want to have dinner with him, but she could not reject him again, so she nodded. "I'm getting off work in half an hour. Wait for me for a while."

"Sure, no problem. I'll put the flowers in a vase for you."

Xavier was already good-looking. When he smiled, his narrow eyes were captivating.

Olivia might have been fooled by his looks like little Lyla if she was not used to John and Zac's good looks.

However, again, good-looking men were toxic.

Of course, Zac was an exception.

Half an hour later, Olivia put the finishing touches and cleaned up her desk to find Xavier sitting quietly on the couch waiting for her.

At that moment, she could not help but realize the man seemed better looking when he was not talking.

Xavier seemed to notice her gaze. He looked up and said with a smile, "What's the matter? Are you attracted to my good looks like Lyla?"

Speechless, Olivia rolled her eyes at him. "I'm ready. Let's go."

Sure enough, his mouth ruined his good looks.

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Xavier found an elegant Italian restaurant and booked a table on the beach with a night.

view.

After ordering, he poured her a glass of red wine and shook his glass:

"I didn't realize you have a daughter, Ms. James."

Olivia snorted coldly. "There's a lot you don't know."

"Where's Lyla's daddy?"

She was silent for a moment before looking up into the night and replying coldly, "Dead."

Xavier froze slightly. "Is he really dead, or just dead to you?"

"What do you think?" Olivia narrowed her eyes, lowered her head, and took a sip of red wine. "The wine's pretty good."

Xavier laughed dryly and clinked her glass with his. "Alright, forget about it. Anyway, I don't mind that you were married, and I don't mind that you have a kid.

"Lyla's cute. I like her."

Olivia almost spilled the wine she had just drunk. She looked at the man opposite her in shock. "Mr. Hemsworth, don't you think you're being flirty? We've only met a few times."

However, Xavier looked calm. "Ms. James, do you believe in love at first sight?"

'Love at first sight...'

Olivia was suddenly lost in thought.

She believed it. She eventually crumbled to pieces for that light, unable to recover.

Therefore, she no longer believed it.

Love at first sight was unreliable, too ethereal, and too unreal. There was no way they could last forever.

Endless suspicion and sudden betrayal would always confuse people.

After a long time, she said, "Love at first sight is the worst. Over time, you'll find they're not who you thought they were."

Xavier put down his glass and looked at her. "Have you ever been hurt in love?"

She burst into laughter. "Mr. Hemsworth, you're asking a divorced woman. What do you think?"

"Was that man last night your ex?"

Olivia's smile froze as she remembered last night, and her grip on the glass tightened.

Suppressing the panic in her heart, she replied perfunctorily, "The man last night mistook me for someone else. I'm not who he thought I was."

"Really?"

Olivia looked up at Xavier warily. "Weren't you drunk last night? How do you remember this?"

"I was drunk, but I woke up in the middle to see you being pestered by a man who called you 'Liv'."

With that said, Xavier carefully observed Olivia's expression before saying with a smile, "Then I pretended to be your boyfriend to get rid of him. How could I forget something so important?"

She could not tell which of Xavier's statements was true and which was not.

"Then I have every reason to suspect that you pretended to be drunk and deliberately didn't give me your home address."

"I'm innocent. I swear I don't remember

you asking for my address."

Olivia smiled with mock ease. "Forget about it. But find someone else when you're drunk."

Not far away, a tall figure passed by and entered the innermost private room.

They could see Olivia and Xavier through the window.

Instead of ordering, John looked blankly at the two and asked, "How did the investigation go?"

"Phoebe James, 30, is a partner at TO Atelier-mainly focused on custom-made rings. Here's their website."

As he spoke, Wes turned on the tablet and handed it over.

His long fingers swiped randomly before turning off the tablet.

"What about the man?"

"The man's last name is Hemsworth. He's probably not anyone famous."

After a long pause, he frowned and asked, "Wes, do you think she's Olivia?"

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Wes stared for a moment. "She looks pretty much the same as Madam. And there's nothing special about her behavior... It's hard to tell."

"Can two people look the same?"

"There are such cases."

After a pause, Wes hesitated for a moment before gathering his courage and saying, "Perhaps Madam has lost her memory, Sir?"

'Memory loss?'

He looked into the prison fire, and there was indeed something fishy about it.

Everyone said Olivia was the only one in the prison infirmary, but two people disappeared from prison that night.

The other just so happened to be someone sentenced to death.

Although there was no problem, and the person who started the fire was found and dealt with, the incident still haunted John.

In Wes' opinion, it was something that bothered John.

It was because he did not get to say goodbye to Madam or clear up the misunderstanding.

Therefore, he looked at the person opposite him and made up his mind.

The other side.

Olivia ate perfunctorily. She said nothing much throughout the meal. After finishing the meat on her plate, Olivia looked up and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hemsworth. I've finished the meal, so I gotta go."

With that said, she got up to leave.

Xavier grabbed her wrist. "Let me give you a ride."

Olivia pressed her lips together and shook his hand away. "No thanks."

"Ms. James, would you mind not judging me so much?"

She was more vigilant than prejudiced.

Ever since John, she had given up on love and men.

“Let’s talk about it later. My daughter is waiting for me at home.” After taking two steps, Olivia suddenly looked back at him. “And don’t send me flowers again. I don’t like flowers.”

Looking at her back, Xavier smiled.

He liked a challenge. The harder it was, the more he wanted to succeed.

The woman was interesting.

Then he called the waiter. “The bill, please.”

Xavier did not find Olivia anymore in the next few days, not even a phone call.

However, he did make two more orders with Jennie, which surprised Olivia.

At lunch, Jennie gave Olivia a piece of beef from her plate. “Pheeb, have more meat. Look at you. All you do is sketch. You don’t care about anything else.”

Olivia swiped the tablet on the desktop and said with a smile, “What else are you trying to lecture me about?”

“Lecture? I’m serious. I think Mr. Hemsworth’s a good guy. He’s good-looking, rich, and a gentleman. Why did you reject him?”

Olivia shook her head at the mention of Xavier.

“But he’s a womanizer.”

“Pheeb, you can’t say that. Even prodigal people will come to their senses. Maybe...”

“Stop.” Olivia finished the noodles on her plate. “Jennie, you’re already 30 and still hoping for prodigal people to come to their senses?”

Jennie pouted and said, “I’m not hoping. I only have expectations about love. It’s why I don’t want blind dates. I’m waiting for the right person.”

Olivia smiled helplessly.

If she knew she had been crushed to pieces by the right person, would she still be this optimistic?

“By the way, Pheebs, there’s something I forgot to tell you.”

With that said, she took out two tickets and put them on the table. “Tickets to the wine. party. Let’s go together this weekend.”

Olivia glanced at it. “Didn’t you always go by yourself?”

“The atelier’s going through a tough time. I think it’s better if we go together. Maybe we can get a few more clients.”

With that said, she smiled and pointed to the fine print on the ticket. “Look, your favorite designer, Q, is going to be there too. Are you sure you don’t wanna go?”

‘Designer, Q...’

Olivia froze as she thought of the man. “I’ll think about it.”

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After she got home, Olivia was still in a daze as she looked at the ticket.

She knew how the atelier was doing.

Zac would send her money whenever she needed it.

He also gave her the money to start the atelier, but it had been four years. She had not

been able to pay him back the money she used to start the business. She was ashamed at the thought of it.

However, the thought of John made her anxious.

“Liv, just go. It’s good for you to meet more people.”

Fred made a glass of juice for her. “Liv, you can’t hide forever. Even if you could, what about Lyla?”

Fred knew about Olivia’s illness.

He did not want to force her out.

However, Lyla was getting bigger every day, and so did the world. They could not keep doing this.

Olivia looked up at him and said with a smile, “Yeah, you’re right. I should socialize more.”

“Liv, you’ve only been to the same three places every day for years. How can that work?”

“Alright, got it. You’re the boss. I’ll go.”

After a while, Olivia suddenly asked, “By the way, did you find Rainie?”

Fred shook his head. "No, not a word from home or abroad. It's as if she disappeared."

It had been four years, and there was no sign of her.

Olivia could only prepare for the worst.

However, the more she did, the more she wondered what kind of secret it would take for someone to know to get killed and disappear.

"The secret must have something to do with Dorothy. But with her power now, I'm afraid it's going to be hard to find the truth, and..."

'Get revenge.'

Dorothy did not die when she hit her with her car.

Now that Dorothy was Ocean City's top socialite, how could she get her revenge?

Fred saw through her mind and tapped her on the shoulder. "Liv, just let me know if want revenge, and I'll help you. Don't be afraid."

you

Olivia froze, chuckled, and did not answer.

How could she possibly put Fred at risk?

...

Weekend.

Olivia went to the wine party with Jennie after all.

“Don’t be afraid, Pheebs. You just need to help me by mentioning a few technical terms. I’ll attract the clients myself.”

Olivia smiled. “Yeah. Okay, TO’s future is counting on you then, Ms. Sutherland.”

“Okay, Ms. James.”

Jennie was indeed good at socializing. Within a few minutes of arriving at the venue, she had struck up a conversation with several people.

Soon, someone approached her. “Ms. Sutherland, I have several friends who want to make custom-made rings. Why don’t you join us for a chat?”

“Sure, no problem.”

She looked at Olivia after replying. “Pheebs, are you coming?”

Olivia waved her hand. “You go. I’ll go and see Q’s latest designs.”

“Okay, stay safe. Call me if you need anything.”

“Don’t worry. I’m not a kid anymore.”

Jennie reminded her again before following the man.

Olivia strolled over to the jewelry exhibition with wine and looked at each item carefully.

“Ms. James.”

She looked up to see Xavier standing next to her. “It’s a coincidence. Don’t get me wrong.”

Seeing his panic, Olivia could not help laughing and saying, “Mr. Hemsworth, I won’t take it that personally. Many people can join this wine party. It’s not surprising that you’re here.”

Xavier was relieved to hear her say that. He smiled. “Do you mind if I join you for the exhibition?”

“Suit yourself.”

She could never tell if Xavier was telling the truth, so she subconsciously tried to keep a safe distance from him.

Olivia froze instantly when she saw a ring.

‘This ring is supposed to be lost. Why is it here?’

Chapter 450

Olivia looked at the ring and froze.

There was no way she would mistake it.

Even after four years, she remembered every detail of the ring. It was because it was the proposal ring John gave her.

It was the only one in the world.

Xavier realized something was wrong with her expression and asked, "Are you interested in this ring? I can buy it for you."

"No thanks."

Olivia laughed dryly. "I don't like it."

She had a feeling that John was at the wine party, or the ring would not have shown up here for no reason.

Then she turned her head to look around.

After all, this was not Q's design.

However, she did not see the familiar figure after looking around.

Just as she was relieved, she suddenly remembered a familiar yet unfamiliar voice behind her.

"Looking for me?"

Olivia froze in place, not daring to move.

Her heart was racing so fast that it was about to jump out.

She dug her nails into the flesh and used the pain to force herself to calm down.

After a moment, she turned around to look.

Dressed in a black suit, John stood in front of her with one hand in his pocket. His deep eyes were staring straight at her, dark and unfathomable.

“Why are you quiet? Hmm?”

Olivia clenched her fists, gulped, and smiled politely. “Do we know each other, sir?”

John frowned slightly. “Liv, why?”

He did not believe there were women who looked the same-especially since he had just seen the panic in her eyes.

If she was not Olivia, why panic?

Xavier grabbed Olivia’s tiny waist, lowered his head, and whispered, “Pheebs, did you forget? This gentleman is the man who stopped you at the bar the other day.”

With that said, he looked up coldly at John. “Sir, I thought I made it clear last time that she’s my girlfriend, Phoebe, not the Liv you’re looking for.

“I remembered that even if I was drunk. How can you forget when you’re sober?”

John’s eyes fixed on Xavier’s arm around Olivia. His hand could not help clenching.

‘Who the h*ll is this man?’

‘Is she really with him?’

“This is between her and me. It’s none of your business.”

Xavier held Olivia in his arms and sneered. “How is it none of my business when a stranger is pestering my girlfriend?”

John's eyes darkened as he pulled Olivia out of Xavier's arms. "Come with me."

"Let go! Let her go!"

Olivia did not want Xavier to get involved in this, so she pushed him away and said, "Leave it alone. Let me talk to him myself."

Xavier tried to stop her but could only obediently let go after hearing that.

"Let me know if you need me."

John was furious. He could not stand Olivia refusing to recognize him and being intimate with other men.

Even so, he dared not speak harshly.

Because he was scared she would disappear again.

He dragged Olivia to the pool edge before letting go of her hand.

"Liv, I know you still hate me, but it's not the truth. Will you give me a chance to explain?"

With that said, he reached out to hug her.

Olivia took a step back. "Sir, I'm really not who you said I was. You mistake me for someone else. Please behave yourself."

"Liv..."

“Sir, my name is Phoebe James.” With that said, Olivia held out a business card and handed it to her.
“Here’s my business card. If you want to customize jewelry, feel free to

contact me, but I’m not Liv.”

John held the card in his hand and looked at her with mixed feelings.

‘Did I mistake her for someone else?’