

G.H Hooked 481

Chapter 481

“Yes, they came out of an elevator. We could have taken a photo of it if it hadn’t been so chaotic.”

Xavier was in the dark. He tapped the table with his fingers and sneered. “Well, Send someone to keep a good eye on them.”

“Yes.”

As the man was about to leave, Xavier suddenly called out to him.

“Wait. Make sure they don’t get to be alone for too long. You know what I mean?”

“Yes.”

“Go.”

When the man left, he poured a glass of wine. He swirled the wine glass as he walked to the balcony.

Looking out of the window of the white moonlight, he squinted his narrow eyes. “John, I will never let you snatch her away!”

The hotel in Solaria City.

Olivia set her alarm and got up at 6 a.m.

First, she went downstairs to buy an electric pot. Then, she bought some ingredients.

There was no separate kitchen in the hotel, so Olivia sent some of the ingredients to the hotel kitchen and paid them to cook them.

Fortunately, the cook was kind and did not refuse.

After some time there, she returned to her room and made some porridge.

She preferred Asian meals, such as porridge, to Western food. Fred seldom made her Western food.

Thinking of Fred made her miss Lyla.

She swore to protect Lyla, yet she had put her in danger.

All she hoped to do now was arrest Jenson quickly to ensure Lyla's safety.

Two hours later, she packed the porridge, went to the kitchen to get the other part of her meal, then went downstairs to take a taxi to the hospital.

Unexpectedly, she bumped into Ken in the lobby.

"Are you alright? I was looking for you all day yesterday. I don't know your new number. I

thought..."

"I'm fine." Olivia approached him. "I thought you left."

"I was going to leave, but it happened that the plane was delayed, and then there was an earthquake. I heard you were at the epicenter, so I came here to look."

"Sorry. I should have given you my number and saved you all this trouble."

Ken smiled and said, "I'm glad that you're okay. Zy's wish was for you to be happy and safe, so I should ensure that."

The atmosphere was a little tense when Ken mentioned Zyla.

Noticing the upset expression on Olivia's face, he changed the topic and pointed at the lunch box, asking, "Are you going to deliver food? To someone in the hospital?"

"Well, he got injured rescuing me. So, I'm going to visit him."

"I'll take you."

As they walked toward the parking lot, Ken casually asked, "Who is it? Shall I buy flowers and send them?"

Olivia smiled awkwardly. "You know John."

Ken stopped and turned to look at her. "You..."

"No, it's not what you think," Olivia quickly explained. "He thought I was Phoebe, my new identity."

"Oh... So, he saved you?"

"Mm," Olivia helplessly looked at him. "What a coincidence."

She wanted to stay away from him, yet they were entangled by fate again.

"However, I'm doing this because I'm Phoebe, and he has saved me countless times. I can't just leave him like that. When he gets better, we will be strangers again."

“Really?”

Olivia bit her lip. “Well, I don’t love him anymore.”

She felt it was ridiculous when she mentioned it. “Before, I was always between loving, hating, and fearing him, so it was always....

“Well,” Olivia said self-deprecatingly, “it’s all over now.”

Ken looked at her and did not answer.

“Get in the car. The food is getting cold.”

Olivia followed him, and something struck her suddenly. She stopped and asked, “Ken, have

you ever thought of taking revenge?”

Chapter 482

Taking revenge?

Those two words were particularly strong. Recalling what happened four years ago, Ken froze and was immersed in his thoughts.

“We have not caught the murderer.”

“I know, I mean... the mastermind.”

Ken took a deep breath and turned to look at Olivia. “I’m sure it’s not John.”

“Why?” Olivia clenched her fist. “Zy told me it was John. Otherwise... I wouldn’t have tried to kill him.”

Ken’s body swayed, yet he was firm when he said, “I know what John did was despicable, and it’s easy to think it was him. However, I grew up with him, and I’m sure he is not the mastermind.”

“Did it ever occur to you that he might have something to do with it?”

Olivia pursed her lips. “It must have something to do with Dorothy.”

“Dorothy?”

“Yes.”

Olivia’s expression was cold when she mentioned what happened four years ago. “That day, Rainie wanted to meet me, but Zy said she should go instead because my leg was injured and it would not be easy for me to move.

“She told me through the phone that Rainie told her a secret. However, she was stabbed on her way back before she could tell me.

“That night, Rainie was transferred away and disappeared. I searched for her for four years but couldn’t find her.”

Then, Olivia scoffed. “Afterward, Dorothy became the young lady of the Jameson family.

“Later, as you know, the Jameson family, about to go bankrupt, picked themselves back up and became one of the three most powerful families in Ocean City. Isn’t that a

coincidence?”

Olivia took a few steps forward and clenched her teeth. "If I had known Dorothy would become the young lady of the Jameson family, I would have made sure I killed her."

Ken bit his lips, and his eyes were bloodshot.

He never knew these things.

Neither of them spoke. There was a tense silence.

After a long time, Olivia approached him, looked at him, and asked, "Why have you never thought of avenging her?"

In fact, this question had been troubling her for four years.

'Why?'

"You love Zy so much. How can you be so calm?"

She did not want to ask. However, since they met, Ken had been the one to bring up Zyla.

However, he had not avenged her.

Ken ran his fingers through his hair and did not dare to look at Olivia.

She refused to forgive him. She dragged him by his arm and questioned further. "Why?"

Ken could not take it anymore. He pushed her away and shouted, "I-I really loved her..."

"I was shocked and couldn't accept her death. I looked for her for so many years, and we finally got together. I... How could I possibly accept that?"

He threw back his head to hold back the tears.

“Before I knew it, you took revenge and sent them to ICU. Then... Dorothy became the young lady of the Jameson family, and...”

Ken looked at her with his red eyes. “Then came the news of your death.”

He sobbed as he finished his words.

Then, he rubbed his face, took a deep breath, and asked, “What about you? What do you think? Why are you delivering the food now if you think John did it? Don’t you think what you’re doing is weird?”

Olivia was startled and froze.

She was in a dilemma. It was weird.

However, it all seemed to make sense.

“You’re both strange, though.”

“What do you mean?”

Ken chuckled with tears rolling in his eyes. “After you died, he just got out of the hospital. Then, he refused to eat and got into ICU again.

“You say he tried to kill you, but when you died, he tortured himself. Isn’t it strange?”

Chapter 483

Olivia was stunned and felt as though dozens of needles were pricking her heart. The pain was killing her.

Her lips trembled as she asked, "Is that true?"

At this point, Ken's mood had calmed down a lot. He sniffled. "Of course it's true. I've never seen him like that, so I said he won't hurt you."

Olivia felt as though she had heard a joke and laughed hysterically.

Ken was a little shocked. "What happened to you?"

She shook her head and waved her hand. "Are you going to drive me to the hospital?"

"Yes."

Olivia said nothing more. She got into the passenger seat, fastened her seat belt, and leaned against the window, staring out of the window.

Every time she felt she had thought it through and decided, something would happen that would push her into the vortex of dilemma again.

She thought she would not care, but when she heard John suffering, she was moved.

After all, she still could not understand this man.

John wanted her to die, yet he expressed his regret when she was dead.

He also said he wanted to atone.

Olivia sneered and licked her lips, burying the bitterness in her.

However, she did not want anything to do with him, no matter what.

After a long time, she spoke in a hoarse voice. "I'm sorry... I was being selfish just now."

Ken was puzzled, glanced at her, and continued driving. "You are right. I did not take revenge for Zy. You are right to question me."

"No..." Olivia pursed her lips and sighed as she self-deprecated. "Actually, I wanted you to take revenge while I enjoyed the benefits."

"You have more money and status than I do, and Dorothy doesn't have her guard up against you. It's easier for you to get revenge than me."

Olivia looked at him. "Making you take revenge is simple. All I have to do is use Zy to lure you into doing it. If you succeed, I'll benefit. If you don't, I won't be affected."

There was silence in the car.

After a long time, Ken laughed loudly and said, "Liv, I have said for a long time that you are

too kind and like to think about others,"

"Are you praising me? I just..."

"However, you're right," Ken said with a wry smile. "I've been trying to escape, but you just put it all on the table, questioning me and asking me..."

"That's why I got so angry I questioned you back."

"After that incident four years ago, I dare not do anything. I have someone I care about and a new life. I am no longer Ms. Larson of Ocean city, let alone Mrs. Freeman..."

"I didn't kill her then, and I don't want to risk it again now."

Olivia scoffed. "Actually, I think I'm a wimp. Everyone might think I'm stronger now, but I'm..."

"You are stronger."

"Am I?"

"Yes, I can see from your attitude towards John that you have calmed down a lot. You can even bring him food. Don't you think you have made progress?"

Four years ago, she either loved or hated John.

She was never at peace with him, but now, she was.

Looking at Olivia in deep thought, Ken spoke. "Just as you said, you might not love him anymore."

"Probably."

After arriving at the hospital, Olivia thanked Ken and tried to get out of the car. However, Ken pulled her back.

"Liv."

Ken's gaze turned gloomy. "I'll take revenge."

Olivia's expression changed slightly, and she shook her head. "Ken, your years have passed. You should start a new life. With Dorothy's position now, you can't take revenge on her easily. You..."

"I won't run away anymore. I'm telling you, not asking you."

Olivia was shocked. She remembered Xavier's words and asked, "Ken, am I a person who likes to run away from things?"

Chapter 484

Ken just smiled upon hearing Olivia's question. "You know best, don't you?"

He had thrown the question back to her.

She shook her head helplessly, got out of the car, and watched Ken leave before she went upstairs.

When she reached the ward door, she hugged herself and knocked on the door with her lips pursed.

"Come in."

She took a deep breath, grabbed the doorknob, pushed it open, and walked in.

John was on the bed looking at the computer. When he saw her, his voice was gentler. "Good to see you

back."

"Mhm."

Olivia put the lunch box on a table beside her. "Are you hungry?"

“Not quite,” John lifted his head. “However, I need your help with something urgent.”

“Hmm.”

Olivia’s mind was a mess, and she seemed absent-minded. She did not care about what

John said.

Suddenly, John reached out and grabbed her. “Help me.”

Olivia was startled and looked at him, shocked. “W-what is it?”

“I have to go to the bathroom.”

She froze for a moment. Then, she shoved off his hand. “Go, then.”

John pointed at his right arm. “I can’t move my right hand, I have broken ribs, and my waist. feels weak. I tried, but I failed.

“I’ve been waiting all night for you to come to...”

“Don’t men’s pants have...”

Before she could finish, John interrupted. “This is hospital attire.”

“I...” Olivia turned around and walked outside. “I’ll call the male nurse for you.”

“It’s too late.”

John was already standing outside the bathroom. His brows were furrowed, and the situation looked urgent.

Olivia did not know what to do. However, John was already in the bathroom, standing by the toilet bowl. He was shouting urgently, "Hurry up! I can't hold it anymore!"

She hesitated for a while, but in the end, she chose to enter the bathroom.

Then, she turned away and stretched out one arm. "I'll lend you a hand."

John took her hand and asked her to pull the right side of his pants. "Pull it down hard."

Olivia looked reluctant, but she pulled his pants down.

"Hold it down."

Then, she heard the sound of running water, which made her blush from ear to cheek.

She did not know why, but she felt embarrassed even though she had seen John naked before.

After a long time, John finally said, "Help me pull it back up."

Olivia obediently pulled the pants up. Then, she ran out of the toilet, but John grabbed her.

"Wait a minute."

'What else?' Olivia did not dare to look back. Her cheeks flushed redder than there were just now.

'Damn it!'

She would not have helped John if things did not sound that urgent.

That was why she always said humans should not be too compassionate.

After seeing her flushed face, John chuckled and said, "I just wanted you to wash your hands."

Olivia glared at him and shoved him out of her grip. She turned on the tap and washed her hand before she rushed out again.

John liked it when she looked angry, and he felt like bullying her again.

He smiled, slowly washed his left hand, and saw Olivia sulking at the window.

"Are you angry?"

Olivia ignored him.

He spoke again. "Your face is blushing."

This man was...!

Olivia was frustrated, and she glared at John. "Mr. Freeman, you are so indecent!"

"Indecent?"

"Yes. Indecent!"

John smiled and felt like crying.

It reminded him of when he first met Olivia.

She was naive and would blush easily when she felt embarrassed.

Chapter 485

At that time, Olivia's love was as pure as a blank sheet of paper. It was John who first taught her how to kiss.

When they kissed for the first time, she was clumsy.

He never thought she would one day take the lead and become such an alluring woman.

However, they had slowly become strangers.

Was it because of who she was now?

He felt his heart ache upon seeing the annoyed woman before him.

"I'm hungry."

Olivia rolled her eyes angrily. "Mr. Freeman, I suddenly think that you are quite shameless."

"Why?"

"We barely know each other, yet you asked me to help you with...that!"

John stared at her and did not speak.

Olivia felt uncomfortable under his gaze. She touched her burning cheeks and regretted coming. "Call your assistant to do it. I'm not doing anything for you anymore."

John thought she was so cute. He snickered and sat back down on the bed, pretending to be calm.

"I'm starving."

Olivia was pissed off upon seeing him looking indifferent.

'Men are all indecent!

'Shameless!"

After a while, she put two jars before John and a straw in each thermos.

She put an ordinary straw in the broth she asked the hotel chef to make and a thicker straw. in the porridge she made.

John glanced at this. "What is this?"

"You have trouble using your hands. So, using a straw would not need a hand. You would only need to use your mouth."

"Aren't you going to feed me?"

Olivia was speechless. "I cooked you a meal and brought it to you. Don't ask for too much."

"But..." John glanced at his right arm. "I don't know when it will recover."

Then, he sighed.

It made Olivia feel bad.

She pinched her flesh, looked away from him, and said, "Do whatever you want."

Then, she left.

John was left alone in the room. He looked at the two jars and smiled helplessly.

Even if he could not see it, he could guess Olivia must be cursing him now.

He could see she had prepared the meal carefully, though she had not fed it to him.

After all, that was something they could not find in Solaria City.

Meanwhile, Olivia came out and wandered into the hospital garden.

Many random things ran through her mind.

However, after thinking for a long time, she still could not understand. The more she thought, the more confused she was.

Suddenly, she bumped into someone.

"Oh, dear!"

Olivia saw a child. The child was small and thin and had been knocked to the ground by her.

She quickly bent down to pick up the child. "Sorry. Did it hurt you?"

The child froze for a moment before he shook his head. "I'm fine."

The child was thin and pale and looked no more than five or six years old.

"It's my fault for bumping into you. I'm sorry."

With that, Olivia took two hundred bucks and stuffed it into the little one's pocket. "Take it and buy some food. If you feel uncomfortable, please tell me."

Then, she stuffed her business card into the kid's pocket.

Unexpectedly, the little one grabbed her hand and put all the money and business cards back into her hand. "Miss, I don't want your money. I'm fine. I was careless. That's why we bumped into each other.

It's alright."

The timid child's lips looked dry and purplish. She felt terrible when she saw it.

This kid was sensible.

Seeing that the child was about to leave, she pulled him back and said, "Come on. I'll take you to have a meal."

The child was reluctant, trying to break free.

"I'll feel bad if I can't treat you to a meal after what happened. You don't want Auntie to

feel bad and have sleepless nights, do you?"

The child frowned. He thought Olivia was trying to gain his pity and wanted to reject her offer, but his stomach growled.

Finally, he could only nod awkwardly and follow her.

Chapter 486

Once they reached the restaurant, Olivia pushed the menu up to him and asked, "Order whatever you want."

He glanced down. "Just order the cheapest ones, Lady. I can eat anything."

With that said, he looked down sheepishly. His ears reddened slightly as he looked a little reserved.

Scared that he did not understand the menu, Olivia did not pursue it. She turned to look at the waiter. "Seafood pasta, steak, fries, beef burger, and cola."

The waiter nodded, poured a glass of water for both of them, and turned away.

"You needn't be so reserved. I'm not a bad person." With that said, Olivia clicked on Lyla's photo and showed it to him. "Look, I have a daughter. Isn't she cute?"

He nodded dully, looking out of the window from time to time.

Olivia then remembered that she seemed to have kidnapped someone's child.

"Are you

afraid your family won't be able to find you? Do you have your mom's or your dad's number?"

He shook his head.

“Who did you come to the hospital with? Are you here to visit your family? Or are you here to see a doctor?”

Olivia thought the child was thin. His long hair covered his forehead, obscuring his gaze from her.

There was a momentary pause before he finally spoke.

“My uncle is ill and hospitalized.”

“Where are your parents?”

“No.”

Olivia froze. “No?”

“Yes, I have no mother.”

Olivia felt a tightness in her chest as if she could not breathe.

Seeing that she looked ill, he asked cautiously, “Lady, are you okay? Are you sick too?”

Olivia forced a smile and shook her head. “I’m fine. Why were you running so fast earlier?”

He kept his head down and said nothing for a long time. “Lady, I want to go to the toilet. May I?”

“Okay. Yes, I’ll show you the way.”

Olivia was afraid the child would run away, so she got up and went with him.

At the toilet entrance, she watched the kid walk toward the men's room, reached out, and pulled him back. "The ladies' room is this way."

The kid who was caught blushed instantly. "I'm a boy."

Olivia. "..."

She instantly let go, coughed, turned around, took two steps outside, and said under her breath, "I'll wait for you outside."

The child looked so dainty, skinny, and gentle. With such long hair, the child looked like a girl to her no matter what. However...

How embarrassing!

Especially since two embarrassing things happened on the same day, Olivia now wanted

to die.

She must not have checked her horoscope predictions before she went out today.

The boy soon came out, his ears still red. He glanced sheepishly at her. "Lady."

"Ah, you're out. Wash your hands. Let's eat. Our food should be served by now."

The boy nodded.

When they returned to the table, the waiter had just finished serving their food. He nodded at the sight of her. "All the food you ordered is served, Miss."

"Thank you."

Olivia pushed the pasta, steak, and cola to him. "Dig in."

With that said, she pointed at the burger and said, "You can take this home."

The boy froze and bit his lip. He did not speak or touch the food in front of him.

Afraid he was angry, Olivia quickly explained, "I'm sorry for just now. It was my fault. I'll apologize. Don't..."

Before she could finish, the boy suddenly looked up at her. "Lady, thank you. My name is Sam Ginger. I will remember you.

"I will repay you when I've grown up."

Chapter 487

He was so sensible that it made Olivia's eyes wet.

It was unknown whether it was because he had no mother and was dependent on others, so he was so sensible.

Olivia's heart softened as she looked at him.

She rubbed Sam's head. "Silly boy, it's just a meal. There's no need to exaggerate."

With that said, she put her business card in his hand. "Take my business card. If you ever need help, contact me. I will try my best to help you."

Sam looked blankly at her, biting his lip and trying to hold back his tears.

However, the tears still rolled from the corners of his eyes and dripped onto the table.

He hurriedly wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and muttered, "I'm a boy. I can't cry."

Olivia pressed her lips together, suppressed her emotions, and said with a smile, "Hurry and eat. It'll get cold."

Then she put the steak in front of her and said softly, "I'll cut it for you so that it's easier for you to eat."

Sam glanced deeply at her before lowering his head to eat the pasta.

For some reason, he thought it was the best food he had ever eaten, and it made him feel happy.

Before leaving, Olivia ordered another chicken sandwich takeaway for John.

After all, you can eat a sandwich with one hand, and she did not need to feed him.

They walked back to the hospital, and Olivia pointed to the tallest building. "I'm going over there. What about you?"

Sam's little hand pointed to the other side. "Uncle's over there."

"Well, ask the nurse to heat the burger for you if it's cold. Eat more so that you can grow

stronger.”

Sam looked at her wistfully, blinked his eyes, nodded, and said, “Okay, got it.”

Watching Sam’s tiny figure walk away, Olivia suddenly felt empty.

Maybe it had something to do with raising Ian since she was little and losing two children.

Therefore, she always had a soft spot for children.

She walked back inattentively. She had just pushed the door open and entered when she heard a grumpy voice.

“Where have you been? You were gone for so long.”

“I was just wandering around outside.”

Without even looking up at John, she walked over and looked at the two lunch boxes. They were both clean.

Therefore, she picked up the lunch boxes and went to the toilet.

She rinsed the lunch boxes briefly and put them away again. Then she took the sandwich out of her pocket and set it aside.

“Your next meal.”

Looking at the sandwich, John narrowed his eyes in annoyance.

"Aren't you being too harsh with a patient?"

"Didn't I make chicken soup and mushroom soup for you this morning? If you want something more nutritious, contact your assistant."

"He's not here."

Olivia frowned, not wanting to argue with him. "Mr. Freeman, don't go too far."

"Look at me."

"What?"

John took her hand and repeated, "Look at me when you speak."

Olivia looked impatiently over at his deep eyes, getting even more irritated.

Perhaps because she was reminded of the children she lost and Ian, her patience with John was noticeably less.

"Mr. Freeman, what are you trying to say?"

Sensing her irritation, the man pressed his lips together and said, "Do you hate me? Is it because I asked you to help me this morning?"

"Yes and no."

Olivia looked at him coldly. "What are you trying to say?"

"You're frowning so hard right now. And you said you don't hate me. Hmm?"

With that said, he let go of Olivia's hand and sighed helplessly. "I just think you seem to

hate me more after you went out. That's why I wanted to ask."

Her eyes darkened when she heard that. "Don't you know women are fickle?"

Chapter 488

Due to his identity, John dared not voice his objections.

He knew he might never see her again if he quarreled with her and raised his voice at her.

After a long silence, he finally gave in with a chuckle. "Got it."

Olivia did not want to talk to him, so she looked away. "Okay then. I'll go home first. See you tomorrow."

"You're leaving?"

"Yeah, there's no point staying here anyway."

"Will you keep me company?"

There was a touch of supplication in John's deep voice.

It was unknown if it was because she had never seen John like this before, but Olivia's heart softened slightly.

“Just chat with me.”

Slightly reluctant, Olivia pulled a stool nearby and sat down on the edge of the bed. “What do you wanna chat about?”

To be honest, she had no idea what they could chat about.

‘About his ‘dead wife’?

‘Or why didn’t he marry Dorothy?’

While she was thinking about it, John suddenly said, “Who was the one who tried to harm you? What happened?”

Olivia froze slightly, not expecting him to ask about that.

“An ex-colleague at the atelier.”

John looked at her, waiting for her to go on.

With a lack of choice, Olivia could only press her lips together. “He was dishonest and stole some money from the company. I called the police and sent him an attorney’s letter. Finally, the court also asked him to return the money.

“But he seems to have spent it all on gambling.

“Besides that, we were almost accused of plagiarism because he stole my design and sold it to our competitor.”

With that said, she sneered. “That’s about it. That’s why he was unwilling. He wanted me to drop the charges and give him more money.”

“What’s his name?”

Olivia glanced at him. “Why do you want his name?”

“I’d like to help you.”

“No thanks. I’ve already called the police. They should be able to catch him soon.”

John looked at her. “You don’t believe me?”

Olivia shook her head and smiled. “Mr. Freeman, I don’t want to owe you anything.”

That sentence pricked John’s heart.

He knew she would never admit to being Olivia again.

Ever since they were reunited, she faced him as Phoebe.

Including the so-called not wanting to owe him anything...

She was Olivia, and he owed her. However, his chest felt stuffy when she said she did not. want to owe him anything.

She did not want him.

He had not even had a chance to ask her why she was still alive after all this time.

John lowered his head slightly and said nothing.

Seeing his silence, Olivia pressed her lips together. "Do you want a drink? Shail I get you a glass of water?"

"Okay."

One drank while the other watched. The minutes ticked away, but neither spoke again.

After an unknown amount of time, Olivia got up and was about to speak when she heard

John's voice.

"Ms. James, I have some bad news for you."

Olivia looked at him, puzzled. "What's wrong?"

"I need to go to the bathroom again."

Olivia. "..."

'No way!'

"Do you

have any

idea how much liquid you've fed me? Soup and water are liquid."

With that said, he pointed at the drip nearby. "Look, I also have to take five or six bottles of drip every day. I'm bursting."

Olivia curled her lip and backed away. "Once probably won't be enough."

"Yeah, I probably have to go several more times, so you can't leave today."

'How unreasonable."

"I... I'll get you a male nurse."

With that said, she strode out.

'He must be out of his mind."

Olivia glared at the door. She had never found John so down to earth when they were together.

In her opinion, this man had always been stuck-up as if there was only elegance to him.

With that in mind, she could not help...

Chapter 489

After getting the male nurse, Olivia let him into the room alone while she waited outside.

After all, she did not want to hear those weird noises again.

However, she could not help thinking about the past.

When they were together, John was like a god to her.

What he presented was always beautiful, perfect, flawless, and not even close to human.

He never slept in, was never seen going to the bathroom, and even ate quickly but quietly and gracefully.

In short, he was divine.

A far cry from the man he was today.

Had he changed in the last four years?

Or was he faking it from the start?

She did not want to think about it but remembered what Ken had said.

Was he that upset when he learned of her death?

Or was it... fake?

It was just like the perfect, gentle, attentive, yet elegant image he created when they were together.

However, he created a loving image again after her death.

It doesn't seem strange to think so.

She once thought she knew him well. After all, it was 17 years of secret observation. She married him in the end. How could she not know him?

However, she realized she had never understood the man since the accident.

She could not help sneering at the thought of it.

It seemed he almost fooled her again.

Just then, the door opened, and the male nurse walked out.

“Ms. James, you may go in now.”

Olivia nodded. “Thanks, he might need you again later. Can we just find you?”

The male nurse shook his head. “Mr. Freeman doesn’t like others helping him. He asked me not to come back.”

“Then...”

“I just hooked his pants with a tool. I didn’t even enter the toilet.”

The male nurse smiled awkwardly. “Actually, there are many patients like Mr. Freeman. Most patients don’t want to be helped by nurses. They’re used to their family members helping them.

“Ms. James, you need to talk to Mr. Freeman.”

“I’m not...”

Olivia tried to explain her relationship with John, but the male nurse was called away by a passing doctor before she could finish.

'Oh, no.

"What the hell is this man thinking?

'He'd rather ask a stranger to help him but not a professional male nurse?

'This man's indeed excessively casual!'

Olivia resentfully pushed the door open and walked in. Seeing the man standing by the window, she snapped, "Mr. Freeman, you're too wayward."

The man did not respond until Olivia got closer, his voice hoarse.

"It doesn't matter if you don't want to take care of me and accompany me. You don't owe me anything anyway."

Olivia froze slightly, not knowing what to answer.

She just thought it did not sound like it did not matter. It sounded like it mattered.

"I just think we don't know each other well. And we're of the opposite sex, so it's inappropriate to do something so intimate. That's all."

"Yes, I know."

"There's no shortage of women around you, Mr. Freeman. Just make a phone call, and many people will rush to help you, isn't it?"

John turned to look at her. His eyes were dark in a way that Olivia could not fathom.

“Do you really think I’m excessively casual?”

“Aren’t you? Or is it because I look...”

Before she finished, Olivia sneered. “I don’t want to be a substitute.”

Then she pressed her lips together and looked up at the man. “Didn’t you ask me last time

if it’s possible that your wife isn’t dead?”

The look in John’s eyes changed slightly.

“I can tell you my speculation now.”

Chapter 490

John gazed darkly at her, still quiet.

Unfazed by his reaction, Olivia continued saying, “Has it ever occurred to you that even if your wife is still alive, she might not want to see you?

“You said you hurt her so much that she never forgave you until she died.”

She looked at him coldly and asked, “What makes you think she’ll forgive you if she comes back from the dead?”

As soon as she finished, she felt John’s body tremble, and his expression stiffened slightly.

Somehow, seeing him like this gave her some comfort.

"It's impossible to pretend that nothing has happened when you can't recover from the pain you have experienced and the damage you have suffered.

"If she were still alive, she would try her best to avoid you and never see you again. Because it is the only way to start over again."

With that said, she pressed her lips together and sneered. "Even if you loved her deeply, she would never come near you again if you had hurt and disappointed her enough.

"Because no one wants to repeat the same mistake."

John shuddered as he stiffened, feeling a pang of pain in his heart.

'Is that why she pretended she didn't know me?

'So she won't make the same mistakes?'

He narrowed his long, narrow eyes and suddenly pulled her into his arms, coldly saying, "What makes you think that? Do you know her well?"

Startled, Olivia pushed him frantically. "I don't know her, but I know disappointment and despair."

"Why?"

Instead of letting go, John grabbed harder.

Olivia did not expect him to be so strong when he was already badly injured.

"Let go!"

“Why? Answer me!”

Olivia looked up at him, momentarily dazed.

The cold tone and insidious eyes made her feel like she was transported back to four years

ago.

She gulped in fear and even stopped struggling.

She dared not move, afraid that John’s hand would land on her face the next second.

It was unknown if John noticed her sudden silence and awkwardness. His expression froze, and he let go of her hand.

“I’m sorry.”

Without the restraints, Olivia lost her center of gravity and nearly stumbled. John reached out to help her, but she dodged him.

She trembled and caught onto the windowsill behind her.

After a few seconds, she did not look up at him. Fighting her fear, she said, “Mr. Freeman, I’ll see you when you’ve calmed down. I gotta go first.”

With that said, she bypassed him, pushed the door open, and hurried away.

Looking at her back, John felt a tightness in his chest and also felt dizzy. He staggered and leaned on the glass with his left hand, gasping for breath.

However, it was an old problem, and he was already used to it.

However, she...

On the other hand, Olivia dared not stop after storming out of the ward.

In her panic, she seemed to bump into someone, but she did not have time to explain. She ran out, hailed a taxi, and got in.

She was afraid.

She was afraid of the angry John. She was afraid of returning to the past and being the caged bird without freedom again.

The taxi driver could not help but frown when he saw her pale face and shivering. "Miss, don't run from treatment. You should treat your illness in time. It's pointless to run away."

Olivia did not catch what he said. She only heard the last sentence-"It's pointless to run

away."

'I can't run?

'Am I supposed to tell John that I'm Olivia?

'Is there any other choice besides running?"

Something in her head told her there was another way....

Shaking her head, she said tearfully, “No. No!”