

G.H Hooked 691

Chapter 691

Olivia's nerves tensed instantly. "Don't hurt her!"

"Mrs. Quinton, how could I possibly hurt her? I told you I'm here to make friends. I

won't hurt you or your friends."

With that said, Dorothy's voice deepened. "Left Bank Cafe, 4 PM. I'll be waiting for

you."

'4 PM...'

Olivia glanced at the time. It was already 3.30 PM. Then she checked the location of

Left Bank Cafe. It would be a 40-minute drive to get there.

She was worried that they had Jennie, and she panicked.

'What to do?

'What is Dorothy up to?

'Did Dorothy threaten Jennie to sell the houses?'

To calm herself, she pinched her thigh so hard that the pain quieted her.

She took a deep breath and turned around to enter the room. She told Mrs. Simmons that she was going out and drove off in a hurry.

On the way there, she saw that it was only ten minutes before 4 PM, yet she still had 20 minutes to reach. She felt uneasy.

After thinking about it, she sent Zac a message while waiting at a red light, telling him where she was going and who she was seeing.

That way, Zac would notice something was wrong in time, even if Dorothy was up to no good.

However, she did not expect someone to pull her into another car as soon as she parked outside Left Bank Cafe.

Before she knew it, the car was already moving.

"Calm down, Mrs. Quinton. I mean no harm."

Olivia looked at her warily. "You call that no harm?"

"Will you get in my car if I don't do it?"

With that said, Dorothy smiled. "Don't worry. I'm not stupid enough to go against the

Quinton family. I'm just taking you to a place."

"What on earth do you want?"

Dorothy looked up at her. "I'm taking you to meet someone. That's all. You don't have to overthink it."

Olivia frowned and looked at her warily.

'What does Dorothy want?

'Is she taking me to see Jennie?

'But what's the point of kidnapping Jennie if she doesn't know who I am?

'Or has Jennie already told her the truth?'

She thought it over in her head but could not conclude it.

It seemed he could only take it one step at a time.

Olivia rolled down the car window and looked out.

Suddenly, she noticed that the view was getting increasingly familiar. It was as if...

Her eyes darkened, and she looked into the distance again. When she saw the

familiar building, she understood instantly.

Dorothy was trying to use Ian to test her.

However, since she decided to keep Ian in the dark, she had already made

preparations. How could she let Dorothy expose her?

“Here we are.”

Dorothy got out of the car, opened the door for her, and looked at her closely. “Mrs.

Quinton, do you remember this place?”

Olivia glared at her and pushed her away. “No idea. Where are we?”

“This is Larson’s Residence, Olivia’s old house.”

There was disdain in Dorothy’s mouth. “Oh, no. Maybe you don’t understand if I say

that. I should say... it’s the old house of the person you were substituting.”

With that said, she smiled and looked at Olivia. “Isn’t that much clearer?”

‘Ha, Dorothy never misses an opportunity to make a taunt.’

Unfortunately, it did not bother her.

Dorothy went to knock on the door and shouted, “Ian, I’ve brought your sister to see

you. Hurry and open the door.”

Soon the door opened slowly, and a teenager in a white T-shirt stood in the doorway,

staring straight at Olivia.

Chapter 692

Ian glanced at Olivia before finally looking at Dorothy.

“What are you doing here? You are not welcome here!”

“Ian, I was your sister for two years after all. There’s a woman who looks exactly like

Liv. I’m sure you’re wondering if she’s your sister, right?”

Ian snorted coldly. “Don’t make it sound so intimate. We’re not that close.”

“It’s only for your good, Ian.”

“Oh, come on. Is it for my own good too when you killed my parents and interfered

with my sister’s marriage?”

Seeing Ian was not buying it, Dorothy’s expression looked a little ghastly as she

pushed the door open. “I have a recording you must listen to.”

“Dorothy, what are you trying to do? You’ve destroyed the Larson family, and you’re

still unsatisfied.”

However, Dorothy ignored him. She forced him down on the couch and played the recording.

“Zac, drink your soup.”

It was Olivia’s voice.

Zac asked as he turned the pages of his book. “Okay. Why are you still up?”

“I probably slept a little too much during the day. I can’t sleep.”

Then came the sound of a wheelchair turning.

“Liv, are you still thinking about Jennie?”

“No, I’m a little worried about Ian. Will he hate me?”

The recording stopped there, and Ian looked at Olivia suspiciously as if he was trying to tell the truth from her expression.

“Well? Are you surprised? Are you curious?”

Dorothy held the phone and looked at Olivia with a smile. “Olivia, what’s it like to lie to

your brother and drag out an ignoble existence for four years?”

Olivia looked flustered. She trembled and kept her mouth shut.

‘The conversation happened in the study at home. How did it end up with Dorothy?

‘Are we bugged?’

“What’s the matter? Cat caught your tongue?”

Dorothy walked up to her. “Yes, what can you say now that the evidence is

overwhelming?”

Ian stared straight at her and asked, “Are you my sister? Are you?”

Olivia felt a pang in her heart and gasped. She was even scared to breathe.

She had a feeling that she would expose herself if she took one breath.

To stay calm, she dug her nails deep into the flesh and used the pain to force herself

to sober up.

Dorothy pinched her arm and said through clenched teeth, “Are you still holding on?

Deny it if you dare.”

Olivia glanced at Ian, bit her lip, and shook Dorothy off. “Ms. Jones, you’re interesting!

You tricked me all the way here to make me admit I'm Olivia Larson with a recording from nowhere?"

Then she sneered, "If I'm Olivia, why wouldn't I admit it? And why would I let you laugh at me for being nothing more than a substitute?"

"Because you wouldn't dare!"

"Why won't I?"

"You killed someone!" Dorothy's eyes widened. "You killed someone four years ago!

You even killed two! You're still a murderer!"

Olivia's mouth twitched. She knew Dorothy was forcing her to admit that she was

Olivia to put her back in prison.

"Ha, I get it now."

She looked at Dorothy and said with a sneer, "You went to all this trouble to get me away from Zac, right?"

"You offered me money to leave, but I refused. So you're using this dirty trick to send

me to jail as Olivia, right?”

Ian’s expression changed. As he had thought of something, he pushed Dorothy away.

“Dorothy, if my sister is a murderer, what are you?”

Chapter 693

“She lied to you, yet you’re defending her?”

Ian glanced over his shoulder at Olivia before looking coldly at Dorothy again. “I don’t

know if she’s my sister, but if you did all this to put my sister in jail, there’s no way I’ll

help you.

“You said my sister killed someone, but the two people she killed four years ago are

still alive and well. What kind of murderer is that?”

Dorothy’s eyes were malicious. “Ian, what do you mean by that? She didn’t do it

because I didn’t die?’

“Dorothy, that’s enough! I’d have put you in jail if I hadn’t been able to sue you for not

having evidence!”

Ian clenched his teeth and yelled, “You killed my parents and sister. Don’t think I don’t

know that! You lured me there to kill me, but my sister tried desperately to find me.

otherwise, I would have died too!"

For four years, Ian never gave Dorothy trouble.

Therefore, Dorothy thought he knew nothing. Now that she knew he knew everything,

her eyes darkened as she grabbed his neck.

"Are you trying to go against me?"

Seeing this, Olivia immediately opened Dorothy's hand and protected Ian behind her.

"Have you lost your mind?"

"If you're not Olivia, why would you feel pity for this punk?"

"Since you call me Olivia's substitute, I'll be a good sister for her!"

Dorothy snorted coldly. "Ha. What an excuse!"

Then she smiled and said with a sneer, "Okay, since you're so kind as to help her take

care of her brother, I'll settle both of you!"

She was only hoping to use Ian to expose Phoebe at first.

She did not expect Ian to know so much.

In that case, she would go the whole hog and kill him.

Otherwise, any more delay might cause trouble. He would become her enemy and give her trouble.

“Crazy! What do you think the outside world would think when they know the heiress of the Jameson family is a murderer?”

“I won’t let them find out!”

Olivia took the opportunity to ask, “It seems you killed the Jameson family’s previous heiress too!”

When she mentioned Rainie, Dorothy’s expression changed. “How do you know about her?”

“Ms. Jones, do you think there’s no internet abroad? The news will report something this big, I know about it, of course. I also know her name is Rainie!”

“You’re definitely Olivia! I’m getting rid of the root of the problem this time!”

With that said, she grabbed a paring knife and lunged for Olivia.

Suddenly, Ian yanked her backward and put himself in front of her.

“No!” Olivia’s eyes widened, trying to stop her.

Just as the knife was about to land, a hand reached out from behind and knocked it to the ground.

Olivia also fell straight into a solid chest.

“Are you alright?”

Olivia paused slightly and glanced up at the person. Instead of replying, she helped

Ian up and asked in concern, “Ian, are you okay? Did you get stabbed?”

Seeing her concern, Ian did a double take and grabbed Olivia’s hand.

“You’re my sister, aren’t you?”

Olivia froze and pulled his hand away. “I’m not. I only look like her.”

Ian did not ask any further questions. He only stared at her.

Dorothy looked at the person with shock before sneering. “Johnny, why are you here?”

John flicked out a recording pen, “I have a recording here too. It’s about you, Dorothy.

Would you like to hear it?"

Chapter 694

"Johnny, what's the meaning of this?"

John did not bother talking to her, so he only played the recording.

"I don't care if that b*tch is Phoebe or Olivia. I can't keep her alive with that disgusting

face!

'TH see if she can hold up in front of Ian!"

John threw the recording pen at Dorothy. "You said these, didn't you?" "Johnny, where

did you get this recording? I didn't say that. I really didn't..." "Oh, you wouldn't admit

that you said it after hearing it?

Dorothy ran to catch him. "Johnny, you can't do this to me. We..."

John raised his hand and pushed her away. He frowned and said, "You'd better not

say 'We' to me, or I'll kill you!"

"Johnny, you can't kill me! You promised!"

John grabbed her phone and deleted the recording. "I warn you not to do this kind of

nonsense again.”

Dorothy bit her lips and looked at John in fear. Then as if recalling something, she grabbed Olivia and dragged her to John.

“Johnny, even if I was wrong, what about her? She’s Olivia Larson. She married Zac without telling you. You...”

“Who told you I’m Olivia?”

Olivia looked at her with a sneer. Then she laughed and taunted, “Don’t you know Zac and I love to roleplay?”

“What?”

“The whole town knows I look like Olivia, and I don’t mind at all, so I let Zac call me ‘Liv’ sometimes at home.”

With that said, she shook off Dorothy’s hand and spoke in a flirty tone, “Ms. Jones, you must have never enjoyed the pleasure of being married, right? Do you know it adds spice to your love life?”

Dorothy glared at Olivia with red eyes, refusing to believe the explanation.

“Liar. How dare you say that...”

“I’m a married woman. Why should I be ashamed?”

Suddenly, Olivia’s expression changed as she spoke icily, “You bugged my house to eavesdrop on my husband and me. Can I call the police on you?”

Knowing that her plan had failed, Dorothy dared not stay. She straightened up, ran her hands through her messy hair, and reached her hand out.” Johnny, phone.”

John threw the phone into her arms. “Dorothy, I advise you to be content being the heiress of the Jameson family and stop this nonsense!”

Dorothy was so angry that she glanced hatefully at John. “Johnny, you forced me to do everything I have done.”

With that said, she stormed out.

Seeing that she had left, Olivia’s legs gave way, and she almost fell. Fortunately, Ian and John each held one side of her, keeping her on her feet.

They helped her onto the couch, and John got up to help Olivia get some water.

Ian looked her up and down. "I don't know why you won't acknowledge me, but I'm a different person than I was four years ago. I'm not weak anymore, and I trust you. You shouldn't have kept me in the dark."

Olivia clutched her hands tightly around the couch and almost blurted out, 'I'm doing it for your good.'

However, she swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue.

Since she said she would not involve him, she must be heartless and disown him.

"Ian, I'm sorry about your sister. But I promised your sister at her grave that I would take good care of you. So you can think of me as your sister, but I'm really not your biological sister."

Ian seemed disappointed and snorted coldly. "That's how you are- stubborn and always thinking you can handle anything."

Olivia pressed her lips together. He called her stubborn. Was her brother not the same?

Chapter 695

“Forget it. You won’t admit it, and I won’t make you. I’ve survived all these years without my sister anyway.”

Olivia’s nose tip felt sore when she heard this, and she fought back her tears. “I’m sorry for today. Let me make you a meal as an apology. What do you want to eat?”

Ian wanted to say no but watching the face he had missed for four years, he somehow nodded. “Since you’re so dedicated to helping my sister take care of her family, I won’t make myself a stranger. I’ll write the menu for you.”

When he did not refuse, Olivia smiled. “Okay, write more.”

Ian turned around to head upstairs and went into the room. He only snapped back to himself after leaning against the door.

‘Did I fall for her lies?

‘She only wanted me to say yes...

‘That’s exactly what she wanted. D*mn it!’

However, he missed his sister and the taste of her cooking.

For the past four years, he had had dreams about him beating his sister, which often woke him up with guilt enveloping him.

Once he sat up and rubbed his face, he found his hands wet-he had cried in his dream.

He had misunderstood his sister earlier, thinking that she had abandoned him. It was why he was so mean to her and took out all his dissatisfaction on her.

However, she ran into the icy lake to save him, losing her leg in the process.

‘Leg?’

His eyes lit up suddenly. He opened the door and looked through the crack at the woman on the couch. An idea came to him.

Downstairs, Olivia got up and went to the kitchen. After looking around and rummaging through the fridge, she could not find anything to eat.

“Do you not check on him?”

Olivia threw the rotten vegetables and fruits in the fridge into the garbage bag and snapped, “What kind of brother-in-law are you? Look at how rotten these things are.

Did you not get anyone to take care of this?"

John stood at the side like a schoolboy being lectured. "I'm busy with work. How could

I remember such a trivial matter if he doesn't tell me?"

"Trivial?"

Olivia pointed to a takeout food container nearby. "Look. Are you letting someone still

growing eat this? He didn't spend the last four years this way, did he?"

"I often take him out for food."

"How often?"

John froze for a moment before recalling earnestly. He eventually said nothing, not

daring to contradict.

"I can't believe you two took care of him like this..."

The more this happened, the more heartbroken Olivia became.

She was taking care of her daughter and forgetting about her brother...

After all, it was she who was wrong.

Would Ian be angry if he found out she had been abroad raising her daughter?

No matter how angry Ian was, she felt it was the right thing to do. After all, she owed him.

“You don’t have to blame yourself. He’s a grown-up. He can handle a lot of things on his own.”

Olivia glared at him. “So you just ignored him?”

“He wouldn’t speak to US, and we can’t keep him company everyday. We hired a housekeeper, but he said he didn’t like outsiders in the house. I said he could stay with me, but he said I killed his sister. He was angry and refused to move in with me. He eventually went to live on campus.”

John said, “You shouldn’t feel guilty.”

Olivia was so angry that she picked up a broom and hit John on his foot. “F* ck off if you make sarcastic remarks again!”

John grabbed the broom. “Let me stay and help you. You’re making so many dishes.

You need help, right?”

“You? Help me?”

Olivia sneered. “Mr. Freeman, you rarely go into the kitchen. Are you that kind?” “Liv.”

John’s tone softened. He took her hand and looked at her sincerely.” Give me a

chance. Hmm?”

Chapter 696

Olivia withdrew her hand. “Clean up the kitchen then.

Then, remembering something else, she turned around and asked, “How’s Sam?”

“I can bring him to see you later, but I haven’t found his parents.”

Olivia rolled her eyes at him. “You’re useless.”

John stood in the kitchen, looking blankly at her back. He had mixed feelings.

‘Did she just call me useless?

‘She used to idolize me. Then she hates me to the bone...

‘But neither worship nor hate had made me feel worse than this ignorance and contempt.

‘Did Zac change her?’

Olivia was going to help Ian clean up when she saw him come down from the second floor and handed her a piece of paper.

“I wrote what I want to eat on it. Don’t force yourself if you don’t want to cook.”

Olivia took it, glanced at it, and could not help smiling.

The boy had indeed grown up. He was a lot more attentive now.

He had written more than 20 dishes. Almost all of them were complicated dishes. Besides that, there were dishes from all over the world. He was deliberately giving her a hard time.

“Are you sure that’s all you want? Is that all?”

“We’ll talk more about it if you can make these.”

“Okay, sure. But you have to finish all of them once I make them.”

Ian paused. “All... All of them?”

“How wasteful would that be?”

“But there are 20 or 30 complicated dishes here. Most of them are meat dishes and so on. I’m not a big eater...”

Olivia looked at her brother and did not back down. “I’m willing to cook so much. Isn’t it out of line if you didn’t finish it? I saw that you usually eat takeout food. Consider today as giving you some nutrition.”

Ian regretted it.

He wrote so many dishes only to spite her and verify whether she was his sister at the same time. However, he did not expect to have to finish them all...

"Or... "Olivia leaned over to him and said with a smile, "You didn't want these dishes. Is it only to mess with me?"

Ian raised his eyebrows slightly. "I'll eat them. I'm not scared! I'll eat them if you make it!"

"Okay, I'll make the order now."

Olivia sat on the couch, took the menu, and began to place an order online.

Ian looked at her legs and the glass of water on the coffee table, and he had an idea.

"Here, have some water."

She picked up the water glass and handed it to Olivia. Just as she was about to take it, he pretended to slip, and it spilled on Olivia.

"Oops..."

Ian quickly picked up a quilt and gave her tissue paper. "If you don't mind, you can go upstairs and change into my sister's clothes."

Olivia glanced up and saw the boy looking shifty. She could tell he was up to something in one glance.

She had no idea how Zac and John had taught him these four years. How did a good child become so scheming?

However, she was comforted by one thing.

Ian was much more optimistic than when they first met four years ago.

Sure enough, he was less radical after leaving Dorothy.

“Sure enough, take me there. I can’t cook with wet clothes.”

“Come with me.”

Ian pushed open Olivia’s old room. “You can choose whatever clothes you want in the closet.”

With that said, she closed the door and hurried back to her room. Then he intended to jump over the balcony to the next room to see if there were any scars on her legs.

Olivia had seen through him, so she stood on the balcony waiting for him.

As soon as she heard the noise, she came out from behind the curtain, folded her arms in front of her chest, and looked at him with a smile. “Punk, since when are you a peeping Tom?”

Chapter 697

Ian was straddling between two balconies. His right foot was on this side, but his left was still on his balcony.

Olivia’s appearance put him in a hard place. He did not know what to do and could only look at her blankly.

“It’s a misunderstanding.”

“A misunderstanding?”

Olivia looked at his shaking leg behind him. "Explain why you climbed the balcony when you knew I needed to change my clothes."

Ian bit his lip and said nothing.

"Cat got your tongue? Is that what your sister taught you?"

As soon as she finished, Ian loosened his left leg and tried to step over, only to lose strength in his right leg and fall straight through.

Olivia quickly reached out and grabbed him. "Ian, hold on tight."

Olivia struggled with Ian's sole weight on her hand. "You need to get to the edge of the balcony."

"No, I've run out of energy."

She wanted to scold him, but seeing him hanging outside the balcony, her heart melted again.

Although it was the second floor, and it was not very high, there was a gravel road underneath. If he fell, he might break a leg or something.

Suddenly, Olivia slipped and almost fell. "Ah!"

"John! Hurry and help! Ian is going to fall!"

She had no choice but to shout for John.

However, nothing happened after shouting once, so she could only shout again, "John! Get the f*ck over here and help! I can't hold on any longer!"

Fortunately, John had already come running in when she shouted a second time.

“Johnny, hurry and pull him up. I have no strength...”

As soon as she saw John, she felt as if she had seen a savior.

“I’ll take his right hand, and you can take his left.”

“Okay.”

Olivia’s hands were already shaking, but she dared not relax for Ian’s sake. She gritted her teeth and pulled him up with John.

As soon as Ian got up, her legs gave way, and she collapsed into John’s arms. Holding up her trembling hands, she sobbed, “I was scared to death...”

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“Let me help you to rest. Lie down on the bed.”

“Okay.”

Olivia was too weak to scold Ian, so she leaned on John. She walked to the bed and leaned against the head of the bed.

“Let me get you a glass of water.”

“No thanks. Help me to buy some groceries online. I’ll tell you what to buy.

You only need to order.”

“Okay.”

John first picked up the boy from the balcony and threw him outside the door. “Ian, reflect on yourself. I told you last time. Why won’t you listen?” Ian knew he had gotten into trouble and glanced guiltily at Olivia. However, the door slammed in his face before he could apologize.

However, he could sense from her reaction earlier that she was his sister.

Why did his sister refuse to acknowledge him?

In the room.

When John finished ordering, Olivia’s hands were still shaking.

It was not the way to go. John took her hand and pulled up her sleeve.

“What are you doing?”

“I’ll give you a massage. You might feel better.”

John helped her to massage from arm to hand. She felt a little better when her fair arm turned red.

“Hsss... Be gentle.”

“It doesn’t work if I’m gentle. Bear with it.”

Olivia frowned and bit her lip. “John, are you trying to get back at me?”

"I wouldn't dare."

It was weird to hear that from John.

However, the scene seemed familiar to Olivia. It was just like when they were in love.

Suddenly, John looked up at her. "Are you reminded of the past? Hmm?"

Chapter 698

Olivia froze before immediately withdrawing her gaze and glancing coldly at him instead. "You're overthinking." "Why won't you look at me? Are you guilty?"

Olivia withdrew her hand. "Cut the crap! Compared to that, I'd like to know what you told Ian to make him so much less hostile to me?"

Unexpectedly, John smiled mysteriously. "That's a secret."

'A secret?'

Olivia pushed him away indignantly. "Forget it if you won't tell. Get out. I'm getting changed."

'No more massages?'

Olivia opened the door and pushed him outside. "No thanks."

After closing the door, she went to the balcony to ensure no one was there before grabbing a random outfit from the closet and changing into it.

Then she rested in her room. She waited until the groceries were delivered before walking out of the room.

John brought several large bags of groceries into the kitchen and could not help sighing. "Are you going to cook all this at once?"

"Yeah."

"Are you well enough to cook them all?"

Olivia ignored him and put the dishes on the counter. She pondered about how to work at the same time and set to work.

"Cut these and wash them."

With that said, she pushed a pile of vegetables to John.

John looked at the vegetables and then at her. For a moment, he did not know what to say.

'She looked afraid of me when we got reunited. Why did she... look at ease ordering me around?

'Is it because I'm nice? Or was it Zac?'

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. 'Why was Zac able to change her so easily?'

Suddenly, he had speculation.

Just then, Olivia turned her head around to glance at him. "Why do you keep staring at me? I'm not a vegetable."

John froze for dozens of seconds before finally asking, "Liv, have you fallen for Zac?"

Olivia stopped what she was doing and stared at him for some time. "What does it have to do with you whether I've fallen for him?"

"I..."

"John, if you don't want to be my sous chef, you can leave. I can call Ken to come over. It's the same."

It was no doubt a warning that he would be kicked out if he asked more questions.

John began to panic. 'I just saved her. Why is she so indifferent...

'If she has fallen for Zac, doesn't that mean I won't even have a chance to repent?'

Olivia glanced at him and sneered when she turned around.

It was nothing compared to the harm he had caused her.

She used to be afraid, but she now wanted revenge.

Since he wanted to atone so badly, he had to do more. He could not expect her to change her impression of him just because he was nicer.

Above all, she found herself in love with the thrill of revenge.

They spent almost four hours in the kitchen before they finished making the meal.

When Ian walked down the stairs, the smell of each dish beckoned to him, making him gulp.

“Can I eat now?”

“Yes. You’re not allowed to leave leftovers.”

“Then I won’t hold back.”

Ian took the cutlery and first picked up a piece of fish. “Yummy. That’s the taste.”

‘My sister’s cooking.’

Olivia could not help smiling when she saw him happy.

Her mother entrusted her brother to her before she died, but she was not always there for him.

Although she had no choice, she failed to do her job. She hoped her mother would not blame her. She also hoped she could make up for it in the future.

Seeing Ian eat until the food was all over his mouth, Olivia took a tissue and helped him wipe it off. “Look at you. Take your time. You have food all over your mouth. If you like my cooking, I’ll come and cook for you whenever I have time, okay?”

Ian froze. Looking at his familiar yet strange sister, he nodded. “I won’t mind if you’re willing to do it.”

While they were eating, John’s phone rang. He stepped aside to answer it. His expression seemed a little more solemn when he got back.

Chapter 699

On the way back, Olivia casually asked, “What happened?”

“We found out who’s behind Zac’s car accident.”

Olivia’s eyes darkened, and she quickly asked, “Who is it?”

John looked at her and hesitated. “Jimmy.”

Jimmy?’

The result was somewhat surprising.

Jimmy had locked Zac in the basement and forced him to marry Dorothy, but he did not hurt him much.

Why did he go this far this time?

‘Are you sure?’”

‘What we have so far is Jimmy. Maybe there’s someone else behind him.”

“Who do you think it could be?”

John felt uncomfortable seeing her so worried, but he decided to reveal some things for her safety.

“I always suspected that there’s someone behind the Jameson family.”

Olivia frowned. “What do you mean someone? Is someone manipulating the Jameson family?”

“Yeah, I still can’t find that person after four years, so I’m not sure. But you have to be careful.”

In Ocean City, a person John failed to find after looking for four years was either good at hiding or close by.

If they existed, it would be bad for Zac.

It was tantamount to having the enemy in the dark while they were in the light. They were sitting ducks.

“Do you think the person you can’t find wants the Jameson family?”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s not the Jameson family they want but the whole Ocean City.”

‘The whole Ocean City...

‘That makes sense.’

However, she did not expect Jimmy to cause a car accident to hurt his son for profit.

Even a vicious tiger would not eat its cubs!

How vicious did he have to be to do something so heartless?

It seemed they should be more careful in the future so that Jimmy could not have anything against them.

While she was thinking, her phone rang. It was from Ken.

“Liv, I found the guy behind Zac’s car accident.”

Olivia froze and frowned. “It’s not Jimmy, is it?”

Ken was puzzled. "How did you know? Zac doesn't already know, does he?"

"John told me."

"What are you doing with John?" Ken was worried. "Is everything alright?"

Olivia looked over her shoulder at John. "Nothing happened. Don't tell Zac about it first. I'm afraid he can't take it."

"That's what I thought. Let's keep it from him as long as possible."

"Yeah, what are you going to do next?"

Ken sighed. "It's not easy to deal with. I would have done something if it had been anyone else. But it's Jimmy."

Jimmy was already hard to deal with, and they had to keep things peaceful on the surface. Given their relationship with Zac, there were many things that were inconvenient to do.

"Let's talk about it when I get back."

"Alright."

After hanging up, she heard John say indifferently, "He's not as stupid as you think. He'll find out sooner or later."

"He hasn't recovered. I'm afraid he wouldn't be able to take it if he knew he became crippled because of his father."

After all, he had tried to kill himself before because he could not accept being crippled.

Olivia was traumatized, so she was now carefully monitoring his mental state.

John saw the concern, and his heart ached vaguely.

“What’s wrong with recognizing reality earlier? How can he protect you if he can’t even endure this? How is he getting back what’s his?”

“John, will you stop making such sarcastic remarks?”

“How is this sarcastic?”

Olivia snapped, “Not everyone is heartless like you. Zac has emotions too. He’s going to be upset. He’ll feel upset and can’t take it too.”

John froze. “Do you think I’m heartless?”

Olivia asked without thinking, “Are you not?”

Chapter 700

John thought he was having a heart attack. Looking at the familiar yet indifferent face, he said nothing.

It turned out that was how she felt back then.

Olivia looked at him and said with a sneer, “John, if you had a heart, we wouldn’t turn out like this, and our two children wouldn’t be dead.”

Suddenly, he felt a headache and leaned back painfully in his chair.

“What’s come over you?”

“Nothing. Maybe I didn’t sleep well last night.”

John turned to one side. When Olivia was not looking, he popped a pill into his mouth. Then he closed his eyes and let out a sigh.

As it happened, the car arrived at Elegance Gardens, and Olivia opened the door to get out.

Probably recalling something, she suddenly stopped and glanced at John.” John, take care of yourself, and don’t die so soon.”

John looked at her with half-narrowed eyes, thinking she was concerned about him.

However, Olivia said a second later, “It would be annoying if you died before I could get my revenge.”

With that said, she slammed the door shut and walked into the house without looking back.

She had no idea what was wrong with John, but it did not seem to be a problem due to poor sleep.

Besides, the last time he fainted, she had no choice but to suspect that he might suffer from something more serious.

However, could someone like John not get treatment after falling sick?

He was a self-serving elite. There was no reason he would not get treatment.

However, she did not want him to die. On the contrary, she wanted him to live a long life.

After all, once he died, she would lose someone to hate and would start to mourn. She did not want to mourn him.

“Miss?”

Mrs. Simmons saw her standing motionless in the doorway, walked over, and patted her. “What are you doing standing here? Are you okay?”

Olivia snapped back to herself. “No, I was just wondering what you made.”

“I knew you had been busy at Young Master Ian’s all afternoon, so I cooked tomato soup for you. Have some after your bath.”

“Okay.”

Olivia looked around. “Where’s Zac?”

“Sir is in his study. He hasn’t been out all afternoon.”

“He didn’t eat either?”

Mrs. Simmons shook her head. “He said he’s not hungry. I don’t know if he’s worried about you, so he has no appetite. Give me a second.”

With that said, she ran back into the kitchen and brought out a tray with two dishes, a soup, and a plate of noodles—all hot.

“Miss, Sir’s a patient. He has to eat. I can’t persuade him, but he has always listened to you. Talk to him.”

Olivia took it and nodded. “Okay, I’ll persuade him. Mrs. Simmons, get some rest first.”

With that said, she pressed her lips together and carried the tray upstairs.

'Did he already know that Jimmy was behind the accident?

'Or did he have no appetite because I wasn't home?'

"Zac?"

"Come in."

Olivia pushed the door and entered. "Zac, you..."

She was about to ask about him but remembered they were bugged, so she immediately stopped talking.

Seeing her concern, Zac smiled and reassured her, "Don't worry. I cleared the place and searched the whole room. There was only one under the study desk."

Olivia exhaled in relief and put the tray on the table. "I heard you refused to eat all afternoon. Why didn't you eat?"

"Have you settled the thing with Dorothy?"

"Yeah, do you know about it?"

Zac smiled. "I asked John to go there."

Olivia froze. "You asked him to go there?"

“I saw your text and thought Dorothy might harm you. So, I had someone check your phone’s location. When I saw you were at Larson’s Residence, I knew what she was up to, so I sent John over to help you.”

“What about the recording he had?”

Zac pulled the tray closer. “The recording’s fake.