

G.H Hooked 851

Chapter 851

John clutched her slender waist so tightly that her face was pressed against his chest.

“Ask your boss to meet me.”

“I’m sorry, but he has already left.’

John’s eyes were solemn as he gazed coldly at the man in black. “Really?

Did something come up, or is he afraid to see me?”

The man in black did not answer the question but repeated, “Sir, please let go of the lady. Or else, don’t blame me for being rude.”

However, before the man in black could move, John’s men had him pinned to the ground.

John looked at him condescendingly. “Tell your boss not to be so sneaky. If he wants to see her, he has to go through me first.”

With that said, he leaned over, picked Olivia up, walked out of the hotel, and threw her into the car.

“John, are you out of your mind? What does who I see have to do with you? Let go of me!”

However, without even glancing at her, John slammed the door shut and locked her in the Maybach, letting her knock on the window.

A few minutes later, Wes ran out of the room and shook his head at him.’ Looks like he’s gone. We cant find him, but I copied the surveillance footage to see if we could find anything.”

'Okay. We must find him.'

"Yes."

John was careful to open the door, so Olivia would not ambush him. Even so, he got a kick from her.

However, he was quick to dodge it. She only kicked him on the thigh, which was not very painful.

After getting into the car, John reached out and pulled the furious woman into his arms. Seeing that the woman looked like a mad kitten, he could not help but smile.

"Why bother? You know you can't beat me, don't you?"

Even so, John liked to see her go mad yet be so helpless.

"John, did you follow me?"

"I was worried about you."

"I should have called the undertaker to collect your dead body last night!"

John grabbed her hand to keep her fingernails from scratching his face. He said coldly, "Why don't you wonder why that man made excuses to leave as soon as I came? If he's the Mr. M you're looking for, how can he be so timid?"

Olivia found that a little strange too.

However, she had no heart to think about why Milo was avoiding John. She just wanted to scratch the man's face!

Not only did he lie to her and pry into her privacy, but he also followed her. He was just as barbaric and arrogant as four years ago!

“Let me go! You have no right to meddle in my business!”

“Olivia, I’m your husband. Why would I have no right?”

‘Bah!’

Olivia opened her mouth to bite him, but he dodged her. “You already killed your wife!”

After she yelled, she somehow managed to break free from John. She hit John with both her hands and legs.

“Stop the car!”

The driver dared not stop, but he tried to raise the car divider.

Olivia suddenly grabbed the back of the driver’s collar. “Did you hear me when I asked you to stop? Stop the car!”

The driver dared not stop hastily. He asked helplessly, “Sir?”

Seeing this, John could only say, “Stop the car, and let her out.’

“Yes, Sir.”

The driver stopped the car at the roadside.

Olivia glared at John. "John, I'm warning you. You and I are no longer related. Don't let me see you again!"

With that said, she opened the door and got out of the car. She also turned around and slammed the door. She stopped a taxi and walked away without looking back.

John sighed somewhat helplessly. "Follow her. Don't let her notice us."

He was only trying to protect her in his way, but she seemed to have misunderstood.

Chapter 852

On her way back to Elegance Gardens, she received a call from Milo.

"Doyle just said someone dragged you away. Who was it? Where are you? Are you safe?"

Olivia felt guilty when she heard he was concerned about her.

"Sir, I'm sorry."

'Why did you apologize to me?"

Olivia pressed her lips. "My friend misunderstood you and followed me. I wonder if your staff member got hurt? If he is, I'll pay for his medical bills."

"Doyle's fine. I'm only worried about you." Milo paused. "Is that man a friend of yours?"

Olivia was silent for a moment before saying with a nod, "Yeah, it's someone I know."

How was she friends with John?

However, she could not tell Milo that it was her ex-husband, could she? Therefore, she could only give a perfunctory answer.

Fortunately, Milo did not ask more questions about their relationship.

“Ms. James, was the man who took you away Mr. Freeman, who’s famous in Ocean City?”

“Well, yes.”

“Do you know Mr. Freeman well?”

Olivia could not help feeling wary. “Why do you ask, Sir?”

“Don’t worry. I’m not prying into your personal affairs. I’ve just heard some bad rumors about Mr. Freeman and am a little concerned for your safety.”

‘Bad rumors?’

Olivia could not resist asking, “Sir, what do the bad rumors you mentioned ... say?”

“There are quite a few rumors. They’re about him and his ex-wife, and some are about his family. But they’re only hearsay, after all. I’m not sure if they’re true, and it seems inappropriate for me to suddenly say something.”

“Sir, do you know something?”

Milo’s eyes narrowed. Knowing Olivia had taken the bait, he said, “I’ll tell you about it next time. I’m in a meeting right now. I called you halfway through my meeting, so I can’t talk for too long.”

Olivia felt slightly embarrassed when she heard he was still in a meeting. ‘ I’m sorry. I’ll get out of your hair, sir. I’m safe. Thank you for your concern, Sir.”

“Okay, let me know if you need me. Gotta go.”

“Goodbye.”

Olivia frowned as she hung up.

The rumors about John’s ex-wife must have something to do with her. She was sure of that.

However, she had never heard anything about John’s family.

Besides, not only had she never heard anything about them, he never shared anything with her when they were together.

All she knew was that John’s parents died long ago in a car accident, and he had no other brothers, sisters, or even uncles and aunts. John was the only member of the Freeman family.

Ken had said before that John’s weird personality was because of his family.

However, how did it affect his character when there were no surviving members?

Were there a lot of skeletons in the closet?

She felt like she had never seen the real John.

All she knew was that he was just as brutal, bossy, and domineering as ever. He was always trying to keep everyone under his thumb.

She disliked that feeling.

It would remind her of the bad memories of when he locked her in that room.

When she reached the door, her phone rang again.

Thinking it was John calling, she was going to hang up. However, she found it to be Ian after looking down. She quickly answered in surprise.

“You lied to me again!”

Olivia paused, dumbfounded for a moment.

What did she lie to Ian about?

Before she could speak, he spoke again with repressed anger.

“Why do you keep making promises you can’t keep? I waited for you all day. You didn’t show up even after the orientation ceremony finished. Not even a phone call from you! Olivia Larson, you don’t deserve to be my sister!”

Chapter 853

‘Orientation ceremony?’

Olivia instantly snapped back to reality. She quickly opened the calendar to check the date, only to realize that today was Ian’s orientation ceremony.

When Sam was kidnapped, she promised on the boat that she would attend it.

However, so much had been going on recently that she forgot about it...

“Ilan...”

Olivia covered her mouth, flustered. “Ilan, I’m sorry... I’m so sorry. Where are you? I’ll come and see you, okay?”

“What’s the point of coming now? You always do this. You only apologize afterward. Can you really make up for your absence by apologizing?”

Olivia could not retort to Ilan’s sentence.

She was not a good sister.

Especially since the incident six years ago, she had been absent from Ilan’s life, so it was no wonder Ilan had so many complaints.

“Ilan, give me another chance, okay?”

“Forget it. You care more about other people. You can keep them company. I’m calling to tell you that from now on, I don’t have a sister. So don’t

torture yourself and give yourself a hard time anymore. You can enjoy your new life, Phoebe James!”

“Ilan, I... Ilan? Are you still listening?”

However, Ilan did not give her any time to explain. He just hung up. He had already turned off the phone when she called back.

She could tell he was furious this time.

Olivia panicked. She thought of looking for Ilan at Larson’s Residence. As soon as she opened the car door, Sam ran out hurriedly.

“Godmother, you’re back. Mrs. Simmons doesn’t seem well. She said she had a stomach ache. I called Mr. Lucas, but he seems to be in surgery and isn’t answering his phone. What should we do?”

“What?”

Olivia closed the car door and ran in after Sam.

Mrs. Simmons was crouched on the ground, holding her stomach. You could tell she was in pain.

“Sam, don’t tell Miss. She... She already has a lot to handle. Get me a taxi.”

Mrs. Simmons struggled to stand up as she spoke. She looked up and met Olivia’s gaze. Her expression instantly changed as she pretended that nothing had happened. “Miss, what are you doing back here?”

Looking at Mrs. Simmons’s sweaty forehead and pale lips, Olivia felt sorry and took her arm. “Why didn’t you tell me that you’re not feeling well? It can become something major if you ignore pains and illnesses at your age.”

“Miss, I’m fine. I’m really fine. Don’t listen to...”

“Mrs. Simmons, if you don’t want to give me trouble, you should come with me to the doctor. I can only feel at ease when you are well.”

With that, she helped Mrs. Simmons outside, putting her straight into the backseat of the car.

“Sam, sit in the back and take care of Mrs. Simmons.”

“Yes, Godmother.”

Worried Mrs. Simmons's condition would worsen, Olivia sped to the hospital. Once they were there, she parked the car, rushed to the emergency room, requested a doctor, and ran over with a stretcher.

Mrs. Simmons was the only elder she had left, and she did not know what she would do if something happened to her.

While Mrs. Simmons was being examined, she paced up and down the hallway. Sam grabbed her several times, but she shrugged him off.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the doctor walked out. Olivia immediately ran to him and asked anxiously, "How was it? What is it? Is it serious? Does she need surgery?"

Chapter 854

The doctor motioned for Olivia to calm down. "Calm down. It's nothing serious. It's just appendicitis. All she needs is a small surgery."

Hearing this, she breathed a sudden sigh of relief. "Appendicitis? Is it really just appendicitis?"

"Yes, it's really just appendicitis. Ms. James, your aunt is much healthier than Ms. Lucas."

The remark made Olivia not know whether to laugh or cry.

Either way, she was relieved that Mrs. Simmons was alright.

Olivia was worried about Mrs. Simmons's health, so the doctor scheduled an emergency surgery for that night.

After the surgery, Olivia and Sam accompanied Mrs. Simmons to a private ward on the top floor.

Mrs. Simmons was a little reluctant as she frowned. "Miss, why do you want me to stay alone in such a luxurious hospital ward? It's a waste of money. Don't..."

'Mrs. Simmons, have you forgotten that this is Ken's hospital? It's free.

Don't worry about money. Besides, it's more convenient for me to stay here with you, isn't it?"

"No, you've been so tired lately. Hurry up, and take Sam home. I don't need you."

'You just had an operation, and it's difficult for you to go to the bathroom.

How could you not need me?"

Mrs. Simmons pushed her away. "It's not like there are no nurses. It's a private ward, so there must be a nurse. I can ask them for help. Hurry home!

When Olivia did not move, Mrs. Simmons added, "Even if you don't think about yourself, think about Sam. How can you stay here with a child?"

Olivia nodded. "Okay, have a good rest then. I'll see you tomorrow."

With that said, she walked out with Sam. They went one floor down and headed straight to Ken's office.

"Ken, is it your day off tomorrow?"

Ken had just finished an operation. Still dumbfounded, he nodded blankly." Yeah. What's the matter?"

Olivia pushed Sam into his arms. "Sam is yours. Take good care of him."

“Huh? What are you doing? I don’t know how to take care of children... My chef is also on leave. There’ll be nothing to eat at home tomorrow. You...”

“Mrs. Simmons is hospitalized. I have to take care of her. Will you help me?”

Olivia looked at him, bit her lip, and pleaded. “Please.”

Then she turned around and left the ward without giving Ken a chance to refuse.

Ken was left alone, looking at Sam in confusion. “What happened?”

Sam briefly explained the situation. “But don’t worry, Mr. Lucas. I can take care of myself. You don’t need to worry.”

Ken took off his white coat and put on his trench coat. He casually asked, ‘Has your godmother been particularly tired lately?’

‘Yeah. I noticed that she often can’t sleep at night and sits on the balcony in a daze. It seems like she has a lot on her mind.’

Sam looked up at Ken. “Mr. Lucas, can you help Godmother? I think Godmother is going to break down from exhaustion.”

Ken sighed and did not answer.

After Mrs. Simmons fell asleep, Olivia quietly returned to the ward and sat on the sofa.

Even though she was sitting there, she thought about Ian, who was outside.

Her brother’s phone was still turned off. She had no idea where he was.

Zac was divorcing her, John could not be trusted, and Ken...

She had already asked Ken to help look after Sam, so she was embarrassed to ask him to help her find Ian too.

Everything was so overwhelming, making her feel suffocated.

She wanted to quickly settle the Dorothy situation and take them all to meet Lyla.

However, she had no idea when that day would come...

Chapter 855

After a long struggle, Olivia sent Ian a text message.

Olivia: [I know you're tired of hearing me say the word 'sorry', but I don't know what else to say. I know it's impossible to make you forgive me because I also blame myself for failing to take good care of you and missing the chance to watch you grow up. It's my fault. You forgave me, but I repeatedly let you down. If I were you, I'd be angry too. I'd ignore myself. But I'm really sorry, Ian. I can't go to you yet. I'll apologize and make it up to you later, okay? Ian, be a good boy. Live a good life, study hard, eat regularly, don't stay up late, and don't hurt yourself... Love, Olivia]

After sending the text message, she let out a long sigh.

How could she walk away when Mrs. Simmons had fallen ill?

Ian was now an adult and could live on his own. Between the two, she had no choice but to prioritize Mrs. Simmons.

As she thought about it, tears blurred her line of sight, and a warm tear dropped onto the phone.

She wiped it off in a panic. Then, she covered her mouth and began to cry silently.

‘Olivia Larson! Olivia, you’re so useless. Why can’t you do anything right? Why must you do everyone wrong?’

Two days later, Mrs. Simmons could already go to the bathroom herself, and Sam’s mood had improved.

Of course, Olivia did not know if Sam was merely keeping his emotions bottled up because of everything that had been going on or if he had gotten over it, but she did not have time for that.

After having lunch with Mrs. Simmons and reminding Sam to stay in the ward with Mrs. Simmons, she went to Quinton Group by taxi.

She wanted to talk to Zac in person.

However, when she arrived at Quinton Group’s legal department, she found Zac’s office door locked. The secretary said Zac was not in and asked Olivia to reschedule her meeting.

When she called Zac’s phone, she heard his ringtone coming from inside the office.

“Open the door!”

The secretary blocked her at the door. “Mrs. Quinton, please. Mr. Quinton just forgot his phone. He’s really not inside.”

Olivia looked at her coldly and repeated, “Open the door!”

The secretary was in a dilemma. She dared not open the door nor stop Olivia, so she could only stand awkwardly in the doorway.

Luckily, Elaine walked over, took Olivia's arm, and walked out. "Mrs. Quinton, let's talk for a second."

Olivia was about to shake her off when Elaine nodded at her, so she followed her out.

"Mr. Quinton is in a meeting. I'm afraid you won't be able to see him today." Elaine took a moment, then continued. "But are you really getting a divorce? ■

"Who said so?"

"Ken, is it your day off tomorrow?"

"Jamie York."

Olivia frowned. "Who's Jamie York?"

Elaine pressed her lips together, looked around, and whispered, "The woman who came out of Mr. Quinton's office before. She's said to be dating Mr. Quinton. She said he wants to divorce you because of her."

Olivia recalled the woman who pulled the straps last time. It turned out her name was Jamie York.

She had a nice name.

"She almost told the whole Quinton Group. It probably can't be kept a secret for much longer."

Elaine expected Olivia to be angry but found her surprisingly calm. Her reaction was not typical of a woman who just learned that her husband cheated on her.

"Mrs. Quinton, are... Are you alright?"

Olivia looked up at her and said with a smile, "I'm fine. Since I can't see Zac today, I'm leaving." "Mrs. Quinton, are you not mad?"

Chapter 856

Olivia looked at Elaine in confusion. "Why would I be mad?" "Most people would be mad and give the homewrecker a hard time if they heard their husbands had an affair, wouldn't they?"

She chuckled and shook her head when she heard that. "Elaine, a man no longer cares about you if he has an affair. There's no point giving the homewrecker a hard time. You're only going to embarrass yourself. So I won't do such a thing."

With that said, she stopped smiling. "But let me warn you. Although I wouldn't do such a thing, Dorothy Jameson would. She's the type to make a scene and loves arguing, so you'd better have a backup plan."

Then Olivia turned around and went straight to the elevator.

She could see that Zac was deliberately avoiding her.

As for Jamie...

She was interested in finding out what was going on. She did not believe Zac was that kind of person.

She did not mind Zac divorcing her because he had met a woman he sincerely liked, but it bothered her that Zac could stoop so low.

With that in mind, the elevator stopped on the 12th floor. The door opened, and they ran into Jamie.

Jamie was showing off her silhouette in a black dress. With her delicate makeup and long curly hair, she looked charming.

Their eyes locked, and Jamie was the first to look away before sheepishly entering.

“If I were you, I’d sign the divorce papers as soon as possible.”

Jamie said suddenly.

Olivia ignored her.

Jamie frowned and turned to look at her. “Phoebe, do you think it didn’t happen because you pretend not to hear it or see it? Stop bothering Zac. Zac and I can’t wait any longer.”

Once she finished speaking, the elevator reached the ground floor. Olivia did not even look at Jamie as she walked out.

Panicked, Jamie ran up and grabbed her hand. “Phoebe, Zac only married you because you look like Olivia. But just to be clear, you only look like Olivia. You’re not her. Zac never liked you. Please feel some shame!”

Olivia finally stopped and turned to look at her.

From Olivia’s point of view, Jamie’s provocation was much less aggressive and vicious than Dorothy’s.

Perhaps it was because she had experienced Dorothy’s intense provocation that she found this boring and did not even want to bother with her.

However, Jamie’s last sentence...

Olivia smiled. “Got a minute? Have a cup of coffee with me.”

Jamie thought Olivia was going to hit her and was ready to fight back. However, she did not expect to be ignored.

Seeing her freeze in place, Olivia shook her hand off. "If you're willing to have a cup of coffee with me, meet me at the cafe next door."

With that said, she turned and walked out.

Once she reached the coffee shop, Olivia ordered a latte, sat by the window, and waited.

She knew Jamie would come.

Sure enough, Jamie arrived shortly after her coffee was served.

"I have nothing to discuss with you. It's better for all of us if you just sign the divorce papers."

"Sit down. What would you like to drink?"

Jamie frowned. "Phoebe, stop avoiding it. The whole Quinton Group knows that I'm with Zac now. You can't keep it a secret. Let go."

Olivia found her a little annoying. "Ms. York, if I were you, I'd sit down and order a cup of coffee first. After all, you're the one who's panicking, not me."

"You..."

Jamie had no idea what to do and could only sit down. "What are you trying to say?"

Chapter 857

"When did it start?"

Before you got married.”

Olivia glanced up at her and responded with a sneer. “You’re lying through your teeth. You’d better be honest.”

Her threat seemed to make Jamie a little nervous.

She held her dress, gulped, and said coldly, “That’s right. We didn’t really start before you got married, but I already knew Zac then. We only started seeing each other officially two months ago. But you don’t have to measure my relationship with Zac by its length.”

“Yeah, I got it.”

Olivia lowered her head to sip her coffee. “What did Zac tell you about me?”

“Phoebe, Zac was right about you. You like to humiliate yourself. You’re boring.”

“Is that all?”

Jamie looked at her disdainfully. “Who do you think you are? Am I expected to answer all your questions?”

Jamie’s story was full of loopholes and had no credibility whatsoever.

Jamie needed to take a leaf out of Dorothy’s book when it came to distorting facts.

However, Olivia did not expose her but instead said, “Tell Zac I won’t sign the divorce papers unless he sees me.”

With that said, she got up to walk out.

Jamie suddenly got up and stopped her. "Phoebe, stop!"

Olivia turned around only to have a hot cup of coffee thrown in her face. ' Phoebe, I'm telling you, you're the other woman in this relationship, not me. You got in between Zac and me. And now you're trying to make yourself look pitiful to have him to yourself. I'm warning you to leave him alone.

Otherwise, I won't go easy on you!"

The waiter nearby hurriedly ran over with tissues. "Miss, are you okay? Do I need to call the police or an ambulance?"

Olivia took the tissues, wiped the coffee off her face, and shook her head.' No thanks. Please clean up the floor."

Then she looked at Jamie walking out. "In that case, where were you when Zac had the accident?"

Jamie paused and did not answer.

Then Olivia heard someone comment, "Gosh, isn't that Mrs. Quinton? I always thought she was the wife. I didn't expect her to be the homewrecker. Gosh!"

"She must have fooled Mr. Quinton with her face. Otherwise, how could someone with no status become Mrs. Quinton?"

"I recently heard that Mr. Quinton got together with Jamie York. It seems they got into an argument because his wife refused to go through with the divorce."

Olivia did not know what else they said, but she knew it would get back to Quinton Group and Dorothy.

She smiled and tossed the tissues into the trash can nearby. Fortunately, this was not her first time experiencing a situation like this. She was already immune to it, so she did not feel anything.

However, it taught her one thing.

She was treasured when she was being doted on. When she was abandoned, she was the object of vicious remarks.

Her identity never changed. The only thing that changed was the man.

She did not blame Zac because she had pretty much figured out what he was upto.

However, such an encounter reminded her of the situation four years ago.

The difference was that back then, John was the one trampling over

She planned to return to the hospital but needed a shower and a change of clothes.

She texted Zac on her way back.

Olivia: [Zac, the actress you hired is terrible. There are so many holes in her story. Besides that, her aggressiveness is less than a tenth of Dorothy's back then. So, I'm not signing the divorce papers.]

Chapter 858

The hospital.

Kate was watching dramas in bed when the door was suddenly pushed open. Thinking it was Olivia, she looked up with a smile. "You're back..."

When she saw who it actually was, her smile disappeared. "What are you doing here?"

Dorothy came in with a cold snort and looked at Kate's wounds contemptuously. "I came to see you. What's the matter? Am I not welcome? H

"You know the answer to that."

"Really? I was discharged from the hospital after the car accident. Why are you still admitted? It looks like you're severely hurt."

Kate's face was grim. She did not want to talk to her.

However, how could Dorothy pass up an opportunity to humiliate her?

"I heard that you had peed yourself and reeked when you were brought to the hospital?"

Kate's expression changed as she gripped her blanket.

Dorothy noticed the change in her expression and said with a smile, "But I think you haven't learned your lesson yet. I can't believe you're still on such good terms with that b*tch Phoebe now."

With that said, she leaned over toward Kate. "Aren't you afraid that I'll strike again? You won't just be peeing yourself then. It could be a lot worse -but don't worry, I won't let you die."

Kate raised her hand to push her away, but Dorothy stopped it in mid-air."

You want to hit me? I'm telling you. Phoebe's dead meat. She's in trouble herself. I don't think she's got time for you. You'd better think this through."

Kate gritted her teeth and said, "Dorothy Jameson, do you think I'm three years old? Do you think I'd still be friends with you after what you did to me? You're talking nonsense! Didn't you approach me to use me against the Lucas family in the first place? How foolish of me to trust you and think that you were sincere. How could a wicked woman who betrays her friend, intervenes in other people's marriages, and destroys other people's families be sincere?"

“Shut up!”

Dorothy slapped. “Kate, do you want to die?”

“Just try and kill me right here, right now. You’re a snake! Everyone in

Ocean City knows that the Larson family was kind to you. Yet you ended up killing them. Do you think I wouldn’t find out because you deleted all the news?”

“You!”

Dorothy was overcome with rage. She strangled Kate without thinking and snarled with a ferocious expression, “Fine. I’ll grant you your wish if you want to die so badly!”

“Stop!”

Suddenly, Olivia rushed in and pushed Dorothy away, shielding Kate behind her. “Dorothy, are you going to kill the heiress of the Lucas family in their own hospital?”

Dorothy bumped into a nearby chair when she was pushed. She had tripped and fallen. “Ah!”

When she regained composure, she looked up at Olivia, her eyes solemn and horrifying. “It’s you!”

Olivia was not scared. She only looked condescendingly and coldly at Dorothy. “Yes, it’s me.”

“Ha.” Dorothy got up and said with a sneer, “Since when did you get so close? Oh, did you two idiots come together because you’re both outcasts? H

“Dorothy, you can forget about hurting Kate again now that I’m here. Get the f*ck out!”

“You?” Dorothy laughed out loud as if she had heard a joke. “Who do you think you are? Phoebe, Zac used to have your back. Zac might have been the underdog, but he’s still the heir of the Quinton family. But it’s different now.”

Dorothy went up to Olivia and held her head high. “Phoebe, your husband would rather have an affair with a woman like Jamie and divorce you. You have nothing left. How will you fight me?”

Chapter 859

As she had expected, the news had reached Dorothy.

Fortunately, she had nothing to fear.

“Really? I didn’t expect my sister-in-law to be so interested in my marriage. But it’s better to ask me for the truth than believe rumors.”

“Rumors?”

Dorothy exclaimed, “Tsk. Phoebe, I notice that besides the fact that you look exactly like Olivia, you’re also similarly shameless.”

She leaned into Olivia’s ear and whispered, “She was just the same. She refused to believe it. Now see how things have turned out. She’s dead while I’m alive!”

Olivia’s lips twitched. She pressed her lips together and said, “Dolly, since you like being a homewrecker so much, let me remind you to be wary of it coming back to bite you.”

“What did you say?”

Dorothy’s expression immediately changed. She was about to hit her, but Olivia stopped her arm in mid-air.

“What’s the matter? Are you scared? So you have something you’re scared of too. I thought you became fearless once becoming heiress of the Jameson family.”

“At least I’m the heiress of the Jameson family. Who are you? You just look like someone else. Do you really think you can get wealth and glory using that?”

Dorothy squinted and said through clenched teeth, “I’m telling you, pests will always be pests. They can never become butterflies. Don’t try to twist the truth by bluffing. You’re an abandoned woman. Sure enough, women with your face always end up getting dumped...”

Slap!

Before Dorothy could finish, Olivia slapped her, leaving her dumbfounded.

“How... How dare you slap me?”

Olivia was undaunted. “What’s wrong with slapping you? You have a bad mouth, and I’m disgusted by it. Of course, I’d slap you.”

“You!”

Dorothy tried to fight back, but Olivia pushed her out.

“I’m warning you. Don’t hurt Kate anymore. Hurry and get lost before I call the police!”

“Call the police?”

Dorothy sneered and said, “What will you tell the police? Are you going to tell them that I had someone beat up Kate? What’s the use of that? Do you have any proof? Do you have any witnesses?”

Olivia gazed coldly at her and took one step closer. "Dare you deny it?"

Dorothy froze and took a step back. "What do you want? Are you going to slap me again?"

"When have I ever slapped you? Don't accuse me of something I didn't do."

"You!" Suddenly Dorothy looked grimly at her and said with a sneer, "Phoebe, call the police if you have evidence. What's the use of questioning me? I'll tell you now that I had someone beat up Kate. So what? I not only had her beaten but also imprisoned!"

Dorothy pointed at Kate on the bed. "She wouldn't dare call the police. What's the use of you calling the police?"

With that said, her cold eyes glared at Olivia. "And you, Phoebe James! I could have called the police on you! Noah's missing. Did you kill him?"

Olivia shuddered, but only for a moment. She smiled and said, "Dorothy, have you lost your memory? Noah has been dead for years. Even his killer is dead. Isn't it silly of you to come and insult me with that?"

"Are you denying it? Noah isn't even dead. He captured Sam, but he hasn't contacted me yet. Are you telling me you had nothing to do with his disappearance? It's either you who killed him or John!"

Dorothy looked confident. "Just look it up when the time comes. Do you think you can get away with it?"

Chapter 860

Olivia chuckled and looked up at Dorothy while shaking her head.

It confused Dorothy. 'Why are you chuckling? Have you lost your mind now that I've exposed you?'

Olivia stopped smiling and held up her phone. "Dorothy, I recorded everything you just said."

Dorothy froze as she reached out to grab the phone, but Olivia evaded her grasp.

"Phoebe, what are you trying to do? I warned you to think before you did anything. Be careful, or soon, you'll see Sam's dead body!"

"Dorothy, I know the Jameson family wasn't the only backup you have. But I'm also warning you not to be too haughty, or you'll be sacrificed!"

Olivia only said that to intimidate Dorothy. After all, she also had no idea who was behind Dorothy.

If John was the target, they would have kept Dorothy as a pawn. She was useful after all.

However, she still scared Dorothy. Dorothy froze for a moment. After a while, a realization struck her. She regained composure and said with a smile, "Phoebe, you forgot that you can't use voice recordings in court."

"I didn't forget. After all, I didn't say I was going to call the police."

Dorothy paused. "What do you mean?"

"I know that the Quinton Group's shareholders meeting is coming up, and you want to use it as an opportunity to get Zac out of the way, don't you?"

Olivia said with a smile, "Zac's affair and divorce must have affected the other shareholders' impression of him, but... what if I send this recording of you to your Dad, Fabian, and the rest of the shareholders? Will they give up on Fabian because of you? Will Fabian dump you because of this?"

"And since the person behind you wants power. If you screw up repeatedly, won't he abandon you?"

“You’re so fond of laughing at me for being abandoned. Perhaps you’ll be abandoned first!”

“Ha. Phoebe, I love your confidence, but I think you’re overthinking. Zac is a nobody in Quinton Group. Do you think the shareholders are fools? Fabian is even more unlikely to do that!”

Olivia shook her head. “The shareholders aren’t stupid, so they see you for what you are—a woman who was live-streamed having an affair with another man, has been linked to murder and framing others for crimes, and was involved with various criminal cases. Why should they listen to you and Fabian? How could Dad delegate power to someone like you?”

Dorothy was furious but dared not say anything when she saw the phone in Olivia’s hand. She could only clench her fists and look at her with hatred. She gasped heavily and said through clenched teeth, “You win this time! But let me tell you, no good will come to you for crossing me. You’ll see!”

With that said, she turned around and walked out angrily. She slammed the door shut with a loud bang as she left.

Seeing her leave, Olivia heaved a sigh of relief and sank into a chair beside her.

She was afraid Dorothy would continue to cause an even bigger scene.

She might not have been able to handle the situation.

However, Dorothy would definitely find a way to make a scene after this. Olivia had to keep her eyes open.

Fortunately, Dorothy did not know her real identity. She only thought of her as someone who looked like Olivia. At least Ian was safe.

The thought of Ian gave her a slight headache. Ian had not replied to her messages yet, and she had no idea what he could possibly be doing.

“Phoebe?”

Suddenly, Kate tugged at her clothes. “Thank you for just now. I couldn’t even help you...”

Olivia snapped back to reality, calmed down, and said with a smile. “It’s nothing. After all, she hurt you because of me. I got you involved.”

Kate asked cautiously, “Are you and Zac... getting a divorce? Did he have an affair?”

Kate bit her lip once she finished asking. “But I don’t believe Zac could be such a person. You mustn’t believe those people’s nonsense.”

Olivia shook her head. “The divorce is real. He has already signed the papers.” “What?”