

G.H Hooked 919

Chapter 919

After being silent for a long time, Olivia spoke, "Actually, I don't think I have that kind of attraction."

"Why?"

Olivia was immediately flabbergasted by Xavier's question of 'why'.

After a while, she smiled self-mockingly.

"I remember I told you before this, didn't I?"

"Pheebs, think about it, you're in Ocean City, and both Mr.Quinton and Mr.Freeman are in love with you.Why would you still think that you're not attractive?"

"It's merely because I look like someone they used to know."

Then, Olivia looked at Xavier with a hint of testing and asked, 'Do I also look like someone you used to know?"

"Of course not.You're Phoebe James in my eyes, and you're not anyone's replacement."

Xavier chuckled.

"Pheebs, what reason do you need to like someone? Isn't love just love? Where would you even think of whether novelebook the person is compatible or not, or other more objective reasonings?"

Olivia was no longer a young woman, so she surely would not believe in sayings like this.

However, since Xavier had already said such things, she did not want to ask further and turned her head with a smile to look out the window silently.

Seeing this, Xavier cocked an eyebrow and took an envelope from behind him, and put it on her bed.

"Here, take this."

Olivia snapped back to her senses and grabbed the envelope to look at its contents.

However, when she saw it, her expression changed immediately, and she hastily returned the envelope.

"Take it back.I don't need it."

"You need it, Pheebs.Take it."

Then Xavier backed off two steps, deliberately avoiding her hand.

"What are you doing, Xavier? Take it back!"

"I know you're worried about how it came about, but don't worry, after you married Mr.Quinton, I got in touch with retail investors and bought it back at a moderate price."

Then, he smiled and added, "Pheebs, the reason I collected this was to one day be able to help you.If you don't want it, wouldn't everything I've done be in vain?"

What Xavier said reminded her of Mr.M.

Wade also said something similar to her.

What relation would Xavier have with Mr.M? However, when she imagined what Milo was like, she shook her head again.

Probably not.

Olivia wanted to refuse, but the moment she remembered the many things that Dorothy Ellis had done, she accepted the envelope.

If she could, at the same time obtain Xavier and Mr.M's equity, then...

She would have a complete and total say in things, and it would mean that for Zac to be the company leader.

As long as Zac became the company leader, it would mean that she had finally paid back a little bit of what she owed Zac.

Olivia held the envelope tightly and felt very complicated. She did not want Xavier's benefits, but she really wanted to help Zac...

Watching how she was hesitant, Xavier burst out in laughter.

"I know you really wanted to help Mr.Quinton, so please don't reject me. I also don't want you to marry me as a response to my kindness."

"You not wanting anything in return is the worst."

The effort that came from not wanting any thanks was the most impossible one to return.

Then, Xavier leaned in close to Olivia, the distance between the two was less than a foot away, and the pretty narrowed novel eyes felt like it was pulling her in.

Olivia backed away instinctively.

"W-why did you come in so close?"

"I thought you wanted to marry me in return for my kindness?"

Xavier pushed Olivia's chin up slightly with his finger and moved in closer as he smiled.

"Since you feel like not marrying me for my kindness is bad, I won't mind if you force yourself to be with me. I won't mind it at all."

Olivia felt that the warm breath from Xavier that landed on her face was a little itchy, causing her to blink and push him away.

"Stop it."

Xavier did not continue further.

"Then just take it, or don't blame me for my inability to control myself."

"You're such a gangster!" Olivia rolled her eyes at him exasperatedly. Xavier did not mind that at all as he chuckled loudly.

"You blushing makes me want to bully you more."

Suddenly there was a colliding noise at the door.

"I'm sorry, I didn't do it on purpose. Are you okay?"

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