

Fall for You After Divorce by Callie

Chapter 901

I observed that both the plagiarized and the one being plagiarized had Elia's style. Could it be that the first designer plagiarized Elia, and then Briana Cameron plagiarized

Anastasia, resulting in their design styles being very similar **to** Elia's?!

"Hehe, I also thought that Anastasia's design was a copy of Elia's. She herself is a copy cat, yet she has the audacity to accuse others of plagiarism. She really has no shame!"

Found out, neither of them is any good! Just blasted them together and it's done!

"What are you spouting off about? You trolls only know how to criticize others all day. For all we know, Anastasia could be Elia. After all, Elia has never publicly revealed their identity!"

Looking at those comments, Briana Cameron clicked on the Twitter of the Elia they mentioned. After viewing her works, she realized that her design style was indeed very similar to hers.

Shock filled her eyes, and she immediately had **someone** investigate who this person was.

She was quite **certain** that she didn't **know a person** named **Elia**, yet their design styles were so similar!

However, **Cheney** and **Elvis** had been searching all day, but still couldn't figure out each other's identities. Just as Briana Cameron was about to put this matter aside, she received a

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m Hector.

Ms. **Cameron**, do you remember me telling you about your **good friend** named Melody in Bridenville? She has come to **Haseton** now, do you have time to meet her?"

At seven in the evening, Briana Cameron stepped into the restaurant where she had arranged to meet Hector.

As soon as she entered the private room, a woman in a red V-neck long dress walked towards her.

Before Briana Cameron could react, she was already embraced by the other party.

“Briana, you’re really still alive! That’s great!”

Briana Cameron didn’t actually like close contact with others, but the woman in front of her gave her a very familiar feeling.

But... she was holding on a bit too tightly...

After a good while, Melody finally let go of her, her eyes rimmed red, filled with excitement and relief.

“Thank goodness you’re still alive, you have no idea how much I’ve missed you these past three years...”

Briana Cameron pursed her lips, a bit unsure of how to respond, **after all, she** no longer had her **previous memories**.

Hector, who **was** standing by, **noticed her embarrassment and said, “Melody, it’s been a long time since you’ve seen each other. Sit down and take your time to talk. After all, Briana doesn’t have her previous memories anymore.”**

Melody nodded, pulling Briana Cameron to sit by the table.

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She stared at her without blinking, **as if** afraid she would **suddenly** disappear.

“Hello, could you tell me about our past?”

Melody nodded, recounting the process of how she and Briana Cameron had met and later became good friends.

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After hearing this, Briana Cameron’s eyes were filled with surprise, she couldn’t help but exclaim, “Did I really found MY Corporation?”

After all... she was now the designer for Graceful Attire, and MY Corporation was Graceful Attire’s arch-rival...

Melody nodded, "Yes, three years ago everyone thought you died in that big fire. Many shareholders of the company wanted to sell their shares. It was Hector who helped me, allowing MY Corporation to survive until today. When are you planning to return **to** MY Corporation?"

Briana Cameron frowned, slowly saying, "I'm not planning on going back for now, and I'm currently embroiled in a plagiarism scandal. I'll consider whether or not to return once this matter **is** resolved."

Melody was silent for a moment, then suddenly said, "There's something I need to tell you."

"What?"

"Actually, you were the genius designer Elia!"

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Briana Cameron was stunned, disbelief filled her eyes.

"How could I have been..."

Melody chuckled, "You can't remember because you've lost your previous memories. But you really are Elia herself, I have no reason to lie to you."

After a good while, Briana Cameron finally recovered from her shock.

"No wonder my design style is so similar to hers. I even had someone investigate her identity today, but they found nothing."

"I saw what happened online too. It must have been your assistant who plagiarized you. It has always been others copying from you, how could you possibly copy from others?"

Briana Cameron gave a bitter smile, slowly saying, "I didn't expect her to turn out like this at first."

At the beginning, she had a pretty good impression of Anastasia, thinking she was a serious and ambitious designer.

If it hadn't been for that time she happened to **overhear** her talking behind her back, she might **still** think **Anastasia was** a good person.

Seeing **that** her **face** looked a bit **unpleasant**, **Melody didn't** continue on this topic. **Instead**, she **looked at her** with a **serious expression** and said, "Now you **know the truth, when**

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are you planning to come back? I've been guarding MY Corporation all these years, just thinking that I can't let the company you founded just disappear like this. Now that you're back, it's time **for** me to step down."

A flicker of hesitation flashed in Briana Cameron's eyes as she spoke, "I don't intend to return. Although I founded this company, you've been the one running it all these years. It wouldn't be fair for you to hand over your power just because I've come back."

Melody was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Actually, I also want to take a break. Over the years, I've been pushing myself hard, forcing myself to do things I don't like, putting too much pressure on myself. Now that you're back, I **want** to find a place to rest for a while."

Seeing Melody looking serious, Briana Cameron furrowed her brow.

"But I didn't have any experience with managing a company, I still wanted to be a designer, the work environment would be much simpler that way."

Melody pursed her lips, looking at her and said, "I understand what you mean, but the company ultimately needs you to come back and manage it. I'm not really suitable for managing the company!"

She had **been** working so hard in the **past that she didn't** even **realize** many shareholders in the **company** were **already**

dissatisfied with her. By the **time** she found out, **it was already too late**.

The feeling of being betrayed, she didn't want to experience it againiges now

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Briana Cameron was silent for a moment, "Could you **let** me think about this matter again?"

She was with Maxim now, and she was very content with this **life**. She didn't have any big ambitions.

However, perhaps after she regained her memory, her choice would be different.

Melody didn't pressure her either, nodding and saying, "Alright, I'll wait for your news."

Hector said with a smile, "Alright, let's order some food first. You guys haven't seen each other for so many years, you must have a lot to talk about. Don't just talk about work."

It was already past eight in the evening when several people finished eating. As Briana Cameron just reached the door, she saw Maxim's car parked outside.

A flash of surprise crossed her eyes as she quickly stepped forward.

The rear car window was opened, revealing Maxim's chiseled face.

A glint of amusement flashed in Briana Cameron's eyes, "How did you get here?"

Maxim **fell** silent for **two** seconds, his **gaze** landing **on** Melody **and** Hector behind Briana Cameron. **He** then **raised** an eyebrow and smiled, "I thought I had nothing **to** do tonight, so I **decided to** come **pick you up.**"

The corners of Briana Cameron's lips curled up, unable to suppress her smile, "Wait a moment, I'll come over after I say

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Maxim nodded, "Okay."

Soon, Briana Cameron returned to Hector and Melody.

"Mr. Baldwin, Ms. Joyce, my boyfriend has come to pick me up, so I'll be leaving now. Thank you for sharing so much about the past with me today."

Looking at the smile on Briana Cameron's face, Melody didn't know whether she should still advise her to break up with Maxim. But thinking about Briana Cameron's previous ending, she couldn't help but feel a pang of heartache.

"Briana, I know you really like Maxim, but I suggest you reconsider being with him. As your good friend, I don't want to see you get hurt again."

Briana Cameron looked at Melody, the worry in her eyes was not feigned, and she couldn't help but soften a bit inside.

"I knew, thank you, I would consider it carefully."

She waved at them, then turned around and got into Maxim's

car.

It was not **until** the car disappeared from their sight that Melody voiced her concern, “I didn’t expect that after all the twists and turns, she would be **back** with Maxim.”

Hector fell silent for a moment, then said softly, “As long as Maxim can make her happy, I’m willing to watch over her from

the shadows. But if I find Maxim hurting her, I will take her

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away, whether she wants it or not.”

Melody turned to look at him, saying somewhat self- mockingly, “Men like you are really rare these days. Sometimes, I even envy Briana for having someone like you who loves her and silently protects her from behind.”

Hector

looked at her, reminded of her emotional experiences, and couldn’t help but sigh, “It’s okay, you will definitely meet a better man in the future.”

Melody gave a bitter smile, “I appreciate your good wishes, but I don’t care if I meet someone now. Being alone is quite good too.”

She

gave one hundred percent of her love in both of her relationships, but they both ended without any issues in the

end.

Oliver had a secret love, Adeline, whom he hurt deeply for her sake.

Later, I met Ezra, originally thought she was the one I could entrust my life to, but in the end, it was nothing more than an illusion.

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Hector also didn’t know how to comfort her, he could only laugh and say, “Look at me, aren’t I still alone too? Living your own life **well** is the most important thing!”

The two looked at each other and laughed, both seeing bitterness in each other’s eyes.

“But regardless, seeing Briana safe, I was already very relieved.”

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For her, **Briana** Cameron had long become **a** member of her family, irreplaceable by anyone.

Hector nodded, “Yeah, when I first saw her, I couldn’t believe it either, just like you. What followed was ecstasy, as long as she was alive, nothing else mattered.”

On the other side, after getting in the car, Briana Cameron noticed that something was off with Maxim’s mood.

She turned her head to look at him, a puzzled expression on her face. “Maxim, what happened?” she asked.

Maxim shook his head, “It’s okay, just some work that needs to be dealt with.”

Briana Cameron nodded, “That’s good then.”

After a few seconds of silence, Maxim couldn’t help but say, “Briana, those comments online, just looking at them makes me angry, I don’t want to endure it anymore.”

He wanted to protect her, not wanting her to charge ahead alone.

Briana Cameron paused for a moment, then realized why he was upset, and couldn’t help but laugh, saying, “Didn’t I tell you not to worry about it? Why are you still looking at it?”

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Maxim’s face looked terrible, “I couldn’t help it, and when I saw others insulting you, I couldn’t suppress the anger in my heart.”

Ryan, sitting in the passenger seat, couldn’t help but chuckle. He said, “Ms. Cameron, you have no idea. The president was so angry

that he created a secondary account to defend you and ended up getting reported and banned.”

A flash of shock passed through Briana Cameron’s eyes, her pupils slightly dilated. She hadn’t expected Maxim to do something so childish.

Maxim couldn’t help but glare at Rayan, his tone somewhat embarrassed and angry, “Did you need to butt in?”

Rayan quickly apologized, “Never mind, I’ll stop talking. The boss might have me completely wiped out later.”

Maxim became even angrier, coldly saying, “If you keep talking nonsense, you can get out yourself.”

Briana Cameron gave him an annoyed look, “Rayan was just telling the truth, and he was doing it for your own good. Why are you being so mean to him?”

Maxim: “.....

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Seeing **that** he didn’t **speak**, Briana Cameron **continued**, “**You really shouldn’t interfere in this matter anymore. I said I could handle it and I definitely will. However the se people are Cursing me now, they will curse Anastasia a thousand times**

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more in the future.”

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Maxim kept a straight face and didn’t speak.
Even if he wanted to help Briana Cameron, she wouldn’t give him the chance.

Knowing he was angry at the moment, Briana Cameron suddenly grabbed his arm and shook it, whispering, “Don’t be mad, I really can handle it myself, I don’t want to become someone who only relies on others.”

Maxim turned to look at her, his eyes full of confusion, “But I am your husband, not someone else.”

Briana Cameron raised an eyebrow, "I don't want to rely on you all the time either. I want to depend on myself. No matter how capable you are, there will always be times when you're too busy. I want to solve these things by myself.

I don't want **to** be the woman behind you, but the woman who can stand beside you. Do you understand?"

Looking into Briana Cameron's serious gaze, it felt as if the softest part of Maxim's heart was gently squeezed by a small hand. A wave of palpitations emanated from his heart,

making him unable to resist pulling Briana Cameron into his

arms.

Briana Cameron was taken aback for a moment, then his deep voice came from above, "Briana, I understand what you mean, I won't interfere in this **matter** anymore, but you **a** **iso** have to promise that **if** you can't handle **it**, you must **tell** me, I will always be **your** backup."

His steady

and strong heartbeat, thumping into his own ears, unconsciously **quickened Briana Cameron's heartbeat, filling her heart with warmth.**

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She reached out and hugged him **back**, "I understand, don't **worry**, I'm not that weak."

"I didn't think you were weak, I just wanted to protect you, I didn't want you to get hurt in any way."

Briana Cameron nodded, "I understand, but it's okay, these are things I have to face eventually."

Early the next morning, as soon as Briana

Cameron arrived at the company, before she even got on the elevator, she saw people whispering about her, their eyes filled with contempt and disdain.

Some even mocked her to her face, saying, "I can't believe you have the nerve to come to work after plagiarizing someone else's design. You've really opened my eyes."

"Stop talking, don't you know? Yesterday, a few people from the design department got beaten up just for saying **a** few words. We can't afford to mess with them!"

"Can't believe there are people like this, they are simply lawless."

Briana

Cameron didn't care at all about such sarcastic remarks, after all, they couldn't hurt her in the slightest.