

Fit For Your Love Chapter 216

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Everett threw the club to the greenkeeper and left.

Left without resolutely without saying anything.

Mr.Martinez came to his senses and chased after him.

“Mr.Weston...”

They hadn’t discussed his contract yet.

He couldn’t just waste this good opportunity today! But just as he was about to leave, he was stopped by the greenkeeper.

“Mr.Martinez, the ball just now...”

“Can’t you see I’m busy?”

Mr.Martinez glared at him and trotted forward.

But after a few steps, Mr.Martinez stopped and turned to the greenkeeper who had left with the ball.

“Wait a minute.”

The greenkeeper looked at him.

“Come here.’ The greenkeeper didn’t know why and walked over.

“What did you just say?”

“Oh, I just wanted to tell you that Mr.Weston’s ball had just reached the finish line.”

“The finish...The finish line?”

“Yes”

Mr.Martinez turned to look in the direction where Everett had left.

Had he already known the result, or did he not care about the result? Mr.Martinez thought it was the former.

Everett already knew the result.

Because it was him who drove the ball.

Olivia and Preston went back to their rooms separately after they returned to the hotel.

But they didn't expect that they were on the same floor and there were only three rooms between them.

Preston smiled and said, "It looks like you don't have to call me if you need anything. Just knock on the door" Olivia nodded.

"Okay, Mr. Smith, have a good rest."

She opened the door and went in.

Preston looked at the closed door.

He smiled and Visit to read the newest content, everyone! room, she called Spencer to make an appointment in the afternoon.

"Olivia"

"Mr. Miller, do you have time this afternoon? My boss is here. He wants Visit to read the newest content, everyone! coming?"

"Around two o'clock."

Preston gave her the exact time.

"Okay, I'll wait for you in the store this afternoon."

"Yes! Hanging up the phone, Olivia sent a message to Preston. She told him that she had already made an appointment and that he could go there directly. Preston lay on the bed, read the text, and replied with one word "good".

Then he closed his eyes and rested.

Olivia received a reply.

She set the alarm, put the phone aside, took the pencil and drawing paper, and began to design.

If Visit to read the newest content, everyone! the time.

Time ticked by.

Olivia's door was knocked on.

She paused and turned to look at the closed door, frowning slightly.

This was the first time someone had knocked on her door since she checked in.

Olivia stood up and looked through the peephole.

Preston stood outside the door in a casual suit, tall and slender.

Olivia was surprised to open the door.

"Mr. Smith, is it time to go now?" She had set the alarm.

But it hadn't rung yet.

Preston stood outside the door with his hands in his pockets, looking at the surprise in her eyes and curling his lips.

"It's noon. Don't you want to have lunch?" Olivia was stunned.

She was going to have lunch at noon.

But she was thinking about the design draft and forgot it.

"Yes, but, Mr. Smith, are you well-rested?"

The two of them arrived at the hotel after breakfast at about nine o'clock.

But now, it was noon, which meant he didn't sleep for long time.

"Of course, do you think I'm not resting well now?"

Olivia shook her head and said, "Wait a minute. Let's go have lunch."

After lunch, they were going to Mr. Miller's store.

"OK!" Olivia went in. She didn't have time to tidy up her table.

So, she just took her bag and cell phone and went out.

Preston was standing outside.

She didn't let him in, so he didn't go in. He just stood there and waited.

"Let's go."

Preston looked at her in a white shirt and jeans and nodded.

The two of them walked out of the hotel.

This time, Preston didn't ask her where there was delicious food.

He took her directly to an authentic restaurant famous for Q City local food.

They ordered all the specialties.

Olivia was not surprised to see these dishes.

Preston knew he wasn't familiar with this place.

So he would definitely ask someone else.

So, it was not surprising.

After the two of them had dinner, it was already past one o'clock.

When they arrived at SY Jewelries, it was almost 1:40.

Spencer was already waiting in the store.

When he saw Olivia, he came out immediately.

"Olivia, here!"

"Hi, Mr. Miller, this is my boss, Mr. Smith:"

Olivia introduced him.

Preston reached out.

"Hello, Mr. Miller"

Spencer shook his hand and smiled.

"Mr. Smith, please come in"

They went in.

After they went in, the person in the car parked diagonally across from them held the camera and took their photos.

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A few people went in, and Preston looked around.

Spencer said, "My shop has been open for many years. Olivia should have told you, Mr. Smith."

Preston nodded and looked at Spencer, "Yes, but Mr. Miller, I hope you can tell me about your shop's situation personally."

During lunch, Olivia thoroughly told him what she knew.

But as the boss, he had to probe into it himself since he came here.

"Sure."

After brewing a few cups of tea, Spencer began to tell Preston about the situation in his shop and how the shop was inherited over so many years.

Preston listened and asked questions from time to time.

Olivia was sitting by the side, listening to their conversation without interrupting or moving.

The tea was fragrant.

Two hours later, Preston said, "It's four o'clock now. I don't know if Mr. Miller's factory is closed. I want to go over and take a look"

"No, our workers usually leave work at six o'clock. If we work overtime, it will be even later"

"Well, Mr. Miller, please take us there."

"OK. This way"

They went to Spencer's factory.

It was an old factory in which the facilities and equipment were obsolete.

But their products were not bad.

Preston took a look at the semi-finished products made by the workers and asked them for more details.

After two hours in the factory, they left.

Spencer looked at the time and said, "Mr. Smith, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! treat you to our Q City's tasty food."

Preston smiled and said, "I happened to have some questions to ask Mr. Miller."

They went to Visit to read the newest content, everyone! waiter took them directly to a private room.

It seemed that Spencer had already ordered it early.

The waiter began to serve as the few of them sat down.

Spencer and Preston continued to chat about the business.

As they spoke, the focus of their talk moved to Donald, "Fewer and fewer businesses established by our generation can survive now. It was really a pity that Mr. Johnson didn't do it anymore."

Ashe spoke, his eyes were filled with regret.

Preston asked, "Mr. Johnson?"

"It's Olivia's master, the successor of green embroidery."

Preston raised his eyebrows and looked at Olivia.

He never knew that Olivia was the successor of Green Embroidery.

Olivia saw Preston looking at her and said, "Yes, my green embroidery was taught by my master"

She looked at Spencer and said, "Mr. Miller, don't worry, I will continue to pass on the green embroidery:"

Spencer nodded and smiled in relief, "I believe you. So does Mr. Johnson."

They had dinner and left the restaurant.

Just as they walked out of the restaurant, a child came running over.

Seeing that the child was about to bump into Olivia, Preston quickly pulled her over.

However, Olivia was caught off guard and immediately fell into his arms.

Olivia ran into his arms, her head spinning.

Preston looked at the children who bumped into Spencer.

Spencer held the child.

The child's family came over and apologized.

Spencer said, "Nothing. Take more care of the child in the future. It's not good if he falls."

"Yes, yes."

The family left with the child. Preston looked at Olivia and froze.

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She buried her head, grabbed his shirt, and pressed her forehead against his chest.

He could not see her face, only her thick black hair.

Preston's mind went blank.

Although he had been in a relationship and even had sexual relationship with some women, at this moment, his brain short-circuited and he ignored everything around him.

He just stood there like a log, motionless.

Spencer didn't hear them.

He turned to look at them and was stunned.

But soon, Spencer left quietly.

He realized that he needn't interfere with their relationship, because they were adults.

After the dizziness passed, Olivia regained consciousness and smelled a strange smell.

She opened her eyes and froze.

The next moment, she pushed Preston away and turned to walk forward.

She walked very fast, but when she reached the camphor tree, she stopped.

Preston was pushed back.

He steadied himself, then looked up at Olivia.

He smiled.

Olivia finally realized that she shouldn't push him.

Preston put his hand in his pocket and walked over.

“Is this how you treat your savior?”

Olivia frowned and said, “Mr. Smith, thank you. It’s getting late. I’ll go back to the hotel first.”

She walked out, stopped a taxi, got in and left.

Preston stood there and rubbed his eyebrows.

Was he a monster? Olivia sat in the car, her hands clenched as she looked Visit to read the newest content, everyone! very uncomfortable about what she had done.

Why? Because Preston ran a company together with Everett.

They were acquaintances.

It made Olivia feel like she Visit to read the newest content, everyone! repulsive.

It made her disgusted.

Even though she knew it was an accident, she couldn’t help feel uncomfortable.

Olivia closed her eyes to calm down.

Preston returned to the hotel and made a phone call.

“Help me find out about Spencer, the boss of SY Jewelries.”

He would never entrust his things to a man if he didn’t know about him.

“No problem.” After receiving response, Preston threw his phone on the bed and went to the bathroom.

Everett sat in the study and read an email on the computer.

The email contained photos, each with a time and place attached.

Looking at the photos, his deep dark eyes were like snow in the coldest winter, quiet and terrible.

Preston took a shower, went to the bar to get a bottle of wine, poured a glass, and went to the balcony.

Although the night in Q City was not as romantic as that in Paris, it had the special gentleness as a typical southern city.

Preston looked at the night and took a sip.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

He turned around, walked into the bedroom, and took his phone.

When he saw the phone on the screen, his eyes moved and he smiled.

He pressed the answer button and said, "It's rare. You called me again."

"In a good mood?"

"Of course, you know, I like beautiful scenery, gorgeous wine, delicious food"

"So, how many are there by your side now?"

"Well, now, there's only scene and wine." The voice on the phone was quiet.

Two seconds later, it came, "Where are you?"

"Q City."

"You should have been here before. I remember you bought a piece of land here?"

As he spoke, a light flashed across Preston's eyes.

"You're not in Q City now, are you?"

"No! "I was thinking if you were in Q City, we can go out for a drink."

"The day after tomorrow"

"Hmm? Here?"

"Yes"

"Okay, I'll wait for you."

Preston was thinking of returning to Paris the day after tomorrow.

If Everett said so, he would go back a day later.

Preston put his phone on the balcony and continued to appreciate the beautiful night.

Different places, different scenery, different beauty.

It depended on whether people could find them out.

Everett got up, went to the balcony and looked into the distance.

The darkness in his eyes merged with the darkness in the distance.

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The sun rose slowly and shone into the bedroom.

Olivia, who was sitting on a chair, arranged the designs on the table.

She stayed up all night and finally finished the designs.

Two series were completed.

Olivia tidied it up and put it in the folder.

The waste drafts on the table were collected and put into another folder.

She looked at the clock.

It was 7: 20.

It happened to be morning.

Olivia sent a message to Preston, telling him that she had finished the designs and would show it to him later at breakfast.

Within a minute, he responded.

“Ok, see you in 20 minutes.”

Olivia got up, went to the bathroom, took a shower, and put on some light makeup to make herself look better.

It was almost time after she prepared herself.

She took her bag, cell phone, and documents and then went out.

Preston was already waiting outside, but he was looking at his phone.

Hearing the sound, he looked up at her and said, “Let’s go to the restaurant yesterday: Olivia didn’t expect him to be so quick.”

She nodded.

“Yes.”

They went to the breakfast bar and ordered a bowl of noodles and a bowl of soup dumplings.

Like yesterday, Olivia went to get two Visit to read the newest content, everyone! I have two designs series here. Take a look.”

“Yes.”

Preston took it and opened the file.

There were two lines in the middle of the Visit to read the newest content, everyone! Blossoming Series.

One line was Passionate Blossoming Series.

The corners of his mouth rose uncontrollably as he looked at the two lines.

It blossomed quietly but passionately inward.

He already distinguished one series from another.

Open the second page...

Olivia drank the noodle soup and the sweet taste flowed into her stomach, feeling warm.

She felt sleepy all of a sudden.

She rubbed her eyes and finished the noodle soup.

But after eating the noodle soup, she was sleepy already.

She propped her forehead up and closed her eyes to allow herself to squint.

The bar was running well, and it was estimated that they would not be able to serve the noodles in a short time.

Preston looked at the designs of Olivia, and the more he saw, the more his chest vibrated.

He thought that Quiet Blossoming Series was for the slim, and Passionate Blossoming Series for the fat.

But he was wrong.

Quiet Blossoming Series was for the fat, and Passionate Blossoming Series for the slim.

She didn't mean to emphasize the beauty of being thin and dwarf the beauty of being fat.

It was that the fat beauty was not flamboyant, not gorgeous, but it had its own flavor, so your eyes couldn't take off from that.

It was like a delicacy, and it'll leave you with a long aftertaste.

This was the real food.

This could be seen in the details of her designs.

Not only that, she had notes next to each design.

Her thoughts, inspiration, ideas, what stood out, and what covered, she wrote it clearly.

Before Preston could finish reading her designs, he was already shocked.

He looked up at the person sitting across him and was stunned.

Olivia propped up her head, her eyes closed, and she was already asleep.

Her eyelashes were thick and curly, covering her eyelids, quiet and gentle.

They sat by the window, and the morning sun shone in and fell on her face, so that the hairs on her face could be seen clearly.

There was no rejection, and no other emotion.

At this moment, Olivia was like a child, cute and attractive.

Preston's heart thumped, thumped, thumped...

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Olivia smelled the aroma, frowned and opened her eyes.

When she saw the noodles on the table, she froze for two seconds before she regained her senses.

The noodles were delivered.

Olivia looked at Preston and saw he was looking at her.

Preston blinked after their eyes met.

He clenched his fist against his lips and coughed once.

His ears turned slightly red.

Olivia didn't notice that.

She found he was still holding the document and asked, "Mr.Smith, are you done reading it?"

Preston closed the folder.

"Not yet."

"Then have breakfast first."

"OK"

The two of them had breakfast together, and Olivia still finished it before Preston.

After that, she said, "Mr.Smith, if there is something wrong with the designs, tell me.'

Preston wiped his mouth with a tissue and looked at her.

"I don't see anything wrong for the time being.I'll tell you when I see it"

"Okay."

When Preston finished eating, he said, "Go back to the hotel first.Take a rest.I'll take a good look at your designs."

Seeing her dark circles, he knew she didn't sleep last night.

Olivia was sleepy and nodded.

"Okay." The two of them went back to the hotel.

Olivia went back to her room and lay down on the bed to sleep.

Preston took the designs and looked at them carefully.

There were details, as well as the fabrics and colors on the designs.

When he finished reading, it was already two hours later.

Preston took the phone and called Jason.

"Mr.Smith"

"Jason, Olivia's designs are finished.I'll send you the fabrics she needs.You can contact our previous manufacturers to see if they have any stock at the moment." Jason was surprised.

Mr.Smith was gonna send him the fabric needed? Was this what Olivia should do? Although he was confused, he still said, "Okay."

Preston opened his laptop and sent the sorted information to Jason by email.

Soon Jason replied, "Mr.Smith, I'll give you a reply when the results come out."

"OK"

Olivia slept until noon.

She looked at her watch and immediately sat up.

She wondered Visit to read the newest content, everyone! not.

Olivia called Preston immediately.

"Olivia,"

"Mr.Smith, I'm sorry.I didn't wake up until now.The designs..."

"No problem.I've already asked Jason to contact the manufacturer for the Visit to read the newest content, everyone! paused.

It was her job to contact the manufacturer, but the boss did instead.

Olivia didn't know what to say.

Preston didn't hear her voice and asked, "Are you listening?"

"Yes, Mr.Smith, I can handle this."

He didn't have to do it for her.

"It's just I am not busy.'

"All right.You sound like you have a good rest.It's noon.Let's go eat."

But Olivia said, "Mr.Smith, I am sorry.I'm going to design the accessories."

Preston put his hand in his pocket.

“So, you are telling me that I am too strict and even Visit to read the newest content, everyone! lunch in twenty minutes. I won’t stop you from doing anything you want after lunch.’ Preston hung up.

Olivia frowned at the beep sound on her phone.

She didn’t want Preston to be special to her, and she didn’t want her to have anything to do with Preston other than work.

But...

Olivia got up and washed up.

He should be leaving in two days.

After these two days, she would do whatever she wanted to do.

The two of them went to lunch.

Preston kept his word and let her do her work after dinner.

When Olivia returned to the hotel, she took out the notes she had taken at Spencer’s and began to look through them.

But after looking at them, she felt that she still had to go to Spencer.

She wanted to stay in his factory for two days to learn this traditional craft.

She felt that she might be able to design better once she got skillful at it.

Olivia called Spencer.

“Mr. Miller, I want to go to your factory to learn about the handcraft. Is that okay?”

“Of course. I’m at the factory right now. When are you coming?”

“Right away.’

“Okay, I’ll wait for you at the factory.”

Olivia packed her things and went to the factory immediately.

The workers in the factory were busy.

Olivia went in and saw Spencer in the workshop.

"Hi, Mr. Miller."

Olivia greeted him and walked over.

Spencer saw her and said with a smile, "You are here. I've arranged a seat for you. It's over here."

"Thank you."

Olivia went over.

Spencer took the materials, told her how to use the tools on the table, demonstrated them to her, and showed them to her personally.

Olivia wrote them down one by one.

"Try it. I'll watch here."

"Okay."

Olivia began to do it.

She was very slow.

She took every step slowly and every step was right.

Spencer nodded in satisfaction.

"Yes, you're really smart."

She learned things so fast.

Olivia smiled and said, "As long as you take notes carefully."

"Mr. Miller, go ahead and do your work. I'll call you if I have any questions."

"Okay"

Olivia was busy until night.

Spencer asked her to eat, but she refused.

She studied there alone.

She was very conscientious.

Spencer had never seen such a hardworking and conscientious person stopped going to Olivia.

Olivia didn't stop her work until the employees were off work.

They worked overtime.

They didn't get off work until almost ten o'clock.

Spencer said, "How do you feel?"

"Good, I feel like I have a complete outline in my head."

Spencer smiled and said, "That's good."

Olivia said, "I still have to come tomorrow"

She wanted to know this craft more thoroughly.

"Sure."

Olivia got in the car and left the factory and went back to the hotel.

When she returned to the hotel, she did not rest.

She took her notebook and reviewed what she had learned today, then wrote it down.

It was until the early morning.

She looked at the phone for the time and closed her eyes leaning on the back of the chair.

She was supposed to return to Paris in a week, and now it was almost a week.

But she thought it would be better for her to design the accessories here before returning to Paris.

Tomorrow, she would tell Mr. Smith what she wanted to do.

She would stay here for a few more days.

When the design of the accessories was ready, she would go back.