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His words had started making waves.

It was like a beautiful picture suddenly shattered and everything returned to reality.

The reporter asked, "Mr. James, why did Mr. Weston stop you?"

"Mr. James, is it because Miss Hadley was Mr. Weston's ex- wife?"

"Mr. James..."

"Please hear me out." Brayden spoke, and it quieted down around him.

He looked at those hungry eyes, and the smile touched his eyes.

He knew this would happen when those reports came out.

But he wasn't afraid.

On the contrary, he was grateful to the person who caused the current situation.

Because, this was his chance of sorting things out among the chaos.

"When uncle found out that I was with Olivia, he stopped us, so Olivia and I broke up. But I said, I want to be by her side, I want to protect her for the rest of my life. So no matter how much she wants to break up with me, I still want to be with her."

"After a few trials and tribulations, we ended up together, but uncle threatened her and she left me again. That's why I was the only one at the engagement ceremony."

The reporters were speechless.

For the first time in the face of big news, they didn't know what to ask.

Because Brayden said everything they wanted to know.

"We are in a breakup phase now, but I don't want to break up, so I forced her to be named my fiancée."

"I told myself that no matter what, I would make her my wife. Even if the whole world objected, I would still be with her."

The airport was silent for a moment.

It was as if the air stewardess's voice had been automatically ignored by the crowds.

Brayden looked at every reporter and said, "She is a hard working, kind, strong girl. As long as you start to know her, you will like her, regardless of men or women.'

"So, I hope you won't disturb her. She's really suffering.'

"Right now, I would thank you all."

Brayden bent over.

Belle originally wanted to call Brayden, but she was completely confused by Everett's words.

She did not believe that Olivia would retaliate against Everett.

She was not that kind of person.

But when she thought about how Olivia had lost a child, and how that child was gone, she started to believe it was possible.

But before she could call Brayden, she saw the video being pushed.

After watching the video, Belle covered her mouth and cried.

How could she doubt Olivia? The girl who had been trying so hard to be kind.

The reporters who had been waiting outside Olivia's room left the hotel after getting the latest news.

And those online who were cursing at Olivia began to change sides.

Within an hour, Olivia's bad image was reversed.

Melody looked at the news online and curled her lips.

Brayden, you really hadn't let me down.

In the president's office of SHS Group, Davis knocked on the door and went in to his desk.

"Mr. Weston, Mr. Simmons was at the airport just now..."

His voice stopped.

Everett looked at the computer and leaned back in the chair, with a chill air around him.

He didn't seem to see Davis.

His eyes were fixed as he looked at the computer.

Davis knew that Mr.Weston had seen the latest entertainment news.

Just, "Mr.Weston, do you need me to handle it?"

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What Brayden said in front of the reporters was not good news for Everett.

Although there was not a single word in it that was insulting.

"Get out." A cold voice.

The accumulation of emotions had reached an extreme point.

Davis turned around and went out.

As soon as he closed the door, Everett closed his eyes, just in time to join the torn peace.

It was an hour later when Brayden stopped at Olivia's door.

He stood at the door and looked at the door in front of him.

The moment the door opened, he could see her.

However, even if the door opened, the distance between them was still not shortened.

Brayden's eyes lit up with laughter.

It was okay.He could wait.

They were already husband and wife.

He had a lifetime for that.

Olivia was a little dizzy.

She didn't know if it was for her frequent staying up late these days.

Or for her skipping a meal today.

She would have ordered a takeout, but the reporters were squatting outside, so she had changed her mind.

Until now, she had had nothing.

Resting her head on the table, she tried to get some strength back.

Just as she was drifting off, the door was knocked on.

Olivia frowned and opened her eyes.

Soon, she buried her face in her arms again.

It must be a reporter.

She decided to continue the nap.

However, it didn't take long for the knock to sound again.

Olivia covered her ears.

At this moment, Brayden's voice came.

"Olivia, open the door." Olivia froze.

Brayden's voice? Did she hear it wrong? He shouldn't be here right now, and he shouldn't know where she was.

Just as she thought about it, Brayden's voice came again.

"Olivia, if you don't open the door, I'll be suffocated by the reporters." Olivia immediately got up, ran to the door and opened it.

Brayden stood at the door and looked at her gently.

"Olivia."

Olivia's eyes widened slightly.

"Brayden, you..."

Brayden hugged her. He hugged her tight.

"Olivia, I'm here."

"I'm here to protect you."

Olivia smelled Brayden and closed her eyes.

It was the smell of peace and safety.

Preston arrived in Paris about the same time Brayden arrived in Q City.

However, Brayden arrived in Q City in the afternoon, and he arrived in Q City in the evening, almost ten o'clock.

The secretary came to pick him up.

He walked out of the airport and saw the secretary.

But before the secretary came close, a few reporters rushed over and aimed the microphone at him.

"Mr. Smith, is it because of you that Miss Hadley joined AK Company as a designer?"

"Mr. Smith, do you know that Miss Hadley is Mr. Weston's ex-wife, his nephew's fiancée?"

"Mr. Smith..." Preston frowned.

What was all this? To interview him all of a sudden? And to question him about Olivia.

He narrowed his eyes slightly.

The secretary quickly came over and stood in front of the reporters.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Smith won't be interviewed"

The reporter being held, Preston quickly walked out of the airport and got in the car.

Not long after, the secretary got in the car and the car quickly drove forward.

Preston looked at the reporter in the rear-view mirror with the camera facing the car and frowned.

"What happened?"

When the secretary saw him like this, she knew that he didn't know yet.

She clicked on the gossip on her phone and showed him.

Five minutes later, Preston said coldly, "What nonsense!"

The secretary said, "I don't know what's going on. All of a sudden, this news is flying all over the Internet. In just more than ten hours, our AK Company stock had dropped a few points."

Preston called Everett immediately.

He didn't know about these things on the plane, but Everett must know.

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sorry. The number you have dialed has not been answered for the time being..." Preston hung up.

Everett didn't answer.

That meant Everett did that on purpose.

He didn't answer his phone.

Why? Did Everett know why he made this call? Preston's face darkened and he kept looking at the tabloid on his phone until the car stopped at his door and he sent a message to Everett.

"I read the reports on the Internet. The company is seriously affected. If you don't solve it, I'll solve it."

But Everett didn't reply. Preston grew angry.

He said to the secretary, "You go and arrange a press conference tomorrow. He had devoted his life to AK, and Olivia was AK's designer. Not to mention the reports on the Internet were false, even if that was the case, they had to be suppressed. Otherwise, the new brand would not be launched successfully this year."

"Okay, Mr. Smith"

The secretary left and Preston went upstairs.

He was going to take a shower and then go to the company.

But as soon as he went upstairs, the secretary exclaimed, "Mr. Smith, look!"

Preston strode over and took the phone.

Twenty minutes later, the coldness on his face disappeared and a smile appeared in his eyes.

A reassuring, knowing smile.

Brayden challenged his uncle so openly! How brave and good! The secretary took another phone and looked at the stock.

She was very happy.

“Mr.Smith, the stock that had been dropping has risen, and it’s still going up!”

Preston said, “Go and arrange a press conference right away.Make it on tomorrow morning.”

The secretary was surprised and thought she had misheard.

“Mr.Smith, the stock has risen.You still want to hold a press conference?”

Now that the company was out of trouble, there was no need for another press conference.

Preston looked at the picture on the phone and his eyes sparkled.

“Yes.”

He was going to hold a press conference and tell everyone how good Olivia was.

However, before he could call a press conference, Frank from DF Company had already called a press conference.

Frank stood on the stage and looked down at the reporters holding cameras at him.

He was more serious than ever.

“Thank you all for coming to the press conference today.’

“There is only one thing I want to say, about the news of Olivia and me being intimate.”

The journalists kept taking pictures.

Facing these cameras, Frank was extremely calm.

“Olivia is a designer of DF Company.The first time I met her was the second half of the year two years ago.She took part in a design competition.I took a fancy to her design and hired her to be a designer for our company.In less than two years,

we have changed from strangers to acquaintances, from bosses, employees to friends.”

“I like her design. I like her ideas, and I am moved by her responsibility, seriousness, hard work, and her striving to make progress.”

“I believe that any boss would like such an employee.”

“If this kind of liking is like a romantic relationship, then I have nothing to say”

The night filled the whole sky.

Olivia sat on a stool and watched TV while eating hot pot with Brayden.

There was red wine on the table.

Hot pot with red wine.

It was absolutely amazing.

A live broadcast of the press conference was shown on television.

It was Frank’s press conference.

Frank was wearing a serious suit with a rarely seen serious face.

Olivia said to Brayden, “Frank is not usually like this.”

“What’s he like?”

Brayden looked at her.

Maybe it was because the hotpot was too hot and too spicy, her eyes were red.

But even so, there were no tears in her eyes.

Not at all.

She looked at the screen, smiling happily, her eyes bright.

“He’s usually like a rich second generation. He always likes to joke.”

“He still likes...”

“What?”

“Flirting with women.”

Brayden raised his eyebrows.

"Did he flirt with you?" Olivia blinked.

"Of course." Brayden put on a serious face.

"Then I'll get even with him." Olivia curved her lips.

"It's useless to do that. That's his personality, but he's not that kind of dissolute playboy. He won't go too far."

Brayden shook his head and looked at her.

"That's not OK. You're married now."

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The smile on Olivia's face got frozen after hearing what he said, but soon, Olivia said with a smile, "Yes, so now you have to stay away from me."

Indeed, she was not free.

She was always under Everett's control.

Brayden looked at the smile on her lips, which showed no resentment or anger.

She was so calm.

He knew that she had misunderstood.

She thought he was talking about Everett.

"How's your work going now? Is everything going well?"

Would it have been a lot easier without him around? "It goes well.

Brayden nodded, "That's good."

Olivia smiled and asked, "What about you?"

"It goes well also."

Olivia answered, "That's good."

The two looked at each other and smiled at each other.

In the late evening, Brayden looked at the time and said, "It's getting late. I'll go first. You should rest early."

"Okay."

Olivia walked him to the door.

Brayden looked at her and said, "Olivia, I'll always be by your side"

"Brayden, don't waste your time with me.' She understood his devotion.

But she couldn't accept it.

If she accepted it, it would be bad for him.

Brayden looked at her in her eyes, which was so serious, and smiled.

"I'm leaving"

He wanted to tell her that they had been husband and wife now, but he changed his mind when he saw the drawings scattered on her desk, sofa and bed.

He decided to not tell her, at least not before the launch of the new brand for AK Company.

In order to avoid disturbing her mind.

Olivia looked at him walking away, worried.

She didn't want Brayden to waste his attention on her, but she couldn't stop it.

He was even more stubborn than she was.

Brayden booked a room at the front desk, put down his luggage, and called Melody.

"You finally called me." Melody's voice came with a smile.

But listening carefully, this smile was cold.

"Well, I'm in Q City. Where's auntie now? Do you have time?"

"Of course, I'll send you the address."

"Okay"

Soon, Brayden received a text message from Melody.

He turned and went out.

It was reasonable to say that he should look for Everett, but it was useless to do so.

Turning to Everett would only make him lose his mind.

He should not lose his own mind.

Olivia tidied up the messy design drawings and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

When she came out of the bathroom, she heard her phone ringing.

She took her cell phone.

It was her father, George.

Olivia answered, "Dad."

"Olivia, do you have time now?"

George seemed to be anxious, judging by his voice.

Olivia became nervous and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Your mother fainted!"

"Fainted? What happened?"

Olivia clenched her phone and frowned.

Mom had always been healthy. How could she faint?

"I don't know what's going on either. All of a sudden, I just sent your mother to the emergency room."

"Olivia, come back soon. Dad's scared. I am scared that something might happen to your mother."

"Dad, don't worry. I'll book a flight right away. Listen to the doctor. You do what the doctor suggests."

"Okay, come back quickly!"

"OK"

Olivia hung up the phone and booked the flight back to C City on that night.

The flight time was 10: 20 pm.

Now it passed 8: 00 pm, less than 8: 30.

She had to hurry.

After packing and checking out at the front desk, Olivia took a car to the airport.

Just when the car had just driven out of the hotel, another car followed it behind.

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The car followed Olivia to the airport.

The driver in the car watched Olivia get off and followed her.

Olivia checked in and went to the security check channel.

Before passing the security check, she called George.

“Dad, I’m at the airport now. I’ll be there in about two hours. Which hospital is mom at? Send me the address. I’ll go to the hospital as soon as I get off the plane”

“Two... Two hours?” George was surprised.

“Yes!”

“Aren’t you in Paris?”

It took one more than a dozen hours from Paris to C City.

“I’m back on a business trip.”

“Well, in that case, be careful on the road”

“Okay”

Olivia hung up, put her phone in the pocket, and went through security.

The person following her watched her passing through security and picked up his phone.

“Mr. Weston, Miss Hadley is going back to C City.” George hung up the phone and said to Elizabeth on the sofa, “What should we do? Olivia isn’t in Paris. She’s at home. She’ll arrive in two hours.”

Elizabeth frowned.

"So soon?"

"Of course it's fast at home. She asked me to send her the address of the hospital. What should we do now?"

"Let me think."

After that phone call Elizabeth had made to Olivia, she had been feeling upset.

But Elizabeth was afraid that Olivia would perceive anything, so she hadn't contacted her during this period of time.

Finally, she came up with an idea to get her back.

As long as Olivia was back, everything was fine.

But who would have thought that she was actually in the country? If she had known this earlier, Elizabeth would have called Olivia in advance and asked where she was.

Seeing that Elizabeth remained silent for some time, George was a little Visit to read the newest content, everyone! her, would she be angry?" Elizabeth glared at him.

"How dare she? What are we? Parents, we are her parents. Do you understand?"

"I do, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! would you pay more attention to it?"

"Am I not paying attention to it now?"

"Not at all!"

Olivia arrived at the airport at almost midnight.

She turned on her phone and a text message came in.

"Olivia, we're in the in-patient department of F City Hospital, Room 902, Building 3,"

Olivia called George.

Soon, the phone was answered.

"Dad, I just got off the plane. How's mom?"

"She's out of the emergency room, but she's not awake yet."

"What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor said she hit her head. There's nothing wrong with Visit to read the newest content, everyone! up."

Olivia tightened her grip on the suitcase.

"How come she hit her head?"

The head was very important, and any carelessness could cause a big problem.

She was worried.

"I don't know either. I'll ask her when she wakes up."

"Okay, I'm out of the airport. Let's not talk about it now. I'll grab a taxi to the hospital right away."

"I'll be waiting for you."

Olivia hung up and stopped a taxi to the hospital.

Meanwhile, in an elegant western restaurant in Q City.

Brayden and Melody were sitting in the private room, a cup of coffee in front of each of them.

Brayden looked at Melody.

"Thank you."

The moment he saw Melody being interviewed, he understood that those reports on the Internet.

Were done by her.

Although those reports had initially hurt Olivia.

He still had to thank Melody.

Melody stirred the coffee with a spoon, crooking her fingers elegantly.

Hearing Brayden's words, she gave a smile, "If you had told me that the lawyer had been replaced earlier, you and Olivia would have already got the marriage license."

Although there was a smile hanging on her lips, she didn't seem to be smiling at all.

Brayden picked up the coffee cup, took a sip and said, "I found that out later. When I knew about it, it was already too late."

Melody put down the spoon, leaned back in her chair and stared at him.

"Was it?"

Brayden looked up.

"As things are, it's the perfect timing."

Finally, there was some warmth in the smile hanging on Melody's lips.

"Among all the things you've done, I'm most satisfied with what you've done today." Brayden looked at her.

"Aunt, I hope you won't hurt Olivia the next time you do something."

Those reports were full of condemnation of Olivia.

Countless reproaches spread over the Internet.

Olivia didn't pay attention to them, so she didn't know about them.

But he knew.

Melody's eyes narrowed slightly and the smile on her lips widened.

"She deserved it."

Brayden's eyes darkened.

"Aunt, I call you aunt because I accept you as my aunt, but that doesn't mean you can hurt the person I care about unconditionally."

Melody sneered, "Brayden, why do you think I haven't taken action until now?"

"It's just because you, Brayden, care."

"Let me tell you. If she wasn't someone you cared about, I would long have done something outrageous to her."

'Do I need to take things slow like what I'm doing now?'

Melody stood up, took up her bag, looked down at him, and smiled, "You're a spoony, but usually, spoonies can't get what they want."

Because they only wanted to give, not to take.

Melody left the private room and walked out, but stopped when she walked around the corner.