

Fit For Your Love Chapter 26

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Brayden went straight home and found Belle was having the house decorated with some staff.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“I think you should get some new items in the house.’ Then she pointed at a worker who was hanging a painting and said, “It’s crooked.A little over here.Yes, that’s it”

Brayden looked around.

There were many items changed, The curtains, the sofa, the coffee table were all changed.

The room’s style changed from light to warm.

It was not his style.

Brayden frowned slightly.

“Mom, is there anyone coming?”

His mom knew his taste, but now that she had changed the style of the house, there was obviously a problem.

Belle turned her eyes quickly and said, “No, who can it be? Brayden, don’t you think the house is too dark? Look at how young you are.It’s not good to use the dark style”

“Don’t learn from your uncle.I don’t want you to be single as old as your uncle.”

Now the whole family concerned about Everett’s marriage the most.

Everett was old enough to get married and he had been engaged for so long.

It was time for him to get married.

But Everett and Melody were not in a hurry and did not mention marriage at all.

She didn’t want Brayden to get married so late.

Brayden had no choice but to put his hand on Belle’s shoulders and put her down on the sofa.

"Mom, I'm not him." He knew what his mother was worried about, because she kept asking him if he had a girlfriend from time to time this year.

She was very worried about his marriage.

"Yes, you are not him, but how old are you now? You don't have a girlfriend yet, son. When are you going to bring your girlfriend home and make me happy?"

Belle looked at him expectantly.

Brayden was helpless and he said, "Mom, I have a girl in my heart. I'm pursuing her now, don't worry about it, okay?"

He hadn't said it before, but now he was worried that if he didn't say it, his mother would do something unexpected.

Belle's eyes lit up instantly.

"Really?"

"Is there really a girl you like?"

"Really, when have I ever lied to you?"

"All right. He had always been a man whose deeds matched his words, and he had never lied to her.

Belle was a little relieved and asked, "What does that girl do? What about her family background? Is she beautiful? Is she a serious girl? Is she worthy of my excellent son?"

Hearing these questions, Brayden frowned slightly.

Olivia had no excellent family background, but apart from that, she was good at everything.

Even if she had a child, she was the best and most perfect in his heart.

"Mom, is family background important?"

Belle was stunned.

Brayden looked at her seriously.

"Mom, to be honest with you, she doesn't have a rich family background, but she's really excellent. She's kind, strong, optimistic, gentle, beautiful. I like her for five years."

Belle's eyes widened, and she said, "Five...Five years..."

"So mom, can you stop balancing the family background? I pursued her for two years and she didn't give me a chance.'

"I hope you can support me.I can assure you that if she becomes your daughter-in-law, she will be the best one."

This was the first time Brayden had said these words to Belle.

She felt her son's trust in her.

He really needed her support.

"Ah, forget it.This child has always been sensible, opinionated and stubborn.If I object it, he will come against me, and the relationship between us will be ruined."

"And his health..."

Belle thought to herself.Belle held his hand.

"Okay, I won't object, but you have to promise mom that the girl must be a good girl."

"I promise you will be satisfied to see her."

"Okay.It will be your grandfather's birthday in a while.If you have the chance, take that girl with you.Your grandfather will be very happy.'

"Okay"

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At night, many guests gathered at the SH Hotel.

Luxury cars emerged one after another and were parked outside the hotel.

People who walked out of the cars were either successful persons wearing suits or elegant and distinguished ladies born in rich and powerful families.

The scene was comparable to what happened at the Gana event where stars presented.

Soon, a red Ferrari stopped at the front of the hotel gate.

Frank got out of the car and went to the passenger seat.

He opened the door and propped his hand on the top of the car.

White stilettos landed on the ground, a fair, slim, and long leg stretched out, the silver hemline of the dress drooped, that was Olivia walking out.

Frank reached out, whose blue eyes looked like the sea, looked at Olivia affectionately.

Olivia was wearing a long gown with a silver slanted shoulder, with her long hair like seaweed hanging over her left chest.

Her right ear was completely exposed.

A long tasseled earring reached her collarbone, which was perfectly exquisite.

She put on makeup, not gorgeous, not ostentatious, gentle and gentle.

Olivia put her hand into Frank's, and Frank clenched it in an instant.

Olivia looked at him reluctantly.

Frank blinked and leaned closer to her, "I prefer holding your hand instead of arm in arm"

Whenever Frank had time, he would say romantic things.

Olivia was reluctant and didn't bother saying anything.

"Let's go."

The two of them walked in.

The valet drove the car away.

Soon an Aston Martin stopped at the very spot where their car had just stopped.

The driver immediately got out of the car and opened the door.

A shiny handmade leather shoe stepped out, followed by a long leg covered by a Haute suit.

The tall Everett, in a black suit, appeared under the luxurious and expensive crystal lights.

He stood there, looking at the persons in front of him.

She was slender, tall, and graceful.

As she moved, her skirt fluttered like flowers blossoming.

She was talking to people near her, but the hall was so noisy that she couldn't hear it clearly.

So she leaned over and the golden earrings swayed with her movements, making them extremely bright.

The corners of her mouth were slightly curved, her side face looked so tender.

Every twinkle and smile of her took the shine of surroundings off.

Everett narrowed his eyes.

Frank said, "Olivia, tonight you look more beautiful than ever before."

Olivia couldn't hear what he was saying, so she leaned closer to him and managed to understand what he was saying.

She felt it amusing, "Stop talking nonsense. We have businesses to attend to.'

Frank brought her here to meet some big shots in the fashion industry.

At the same time, it was also to promote their brand to others, in order to make the DF Company more popular.

"Don't worry. As your boss, I may be dissipated and wild, but it is just the appearance."

Frank could speak Chinese, but his pronunciation was bad.

Olivia wanted to laugh every time she heard him speaking Chinese.

Frank pronounced "appearance" in Chinese as "visiting", which amused Olivia.

She puffed and covered her mouth to hide her smile.

Frank looked at her smiling.

Her eyebrows were curved and the corners of her eyes were also smiling.

She looked beautiful and charming.

"Olivia, you will always be the most charming woman in my mind."

Olivia did not know what to say, ".."

Olivia looked around and searched for their targets in this event.

Editor in chief of Cosmo Magazine — Lan.

Cosmo Magazine had been the best-selling fashion magazine in the fashion industry for many years.

It would be a great thing if their work could be published on the cover of this magazine.

So this was a great opportunity to get to know the magazine.

Soon Olivia saw Lan.

Wearing a long purple dress and holding a glass of champagne, Lan was chatting with some big boss.

“Frank, the chief editor Lan is there.”

“Olivia, your eyes are so sharp.”

“Let’s go”

The two of them walked over.

In the distance, Hector looked at Olivia and walked to a dark corner.

At this moment, a man was standing here and drinking, with a glass of red wine in his hand.

Hector looked at the man who was drinking and curled his lips, “I Know you would come today.”

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Everett shook his glass and looked at the people in the hall with his dark eyes.

“You’re here too.” Hector turned around and leaned against the fence behind him to look at the bustling hall.

All men were in suit and leather shoes, all women’s makeup was exquisite and they wore elegant dresses.

It was an attractive scenery.

But this man really knew how to find a good place. From here, they can see the whole hall, especially Olivia and Frank. Was it intentional or accidental?

“There’s nothing I can do, you know.” The CEO of H&Y Company was his uncle.

His sister-in-law invited him, so he couldn't refuse it.

"But you, why isn't Melody with you today?"

The two of them would show up together at any party.

since they were a couple.

There were very few times that they were not together.

"She's busy."

"What's the matter?"

Hector was surprised.

"I thought nothing was more important than being by your side for her.' In the past two years, the two of them were like a couple of immortals, making them envious.

Everett didn't answer.

He looked ahead.

Hector also looked ahead.

He raised his eyebrows as he looked over.

Olivia was hugged by a man, and a waiter in front of them kept apologizing.

It looked like the waiter had spilled the wine on Olivia.

The man was blaming the waiter.

Hector curled his lips and looked at Everett.

Three years ago, Everett suddenly wanted to get married, and the bride was not Melody.

They were all shocked.

No matter how shocked they were, Everett married this ordinary woman and gave her the best.

They thought that Everett really fell in love with such a woman.

But just as they thought so, the two of them divorced so quickly.

Then Everett and Melody were together.

They were shocked by his speed.

They couldn't believe it, but when they knew that Henry had caused this woman's miscarriage in front of him and Melody, they knew that Melody was the only one in Everett's heart.

However, after two years of separation, he saw his ex-wife, who was still with another man here.

Hector didn't know how Everett would feel.

But when Hector looked over, he found that Everett did not look ahead.

He was drinking.

His eyes were half-closed, and he could not hide the frightening dark inside.

Olivia was taken upstairs to the dressing room to change her clothes.

They had a good chat.

It was the waiter's mistake that ended this pleasant conversation.

"Miss Hadley, which one do you prefer?"

The assistant came to a row of hangers, on which hung with expensive clothes and dresses with tags on them.

"Okay"

Olivia picked out a white ankle-length dress.

"This one."

"Okay, you can change and go downstairs. I have something to do so I'll go down first."

"Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome."

The assistant left, and Olivia took off the dress to the changing room.

But soon she was upset.

The zipper of the dress went up to her hips and was close to her body.

She could not zip it up to her waist.

She regretted letting her assistant leave so soon.

Covering her back, she turned around and went out.

There was no one in the large lounge but herself.

It seemed that she could only do it by herself.

She wanted to go back to the dressing room, but just then, the door to the lounge opened.

Subconsciously, she covered her back and turned around.

The next moment, she froze.

The man was dressed in a suit, calm and reserved.

It was Everett's special assistant, Davis.

Olivia saw him and clenched her hand immediately.

But soon, she turned around and went into the changing room, pulling up the curtain.

The moment the curtain was drawn, she leaned against the partition in the dressing room, her heart racing.

Davis. How could he be here?

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Olivia's heart was in a mess.

She felt even worse than the last time she saw Everett.

She didn't think Davis came here by accident.

Instinct told her that he came here looking for her.

But there was no one else but Everett who asked Davis to come and look for her.

What did he want to do? Olivia closed her eyes to calm herself down.

After a while, she calmed down, opened her eyes, and zipped her back.

This was indeed the old saying that 'Every cloud has a silver lining'.

She tightened her lower abdomen, pulled the zipper on her back, and pulled it up in a single try.

She straightened herself as she looked at the mirror and her expression returned to normal, but there was no smile on her face.

She was Olivia, but not the Olivia two years ago.

Davis, who was standing outside with his back to her, turned around and nodded.

"Miss Hadley.' Olivia looked at him.

"Davis, what's the matter?"

Davis looked at her.

"Yes, Mr.Weston asked me to give this to you."

Davis took out a check and gave it to her.

Olivia looked at the check in a momentary daze, then curved her lips and she had smiles in her eyes, but there was no warmth in her smiles.

"What do you mean?"

"Mr.Weston said that Miss Hadley could come to him if you were in difficulties.You don't have to stoop to compromise.After all, you were once husband and wife."

Difficulties...

Compromise...

Husband and wife...

There was a message in this sentence that she, Olivia, humiliated him, Everett, as she was with another man.

The corners of Olivia's mouth became wider.

"Davis, could you please tell Mr.Weston that I, Olivia, am not qualified to enjoy Mr.Weston's kindness and please tell him to remember that we are divorced, so let's not get involved in each other's lives so as not to cause unnecessary trouble."

With that said, she turned and left.

The moment she turned around, her eyes turned red, but there were no tears.

But before she could take two steps, Davis's voice fell into her ear.

"Miss Hadley, you'd better take it."

Olivia's hand curled up and turned around.

"What if I don't take it?"

What did he want to do to her? Davis, "Mr. Weston knew Miss Hadley wouldn't accept it. He lets me tell you that Miss Hadley, be sensible and know what you shall do"

Olivia's face turned pale.

Be sensible and know what to do...

So, if she didn't listen, she would end up as she did two years ago? But what else could she lose now? Olivia pinched her nails into her palms and smiled.

"I'll have to trouble you to tell Mr. Weston. Olivia doesn't like to be sensible now. If he likes a sensible one, then go to find that one who is sensible."

"Don't come looking for her." She thought.

She left quickly and slammed the door shut.

Olivia's eyes were red and frightening.

"Everett, I used to think you were so good, but now I think you are so bad!"

She said to herself.

Davis looked at the closed door, picked up his phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Weston, Miss Hadley didn't want it"

Everett looked up at the second floor.

Olivia hurried down the stairs, her face pale and her eyes red.

She pursed her red lips, looking stubborn and angry.

"Fine."

"She wants me to tell you something."

Davis paused, clearly feeling being troubled.

“Say it.”

“She asked me to tell you...’

As Davis’s words fell into his ears, Everett’s pupils narrowed and his eyes were dark and scary.

“Olivia?”

Frank was about to go upstairs to look at Olivia when he saw her coming down the stairs with a gloomy face and he immediately came over.

“Olivia, what’s wrong with you? You look so bad?”

Olivia said apologetically, “Frank, I’m sorry. I’m not feeling well. I have to go back first.”

“I’ll send you home then”

“No need. You still have something to do. I can go back by myself”

“But...”

“It’s okay. I’ll go first.”

She left in a hurry, not giving Frank a chance to speak.

She wanted to spend some time alone now.

The hotel was on the outskirts.

There were no taxis, only luxury cars.

Olivia didn’t call for a cab either and she walked straight ahead.

She didn’t feel cold when the cold wind blew.

It was because her heart was colder.

Suddenly, the sound of car horns came from behind.

She walked to the side.

She didn’t expect the car to stop next to her.

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The window was lowered and a handsome face appeared.

“Olivia.” Olivia was stunned.

“Brayden?”

Brayden got out of the car, took off his coat and put it on her.

“Get in the car”

Olivia nodded.

The two of them got into the car and the car quickly drove forward.

As soon as the car left, a man came out from the balcony on the third floor of the hotel.

Holding his cell phone, he was dressed in a suit and looked extraordinarily handsome. It was Everett.

“Everett, when are you coming back?”

“In an hour.’

“Okay, I’ll wait for you.”

When the phone hung up, Everett put his hand in his pocket and looked at the night sky ahead.

He squinted slightly, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

The view quickly swept past the window, and Olivia opened the window a little, allowing the wind to blow in.

Brayden turned to look at her.

“What’s wrong?”

She hadn’t said a word since she got in the car.

She was in a very bad mood.

Olivia shook her head.

“Why can only people forget after they lose their memories?”

If only they could forget as long as they wanted to.

They wouldn't hurt. The car was quiet.

After a while, Brayden said, “Because amnesia is like making a deal with a demon, you have to lose something for whatever you get.”

Olivia curved her lips and the pain in her eyes disappeared. She turned to look at him.

“I didn't expect you to tell a story:”

There was a red light ahead.

Brayden stepped on the brake and looked at her tenderly, feeling pity for her.

“Do you want a drink?”

She was in a bad mood and needed to vent her emotions.

Otherwise, something would happen to her with that pent-up emotions in her sooner or later. Olivia was stunned and smiled.

“Okay.’

“But I am not good at drinking. If I was in a drunk fit, you must bear with me.”

“Okay.”

The car was parked in a garage in Yuelan Villa.

When they got out of the car, Brayden smiled and said, “Are you afraid?”

Olivia asked, “What should I be afraid of?”

“That I would do something to you.”

Olivia was stunned, and then she smiled.

“You?”

She pointed at Brayden and smiled.

Brayden nodded with a serious face.

“Yes, me. What? I don’t look like a person who would do something to you?”

“Of course, you’re not that kind of person. I believe in you-”

Brayden sighed.

“Hey, thank you for believing in me. I won’t let you down.”

Olivia smiled again.

She had never been to Brayden’s house.

It was her first time, but as she said, she believed in him.

She trusted him no matter what.

Brayden took out two crystal glasses and the wine from his collection.

“A friend of mine gave me this wine. He said that drinking this wine would make people relax and forget all the unhappy things.”

“So magical?”

“That’s what he said, but I didn’t drink it. So I don’t know.” Then he poured the wine.

Olivia looked at the red wine falling into the crystal glass.

It was so beautiful.

For a moment, she thought of Everett holding a red wine glass.

He looked noble, elegant, and sexy.

All the words of praise could be used on him.

Brayden handed her the wine.

She took it and drank it in one gulp.

She didn’t want to think about that man, not at all.

Brayden was stunned and sat beside her, sipping the wine in his glass.

If she didn’t tell him, he wouldn’t ask.

He would just be by her side.

After Olivia finished one, she poured another glass.

And soon, half a bottle of wine was consumed by her.

Not long after that, she lay on the sofa, her eyes hazy.

She was drunk and dizzy.

Brayden sat on the carpet and looked at her red face.

"You're drunk."

Olivia raised her eyelids and nodded.

"I'm drunk."

People who were drunk said they weren't drunk, but she said she was drunk, so he didn't know if she was really drunk or not.

"I'll help you up to rest."

He then put down the glass and picked her up.

She was quiet and obedient than ever.

Brayden smiled.

She said she would be in a drunk fit.

But soon, he froze