

Fit For Your Love Chapter 31

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Olivia grabbed the clothes on his chest, rubbed her face against his chest, and buried herself in his arms.

Brayden looked down at her.

Under the light, her skin was like fine porcelain, smooth and tender, her face flushed, and her eyelashes were long.

She was so cute that made him feel warm.

However, he smiled bitterly.

She trusted him so much that he didn't dare to do anything improperly to her.

She was his angel, and he could not hurt his angel.

He took Olivia to the bed, covered her with the quilt, and went to the bathroom.

Not long after, he came out with hot water and towels to wipe her face, hands, and feet, as if he were taking care of a child.

Olivia didn't move and slept soundly.

Brayden was helpless.

She must not be allowed to drink with others in the future.

Otherwise, he would be worried for she might be taken advantage of by others.

He tucked Olivia in, looked at her deeply for a while, then got up and left.

Instead of going back to the side bedroom, Brayden stood beside the fence outside with a glass of wine and looked at the closed bedroom door, taking a sip from time to time.

On a night like this, it would be a lie if he didn't feel anything, but he could control himself.

After some time, a small sound came from the bedroom.

Brayden paused and immediately opened the door.

"Olivia?"

He ran in and stopped quickly.

Olivia was crying, her eyes closed, and her face was wet with tears.

She was talking in a low voice.

Brayden bent over and put his ear closer.

“Please...Please let my child go...”

“Please...Everett...”

Brayden straightened up.

Everett, this man hurt her, didn't he? Imperial Beauty.

Famous villa areas.

At this moment, in a modern European-style building, the warm lights were turned on, adding warmth to the cold villa.

Melody sat at the table with her hands propped up and clasped, looking at the person sitting opposite her.

“I made all these dishes.Try them.’ Everett raised his eyebrows.

Obviously not believing her.

Melody brushed off her long chestnut wavy hair, sexy and charming.

“What, not like my cooking?”

Everett didn't answer.

He picked up the silver chopsticks, put a piece of brightly colored ribs in his mouth, and ate them.

Melody, “How is it?”

She looked at him expectantly.

Although it tasted good for herself, he was very picky and she didn't know if it was to his liking.

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

“Not bad.”

Melody raised her lips.

"Although I really want your compliment, it's too hypocritical of you to say that the first time I cook. However, I accept this answer." She raised her glass.

"But I will find a way to change your answer to 'good' in the future."

Everett looked at her, his eyes moving slightly.

"No need."

"Hmm?"

"It will hurt your hands."

Melody's eyes were full of happiness.

"As long as it's for you, so what if I hurt my hand?"

She was willing to do this for him.

The dinner was good and the atmosphere was good.

Melody drank a lot, sat on his lap, and hugged him.

"Everett." Everett held her hand.

"Melody, you're drunk."

Melody looked at him in a daze.

"Everett, I don't want to wait for the wedding. I want you now." Everett's eyes darkened.

However, nothing else changed.

Melody kissed him on the cheek, and the heat sprayed on him.

"Everett, give it to me... Give it to me..."

She moaned coquettishly, like a banshee.

But no matter how she moved or kissed, Everett didn't respond.

Melody finally stopped and stared at the person in front of her.

There was no warmth in his eyes.

"Not interested in me?"

There were many men who would want to sleep with her, and even got aroused by her sexy photos, but he didn't feel anything about her at all.

Why? Everett. Why!

"It's not time yet."

He opened his mouth, put her down, and tidied his clothes.

Melody looked at him, his dark eyes without any desire, and his face was as indifferent as ever.

Was he really restraining himself? No, she couldn't see any sign of that in him.

He didn't want her at all! "Everett, I order you to take me.'

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She took off her only dress and exposed her perfect figure in front of Everett.

Obviously, she was wearing nothing but that dress. She was prepared.

Everett stood up and raised her chin.

"Melody, when did you become so unconfident?"

Melody's eyes turned red at one and she hugged him.

"It's your fault that makes me become unconfident!"

Olivia woke up in a terrible state.

She had a headache and the astringence and weakness spread all over her body.

She felt like having walked a mountain road for days and nights.

It was very uncomfortable.

Brayden came in and saw her rubbing her temples.

He smiled and said, "You are awake."

Olivia looked over and saw Brayden came over with a bowl of sobering soup.

"Come on, this is my sobering soup. It'll make you feel better."

Olivia's mind was still a little muddled.

She didn't know what she looked like when she got drunk last night, or if she was roaring drunk.

But when Brayden gave her the hangover soup, she drank it.

Feeling a little better after drinking, she asked, "Senior, was I roaring drunk last night?"

She had never been drunk, nor did she know what she looked like when she was drunk.

But it was true that she couldn't hold her liquor well.

"Well, do you want to know?"

Seeing his smiling face, Olivia felt a little nervous.

"I...Didn't do anything, did I?"

Brayden thought about it carefully and nodded.

"No."

"What?"

"You almost threw me on the ground and wanted to kiss me."

"Ah?"

That was not true? Olivia's face turned pale and she began to panic.

If she did that, the two of them...Brayden patted her on the head.

"Listen to me before being embarrassed-"

Olivia looked at him.

Brayden said with great seriousness, "It's a good thing that I'm determined enough not to be knocked down by you."

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief, but soon, she felt something was wrong.

"Senior, are you kidding me?"

She didn't think she was the type of person who would have sex after being drunk.

Brayden stood up.

"Hmm? I thought you wouldn't be able to see through it until you went back. It looks like you're awake."

Patting her on the head, he said "I got the clothes ready for you. After changing them, you can go downstairs for breakfast"

Then he turned around and went out.

Olivia looked at the closed door and then at herself.

She was still wearing the dress from last night.

Nothing changed.

She couldn't help but smile.

The senior liked to tease her sometimes.

The clothes were on the bedside table.

Olivia put them on, washed up, and then went downstairs.

"Come, have breakfast."

Brayden placed the breakfast and waved at her.

"Okay."

Olivia sat on the chair.

There was light millet porridge on the table and tasty and refreshing cucumber.

Eating them after drinking was the most comfortable.

The two of them finished breakfast. Brayden looked at the watch.

"Is there any arrangement for this weekend?"

"Yes, I'm in a hurry to design the autumn style.' Brayden was helpless.

"No rest time at all?"

"Yes, but I have to design this autumn style first."

"Okay, I'll send you back."

The two packed up and left.

Just half an hour after the car left, a white luxury car drove in.

Belle got out of the car and picked up the fruits and vegetables from the trunk.

It was the weekend.

She had to make a nutritious meal for her son.

But she didn't expect that early in the morning he was not at home again.

So, she called Brayden.

Brayden just parked his car outside Olivia's neighborhood.

"I'll take a call"

"Okay."

Brayden answered, "Mom."

"Brayden, where did you go early in the morning?"

Today was the weekend.

He wasn't going to tell her that he had to work on the weekend.

She would be angry.

"I have something important, Mom.' "You're not going to work, are you?"

"Yes, I'm with a friend."

"Friend?"

Belle suddenly thought of something and asked, "Is it the girl you like?"

Brayden coughed, looked at Olivia, and said, "Mom, I'll be back soon.' Belle suddenly understood.

"No, no. You don't need to, You and your friend are having fun. I just ask casually."

After that, she hung up the phone.

She was so happy.

If he liked someone, he should go after her boldly.

If he won her heart, then they would get married and have children.

Maybe She could have grandchildren next year. Belle didn't cook for Brayden.

She put the things in the fridge and packed them up as usual. Not long after, she went to Brayden's bedroom and quickly twirled the long hair on the pillow.

This was...a woman's hair, right?

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"Go back and have a good rest before you get back to work." Brayden told Olivia when she got out of the car.

"Okay, be careful on your way back."

"OK."

Olivia turned around and entered the apartment.

Brayden watched her go in.

He didn't leave until he couldn't see her anymore.

Olivia got home and threw her bag on the sofa. She lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes.

Last night, she had a dream about the night at the Golden Night two years ago.

She begged Everett to let their child off.

He said to her, "Olivia, this is the consequence when you are not discreet -"

Then, she lost her child. Olivia smiled bitterly.

Yes, she was not discreet two years ago, so she ended up miserably.

But two years later, she had nothing to do with him. How could he judge if she was discreet or not?

"Everett, you are really unreasonable." She thought.

Brayden got home and saw Belle sitting on the sofa drinking coffee.

He was surprised, "Mom, why are you here?"

His mother seemed to have come by more often these days.

Belle put down the coffee cup and glanced at him.

She said, "Brayden, your grandfather's birthday is coming soon. Have you forgotten?"

"No, I won't forget that, mom. Don't worry."

He used to recuperate abroad, so he couldn't come back to celebrate his grandfather's birthday

However, he prepared a birthday gift for his grandfather every year at that time, so he definitely would not forget it. Belle nodded, "Your grandfather was talking about you yesterday.

He said he would be excited if you could bring your girlfriend to his birthday.' It was obvious that his mother meant something else.

Brayden replied with resignation, "Mom, be patient.' Olivia would never go to his grandfather's birthday with him.

And he would never inveigle her into that.

Belle was displeased when she heard his words.

"To be patient? Why? Didn't you sleep together?"

Brayden was astonished, "Sleep together?"

Belle showed him the hair she had collected.

"This is the evidence I found. Don't hide it from me!"

"You must show up with that girl that day!"

After that, she took her bag and left.

Brayden looked at the car leaving and didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

He knew clearly where that hair came from.

His mother misunderstood.

Olivia took a bath and began to work.

Later, there was a knock on the door.

She opened the door.

It was Frank.

When he saw her, he breathed a sigh of relief, "Olivia, why is your phone off all the time?"

Olivia was surprised, "What?"

She thought of something and went to get her phone.

It was off.

She hadn't turned off her phone, but the battery had run out.

When Frank saw it, he slapped on his forehead and gave her a worried look.

"Do you know I'm worried about you?"

"Your phone was off when I called you. There was no one here when I came. I really..."

Olivia didn't expect him to care so much.

She was stunned for a moment and said sincerely, "I'm sorry. I'll keep my phone on from now on."

Frank sighed.

How could he do with her? "Olivia, you must be with me today to comfort me."

Olivia said resignedly, "You don't want the new fall products to be available this morning, do you?"

"Sparing one day for me will do you no harm." Olivia had to agree.

"It is now the harvest season for cherries. Let's go pick cherries. You can relax, and maybe you will be inspired by them." Actually, he said that because he knew she liked cherries.

Olivia smiled, "Alright."

Soon, the car stopped at Cangshan Cherry Orchard.

The cherry here covered a large area.

It was breathtakingly fascinating when they blossomed, and it was a different scenery during the harvest season.

A lot of people would like to come here, tourists, rich kids, and photographers.

Alot.

And now, there was a team of photographers here.

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"It seems that I picked a good day.' Frank looked at the scene ahead and said. Olivia looked over and smiled.

"Of course, the great landscape deserves to be appreciated." Frank snapped his fingers.

"That's a must!"

"Come on.Let's go in."

"Okay."

After paying and asking the boss for a basket, the two of them walked into the cherry garden.

Perhaps because it was on weekend, many people came to the cherry garden.

When they entered, there were already people picking cherries inside in twos and threes.

Olivia looked at the clusters of red, crystal clear cherries on the branches, her depressing mood dissipated and she smiled.

"Here, try it.I washed it"

Frank gave her a bunch of red and purple cherries, which were very cute with drops of water hanging on them.

Olivia saw that there was only a little mineral water left in his hand, so she said with a smile, "It doesn't matter if you don't wash it"

Then she took the cherry and ate it.

The cherry was sweet to the heart, and her spirits was lifted.

They walked in, picking and eating cherries as they walked.

At first, Frank didn't want to eat unwashed cherries, but when he saw Olivia eating, he also ate like that.

Suddenly, Frank's phone rang.

Olivia said, "You can answer the phone. I'll go over there."

"Ok!" Olivia walked forward.

Not long after, she stopped.

In front of her stood a person in a cherry grove, who wore a sexy black and gold dress.

The gold on the dress glittered with the sunlight.

She hugged her chest with one hand and made a phone call.

"No, I can't. They'll be here the day after tomorrow at the latest. Everett's grandpa's birthday is next Saturday. I have to be prepared in advance"

Olivia's hand, which was holding the basket, trembled.

This voice belonged to Melody. She would never forget it. She turned around and left sadly.

This voice reminded her of how stupid, ridiculous, and ironic she was.

When Melody hung up the phone and turned around, she saw a thin figure hidden behind a cherry tree in front of her.

She frowned slightly.

Soon the assistant came and said, "Melody, the next shoot is ten minutes away."

"I see."

When she looked over there again, there was nothing left.

At this moment, a voice came from the left.

She looked over and saw a faint figure.

It seemed that there were a lot of people in this cherry forest.

"Let's go."

"Okay"

The two of them left.

Olivia walked straight back.

It was not until her phone rang that she remembered someone else was with her here.

Indeed, it was Frank who called.

Olivia rubbed his brows to calm himself down before answering the phone.

“Frank.”

“Olivia, where are you?”

“I’m going to the bathroom.”

“Okay, I’ll wait for you here. You can come to me later.”

“Yes.”

Olivia hung up the phone, stood there for a while, and went to the bathroom.

She stayed with Frank in the cherry garden until the afternoon.

By the time she got back, the filming scene was also ending.

Olivia saw Melody standing under a big banyan tree.

Melody was in long white sleeves, long pants.

Her tall figure was eye-catching.

Two years ago, she didn’t know Melody.

However, two years later, she knew Melody very well.

It was not that she investigated Melody, but it was hard for her not to know Melody in her industry.

Melody was outstanding in the fashion industry as well as the film and television industry.

She was super popular online.

Not only was she outstanding, she also had a family background that no one else had.

It could be said that she was quite perfect.

Only such a person could match Everett.

Olivia looked away and closed her eyes.

In the beginning, she was really blinded by love, so she wanted to have a child that didn't belong to her.

"Olivia, in terms of our autumn collection this season, I want Melody to take part in this show." Olivia opened her eyes and curled up her hands.

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Olivia began to be busy in drawing designs, going to the factory to find the fabric she wanted.

She kept running around every day and was extremely busy.

In a flash, five days had passed, and the whole company had left, leaving her alone in the office to cut and sew.

The only sound left in the huge office was the sound of a sewing machine.

When Brayden came in with dinner, he saw her sitting on a stool, treading on a sewing machine, and looking serious.

He didn't disturb her, so he walked lightly, put the dinner aside, sat on the sofa, and looked at her with his chin propped up.

Five years ago, she still had baby fat on her face.

Her face was ruddy and her eyes were curved.

Two years ago, she had lost the baby fat and her face was pale.

Her face became thin too.

Now, she had the same oval face, but her pale face was ruddy, and she looked energetic.

Brayden picked up his phone and took a photo of her.

Olivia sewed the clothes and picked it up.

She was very satisfied.

"Is it done?"

A familiar voice came.

Olivia was surprised and looked over.

"Brayden?"

Brayden walked over with a gentle smile.

Olivia looked out. It was dark outside and everyone had left.

She had to ask, "When did you come?"

Brayden looked at the watch and said, "It's been three hours."

Olivia was helpless.

"I don't know you were here." Brayden, "Of course you don't know. You were buried in your work. I admire you for that."

Olivia smiled sheepishly. She was always like this. There was nothing she could do. Brayden took the dinner.

"I brought something to eat, but it's cold. I need to heat it up. Do you have a microwave?"

"Yes, this way." Olivia took Brayden to the pantry, warmed up the food, and sat down at the table to eat.

The two of them chatted as they ate.

Suddenly, Brayden asked, "Do you have time tomorrow?"

"Yes, but not much. What's wrong?"

"My grandfather's birthday is the day after tomorrow. My mother ordered me to bring my date. This is driving me mad. Today, his mother specifically reminded him to bring the person he liked tomorrow. He also wanted Olivia to go with him. So even if he knew she would refuse, he still had to try."

Olivia was stunned, then took a tissue and wiped her mouth, "Brayden, I can't help you with that."

Showing up with him on his grandfather's birthday meant something. She couldn't agree.

Brayden sighed and looked helpless.

"I knew you would refuse." Olivia smiled.

"It's getting late. Let's go back."

"Yes"

Brayden sent Olivia back home before he went back.

Olivia did not rest immediately after returning but took out the gold silk that she had bought a few days ago.

Gold silk was very rare and very expensive, and it is very difficult to buy some genuine silk of quality.

It could be said that one would see and buy him for a long time.

She was also lucky.

When she went to the factory to look at the fabric, she came out and saw an old man selling it.

She bought all the gold silk from the old man.

Now she could use it.

She immediately took out the silk thread and began to make traditional buttons in pairs.

Pairs signified blessings and luck in her country.

Brayden's grandfather should be very old, so she planned to use gold silk to make buttons with lucky knots and give them to the old man.

Although she would not go, she knew that his grandfather's birthday was tomorrow, so she had to prepare gifts.

One night, Olivia finished her gift. But she needed a beautiful box.

She washed up, changed her clothes, and drove to the mall.

Soon, she chose a rosewood box and put the gift in it. It was done.

Olivia called Brayden.

"Olivia"

"Brayden, where are you now?"

"I'm at home. I'm going to the airport."

"Then can you wait for me? I have something for you."

"Okay."

Soon Olivia drove to Brayden's villa and handed him the box in her hand.

"As a good friend, this gift is for your grandfather." Brayden looked at the box in his hand and his eyes were filled with excitement.

"May I have a look?"

"Sure."

He opened it and saw in the box a pair of golden buttons, exquisite and noble.

He was surprised.

"This is?"

"This is a pair of lucky buttons. I made them myself. I wish your grandfather a long and healthy life."

"Did you do it last night?"

He just told her last night and now she gave him the present.

She must make this last night.

"Yes."

Brayden clenched the box, his eyes filled with emotion, not knowing what to say to express his feelings at this moment.

She couldn't go, but this gift was enough.

"Olivia, can I hug you?"

Olivia raised her lips and took the initiative to hug him.

How could she not repay the kindness Brayden had shown her? Brayden hugged her tightly and said in a hoarse voice, "Thank you."