

# Fit For Your Love Chapter 16

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In the evening.

In the Weston Family's house.

After dinner, Wade looked at his children and grandchildren sitting below him with joy on his face.

Children and grandchildren are all grown up.

They are all excellent and shining talents.

He was satisfied, fairly satisfied.

Wade waved at Brayden, "Brayden, come. Let grandfather take a good look at you.'

Brayden was Wade's great-grandson, the son of the daughter of his second son.

However, this daughter was not his son's biological daughter, but was the daughter of a friend of his son.

However, after the friend died in an accident, the girl was no longer taken care of, so his son brought the girl back and raised her up.

Although Belle was not a biological child of the Weston Family, the Weston Family treated her as if she was their biological child and had a very good relationship with her.

"Hurry up,"

Belle patted Brayden lightly to remind him.

Okay, Brayden stood up and walked to Wade, going down on one knee, "Great-grandfather:.'

Wade was almost ninety years old, but he was very energetic.

He didn't look like someone who was almost ninety years old at all.

Wade held Brayden's hand, looked up and down at him, and nodded, "Hmm, not bad. You are much better than three years ago."

He pinched Brayden's arm, "You grew sturdy now. Very good, very good!"

Belle said, "It's been 3 years. If he hadn't recover and grown strong, I wouldn't have let him come back."

Wade said seriously, "Yes. You've done a great job!"

Among his grandchildren, he was most satisfied with Everett.

And among his great-grandchildren, he was most satisfied with Brayden.

However, both of them has been worrying him.

One was unhappy in marriage and the other was not in good health.

Fortunately, now they were heading in right directions.

He was a bit relieved.

After talking to Brayden for a while, the old master looked at Everett.

As usual, Everett remained silent. He didn't talk much.

"Everett, come with me to the study room."

"Okay,"

Everett put down the coffee cup, walked over, and followed Wade upstairs.

The old master went upstairs.

And his children and children-in-law chatted separately.

The atmosphere was very good.

Brayden looked around and found that there was one person missing.

"Mom, didn't you say that uncle was married? Why haven't I seen my aunt?"

The Weston Family had a family dinner tradition.

They would return to the old house to have dinner together when everyone had time.

He couldn't come back because he was sick.

But since uncle was married, his wife should come.

However, he did not see his aunt the whole evening, only his uncle alone.

Belle's expression changed slightly.

She whispered to him, "Your uncle has divorced."

Brayden frowned.

He remembered that his mother told him that his uncle liked his aunt very much and that he must marry her.

Even if everyone objected, his uncle still married an ordinary woman who wasn't born in a distinguished family.

However, it had only been a short while until they got divorced.

In the study upstairs, Wade stared at Everett.

His eyes were like Leona's.

In the other parts of his face he took after his father.

However, Wade did not know who he was like in character.

Overbearing, powerful, and ruthless, he was a good player in the business world.

Wade has been never disappointed in him.

However, in terms of love, this grandson seemed to be stumbling.

"Everett, grandfather heard something and wants to ask you a few questions."

"Please""

Brayden talked to his elders in the living room for a while, and then went out.

It was breezy outside.

The moon was hanging on the branches, and the stars were dense and bright. It was a beautiful night.

He didn't know how was Olivia.

Brayden took out his phone and dialed Olivia's number.

"Senior: "Olivia, have you eaten?"

"Yes"

“Is the food prepared by the servants appetizing?”

“Yes.I’m not picky about food.”

“That’s good”

When Everett came out, he saw Brayden standing outside making a call.

He had a warm smile on his face, and his eyes were full of tenderness.

And these were all because of the person on his cell phone.

After chatting with Olivia for a while, Brayden hung up the phone and turned to walk inside.

He wanted to go back.

Go see Olivia.

The moment he turned around, he saw the person standing in front of him.

The smile on Brayden’s face froze, and he coughed lightly.

The smile on his face faded slightly and he walked over.

In the face of this unsmiling elder, Brayden was respectful.

“Uncle.”

“Uh-huh”

“Are you feeling better?”

“Yes.”

“Well, take care of your health.Don’t make your mother worry”

“I Will”

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Everett left the old house not long after.However, not long after the car left, his phone rang.

He looked at the LCD screen and pressed his bluetooth button, “Hello.”

"Mr. Weston, Miss Hadley asked to go to the civil affairs bureau to get a divorce. She even asked me to help her sell the villa out and donate all the money in your name.'

Everett looked ahead and his eyes were as dark as the night without the end, "Inform her that we will meet at the civil affairs bureau at 9 a.m. tomorrow morning.'

"Okay."

Mr. Cruz called Olivia immediately to tell her the arrangement.

"Okay, I will be there on time,' Olivia agreed.

It was time to put an end to what had happened before, and move on.

Brayden had originally wanted to go to check Olivia, but he played chess and chatted with Wade till midnight.

Belle directly asked Brayden to accompany Wade and stay down.

Brayden could not say no to her.

However, before he went to bed, he called the servant and asked whether Olivia was feeling well.

He was relieved when the servant told him that Olivia was fine.

He had missed her three years ago, so he would not miss her again three years later.

The next morning, Olivia had packed early and left the house.

The servant was surprised to see that she was about to leave, "Miss, you can't go out now.'

Olivia could not catch cold because she was still in the month of confinement after giving birth to a child.

Olivia changed her shoes, "It's okay. I have something to deal with. I'll be back soon after I'm done."

"But..."

Olivia interrupted her, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

She opened the door and went out. The servant was still worried and called Brayden.

“What up?”

“Sir, Miss Hadley just went out.”

“Went out?”

Brayden frowned and went out with his phone.

“Yes, she said she had something to deal with-”

Brayden frowned, “I see.”

He hung up the phone and called Olivia.

Olivia had just stepped out of the elevator when her phone rang.

She glanced at the screen and answered, “Hi, Brayden.’

“The servant said that you left alone. Where are you going? I’m coming to pick you up.”

“No need, Brayden. I’ll be back soon.”

Brayden paused for two seconds, “Alright, call me if you need anything.’

“Okay.”

Looking at the darkened screen of his phone, Brayden was worried.

He turned around and walked in.

Olivia walked out of the apartment and hailed a taxi before heading to the civil affairs bureau.

She went early, so Everett was not there when she arrived at the civil affairs bureau.

She looked at the time, sat on the bench and waited while staring blankly ahead.

Not long after, a Rolls-Royce worth over 10 million dollars was parked outside.

Olivia’s eyes twitched and she turned around to look at the person who got out of the car.

He was dressed in a neat suit with his hair meticulously combed, and he exuded the aura of a big boss in a shopping mall.

Olivia turned around and walked inside.

Everett looked at the person in front of him with darkness in his eyes.

Something seemed to be changing, but it didn't seem to be.

They got married fast, but got divorced faster.

Olivia quickly signed and left.

She didn't look at the person beside her.

However, when she walked out, Mr.Cruz appeared in front of her.

"Miss Hadley."

Olivia nodded, "Mr.Cruz."

Mr.Cruz was straightforward, "I don't have the right to sell the villa you mentioned yesterday.Please handle it yourself"

"Okay."

"Is there anything else?"

"No more."

"Well, I'll be going then.'

"Okay."

Olivia stopped a taxi and left.

Everett came out and watched the taxi disappear afar.

She looked free and happy.

It was completely different from the woman who had begged him not leave her before.

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Olivia returned to the apartment, not expecting Brayden to be inside.When he heard the door open, Brayden walked over.

"You're back" Olivia looked at his apron.

"What are you doing?"

“Oh, you haven’t eaten my cooking yet, right? You can try it later. Taste it.”

Olivia looked at the kitchen and it smelled good.

She lowered her eyes and said.

“Okay.”

Half an hour later, the dishes were placed on the table. The look of dishes and carefully placed plates were good.

Looking at the dishes, she knew that they had good tastes. Brayden put a sweet and sour pork rib in her bowl.

“It’s hot today. Eat something sweet and sour. It’s appetizing.”

Olivia picked it up and ate it. Brayden looked at her nervously.

“How is it?”

“It’s delicious.’

“Really?” His eyes sparkled.

Olivia said seriously, “Really.’

“Alright, have more.’ Brayden kept putting food in Olivia’s bowl and Olivia ate it all.

Brayden was very happy.

Brayden stopped Olivia when she was about to do the dishes.

“You can’t touch cold water. I’ll do it.”

“I can use hot water.”

“No need. Even though I’m A man, I think I can do these things, too.’

“Have a rest.”

Olivia could not dissuade him, so she sat on the sofa and looked at the busy figure of Brayden in the kitchen.

At first, she only thought that she was lucky to meet a very good person.

But now, she didn’t think so.



A person would not treat another person with kindness unconditionally, especially, he was such a good person.

He liked her.

Though she didn't believe it, she had to accept the fact.

Brayden cleaned up the kitchen and came out, sitting next to her.

"How is it? Are you used to it?"

"Yes."

Olivia looked at Brayden.

"Brayden, I have to go.' The smile on Brayden's face froze and disappeared.

"You haven't recovered yet. Where are you going?"

"Go home."

"Home?"

Brayden suddenly remembered that she still had a home.

He nodded.

"Where's your home? I'll send you back-"

"No need. I'll go back myself. Give me your bank account and I'll pay you back after I work"

Brayden sensed that Olivia was starting to distance herself from him.

He crossed his hands and clenched them, "Do you have to leave?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At three o'clock in the afternoon."

In the afternoon, Olivia boarded the plane back to H City.

Brayden was standing in the airport, looking ahead and holding his hands tightly.

Two years later.

Fashion Design Department, DF Company Olivia's long hair was casually tied up with a pencil, and she was drawing on a piece of paper with another pencil in her hand, She was very serious and focused.

Her hair hung down, but she didn't even put it behind her ear.

Suddenly, one red rose appeared in front of her and scratched her nose.

Olivia had an itchy nose and sneezed.

"Oh my god! Olivia, you're ruining my heart!"

Frank spoke nonstandard Mandarin with an exaggerated expression.

Olivia rubbed her nose and looked at him helplessly.

"Frank, I'm very busy:"

Frank, who was mixed-blood, had an oriental face, but he had blue eyes, like a westerner.

The eyes were passionate and affectionate.

He is the No.2 of DF Company, while the No.1, the boss, is his sister.

He is a playboy, but also one of great business sense.

A year ago, he took a fancy to her design in a competition, so he recruited her to DF Company, and chased her.

But after finding out that she was conservative, he chose to make friends with her, which could be another good choice.

"Very busy! Very busy. Every time I see you, you are very busy. Olivia, is it really good for you to work like this?"

Frank sat on her desk and suddenly leaned closer to her.

His blue eyes were so deep that one might be intoxicated by them.

Olivia looked into his eyes, being completely unconcerned with him.

Especially when his lips were about to get close to hers, she accurately covered his lips and pushed him away.

"Don't disturb me if you want the new summer designs to come out early."

Frank clutched his chest and looked very hurt.

“Olivia, you’re hurting my heart too much.”

Olivia’s lips curved.

“You didn’t come to tease me, did you?”

Frank winked at her.

“Olivia, you know me.”

He turned around and sat on the chair.

Then he whirled around and looked at her.

“Accompany me to meet a client in Golden Night tonight.”

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The Golden Night, even two years later, was still wild, crazy and frightening.

The car was parked outside the gate.

Olivia looked at the gold-plated plaque of the Golden Night.

Under the night sky, it with its colorful lights shining looked like a poppy blooming wildly, and was breathtakingly beautiful.

But for Olivia, there was nothing but fear.

Everything about her changed from here.

She lost the child in her belly in this place.

This was where her heart had been scarred.

Where she wanted to forget but in vain.

“My beautiful and elegant Miss Hadley, please get out of the car.” said Frank lovingly.

He was standing outside the car and reaching out his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

Olivia twitched her lips, took her bag and got out of the car.

It was all gone.

No matter how many injuries and pains, they were buried by time.

She had to live. She had to face it.

Frank looked at his empty hand and sighed.

“Olivia, tell me how you will agree to be my girl friend.”

Olivia looked at him seriously.

“Change your gender.’ Frank’s eyes widened.

“Oh my god, you actually...”

Olivia smiled and walked in.

After walking into the luxurious lobby, the smile on her face disappeared.

Two years had passed, coming again, and her heart still hurt.

The clients were already waiting in the private room.

When the two of them entered, Frank immediately gave each other a big hug.

They seemed to be familiar with each other, and they were very nice.

The few of them greeted and sat down.

Frank asked Olivia to show her design draft to them.

Before they arrived, Frank had already told Olivia about the importance of the clients.

The two of them had to work hard to get their order.

Therefore, after they took the design draft, Olivia began to expound on it.

The clients listened attentively, sometimes asked questions and other times nodded.

The atmosphere was not bad.

Half an hour passed quickly, the clients said, “I will consider it-”

Then they closed the portfolio Frank said immediately, “Hey, if you have any questions, feel free to ask. Everything is open to discussion, right?”

"Of course, but I haven't eaten yet. Do you want me to talk to you, hungry?"

"No way. Let's take our order!"

Soon, the dishes were served and Olivia felt a sudden pain in her stomach.

She said, "I'm sorry, but I have to go to the bathroom."

Frank, noticing that she did not look well, said, "Just go."

Olivia nodded and turned to get out.

Shortly after, she came out of the bathroom.

She stood in front of the sink and looked at the person in the mirror.

She had put on proper makeup and was gentle and graceful.

But she looked a little pale.

She had struggled to come here.

She thought that she could hide the fact of being weak, but it seemed that she had overestimated herself.

She took her bag and fixed her makeup.

She did not go out until anything unusual could be seen on the face of the person in the mirror.

When she went out, she took out her phone and sent Frank a message.

She had her period and need to go out to buy sanitary pads.

After the message was sent, she wanted to put her phone in her bag when she bumped into someone head-on.

The phone fell to the ground.

Olivia said immediately, "I'm sorry." She bent down and picked up the phone.

Just as she got it, her hand was grabbed by someone and she was pulled into the person's arms.

Startled, she raised her head.

She didn't expect that she would see a face that was ingrained in her mind.

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He seemed drunk, and his eyes were blurred.

He was wearing a red shirt and casual pants, and his fair face was flushed.

The first three buttons on his shirt were unbuttoned, and his collar seemed to have been pulled to one side.

She could see the hickeys on his neck.

The lipstick marks were even on the collar of his shirt.

Olivia looked at this face and a strong emotion surged up.

She couldn't help but tremble in anger.

It's this man, it's him.

It's all because of him.

It was because of him that she had to suffer what had happened.

It was because of him that everything had turned upside down.

It's all because of him! Olivia cursed in her mind, with her eyes gradually turning red.

Harry touched her face and burped, saying, "Little pussycat, what are you looking at? I have aroused by you."

Olivia clenched her fists tightly and resisted the impulsion to hit this man.

She pushed him away and left quickly.

She could not afford to offend these rich people.

The reality was terrible.

It's just how it was.

However, when Olivia wanted to leave, Harry held her tightly in his arms and did not want her to leave.

He smiled wickedly and said, "Why are you running away? Do you want to play hide-and-seek with me?"

As he spoke, he was going to kiss her.

Olivia could no longer control her anger and slapped his face.

Harry was stunned by the slap and touched his face, "You slapped me?"

"Yes, I slapped you."

And she wanted to slap him again.

However, before she could raise her hand again, Harry suddenly hugged her tightly and burst into laughter.

"You have the gut to slap me?"

"Little pussycat, I really like you!"

"Go home with me, and I'll make you happy.' Then, he stumbled forward with Olivia in his arms.

Olivia thought this man was crazy and pushed him away hardly.

"Let go of me!"

However, no matter how hard she tried, she could not push Harry away.

Bang! Harry kicked the door open and led her in.

"Little pussycat, we're home!"

He pressed her against the wall, pulled out his belt and put it into her hand, saying, "Little goblin, come on, go ahead and whip me."

As he spoke, he pointed at his body.

Olivia didn't do anything.

Instead, she looked at the person sitting on the high-class crocodile sofa behind Harry.

As usual, he was wearing a white shirt with the first three buttons unbuttoned and black trousers.

His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and his fair skin was emitting a cold light under the light.

He crossed his legs and held a cigarette between his fingers, showing a sense of nobility.

It's Everett.

She hadn't seen Everett for two years, and he was still so cold.

In the private room, except Everett, there were other people.

However, there were only three people including Everett.

However, when Harry and Olivia suddenly intruded in, there were two more people in this room.

At this moment, the other two looked at Harry and Olivia in shock.

No one expected two people to suddenly break into the room.

"Little pussycat, why haven't you taken any actions?"

Harry was impatient to see that Olivia stood still.

Olivia came back to her senses and looked at the drunk man in front of her.

She suddenly smiled and said tenderly, "Dear, we're in the wrong place."

"Well? Wrong place?"

"Yeah, have a look, there are other people here."

Harry turned around and saw Everett watching him.

"Eh, isn't this Mr. Weston?"

Harry shook his head to let himself see more clearly.

It was Everett.

He nodded and apologized, "Mr. Weston, I'm sorry. I've gone to the wrong place."

As he spoke, he bent over in drunk and apologized.

Seeing him about to fall, Olivia held him.

Then, Harry put his arms around her waist and said to the people in the room, "I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Weston. Today's bill is on me. Everyone, enjoy yourselves!"

He waved his hand, and then he kissed Olivia on the face, pinched her waist, and kissed her neck.



“Little pussycat, let’s go home and continue to have fun.”

Olivia lowered her eyebrows and smiled. She was as soft as a rose that was about to bloom. She was not delicate and bright, but she was very attractive.

“Alright, I’ll listen to you.”

“Good girl”

They walked out and their voices gradually drifted away.

Hector and Joey, who were sitting in the private room, looked at each other with surprise in their eyes.

They went to Everett’s wedding, so if they were right, the person that Harry just took away was Everett’s ex-wife, Olivia.

His ex-wife had become a prostitute, so they didn’t know how their best friend, Everett, was feeling now.

Both of them looked at Everett at the same time, worried and confused.