

Fit For Your Love Chapter 196

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Everett arrived in Capital City at 5: 20 the next morning.

As soon as he got off the plane, Davis called.

"Mr.Weston."

"What is it?"

"Ten hours ago, Miss Johnson's assistant called and asked where you were."
Everett looked ahead.

"I see." He hang up the phone and call Joan.

Soon, Joan's voice came.

"Mr.Weston."

"Where is Melody?"

"In your villa, she hasn't been in good mood since she came back yesterday."
Everett's eyes flickered.

"Get me a copy of the investigation when it's done."

"Okay."

The driver came to pick up Everett.

When he saw Everett coming out of the airport, he went over immediately.

"Mr.Weston."

"Go back to Grand Imperial Garden"

"Okay, Mr.Weston."

The car stopped at Grand Imperial Garden an hour later.

Everett walked in and a strong smell of alcohol came into his nose, He looked over.

Melody was lying on the sofa, and the coffee table was filled with wine bottles and drinks.

He walked over and went upstairs with Melody in his arms.

The driver put Everett's luggage in his bedroom and then left.

Melody felt Everett, grabbed his suit, and buried her face in his arms.

Everett paused, looked at her, and kept walking upstairs.

Like the sound of a bell, his steady footsteps were knocking her heart one by one to calm her restless heart.

Calmness.

She opened her eyes and looked at the person who was holding her.

She said in a mute voice, "You're back?"

Everett stopped and looked at her.

"I'm back"

Melody touched his face, her eyes hazy.

"Really? I'm dreaming again."

How could he come back at this time? As he said, he came back on the eighth day of the Lunar New Year.

Today was the seventh day.

Melody closed her eyes.

"Everett, you only love me in my dreams."

In reality, He didn't love her anymore.

He like another woman.

The woman who had been with him for a year and once had his child.

Ho ho...

Melody buried herself in his arms again.

Everett looked ahead with his deep eyes, and carried Melody back to the bedroom.

Olivia remembered something after she finished her work and called her mother back.

She took her phone, and there were five missed calls and a few text messages.

The text messages all asked her to answer the phone and call back.

Olivia looked at the time.

It was almost twelve o'clock.

Her mom and others should be asleep.

She would call her back tomorrow.

However, Elizabeth didn't sleep and kept her cell phone in her hands, waiting for Olivia to call her back.

George, on the other hand, was asleep and snoring.

Olivia's call hadn't come all along, and George was sleeping so soundly again.

Elizabeth slapped George angrily.

George sat up in shock.

"What's wrong?"

"You tell me, George? Aren't you worried at all?" Elizabeth said angrily.

Hearing Elizabeth's words, George relaxed and lay back on the bed.

"I am worried, but is it working? Olivia is an adult. I can't be by her side 24/7, right?" Elizabeth New into a rage.

"So you don't care?! George! Why did I marry a loser like you!" Elizabeth took the pillow and hit George.

Finally, George was kicked out of the bedroom and went to sleep in cubicle.

Elizabeth's chest heaved in anger, looking at the clock.

It was one o'clock in the morning.

Good, very good.

Olivia, if you didn't call me tomorrow morning, I would go to your company to look for you!

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Olivia got up early in the morning and saw the threatening text message from Elizabeth.

Then she checked the time.

It was one o'clock am.

She frowned and called Elizabeth.

Soon the call was connected, and Elizabeth's roar came over.

"Olivia, you've grown up and turn ungrateful. You can fool your mother any way you want, right?"

"Let me tell you, your mother is not dead yet. Don't go too far!"

Elizabeth's anger was finally vented after a whole night.

Olivia said, "We worked late last night. The phone was turned off"

"Busy? What can you do when it was late at night..." Elizabeth stopped talking.

Yeah, what could a couple do in the middle of the night?

"Last night..." Olivia interrupted her.

"Mom, it was late when we finally had free time last night. I thought you guys were asleep, so I didn't call you back."

"It's okay. It's quite normal for young people to be busy at night" Elizabeth instantly changed her tone.

"Then have you asked your husband if he has time?"

"Yes, he said he didn't want to eat with you."

"What?"

"Mom, I understand him. We still owe him five million, which is a thorn."

"But... Aren't you married? Wouldn't five million be gone after marriage?"

"That's right. But it's because of the five million that we have to grovel to them. Mom, don't worry. I'm working hard to make money. When I earn five million and give it back to him, you can eat with him."

"How...How long is this going to last?"

"It doesn't matter.I'll pay it back no matter how long it takes.Don't worry, I won't let you pay it back."

Elizabeth didn't know how to reply it.

"Mom, let's stop here.I have to work overtime this weekend.I'm busy.You and dad take care."

"Well, you..." The phone hung up.George walked over.

"How's it going?"

Elizabeth didn't say anything.

What Olivia said made sense.

However, the five million was still like a rock on her head, so she was unable to relax.

No! She couldn't just await her doom.

She must find a way to see Olivia and let Olivia and Brayden have a baby! Olivia hung up the phone and sent a message to Elizabeth, asking Elizabeth to send messages instead of making phone calls in the future.

She would immediately reply when she saw it.

She sent the message and went to make breakfast.

She had prepared the materials and come up with good ideas.

The past two days had been very smooth.

Not surprisingly, she could produce the design in a week.

But there was only a week left in this month.

She had to hurry up.

Max followed her to the kitchen, playing with her slippers and pants from time to time.

Olivia watched it play happily, her lips curved.

With it, her life became warm and happy.

After the breakfast was ready, Olivia sat down at the table.

Just as she sat down, her phone rang.

Max, who was eating dog food, raised its head and barked twice when it heard the phone ring.

Olivia smiled and said, "It's not for you."

She took the phone and saw the name on the screen.

She paused with a smile and answered, "Sir "

"Olivia, are you still in Green Lake?"

"No, I'm back in Paris."

"Well, I wanted to treat you to dinner to thank you. But you don't have time."

"It's okay, Sir. I should have invited you to dinner. I was busy at the headquarters, so I left in a hurry and didn't tell you"

Donald was silent when he heard her.

After a while, he said, "The lawyer told me that Bill was sentenced to life imprisonment. Sorry that I treated you very badly. The verdict was out yesterday. Bill was only sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Olivia, I'm sorry, I misunderstood you."

"Sir, I am the one who should say sorry. This is indeed my fault. But I'm a person who's true to my word"

No matter what the cost was.

Donald knew that it was useless to say more.

He asked, "When are you coming to Green Lake? I'll treat you to dinner."

"I don't know. Since the company's developing a new brand, I don't have time to come back."

"Well, call me when you have time to come back. I won't change this number. I'll tell you even if I do." Olivia smiled.

"Yes, Sir"

"By the way, I know a few good friends who make old craft accessories. If you need them, contact me." Olivia clenched her hand and a bright light flashed across her eyes.

"Do you know anyone in this area?"

"Yes, we have been good friends for many years. They have great craftsmanship which is handed down from generation to generation. I think it will help you if you need them."

"Yes, I need it. This time, we're developing a new brand. Although it's about clothing, we still want to make a breakthrough and add accessories."

"When do you have time? I'll arrange for you to meet."

Olivia thought for a moment and said, "I'll talk to my boss about this later. If I can, I'll be there in two days."

"Okay, just contact me when you decide."

"OK, Sir"

Olivia hung up the phone, feeling a little excited.

After learning about embroidery in Hong Kong, she had to find the traditional art of accessories.

However, she hurried back to Paris because of Everett.

Now that everything settled down, she wanted to go back. Olivia called Preston directly.

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"Olivia, what's the matter?" Preston's voice came through the phone.

"Mr. Smith, I've contacted a craft man who could do some art of old accessories. I want to return to Hong Kong then." The other party on the phone paused for a while and said, "How's your fashion design?"

"I've already made my plan. I'm in the process of designing according to the plan now. It's going very well. If there's no accident, it will be finished in a week."

"Well...you can come to the Miffy Restaurant at one o'clock in the afternoon. I want to see your plan."

"Okay"

After breakfast, Olivia took the blueprints and began to design.

At noon.

Preston sent her the meeting time and location.

She packed her things and went to the restaurant.

Preston picked a window seat in the dining room with a cup of coffee and a document in front of him.

And he was on the phone.

When he saw Olivia, he raised his hand to greet her.

Olivia saw him and walked over.

Preston hung up and looked at her.

"Did you have lunch?" Olivia paused and said, "Yes."

Actually, she didn't eat anything.

She was busy until noon.

But it was okay.

She planned to go back to eat some after settling things down with Preston.

Preston saw her hesitation and said, "I didn't eat much. Help yourself with some food and just regard it to accompany me. We'll talk while eating."

He called the waiter and ordered some food.

Since he said that, then Olivia decided to eat with him.

She ordered something casually.

She wasn't picky about the food as long as it could fill her stomach.

But Preston was different.

He was very particular about food.

He ordered foie gras, a salad, a soup, two desserts, and a bottle of red wine.

The waiter noted them down and left.

Olivia gave the document to Preston.

“Mr.Smith, this is my plan.”

“All right.”

Preston took and opened it, and then read it through seriously.

Olivia’s plan was very complete, which carefully described the process from the beginning to the results, as well as the measures that responded to the unexpected problems.

It was obvious that she had done well in the DF Company in the past two years.

The waiter put the food on the table.

Preston said, “Let’s talk while eating.”

“Okay.”

Olivia wasn’t bashful, either.

She picked up her knife and fork, then began to eat.

However, she ate quickly, which made her stand out in comparison to Preston’s style.

Preston said, “Don’t worry, eat slowly”

Olivia, “It’s okay.This is my normal eating speed.Mr.Smith, don’t mind.”

Normal eating speed...

Preston suddenly remembered that night when she was eating bread.

She showed no manners and just gave a big mouthful.

It seemed that she ate just to fill her stomach.

Looking at her now, even she did not take a big bite, but she still ate very quickly.

But it was not indecent.

Instead, it was natural and unaffected.

“Not at all”

Olivia swallowed the food in her mouth and said, "Mr. Smith, if you think my plan is feasible, I want to go back to Hong Kong tomorrow, and continued to do my design there. I will also explore the old craft while designing."

She wouldn't delay the design process. She had to finish it within a week. She set the goal herself.

Preston looked at her.

"There's nothing wrong with your plan, but when you see something new, will your thoughts and inspiration be impacted? Would your original plan be affected as well?"

What he said was very important.

If the original plan was to be disrupted, she would re-plan it, and the preparations for the previous design would be useless.

As a result, a lot of time was wasted.

And they didn't have much time to waste.

Olivia looked at him with clear, determined eyes.

"No."

"I promise." Preston looked at her for a while and then said five seconds, "Ok, since you promised me, I will agree. You can leave tomorrow, but in a week, I want to see your results."

"Okay."

Olivia booked a flight to Q City at six o'clock the next morning.

Before that, she gave a call to Donald.

"Olivia"

"Master, I'll fly to Q City tomorrow morning. I'll be there at about two o'clock p.m. the day after tomorrow. Would you ask your friends out the night after tomorrow? I want to meet them."

"Sure, I'll contact them. Call me when you're back."

"Okay."

Olivia hung up and began to pack her things.

Seeing her packing, Max immediately ran over and hugged her suitcase.

Only then did Olivia remember one thing.

If she left, what about Max? Olivia frowned.

She had been gone for almost a week.

She couldn't leave Max here without anyone caring for it.

But she couldn't take it away.

What should she do? Seeing that Olivia might leave it at home, Max ran over and hugged her ankle, barking.

As if saying, "don't leave me behind"

Olivia looked at its anxious eyes and thought of someone.

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Olivia carried Max to Preston's place.

It was a three-story villa.

Preston opened the door.

"Come in."

"Okay."

Olivia came in with Max in her arms.

Max was curious about a strange place and looked around as soon as they entered.

But it didn't leave Olivia's arms, and just moved its head and eyes.

Preston looked at Max in her arms and said with a smile, "It looked much better "

"Yes, it can walk and run now." It recovered quickly.

Olivia put it down.

Preston asked, "Coffee or tea?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Smith. I'll be leaving soon." Preston looked at her and curled his lips.

"Afraid of something?"

"No, I have to go back and draw the design."

She didn't have too much time.

Preston said, "Then coffee."

When he went to make coffee, Olivia moved her lips but didn't say anything.

She squatted down and said to Max, who was standing beside her, "Max, I'm going on a business trip these days. You will stay here. Be good. I'll take you home when I get back."

Max understood her and immediately hugged her leg, not letting go.

Olivia was helpless.

"You have to be good. I'm going on a business trip, not to have fun."

"Woof woof!"

Max began to protest and barked at her. Olivia rubbed her the spot between the eyebrows.

"Don't bark, or I'll be angry" She was serious.

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt a strong wind.

Olivia's heart tightened.

Looking over, she saw a large husky standing in front of her and Max.

It looked very fierce.

Olivia subconsciously hugged Max.

But to her surprise, Max stood on its hind legs, stared at the husky, and then barked at it.

The husky barked, too.

They were barking so hard as if they wanted to compete.

Soon, the two dogs quickly put on their attacking position.

Preston came out with two cups of coffee, looked at the two dogs and smiled.

"Honey, that's our guest"

Hearing what he said, Honey barked at him, clearly dissatisfied with the guest.

Preston said, "It makes no difference whether you are satisfied or not. That's our guest. Come here."

Husky was obedient to him and came to him reluctantly.

Seeing that, Max snorted and put its head against Olivia, as if to say, "Look, I win!"

Preston looked at Max and said with a smile, "I am surprised. I didn't know Max is so fierce."

Olivia was helpless.

"It loves to show off"

Especially in front of her.

Preston looked at Olivia's gentle face and was stunned.

"It seems that you know much about it."

"Yes, thank you for taking care of it." She had no choice.

Preston had a dog, so he knew how to take care of dogs.

If it was someone who had never owned a dog, she wouldn't have entrusted Max to him.

"It's nothing. I just don't think Max wants to part with you."

He followed her, was clingy to her, and didn't run around.

"Yes, it is very clingy!"

Olivia squatted down, took Max in her arms, walked over, pointed at Preston and said, "You will live with him these days, and I'll pick you up when I come back in a few days."

Max immediately put its head in her arms, unwilling.

Olivia said, "There's nothing you can do even if you don't want to live here. Or I'll send you to the pet shop where you were injected the other day, and I won't pick you up after I put you there"

Hearing her words, Max looked at her pitifully. Olivia touched its head.

"But if you're here and obedient, I'll pick you up in a few days."

Seeing her determination, Max lay on her lap and pretended it couldn't hear her.

Olivia smiled.

Knowing that it had agreed, she said to Preston, "Mr. Smith, Max will stay here. I'll pick it up when I get back."

"Okay."

"Then I'll go first."

Preston looked at the coffee on the coffee table.

"Don't you want a sip before you leave?"

Olivia looked at the steaming coffee and picked it up to drink.

"Mr. Smith, I'm leaving. Bye"

"See you."

Olivia got up and went out.

Max immediately followed her.

When she reached the door, Olivia pointed at it.

"Don't come out again. Just stand there and wait for me to come back to pick you up."

Max did not go any further, but looked at her, its eyes full of reluctance.

It was said that pets had feelings too.

At this moment, Olivia deeply felt that.

It couldn't bear to part with her.

So did she.

But she had no choice.

She couldn't bring it back with her.

Olivia clenched her hand and turned to leave without hesitation.

Max stood there, neither barking nor running, watching her get into the car and leave.

Preston came over, squatted beside it and said softly.

"Don't worry. She likes you so much. She won't leave you behind."

The husky followed him and saw that Max, who had just been fierce and now suddenly lonely, squatted down beside it.

A look flashed across Preston's eyes as he looked at the car leaving.

He remembered a report he had heard before.

Brayden had said he would be engaged to Olivia on the ninth of next month, and the day after tomorrow was the ninth.

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Olivia stayed up all night, washed up briefly and went to the airport with her suitcase.

After boarding the plane, she leaned back in her chair and fell asleep.

When Melody woke up in Everett's bedroom, she sat up with her head propped up.

She frowned at the familiar decorations.

When did she sleep in the bedroom? Suddenly, an image came to mind.

Melody froze.

The next moment, she ran out.

Downstairs, Everett was sitting on the sofa reading a document.

The nanny was putting breakfast on the table.

Melody stood at the stairs and stared blankly at the man sitting on the sofa.

He was back...

He was really back...

Everett looked up at her, then at her bare feet, and finally at her face.

"Awake?"

Melody regained her senses and clenched her hand, which was hanging by her side.

"When did you come back?"

"Yesterday"

Yesterday...So he came back soon after she came back? Why? Why was he back so early? Didn't he say he wouldn't come back until the eighth day of the lunar new year? Melody's heart beat violently.

Seeing her standing still at the staircase, Everett closed the document and got up.

Melody watched him approach her, and suddenly felt a surge of excitement in her heart.

She ran down and threw herself into his arms.

"Everett..."

She missed him.

She missed him very much.

She missed him like crazy.

Everett took a step back from her force, but he quickly grabbed the railing and steadied himself.

The nanny quietly left, leaving the two of them.

Melody hugged Everett and buried her face in his arms.

At this moment, she felt at ease.

Half an hour later, the two of them sat at the table.

Melody looked at the person sitting opposite her.

"Didn't you say you would be back on the eighth day? Why did you come back yesterday?" Everett took a sip of milk and looked at her.

"What do you think?" Melody looked into his dark eyes, and her own eyes shining with confidence.

"Because you miss me.' He knew something had happened to her, so he came back soon.

He was not a talkative person, but his actions often moved her.

Everett didn't say anything but picked up the knife and fork to eat.

Melody's smile broadened.

After they finished breakfast, Melody said, "I'm going to my sister's. Are you going?"

Today was the eighth day, and tomorrow was the ninth day.

She did not forget what day tomorrow was.

Everett looked into her meaningful eyes.

"You want me to go?" Melody took his arm.

"Of course." Belle was about to leave when she received a call from Melody.

"Melody."

"Sis, are you home now? Everett and I are coming over." Everett? Belle clenched her phone, but quickly said, "Yes, I am home."

Everett was Brayden's uncle, and his nephew was about to get engaged.

He must come.

But he was always against Olivia and Brayden being together.

He wouldn't do anything at the engagement party tomorrow, would he? Melody hung up the phone.

Belle called the driver and said, "Go to Tiffany and get my order back."

"Yes, madam."

She ordered jewelry from Tiffany for Olivia.

Now that Olivia was a member of the Jameses, she would give her everything she deserved.

The driver quickly drove out, and Belle turned back to prepare tea and snacks.

Not long after, Everett and Melody came over.

Belle looked at the two people walking in and smiled.

"Hi, Melody, Everett."

Melody walked over, hugged Belle and said, "Congratulations on the engagement." Belle smiled and said, "Thank you. Come, sit down."

Then she looked at Everett and said, "Everett, sit down."

"OK" They sat on the sofa and the servant served tea.

Melody looked around and asked, "Where are Brayden and Olivia?"