

Fit For Your Love Chapter 211

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Brayden didn't know that Preston was looking at him, so he came to the front desk and said, "I'm here to see my fiancée."

The receptionist already knew him and said with a smile, "Yes, you can go in."

"Okay, thank you." Brayden walked into the elevator and quickly went upstairs.

Preston looked at the closed elevator door and came to the front desk.

The receptionist saw him and immediately greeted, "Hi, Mr. Smith."

"What did the person who just went in say to you?"

The receptionist thought Preston was blaming her for putting irrelevant people into the company, so she quickly said, "He said he went to see his fiancée, who is our company's designer, Olivia"

So, he was not an irrelevant person, was he? Preston raised his eyebrows.

"How did you know he was Olivia's fiancé "I have seen Mr. James pick up Olivia at night and they went back together."

Preston narrowed his eyes slightly.

He thought about the images he saw before Olivia went to Q City for the first time.

So, the receptionist was talking about that time.

"Yes, I see." Then he turned around and left. The receptionist stopped him.

"Mr. Smith."

Preston turned and looked at her.

The receptionist asked carefully, "If Mr. James comes back next time, should I let him in or not?"

"Let him in."

The receptionist breathed a sigh of relief.

She thought she had done something wrong and would lose her job.

It turned out to be a false alarm.

Upstairs, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! straight to the Design Department.

It was past the off-duty time, so almost all employees in the company had left, and only few were still working overtime.

There were also two designers in Design Department who had worked overtime, but Olivia was not included.

He walked in and came to Olivia's place.

The computer was turned off and the table was clean. It seemed that she had already left work.

Brayden came to one of the designers and greeted her in fluent English.

"Hello." The designer looked up.

"Hello-"

"I'm Olivia's fiancé, Brayden. May I ask if Olivia is off work?"

He said, pointing to Olivia's position.

The designer looked in the direction he pointed and said, "No, Olivia is on a business trip."

Brayden frowned.

"Business trip? Where was she going for business?"

The designer looked at him doubtfully.

"Don't you know? She went to Q City on a business trip." Q City? When did she go? Brayden quickly asked, "Do you know when she went to Q City?"

The designer didn't answer him anymore but looked at him suspiciously.

She was doubting his identity.

Indeed, how could a fiancé not know that his fiancée a business trip? Brayden met the suspicion in the designer's eyes, then he smiled and said, "We quarreled. We haven't contacted each other for the past few days. I came to see her today to make up with her and give her a surprise, but I didn't expect her to be on a business trip.'

"Please tell me when she went to Q City."

Five minutes later, Brayden went downstairs and sat in the car.

He took out his cell phone, opened the phone book and found Olivia's number.

Then he looked at the phone number but didn't do anything.

The designer told him that Olivia left Paris on the Eighth day, which meant that she left for Q City on the Eighth day and arrived there on the Ninth day.

It happened to be the day of their engagement. Did she still remember that day was their engagement?

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The alarm went off at seven o'clock on time.

Olivia took the phone, swiped it on the screen with her eyes closed.

Then she got up to wash up.

Yesterday, she had already planned out the arrangements for the next few days.

She was going to draw designs in the hotel.

So far, she had produced a series of drafts, and another series had just begun.

Today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, she would have to finish the series in three days.

When the drafts of the two series were finished, she would begin to design accessories.

After washing up, Olivia took her phone and ordered takeout, but suddenly stopped.

Because there was a text message on the screen.

"Olivia, I'm in Paris. I'll wait for you to come back."

The sender was...Brayden.

Olivia's clenching tightened.

This was the first time he had sent her a message since they separated.

She didn't expect him to text her such a message.

“Wait for you.’ Why did he wait for her? They broke up already.

Olivia clenched her phone and looked at the message.

After a while, she replied.

After Brayden texted Olivia, he went back to the apartment.

When he got back to his apartment, he called Kelly and asked her to pick a house for him.

He wanted to buy a house here and settle down here for the time being.

At the moment, he would not go to Olivia because her work was her priority at the time being.

He would not affect her work because of himself.

So, no hurry, he would wait for her.

Of course, most importantly, they were legally married, and he had a lifetime to wait for her.

He just didn’t expect Olivia to reply to him.

Brayden lay Visit to read the newest content, everyone! don’t wait for me. You deserve a better girl.”

Looking at this message, Brayden curled his lips.

He was not angry, but happy.

She didn’t know Visit to read the newest content, everyone! get their marriage certificates.

If she did, she would never say such a thing.

Brayden put his phone aside and closed his eyes.

“Olivia, I look forward to the moment of you knowing that we are legally married.” Brayden thought.

At an indoor dressing room in the Maldives.

Melody was lying in the lounge chair, and the makeup artist was fixing her makeup.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Melody opened her eyes.

“Hand me the phone.’

“Okay, Melody:’ The makeup artist gave her the phone and Melody looked at the screen.

On the screen was an unfamiliar email.

The title was “What You Want To Know the Most”.

In the past, she wouldn’t open an email like this.

But now, even though frowning, Melody clicked it.

Five minutes later...

With a snap, the phone fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

The makeup artist screamed in horror.

Melody looked at her sharply, her lofty and proud eyes filled with anger.

“Get out!”

The makeup artist was frightened by her act and hurried out.

She didn’t forget to close the door when she went out.

As soon as she closed the door, there was a loud banging sound coming from inside.

It was the sound of makeup falling on the floor.

The people outside heard the sound and rushed over.

“What’s wrong?”

The makeup artist said in fear, “I don’t know either. She got angry all of a sudden.’

“Tsk tsk, Melody’s temper is getting worse.’

“You have to keep your voice down. Be careful not to die like that little assistant for no reason...

In the dressing room, Melody put her hands on the dresser, shaking with rage.

On the night three days ago, she left Grand Imperial Garden.

She dared not stay there any longer.

Because she was afraid that if she stayed any longer, she would lose control of herself and get angry at him.

So, she left.

The next morning, she flew to the Maldives.

But, in the past three days, Everett did not call her or text her a message once.

It was as if he had vanished from her world.

Why? Because she asked that question.

He was unhappy.

So what if he was unhappy? That was the truth.

The fact was that he did what he shouldn't have done.

She didn't call him or text him a message since then.

Her pride would not allow her to do so.

Then, she calmed herself down.

She called Brayden.

She wanted to know what was going on, but Brayden didn't answer her call.

She realized how far Everett had gone this time.

That was right.

If he didn't push it too far, how would Brayden want to finish the engagement despite being laughed at? However, she did not expect him to bribe her lawyer to threaten Olivia to break up with Brayden.

"Everett, to separate Olivia and Brayden, you really make a lot of effort!" She thought.

Henry looked at the email sent on the computer screen and his lips curled up.

"Melody, will you come to see me this time?" He asked himself secretly.

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“What are you doing? Is everything done?”

With a stern cry, Joan came over.

The staff who were gossiping immediately dispersed.

Joan came to the dressing room, knocked on the door, and called, “Melody, I’m in?”

There was no sound inside.

Joan paused for two seconds, opened the door and went in.

As soon as she entered, she saw bottles and jars lying on the ground, like a garbage bin had been rolled over with all kinds of garbage scattered around.

She closed the door, locked it, walked over, and stopped beside Melody.

Melody lowered her head, her long hair hanging down, blocking her face and her anger.

Seeing that she was propping herself up on the dresser and her knuckles went white, Joan said, “Why don’t you take some time from work and have a good rest?”

Ever since the little assistant incident, her mood had been extremely unstable, and these days she had been even more sensitive and angry whenever something went wrong.

It was not good for her image as a public figure.

Melody looked up at her with bloodshot eyes.

“Now am I going to abandon my job just because of Everett?”

When did she become so humble? Joan looked at her and frowned.

It turned out there had been a fight between her and Everett.

It was just that in the past, she would not have been so angry.

Was it because it was really serious, or was it because she was just in a bad mood? Joan walked over, hugged her, and patted her on the back.

She didn’t say anything.

Melody closed her eyes and rested her forehead on Joan's shoulder.

The anger in her heart gradually subsided.

Half an hour later, Melody sat on the sofa, propped up her forehead, closed her eyes, and said, "You help me find a private investigator, the best one, no matter how much it costs."

"Okay."

"Who are you investigating?"

Melody opened her eyes. Visit to read the newest content, everyone! looked at her and nodded.

"I'll make the arrangements. You take a break. I'll let them stop for the rest of the work."

"Okay" Joan turned Visit to read the newest content, everyone! Joan walked to the door, she said, "Buy me a new phone."

"Okay" The door closed.

Melody clenched her hands on her knees.

"Henry, I know you sent that email."

"You want me to find you-"

"Oh, you think I, Melody, am a fool?"

"Would I make the same mistake?"

"In your dreams!"

Olivia stayed in the hotel all day, ordering takeout for meals.

The next day, too.

But the next morning, when she was drinking milk and sorting out her notes, her phone rang.

Olivia took her cell phone and looked at the Caller ID.

Seeing the caller's name, she paused for a second and answered.

"Mr. Smith." She had been so busy these two days that she had forgotten about Preston's arrival.

She suddenly remembered that he might have arrived when she saw Preston calling.

"I got off the plane. Which hotel are you at?"

"Grand Hotel."

"Okay, I'll come over now and call you when I arrive."

"Okay"

Hanging up the phone, Olivia looked at the time and estimated that Preston would arrive in an hour.

She continued to work.

About an hour later, Preston called.

"I'm at the hotel. I haven't had breakfast yet. Come to the lobby in half an hour. We'll talk while we eat."

"Okay, Mr. Smith."

He really did not waste even a little time.

Especially him, as the Boss.

He had more things to do than she did.

Olivia looked at the time.

Twenty minutes later, she went downstairs to the lobby and waited for Preston in the lounge.

Soon Preston came down.

He saw her immediately and walked over, "Where can I get breakfast in this place?"

This question caught Olivia off guard.

She had been in Q City for so long but she had never learned anything about the food here yet.

Olivia paused and said, "Let me ask my master" She took out her phone and was about to call Donald.

Preston smiled.

“Forget it. Let’s go out and find a place to eat.”

From the way she looked, he knew that she would find a random restaurant for him to dine in.

However, Olivia said, “Mr. Smith, I don’t know any places outside that you could have breakfast in.”

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Preston was speechless and helpless.

He had an indescribable feeling.

For a moment, he did not know how to react.

Olivia said, “Mr. Smith, I’d better ask my master.”

Then Olivia called Donald.

Five minutes later, Olivia looked at him and said, “He recommended a famous breakfast diner.

The soup buns and beef noodles are very delicious.

Why don’t you have a try”

“Okay:”

What else could he say? The two of them got into the car.

Olivia said the name of the diner and the driver quickly sent them to their destination.

Olivia got out of the car and looked at the name of the diner.

Too Delicious to Resist — a Hundred-Year-Old Brand.

The name was trendy.

Preston raised his eyebrows.

That was a good name.

Olivia said, “Mr. Smith, here we are.”

“Let’s go.”

“Okay:”

The two of them went in.

Although it was past breakfast time, there were still many people inside.

Olivia found an empty table and soon the waiter came over.

“How can I help you?”

Olivia said, “What’s your specialty here?”

“Steamed buns with soup, beef noodles with green bamboo shoots.”

“I’ll have one for each of these.”

“Okay”

The waiter left.

Preston looked at Olivia.

“You haven’t had anything?”

“No, I had bread this morning.”

Preston leaned back in his chair and looked at her with a smile on his face.

“I was just curious about what you Visit to read the newest content, everyone! know where to have breakfast nearby.

Now I know that you ate bread three times a day.”

Olivia said, “Not really.”

Preston raised his eyebrows.

“You Visit to read the newest content, everyone! if I only have bread for the three meals.”

“So?”

“I usually order takeout for lunch and dinner.’ Preston was speechless.

If one wanted to know a person, it was very inaccurate to judge her only from the comments of an outsider.

Before he got along with Olivia, he only knew that Olivia was Everett's ex-wife.

But after he got to know her, he was increasingly interested in her and expected to know her more.

It was like he had a circle in his head with nothing in it to read the newest content, everyone! fill it up.

Otherwise, he would be uncomfortable.

Now, that was how Preston felt.

Olivia did not notice Preston's gaze.

She looked around and saw someone filling the soup.

It was milky white and looked good.

Olivia said, "Mr. Smith, I'm going to get two bowls of soup."

"Let's have a try:"

"Okay:"

Olivia got up, went to the place, and brought over two bowls of soup.

Preston got up and took a bowl, sniffed it, and said, "Noodle soup?"

"I think so."

Olivia took a sip.

It was indeed noodle soup, but it tasted good with a sweet taste.

"It's delicious."

Preston took a sip and said, "Not bad."

Awaiter brought the beef noodles and a basket of buns.

The beef noodles were put in front of him.

The buns were placed in the middle.

There were six.

All small.

Preston said, "Take a few for me. I can't finish them all by myself"

Olivia looked at the little buns, which were steaming hot with a good smell.

She took one of the chopsticks, tasted one of them, and said, "Yes, it's much better than ordinary steamed buns."

Preston also took one and ate it.

It really wasn't the same as before.

The taste explained its fame.

Olivia had two.

The remaining four and the noodles were eaten by Preston.

He didn't waste any.

Preston smiled.

"I planned to talk about our work while having breakfast. But the food was so delicious that I forgot about work." Olivia said, "Let's talk now."

"Ok"

"The day before yesterday, I went to find out about the old craftsmanship, which was more unique and tasteful than most of the things on the market."

"Now that you're here, I'll contact Mr. Miller and take you to his shop and factory."

It was better to see for oneself rather than to hear for many times.

So the best thing to do was to go and see on one's own.

Preston nodded.

"You can contact him. I'll go back to the hotel and rest. We'll be there in the afternoon."

Olivia then remembered that Preston had been on a plane for more than ten hours.

“Okay, Mr.Smith.”

The two of them went back to the hotel.

Their car had just stopped at the hotel, and a car behind them also stopped at the hotel.

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The man in the car watched as the two walked into the hotel, then took his cell phone and dialed a number.

L City.

Golf course.

Everett, who was holding a golf club, watched the ball entering the hole.

The person next to him clapped hands, “Well done, Mr.Weston.”

Then a phone rang, Everett said to the person next to him, “Mr.Martinez, excuse me, I’ll take the call”

“Okay.”

Everett turned around and went in, handed the golf club to the administrator, and touched the answering button on the phone.

“Hello.”

“Mr.Weston, Mr.Smith now stays at the hotel where Miss Hadley is in”

There was no sound on the phone.The driver became nervous as he listened to the silence on his phone.

It was said that accompanying a boss was like accompanying a tiger.

The driver thought that anyone who followed Mr.Weston would have this feeling.

“When?”

“At eight in the morning, the two even went to breakfast together.’

“I see.”

The phone was hung up.

The driver felt relaxed as he listened to the voice on the phone that informed him the line was busy.

For a while just now, The driver felt like he couldn't breathe.

Everett looked into the distance, took a bottle of water, unscrewed the lid, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! his dark irises was so profound and frightening.

Mr.Martinez had been waiting for Everett.

Hearing footsteps behind him, he turned around and smiled, "Mr.Weston, Visit to read the newest content, everyone! stopped near a white ball.

Mr.Martinez stood beside him, somehow feeling that something was wrong.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere seemed to have changed.

But Mr.Martinez couldn't tell exactly what was wrong.

Mr.Martinez looked at Everett, whose face and expression were the same as before, without any change.

But his eyes narrowed slightly.

It seemed that the sun was too bright.

For some reason, the way Everett stared at things in the distance was like an eagle watched its prey, making people somehow nervous.

Mr.Martinez couldn't help holding the club in his hand tighter and asked with a smile, "How far is Mr.Weston going to swing with this go?"

"In your opinion, Mr.Martinez, how far can I swing with this go?"

Mr.Martinez was instantly dumb.

What should he say? The furthest distance in the world record was 270 meters.

If Mr.Martinez replied with a figure that was too large for Everett to cover, wouldn't it offend Everett? If Mr.Martinez answered a number that was so easy to cover, would it obviously be despising Everett?

"Hehe, no matter how far Mr.Weston's shot goes, it's still farther than mine.'

No matter what, Mr.Martinez couldn't afford to offend Everett.

Everett looked at him with a half-smile, "Mr.Martinez doesn't believe yourself so?"

Facing Everett's unfathomable eyes, Mr.Martinez's heart thumped and felt as if he had been stared at by a snake, and a chill rose from the bottom of his heart.

"Hehe, Mr.Weston is joking.It's not that I don't believe in myself, but that you are too strong.' "Oh?"

"We all know what Mr.Weston is capable of"

"Since you have said so, it would be a shame if I do not shot it further"
Mr.Martinez's face turned pale in an instant.

"Mr.Weston, that's not what I meant..."

"Let me see how far my shot can go."

Everett interrupted Mr.Martinez, then lowered his head, held the club, bent over slightly, and looked at the little white ball under his feet.

Two seconds later, Everet swung.

In an instant, the track of the little white ball jumped out was like a parabola.

Mr.Martinez followed the parabola and looked over, but he couldn't see where the little white ball went.

"Mr.Weston, I'm going to take a look..."

Mr.Martinez turned to Everett and said. But before he could finish, he stopped.