

Fit For Your Love Chapter 323

Everett walked in.

Davis stood up.

"Mr. Weston."

When Everett saw him, he paused before he walked over.

Davis said, "The nurse said that the tip of the knife almost pierced the carotid artery, so even if the rescue was successful, she would still be very dangerous and someone would have to keep her company"

Everett looked at Olivia, who was lying on the bed, and opened his thin lips.

"Go and get me a suit of clothes."

"Okay."

That meant he would stay here.

Davis left.

Everett sat where Davis had sat down. His dark eyes fell on Olivia's face and he fell silent.

Everything was quiet.

As soon as Davis got in the car, he saw a taxi parked outside the hospital.

He glanced at it, and was stunned.

The one who got down from the taxi was no one else.

But Brayden.

He got out of the car and ran into the hospital, quickly disappearing from Davis's sight.

Davis thought for a while and picked up his phone.

After a while, the person answered.

"Hello."

His unique cold voice was a little deeper than usual.

"Mr. Weston, I saw Mr. Simmons entering the hospital."

The person at the end of the phone was silent.

Davis didn't hang up, listening to Visit to read the newest content, everyone! the car and joined the flow of cars.

After Brayden ran into the hospital, a bodyguard came over.

"Mr. James."

"Where is she?"

"This way. Follow me."

"Okay"

Olivia was sent to the hospital, and they had been here since then.

So he knew which ward Olivia was in.

Soon the bodyguard brought Brayden to Olivia's ward.

He immediately opened the door and went in. He stopped when he saw the man sitting in front of the bed.

But Everett sat there like he didn't hear anything. He didn't move at all.

Brayden clenched his hand and strode over. He came to the bed and looked at Olivia.

When he saw her face was so pale, a different aura emanated from him. He said he would protect her.

Brayden clenched his fist tightly, and the veins on the back of his hand bulged.

He looked at Everett, his eyes red.

"Get out!"

He didn't want to argue with Everett or high with him. He was afraid of disturbing her. He couldn't do anything. He had to control himself.

Everett got up and turned to leave. From beginning to end, he didn't look at Brayden. Not a single glance.

The door of the ward was closed.

Brayden immediately took Olivia's hand and wrapped it tightly.

"Grandpa asked me to come to you. He said it's not good for a couple to be separated for too long, especially when they are newly married. I think so too."

"But grandpa is an important person to me. I thought I have sent people to protect you and that it's only a day or two before I can see you. I felt nothing would happen to you but now I regret it."

"I shouldn't have been off guard. I shouldn't!"

Brayden wrapped Olivia's hand in his, tightened the grip, and repeatedly kissed the back of her hand.

His eyes were red.

"You never let me worry about you. You always want to deal with things yourself, arrange things yourself and bear all things yourself. You don't want me to worry about you. I..."

His voice choked and tears welled up in his eyes.

He lowered his head, put his forehead on the back of her hand, and said in a hoarse voice, "Why did I believe you?"

"Olivia, I know your personality. Why should I believe you..."

Why did he believe that she would take care of herself, that she would take care of everything? Why did he believe everything she said? Why the hell did he believe...

Everett walked out of the hospital.

The sun was scorching overhead, and a great heat enveloped him.

The heat was sweet and fishy, tying him like a rope that could not be untied.

He looked ahead, and his dark eyes were very deep. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

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Night fell.

The cold wind blew away the heat of the day and everything fell silent.

However, as the city gradually quieted down, some places had just begun to be lively.

In Jincheng Club.

In a VIP room, Melody sat on the leather sofa, drinking non-stop.

She wanted to get herself drunk.

As long as she was drunk, she would forget those words.

Strangely enough, no matter how much she drank, she could not forget them.

Those words were imprinted at the bottom of her heart.

“Mr. Weston took Miss Hadley to the hospital and didn't leave”

“He left only after Mr. James arrived.”

Hehe, he sent Olivia to the hospital and stayed with Olivia until Brayden arrived at the hospital.

How ridiculous! He was a big boss, a workaholic.

When did he devote his time to such useless things? Or was he trying to be a good uncle now? He wouldn't leave until he took good care of his niece-in-law? Melody slammed the glass in her hand.

The glass broke and the wine quickly spread across the marble floor.

But that wasn't enough.

She reached out and swept across the table, and the bottle fell to the floor, and the wine spilled all over the floor.

Melody put her hand in her hair and started crying.

She was angry, full of hatred, but she felt pain even more.

He clearly loved her the most.

He loved her the most! The door to the private room opened.

Henry Visit to read the newest content, everyone! on the ground and pressed the button beside him.

Soon the waiter came in.

“Sir, do you need any help?”

“Clean up this place.”

The waiter Visit to read the newest content, everyone! do it now."

Soon, the cleaner came in and cleaned the room. The door closed and Henry sat next to Melody.

"Melody, Everett doesn't love you anymore. You have to accept this fact."

He put his hand on her back and patted her lightly.

Melody flung his hand away and slapped Henry in the face.

After an extremely loud sound, Henry's face turned aside.

The corner of his mouth curled up into a smile, and he licked where he was slapped.

He turned and looked at her.

"Melody, you're the only one who dares to hit me like that."

Melody's eyelashes were still wet, and the tear marks on her face could still be seen.

But there was no weakness in her eyes, but hatred, a surge of hatred.

"Henry, you are exactly the one I want to hit!"

She reached out and tried to hit him again, but this time, her wrist was grabbed.

Melody struggled but did not break free. She looked at Henry coldly and curled her lips.

"What? Are you angry?"

"Don't you love me the most? Can't you let me slap you two times?"

Henry grabbed her wrist tightly and curled his lips, but his smile looked sinister.

"Sure, but let me give you a kiss. I kiss you once, and you slap me once, okay?"

Melody looked at him coldly.

"You wish!"

The next moment she slapped him with the other hand.

Henry's face was turned away again.

Melody raised her chin like a noble princess and said proudly, "Henry, the most regretful thing I ever did in my life was to kiss you three years ago."

That kiss ruined everything! She hated him! She shook off Henry's hand, took her bag, and wanted to leave. But as soon as she picked up her bag, Henry grabbed her hand.

She spun around and was pinned down on the sofa when she realized it.

Melody reacted and struggled.

"Henry, let me go!"

Henry held her hand up to her head and smiled wickedly, "Melody, you said you regret kissing me the most, but I like kissing you the most. I often dream of that kiss. I really miss that kiss..."

As he spoke, the tip of his tongue slid across her lips. He looked evil.

"Shut up!"

Henry's eyes and movements made Melody feel disgusted.

She wanted to get rid of him like he was a bug.

Seeing the disgust in her eyes, Henry squinted.

Then, he lowered his head and smiled gloomily.

"Okay, I'll shut up. You shut up too."

Then he kissed her red lips.

At this moment, the door of the room opened.

Fit For Your Love Chapter 325

Everything was so coincidental. It seemed that they were planned!

Everett stood at the door of the private room.

He looked at the two people who were making out on the sofa.

Melody looked over, and so did Henry.

The atmosphere in the room froze.

It seemed that everything had reached an explosive point, and no one dared to touch it.

Everett looked at them emotionlessly.

It was as if the person on the sofa was not his fiancée but a stranger.

The look in his eyes hurt Melody, but she couldn't move at all.

It was Henry who spoke first.

He laughed, got up from Melody, and looked at Everett.

"It's the right time for you to come."

Everett didn't look at him. His eyes fell on Melody's face.

"I'll wait for you downstairs."

Then he went out.

From beginning to end, there was no change in his expression.

But Melody felt as if she had fallen into an ice cellar. She was frozen.

Henry lit a cigarette, watched Everett leave, and then looked at the woman lying motionless on the sofa. He puffed out a smoke ring and leaned over.

"Continue?"

The smoke sprayed on Melody's face, and Melody tried to read the newest content, everyone! her bag, and ran out.

When she ran to the door, Henry smiled evilly and said, "Melody, Everett is a good man, but try to read the newest content, everyone! bag and looked at him coldly.

"Everett is not good for me, so are you!"

She had to decide who was good for her. She turned around and left.

Henry sat on the sofa and watched Melody leave with his arms open.

His mouth curled up with a cigarette.

"Melody, you won't give up."

"But I'm not afraid"

"Everett always has the ability to make women give up on him."

"I'm not in a hurry."

Melody ran out of the Jincheng Club.

On her way out, many thoughts crossed her mind.

But all these thoughts disappeared after seeing the car parked outside the Jincheng Club.

She was absent-minded.

At this moment, she clearly realized that it might be impossible for her and Everett to be together.

Everett sat in the car, his eyes looking ahead, his black eyes blended in the dark, and everything seemed dangerous.

Time ticked by, but the car door never opened.

Everett picked up his phone, clicked on the call log, and dialed the first number.

"Mr. Weston."

"Hold a press conference tomorrow to cancel my engagement to Melody."

The voice on the phone paused for two seconds.

"Okay."

Hanging up the phone, Lverett closed his eyes and said.

"Go back."

The driver replied, "Yes, Mr. Weston."

The car drove out.

Davis frowned when he heard the dial tone on his phone.

"Cancel the engagement."

He remembered two years ago when Mr. Weston asked him to ask Mr. Cruz for a divorce agreement. It seemed that this moment was very similar to that time.

But what happened? Was the result the same? Melody sat in the car and watched Everett's car drive away until she could no longer see it, and she closed her eyes.

She couldn't go. If she did, they would be finished. She lowered her head and rested her forehead on the steering wheel.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes, and there was a light in them that was stubborn and crazy.

She picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"Joan, do something for me."