

Fit For Your Love Chapter 81

[/ Fit For Your Love](#)

Brayden drove to the SHS Building.

This was the first time he had come to this place.

When the car stopped below the SHS Building, he finally understood what Olivia said.

Too powerful.

His uncle was too powerful, so she had no choice but to be ruthlessly defeated.

But it didn't matter.

Now that she had him, he wouldn't let his uncle hurt her again.

It seemed that Everett had told the employee in advance, so as soon as he entered, the receptionist walked over and asked, "Mr. Brayden?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Weston told me to bring you up."

"Thank you."

The receptionist led him upstairs to the president's office.

"Mr. Weston, Mr. James is here."

The busy man behind the desk did not raise his head but nodded.

The receptionist left and closed the door.

Brayden walked over and stopped at the desk.

"I am here to talk to you."

Everett finally looked up at him.

Even though Brayden was standing and Everett was sitting, Everett was still of an imposing manner.

"Sit down."

Brayden sat down on the sofa.

The secretary brought in two cups of coffee and left.

The door closed again, and the room was very quiet.

Everett closed the document and walked over to sit on the sofa.

Brayden looked at him and said directly, "You should know why I'm here."

Everett took a sip of coffee and looked at him, waiting for him to continue.

"I will marry Olivia. We will go abroad after we get married. No one will know that she is your ex-wife. You can rest assured."

Everett looked at him, leaning back, his arms slightly stretched, his legs crossed.

He was in a relaxed position.

But he still looked powerful.

The strength that emanated from the inside still existed.

"You are not suitable." Brayden's hand tightened in an instant.

"Uncle, it's up to us to decide whether we're fit or not, not you."

At this moment, an imposing aura spread across his body, which was as strong as Everett's.

The president's office suddenly turned cold.

Suddenly, the phone on the desk rang, breaking the quiet that seemed to explode at any moment.

Everett got up and walked over to pick up the phone.

"Mr. Weston, you have a meeting in ten minutes."

"Fifteen minutes later"

"Okay."

Hanging up the phone, he came over and looked at Brayden.

"You're still young. Go abroad for further study for two years. Then you'll understand what I say today:"

After that, he turned to his desk. But after two steps, he stopped. Because Brayden said something.

"Uncle, you won't let me be with Olivia. Is it because you still have feelings for her?"

Brayden looked at the man standing in front with his back to him, tall and straight, like a towering tree.

This big tree was once his goal, and he treated him with awe and reverence.

But now, all of this collapsed.

"You don't want any man to be around her, so you forced her to stay away from men, but you didn't expect she would choose to get married. When you knew that she was going to marry me, you had a good reason to stop us."

"Maybe you have more terrible ways next, and all of this is to keep her away from other men."

"Uncle, I really have to remind you that you two are divorced. She is free. It's OK for her to be with whoever she wants or to marry anyone she likes. It is her freedom. If you want to stop her, then I can tell you you have a rival in love now."

"And that's me, your nephew."

Fit For Your Love Chapter 82

[/ Fit For Your Love](#)

Brayden left, and the president's room reverted to silence again, but the silence at this moment was different from before.

The silence at this moment was as cold as ice. Reeling from the silence, even the air was cold.

Everett moved his fingertips and turned to look at the door of the president's office which had just been shut, his eyes narrowed and gleamed with cold light.

He took out his phone and dialed a number, "How's it going?"

"I'm done. I'll send you the information later"

"You don't have to, just email me."

"Okay."

Everett walked to the boss's chair behind his desk and sat down, getting through the internal phone lines when instructing, "The meeting is canceled"

"Okay, Mr. Weston."

Just after hanging up the phone, the computer dinged and the new email popped up.

Clicking the email, soon, Everett saw the information about Olivia.

Meanwhile, the Weston Family.

Cristina placed a thick document in front of her father, "Dad, it's all here."

She paused and said, "Olivia is nice and kind."

She had already read the information.

After Olivia's divorce, just as Brayden said, she had not done anything bad to Everett or anything else.

Besides, Olivia worked very hard and was now a famous fashion designer.

People who knew her well thought highly of her.

It might not be convincing enough if just one person thought highly of her, while she would be nice and kind if all people liked her.

And what she liked the most of Olivia was that it was easy for her to go from thrift to extravagance, but extremely hard if she went reversed.

Olivia lived very well when she married Everett, but after she divorced from him, she did not feel anything different from her previous life or solicited.

She had been working hard to live, one step at a time, until now.

She was really inspiring.

The Old Master put on his glasses and opened the document.

Cristina sat by the side, waiting for the Old Master to finish reading.

About half an hour later, the Old Master took off his glasses.

Cristina immediately said, "Dad, Olivia is really good!"

"See, when Everett married Olivia, he definitely did some work. It must have been because she was good that Everett married her. Otherwise, why would someone as picky as him marry such a girl without fancy family background or higher education?"

"Let's move back to Brayden again. He has been seeing so many Kardashians since he was young. He's so into art and music, how could he not know girls without

fancy family background or higher education? But he only fell in love with Olivia, for as long as five years. He is not stupid. He must marry a divorced woman for some reason."

It must have been because that person was nice that she had to be the only one.

The Old Master did not say anything, but his face became solemn after hearing her words.

Cristina saw that the Old Master's appearance was different from what she had expected.

She was confused and went.

"Dad, what's wrong? Is something wrong?"

"Something has gone wrong. But it's not that girl's fault"

It was Everett's fault.

Cristina didn't understand what the Old Master meant and became more and more confused.

"Dad, what kind of riddle are you talking about? Why can't I understand?"

Instead of answering her, the Old Master asked, "Where is Melody now?"

Cristina paused and said, "She seems to be in Paris, when I asked Everett the other day, he told me."

She continued, "Dad, your sudden change of topic..."

The Old Master interrupted her before she could finish her rest words of "confuse me", and went that "Everett and Melody have been engaged for almost two years."

"Yes."

The Old Master said, "It's time to get married"

Cristina's brain was reeling.

What was the connection between those topics? But the Old Master did not want to say anything more and stood up with his walking stick.

Cristina followed him, standing up.

"Dad..."

The Old Master turned his back to her and said as he walked, "Tell Bella that I agree to the marriage between Brayden and Olivia."

Cristina's eyes widened in disbelief. Agreed? Dad actually agreed...

Fit For Your Love Chapter 83

[/ Fit For Your Love](#)

Belle received a call from Cristina. After listening to what Cristina said, Belle was so shocked that she couldn't speak.

After a while, she said in an unsteady voice, "Aunt, you said grandpa agreed on the marriage of Brayden and Olivia?"

"Yes, he did."

"How...How is this..."

Belle suddenly didn't know what to say.

She thought the last person that would agree with was her grandfather.

She didn't expect grandpa to be the first one to agree.

And if grandpa agreed, no one would object.

However, she couldn't figure out why her grandpa agreed so quickly. It felt like a dream.

Cristina heard the shock in Belle's voice and said, "Although I really like Olivia, I can't believe what dad said, but although we can't believe it, this is happening."

"You tell Brayden the good news. He will be happy to hear it." Cristina still remembered the smiling face of Olivia and Brayden in the garden that day, so sweet and so happy.

If it was possible, she hoped that the two children would be happy forever.

After Cristina hung up the phone, Belle sat on the sofa and did not move for a long time.

Although she had agreed Olivia to be with Brayden, she felt like a dream after knowing her grandfather agreed to their marriage.

She didn't think it was right.

But she couldn't think of anything wrong.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

Belle was shocked and almost dropped it on the floor.

Fortunately, she reacted quickly, grabbed her phone, and looked at the name on the screen.

It was Leona.

Belle answered, "Mom."

"Bella, I've been thinking about it, and I think the best way now is to send Olivia away to a place where no one knows, so that no one can find her, and we don't have to worry." She had obtained information about Olivia for the past two years.

Brayden didn't lie.

It was Everett who had been lying.

The thought made her frightened. So, sending Olivia away quickly was the best way!

"Mom, my aunt just called me and said that grandpa agreed to the marriage between Olivia and Brayden."

"What!" Leona called Cristina immediately.

She didn't believe it. She couldn't and wouldn't believe it! However, she soon got a positive answer.

It was true. Belle was right, and Cristina didn't lie to her.

"If you don't believe me, you can ask dad yourself." This was the last thing Cristina said before hanging up the phone.

Leona stood there in a daze for a while, then took her cell phone and rushed out.

"Get the car ready!"

Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at the old mansion.

Leona didn't stop and quickly walked in.

"Dad! Dad!"

When she walked in, she called out, and the servants in the living room looked over.

Leona immediately asked, "Where's my dad?"

"The Old Master is pruning the flowers in the garden.' Leona went over immediately.

Indeed, the Old Master was patiently trimming a camellia plant in the garden with scissors.

Leona quickly came to him and said, "Dad, Cristina said that you promised Ziahang to marry Olivia.Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Why? How can Olivia from such a low family marry into our Weston Family? And she's divorced.She can't marry in.She's not qualified!"

Leona exploded at this moment, ignoring everything.

The Old Master heard the volley of questions and finally stopped his actions.

He looked at her and asked, "Why do you think I want Brayden to marry a divorced woman who doesn't match him at all?"

Leona looked at his piercing eyes, her heart pounding, and something flashed through her mind.

Her face turned pale.

Seeing her reaction, the Old Master said, "You seem to realize it now"

Leona shook her head.

"No, this...This is just my imagination.It can't be true.It can't be!"

"Then why did you come to me?"

"Leona was speechless.She knew too well what she was looking for the Old Master for.She didn't want Olivia to marry Brayden.However, if Olivia didn't marry Brayden, then Everett..."

"Well, if you have time to ask me these useless questions, you must have time to go back and discuss Everett and Melody's marriage with the Johnsons."

Leona's fingertips trembled and pain rose in her eyes.

"Dad, can't we just send Olivia away? Isn't it good to send her to a place where none knows?"

“You want to kill Zihang?”

The Old Master looked at her, his eyes sharp with anger. Leona swayed and retreated, her face gloomy.

She was wrong. She was really wrong...

Fit For Your Love Chapter 84

/ [Fit For Your Love](#)

Everett finished reading Olivia's information and moved his finger on the desk. Frank of the DF Company.

A fashion designer.

He closed his eyes and shut the emotions that was about to burst out.

Olivia was busy and didn't get off work until very late.

There was no one in the company, and it was very quiet.

She took the elevator directly to the underground parking lot, picked up the car keys and pressed them against the parked car, then walked over.

But after a few steps, a man came over and stopped in front of her.

“Miss Hadley, please come with me.”

She had met this person before, and she was very familiar with him. It was Everett's driver and the driver who used to pick her up when she had been Mrs. Weston. Half an hour later, the car stopped outside a European-style villa and Olivia got off.

The villa was brightly lit, and all the luxurious things in it glowed under the light.

Everett was sitting on the sofa in his casual clothes, reading a financial newspaper, and the light shone on his handsome face.

In an instant, Olivia seemed to see the scene two years ago when he came back from work and sat on the sofa.

Her heart suddenly ached, as if it had been pricked by a needle.

Everett looked over and saw the trance in her eyes.

His eyes moved slightly and he said, “Sit down.”

His tone was as indifferent as ever.

The emotion in Olivia's eyes disappeared.

She walked over and stopped three steps away.

"Mr. Weston, any orders? I haven't eaten yet. I need to cook after I go back."

Everett took his phone and dialed a number.

"Come and cook now"

Then, he hung up and looked at her.

His intention was evident.

Olivia clenched her hands and walked over to sit on the sofa.

This was their first official meeting in two years.

It wasn't an accident encounter, or destiny, or a show.

Olivia looked at him, but Everett kept reading the financial newspaper as if she was a stranger waiting for dinner.

Olivia frowned and said again, "Mr. Weston, if you got something to say, just say it."

This time, her voice grew louder and her tone became more serious.

However, Everett flipped through a page of the newspaper and continued reading, as if he couldn't hear it.

Olivia pursed her lips and stood up to leave. But then Everett spoke.

"You dare to walk out of this door? You know what I can do." Olivia froze.

The next moment, she turned around and sneered.

"Mr. Weston, do you need me to remind you that you have a flancée now?"

Everett finally looked at her.

"So?"

"Mr. Weston, it's bad if she misunderstands this."

She said it word by word, her tone extremely cold. Everett stared at her.

“You think I’ll do something to you?” Olivia curved her lips.

“Or what?”

With that, she raised her wrist to look at the watch.

“It’s ten o’clock...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she stopped, because the person who was still sitting before her was standing in front of her.

A large shadow shrouded her, blocking the light and she felt her world darkened.

“You...” Olivia backed away subconsciously.

Everett approached her.

“What?”

His low, cold voice was attractive, making her heart beat faster.

Olivia smelled the familiar smell on his body and panicked.

She hurriedly backed away, but she kicked something and lost her balance, and fell backward.

She was frightened and grabbed the person in front of her subconsciously.

Everett frowned and hugged her, but fell on the sofa with her...

Fit For Your Love Chapter 85

[/ Fit For Your Love](#)

Time seemed to stop.

Because Everett’s lips landed firmly on her nose, and her lips were pressed against his chin. Olivia’s mind was blank and there was nothing in her mind.

When Everett smelled the scent of Olivia, a feeling that had disappeared for a long time went back suddenly.

He couldn’t help but squint.

All of a sudden, his lips moved and his arm around Olivia tightened slightly.

In an instant, he felt a strong desire.

Then his eyes darkened.

At this moment, the woman in his arms who hadn't moved a bit pushed him away as if he was a dangerous beast, then turned and ran away.

By the time he realized it, Olivia was no longer in his sight.

He could smell the faint fragrance.

It was not perfume, but the unique smell of her body, just like two years ago.

At this moment, the fragrance was like silk wrapped around him, stirring his heart.

Olivia...Olivia ran out and didn't stop until the phone rang.

But she was afraid that it was Everett's call, and she didn't dare to answer it.

She was even more afraid that he would follow her. She ran again.

But the phone kept ringing like crazy.

Olivia realized that this was not Everett.

He wouldn't keep calling her.

Finally, she stopped and took out her phone.

On the screen were three words, Brayden, and they were jumping.

She pressed the button to hang up.

They had nothing to say to each other.

But soon, Brayden sent a text message.

"Olivia, answer the phone!"

"Where are you? Answer the phone! I have something very important to tell you! Very important!"

Important things? No matter how important it was, it had nothing to do with her.

Olivia hung up the phone and looked around, only to find that there were only streetlights and thick trees.

She was obviously at the outskirts.

How could she go back? Suddenly, there were the headlights shining on her.

Olivia turned around and saw a car coming towards her.

The lights were so bright that she couldn't see the car clearly.

It was only when the car stopped in front of her that she saw that it belonged to Everett.

Olivia's face changed when she saw the car.

Then she turned and ran away.

She would never see Everett again.

No! When Old Zhang saw her running, he quickly stepped on the accelerator and caught up with Olivia.

But Olivia kept running as if she could not see the car.

Old Zhang had to say, "Miss Hadley, Mr. Weston asked me to send you back."

Olivia finally stopped.

"What did you say?"

"Mr. Weston asked me to send you home."

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside Olivia's apartment. Olivia got out of the car and the car drove away quickly.

She looked at the car leaving, still in a daze.

He asked someone to pick her up but he didn't say anything to her? Now that he had asked someone to send her back safely, what did he want to do? The scene in the villa came to her mind.

Olivia's face changed and she quickly walked into the apartment.

She could not and would never understand what Everett was thinking.

She entered the apartment and then the elevator.

Soon the elevator stopped on the 25th floor and Olivia walked out.

As soon as she walked out, she stopped.

There was a man standing in front of her.

A slender man.

He looked gentle and handsome.

It was Brayden.

When Brayden saw Olivia, his eyes widened, and his eyes flashed with joy.

Then he strode over.

"I thought you were at home all the time, but I didn't expect you to be outside."
He smiled and hugged her.

Olivia reacted and pushed him.

But the more she pushed him, the tighter he hugged her. Olivia frowned.

"Brayden, let go!"

"Olivia, my grandfather has agreed to our marriage. We can get married!"