

When She Unveils Identities #Chapter 544 – 550

Read When She Unveils Identities Chapter 544

Chapter 544

Chapter 544 Whether I Stop or Not Depends Entirely on You?

The board of directors presented a document to Braden, pretending to be respectful. “Mr. Stewart, we need your cooperation and signature for this ‘Consent to Voluntarily Give Up the Management of The Stewart Group.’ However, we are unsure if you can sign it independently given your current condition?”

Braden tilted his head slightly as he calmly said, ‘Give me the pen.’

“No, you cant sign it!”

Shirley was still under Antwan’s control. She exerted all her strength to break free but was too weak to escape.

“You damned bastard, let me go! I’ll kill you!”

She struggled in Antwan’s embrace, lost control of her emotions, and even bit his arm fiercely like a shrew.

“Hush, be good. This is Braden’s own choice. Even if I let you go, he will still sign the document. Why are you so worried?”

“Antwan, you despicable person, do you think you can win against him this way? I won’t let you succeed. You can never compare to him, not even a single strand of his hair!”

Shirley bit Antwan’s arm so tightly that her whole body trembled, tasting the flavor of blood in her mouth.

Antwan looked at the deep and bloody tooth marks on his arm, which were obviously painful, yet he felt highly pleased. “So, what if I can’t compare to him? At least this makes you notice me.”

Perhaps, he was fundamentally a masochist, wanting to attract Shirley’s attention this way.

To him, it was better to curse, beat, or even eat him bite by bite than not to have him in her sight at all.

“This... Ms. Wilson, please show mercy!”

The onlookers were stunned and couldn't figure out what to do next as they looked at each other with mouths agape.

Although Braden's eyes were blind, his heart was not. He listened to the entire conversation between Shirley and Antwan and was even more convinced that Shirley must have a special meaning to Antwan. His fingers holding the pen, tightened slightly as he signed the document.

"I've signed it. You can leave now."

After a few seconds, his beautiful handwriting appeared on the paper.

Shirley stopped struggling and looked at Braden with a sense of extreme distress. She knew better than anyone how painful it was to give up something Braden was proud of, let alone for the son of heaven, who had never experienced failure!

Antwan released his grip on Shirley, his arm already bitten bloody, and clapped his hands, saying, "Braden is righteous. As a cousin, I really admire it. This is your own choice, so when uncle and grandfather come to hold us accountable, I will not be responsible!"

"Bah, you hypocritical people, get out of here!"

Shirley pushed Antwan far away and then ran towards Braden, hugging and comforting him in a low voice. "Don't worry. Take care of yourself first. I'll find a way to solve this matter. I won't let Antwan succeed, no way!"

"I don't need your help." Braden's voice was cold as ice. "It doesn't matter to me who manages The Stewart Group. It's not."

Shirley was surprised to see Braden become so negative and discouraged.

He obviously had strong ambitions, so how could he not care?

"What do I care about? It doesn't seem to have anything to do with you. You don't have to be so angry," said Braden expressionlessly.

In the past, he considered his career, family honor, and personal achievements the most important things. Still, after going through so many things, almost dying several times, these external things became irrelevant to him, like floating clouds.

The only thing he cared about now, or the only thing that made him passionate, was finding the missing part of his memory.

Only by finding that missing part of his memory can he feel complete.

Of course, he didn't need to explain these ideas to anyone.

"It has nothing to do with me?"

Her heart felt like it had been slapped. Her worry and her sense of injustice seemed so self-indulgent.

"You're right. This is your career, not mine. It really has nothing to do with me. I have too much free time to see unpleasure for myself!"

Shirley was too sad, and her body was too weak. She stumbled back a few steps.

Antwan promptly supported her crumbling body, frowned, and mocked coldly, "If you really have too much time, you can do charity work, help African children, save wild elephants, and support education

in impoverished mountainous areas instead of meddling in other people's business.'

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"I don't need you to judge whether or not I'm meddling in other people's business," said Shirley with disgust, glaring at Antwan before pushing him away.

These three people were like three separate arrows, proving a timeless truth: only the loved one can feel secure!

Shirley's mouth was sharp, but her body was weak. She had only taken a few steps when she fell heavily.

"Ms. Wilson! Ms. Wilson!" May Thompson shouted in panic.

She had no idea how much time had passed when she woke again.

"Ahem!"

Shirley opened her eyes and felt uneasy, as if she were floating on clouds.

"You finally woke up!"

Her hands were tightly wrapped by a pair of giant palms. A deep voice appeared with joy.

"Braden...'

Still unconscious, Shirley saw the handsome man in front of her and yelled his name.

The man paused for a moment.

The giant palm holding her hand tightened.

“Antwan, it’s you!”

Shirley realized the man holding her hand was not Braden but the sly Antwan. She immediately withdrew her hand, unapproachable.

“You’ve achieved your goal. Why not celebrate and leave?”

Shirley said contemptuously.

“I remember telling you early on that my goal wasn’t the Stewart Group.”

“I see. Your goal is to surpass Braden. He’s already lost everything. Aren’t you satisfied? What more do you want?”

“To surpass him?”

Antwan said, “Indeed, my only goal in life for a long time was to surpass Braden. Now that he’s a loser, I should be satisfied. But for some reason, I still feel unsatisfied, like something’s off.”

“Isn’t that enough?! Don’t go too far. What are you going to do?!”

Shirley was infuriated again. She was afraid this madman would use some evil trick against Braden.

” Whether I stop or not depends entirely on you?”

Antwan grabbed Shirley’s shoulder and stared at her like mad.

Chapter 545

Chapter 545 I Will Kill You Directly

Shirley froze, staring coldly at Antwan before her. She hit the nail on the head. “So, according to what you said, I’m supposed to beg you one day? Is that why you’re waiting here?”

“You can think of it that way,” Antwan replied.

Antwan raised his eyebrows slightly, looking like a warrior about to conquer a city. He was almost there, and his expression was complacent. “Don’t you love him so much? Aren’t you willing to sacrifice your own life for him? Now, I’ll make it clear to you: as long as you beg me. I’ll immediately announce to the public that I’ll give up my right to inherit. Then the Stewart Group will be Braden’s. How about that?”

“Really?” Shirley asked with sparkling eyes.

She was really tempted.

To Braden, the Stewart Group was like his soul. He had poured so much into it. If it were to be taken away by a despicable person like Antwan, it meant that his entire life’s work had gone to waste.

She couldn’t bear to see that happen. She really couldn’t!

“Of course it’s true! Why else would I be clinging to you like this? I would have already opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate, wouldn’t I?” Antwan said, holding onto her shoulder. As Shirley’s will was slowly broken, Antwan became bolder and lifted her chin. His eyes were full of ambiguous intention as he said, “Let’s begin, Shirley. Beg me.’

“Ugh!” Shirley didn’t bear him. She made a disgusted expression, and her eyes were about to roll out of her head. “Antwan, can’t you act normal? You’re really not suited to play the role of a big boss. Why don’t you tell me what the price is? I need to weigh the cost-effectiveness.”

“Cost-effectiveness?” Antwan froze, and his lips twitched slightly.

Did Shirley have to be such a killjoy? Can’t she show a little vulnerability like those women in trashy romance novels who are forcibly taken?

Oh, he forgot, this person is Shirley, the one who twists off people’s heads if they disagree. The sun would rise from the west if she were weak and helpless.

Shirley said thoughtfully, “If the cost is low, I’ll do it. So I will do it. I’m not a man anyway. But if the cost is too high, I won’t do it. I’ll straightforwardly solve the problem.”

Antwan didn’t know what to say, and he became interested. *Oh, what kind of straightforward way do you think?*

Shirley smiled, her cold face showing no mercy, and she ran her fingers across his neck. “I’ll just kill you.”

Her tone was no joke; she would do it without hesitation if it came to that. The killing was the most straightforward, most direct, and cleanest way.

Besides, she had already taken Amelie Nelson’s life, so what was one more?

Antwan’s teasing eyes turned dark, his throat tightening. “Do you really hate me that much?”

“You’re overthinking things. I don’t hate you. I’m just a person who kills others when necessary. It’s like the saying goes, kill or be killed.”

“So, you’re willing to be a heartless executioner for that unfeeling guy?” Text property © Nôvel(D)ra/

“Don’t you feel the same?”

Shirley retorted, “If I asked you to kill someone for me one day, would you do it?”

Antwan fell silent.

He believed himself to be a rational and wise person who could easily handle any emotions. When facing Shirley, he was like a childish fool who could be seen through and manipulated by her without any resistance.

Shirley took in the man’s pain and agitation, satisfied with the situation. She hooked her lips and lifted his chin, assuming a superior pose as she asked, “Tell me, what is the price for me? After all, killing you would be my worst plan.”

“Is it true?” The man’s grey eyes shone brightly, like a lighthouse in the dark night.

To Antwan, Shirley’s small act of “compassion” was like the sweet oasis in a desert that saved his life, making him ecstatic.

He eagerly questioned, “So, you don’t want me to die. You are only using this extreme method out of helplessness?”

“That doesn’t matter,” Shirley was about to be impatient. “I just want to know, if I beg you to spare Braden, what will the price be?”

“It’s not so much a price as a choice,” Antwan took a deep breath, his handsome face unusually calm. “If you are willing to go with me, I will give up the Stewart Group and live a secluded life in the mountains, no longer participating in these disputes.”

“Is that all you want, to come with you?”

She was a little surprised at first.

She initially thought Antwan would make strange demands, like serving him. She was even prepared to slap and curse him for being a perverted hooligan. But this was it?

“Yes, just that.”

Antwan closed his eyes and said wistfully, “Let’s find a secluded place and live a peaceful life away from the world’s troubles.”

“I don’t understand.”

She was confused.

Antwan was cunning and had taken over the Stewart Group but he was also a romantic. He caused trouble and mischief, all for the sake of living in seclusion with her? He was the villain, but he lacked the viciousness and decisiveness of a villain.

“Dont want to?”

Antwan asked humbly. “Dont worry, I won’t force you to do anything you don’t want to. I only want you to come with me and live in seclusion.”

She retorted, “Do you want to force me? Do you have the ability?”

“As long as you give me a chance, you will know whether I have the ability.”

She paused and thought for a moment. ‘Okay, I’ll go with you. But I have one small request. I hope you can help me with something.’

Anyway, she had initially planned to disappear on the day when Braden recovered and to fulfill him and Alina Gilmore.

“Then I’ll give you three minutes to think about it. After three minutes, I want a definite answer.’

Antwan suppressed his joyful expression and deliberately pretended to be calm and composed.

He didn’t expect Shirley to agree so readily, giving him a surreal feeling.

After three minutes, Antwan couldn’t wait and asked, “Have you decided? Do you want to come with me?*

Shirley bit her lip. Although it was only three minutes, it was enough for her to consider carefully.

“I’ll go with you,” Shirley said clearly, and added, “But I also have a small request that I hope you can fulfill.

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Chapter 546 You Are at Ease, I Am Not at Ease

“What do you want?”

Antwan was in a good mood and looked at Shirley with bright eyes.

She agreed! She agreed! She agreed!

He roared in his heart, unable to hide his excitement.

This feeling is like winning a victory after an 18-year resistance war. The sense of accomplishment cannot be described in words.

So, at this moment, Shirley could have asked for anything. Even if she wanted the stars in the sky, he would have eagerly picked them for her!

“I can go with you, but only if I stay with Braden until he recovers and sees the light again.”

Shirley said firmly.

She had planned this from the beginning and will not change due to any accidents.

Antwan’s eyes, which were initially as bright as torches, dimmed. He spoke in a low and cold voice: “Well, how can you accompany him to heal? Will you use your blood to nourish him? Look at yourself. You are so weak now. How much blood do you have left to continue his life?”

“You... how do you know?”

Shirley’s eyes showed a slight change, a little surprised.

She remembered that she had never told him anything about the medicine.

“You’ve become like this. Both your wrists are bloody. Unless it’s Braden, who is blind, anyone with brains wouldn’t have failed to notice.”

As Antwan spoke, he took Shirley’s arm, looked at the wound on her wrist with heartache and anger, and said, “Shirley, are you sick? He doesn’t even remember you anymore, yet you are trying hard to heal him. What are you hoping for?”

“Just for peace of mind,” Shirley lowered her eyes and said lightly.

If she and Braden are destined to be like water and fire, birds and fish, unable to be together, she must ensure that the rest of his life is happy.

So, she must accompany him to recover, take care of his career, and find a woman who truly loves him for him...

Only in this way can she leave him with peace of mind.

“You may feel at ease, but I am not.’

Antwan’s facial features tightened, and he said with a severe expression, “I cannot agree to your request. I want you to leave with me immediately, and you cannot sacrifice anything for him.”

“Then there is nothing to discuss. You may leave!”

Shirley got out of bed, determined to ask May Thompson about Braden’s condition.

Braden’s body had just recovered, and the medication must not be stopped. She didn’t know how long she had been unconscious. She wondered if the previous prescription was enough.

Antwan stood before her, his emotions a little out of control. “What do you mean by ‘there’s nothing to discuss.’ Do you regret your decision? Will you not go with me?”

“I have made myself clear. I will not abandon him. If you insist on stopping me, I will have to kill you.”

Shirley’s eyes turned cold as she reiterated her stance.

“You...you mad!”

Antwan narrowed his eyebrows, feeling deeply frustrated.

No matter how detailed his plans were, he had no power against a stubborn person like Shirley.

“Fine, I will not stop you. If you insist on staying with him, then I will accompany you. The moment he recovers, you must come with me immediately!”

Antwan gritted his teeth. This was the most significant concession he could make.

From being overconfident to retreating steadily, he wanted to slap himself in the face!

Shirley stared at the man whose cheeks were flushed with anger. After a few seconds of silence, she nodded, “Deal!”

She did not understand Antwan’s determination, just as he did not understand hers, but they shared one thing: they did not want to have any regrets.

May Thompson was still brewing medicine for Shirley in the pharmacy, her brows tightly furrowed like a knot. “Sir, Madam, you must protect and keep Ms. Wilson safe. I blame myself for creating a prescription that made her miserable this time!”

May Thompson held her round fan and gently fanned the fire, her heart full of regret. Although her father's self-made prescription had miraculous effects, it was also potent and could cause adverse reactions.

Ms. Wilson had been unconscious for three days, and the medicine for Braden had already been used up.

As a result, Braden's condition deteriorated, and he could not even get out of bed.

Despite trying different methods, they couldn't identify the cause or find a solution.

They didn't dare to inform Ms. Wilson about this, as it would indeed cause a commotion.

"May Thompson!"

Shirley appeared quietly behind May Thompson, acting like a child, and made a face at her when she turned around. "Wow, are you scared?!"

May Thompson, already worried, was startled by this sudden appearance. "Oh, Ms. Wilson, you almost gave me a heart attack! Thank goodness you finally woke up. Gulp this medicine down."

May Thompson poured the freshly brewed medicine into a small palm sized bowl and carefully blew it cool before handing it to Shirley.

However, Shirley was more concerned about Braden's condition, "How is Braden? Did the medicine work? Is there enough medicine for him? If not, I can donate blood."

"How dare you! Are you when you are a faucet? Can there be a steady stream of bloodletting?"

Antwan followed closely behind, with a cold expression, pressing Shirley's arm down, urging her, "Drink the medicine first. Mr. Stewart is doing fine, and you don't need to worry."

"Really?" Shirley asked with a half-believing expression, looking at May Thompson expectantly for confirmation.

May Thompson was an honest person and did not lie like Antwan. She hesitated and said, "Well, he..."

Shirley immediately noticed something unusual and asked, "May Thompson, please tell me what's wrong with Braden?"

Since waking up, she had felt that something was amiss, and everyone, including Antwan and the staff at the nursing home, had been avoiding the topic of Braden.

“He...”

May Thompson looked at Antwan to ask for advice.

In her opinion, the only one who could persuade Ms. Wilson at the moment was this guy.

“He’s just a blind man. What can he do? He just eats and drinks and is waited on by others. It would help if you worried yourself first. Hurry up and take your medicine.”

Antwan said with a calm face. His mental resilience was beyond ordinary people.

“Something’s not right. Where is he? I’m going to look for him!”

Seeing that Shirley was not taking her medicine and was about to look for Braden, May Thompson couldn’t help but tell the truth.

“He’s in bed in the west wing, recuperating. His condition hasn’t been great during the few days that you were unconscious, and we didn’t want to worry you,” May Thompson finally revealed.

“But I thought he was recovering well. What happened?” Shirley didn’t want to overthink and decided to see Braden herself. She got up to leave.

Antwan held his forehead and glanced at May Thompson in displeasure, “It’s all for you to hide from her!”

Then, he also chased after him!

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Chapter 547 It Was Strange, Except for You

As Shirley arrived at the West Wing, she could hear the sound of shattered glassware from inside.

“Get out of here! I don’t need your pity!”

Two female nurses then walked out with a gloomy demeanor and red eyes, clearly having cried due to feeling wronged.

“What happened to you both?” Shirley asked the nurses.

“Ms. Wilson, are you awake? That’s great...”

The female nurse spoke as if seeing a savior, "Please go and persuade Mr. Stewart. He's in bad condition, refusing to eat or drink, and won't let us care for him. He chased us all out, and if he goes on like this, he'll die of thirst or starvation, even if he's not sick."

"He's not eating or drinking?"

Shirley furrowed her brows and muttered, 'He acts like a child throwing a tantrum again. He is too childish.'

She turned to the two female nurses and said, "Alright, you can go now. I'll take care of it.'

"Thank you so much, Ms. Wilson. Please be careful, though. Mr. Stewart has been temperamental these past few days," the female nurse warned gratefully.

Shirley walked through the comfortable garden and arrived at the door of Braden's room. She pushed the door open gently but was met with an inkstone hurled at her.

"Don't you understand what I said? I told you to leave me alone!' With a pale face, Braden was leaning on the bed and shouted in the direction of the door in a bad tone.

She had never seen him so irritable and out of control before, and while others may have been afraid, she only felt worried.

How could he let himself go like this if he wasn't so desperate? Especially when he was Braden, the favored son of heaven.

"Do you think you're being too wasteful? It's such a shame that you smashed this good inkstone to pieces," Shirley said.

Shirley bent down calmly and threw the broken inkstone into the trash. She walked over to Braden and lightly covered his hand with her slender, pale fingers.

This touch was like a shot of tranquilizer and immediately calmed Braden down.

"Are you... okay?"

Braden felt his heart tighten.

That day, Shirley suddenly fainted, and he was so useless that he couldn't do anything.

For the next three days, time seemed to drag on endlessly. Although he was constantly worried about her, he was too stubborn to show it and refused to visit her.

He had heard someone say, "Shirley has Antwan taking care of her, so she'll be fine.'
Text © .

Well, if she had Antwan taking care of her, then she was sure to be fine. But what about him? Even taking one step required someone else to take care of him. If he went to see her, wouldn't he just be a burden?

"Don't worry, I'm fine. I stayed up late every day playing games, and my blood sugar level dropped slightly. I'll be as good as new after a few days of rest," Shirley said in a relaxed tone, afraid that Braden would worry about her.

Braden finally relaxed and said indifferently, "Right, with Antwan taking care of you, how could you not be okay?"

Shirley couldn't help but smile. He had forgotten about her and was now acting all petty again. He was such a jealous person!

"Yes, I'm being taken care of very well. My face is clean, and my stomach is full. Unlike you... You don't eat or drink, and your stubble is growing out. The CEO has turned into a rough man, making all your fangirls feel worried."

Shirley finished speaking and touched the stubble around his mouth. In her words and actions, she couldn't help but pamper him.

At this moment, in her eyes, Braden was like a fragile baby, even more, fragile than Ben and Ally. No matter how unreasonable he was, she was willing to pamper, hold, and even keep him in her mouth for fear of melting away.

"I don't like people touching me."

Braden's voice was cold.

He had always been the kind of person with a strong sense of boundaries. Even Alina Gilmore, whom he trusted the most, occasionally touched his face or hair. He felt a bit uncomfortable. So, he naturally did not like these female caregivers caring for him.

"Really? I feel like you love it when I touch you, sweetie... Let me pet your hair."

Shirley smiled and played a prank by rubbing the man's hair and pinching his cheeks, enjoying the thrill of jumping around the Tiger.

She thought the man would explode with anger, but he replied indifferently, "It's strange, but you're an exception."

Shirley never thought of his answer.

“So, if I have to have someone to take care of me closely, it must be you.”

Shirley was surprised.

“What’s wrong? Don’t you want to?”

“No, no, it’s just that I’m curious. Are you thinking of something?”

Shirley could clearly feel that Braden was getting closer to her, to the point that she had to suspect that he was remembering her.

Otherwise, why would she be so special?

“Should I be thinking of something?”

Braden asked in return.

Shirley was silent for a few seconds, then self-mockingly smiled, “Then I’d rather you not remember. I’m not a good person.”

Braden did not continue to question her on this topic. He knew that Shirley would not tell him even if he wanted to know.

Some answers needed to be found by himself. Whether they were good or bad, he needed to judge for himself.

“Help me shave my beard.”

Braden suddenly asked.

He was a person who had high demands on his appearance, always neat and clean, never allowing himself to have a scruffy beard or unkempt hair.

But these few days, he felt particularly decadent, not washing his face or shaving his beard, like an artist who had lost interest in life.

The moment he heard Shirley’s voice, he felt that this world was still quite interesting and worth exploring.

“Shave your beard?” Shirley scratched her head and felt embarrassed.

To her shame, she had grown up so much, been over mountains and seas, trained in a martial arts school, and even carried an AK47. She had become mentally tough. But she had never shaved her beard or helped a man shave his beard.

“Is it inconvenient?” Braden turned towards Shirley. Though he couldn’t see her face, he sensed her hesitation.

“It’s not that it’s inconvenient, but... I don’t know how to shave, and I’m afraid I’ll do a bad job.’

“It’s alright. No matter what you shave, I’ll accept it.”

“Okay, really? You promise!” Shirley chuckled with delight.

She found an old-fashioned razor in the bathroom with a primitive blade.

“Okay, I’m ready.” Shirley lifted the blade, eager to give it a try.

“I’m ready too.’ Braden closed his eyes, ready for her action, as if he was preparing for a heroic death.

“Tsk!” As Shirley approached, she was once again struck by the man’s beautiful face and couldn’t help but compliment him.

Chapter 548

Chapter 548 Have We Ever Been in Love?

The outline of Braden’s face was prominent, and his facial features were just perfect. With deep eye sockets and a tall nose bridge, he was a truly gorgeous god. His eyelashes were thick and dense, slightly curled up. Morning light passed through the window and mottled shadows were cast on the cheeks without a trace of pores.

Looking up, there were two lips that were like cherry blossoms which were cool and thin. They were clearly pursed into a high arc that seemed cold but exuded extreme temptation. Braden also had a dignified and slender neck, and his featured Adam’s apple looked extremely sexy when women approached him.

“He is handsome, really handsome!” thought Shirley.

Holding the razor in her hand, Shirley stared straight at the man, just like a dog swallowing wildly when seeing a fleshy bone.

“What’s wrong?”

Braden frowned slightly and asked the woman in confusion.

He had a keen sense of hearing and had already sensed Shirley’s rapid breathing. Seeing that she didn’t respond for a long time, Braden wondered if there was something wrong with him.

Braden wondered if he wear no jacket or just no trousers.

Thinking of this, Braden really stretched out his big palm to touch his body.

Braden thought, "Since I have already worn jackets and trousers, what is she nervous about?"

Braden fumbled around and didn't find anything abnormal about him. But his palm accidentally touched the woman's body.

He thought, "Hmm... Her body is a little different, and it's quite soft."

Braden couldn't tell which part it was, so he began to study it and never got wearied.

Shirley said, "What the hell are you doing?"

Her little face instantly flushed just like a watermelon.

This guy's big palms touched directly between her waist and hips, clearly trying to play a hooligan fairly. Since Braden had a righteous and dignified expression that made him seem so pure, Shirley felt too embarrassed to hit his face.

Braden groped for a long time and finally found that the part he touched seemed to be burned instantly. So he quickly moved his hand away, and said, "Sorry!"

Braden intended to see what he felt with her body. But he never thought that the part that was soft and curly would be such a private part of hers, which made him feel like a pervert.

Braden raised his hands high all the way and never dared to touch this woman again.

"It's okay, I believe you didn't mean it."

Shirley took a deep breath and said politely.

Besides, Braden had touched Shirley much more before. Right now, there was no need to be so coy as they were long-term partners.

Braden had a light cough, and he said politely, 'Then you can start. If you don't understand, you can ask me.'

Shirley answered, "Really, then I'll start!"

Shirley swallowed again with uncontrollable excitement in her voice.

At this moment, both of them were like adolescent couples. They were blushing nervously, and breathing quickly and heavily. The air was full of love.

Shirley looked at the man leaning on the bed. Braden was so handsome and perfect. With his eyes closed and his thin lips parted slightly, Braden was now completely obedient to Shirley.

Out of an instinctive reaction, Shirley originally planned to have sex with all her might. But considering that Braden's body was weak and he was timid, Shirley decided to take it slowly.

Shirley thought, "Hmm... Let's firstly take off the clothes, and show the abs to see the ability."

Then Shirley put down the razor and unbuttoned the man's silk pajamas with her slender fingers.

One, two, three...

Braden's shining pectoral muscles began to show off, and they were strong at first glance without redundant fat.

"Sniffi-

After having a sniff, Shirley continued to unbutton Braden's buttons vigorously and was about to have a fine view of his abdomen muscles.

Suddenly, Shirley's little hand was caught by Braden's big palm.

Braden showed a shy and angry expression, and asked, "What are you going to do again?"

Shirley thought, "Why does Braden feel that he is being taken advantage of by me? Damn it... His body is going to be unclean!"

Shirley was taken aback, and said with a dazed expression, "Ah, Didn't you let me start it? Are you shy?"

She understood that the more handsome a man was, the more likely he was going to be shy. After all, there were too many women who wanted to have affairs with him, and it was human nature to be shy.

Braden said, "I asked you to shave me, not to undress me..."

He held Shirley's hand tightly, and his perfect face approached. Braden spoke, "But I'm curious about what are you going to do next after you take off my clothes?"

“Huh, so you’re doing this next?” said Braden.

Shirley showed a disappointed expression, and she was so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole to hide. She cursed secretly in her heart, “Many years have passed. Why is she still behaving like a hoodlum in the face of Braden? What a shame!”

Shirley said, “I’m so sorry! I originally planned to shave your body hair first. Since you don’t have this demand, I will shave your beard directly.”

Shirley fixed her hair and had the cheek to save her face.

Although Braden couldn’t see it, he could still imagine how embarrassed and funny Shirley was at the moment. So Braden held back his smile and said solemnly, ‘Thank you, there is no need to shave my body hair.’”

Shirley picked up the razor again and began to shave Braden’s beard seriously.

Shirley applied shaving cream around his chin. Then she moved along his lips and carefully shaved off the stubble around his chin. The whole process was quite harmonious.

The two approached each other at a very close distance. Shirley had a focused expression, trying to shave the man’s beard clean. The fragrance and slow breath lingered in the man’s breath and disturbed the man’s mind.

Shirley spoke, “Just wait a minute, it will be fine soon.”

Like a mischievous child, Shirley treated Braden’s face as a toy. And after Shirley did a good shave, she covered her mouth and smiled secretly.

Shirley said, “Well, I’m such a little genius! Look at how well I shave you, I must record it well!”

Shirley took out her mobile phone to face the man’s face and took a lot of pictures.

The Braden in the photo changed from a decadent to a man with a clean face. He still had a beard in the philtrum. He had the same beard as the one in the anti-Japanese drama, which was handsome and dignified, and still so funny.

Obviously, this was Shirley’s masterpiece.

“Puff! Huh!”

Shirley took one picture after another, unable to stop at all.

It was so funny! She should take a few more photos. She would definitely be very happy to relish those pictures from time to time after they separated later.

Braden frowned and asked, "Why are you laughing?"

"Jesus, it's even funnier! Huh!"

Shirley captured the frowning expression of Braden. It was really amazing with a fierce face and that beard!

Braden said, "Stop laughing!"

Braden groped and directly embraced the woman's slender waist with a pair of big palms. He pressed her body tightly to his waist, and then asked with deep eyes, 'Tell me, have we ever been in love before?'

Chapter 549

Chapter 549 The Fight between Braden and Antwan

Shirley's body seemed to have frozen, and she remained motionless, staring at Braden from a short distance away.

They loved each other far more than people thought. But Shirley's lips, teeth, and mouthpiece seemed to be stuck with super glue, and she couldn't say a word.

It was really contradictory that Shirley was afraid that Braden would forget her or miss her.

At this time, the door was pushed open, and a mocking voice sounded,

"She did fall in love with someone from the Stewart family. But it wasn't you, but me.'

Definitely, the person who came here was naturally the lingering Antwan.

Shirley was a little embarrassed and quickly removed Braden's hand from her waist. Then she stayed a distance away from him.

But in Braden's eyes, this kind of behavior seemed like Braden was caught cheating. And to some extent, it also proved that Antwan's words were true.

Braden's eyes were stern, and he asked in a low tone, "You mean, you are boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Antwan said, ' Braden, you are so smart! You guessed the answer...'

Antwan calmly walked to Shirley's side, and hugged her shoulders affectionately. Antwan spoke, "My girlfriend and I are having conflicts, so she turned to your arms, trying to make me angry. Don't take it seriously!"

Braden replied, "Antwan, have you had enough? What nonsense are you talking about here?"

Shirley was about to be annoyed to death by this pestering guy. She glared at Antwan ferociously and bumped him hard with her elbow.

Antwan was hit hard, but he felt happy in his heart.

The more aggressive a woman was to Antwan, the more he felt valued. Even Antwan himself felt that he was too perverted.

"Baby, don't be angry with me. I know I was wrong. Don't use my Braden as a tool man. He is blind and useless now. He is already very pitiful. If you play with his feelings again, he will collapse."

Antwan pursed his lips and smiled, saying every word poignantly.

No one knows better than Antwan how much such a humiliation had hurt Braden, who had always thought highly of himself.

Braden said, "Antwan, shut up!"

Shirley failed to voice her own opinions, and still couldn't speak too thoroughly. She was almost depressed to death.

Shirley was so angry. How could there be such a cheap person? If Braden was not there, she would have torn Antwan's stinky mouth to pieces.

Antwan was born with a prickly head. Since Antwan felt he was not threatened, he continued to enjoy the fun of humiliating Braden, the proud son of heaven. Antwan joked, "Braden, my girlfriend is warm-hearted. Seeing that you are blind and pitiful, so I want to stay and take care of you. Besides, you are my real brother, and I also decide to stay and take care of you. In the future, we will take good care of you and feed you well."

Antwan waited for Braden to explode his feelings. And then Braden would drive Shirley away.

After all, the greatest humiliation came from a woman's sympathy for a man. Let alone this arrogant Braden?

Shirley truly understood Braden and knew how much Antwan's words would hurt a man. So she quickly explained, ' Braden, don't listen to him! I want to stay and take care of you, not because of this...'

Braden was unexpectedly calm and said, "I'm fine."

There was no outburst, no hysteria, and no arrogance to drive away Shirley.

"I don't think there's anything wrong if we stay together."

Braden pursed his lips, and said to Antwan in a lukewarm manner, "The socks I just changed haven't been washed yet. How about helping me wash the socks?"

Antwan said nothing.

Braden said, "Pay attention to washing them by using your hands! You know I only wear hand-washed clothes."

Antwan remained silent.

After Braden ordered Antwan, he said to Shirley, "The sun seems to be good today. Help me change my clothes, and then go out with me to breathe fresh air."

There was no response.

Shirley was a little confused at first, and she was also surprised that Braden didn't go crazy.

Not only did Braden not go crazy, but his mood was so stable, and positive as if Antwan's words were just a deaf ear to Braden and could not affect Braden at all.

This was incredible!

The woman couldn't help being a little bit stunned, and said with a sob, "Okay, I'll go find your clothes right away.'

Shirley thought, "Braden is too tough. It's like a bitch throwing mud at him, and he beat her to death with mud. It's so touching! Belongs to (N)övel/Dra

Antwan's expression turned pale, and he stared at Braden coldly.

Antwan was observing, and studying. Antwan was determined not to let go of every subtle expression of Braden.

Antwan thought, "It's impossible! He is Braden who has always been arrogant. Why is he so calm after being humiliated to such an extent?!"

In this way, it seemed that Antwan looked like a clown.

No, Antwan must have hidden his true emotions, and Antwan had to keep humiliating Braden until Braden exploded.

Braden said, "You don't wash your socks, what are you doing here?"

Shirley took a set of clean clothes from the closet and prepared to change for Braden. When she saw Antwan who was still standing, she had a disgusted expression on her face.

Standing between Shirley and Braden, Antwan snorted coldly, "Braden, I've already told you that she is my girlfriend, wouldn't it be inappropriate for you to ask your younger siblings to change your clothes for you?"

"You're going too far!"

Shirley couldn't bear it anymore. She rolled up her sleeves and prepared to tear Antwan's mouth into pieces.

Braden said, "You have said that I am blind, and I can't see or touch. I have no desires, and there is nothing wrong with it."

"You!"

Antwan was unable to refute for a while.

Shirley said, "Get out of the way! Didn't you say you need to take care of Braden? Just know how to talk about it, why don't you hurry up and wash your socks!"

Shirley picked up the socks that Braden had changed and threw them on Antwan's face unceremoniously.

Antwan said nothing.

Antwan became angry.

However, to be able to stay with Shirley, Antwan picked up the socks very cheekily and said, "I'll wash and I am a master at washing socks."

"Puff!"

Shirley was instantly amused by Antwan's unlucky appearance.

Not to mention that this guy Antwan was quite flexible. And he was very good at kneeling at critical moments although he seemed so mad sometimes.

Antwan walked halfway, then turned back, and especially reminded him friendly, "Braden, your beard is truly affecting your image, and I suggest you shave it if you can!"

Shirley said, "Why is Braden so unusual today? No matter how provocative Antwan is, Braden remained calm all the way. It must be Braden's Beard that suppressed Antwan.

"Puff! Huh!"

Shirley burst into uncontrollable laughter from the beginning small laugh.

To be honest, Shirley also felt that Braden's temper suddenly became so Buddhist today all because of her beard's embellishment.

The overlord turned into a comedian in seconds. Everyone would be confused about it.

Braden's face became more and more gloomy.

Strictly speaking, from the moment Shirley was made laughing by Antwan just now, Braden's complexion had dropped to a freezing point. And it could only be said that Braden was at a freezing point at this moment.

"Antwan was very funny?" said Braden.

His chilly voice was chilly as if it came from an ice cellar.

Chapter 550

Chapter 550 Having a Marriage and a Child

"Well, no, no!"

Shirley's big-toothed grin immediately put away, and she stood obediently, not daring to show her breath.

It was true that Braden was very sick, but the innate aura in his body was still very strong.

Therefore, when Braden was really angry, the air became thinner. And Shirley was very sensible and knew when to stop.

"I don't mean to give you that beard as I haven't finished shaving yet."

Under the tense atmosphere, Shirley cautiously made amends for herself, "If you don't mind, I'll finish shaving for you now?"

Shirley thought, “Anyway, the photos are all archived, and I can take them out in minutes to savor them in the future.” Text © .

“No need.”

Braden fumbled for the razor and then went around his chin to shave off the unshaven stubble. The whole process was smooth without any inconvenience.

Shirley was dumbfounded, pointed at the man, and said, “So you can shave yourself, and your shaving is much smoother than mine. Then why do you ask me to shave it for you?”

In her opinion, it was a very ambiguous thing for a woman to shave a man, just like a man blowing a woman’s hair. It was only suitable for male and female friends, or between husband and wife.

Braden obviously could do it himself, but he wanted to ask for her help. Didn’t Braden want to flirt with her?

Could it be that he remembered something, or he was attracted to her again?

“Because I want you to shave me, I ask you to shave me.”

Braden’s handsome face was clear, and he answered crisply.

Uh... They were plain nonsense!

Shirley took a deep breath, hold back the throbbing in her heart, and said calmly and rationally, “You heard it just now, I am Antwan’s girlfriend. And don’t ask me for help in the future for such intimate things as shaving the beard. I’m afraid that my boyfriend will misunderstand.”

Braden said, “Is it true?”

Braden smiled coldly. His eyes clearly couldn’t see anything, but they could easily see through Shirley’s heart like a microscope. Braden said, “Why lie?”

Shirley said, “I’m not lying. Antwan is really my boyfriend. Look at me beating him up like that. If it wasn’t for my boyfriend, he would have fought back.”

Shirley pursed her lips and continued to talk nonsense seriously.

In fact, Shirley didn’t want to deceive Braden, but now she could only deceive him in this way. Then she could prevent him from having undue feelings for her.

If Braden fell in love with Shirley again, then her departure would be the most fatal blow to him. And she didn't want to make him suffer too much.

"Whether you lied or not, you know in your heart."

Braden's expression was cold, and his eyes were a little more complicated.

Braden was just blind, not stupid. And since Shirley rejected Antwan like that at the beginning, they didn't have the slightest feelings as a couple. How could they be a couple?

"However, that boy Antwan is sincere to you. You two can really give it a try."

The man said calmly, and his deep eyes did not reveal much emotion.

Shirley said, "You want me to try to be a couple with Antwan?"

Shirley was slightly stunned.

It never occurred to her that Braden would have such an idea. Instead of being tempted by her, Braden wanted to push her to someone else?

So she was just self-indulgent and worried unfoundedly.

"Whether you and Antwan are a couple or not doesn't matter to me at all. I even hope that you can love each other a little bit, so that he won't be so free that he troubles me every day, and I'll be happy."

Braden said with a blank face after changing into clean and comfortable clothes. Then he said, "Come on, go out with me to bask in the sun."

Braden hadn't gone out to feel the sunshine for a long time, and for some reason, with Shirley by his side, he felt warm in his heart and became optimistic again.

Shirley helped Braden to come to their favorite back garden.

It was the time when the spring was fragrant, and the peonies in the garden were in full bloom. The air exuded the fragrance of the soil mixed with green grass after the rain. The morning light fell on their hair tips and cheeks, and the world presented the most beautiful and pure appearance.

But Shirley was exceptionally silent, and it was not good for her.

Hearing Braden's generous blessings to her and Antwan, and even intending to match them up, Shirley couldn't help but want to scold him!

Although Shirley scolded Braden a bit unreasonably, obviously this was the state she hoped for. But when Shirley really did that, she couldn't feel her energy from head to toe.

Braden held the railing of the gazebo with his long fingers, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. His perfectly contoured features were hazy as if they had been filtered by the sun. Every inch of Braden was a masterpiece of God.

Shirley said, "Tsk, how handsome he is!"

Shirley was not motivated at first, but she finally got motivated after seeing Braden's beautiful face. And Shirley silently let out a groundhog scream in her heart.

This was the reason why Shirley must find a handsome man when looking for a man. No matter how angry Braden was with Shirley, she just looked at his face and thought, "Hey, what can he do wrong? It's me! To be angry with such a face is the biggest mistake!"

While the woman was intoxicated, Braden turned his face slightly, and asked lukewarmly, "How many years have you been talking with Antwan?"

Shirley's expression was instantly petrified after hearing it.

Shirley seriously suspected that Braden came here to scare her on purpose, right?

There was no need to mention what that unlucky Antwan was doing. If it continued like this, his face would not be enough to calm Shirley down!

Braden said, "You don't have to be shy. Although Antwan is not a thing, it's not ashamed to talk to him."

Braden's tone of voice was reasonable, and he focused on being free and magnanimous. Surely it didn't matter at all.

Shirley gritted her teeth and suppressed her anger. Then she said, "Thank you, I'm not a shy person."

"One year or two years?"

Braden didn't seem to notice the woman's emotions at all and continued to ask.

"Huh, why are you so curious? I never knew that Mr. Stewart is such a gossip. What do you want to test?"

Braden knew from Shirley's tone that she wanted to push forward so he silently tightened his fingers.

Braden continued to ask, 'It's very curious, so I look forward to your sharing.'

Braden remained calm and continued to irritate her.

Of course, Braden was not a gossipy person, he just gossips about the woman in front of him.

Shirley scratched her fluffy and lush hair and stayed silent for two minutes. Then she said calmly, 'Since you are so curious, then I will tell you everything. Antwan and I have been husband and wife for four years. We dated for four years, got back together for a while, and then separated again.'

Braden spoke, "And you two... still had a marriage?"

Even if Braden remained calm, he couldn't stay rational when he heard such explosive news.

Shirley replied, "Yeah, we not only got married, but also have children!"

Shirley curled his lips into a smile, approached the man a little bit, and said meaningfully, "Antwan is a scumbag, so I am not going to forgive him. Are you really curious about what a scumbag Antwan is?"

Shirley thought, "Huh! Braden, don't you want to play with me? Then I will play with you today!"