

When She Unveils Identities Novel Chapter 17 -

Chapter 17 – Why Did You Stop?

“You should stop watching soap operas.”

Braden said, “I’ve lived across the street for four years. You are the one who has followed me.”

After finishing speaking, he stepped into Shirley’s house.

“What are you talking about? You live across the street?”

Only then did Shirley realize that the opposite door was indeed half-opened.

She touched her ears, and was so embarrassed.

He didn’t mean to follow her at all. He did live there.

Thinking of what she said to him just now, she felt that she was a narcissistic woman.

Braden’s sharp eyes scanned every inch of the house.

His eyes fell on her bedroom.

“The layout of your bedroom is very different from mine.”

Braden went to her bedroom and tried to go in and have a look.

Shirley remembered that there were several parenting books piled up on the bed in the bedroom. She thought, “If Braden saw that, wouldn’t he know about my pregnancy?”

“No, you can’t go there!”

She blocked the bedroom door.

“Rejection is invalid.”

Braden was very domineering. No one could stop what he wanted to do.

“You can not go in there!”

Shirley opened her arms, determined not to let Braden in, and was so angry that she wanted to hit him. “Do I know you very well? It’s my bedroom. Why can you come and go at will?”

“Because I am your husband!”

Braden looked down at her, who was much shorter than he, and his deep eyes grew a little colder. “Or is there a man hidden inside?”

“Braden!!!”

Shirley clenched her hands.

She thought, “If he didn’t listen to me, I would have to be tough.”

“Anyway,

easily.”

with my skills, I only need to teach him a lesson. Braden could be beaten up by me

“Don’t move. You’re downblouse again.”

Braden was not in a hurry, and reminded again.

“Damn! You jerk!”

Shirley put her arms out to protect her chest.

Braden bypassed her and came to the bedroom.

His cold gaze swept across the floor-to-ceiling windows, the wardrobe, and the desk. He then saw the bed covered with pink sheets.

“You’re still dreamy. You’re in your twenties, and you have sheets of Hello Kitty.”

Braden smiled and approached her big pink bed step by step.

His impression of Shirley seemed to be more specific.

Seeing that he was about to find the parenting books she piled next to the pillow, Shirley shouted,

“Don’t move!”

Then, three steps at a time, she pushed Braden onto the bed.

Braden was dumbfounded.

“Throw yourself into my arms?”

He looked at her pressing on him with cold eyes.

At the same time, he thought, "She looked so little. How could she be so strong that she could throw me down?"

Most humiliating of all, he tried to get up, only to find that he couldn't use the strength at all.

"Nothing. You are so handsome that I couldn't resist pushing you down for fun."

While talking, Shirley stuffed the parenting book under the pillow.

She pressed her knee against Braden's abdomen.

She put much strength in his lower abdomen.

At that moment, she made Braden unable to use his strength at all, so of course he couldn't move.

Shirley looked at his handsome face flushed from exertion as if looking at a lamb waiting to be

slaughtered and realized the joy of being a man.

"Be good. Don't move. I will be very gentle."

Shirley stretched out her hand and caressed his perfect facial features.

"Get off me, otherwise you will suffer!"

Braden gasped for warning.

"I don't want to get off. I want to play with you!"

"You!"

He thought, "Damn, how heavy is she? Why can't I push her at all?"

Braden had never been so embarrassed in his life!

After a while, Shirley stopped moving.

For she found that the touch of her knee upon his abdomen seemed to touch something strange.

Her face was flushed to her neck, and she retracted her knees.

At the same time, Braden was able to exert his strength.

He turned and held her under him. Their bodies were attached to each other.

“Why did you stop playing?”

Braden stared at her under him.

He looked at Shirley’s lips and recalled the taste of kissing her last night. His Adam’s apple rolled.

He was already fascinated by it, but at that moment he had even more difficulty controlling

himself...

At that time, Braden’s cell phone rang.

Braden frowned and picked it up with a displeased expression.

“Mr. Stewart, Kaza, the great hacker, has arrived at the headquarters of Stewart Group. He said that

he could find out who Fire Dance is and that he wants to see you right now.”

“Oh?”

Upon hearing that, Braden got up.

He thought, “Is Fire Dance, who made Stewart Group so messy, unable to hide?”

“Interesting!”

“Tell him to wait. I’ll go over now.”

After Braden hung up the phone, he patted his clothes.

He had an indifferent and restrained appearance. It seemed that the warm and affectionate just now never existed at all.

Shirley heard the content of the phone call.

In fact, she had intended to meet Kaza long ago, but she had no chance.

She thought, “Now that a ready-made opportunity is there, how can I miss it?”

“Mr. Stewart, are you leaving now?”

Shirley looked at his tall and cold back, and asked.

“Well, I need to go to the headquarters to deal with something.”

“I will go with you.”

Braden turned his head, squinted his eyes, and stared at her. “What the hell are you planning?”

He was very afraid of being set up again by her. His ex-wife seemed to be well-behaved and docile but was full of crooked thoughts.

“What are you talking about... You are the famous president of the Stewart Group. Who in Seattle City would not bow down to you? How dare I make any plans against you?”

Shirley boasted Braden with a sweet smile.

Braden looked at her with a look of distrust.

Shirley got out of bed, took a shawl to wrap around herself, and said without rushing, “I thought about it for a long time last night, and agreed to act as a loving couple with you as you said.”

“Really?”

Braden was quite surprised, his dark eyes brightened a little, and he was about to say something.

Shirley interrupted, “No need to thank me. I’m not doing it for you, nor for the Stewart family. I’m doing it for old Mr. Stewart.”

She meant what she said.

She thought, “I have done my best for the Stewart family all these years, and the debt that should be repaid has long been over.”

“Only for old Mr. Stewart, I treat him as my own grandfather, and I don’t want him to be angry because of what happened between Braden and me.”

Braden didn’t say much after listening, and said, “I’ll wait for you outside.”

After he left the bedroom, Shirley opened the door of the cloakroom and chose a loose dress to change into.

She stood in front of the full-length mirror and looked down at her belly. She didn't know if it was her illusion, but she felt that her belly was a little bigger.

She thought, "There is not much time left for me. I have to hurry up and arrange everything!"

The Rolls-Royce Phantom was parked at Stewart Group headquarters.

When Shirley held Braden's arm and walked into the building, many employees were getting

excited.

"I knew it. They are getting together!"

"His mistresses can never be more important than his wife. Our president is falling for his wife!"

Liam stepped forward to greet them.

Seeing that Mr. Stewart was so loving and sweet with Shirley overnight, he was confused.

However, because he still had business to do, he didn't gossip too much.

"Mr. Stewart, you've come. Kaza is waiting for you in the technical department."

"Kaza is a freak. He said that he only talks to you, and even threatens not to wait if you are too late!"

Liam felt that he himself was already a freak, but when he encountered Kaza, he was willing to

submit to him.

"Okay."

Braden didn't say much and walked straight towards the elevator with a calm look.

Shirley followed along the way.

"You don't have to be there."

Liam suggested, "There is a new dessert shop on the B1. Why don't you go try it?"

Liam thought, "They need to keep their conversations secret."

“She is a woman who doesn’t understand anything, so it’s boring for her to be there, isn’t it?”

“No need.”

Braden didn’t mind it.

He thought, “She doesn’t know anything anyway.”

A few stepped into the president-only elevator to the technical department on the 16th floor.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven...”

In the distance, a man’s voice came from inside, a bit joking and frivolous.

“In the last three seconds, if he doesn’t come, I will leave.”

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