

## When She Unveils Identities Novel Chapter 541 -

### Chapter 541 – Perfect to Make Him Addicted

“How is it?”

Shirley looked at him, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

“It’s the best coffee I’ve ever had. It feels like...an old friend.”

After that, he pursed his lips and enjoyed the smooth and fragrant taste of coffee that filled his mouth and throat.

Although he was a nitpicking and extremely picky person, this cup of coffee was indeed impeccable, and it

was perfect to make him addicted all at once!

“Of course. I’m the one who made it, after all.”

Shirley raised her chin. Her expression was a little proud and full of accomplishment. Speaking of which, she had learned how to brew coffee for Braden.

His support was certainly her biggest motivator, making her feel that all her hard work had been worth it.

Braden took another sip of coffee, indulging himself in the taste.

His “dead” brain was connected to the power bit by bit.

Some images related to Shirley kept flashing in his mind.

Every time he tried to see some clearly, he found they were always blurry and unclear through a layer of

mist, which made him very painful! “Damn it!”

Braden frowned and pressed his palm against his forehead, showing a slightly distorted expression.

“What’s wrong?”

Shirley immediately noticed that something was wrong. She stepped forward to hold his shoulder and asked with concern.

“I seem to have drunk this coffee and it evokes some memories. I want to hold it, but it is vague...My head hurts, it hurts!”

Braden was breathing heavily, and the dizziness in his head made his stomach churn with disgust, and he almost vomited.

“You, don’t think about it now. Relax and take a deep breath!”

Shirley remembered the doctor's advice and immediately panicked. She stroked his back over and over, trying to make him relax a little.

Braden's condition was very complicated. He had undergone major brain surgery, so it was not wise to use his brain too much.

If he racked his brain trying to remember those things, it would be very bad for his brain, and his life would be in danger.

These days, she had been cautious and tried not to talk too much with him, so as not to let him think nonsense and keep peace all the time.

She didn't know that a cup of coffee would cause such a big impact! "Where on earth did I drink this coffee?"

Braden's lips were pale, and his low voice trembled slightly.

Despite being very uncomfortable, he still held his breath and kept forcing himself to recall.

"There has always been a blurry figure in my mind. She is slender and beautiful. In the garden of the Stewart's house... Damn it, my head hurts so much!"

The more he recalled, the more painful it became, so that cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Braden was infuriated.

He clenched his fingers into fists and hit his head hard.

"I'm a loser, aren't I? It hurts to think about it. What's the point of living?"

"No!"

Shirley quickly wrapped him in her arms, protecting his face and head with her delicate hands.

She choked, "You're injured and it's normal that you can't remember. Let's slowly recover and think about it. Don't hurt yourself like this... Otherwise, if you blow your head up, you really can't remember anything."

Braden said nothing for a moment.

Shirley's warm and soft embrace seemed to contain some calmness.

Braden, who was originally extremely manic, gradually calmed down, snuggling quietly in the woman's arms like a wounded kitten.

“No matter how powerful a person is, there will always be times when they encounter setbacks. You, as president of the Stewart Group, have always been the favored of God, and you have never been in trouble. But God is just. Even the divinities of heaven have to be burdened with certain duties in order to acquire power. So this is also a test for you to see if you have a solid character. Be calm, okay?”

Shirley patted his back gently, as if to comfort Bennett and Alisha. Her gentle voice was like a spring breeze, brushing his face gently, with a faint fragrance. No man could escape from such a female swamp, not even Braden.

He suddenly grabbed the woman's hand and asked coldly, “Did you bewitch me? Why can I calm down as long as I get close to you?” Shirley's wrist was already injured, and his grip on it tore the wound even more, causing her to tremble in pain.

“I...I don't have the ability to do that. I'm just being reasonable.” She gritted her teeth and tried to keep herself normal. “More than that!”

Braden tightened his fingers, and his tone became even nastier. He asked, “I can't wait for the day I regain my sight. Tell me, what exactly is the past between you and me? The person I love the most is obviously Alina. What exactly did you do to disturb my heart over and over again?”

He wanted to know the truth only because he didn't want to be in so much pain. For every time he recalled it, it was as if he had been holding a scalpel and cutting his own brain incessantly. The headache was splitting.

That dizziness and nausea were tormenting him! “I...Memphis” Shirley couldn't help but whimper in pain. “What's wrong?”

Noticing that something was wrong, Braden immediately let go of his hand. “Nothing, it's just that your grip is too strong and it hurts me.” Shirley held her breath and carefully tidied up the gauze on her wrist, blood oozing

out. She secretly thought that she really sucked now.

It was only a slight loss of blood, and yet she became so weak. If she met an enemy at such a time, she was sure to be beaten by them in a few minutes! However, anything that could go wrong would go wrong.

Before Shirley came back to her senses, she heard May's nervous voice. "Ms. Wilson, s-something's wrong!" May hurried to the back garden.

Seeing that Braden was still present, she then stopped what she was about to say. "It's okay, May. Go ahead." Shirley glanced at Braden and said calmly.

"Someone is coming to cause trouble. Dr. Smith and the others are a little overwhelmed. How about you and Mr. Stewart go get somewhere safe?" May said nervously. As expected, it was really difficult to deal with people who came to cause trouble.

However, she, Shirley Wilson, was not a coward by nature. She would just do it if the "trouble" came to her, and there was no "avoiding" in her dictionary. "Since they're here, I'm sure they won't retreat easily. I'd like to see how troublesome this 'trouble' is." Shirley cheered up and prepared to fight.

At a glance, May noticed the blood oozing from her wrist and said nervously, "Ms. Wilson, your wrist is injured. You have to deal with it first!" "What happened to her wrist?" Braden asked coldly.

"Her wrist..." May was so worried that she was about to explain to Braden. "My wrist is fine. I just accidentally cut it."

Shirley quickly blocked May's words. She did not want Braden to know the truth about her injured wrist. Otherwise, with his temper, he would definitely refuse to use her blood as medicine, and all her previous efforts would be in vain.

"Do you think I'm that gullible?" Braden had a hunch that things were not that simple, and his face was extremely

serious.

“Don’t treat me like a fool and tell me what’s going on!”

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