

## When She Unveils Identities Novel Chapter 14 -

### Chapter 14 – Like a Primary School Student!

With his patience exhausted, Braden said with a shade of displeasure on his handsome face, “Speak directly if you have something to say. Why do you fudge the issue all the time?”

“The personnel in the public relations department have analyzed various data and found that now ninety percent of the netizens are fighting for Mrs. Stewart. If you have a way to get her forgiveness and show how you love her in front of netizens all over the world, the trends of public opinions will naturally be reversed.”

After Rachel finished speaking cautiously, she didn't even dare to look at Braden.

She knew that Mr. Stewart was a dignified and proud person. It was not an exaggeration to say that he was the omnipotent emperor of Seattle City.

It seemed impossible for a condescending emperor to drop his dignity and apologize to a concubine who had lost his favor.

“Impossible!”

Sure enough, Braden answered flatly.

“Since those netizens have so much leisure time to launch attacks against me, let them idle their lives away in meaningless disputes.”

“As for their intention to boycott the Stewart Group?”

Braden smiled coldly as if he were mocking the mob, “Too naive!”

It was not that Braden was arrogant.

There were many industries under the name of Stewart Group, including food, real estate, clothing, electronics, automobile manufacturing, and even a little bit of military products. It was really impossible to boycott such an all-encompassing corporation.

“Since the growth of online posts is unrestrained, send more people to regulate them!”

Braden said coldly with his deep and sharp eyes, “In short, within three days, I don't want to see any comments about that live broadcast on the Internet.”

“This...”

Rachel's face showed embarrassment, and she could only bite the bullet and say, "Then... I will communicate with the personnel in the public relations department. At worst, I will increase some public relations expenses."

Obviously, this was a makeshift that did not solve the essential problem.

But there was no other way, especially considering the high esteem of Mr. Stewart.

Rachel was about to leave when Braden stopped her again.

"President, do you have any orders?"

Braden pointed to the coffee cup next to his hand and said with a frown, "The quality of coffee has been reduced dramatically recently. Is it still made by you? It's too bad to drink and doesn't have the smooth and mellow taste before."

Braden was used to drinking coffee to relieve stress.

Although he didn't have deep research on coffee, he obviously felt that the taste of coffee during this period was far worse than before.

He missed the taste of coffee before.

"Mr. Stewart, it's probably because the coffee beans have been changed."

"Change it back!"

Braden ordered in a strong tone.

He didn't like the current taste at all.

"I'm afraid I can't change it back..."

Rachel said honestly, "The previous coffee beans were delivered by Mrs. Stewart in a large can. They were ground on site to ensure the delicious taste of coffee."

"Recently, the can of coffee beans has been used up and has not been replenished by Mrs. Stewart for a long time. We searched for it both online and offline, but we couldn't find the same brand,

so..."

Rachel spread her hands, her expression was very helpless.

"Sent by Shirley?"

“Yes, Mr. Stewart, don’t you know?”

Rachel seized the opportunity to tell him the truth boldly.

“Over the years, your coffee has been secretly supplied by Mrs. Stewart. Moreover, your favorite pot of succulents, the small cake you once raved about, and the ashtray you have been reluctant to throw away, were all provided by Mr. Stewart.”

“She delivered the gifts and asked us to keep them secret, so we called her white wave in private.”

“Mrs. Stewart is very nice, and we all like her. That’s why we’d like to stop you from domestic violence even at the cost of our jobs that day...”

Braden was silent with a deep expression on his handsome face.

He looked at the ashtray on the table, the succulents on the balcony, and the cartoon pillows on the sofa with mixed feelings.

“He thought that he and this woman had been strangers for the past four years, but in fact, she had already become an indispensable part of his life.”

“Mr. Stewart, even if you want to fire me, I have to say that Mrs. Stewart really loves you, and you shouldn’t hurt her like this.”

“Even if it is not to restrain negative opinions, I think it is necessary for you to give her a formal apology.”

Braden remained silent.

He didn’t know before that this woman loved him.

In this way, his adultery had really hurt her.

“Mr. Stewart, if there’s nothing else, I’ll deal with my work first.”

Rachel put aside her emotions and was ready to leave the office.

When she walked to the door, she added boldly, “Let me tell you, I am also a supporter of your

and I am also one of the administrators of the group ‘Summery memories’ that invents fiction about your love stories.”

“The members of the group are all talented in fictional writing. There was a fiction that struck the heartstrings of many people before, but it’s a pity that the author has given up the writing project!”

After Rachel left, Braden was busy with his work as if nothing significant had happened.

In the end, he couldn’t help being curious and found the group ‘Summery memories’ on the

Internet.

Seeing this, he was immediately shocked!

Braden did not expect that the number of members of this group would amount to 300,000 and that

it would be ranked among the top five groups in its activity rate.

What he expected to be a small workshop turned out to be a large organization.

No wonder, a live broadcast could make him the most notorious man and the most-searched topic

on the Internet.

Braden slid the mouse and watched the computer screen intently.

“Super amorous! Let’s see those famous scenes where Mr. and Mrs. Stewart stood side by side.”

“How affectionate Shirley’s eyes were when she looked at Braden!”

“Mutual appreciation! The five moments when Braden dropped his high air and showed love for his

wife!”

This group was really super active. People kept releasing new posts and reposting old posts, post with pictures and heated discussions.

each

It was also the first time that Braden had discovered that he and Shirley had been photographed in the same frame so many times.

And in these photos, the glances that Shirley secretly cast at him were so ardent and affectionate.

Among these posts, the post with the highest hits and the most comments was a fiction about him and Shirley written by a netizen with the id Summery.

“First encounter. One afternoon in midsummer, when the heavy rain poured down and everyone was busy hiding from the rain, he met her...”

Braden was attracted by this fiction and was about to read it. Unexpectedly, as soon as he refreshed the page, it had been deleted.

“Damn it!”

Braden cursed in a low voice, obviously not satisfied.

He finally understood why there were so many people in this group and why it was so active.

These netizens were so talented in fictional writing that the readers could hardly resist the

temptation of reading their fiction repeatedly.

Braden tried to stay calm and quit the group page.

If he stayed any longer, he might also become a supporter of the romance between him and Shirley.

It was the night before he knew it.

Braden had been occupied all day, but he always felt empty in his heart.

In the quiet office, he tapped on the screen of his mobile phone restlessly, staring at one place with heavy eyes as if he were thinking about something.

At the same time, Shirley was lying on the sofa and flipping through parenting books when her cell phone rang suddenly.

She picked it up and found that it was Braden, who was supposed to be an unfeeling man.

“Floya Restaurant, I’ll be there and wait for you.”

After finishing speaking coldly, he hung up the phone without giving Shirley any time to react.

Shirley was dumbfounded when she heard the beep on her phone.

“Gross!”

During four years of marriage, this man had never made her a phone call. Whenever there was anything, he asked his assistant Liam to communicate with her.

Tonight was really the first time that he had been willing to contact her in person.

If it was before, she might hold her mobile phone with cries of excitement and then quickly put on makeup and choose clothes to attend the date.

Now... She just took it as a sales call, which could only make her sick.

Having finished reading the parenting book, Shirley watched a documentary, after which she typed a series of codes for fun. When it was over, it was almost ten o'clock, and she was going to put on a

mask and sleep.

“Are you there? I've been waiting for you for almost two and a half hours.”

Braden, who was on the other end of the phone, was obviously about to lose his temper, and his cold tone revealed the tempestuous rage that was about to come.

Shirley was speechless.

Was this man cognitively impaired?

Who asked him to wait for two and a half hours? Wasn't he a boss who made hundreds of millions of

dollars within several minutes? When did he become so idle?

“Come here, and I have something to tell you!”

After Braden finished speaking, he hung up the phone again.

“This man was ridiculous!”

At first, Shirley just felt it inexplicable.

She hadn't been aware before that there were times when the noble man she admired so much

acted so pathologically.

He was now as childish as a primary school student.

She was reluctant to respond to him at first, but when she saw the clock on the wall ticking away little by little and thought of him staying up in the restaurant all night, her heart softened

somewhat.

She changed her mind, considering that the restaurant was just over two kilometers away.

Shirley didn't wear makeup with her hair disheveled in pajamas and came to the Floya Restaurant.

At this time, it was already half past ten in the evening.

The entire restaurant was empty, except for a handsome man with an indifferent expression sitting near the window.

The man was staring out the neon-lit window, looking cold and melancholy.

Shirley looked at Braden from a distance and couldn't help but feel her heart flutter.

Tsk, look, what a good-looking man, what an elegant air, but unfortunately... a scumbag!

The woman took a deep breath and walked towards Braden.

"You insisted on asking me out in the middle of the night, so what's the matter, ex-husband-to-be?"

Braden turned around, looked Shirley up and down, and said coldly, "You are really informal when you come on a date in pajamas."

"You're already my ex-husband, so why should I bother to dress well?"

Shirley sat down carelessly and said self-mockingly, "Besides, I was so well-behaved before but

was still unable to win your heart, so why should I make futile efforts now?"

"So, you really loved me before?"

Braden looked at the woman with burning eyes and asked.

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