

When She Unveils Identities Novel Chapter 16 -

Chapter 16 – Got Your Back

“Or what?”

Shirley turned around, and her eyes fell on the big palm of the man holding her wrist. Her expression was calm. “Could it be possible that Mr. Stewart wants to slap me back?”

Braden didn't say anything but just looked at her coldly with a deep gaze.

Shirley moved closer to him, put her fair face in front of him, and talked to him jokingly. “I heard that Mr. Stewart was always revengeful. If you are upset, you can also slap me.”

Naturally, he didn't do anything. He raised his eyes and signaled everyone present to go out.

Soon, only two of them were left in the huge restaurant.

Braden let go of Shirley's hand and said in a low voice, “I didn't use you as a tool. Maybe I love you

part was fake, but I meant it when I said sorry.”

Standing in the brightly lit place, he looked so perfectly handsome but far away and unreal.

“Are you apologizing to me?”

Shirley was stunned.

She never thought that there would be a time when the arrogant Mr. Stewart, the mighty Mr.

Stewart, would put down his noble figure and apologize to others.

“No, you heard it wrong.

Braden coughed to hide his embarrassment and arrogantly denied it.

He calmed himself down and brought back his cold, handsome face. “The Stewart Group was

greatly affected by your prank live stream. Since you caused it, you must be responsible to the end.”

“Didn’t I cooperate with you in the show just now and help you change your reputation? What do you want from me now?”

She felt that she had been supportive enough.

If it was not her, anyone else would only make his reputation worse, so they could make another fortune by taking advantage of the situation.

She was still too kind in the end, for the sake of loving him for four years.

“Now people all over the world are on our side. We could divorce, but we still have to act as a loving couple on the outside.”

Braden said it with confidence. He even tried to control her private life.

“Technically, you are still my wife, so you’d better not get too close to that Parker dude. It’s not gonna be good for you.”

“As compensation, you can continue to use your identity as Mrs. Stewart to go where you want and buy what you want.”

“When someone bullies you, tell me immediately, and I will get you back.”

Shirley couldn’t help opening her mouth when she heard his orderly arrangement.

What was wrong with him?

Who did he think he was?

How could he just make an excuse to control her life? Nobody even asked him to protect her. What a

narcissistic!

“Mr. Stewart, you seem to have forgotten one thing.”

Shirley sneered and said, “We are going to get a divorce certificate soon. I have nothing to do with you anymore. Why do you control my life? Who gives you the authority?”

“On the one hand, you already had a child with your side chick, and on the other hand, you still need to use your ex–wife to maintain my public image. You have taken all the benefits. Aren’t you

embarrassed?”

“The most ironic thing is that I have been married to you for four years, and you treat me like nothing. Do you know how many people have bullied me before? Do you know how much I suffered? You have never asked me about anything like that. Now you told me that you got my back. I feel

sick!”

Shirley had never been more disappointed with this man before.

She just wanted to leave here immediately, and she didn’t want to be entangled with him at all!

“The day after tomorrow, grandpa will have a heart transplant.”

He looked at her thin back, and said slowly, “The doctor said that he couldn’t be stimulated.”

Shirley turned her back to the man, and her indifferent expression was slightly changed.

In the entire Stewart family, old Mr. Stewart loved her the most and always treated her like his own granddaughter.

If he knew they were getting divorced, he wouldn’t take it well.

If his health situation got worse because of this, she would not be at ease in her life.

Braden seemed to have grasped her mind. He relaxed his frown. “Think about it. If you agree, I will

pick you up tomorrow.

“By the way, where do you live now? Send the address,”

Shirley clenched her fists in anger.

Why did she feel that Braden suddenly looked like a rascal?

“None of your business!

After she rolled his eyes, she strode away.

After she got home, she lay on the bed, tossing and turning for a long time, but she couldn't fall

asleep.

Braden was all over her head.

She couldn't stop thinking of what he said and how she felt when he kissed her.

Her mood was like riding a roller coaster, changing between angry, shy, and sad.

Damn, she told herself to wake up. Hadn't she been hurt enough? How could she let her emotions be manipulated by him again?

After finally falling asleep, she was woken up by a phone call early in the morning.

"Shirley, how are you? What did that monster do to you? Do you want to call the police?"

On the other end of the phone, Nancy asked anxiously.

"What monster? Why should I call the police?"

Shirley was confused when she heard it. She hadn't fully woken up from her sleep.

"Didn't you watch the news? You were photographed!"

Nancy was so anxious that she almost jumped. "You didn't really sleep with him, did you?"

"You are not making any sense?"

Shirley was so confused.

But Nancy had always had a bluffing personality, so she didn't take it seriously.

"With Braden!"

Nancy shouted, "Girl, if you really slept with him, I will look down on you."

"Although I used to support you guys, that scum has mistreated you too much. Since you want to

leave him, you shouldn't sleep with him anymore!"

The reason why she was so angry was that she was afraid that her friend would be hurt again.

“Who said I slept with him?”

Shirley assumed that Nancy must have watched the live stream last night, and she said embarrassingly, “It was all for show. We kissed, and as a reward, I also slapped him.”

Shirley didn’t feel bad about that kiss, because the feeling of slapping Braden was really fantastic!

“You slapped him? Good for you, girl!”

Nancy immediately said again, “However, this is not the reason for you to sleep with him.”

“Be honest with me, last night when you went home one after the other, did you have sex with him? How many times? How long did he last? Is he in your bed right now?”

“Stop.”

Shirley didn’t remember when they went home one after the other.

When she saw the news picture that Nancy sent her, she was shocked.

Last night, both Braden and she went back to Marriott Apartments. Although they were not in the same frame, the interval between them was only ten minutes.

Marriott Apartments was the condo she lived in now. There were two households on one floor, which were personally selected by Ewan. She had never disclosed the address to anyone, and it was

extremely private.

From this point of view, there was only one possibility that Braden was following her!

“It’s too perverted!”

At first, Shirley just felt my scalp tingling.

She hung up Nancy’s phone and called Braden directly.

“You again?”

There was a bit of surprise in his lazy voice.

Shirley's tone was not so good, and she shouted at him through the phone.

"Braden, you are such a boring, disgusting, and perverted piece of shit. What is the difference between you and those greasy and wretched men?"

"I hate people who sneak around and play dirty tricks the most in my life!"

"We're going to divorce soon. Don't pester me anymore. If this happens again, I can only call the police on you!"

Braden frowned and said coldly, "What are you talking about?"

"Stop pretending."

She gritted her teeth. "Why did you follow me last night?"

"The paparazzi also said that they stayed overnight and didn't see you go out from Marriott Apartments. Are you still hiding in some corner, trying to spy on me?"

"Braden, I can tell that you are pretending to be elegant and noble, and you are pretending to be cold and abstinent. You are a pervert with voyeurism in your bones!"

"Are you in 'Marriott Apartments'?"

Braden seemed to not pay attention to her series of personal attacks and only extracted key

information.

"Still pretending?"

Shirley clenched her fists with anger.

This guy was not going to admit it even though she said all those words!

Suddenly someone rang the doorbell.

Breakfast must have been delivered.

She hung up the phone, dressed in pajamas and slippers, with a messy bun on her head, and hurried

to open the door.

She opened the door and saw the one standing outside the door turned out to be Braden!

“Pervert, how dare you? You’re blocking my door, I’ll call the police immediately!”

She didn’t expect him to be so rampant that he squatted at her house all night. This was not only

perverted, but it was also terrifying!

Braden stood straight at the door, his handsome face was cold, and he said expressionlessly, “The pajamas are not bad, but the neckline is too big. You are almost exposing yourself.”

“You!”

Her cheeks were flushed, and she quickly covered her chest with her arms.

She only wore these pajamas for sleeping. It was in a cool suspender style. The neckline was designed to be wide open, and there was some lace trim. If she was not careful, it was really easy to expose herself.

“There is no need to hide it, we are still a legal couple at present.”

Braden reminded calmly.

“Shut up!”

“Don’t look!”

Shirley took a deep breath and clenched her fists. “Let’s be honest, what is the purpose of you pervertedly following me and guarding my door?”

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.

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