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Chapter 11 online free

“Belle.” A low, melodious male voice came through the air like a magic sound.

It was like a ripple on a calm lake, or starlight in the darkness of the night, bringing new hope to everything.

Belle was stunned as she raised her head, who else but him could call her in such a voice?

Is he here?

A handsome man in a suit, tall and eye-catching is walking towards her, his face is filled with a decent and charming smile, his eyes gentle, and his whole body is permeated with a noble and unpredictable aura, definitely different from ordinary powerful men. That kind of distant and quiet nobility and calm and self-effacing elegance quietly dipped out, dignity written on his face.

He instantly attracted the attention of everyone present.

“Belle, it’s really you! At last I’ve found you!” The man wore a light smile, his gaze as warm as fire, and his bright eyes were full of tenderness.

“Rhys.” Belle was only stunned for an instant, and came back to her senses, her eyes streaming with light, like the dazzling starlight of a dark night.

Her heart warmed as if the floodgates had been released, all the pressure instantly leaking out, and she felt a surge of peace and gentleness within.

“Rhys, what brings you here?” She asked in surprise, with a natural and soft smile on her face, as if she were a different person, the coldness in her body vanishing in the moment.

Calvin had never seen such a bright and cheerful smile from Belle. In front of him, her smile was always so stiff and cold, like an iceberg that would not melt in a million years, but only then did Calvin feel that her coldness was actually only directed at him.

Her pure, natural smile was a thousand miles away from him, and his anger rose.

“Belle, why did you come back without my approval?” The man’s torch-like gaze was fixed on Belle’s pale face. Her weak appearance made him feel pity, and his hand, uncontrollably, caressed her head with an unforgiving reproach.

“I” Belle was speechless, still seeming to be in a dream, murmuring.

“Belle, what’s wrong? You look very pale!” The man stared intently at Belle’s face with tightened eyebrows, worry overflowing as his large hand stroked her eyebrows.

“Rhys, I’m fine.” Belle smiled blandly, “What a coincidence to meet you here!”

“It’s a bit of a coincidence.” The man nodded, and then his gaze sank, “Had I not come looking for you, were you planning never to return?”

“Rhys Atkinson, oh my god, he’s Rhys Atkinson.” The crowd suddenly shrieked out after a brief moment of silence.

“Rhys Atkinson is here!”

The crowd is getting less and less quiet, dumbfounded and with inexplicable excitement on their faces.

Rhys, President of the world-renowned Atkinson Corp, headquartered in LA, which operates in all the world’s popular industries, producing mainly luxury cars, with untold wealth!

However, what is even more legendary is Rhys, the president of the Atkinson Corp, a global mythical figure, so young and handsome that no one has ever seen him at any public function.

There are even rumours that many officials are now relying on his financial resources to help them run for office.

His existence is absolutely mythical.

It was such a figure came on such a normal night, and was intimate with the ex-wife of Calvin.

This was enough to whet the appetite of all the staff present, who all watched with great interest as this was the most exciting dinner party they had ever seen.

The atmosphere is eerie.

The pain in her palm caused Belle's eyebrows to wrinkle, and her face became even paler.

She stood up straight and her body swayed, almost falling over.

Rhys took advantage of the situation and held her up. Belle fell into his arms, half of her body leaning into his arms.

"Belle, are you feeling unwell?" He asked with a deep, anxious look in his eyes.

Although Belle's head is dizzy, his consciousness is not confused.

They were too close, not to mention the fact that someone else at the scene recognised him, so Belle broke away and supported herself with the rails.

"Ouch!" She cried out miserably, the stabbing pain in her hand causing beads of sweat to seep from the corner of her forehead.

"Belle, what's wrong with your hands?" Rhys paled at first and reached out to grasp her hand.

He had just seen Belle being pushed to the ground by that unkind woman and had wanted to rush over in time to help her up; he had not expected her hand to be injured.

But then Calvin walked in just in time!

He wanted to see what kind of attitude the man Belle was in love with would have, but to his surprise, Calvin's attitude towards her was not only cold but also distrustful, even preferring to trust other women rather than her.

He was relieved and had his mind at ease!

Calvin doesn't know how to pity such a wonderful woman, he wouldn't be that stupid!

When Belle designed that luxury car, she once said that it was designed for the man she loved. At that time, Rhys was secretly disappointed. That man who could get such an intelligent woman's admiration must be incomparably happy and must cherish her like a treasure.

But today's discovery gave him a glimmer of expectation that it was all just wishful thinking, so he stepped forward.

When he was in America, he loved to listen to Belle play the piano.

But now her hands got hurt.

Gently breaking open her hand, a bloody wound lay across her palm, covered in shards of glass.

"How could this happen?" He roared out, with anger, his eyes like sharp arrows glanced over Calvin. He grabbed her hand tightly and pulled her to go.

"No, Rhys." Belle called out weakly, "I'm fine, I'm not that fragile."

"You are hurt, you silly girl. You still don't know how to take care of yourself, come with me to the hospital." Rhys roared, his heart aching with pain, pulling her to go outside without any further ado.

Belle could not resist him and was taken into his arms, following him forward.