

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin

Chapter 15 online free

Calvin's deep gaze swept over the wedding room, the light in his eyes obscure and inexplicable.

He had been married to Belle for four years, only for one year, she was staying in the Harvey Mansion, and for three years, she fled to America.

For a year, she stayed in this room, and he never set foot in it, except for the night of the wedding.

His mind flashed back to the night of the wedding, when he had walked in drunk and inebriated, fucked her unchecked with vengeance and hatred, the memories of that night left embedded in the depths of his mind.

The beauty of that night had already taken root in his subconscious, otherwise, three years later, when Belle reappeared in front of him, he would have asked Belle to stay with him for one night.

The longing inside him felt as if it had been stirred by someone's hand, and his blood flowed backwards as he fell onto the soft bed imported from Italy, holding his forehead in his hands, his mind full of thoughts.

When he looked up again, the large dressing mirror reflected a slight flush on his handsome face, and, inwardly annoyed, he loosened the button of his T-shirt and his eyes snapped open to a blood-red, sticky patch on his chest, it was blood.

He took off his clothes in a panic, and in front of the dressing mirror, his body was bloodstained red, shocking to the eyes. A pale, frail face floated before his eyes. Blood dripped from her fingers, and his heart felt as if it had been clawed by sharp claws, for the blood she had left on his body as she struggled under him in the car a few hours ago.

He had meant to take to the hospital to be bandaged, but it was possessed by a sudden surge of anger and lust within!

He sprang to his feet and rushed outside.

The Hummer let out a low, suppressed roar, rolling heavily over Calvin's heart.

He started the car and ran towards the outside, walking several hospitals in a row without finding Belle's figure.

The retrofitted version of the Hummer roams the streets in a particularly striking manner.

Damn woman, how's the hand injury? Is she home already?

His mind sinks as he drives aimlessly through the streets, expecting to see the delicate figure, but with a bitter smile on his face; he doesn't understand what he's doing.

A deep, tranquil river gorge runs through A City, with willows hanging low in the dark, secluded corners and a slight breeze carries slight coolness.

Belle sat gloomily hugging her knees, the light in her eyes was dim.

Piles of beer spill bottles are lying quietly by the feet.

It is only in this quiet corner that she can remove her strong pretensions and reveal her true self.

A few hours ago, she arrived at the hospital alone, cleaned up and administered medication.

The wound was littered with shards of glass, pieces that dug into the flesh.

The doctor cleaned up for three whole hours, and she clenched her teeth without even grunting.

After the injection, she looked at her gauze-wrapped hand, but was afraid to go home, fearing that her mother would be worried.

Her mother was far stronger than she thought and when she found out about her dad's tragic situation, she didn't cry, she just hugged his urn and slept for seven days and seven nights, leaving everything behind and not mentioning a word about him since then.

She deliberately bought a dozen beers and came to this river gorge.

It was late at night, and apart from a few couples, there were no longer any people around.

Staying in one position for some time, her whole body is tingling.

When she was still in A City, she would come to this familiar river when she was bitter and sit quietly.

Twisting open a bottle of beer, she tilted her head back and drank.

Her heart was aching and bitter and she couldn't get rid of it! Her palms burned like fire. She had to use wine to burn her sorrows and numb her nerves so that she could feel less painful.

A bottle of beer soon went into her belly, her cheeks turned flushed and her head was dizzy.

She laughed, swung her arms up and flung the beer cans towards the river surge.

Nerves are relaxed and her heart is soothed!

She unscrewed another bottle of beer, the white vapour bubbling out of the can, and the depression released as she threw back her head and poured.

At 25 years old, she is no longer that little girl she was then. Since she married into the Harvey family, she has never felt any joy.

Apart from Calvin's indifference to her, there is also the endless humiliation, the bitterness brought to her by the Harvey family.

She shook her head and wiped her tears.

Three years ago, not long after she married into the Harvey family, she was slapped by her mother-in-law, and at that time Calvin was standing next to her, looking at her coldly.

She doesn't cry or make a fuss, like a bride who would not go against the grain.

The Harvey family's workers and nannies don't take her seriously because of her mother-in-law's spite and Calvin's coldness.

Lexie, at that time, could strut into the house, and her mother-in-law always smiled when she saw her.

At that time, although Lexie had not yet been with Calvin! But she had already captured her mother-in-law's heart.

No matter what she did, her mother-in-law was always cold and never gave her kindness.

She didn't know what she had done wrong, nor did she know how to please her mother-in-law.

Because of her love for Calvin, she married in with great joy, but everything is not what she thought it would be.

Calvin sees her as a money-hungry woman, her mother-in-law treats her as an enemy, and her father-in-law is nonchalant, although he doesn't say anything.

The incident that happened three years ago caused her father-in-law to faint and he was admitted to the hospital where he is still lying.

But she really didn't know what was going on? She couldn't explain it!

There was no more room for her in that home.

Her father would not allow her to divorce, and Calvin's grandmother would not allow her to divorce, so she ran away to America in the face of Calvin's looming gaze.

She left without much sadness or reluctance.

Only Calvin's Grandma, the aged, kind-eyed Grandma, her eyes shone with wisdom and insightful refinement.

She likes Belle.

It was her "order" that made Calvin have no choice but to marry her!

Married into a wealthy family, Belle gets warmth from her grandmother, who dotes on her, causing her mother-in-law to look at her even more unfavourably.

Her husband, who stays out almost all night, looks at her with a look that is always cold as ice.

The only thing that kept her company during the cold days and nights were the model cars.

Her tormented heart was like floating in a practising prison, and when she thought of her grandmother, warmth flowed through her heart and her face eased a little.

It's been three years since she saw Granma, and she wondered how Grandma was doing.

As she drank the bottle of beer, her head swelled up and her stomach felt sick.

In front of FlyHeart Community, Calvin's Hummer pulled up.

But he did not dare to get off, let alone get into the house.

In all these years, as the son-in-law of the Morris family, he had never visited Belle's families, let alone fulfilled his duties as a husband.

He was too weak-hearted to rush to the door for fear of seeing Ethan's reproachful gaze and Kate's disgruntled face.

He really had no nerve to meet them.

There was a moment of silence and eventually the car was driven away!