

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin

Chapter 151 online free

“Calvin, seriously, I’m going to take you to see a guy tonight. You must come with me.” Belle was eating delicious food. She looked up at Calvin’s handsome face, and said very seriously. Macson wanted to go back to M Country. Before he went back, Calvin had to see him in order to determine the matter of Hudson’s surgery.

“I have something to do tonight. Can I see him tomorrow?” Calvin looked at her serious face and thought. Who could she bring him to meet? She didn’t have many relatives. Her friend was only Lottie. Thinking about the things he had to do tonight, he answered.

“But Calvin, just for a while. This matter is very important. It is related to your father. It should be a happy thing.” Belle raised her face and said seriously, with a pleading in her bright eyes.

His dad’s business? Calvin’s heart skipped a beat. He stared at her, and said suspiciously, “Who has something to do with my dad?”

Belle saw his doubts and nervousness. In order not to cause any necessary misunderstandings, she still told him how she asked Macson to come here from M Country to treat Hudson. Of course, she didn’t tell him that she would talk to and massage Hudson every day.

Calvin listened carefully. After hearing this, he raised his head in surprise and looked at her in disbelief.

This woman! She decided such a thing without his consent. This was his father. It seemed that she still hadn’t gotten rid of her bad habit. Calvin really didn’t know whether to praise her or scold her. Thinking of this, he raised his hand and just tapped her head lightly. He pretended to be annoyed, “You’re still like this. You don’t talk to me about anything when you make a decision. Do you think the lesson you have learned is not enough?”

Belle lowered her head in a guilty conscience, and murmured, “Calvin, I’m not sure about it. I just want to cure your father’s illness. Really! Trust me! I’m sincere.”

After she finished speaking, she looked at him. A bright light flashed in her black eyes, which instantly illuminated Calvin's heart.

Of course she was sincere. How could Calvin not know it?

It would be great if the doctor could cure his father's illness, but he didn't think that there was a tumor in his father's brain. It seemed that the fainting that day happened for a reason.

"Okay, I'll try my best to make time tonight to see Mr. Macson." With a heavy heart and a gentle smile on his face, he said to her kindly. Thinking that this woman was so concerned about his affairs, he felt warm.

"Great." Belle cheered. They two smiled at each other.

After the meal, Calvin took her hand and walked outside. When the media wanted to take photos of them, he didn't frown. He even greeted the media and didn't mind being taken pictures of him and Belle eating together. He was high profile. Belle was pulled by him. She was very uncomfortable at first, but later she could smile at the cameras.

"You sit here and wait for me. I'm going to drive the car over." Calvin pointed to the leather couch in the hall and said warmly.

Outside the hotel, the cold wind was blowing and it was snowing, while the inside was warm.

Belle was a little cold. She nodded, and chose a corner to sit down.

Although there were so many people coming in and out in the hall, it was very quiet. There was a coffee shop on one side, a spa and beauty salon on the other. The reservation office and travel agency were next to the main entrance of the hotel.

Sitting in the corner, Belle took out a newspaper and read it.

In less than a while, she smelt a strong perfume and heard the loud voice of high heels, which was exceptionally conspicuous in the entire hall.

Everyone in the hall looked over.

Belle also raised her head.

A stylish woman wore expensive fox fur coat and the skirt, with the leather boots up to her knees and sexy stockings. Her wavy hair draped over her shoulders, which looked so sexy and charming.

“Look, Lexie.” Someone recognized her and exclaimed softly.

Belle recognized her almost at a glance.

She was surprised. What was Lexie doing here?

Did she know that Calvin brought her here for lunch?

Just thinking of this, Belle felt a little nervous and uneasy. She didn't want to have a fight Lexie in the public.

However, Lexie just went to the front desk to say a few words, then picked up the key card, pressed the elevator and went straight upstairs.

Seeing that the elevator stopped on the tenth floor, Belle pondered, wondering why Lexie came here.

At that time, her phone rang. It was Calvin's call.

Belle answered the phone, hurried out and got into the car, heading for the hospital.

In Hudson's ward.

This was the first time Calvin brought Belle to stand in front of his father.

Calvin put his fingertips tightly against his eyebrows and rubbed it hard. He frowned. His eyes were full of dim light. He sighed. Every time when he saw his father lying so pale and powerless, his heart would hurt. He wanted his father to get better.

He used to hate Belle when he saw his father, but now that he had calmed down. He had put down a lot. Instead, he had gained a sense of calmness and stability.

He clenched Belle's little hand and held it tightly, for fear that Hudson, who was lying down, would oppose them.

“Calvin, Macson said that your father is entirely possible to get better. But if he goes to M Country for surgery, it is also risky.” Seeing Calvin’s sullen face, Belle couldn’t help comforting. She didn’t like to see sad Calvin. In her eyes, Calvin was like a towering green mountain, always standing strongly.

But in the face of his most respected father, even if he was strong, he would look haggard. He sighed helplessly.

It snowed heavily outside.

On the deserted streets, few people were seen. There were only a few pedestrians, all hurrying home with their necks huddled.

In a black Maybach, Calvin frowned and stared at the snow flying outside the glass window with sharp eyes.

On the seats in the back row, there was Luca and others.

“Mr. Harvey, Bill will appear in Hilton today. I heard that he had an appointment today and reserved a presidential suite. It is estimated that he will spend a night here.” Luca whispered.

Calvin’s eyes were sharp. He said calmly, “This time, we must find a way to capture him alive and put him in the dark room of the cruise ship. I will personally interrogate him.”

“Okay.” Luca’s eyes lit up, “If he really sent someone to shoot Aron, I would never let him go easily. He’s so daring and even dared to attack our men. It seems that we have to teach him a lesson, letting him know that we’re not easy to mess with.”

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 152 online free

“You guys get off first. The room is already reserved. It’s next to his. Just play it by ear. I’ll wait for your news.” Calvin looked at the snow in the sky and thought that Belle was going to take him to see Macson tonight. Then he gave the orders.

“Yes, Mr. Harvey.” Luca said and waved at them. They got out of the car quietly, and soon disappeared into the snow.

It wasn't until Calvin could no longer see their figures that he looked away.

Just as he was about to call Belle and to pick her up, his phone rang first.

"Brother, where are you?" Martin's gloomy voice sounded on the phone.

Calvin's face sank. He immediately frowned, and said coldly, "Martin, I have something to do tonight, so how about tomorrow night?"

"Brother, I have already reserved the room. I won't get stood up, right? Of course, if you don't want that information, I'm also okay. Let me tell you, without my help, you can't get the truth of Ethan's death! Come or not, it's up to you, but I have to warn you that after tonight, there will be no such good thing!" Martin said slowly on the phone, and then spit out a few words, "The second floor in Hilton, Changjiang Room. I will wait for you until nine o'clock."

Having said that, he laughed and hung up the phone.

Damn it! It was Hilton again.

Why were they all in Hilton tonight? Calvin looked at the time and it was 8:40. It was only 20 minutes away from what Martin said. Calvin was hesitating when his phone started buzzing again. He picked it up and saw that it was Belle's call.

"Belle." He answered the phone and spoke warmly.

"Calvin, I have made an appointment with Macson to meet in the hotel room at 9 o'clock." Belle was standing on the asphalt road in front of Harvey Mansion. Snow was flying overhead. She looked at the deserted gate of Harvey Mansion from time to time. She was a little worried. She hadn't seen Calvin come back yet. It seemed that he probably forgot about it.

Calvin frowned, thinking.

"Calvin, where are you now?" Belle didn't hear Calvin's answer for a long time. She felt a little strange and asked again.

"Belle, I'm still busy. Can you tell Macson and see if we can make an appointment tomorrow?" Calvin finally made up his mind and offered a suggestion.

Tomorrow? Belle was shocked. Macson paid attention to run on a schedule. He should have been back to M Country a long time ago, but he stayed here for one more night under her request. Besides, he had already booked the air ticket for tomorrow. These were all for her sake. If she missed the appointment, he would have a bad impression on her.

“No, Calvin, we can’t be like this, and this matter is related to your father’s illness. We still have to keep our word. We can’t be so impolite.” Belle was a little anxious. Nothing was important than his father’s illness. Couldn’t he just put other things aside for a while? Belle couldn’t figure it out. She continued, “Well, Calvin, you don’t have to pick me up. Go directly to Room 810 in Hilton. Macson is waiting for us there. You wait for me outside the room first. I will immediately ask the driver to take me there.”

Belle was very anxious. She hung up the phone and hurriedly called the housekeeper. After a while, the driver came over and drove directly to Hilton.

When Calvin heard it, he was stunned. It was Hilton again! It seemed that something had to happen tonight!

Thinking of this, Calvin felt that his heart beat fast.

The presidential suite in Hilton was Room 818, which was in the east and occupied the entire floor, while the west was the VIP rooms. Room 819 was the room he reserved for Luca. The room Belle reserved was Room 820. These rooms were almost next to each other.

If so, it would be dangerous!

Thinking of this, Calvin was flustered. He hurriedly called Belle to tell her not to come to Hilton. But he couldn’t get through.

Damn it! He threw away his phone in annoyance.

It was already 8:50. It was too late to rush back. Calvin couldn’t help feeling anxious. It seemed that for Belle’s safety, he could only accompany her up.

Thinking that there were still a few minutes left, he parked the car and walked towards Changjiang Room that Martin reserved.

The scarlet liquid glowed dimly in the wine glass. Martin crossed his legs and sat leisurely on the sofa with a smile on his face. He held the wine glass and shook it gently.

There was a confident smile on his face. Until Calvin appeared at the door of the private room, he was still smiling. He was sitting leisurely, tasting red wine, and looking confident.

It was just that when he saw Calvin's tense face, the smile on his face deepened.

"Martin, what is it? Hurry up and take it out. I have something else to do." Calvin was worried about Belle, afraid that she would meet Bill or be in danger. He didn't have time to pay attention to Martin. Calvin walked in hurriedly, also because of what Martin said to him this morning. He didn't have time to talk with Martin, but just asked anxiously.

The atmosphere tonight was so weird! There was a disturbing smell in the air.

"Brother, take it easy. Since you're here, come and have a seat first. It's rare for us to get together. Today, why don't we have a drink and have a talk?" Martin was not in a hurry at all. He was even very leisurely, holding a red wine glass in his hand and shaking it gently, with a faint smile on his face.

Calvin was a little annoyed. He didn't have the mood to drink with him. He was worried about Belle, and didn't know if she came here. His eyes became sharper and he said sternly, "Martin, what exactly are you going to show me? I still have important things to do now. If you can't take it out, I'll think that you're pranking me. I'll let you know the consequences of pranking me."

Calvin smiled coldly. In order to show his demeanor and also to subsidize Martin's political expenses, every month, Harvey Corp. would give Martin a large amount of money. If Calvin didn't give this to him anymore, he would be bound to have a hard time.

Of course Martin also knew it, but this time, he didn't seem to be in a hurry. He stood up, and pulled Calvin to sit down.

"Brother, don't worry. It's freezing cold. Just sit down and have a glass of red wine."

Martin pulled Calvin diligently, with a pleasing smile on his face.

Calvin was helpless. He was forced to sit down, but he was anxious. He just sat on the edge of the sofa. He didn't intend to sit for a long time. His eyes swept to Martin's smiling face from time to time. Feeling impatient, he asked again, "Martin, what exactly do you mean?"

"Hey, brother, of course I'm here for your own good." Martin pursed his thin lips slightly, with a slight smile and concern on his face, "Brother, it is said that you are investigating Ethan's death, really?"

Hearing that Martin finally got to the point, Calvin completely sat down, but his eyes were cold. He asked, "How did you know?"

"Big brother." Martin said, "I am also a member of Harvey Mansion, and I still take the benefits from Harvey Corp. every month. How can I not know about it? Besides, Aron's injury has already been on the news. I'm a government official."

Calvin thought of something. He asked coldly, "So, do you know that Aron's injury is related to Ethan's death?"

Martin's eyes dimmed for a moment, and then instantly brightened.

"Brother, Ethan was dead. Why bother to investigate it again? I heard that the car that killed Ethan was a luxury car produced by Harvey Corp. If the truth comes to light, the stock and economic interests of Harvey Corp. will have a negative impact. Isn't it just a car accident? In this world, there are car accidents and man-made accidents every day. If you investigate like this, it will really not be a good thing. If it were others, they couldn't wait to get rid of these things." Martin smiled helplessly and asked. After speaking, he was afraid that Calvin would have any doubts, so he swore, "Brother, I say this only for the good of Harvey Corp. After all, I am also a member of the Harvey family."

This seemed reasonable and it was also his kindness. But Calvin felt it sounded so harsh. He said solemnly, "Martin, I would rather not earn dirty money, and I would rather not be an official who has lost his conscience. Although the rules of this world are written by the strong, there is fairness and justice in the world. When a person does a lot of bad things, his ending will be destructive. Ethan was very popular and won a lot of support at that time. He could be Director of the Department of Finance originally, but he had a car accident suddenly. Martin, didn't you think it was weird?"

Calvin finished speaking calmly and stared at Martin.

Martin was stunned. He smiled, but his face was stiff, which was very unnatural. He hurriedly said, "Yeah, brother, you're right. But it doesn't seem to be easy to investigate. Well, even Aron is injured. You still have to be careful. Besides, Ethan was your father-in-law. Although you were not good to him, he was still your wife's father!"

Martin laughed, trying his best to hide the embarrassment.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 153 online free

The corners of Calvin's mouth curled slightly as he moved closer and said with scrutiny, "Ethan was killed the night before he ran for the head of the Finance Department, and now Finley has taken full responsibility for investigating this case."

He finished by staring straight into his eyes, as if he wanted to look straight into his heart and probe for clarity.

Martin's hand holding the red wine glass trembled slightly, the smile floating on his face stiffened, "Calvin, have a glass of French-made red wine to warm you up first."

His fingers gripped the red wine glass as he shook it, the red liquid in the glass tilting slightly. It reached to Calvin, nicely hiding the hint of embarrassment.

Calvin glanced blandly at the red wine and did not reach out to take it, but simply asked calmly, "Where is your stuff? Show it to me."

"It's right here, don't rush yet, have a drink and I'll bring it to you." Martin's smile was cordial and his voice was very melodious, he said cheerfully, "Calvin, you are the head of our Harvey Corp, I am just concerned about you."

"Good, Martin, you are a government official and the political hopes of our Harvey family fall on you, if you have any difficulties, you can let me know, but I don't want to hear any bad rumours." Calvin reached out and took the glass, looked at Martin and asked seriously, "Can you understand?"

Calvin certainly had his reasons for saying this. His men had followed Martin for some time and did not find anything overly suspicious, which was still a relief to him. Ethan had died the night before he ran for the head of the Finance Department, and it was Martin who had a direct stake in his death.

In other words, if Ethan had not died, with his prestige, it would have been impossible for Martin to take the position of head of the Finance Department, so the biggest beneficiary of Ethan's death would have been Martin, and if the death of Ethan were to be investigated, suspicion of him would not be ruled out, hence his remarks had been made.

Deep down, he did not want Martin to be involved in this matter. After all, he is a key member of the government and the hope of the Harvey family in politics, so of course Calvin did not want him to become an official by such despicable means as murdering people.

As unpredictable as his mind was, it didn't seem bold enough to get a man killed.

"Of course I can understand, you care about me, I understand that. Don't worry, I won't do anything out of the ordinary even if I am a bastard. In order to thank you for reminding me, cheers." said Martin thankfully, with a modest smile on his face and a generous demeanour.

Just as the words left his mouth, he raised the glass of red wine in his hand.

Hearing him speak so openly, Calvin's heart settled down, as long as it is not related to Martin.

Looking at the time on his mobile phone, he knew Belle should be arriving soon, so he smiled faintly at that moment.

Martin tilted his head and drained his red wine in one gulp, took out a yellow-covered paper bag and put it on the table in front of Calvin, saying seriously, "Calvin, the information I got from the Finance Department is here, and there is also a CD-ROM, you can read it at home."

Calvin had not drunk, but Martin put on a smile and asked in feigned confusion, "Calvin, you have not drunk, do you have a problem with me? Or don't you believe the information I gave you?"

Calvin looked down at the yellow sealed bag and blandly looked at Martin's face. Seeing that his face had the slightest embarrassment of not being trusted, he only had to say with a smile, "No, it's just a glass of wine, cheers."

After saying this, he shook it lightly, tilted his head and drank it down in one gulp.

He frowned and swept his eyes over the glass suspiciously. At that moment, the phone rang and he pulled it out. It was Belle calling, so he picked it up with a smile, but at this moment, he felt soft all over his body.

It was a whirlwind in his head and the sky was dark, only to hear Belle's clear and slightly anxious voice in the phone, "Calvin, where are you? I've arrived."

He tried to speak, but he felt blackness in front of his eyes and could not speak.

At that moment, in a corner of the Hilton Hotel, the sound of gun resonated throughout the hotel.

The darkness in front of his eyes grew thicker and thicker, and in his eye, there was only one figure swaying. He called out Belle in his mind and collapsed heavily on the sofa.

Martin stood coldly by, looking at Calvin's sinking figure, a grim smile floating on his face.

'Calvin, tonight you'll have a night of fun with Lexie! Soon, you will have a happy marriage.'

He pulled out his mobile phone, dialed the number and within a few moments, two construction workers came up.

"Send him to the presidential suite on the tenth floor." Martin said as he pulled out a few hundred towards them.

"Okay." The two received the money, agreed readily, and helped Calvin out.

There was noise everywhere outside, with guests screaming in terror, "Oh no, there are robbers shooting, there are terrorists in the hotel."

The shout caused the guests to flee in all directions.

All of a sudden there was a chaos of footsteps, screams of panic, cries of anguish after being knocked down from the crowd, and the whole lobby was in a mess.

Martin flicked the dust off his clothes without haste, calmly picked up the yellow sealed bag on the table, turned his head and saw that Calvin's mobile phone was flashing on and off.

Above was the name of Belle.

His eyes were dark, a smile floating at the corners of his mouth, and he answered the phone.

"Calvin, where are you?" Belle was so anxious and scared on the other end of the phone that she was on the verge of crying out.

"Good girl, don't be afraid." When Martin heard Belle's frightened voice, his heart ached and a touch of tenderness flashed across his face as he said in a warm and comforting voice.

Belle was most likely scared or could not have imagined that Calvin's mobile phone would fall into Martin's hands, so she did not even hear that the voice on the phone had changed.

"Calvin, where are you, is everything okay?" She asked again in an emotional and tense mood.

The light in Martin's eyes darkened, his heart sour and astringent, her heart was only for Calvin.

"Baby, I'm fine, come and find me, I'm in the private room." He changed to a different face, said with a gentle voice wearing a moving smile.

If he hadn't guessed wrongly, the gunshot just now should have been fired in desperation when Bill's men got into a fight with Calvin's men.

If Belle rushed up, he was really worried that she would be injured, so it was better to lure her here.

Besides, after tonight, maybe everything will be different.

Putting away the phone, he blew towards Calvin's phone, the smile on his lips deepening.

The guests inside all ran outside in a swarm. Recently the TV news about terrorist activities had been quite often, and this hotel gunfire caused a great panic. As the terrorist appeared in the hotel, all of them have lost their senses.

After all, terrorists are now globalised and increasingly rampant, and anyone is scared!

The whole hotel was now in chaos.

The guests all scrambled outside, but Belle rushed desperately inside, just because Calvin was waiting for her inside, and as long as she could stay by his side, her heart would be at peace and she was not afraid of anything.

“Why are you here? Where’s Calvin?” When Belle squeezed in, all she saw was Martin sitting on the sofa, holding a red wine glass and looking at her with misty eyes. His face was scarlet and he seemed to have drunk a lot of wine.

“Belle, Calvin is out on some business, come and sit down.” Martin smiled at her and beckoned to her.

Belle scanned the room and her eyes fell on the phone on the sofa, making sure that Calvin did stay here, for his phone was never far from him.

Martin’s eyes glanced at his phone and he smiled, “See? His phone is here, I’m not lying to you.”

He smiled, full of composure.

“Belle, sit down and have a glass of red wine, it’s chaotic and dangerous out there, stay here and you’ll be fine.” Martin coaxed.

Belle looked at the time, it was already after nine o’clock. She was anxious, wiping the sweat from her forehead, looked at Martin and asked again, “Where the hell did Calvin go? I had an appointment with him, usually his phone never leaves him, so how could he have left it here?”

Martin narrowed his eyes, hiding the dark light in his eyes, and looked at the woman in front of him. She was such a beautiful woman, but she had no love for him except for Calvin, which made him unpleasant.

“Belle, sit down and let’s talk, shall we?” He stood up and walked towards Belle, a gentle light in his eyes.

Seeing him coming towards her, Belle took a few steps back in quick succession and looked at him with some caution.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 154 online free

“Belle, are you in love with Calvin now? Don’t you hate him anymore?” Martin looked at Belle’s face full of caution towards him, and his heart ached. He asked with great confusion, “In the past, he hurt you so deeply, did you forgive him so easily?”

His tone was almost desperate. In front of her, he had always been soft and gentle, but Calvin was so bad in front of her that he behaved so badly.

But it didn’t matter, Belle can always find a touch of tenderness in her eyes when she looks at Calvin, her eyes are all about Calvin, even if Calvin hurts her, but to him, from the beginning to now, she is indifferent, which makes him very puzzled.

“This is my business, it doesn’t need you, an outsider, to take care of it.” Belle was disturbed by his approaching breath and said coldly, “I want to know where Calvin has gone now, I have an urgent matter.”

A flash of sorrow crossed Martin’s eyes and his hand tightened around his red wine glass, but what surfaced on his face was a nice smile.

“Belle, you have to think straight, it won’t be good for you.” He tried his best to persuade, “Calvin has power and influence, can you be sure he can pamper you for the rest of your life?”

Belle froze when she heard this, her eyes blank, only to ignore him, picking up the phone on the sofa and looking away from him, asking in a deep voice, “Martin, what did you want with Calvin this morning? You must be the reason why Calvin came here, you must have asked him out, where the hell did Calvin go?”

Martin was alarmed by her words. She was smart that she had known that Calvin’s coming here must have something to do him, but so what?

Did anyone see him do anything?

He said with an inscrutable smile, "It seems that you really can't leave him for a moment, you are really a woman who is infatuated with him."

"What do you mean?" Martin's words took Belle by surprise, the meaning of the words was obvious.

Belle's reaction pleased Martin, who abruptly took a few steps closer.

"Belle, listen to my advice, come to me." He suddenly grabbed her hand, breathing heavily, his eyes glowing with longing, and said excitedly, "I will not hurt you, I will make you happy for the rest of your life. Don't be with Calvin, he can't give you happiness. Believe me, I have always loved you and will give you the best things in this world."

Martin's sudden move stunned Belle, who then regretted that he shouldn't have come here.

But as long as Calvin was here, she was not afraid.

Martin was very scornful of Calvin.

But that was clearly not the case, and soon, Martin's cold voice was heard, "Don't count on Calvin, he's having a good time in the arms of a beautiful woman right now, and you were warned a long time ago not to fall too deeply in love with him, or you'll be the only one to suffer."

Belle's face began to turn white as she shook off Calvin's hand and said in a stern voice, "Martin, please show some respect, and if you dare to move your hands again, I'll tell Calvin and let him clean you up."

Martin laughed out loud when he heard this.

"Belle, you're still childish, let me tell you, Calvin has taken the beauty away, he won't be coming over tonight. Stop being obsessed, he's the one who killed your father, don't you believe that?"

"Martin, don't be ridiculous, there's no way Calvin would have killed my dad, I won't fall for your tricks." Belle wouldn't believe his nonsense at all, but her heart was getting more and more disturbed.

"It seems that you still don't believe me, but it doesn't matter, soon you will know who treats you well and who betrays you." Martin looked at Belle's pale

face, walked over and picked up his jacket and put it on, turning around slowly, "You'd better go home, you won't be able to wait for him tonight."

He was confident and walked outside. But after a few steps away, he turned around again, "By the way, take Calvin's mobile phone back."

After saying this, he raised his eyebrows towards Belle, smiled inexplicably and walked towards the outside.

A chill flashed in his eyes, but the palm of his hand was clenched tightly, 'Calvin, I don't believe you can still get rid of Lexie after tonight, I don't believe Belle can forgive you indefinitely.'

Although Martin's words creeped Belle out, he was finally gone and wouldn't lay a finger on her, but a greater uneasiness came over her.

Where the hell did Calvin go? Is it really like what Martin said?

Despite the disbelief in her heart, she went towards the front desk.

And the receptionist told her that there was not a gentleman called Calvin who had registered for a room here.

Belle's heart was slightly more settled, but she was alarmed about where exactly Calvin had gone, especially after hearing what Martin had told her, and she was even more apprehensive.

Suddenly something dawned on her, couldn't it be that he had gone to see Mr. Macson? After all, they had an appointment.

Hastily, she went upper floors.

As the numbers on the lift changed upwards, her thoughts were also racing.

Is it possible that Calvin is now staying with a beautiful woman, as Martin said?

No, it's totally impossible, they were together last night.

Besides, he had promised her that he would never touch another woman but her since returning from Hawaii, and she did not believe he would bring a woman tonight.

She believed him.

When the lift came to the eighth floor, it had long been cordoned off, as there had been a shooting and the police had come quickly to seal off the scene, so she couldn't go in at all.

What about Macson?

Belle came back to the front desk and asked about the guest in room 820, the lady at the front desk replied that the room had been changed. Belle put her mind at ease and asked curiously, "Miss, what exactly was this person who fired the gun?"

The receptionist had a scared look on her face and explained in estimation, "I heard that it was Boss Bill who fired the gun, we don't even know now what exactly happened, the police are investigating."

"Oh," Belle asked for Mr. Macson's room number and hurried towards his room.

Obviously Mr. Macson was in shock and when he saw Belle coming over, he shook his head repeatedly and said, "Miss Morris, I have to go back tomorrow, it's too scary here."

Belle knew that Calvin hadn't come looking for him, so she had to put on a smile to comfort him and promised to send someone to take him to the airport tomorrow.

The next day early in the morning Macson was back in America.

Belle returned to the Harvey Mansion in a disgusted mood. Lying in a brocade quilt, she tossed and turned from side to side, falling asleep in a daze, and at dawn, she found that Calvin had not been back.

Calvin lay in the bed, feeling so hot. In his sleep, it seemed that a woman's body was wrapped around him, his lips were held by something soft, his mind was blurred, and his body was hot and feverish.

This seemed to go on for a long time, and he tried desperately to hold back, his body heat burning and his face red with desire to crush that soft body wrapped around him.

But he was weak, without the slightest strength.

Was she Belle?

Nope, not really.

'Belle's body scent is recognizable, so who is she? What the hell is going on?'

His head hurt.

It was already dawn when he struggled to open his eyes.

"Calvin, you are awake." The woman cried out in surprise, lying all over him, hugging his neck and kissing his lips with such fervour.

After a long night of torture, the restlessness in his body has finally eased.

"Belle, is that you?" He struggled to ask, only then realising that his lips had split open and the smell of blood was emanating from them, his voice was hoarse and his mouth was dry.

"Calvin, it's me." The woman whispered, her arms wrapped around his neck, and lifted her head.

"It's you." Presented in front of him was a bewitching face, very beautiful, but not the face that Calvin was expecting to see. In shock, he sat up, asking incredulously, "Lexie, how could it be you?"

Lexie was full of shyness and smiled embarrassingly, "Calvin, you wanted me so eagerly last night, are you going to deny it now?"

She pouted in aggression, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Lexie, last night I" Calvin looked at her, the situation showed that last night he slept with Lexie.

Looking up incredulously towards her, he found that she was bruised with hickeys everywhere, even her lips were red and swollen, her face was tired.

And then he looked down at himself, only to find that he was naked.

He had no idea what was going on!

He, to his surprise, had slept with Lexie!

His heart was so shocked and angry that his whole body went rigid.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 155 online free

How could he have done such a thing! How could he stand up to Belle!

The thought only ran through his mind and a shiver ran through his body.

“Calvin, you’re so good, so brave, it really hurts me.” Lexie leaned into his arms and wrapped her arms around him, her face full of shyness, a satisfied expression all over her face, a demented light streaming from her gaze as she looked at her with both pleasure.

Calvin jerked up, his face white, “Lexie, you’re mistaken, I didn’t ask you out last night, I asked Belle out.”

Lexie’s face immediately turned ashen, she took the bed sheet and wrapped it around her body, her big eyes were full of tears, she cried out loudly, “Calvin, I know you like Belle and don’t love me, but yesterday you really slept with me, but, don’t worry, I won’t blame you, I was willing to, and I love you very much, I won’t ask you to be responsible.”

As she spoke, she sobbed, trembling as she dressed.

The agitation in Calvin’s body was still stirring, and Lexie’s aggrieved look made him at a loss as to what was wrong, how could this happen? He rushed into the shower room and turned on the cold water to clear his mind.

The cold, bone-chilling water rained down from the top of his head, and the restless fire in his body gradually subsided, and he remembered the events of last night.

Last night, it seems that he was drunk after drinking that glass of red wine from Martin, and in a blur, he didn’t know anything, but before he fell asleep, he heard a gunshot.

His eyes snapped open and a shudder ran through his body.

Where is Belle?

He asked her out last night and she was at the hotel when the gun went off.

At this thought, he was stunned, and in a moment of fear, he scrambled to grab a bath towel and wrap it around his body, and then rushed out to find his phone.

Lexie has gone.

This relieved him.

This time she didn't pester him, nor did she ask him to take the responsibility, which in turn made him embarrassed.

Just last night, did he really sleep with her?

Damn, a hard punch against the wall and he couldn't remember anything.

A blur of what seemed to be a woman's body wrapped around him and he was all hot and bothered, but he had no memory of it!

But Lexie was lying all over his body without clothes, her body was covered in hickeys!

The more Calvin thought about it, the more chagrined he became that he couldn't find his phone anywhere.

He had to pick up the phone in the guest room and dial his number, and his phone was answered.

"Hello." Inside was a slightly tired female voice, Calvin's heart jumped up wildly at the sound of this voice, it was none other than Belle, so he was surprised and happy.

"Belle, is that you?" He asked, lowering his voice.

Belle's heart lifted when she heard Calvin's voice.

She had just woken up when the mobile phone rang, and when she saw that it was a phone number she didn't know, she picked it up, and when the other party heard a female voice, it had been hung up.

It rang several times in quick succession and then the person stopped calling.

This added more mystery.

She simply stared at the phone. Coincidentally, the phone rang again a moment later, this time it was Calvin who called. She asked with surprise, "Calvin, where are you? Are you okay?"

"Belle, I'm fine, how about you?" Calvin immediately asked in return.

They both remembered the gunshot at the hotel last night at the same time, and both seemed to be worrying about each other, and were both relieved at the same time to know that the other was okay.

"Belle, why do you have my phone?" He asked, not really able to figure out what was going on.

"Calvin, it's hard to say, where are you? I'm going to see you, let's talk about it after we meet." Belle climbed up, prepared to find Calvin.

However, Calvin on the phone spoke after a moment of silence, "No need, Belle, you should go back to the office first, I will return to the office later, let's meet there."

After saying that, Calvin hung up the phone.

Belle stood lost in thought for a moment, and then hurriedly went to wash her face.

Not long after, she carried her bag out of the door, but as she had walked out of the entrance of Fragrance Garden, she met Lexie walking over. She was not well dressed, looked tired, but full of energy. She even gave a smug smile when she saw Belle.

"Good morning, Belle." She greeted Belle.

Belle frowned, but forced out a faint smile, saying indifferently, "Good morning."

She didn't stop in her tracks and walked ahead.

"Belle, when you see Calvin, tell him I've gone back to Harvey Mansion." Lexie called out to her and said in a charming voice.

These words made Belle's eyelids jump, what did she mean? Was she hinting at something?

Could it be that Calvin was with her last night? Thinking about Martin's claim that he took a beautiful woman to a room, could that beautiful woman be Lexie?

Lexie said it was hot and took off her coat. In a moment, her lace and gold-trimmed breasts were all exposed to the air, and the deep cleavage was infinitely charming, but what made Belle unable to move her eyes were the dense hickeys on her exposed neck and the skin on her chest, which dazzled the eyes.

Belle's heart ached violently, as if she had realised something, but she did not want to believe it.

It was a cold day. When Lexie said it was hot, so it was clear that Lexie took off her coat on purpose.

What does this mean?

Belle turned her head away, hastily walked towards the electric car.

Behind her back, she heard Lexie's soft laughter of triumph.

Her face instantly blanched.

Calvin sat in the hotel sofa, his fingertips lightly rubbing his brow, his head vaguely aching.

What happened today was too much for him to get used to.

Lifting his hand, he picked up the phone next to the coffee table and dialed a series of numbers.

"Luca, it's me." He spoke in a dull voice.

"Mr. Harvey." Luca spoke up.

"Wait for me at the LY embankment." Calvin said calmly after a moment's thought.

"Okay, Mr. Harvey." Luca replied.

A chilly wind on the embankment by the moat of A City.

Calvin sat in the Hummer, his face expressionless.

Shortly afterwards, the figure of Luca appeared beside the Hummer.

He opened the door and Luca got in.

“Mr. Harvey, it’s a miss.” Luca spoke sharply before he could sit still.

“What the hell is going on?” Calvin frowned, his face full of gloom.

“Mr. Harvey, after we sneaked into Room 820 yesterday, we realised that Bill was not even staying in the 808 Presidential Suite and his name was not registered at the front desk. We had a few batches of people guarding the various entrances, ready to catch him, but he brought men with him. One of his men found us, and shot at us. The police came and we had to retreat, but Bill was nowhere to be found.” Luca said with great perplexity.

Calvin frowned at this, and Bill had come to the hotel and changed the room later. The Room 808 was just a front. .

“Did you people get hurt?” Calvin’s fingers twitched as he gripped the steering wheel.

“No, this time we were at the dark staircase, the bullet dug into the wall.”

Calvin panted darkly and nodded.

“Mr. Harvey, what’s our next step?” Luca asked with some shame for not completing yesterday’s task.

Calvin waved his hand, “No rush. I have set up a trap for him, in a few days, he will jump into it, and he will be caught alive then. We only to have followed our plan.”

Calvin was confident and it surprised Luca secretly, who nodded his head repeatedly.

“By the way, Finley has taken over the case of Ethan from today, if he needs any help, try to cooperate.” Calvin thought of something else and spoke blandly towards Luca who was about to leave.

Luca nodded again with a smile.

“Okay, you can go.” Calvin’s fingertips rubbed his temples and he waved his hand.

Luca jumped out of the Hummer and took a taxi to leave.

Calvin sat in silence and drove off in his car.

In the senior ward of the People’s Hospital, Aron was reading the newspaper with one hand when Calvin came striding in.

“Mr. Harvey.” Aron put down the newspaper and smiled, his face was a little nervous, but his eyes were a sober and resolute light.

He had just read the newspaper that there was the sound of gunshot at the Hilton Hotel last night, and vaguely thought of something, and then he saw Calvin walking in.

“Your wound is better, isn’t it?” Calvin walked over and bent down to gaze at his wound, examining it personally.

“Thank you for your concern, I am okay.” Aron was very worried about what happened last night and was unconcerned about his injury and replied.

“That should not be underestimated, after all, your internal organs got injured, so you should cooperate with the doctor for the treatment.” Calvin spoke softly and with great concern.

Aron was touched that Calvin came to check on his condition every day.