

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin

Chapter 18 online free

Calvin, who loves cleanliness the most, smells of alcohol. He was unhappy about this.

He rushed into the spacious bathroom, undressed and lay in the bathtub comfortably, the warmth of the water enveloping him and gradually soothing his nerves.

Doesn't he hate her? Why should he care if she lives or dies? He should just leave her to raped by those two filthy men.

Why, in that instant, he stepped in with hesitation?

Wasn't he expected to her be humiliated before?

Was he moved by her poor appearance, or could he not bear to see her humiliated? Or did he still care for her from the bottom of his heart?

He sank himself to the bottom of the bathtub and let the water submerge him.

A long time later, soaked and relaxed, he changed into clean pyjamas and was in a much better mood!

He came into the living room to get a cup of hot water, but his eyes fell on the woman who was lying on the sofa in a deep sleep.

She was dressed in disarray, smelling of alcohol, her dress was stained with mud, her forehead was covered with sweat, but she slept as soundly as a baby.

Calvin recalled the girl in his dream, who at this moment really matched his imagination.

Now that's a woman! The corners of his mouth curled slightly.

The temperature of the air conditioner in the living room was low, would she catch a chill?

He really wondered why he would think so much about such an unpleasant ex-wife when he had done his best to save her from danger!

Hesitating, wavering, and finally not being ruthless enough, he put the glass of water on the coffee table, picked her up and walked towards the bathroom.

Belle leaned her head on his chest, meek and well-behaved like a kitten, and rubbed against it.

Calvin's body stiffened, his body seemed to be burning with fire, instantly his whole body's temperature rose, he steadied himself and was secretly angry.

He wanted to ignore her, but he was worried about her getting cold, but the woman deserved it, going to the river bank so late at night and drinking, without any sense of danger.

He turned on the bath tap and threw her into the tub.

The woman is like a floating weed floating on the water, weak and unsupported, also like the autumn leaves that fall in the wind, lingering and alone.

Wrapped in warm water, Belle coughed as if she was insecure, her hands flailing in the air.

Calvin looked at her with his arms around his chest and his head cocked. The woman submerged in the water, her hands flailing, was still asleep. And finally he bent down.

After holding her head, he wrapped her in a dry towel and took her to the bed, where he covered her with a soft silk quilt.

Belle was too tired and under the stimulus of alcohol to be completely aware of the situation.

Calvin shook his head and was about to leave, but his hand was suddenly grabbed.

"No, don't come over, Calvin, save me." Belle cried and mumbled in her sleep.

At the sound of these dreamy cries, he froze, his mind confused and his heart swelling with indefinable emotions.

Her voice was so lonely and helpless that it made his heart sore.

He could not help but stroke her face, wiping away the tears on her face.

Their faces were so close together that he could smell the fragrance of her exhale. Her face blushed because of the alcohol, which was charming.

His body heated up, a current of air rising upward, and he jerked his head down to seize her red lips.

Belle slept deeply, but subconsciously the two dirty and dark men before she passed out were magnified by fear in her mind.

The nerves that were waking up felt the heat on her face and she pushed the man above her with all her strength. Sitting up, she lifted her hand and slapped it on his face.

“Rascal! How dare you bully me?” Belle sat up and slapped the man hard, her headache was splitting and she couldn’t open her eyes, so she fell down with a thud and fell asleep again.

A crisp slap hit Calvin’s face. He was being burned out of his senses, of course, his reaction was not that sharp, and after he was slapped, he was furious. He had never been hit before in his life, but he was hit by this woman.

He rose to his feet and touched his face, the impatience fading, the anger coming in waves, and gazed down at the woman who had fallen back to sleep, reaching out to stuck her throat, his eyes flushed red.

He thought that with a little effort he would have killed this woman and it would not have bothered him from time to time.

The sleeping woman coughed violently as her breathing failed from the grasp on her throat.

The anger in Calvin’s reddened eyes gradually subsided and he let go of his hand, slamming the door and walking out of the bedroom, sulking on the sofa.

He thought it must be madness, how could he save her?