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Belle was lying on a soft bed, weak and limp, her eyes slightly closed, her face frighteningly pale, her hair scattered over her face, looking so sad and desperate.

Calvin was silent.

He felt this pain and sadness in her heart, and the grief he felt in his heart now was no less than hers.

But he clenched his teeth to calm down.

Tristan forced him to give a date for the wedding.

He was not a lamb to be slaughtered, how can he be blackmailed?!

But, the premise is that Belle must trust him and give him the courage to fight.

The sharp light in his eyes shone.

If they don't want to accept their fate, they have to fight for it themselves. There is no one left to help them now, including their grandmother.

However, Belle thought otherwise.

She had lost her mind and her heart was dead.

He gave a heavy sigh, trying to say something!

Suddenly he did not know what to say.

What could he say! What could comfort her!

Should he say that he would take care of her for the rest of his life?

Belle would not believe him and even he himself felt hypocritical. In this current situation, what else can he promise?

A growing sense of discouragement began to assault him.

Since his grandmother had lectured him, all hope had been dashed, and even the ideas he had before now seemed so childish and ridiculous.

He thought that his grandmother will continue to support him to marry Belle, but this time she takes a moral stand to hold him responsible for the child in Lexie's belly.

It's becoming clearer and clearer that he doesn't love Lexie at all, so how could he possibly marry her!

What to do?

Reaching out, he slammed a fist into the seat, feeling nothing but a sinking pain in his heart and a red glow in his eyes.

The air is detectable sadness.

He did not know how long he had been sitting, but darkness seemed to be coming.

Belle sat up and straightened her hair.

Calvin looked at her nimble fingers in her hair, and remembered the time when she used her delicate body to block a knife for him at the Castle Peak Auto City.

In fact, on that day, in that moment, he had decided what he wanted to do, and he had decided that he would stay with her for the rest of his life.

It was just that he was arrogant, or perhaps he was irritated by Rhys, which led to all the subsequent harm done to her, and sometimes even he hated and despised himself.

Inwardly, he really wanted to love and cherish her for the rest of his life.

The past came back to his mind.

His heart began to throb with pain, and he frowned at that.

Belle straightened her hair, picked up her bag and stood up with a half bow.

"Belle." Calvin called out in a hoarse voice.

Belle didn't even look at him, her expression calm, as if she had regained her senses.

"Put me down." She spoke faintly.

"Where are you going?" Calvin asked in panic, looking at her calmly and thinking that it was time to communicate.

"That's my business, please let me down." However, Belle was not willing to talk to him much, and only uttered in a cold voice.

"No, Belle, you can't go, we'll talk it over." Calvin's trepidation increased and he reached out with his arms from behind and wrapped them tightly around her, not letting her out of the car.

On Belle's face was a cold smile, her voice cold and indifferent.

"Please let go of me, I want to go." She had stopped struggling, didn't even put up resistance, just spoke calmly and clearly.

Calvin hugged her tightly, feeling her body was terribly cold and his heart trembled.

Unable to utter any words of comfort, he could only hold her tightly in his arms.

"Calvin, let go of me." Belle became even more unpleasant, her voice increased, she was now very impatient!

"Belle, please, promise me that you will live well. Do you remember what you promised me before?" Calvin's expression was sad as he humbly begged.

Promised him something? With a brief thought in her mind, Belle remembered that night before she left for America, he had whispered in her ear that no matter what happened in the future, she had to believe that he loved her.

So that was what he had been promised. She had always wondered why he had that requirement, why he had acted so humbly that night, and now she finally figured it out.

The pathos in Belle's heart grew bigger and bigger, he had known everything long ago and purposely let her go to America for Hudson's treatment, all these

arrangements were just to keep her from knowing the fact that Lexie was pregnant.

Liar, everything was a lie to her!

He had planned it and she was the only one who was stupid enough to continue loving him regardless of the past, and even to love her regardless of all the consequences!

She suddenly laughed.

“Don’t worry, I’ll live well, it’s not worth it to seek death for a man like you. I won’t hold you responsible, you can let me go, I’m leaving.” She spoke with mockery.

She had never intended to die, even standing by the bridge just now was just a blur of consciousness, she did not really want to die. Such a thing as killing herself for love was definitely not something she would do.

She didn’t realize he was so full of himself. Who does he think he is? Do all the women in the world want to die for him?

He was a man grow up under a dazzling halo, so he was selfish!

Belle’s words bordered on humiliation, piercing his heart like a needle!

She would not seek death, there was no such thought.

It was his original intention to want her to live happily, and he should be happy to hear that.

But why does his heart ache?

“Let go of me.” It was almost dark and she needed to get out of here as soon as possible, not wanting to be entangled with him any longer, not to mention falling so completely. She wanted to live with dignity, to live freely where there was no him.

Calvin tried to let go of her, but his arms tightened, afraid of the feeling of losing her.

Belle's words grew harsher and harsher as she angrily tossed her head, her hair being thrown up and straight at Calvin's face, which caused his face in pain.

"Please respect me." She gritted her teeth, her eyes full of anger. "To overcome a woman by the brute strength, you are a shameful savage man."

She sneered coldly, full of repulsion.

The words that came out of her mouth were so resolutely cold that they hit him directly in the heart, and the feeling of powerlessness overtook him as he let go of his hands unexpectedly.

Belle quickly broke free and resolutely opened the door to get out of the car.

Calvin stared at her dumbfounded until her figure got into her car and then woke up when he heard the car's engine rattling.

Her back was absolute, alone, as she walked straight ahead, not looking back.

Calvin numbly opened the car door, stepped into the driver's seat, started the car as well and drove off trailing.

What reassured him slightly was that Belle had regained her senses, and she would not do something stupid. Although her calmness made him feel terrible, it was still gratifying to him that she was able to think straight, even if that thinking was predicated on hatred for him.

As long as she was well, he was happy.

Belle was gone, and had taken his soul with her.

He trailed behind unconsciously, only because he was worried about her.

Soon, Belle seemed to notice his stalking and had to deliberately avoid him.

Calvin smiled bitterly and had to stop.

He followed from a distance until he saw her car driving towards a villa, White Cloud Castle, the very home of Lottie.

He put his mind in peace!

It would be good for Lottie to comfort her, and in this current situation, this is the best way.

He breathed a sigh of relief and watched as her car pulled into the White Cloud Castle before turning around and racing towards the International Triumphal Court.

Belle stepped out of the car, her feet weak.

Lottie must be in the Elegance Café at this time. She had the key to Lottie's house, so she opened the door and collapsed on the sofa.

"Lottie, I'm at your home, come back early to keep me company, okay?" Belle dialed Lottie's mobile phone and spoke breathlessly.

Lottie was startled and almost yelled out when she heard Belle's lifeless voice, "Belle, is this still your voice? What's wrong, have you lost your love or your body?"

"Lottie, I'm very sad right now, so I'll be staying at your house for a few days." She hung up the phone after finishing the sentence feebly and lay down on the sofa to catch her breath.

A moment later, the door opened and Lottie came back.

"Belle, what's wrong? Who bullied you?" Lottie entered the room and saw Belle lying on the sofa like she had been badly injured, her face pale, her hair and body all wet, the clothes on her body covered with melted snow, in a wretched state.

Lottie lost her temper at once.

It was obvious that she had been hurt by that bastard Calvin again, and only Calvin had ever been able to hurt her like that.

"What did that damned bastard do to you again?" Lottie gritted her teeth, her face full of anger as she cursed loudly and furiously.

Belle opened her eyes wearily and said feebly, "That bastard is dead, from now on I have nothing more to do with him, please don't mention him again."

This time Lottie froze, her wide eyes determined, her face full of indifference, as if her heart was dead.

What had Calvin done to make her infatuated?

And only when she was hurt like this did she make such a decision, she was so stupid!

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“Get up and change your clothes, look at you, you look like a ghost.” Lottie glared at Belle’s pale face, pulled her up, forcing her to change her clothes.

Belle was pulled up by Lottie and had to walk towards the shower.

Lottie took a set of cotton pajamas and handed them to her.

After the bath, she changed into warm cotton pajamas and stepped out of the shower.

“Belle, I ordered takeaway, have something to eat first.” Lottie was on the phone in the living room, and when she saw Belle walk out, she covered the phone’s microphone and said towards her.

Belle had no appetite and just sat sickly on the sofa in a daze.

Lottie finished her phone call and turned her head, she saw Belle sitting in a daze, her face full of despondency, she couldn’t help but sigh and said, “I told you a long time ago, don’t enter Harvey Corp, but you didn’t listen to me. See? You are like a ghost without a soul, what the hell are you going to do? ”

As Belle sat numbly, hearing Lottie’s count, her tears flowed down.

Lottie understood everything though Belle did not say a word.

“Forget it, since it’s like this, let it in the past. Stay with me, and we have a talk. You eat first, I gotta go back to the café first.” Lottie knew that she was said that she had to break up the man whom she loved, but she had to have her eat first.

As she said so, she opened a few delicate lunch boxes and was about to pull Belle to eat.

The scent of the meal came to her nose, and Belle suddenly covered her mouth, feeling sick in her stomach, the feeling of nausea rushed straight up her throat, so she ran towards the bathroom.

She ran into the bathroom, opened the toilet lid and vomited violently, throwing up.

Lottie was shocked and she hurriedly ran over to support her, stroking her back, getting water and tissue. Later she helped Belle, who had stopped vomiting, out and sat on the sofa.

“Belle, what is going on?” Lottie’s face began to darken as she scowled at Belle.

Belle took sips of water.

“Lottie, I’m fine, I’m busy and tired these days, I might have caught a cold.” She explained in a low whisper, looking down.

A cold? Is that all?

Lottie tilted her head and surveyed her, a puzzled expression on her face, and after a long time she asked in disbelief, “Belle, are you sure you just have a cold?”

“Yes, I have got wet in the rain and am in a bad mood, I might have had another attack of gastroenteritis.” Belle said in disbelief, baffled by Lottie’s fussiness.

“How long have you been like this?” Lottie didn’t quite believe it at all, staring at her.

Being stared, Belle had to explain, “Lottie, I really got a cold, but don’t worry, I will be fine.”

“Oh”, Lottie said thoughtfully, “Belle, your face has turned white, and you’re horribly thin. Since you’re not feeling well, you must go to the hospital. I’ll go with you to the hospital tomorrow.”

Lottie was worried so that she offered that request.

“No need.” Belle was amused to hear this and said to her, “Miss Cohen, go and get your work done, please don’t worry about me. I want to take a nap now.”

She yawned as she spoke, her face full of fatigue.

“Well, since that’s the case, have rest after eating, and I’ll see you tomorrow, so that you can give me a truthful account of what happened and I can do justice for you.” Lottie said in a righteous manner. Belle curled up her lips slightly, feeling grateful.

Lottie gave a few more solemn admonitions before she walked out.

Just as she walked outside, the phone rang.

It was an known number.

It was answered, and a low male voice came from inside, “Hello, this is Calvin.”

With just this sentence, Lottie was so shocked that she almost dropped her phone.

Calvin, you son of a bitch! How dare you call!

Lottie gritted her teeth, and then she remembered this number. Last time, he had called her when he was looking for Belle. Now Belle had just arrived at her house, and he called again.

Calvin, you bastard, see how you have tortured my friend.

“Who are you?” She shouted deliberately, pretending that she didn’t know who he was, with a grim tone.

So what you are the richest man in A City? In my eyes, you are a piece of shit.

Calvin was silent, knowing that Lottie was deliberately making things difficult for him for the sake of Belle.

“Lottie, I am Calvin, please take care of Belle for me these days, I can pay you.” He let out a breath, not getting angry, but just saying sincerely.

Bah, who do you think you are? You're an egomaniac! Lottie, who had never liked him, sneered shrilly, "Who are you? Do I know you well? Why should I take care of Belle for you? You pay for me? Funny, do you have a lot of money? Do I need your stinking money? Let me tell you, Belle is my friend, if anything happens to her, I will never spare you, I will definitely ruin your reputation, and make you a eunuch for the rest of your life, unable to play with women."

Lottie said hatefully, hanging up the phone and cursing him, before she felt relieved.

How dare you call me? Do you think I am Belle? Do you think every woman is as weak as Belle? What a scum.

Lottie put away her mobile phone, sneered and walked outside.

Calvin held his mobile phone in a daze, and until the phone had been hung up, she raised a bitter smile. Lottie was really chivalrous.

But it's not bad for Belle to have such a good friend, which Calvin is happy for her.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in." Calvin put down his phone and spoke lightly.

The door opened and Aron came in.

"Mr. Harvey, Bill hasn't taken moves since he picked up Dolcie last time, it seems that he has heard the news and that drug shipment at the border has been intercepted by the police." Aron walked in and said softly.

Calvin's eyes narrowed and his face was a stony expression.

"Any idea where they've moved to?" He asked in a hushed voice.

"Mr. Harvey, this time they transported some guns and drugs overnight and are now renting them in a neighborhood, rather brightly, if I am correct, Bill's nest should be on a cruise ship." Aron's voice was lowered, "Mr. Harvey, do we really have to listen to the police and just wait?"

Calvin's eyebrows blinked as his slender fingers tapped on the tabletop, his gaze pensive.

“Aron, now Albie is going to crack down on a number of drug dens, if we act at this time we will spook the enemies, after all, we have to take care of the overall situation as a priority. But, that doesn’t mean we’ll do nothing. Go and snoop around secretly first, see if you can find the drug making nest. We’ll first pay attention to the police officers sent by Albie, look for the right opportunity to strike and try to be perfect.”

“Okay.” Aron nodded, his eyes flickering as he said, “Mr. Harvey, I’ve found out who the person who shot at me in the underground car park.”

“Who?” Calvin asked.

“Mr. Harvey, it was a man called Natan under Bill.” The light in Aron’s eyes was dark, his fists were clenched. He had never been backstabbed since his debut, but he never expected to be set up by such a triad’s villain, for sure he was angry.

It was true that Bill was involved. Calvin stood up, pondered, patted Aron’s shoulder and said calmly, “Aron, don’t worry, I will definitely take revenge for you, but there is no hurry, we have to find the right time. A man of Bill is nothing at all, and we can eliminate them at any time. ”

“Okay.” Aron nodded in agreement, “Mr. Harvey, I’m always at your disposal.”

Calvin nodded and said, “We can’t let down our guard on Bill, we also have to keep an eye on the police’s actions. We have to both take revenge and try to cooperate with the police, after all, we still have to rely on the law to bring the real killer to justice.” After a pause, he continued, “Have two men investigate the national drug making den. It is said that this drug manufacturing plant is located in the deep forest. Unless this den is moved, the police will not act for the time being.”

“Okay, Mr. Harvey.” Aron nodded and walked away.

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Calvin’s eyes narrowed. Albie was bent on political achievements, when the time comes, for the sake of political achievements, it was likely to only think about himself, so if Calvin needed to hold some details for revenge, he could not just sit and wait for news. Except for helping Belle to revenge, as soon as

possible to give her a satisfactory answer, he really did not know how to beg for her understanding.

The dark and dreary night gradually surrounded him, and Calvin held the yellow sealed bag in his hand for a long time without moving.

Today his grandmother had sent this yellow sealed bag over, and only now did he realise that she was also sending someone to investigate the matter secretly.

“Calvin, I am already old and not capable of investigating this incident anymore, now I hand it all over to you. Belle is a good girl, I hope you can give her back justice.” This was what his grandmother told him over the phone, and Calvin was stunned at the time.

It turned out that Grandma already knew the truth and had been working on this for a long time!

Albie might have known it, so he had hinted at Calvin!

He thought he was clever, but he turned out to be the stupidest one.

His hands gripped the bag tightly and did not open it as hours passed.

After Aron left, he sat alone in the darkness, feeling dazed. The once warm and delicate body that would wrap around his body was gone, fading away as if it no longer belonged to him.

Just thinking about it made his heart ache with astringency.

It was not until very late at night that the bag was opened.

A line of writing from his grandmother appeared before his eyes. “You are from the same family.”

It made Calvin’s heart skip a beat.

When he flipped over the information inside, his hands started to shake.

Surely this was something to do with Martin!

Sparks of anger shot out of Calvin’s eyes!

His men had followed Martin for such a long time and had not found the slightest hint of suspicion, while his Grandma had found evidence. He was really good at hiding.

The case of Ethan was really masterminded by Martin.

It turned out that the night before Ethan ran for director, Martin secretly bribed Bill to set up the car accident so that he could become director.

Shame on him!

Calvin was furious.

How can he be so heartless!

He had suspected Martin before, but after sending people to follow him for some time, he didn't find any suspicion, but Martin was the most suspicious in the Harvey family, and his motive was also the most obvious.

Damn it, Calvin clenched his teeth out of anger.

His phone rang in the darkness, it was Finley calling.

"Mr. Harvey, I have something to talk to you about." Finley was resolute over the phone. There were already orders from the top of this case, and he has to do his best to find out the truth and he has been working hard.

"And?" Calvin spoke in a deep voice.

"Mr. Harvey, I have restored the engine of that car using forensic technology, and it is the same Panica luxury car of your Harvey Corp." Finley spoke flatly after a pause on the phone.

"OKay." For this Calvin was not surprised.

"Also, now by checking the fingerprints on the car and retrieving the surveillance video of several intersections, Martin is highly suspected, therefore, tomorrow we will set up a task force to investigate Martin, and you should know about it." Finley said after a moment of hesitation.

Calvin's brows knitted up slightly, his face sullen, with his grandmother's writing in his mind.

The face of Martin kept flashing before his eyes, and his heart was so heavy that he could not breathe.

“Okay, please follow your process, never harbour him for the sake of the Harvey family, but I will never allow you to wrongly accuse him. Please interrogate him fairly and impartially in an appropriate manner.” After hesitating for a moment, Calvin spoke with difficulty.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Harvey, I will never wrong a good person or let a bad person go.” Finley said frankly.

“Okay.” A bitter smile surfaced at the corner of Calvin’s mouth, and after that, he put down the phone feebly.

Sitting dumbly on the sofa, he kept recalling the events of the last few months and he closed his eyes in distress.

Belle, I’m sorry, it’s our Harvey family that has wronged you and your father. Calvin suddenly stood up and ran towards the outside.

Martin’s official lust was so overwhelming that he would devise such a poisonous scheme, he really deserved to die!

The car was started and driven straight towards White Cloud Castle.

It was bone-chilling outside the city on a winter’s night as the snow drifted in the middle of winter.

As soon as Calvin got out of the car, a cold breeze came straight to his neck, making him exhale a cold breath.

The streetlights in the neighbourhood were dimmed.

Standing outside the villa downstairs, looking at the faint light drifting out of the pink curtains inside Lottie’s bedroom, he stood for a long time without making a sound.

The snow soon fell all over his body and even after standing outside for only a moment, his hands and feet were already numb with cold.

He gazed longingly at the pink window where Belle slept.

Belle, have you slept yet? Did you have any nightmares?

That beautiful girl in his dream with a bright smile occurred to his mind. Back then, everything he saw her, he would flushed, full of love. If he hadn't been set up by someone with ulterior motives and guided by inexplicable messages that led him to misunderstand her, if he had been smart and wise enough in his relationships, if he had been less of a jerk and willing to know her heart more, it would have been a perfect love and they would have been the envy of all.

But it was all far gone. She was not at fault for anything, all the fault was given by their Harvey family, including him.

A warm liquid seemed to flow from the corner of his eyes, and it quickly turned to ice.

The snowflakes were falling with the sound of the wind.

Gradually, his body was covered in snowflakes, and those above his head fell over his body, and soon he was a veritable snowman, and then he saw the light in that pink curtain go out.

It was as if the light of hope had been extinguished.

His heart sank to the bottom.

Shaking his hand, he pulled out a cigarette and lit it, smoking it fiercely.

It wasn't until one cigarette was smoked and another lit up, until there were no more cigarettes left on him, he moved his numb feet back to the Hummer.

The darkness of silence engulfed everything and his heart.

Not knowing how the car was started, he left.

Belle slept extremely restlessly in his sleep, having various nightmares from time to time.

She woke up early.

She climbed up and felt a pang of nausea just before she went to the bathroom, and vomited violently.

"Belle, what's wrong with you?" Lottie woke up to the sound of her vomiting and rushed in, asking anxiously.

Belle lay on the wash basin and gasped for breath, smiled bitterly and said, "Lottie, it seems that I am really sick."

"You don't know how to take care of your body. You must come with me to see the doctor today." Lottie's face sank and she said discontentedly, "If you keep throwing up, it hurts your body."

Lottie helped her out, she was so weak and uncomfortable.

"You don't even know how to care for yourself." Lexie took a soft blanket to wrap her up and sat her on the sofa. In Lottie's words, Belle was a self-inflicted bitch, she didn't want Rhys but had to fall in love with the flirtatious Calvin. She really had a problem with her brain.

"Go, come with me to the hospital." Lottie dragged Belle out.

As Belle was dragged up by her, her stomach was really uncomfortable and she wanted to go see a doctor too.

Lottie took Belle directly to the Maternal and Child Health Hospital.

"Lottie, I just got a cold that caused gastroenteritis, why do I need to come to the gynaecological hospital?" Belle asked weakly.

Lottie's face was sullen, not answering her at all.

Belle had to be obedient, thinking gastroenteritis could be treated in this hospital.

When it was her turn to see the doctor, Belle lowered her head, as if she had done something wrong, with Lottie dragging her.

She has always actually been repulsed by gynaecological hospitals in her heart.

"Doctor, this woman is throwing up a lot, please see what's wrong with her." Lottie looked at the young male doctor who was sitting by the desk and said with a smile on her face.

God, Lottie would beg so lowly! And for her!

Belle was touched in her heart, and felt more and more embarrassed as if she had committed a crime.

Another sudden surge of acid reflux in her stomach caused her to cover her mouth in panic.

“Doctor, I think it’s because I’ve been tired and cold in the past few days that I’m suffering from gastroenteritis, please prescribe some medicine for me.” Belle held back her nausea and lifted her head. When she looked up, she saw a young male doctor and was shocked. Thankfully, she was not gynecological sick, or it would be embarrassing.

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The young male doctor unhurriedly took the registration slip from Lottie’s hand and hung it on the small iron bar on the table, but his eyes glanced towards Belle.

Belle glanced at the registration slip and saw that it read ‘Stanley’, who was an attending physician, so it seemed that this young man was quite good at gynecology.

Although she had long known that there were now male gynaecologists, it still made Belle feel embarrassed.

“Give me your hand.” Stanley spoke in a warm voice.

Do gynaecologists need to take a pulse too?

Belle was surprised, but she still extended a hand.

Soon Stanley’s warm fingers were on her wrist, his eyes slightly closed, and after a moment, Belle saw his eyebrows twisted and felt her pulse seem to follow suit.

His face remained calm as usual, unreadable, but Belle’s heart jumped suddenly.

“Do a check-up first.” He spoke lightly, his right hand tapping on the keyboard, and a moment later a checklist came out of the printer.

Is there a serious illness that needs to be checked?

Belle took the checklist with apprehension.

“Thank you, Doctor.” She said politely as Lottie helped her walk towards the outside.

“What is the check-up?” Lottie grabbed the checklist from Belle’s hand and read it, a urine test? She frowned but didn’t say anything more.

“You can wait for me outside.” After reaching the toilet on the second floor, Belle said with a faint smile. The smell of this toilet could not be good, how dare she condescend to Lottie to accompany her inside?

“I’ll wait for you outside.” Lottie was still worried and stood outside the toilet.

“Thanks.” Belle sincerely thanked her and walked towards the bathroom.

As she just entered the doorway, the unpleasant smell wafted over. She felt her stomach sick and she wanted to vomit. When she walked out, Lottie helped her to sit on the chair outside.

When did her body become so weak? Belle gasped, secretly surprised.

The results came out soon.

While Belle was still reading the checklist carefully, she heard Lottie screaming strangely.

“Positive.”

Belle saw the word ‘positive’ written on the checklist, what does that mean? She lifted her head and looked at Lottie in confusion.

“Belle, you’re actually pregnant.” Lottie said with a gloomy face as if she had expected it, her face full of grief and resentment.

What, pregnant!

When these few words boomed out of Lottie’s mouth, Belle felt dizzy.

It was a long time before she came back to her sense.

Was she pregnant? How could that be? But soon the face went white, and it was only then that she remembered that her period had been late for a long time.

At the mere thought of it, cold sweat broke out all over her body and she headed upstairs with the checklist in hand.

“Doctor, please take a look, what’s wrong with me?” Although Belle didn’t know much about physiological common sense, she still felt a crisis right now and immediately rushed upstairs, handed the checklist to Stanley and asked eagerly.

Stanley took the checklist without haste, read it carefully, the corners of his mouth smiled slightly, and said in a warm voice, “Miss, this is not a disease, you are just pregnant.”

Really pregnant!

After receiving Stanley’s affirmative answer, Belle’s eyes went black and she almost fainted.

She was completely devastated by the word ‘pregnant’!

How could she be pregnant under such a situation?

No, no way.

She still didn’t want to accept the reality.

“Doctor, I’m just vomiting, it’s just a gastroenteritis, please give me some medicine.” She swallowed and tried to explain, trying to make the doctor hear her better.

Stanley put down the pen in his hand and lifted his head to look at her.

This woman was beautiful with nice temperament. When she blinked, her eyes were full of pity and helplessness.

Shouldn’t such a woman be pampered by a man when she was pregnant?

“Miss, please trust the scientific examination of our hospital, I am a doctor and I won’t say nonsense.” He said righteously, raising his eyebrows lightly.

Belle had nothing more to say, and sat down in dismay.

No, she could not throw up, or her pregnancy would be found out. After a long time, she mumbled and asked, "Doctor, I don't want to throw up, can you give me some medicine to stop it?"

"No." Stanley flatly refused, his face full of seriousness, "Miss, this is your normal reactions, you can't take medicine, otherwise it will harm the fetus."

He sat upright and looked carefully at this 'patient'. This pregnant woman had no expression of joy on her face, and no a man was not with her, so it seemed that the pregnancy was not planned. He narrowed her eyes and mused.

"I'll prescribe you some vitamin B6 and some herbs, which will ease the symptoms of pregnancy vomiting." After sizing her up, Stanley started tapping on keyboard again, and not long afterwards the printer came out with a few more prescription lists.

Belle's mind was almost blank, not knowing what to say at all, she just sat somewhat dazedly.

"Miss, every pregnant woman should understand what it means to give birth to a child, and should have enough psychological preparation, I suggest you should go and listen to the advice of a pregnancy specialist, that's all I can do here. Sorry, there are still patients outside, please go out and get your medicine. Take some rest, be happy, so that the baby will be healthy." Stanley admonished her in order to do his duty as a doctor.

"Thank you, doctor." Lottie rushed in just in time, took the medicine list from Stanley's hand, and pulled the dazed-looking Belle out.

"Damn Calvin, I'm going to fight with you." Just after pulling Belle to a conner, Lottie started to pull up her sleeves, gnashing her teeth and cursing.

Lottie was furious that Calvin had knocked up Belle and made her feel sad. She already had no good feeling towards Calvin, Lottie was even more disgusted with him now.

Today, she must drag Belle with her to settle the score with Calvin.

Never again can she forgive this son of a bitch!

After being dragged along by her for several steps, Belle finally came to her senses.

“Don’t, Lottie.” She thought of something and immediately stopped Lottie, afraid that Lottie would refuse to listen to her and produce excessive behavior, and had to say, “Lottie, this child in my womb has nothing to do with Calvin, don’t go to him.”

The words were spoken, but her heart throbbed with pain.

Now that Lexie was pregnant, what was this pregnancy of hers?

Besides, she was going to leave him. A woman blackmailing a man into marrying her on the basis of her pregnancy was something she didn’t care to do!

And could she really forgive him and return to him since Lexie was pregnant?

Impossible!

If that was the case, then her pregnancy was nothing at all!

The more she thought about it, the more chaotic it became. She really needed to calm down and think about it seriously, but her heart was in a mess and she couldn’t think of a clue, but she knew that she had to stop Lottie from going to Calvin at this moment.

“What are you saying? Calvin is not the father?” Lottie was really confused by Belle, her eyes widened, “Then who is the father?”

Belle looked away, her voice hoarse and hollow, “Lottie, this is my personal matter, please don’t ask about it, and please don’t get involved, but I appreciate your good intentions.”

“No.” Lottie seemed to have seen through Belle, after only a moment of hesitation, her eyes were about to burst into flames of anger, “Belle, don’t lie to me, only that bastard can make you pregnant. You are my friend, I can’t watch you being bullied by him. Your father has died and your mother is badly sick, if I don’t step forward to help you, no one will be in your back. I can’t bear to see you suffer like this. Calvin, this beast, I will make you die in pieces, even if you have died, I have stabbed you and ruined your reputation.”

Lottie gritted her teeth, clenched her fists together, and even her eyes were red.

Yesterday, when she opened the door, she saw Belle lying on the sofa, her body was covered with snowflakes. After the snowflakes melted, her body was drenched, her face was as white as a ghost. She was directly destroyed by him!

No man but Calvin could have hurt her like this!

This was something that Lottie knew better than anyone else!

She couldn't bear it any longer. If she continued to bear it, what would happen to the child in her belly? What would happen to her reputation?

She turned around and pulled Belle towards the outside.

"Don't, Lottie, please, don't." Belle desperately dragged her back, crying, "You're not me, you don't know my situation, please don't be impulsive."

"Belle, are you weak or just stupid? You're still protecting him, is he really that worthy of your love? If he was really worth it, he would not have you stay in my house in this state."

Lottie was being held by Belle and could not move forward, so she stomped her feet in anxiety.

As Belle listened to Lottie's words, she burst into tears, and at this moment she was in complete disarray.

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"Lottie, just leave this to me, please, I'm only staying at your house for a few days temporarily, please." Belle hugged Lottie desperately and begged with tears streaming down her face.

Looking at her in such sorrow, Lottie could not bear it, and with a lament, she could only stomp her foot and say, "Well, since you are so insistent on sheltering that beast, there is nothing I can do, but I have to warn you, this is not a trivial matter, you have to think it through, otherwise it will destroy you for the rest of your life."

"Okay, thanks, I'll think it over." Belle promised with tears streaming down her face.

Lottie sighed deeply, helped Belle up to sit on the chair and asked solemnly, "Belle, tell me seriously, is the child in your belly Calvin's or not, don't you lie to me."

Lottie stared at her. Belle and she grew up together, they were so familiar with each other that they could know what the other was thinking. Even though in her heart she was sure Calvin was the father, she wanted to seek further proof.

Belle bit her lips tightly, bitter tears flowed out from the corners of her eyes and dripped down her cheeks onto her hands. She knew that it could not be hidden from Lottie, after a long time, she whispered, "Lottie, you have to promise me to stay out of my business, I will figure out how to do with it."

Lottie was so anxious in her heart, but she knew how stubborn Belle was, so she had to nod and agree, after all, it was Belle's personal matter and she was just her friend. If Belle didn't want to, she had no right to do anything.

At that moment, breathing out a sigh of relief, she nodded her head.

She agreed readily and Belle didn't want to hide it from her, so she nodded and said, "Lottie, I didn't expect to get pregnant, and I've never had another man in my life except Calvin, who do you think who the father is?"

Lottie smiled bitterly.

"Lottie, please, just pretend like you don't know about it and don't tell Calvin or anyone else. I don't want anyone to know about this." Belle's mind was getting clearer and clearer as she begged Lottie.

Lottie was confused by her behaviour.

"Belle, why?" Lottie asked in disbelief, "Don't think you're a saint, you can't hide such a thing. You're already a month pregnant now, in another month or two your belly will be bigger, it's impossible not to let people know it in the future. You'll be the one who suffers, you are unmarried and pregnant, unless Calvin is responsible, if people find out, it will be a big disgrace. So you have to take it seriously."

Hearing Lottie's words, Belle felt upset and her stomach began to feel uncomfortable again. She bit her lips, but she could not say a word.

“Belle, what is going on between you and Calvin?” Lottie looked at her in sorrow and became even more disturbed, asking her.

According to her common sense, Calvin had a bad temper and he was a jerk in a relationship, but a young male in a luxurious family won't easily get outside women pregnant, unless he wants to!

Belle had been with him for so long, and it was reasonable that she would get pregnant. The only thing that Lottie couldn't figure out was why she didn't want to let him know that she was pregnant.

“Lottie, please, it's my personal matter, I'll sort it out. Please keep your promise and don't tell anyone, including Calvin and my mother, I'd be grateful if you keep your words.” She dried her tears and said decisively.

Lottie couldn't understand Belle in any way.

She was only a bystander, and she would have been meddling if she had to intervene with it, so she had to say yes.

“Belle, okay, I surrender, I won't care about your business from now on, okay? And I don't want to care about it in the future.” She said angrily!

What could she do if Belle was stubborn?

“Lottie, I'm sorry, don't be angry with me.” Belle held her hand tightly, guilt-ridden, and said warmly, “I have let you down, just despise me as much as you want.”

When she finished, she looked up at Lottie, begging her forgiveness.

Lottie really couldn't bear to see her friend become so piteous, then she lightly sighed, helped her up and said, “Belle, let's go back first, take some medicine.”

Belle lowered her head, her face full of shame.

Lottie shook her head, but finally did not feel at ease, and spoke again, “Belle, I can leave you alone, but you have to remember my words, if there is really no way out, while the child in your belly is still small, abort it as soon as possible. If you still love Calvin and want to be with him, based on the fact that he is unmarried, you still can strike for your love. And if you help my help, I can

help you with the connection in my hand. I can't make a person famous, but it's not difficult to ruin a person's reputation. You must think about it carefully."

Lottie gritted her teeth and continued, "Belle, if you really let things go to that unmanageable point, I will definitely cut off my friendship with you, I don't want a friend who can't distinguish between right and wrong."

Lottie's words were heartbreaking, yet so true.

Belle stood up with difficulty, tears filled her eyes, said, "Lottie, having a friend like you is my luck in this life, don't worry, I will find a way to solve this, after all, it is a big deal, please don't give up on me."

Lottie couldn't help but smile when she heard this and took Belle's hand, smiling, "Belle, you'll always be my best friend, I'm just worried about you, so don't blame me for being nosy."

"No, I understand your heart, I am most fortunate in this life to have a good friend as you who knows my heart." Belle said with a sob.

Lottie held her steady and said in a somewhat solemn voice, "Let's go, stupid woman."

Belle smiled bitterly, "Lottie, even you think I'm stupid, right?"

"I've said it, women in love have an absolute zero IQ, and it's especially pronounced with you. Relationship is not good, thankfully I'm wise enough not to get caught up in it."

Lottie said to Belle, summing up the valuable experience, and was glad that she would not be as stupid as her.

Belle was in a bad mood and didn't want to argue with her. Besides, she thought what Lottie said was right.

The snowflakes finally stopped drifting, the overcast sky did not improve and Belle felt even colder.

After Lottie sent her downstairs, she gave her a few more instructions. She had to leave as there were calls from the café.

Belle thrust her hands into the pockets of her clothes, her head tucked into the hood, wrapping herself tightly, but her mind was still wavering as she walked slowly with her head down.

She had just rounded a corner and was about to enter the front door of the villa, she stood abruptly, a pair of shiny leather shoes appearing in front of her, and looked up in surprise.

Calvin appeared, his hair disheveled.

She was instantly frozen.

He looked at her with bright eyes, the cold wind rustling his dark hair.

He was so tall, looming like a green hill, and that sturdy body seemed to bring her a peculiar serenity, and her heart fluttered lightly for an instant.

She could not completely forget him, and she had approached him without thinking of the consequences, even if her future was uncertain.

But this time, the consequences were too severe for her to bear.

It was time to end it. It's not good for anyone to be involved any longer.

Her somewhat demented gaze rested on his face for just a moment, immediately she put on a cold face.

Calvin looked at her steadily. He was a man who had seen many women, but there was no other woman who could make him fall with all his heart and soul and sink to the point where he could no longer extricate himself. Since he had met her in the college, she had occupied his heart, but he had treated her badly, and now he had finally understood her heart.

Only when he understood his heart and made up his mind to give her a lifetime of happiness, everything changed.

Could they really be destined to separate from each other?

Would it really end there?

He had once heard it said that the end of one thing would be the beginning of another, and he didn't want it to end, and if it did, he wanted it to be the new beginning between them.

Her eyes, at first crystalline and starry, were cold when they gazed at him, and beneath the purple sable, her pale face was breathtakingly beautiful, so soft that it broke his heart, and her once bright smile had no trace of spirit.

This was his woman!

She was married to him for four years, but now she was determined to leave, was it failure for him? He spent last night thinking about it and reminiscing about his love life over the past few years.

There was only one conviction, and that was not to lose her!

Her watery eyes went from starlight to fading into dead grey, to now as cold as ice, as if they were about to abandon him.

This frightened him.

He made a mistake, an unforgivable mistake.

But how was he going to make amends? He didn't know what he could do to ask for her forgiveness, but he knew he couldn't lose her, and right now, he just wanted to keep her around.