

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin

Chapter 36 online free

Belle was physically exhausted, her body was covered in sweat, her cheeks glowed flushing from excitement. Calvin's hand touched the sweat all over her body, his voice was low, with a bit of sulking, "Who told you to come to my rescue? I am a man, I don't need a woman's protection."

His words were tinged with anger and he was even more distraught.

The illusion that had just risen in Belle was shattered by his words; he was so frantic and restless because he was worried that she would become dependent on him after saving him.

After all, the person he loves is Lexie and they will soon be married.

"I didn't save you on purpose, I was afraid that after you were injured, you wouldn't be able to finish the design of the model and I wouldn't be able to leave Harvey Corp, also, I was more afraid that I wouldn't be able to find the two cars." With a bitter heart, Belle gritted her teeth and finished in one breath, as if she had used up all her strength, she went limp in Calvin's arms.

Calvin shuddered and lifted her head.

Her face was white.

"Tell me, what do you want with those two cars?" His eyes were dark, his tone cooled.

Belle opened her eyes and quietly stared at Calvin, silent. But her heart ached.

Calvin looked at the silent Belle, who was weakly lying in his arms, but her face was like dead ashes, but in her eyes was a lonely and resolute light. That light made him feel scared, and he didn't even understand what she was thinking!

Why was the light in her eyes so stubborn when she was obviously so weak?

Perhaps she only treated him like this, but to another man she was as gentle and affectionate as a pet, not that she didn't know how to be gentle, but just not to him.

A vague anger rushed up again in his heart.

But it was her hot back that clung to his palm, and the painful huff that her mouth tried so hard to hide made him remember the decision he had made in his mind during the day.

Even if they were not meant to be husband and wife, they should not act like enemies.

He pushed his anger down and tightened his arms around her again.

The cold sweat on the woman was growing, soaking through even her hospital gown!

He sighed, put her down and fetched a basin of hot water.

As Belle lay limply on the bed, Calvin wiped her sweat and finally brought her a set of clean clothes to change into.

Belle refused to let him change.

But Calvin laughed and joked, "I have seen any part of your body, I'm not going to eat you, it's just a change of clothes. What can I do when you are in this state, it even makes me sick."

She turned her face away from him and ignored him, but she could not allow him to change her clothes, and then fell asleep in his arms.

When Belle opened her eyes again, it was already dawn.

There is a ray of bright sunlight slanting in through the window, warming and gilding the ward.

The ward was no longer so cold, and Belle felt the pain in her back getting heavier and heavier, so much so that every movement she made could make her gasp for air.

Calvin is standing on the balcony on the phone.

Not long after there was a knock at the door.

Alfred walked in with a somewhat anxious demeanour.

“Speak.” Calvin walked in, ordered coldly.

Alfred looked at Belle lying on the hospital bed and said in a somewhat heavy voice, “That man who committed the murder was a local resident of Q Town. Because the original rubbish incinerator was built next to his house, his family members died of cancer one after another, and some experts said that it was all related to the rubbish incinerator. In recent days, residents of Q Town have heard that the rubbish incinerator cannot be moved, can’t be moved to Castle Peak, just because there’s Camphor Villa there, so he blamed everything on the Harvey Group, got angry and tried to hurt you, wishing to attach the attention of government departments.”

Calvin was silent, his face somewhat obscure, and waved his hand as Alfred retreated.

He lit a cigar and walked out onto the balcony. Belle watched his back, the bright sun shining on his body, and it looked forlorn.

He walked in after smoking.

“You must be hungry, I’ll ask someone to bring you food. You don’t go to work for the next few days.” He spoke softly and with a smile on his face, completely unable to see the bit of decadence he just had.

Belle felt upset, but she could not say a word.

“Thanks.” A long time later, she dropped her eyes, tilted her face with a smile.

Calvin’s face froze in error.

It seems that for the first time, he had seen her smile, different from the fake smile she used to put on, at least her expression is natural and real.

His lips curled. This woman finally said thank you, although it didn’t seem very reluctant.

“You were injured for me, it’s only natural to take care of you.” Calvin had a faint smile on the corner of his mouth, but his tone was flat, looking at the wrapped wound on Belle’s back, his brows wrinkled slightly.

He sat down, looking into her eyes. This woman, even though she was hurt and even crying in his arms in the middle of the night, had clear and bright eyes now.

After so many years of watching her get the cold shoulder from his mother at Harvey Corp, where even the workers didn't treat her well, he deliberately left her alone, let alone intervened to take sides for her. Because of his hatred for her, he took a completely hands-off attitude and didn't even give her a penny of money, and she made it through in the end.

Her eyes were still clear, and that was most comforting to him.

"Get well, in a few days it will be grandma's birthday, I hope you can attend grandma's birthday party, grandma has always been good to you." Calvin said in a warm voice.

Belle's heart was instantly replaced by sourness, and after dropping her eyes in thought, she asked quietly, "Is Grandma well?"

"Yes." Calvin replied seriously.

Belle lowered her eyes before saying softly, "Alright, I promise you."

The corners of Calvin's mouth curled slightly, and if he remembered correctly, this was the first time in all these years that they had spoken so calmly and peacefully.

"I'm going to work first, I'll see you when I have time." Calvin glanced at his phone and stood up, smiling at her as his long legs stepped away to walk outside.

Calvin hurriedly walked away, and it was only when his slender back was no longer visible that Belle withdrew her gaze.

From time to time in the morning Calvin would send people to bring all kinds of food, fruits and such. Belle's wound was very painful and she had no appetite, so she just slept for a while.

It was 11am when she woke up again, and Belle was lazily lying on the hospital bed watching TV.

The news on the TV was all over the place about what happened yesterday in Q Town, and Belle suddenly thought of something and called home.

How sad and anxious would her Mum be if she read the news? Fortunately, Marry had pushed her mother out for exercise today and didn't know about the news yet.

So she called Marry and asked her to keep the truth from her mother. Marry was so worried that she asked questions and wiped her tears, until Belle swore that nothing was wrong, then she put her heart down. Then she said with excitement, "Miss. Your mother is happy today, there was a handsome gentleman, saying he was a friend of yours in America, and kept your mother company, and it was the first time I had seen your mother smile so brightly."

Marry was talking with great interest over the phone, but Belle listened with astonishment.

Friend in America? Who? Rhys flashed quickly before her eyes, could it be him?

The door to the room opened quietly and a man walked in, holding a large bouquet of lily, the scent of the flowers immediately wafted over.

Belle immediately felt her spirits lift.

That's Belle's favourite flower.

The petals are crystal clear, spotlessly white with water droplets on it, wafting with a fragrance.

"Belle." The gentle but masculine Rhys walked in, his eyes looking deeply at her, his face full of worry and heartache, "How could something like this happen? I just saw it on the news this morning and was stunned."

As he spoke, he placed the flowers in his hands at the foot of her bed.

When Belle looked up, she saw his eyes filled with worry, warmth and concern, and a warm current flowed through her heart.

He had known the news of her accident for a long time, but he had stayed with her mother all morning, had he done it on purpose, so that her mother wouldn't know about her injury?

It's really not hard to understand why he would do such a thing, but how did he know where she lived?

As if he could see what was on her mind, Rhys smiled. "You know all about it, right? I accompanied your mother. Don't worry, I just don't want her to worry."

He said it naturally, and Belle was momentarily embarrassed to ask him how he knew her home address.

"Affected by yesterday's incident, the Harvey Corp's shares closed with several consecutive stops yesterday and the market was in a panic mood." The announcer of the financial channel on the television was broadcasting yesterday's financial news in her calm and steady voice.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 37 online free

Belle's face turned pale as she listened, her eyes looking straight at the TV screen in the room.

Rhys raised his eyebrows, glanced at the TV and then at Belle's stiff expression, worry was evident in his eyes, and a glint of gloom flashed in his eyes.

He sighed lightly, "Belle, don't worry, Calvin will definitely settle it, if he can't, then he won't need to have his life in A City in the future."

And what methods Calvin used would be based on his wisdom.

Perhaps after this game, he can have the answer he wants, and Belle can see her future path in life, she will know whether what she has done is worth it or not, and she should know how to choose her future carefully.

He was waiting for such an opportunity for all to be able to see the truth, including himself.

"Belle, promise me." Rhys sat down on the edge of the bed and said very seriously, "If you don't get the answers you want after this, please choose your future path seriously. For your sake, you can no longer be so obsessed, for you can't hide it from your mother for the rest of your life. Remember, whatever you need, or whatever kind of life you want to lead, let me know I

will always grant you your request, I will never go back on my word. I am lucky to have met you in this life, I cherish it and would do anything for you.”

Rhys' words were sincere, and Belle believed he was speaking from the bottom of his heart.

She laughed bitterly in her heart. She too wanted to end everything quickly so that she could escape and never return to this place where she had been humiliated. She was afraid that the longer she stayed here, the more reluctant she would be to leave him, for it would be endless torture for her.

Perhaps after this, Calvin will marry Lexie in a fair and square manner and she will go off to find her life partner, or perhaps it will be as she expects, and then she too will punish the murderer severely and unceremoniously, perhaps with results that no one can bear.

Did Rhys already have a premonition of the outcome?

But, she was grateful to him, who helped her when she was in trouble. It was also her luck to have met this man in this life.

Rhys is gentle and polite to everyone, but never commits himself to anything easily.

But once he has committed, he would not go back to his words.

She lay in bed, looked at him with a smile, thanking him for his honesty.

Rhys read every look and smile that leaked out of her eyes. He leaned down, took out a white fluffy, cloud-like candyfloss from behind his back, saying warmly, “Silly girl, here you are.”

Belle's eyes became bright. She likes candyfloss, not because it was tasty, but because when she was small, her father would buy her candyfloss. The sweetness still lingered in her heart.

The joy and sweetness of being held by her father and eating sweet candyfloss when she was young is eternal in her heart, and now when she sees it, she still wants to eat it. Belle knows that she misses that reassuring sweet taste, the happiness of being pampered.

“You lie down, I’ll hold it, just open your mouth and bite it.” Rhys took the candyfloss and handed it to Belle’s mouth. He was extremely attentive, the candyfloss just came to her red lips. She opened her mouth and bit into it, it was sweet, melted in her mouth.

“Look, it’s staining your lips.” Rhys smiled dotingly and took a tissue from the bedside to gently wipe it off.

Belle smiled as Rhys sent it over again and she took another bite.

Although she was pale, she still smiled brightly, as dazzling as a flower. Rhys was stunned, forgot what he was doing and just took a tissue and wiped her lips, forgetting that he hadn’t let her have a bite.

Belle burst out laughing, and Rhys came to his senses and smiled embarrassingly.

The atmosphere in the ward was cordial and cheerful.

It was only when the door of the ward was slammed heavily that they all looked back towards the door.

Calvin is standing by the door with his lunch box in his hand, his face full of gloom.

Belle’s face went white, and all of a sudden she felt a storm coming.

Rhys stood up calmly, with the experience of the last time at the “Red River” restaurant, he just glanced at Calvin, pulled his suit which was a bit wrinkled, and said softly to Belle, “Belle, take good care of your injury, I’ll go first. I’ll see you again sometime, remember to give me a call anytime.”

Belle sensed the tense of the atmosphere, and was worried about the two of them being embarrassed. She couldn’t stand up yet, so she nodded gently.

Rhys gave her a gentle smile and walked tamely past Calvin, nodding politely at him as he passed.

“Calvin, you’re here.” Belle opened her mouth, for they had talked peacefully in the morning.

With a bang, the lunch box in Calvin's hand fell heavily to the ground, his face stiffened, and he said in a cold voice, "Very well, so you have eaten, then these are not needed."

She turned her head towards the floor and saw that the food was spilled all over the floor, including her favourite chicken and squab.

She can't help but be amazed at how Calvin knew she liked these.

"Calvin, Rhys just came over to check on me, I'm injured, so -" Belle's lips trembled as she tried to explain something.

"That's enough." Calvin came closer, his face as cold as frost, "You are just a slut, attracting various men, I know that, you don't need to explain anything."

Belle's face instantly turned white, her lips trembled, and even her body shivered

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 38 online free

"I never expected you to be peaceful and disciplined, but now you are staying in my company, yet you are having an affair with my biggest rival. Do you know the impact if word gets out? I'm telling you, I don't need to be saved by a lowly woman like you. Don't think I will be graceful to what you have done." Calvin was almost gnashing his teeth, but his words broke Belle's heart.

"You bastard." She clenched her teeth and spoke out with hatred, "Calvin, I didn't expect you to be such a shallow and vulgar man."

What was wrong with her? Rhys helped her in her distress, without him, she could have become one of the world's top designers.

Where was Calvin when she was in America with no money, when she was sad and disappointed? Didn't he have a beautiful woman with him and had forgotten about her?

What's wrong with Rhys coming to see her when she's injured today? It's not like she's done anything wrong to Harvey Corp, let alone divulged secrets to him, and as a designer for Harvey Corp, she's doing her best!

Who is he to insult her?

She burst into tears, drenching in sadness.

In that moment of danger, she had rushed to his defence without hesitation, and now she was rewarded with such vicious words and even disdain from him.

How much her heart must be hurting!

“I’m shallow and vulgar?” Calvin sneered out, “So Rhys is noble? And your first love is decent?”

The mention of Martin and Rhys made his heart even more furious.

That night at university, he stood behind her and saw Martin hugging her and making out with his own eyes, the two of them cuddling in the dark and having sex, all in front of him.

Then she turned out to be his wife, while her virginity has been given to that damned Martin.

He did not want to pity such a woman, even if she had been injured to save him.

He slammed the door hard and took off.

On the 88th floor of the International Triumphal Court, the atmosphere in the spacious and luxurious office is somewhat dull and silent.

Calvin was reading a report in detail with a frown.

Aron stood by his side respectfully.

It took Calvin a long time to finish reading this report on Belle’s record of life in America.

The report is detailed, yet there is nothing particularly remarkable about it.

It records Belle’s study of automotive design in America alone, and it is clear that she went to Atkinson Corp only for the past six months, and spent the rest of the time studying intensively.

She worked hard and studied half-time, with no slanders around her.

Now he remembered that when Belle stayed at Harvey's house, he had never given her a penny, thinking that she ate and lived at Harvey's house, while at that time he only had hatred for her, and never thought of giving her a penny.

And how did she spend all those years in America?

He flipped through the pages one by one, and finally found Belle's experience of looking around for work and her chance encounter with Rhys because she had no money.

His fingers are trembling.

Rhys appeared by her side at such a difficult time. If she had love and dependence on him, it was only normal, but where was he as a husband when she was in trouble?

Who was he to accuse her, who was he to insult her!

Wasn't it his hand that pushed her out of the way for her to accept Rhys and for them to have such a tacit understanding?

Yes, he's really not qualified.

He had thought about getting along with her and being a normal friend instead of getting into a big fight and hurting each other when they met.

But he can't help it. He can't help but lash out whenever he sees her staying with another man.

In fact, her life in America was really quite ordinary and commonplace, to the point of calling it bleak.

His heart felt like it was being boiled in salt water, his face gradually twisted and his eyes grew deeper and deeper.

He stood up and ran outside, forgetting his instructions to Aron and the fact that he still had to ask him, for which beloved man did she design that luxury car.

He ran down the stairs and started the Hummer towards the hospital.

At noon, in a fit of rage, he ordered the hospital doctors and nurses to leave the woman alone and let her fend for herself.

What the hell is he doing?

This hospital has shares of the Harvey family, and none of the people in the hospital, from the director down to the doctors and nurses, dared to disobey his words.

Why was this happening? His heart hurts a lot!

He honked the car incessantly all the way, rampaged through the crowded streets, scaring other cars into dodging.

Just after arriving at hospital, he left his car and ran to the hospital.

Panting, he pushed open the door.

Belle is lying quietly in bed.

He sighed with relief.

He dared not stop and hurried towards her.

Soon his heart was in his throat, the woman lying in the hospital bed closed her eyes tightly, her red lips parched and cracked.

His heart sank straight to the bottom.

He reached out and picked her up. She felt so hot and the wound on her back was swollen and blood was dripping down from it. Her dry lips were slightly open and she seemed to be saying something, he leaned over and heard her breathlessly scream "Dad, Dad."

The breath exhaled from her mouth was hot and burning, scorching his ears.

He subconsciously tightened his grip on her, as if to dive her into himself.

He rang the bedside call bell and growled angrily, "Help."

Instantly the doctors and nurses rushed over, but when they saw Calvin's murderous gaze, they were all scared, and no one dared to speak up.

He had given strict orders forbidding them to take care of the patient, but as doctors and nurses, it was their duty to save the lives of the sick, and no matter what people said, they had a duty to treat them.

But they really didn't hear the bell, didn't hear the bell she rang for help.

It wasn't supposed to be a fatal illness, just a knife wound, and if she was in any discomfort, all she had to do was ring the bell within reach of the bed and they would come over.

But all afternoon they hadn't heard the bell.

Belle's wounds were becoming inflamed again, oozing blood and causing high fever all over her body due to wound infection, which was very dangerous.

The doctor started anti-inflammatory and disinfection, and injection was administered.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 39 online free

"Mr. Harvey, the patient has lost too much blood and is weak, so he needs a blood transfusion." Dr. Clarke was secretly alarmed when he saw Calvin, whose eyes were scarlet and his face was twisted with pain.

Calvin, who is rumoured to be surrounded by beautiful women, will soon be married to Lexie, one of the most beautiful women in A City. A few days ago, he was even photographed by the media inviting Lexie's parents to dinner to discuss marriage matters.

He was so concerned about Belle, is it really just because she saved his life? Or was it simply this woman his ex-wife that he was in love with?

He was surprised but did not dare to speculate too much, as this is after all a personal matter.

The private affairs of successful people are inherently mysterious, and as a doctor, it is not in the doctor's professional ethics to speculate on such frivolous gossip.

But he could also see from this that the woman in the hospital bed was important to him.

"Give her my blood." Calvin roared, rolling up his sleeves.

“No.” Dr. Clarke said quietly, “The hospital has rules that all blood has to be taken from the blood bank, not directly from people. I just want to say that the patient’s family must be told that the patient needs a blood transfusion.” Having said that, he hurriedly ordered the nurse to fetch the blood.

The pain in his heart instantly spread to all his limbs as he sat down, his hands tangled in his thick hair.

If something did happen to her, would he have peace of mind in this life?

Didn’t he say that he will get along with her? Why do they still have to fight?

He now understood the source of that pain deep inside him, and as much as he didn’t want to admit it, he had to.

He actually cares about her!

Blood was gradually transfused into Belle’s body, and the fever-reducing injection was given.

Soon the blush on Belle’s face faded and took on an unusual white colour, frightening.

Calvin sat in front of the bed, gazing at her face, stroking her hand and closing his eyes.

He kept watch over her and forgot to eat.

Sitting dumbfounded for who knows how long, he fell asleep on her bed.

Awakened by the sound of a soft grunt of pain in the bed!

He lifted his head.

Belle was staring blankly at the ceiling with her eyes open and her eyebrows frowned, probably because of the pain, and she was grunting softly through clenched teeth.

“You woke up.” Calvin asked in surprise.

Belle gazed at him steadily.

She seemed to be remembering something, looking through his heart.

Calvin felt an inexplicable panic, he dared not look into her eyes, that would make him fall in any moment, and he felt a pang of guilt.

After a moment, the clear light in her eyes faded, slowly cloaked in a layer of frost, until the light that shot out was cold and icy.

She turned her head away from him and stopped looking at him, coldly.

Calvin knew that she had woken up from her coma, remembering what had happened in the morning and remembering his cruelty.

She hates him.

He took the precious cubilose from the bed and gently held her body, slightly cradling her head, and whispered in her ear, "Your body is too weak, drink some cubilose."

Belle's eyes were cold, like a wooden man, she did not pay attention him.

The corners of Calvin's mouth curled slightly.

Wrapping his arms around her, he breathed into her ear, "Are you going to open your mouth on your own, or do I have to feed you?"

Belle's ears itched uncomfortably and she twisted her head away, saying coldly, "Get lost, I want to rest, I don't want you here pretending to be a good person."

"How do you know I'm pretending to be a good person, I sincerely hope you get better soon. Don't forget the contract we signed, I still have a lot of things to do, I still need your cooperation, and until I finish the design, I'm going to personally supervise you, eat and sleep with you." Calvin's voice was somewhat evil and domineering, but his tone was gentle.

Belle had adapted to his moodiness and was not about to answer him.

Calvin gazed at her, the corners of his mouth curling up slightly as he lifted the cubilose, took a large sip and wrenched her small face and pressed it against her dry red lips.

The lubricated cubilose liquid on the edge of his mouth moistened her lips, sticky. He gently bit her lips. Belle's mind suddenly flashed to the image of him

and Lexie kissing, so she felt a violent revulsion, before she had time to resist, he actually pinched her nose.

Her breath caught, her lips opened and the warm, slippery liquid all went into her mouth, mixed with his saliva.

“That’s more like it!” Calvin was satisfied to see Belle to eat the cubilose and laughed out, “Do you want me to feed you like this or do you want to open your mouth yourself?”

He asked with a smirk, but his tone was not at all one of negotiation, but of blackmail.

Belle knew she couldn’t fight this strong and fit reckless man. He was arrogant, and determined to have her eat the cubilose!

Any time it was easy for him to control her, and her resistance was worthless.

She glanced at him, opening her mouth.

“Good.” Satisfied, Calvin laughed out loud and picked up the cubilose and fed it into her mouth, not feeling at ease until he saw her swallow it all.

“That’s more like a woman.” Calvin put on a wicked grin.

Belle stared dryly, helpless.

After drinking a bowl of cubilose, she felt a little more energy in her body. She ignored him, turning her face to the side and dozing, saying softly, “Go back, I can stay here by myself, I don’t need you to take care of me.”

“If I hadn’t rushed over this afternoon, what would you have been like?” The sulk in Calvin’s eyes built up again, “Wouldn’t you call the nurse yourself if you weren’t feeling well?”

Belle only felt a stifling anger clogging up her heart, and it ran through her body and up to her head. Damn, she heard him yell in her own ears to the nurses outside, “Don’t you ever care about that bitch again, leave her to her own devices.”

She doesn’t want to her to play the good guy now.

“What’s wrong with you again?” Calvin saw that Belle’s face had started to flush weakly again, cold sweat was running down her forehead, her shoulders were shaking, her chest was heaving violently, and there was a slight panic in his heart, so put her hand on her forehead and rang the call bell at the bedside.

Shortly afterwards Dr. Clarke and the nurses came over and worked busily for a while.

“Mr. Harvey, now that the patient is weak, it is not advisable to get too emotional, this is not conducive to her recovery.” Dr. Clarke invited Calvin to the side and said softly.

Calvin froze, a hint of shame flashed in his eyes, but he cursed hatefully, “Damn woman.”

Dr. Clarke shook his head as he watched Calvin run impatiently to Belle’s bed and look at her nervously after he finished this sentence.

“Have some more pork congee.” After making sure she was okay, Calvin sat down in front of the bed, uncovered the steaming pork porridge and ordered dominantly.

Belle’s eyes were closed, as if she was about to fall asleep.

Calvin leaned down and gazed at her, the flush on her face had not completely faded, her eyes were tightly closed, but her long eyelashes were twitching slightly, she did not look like she was asleep at all, so he could not help but feel amused in his heart.

“Don’t pretend to sleep, I’m going to personally proctor you for the next few days, from now on you must follow my instructions. Hurry up and eat, cooperate with the doctors, I want you to get better as soon as possible.” He came up to her ear and used a commanding tone.

After saying that, he surveyed her again and saw that she just closed her eyes and didn’t answer him at all, there was a hint of chagrin, “Don’t be ungrateful, you are the only woman in this world who can be personally taken care of by me, my patience is limited.”

He spoke loudly, as if it was already a great gift for him to come and take care of Belle, and that she should be graceful.

“Then please go, I don’t need you to take care of me, saving you was my own doing, it has nothing to do with you at all.” Belle’s eyes were closed, her voice weak but firm.

“You

Calvin almost jumped up at her words, the anger he tried to suppress in his heart was ignited again. Seeing Belle lying softly on the bed, he pressed down his anger.

“Belle, why do you have to be so stubborn? Shouldn’t a woman be more pliable?” He suppressed his anger, cleared his throat and said with difficulty, “I’ve thought about it these days, no matter what grudges we had in the past, we should learn to let go. Even if we can be a couple, it is still good that we are friends, why should we be cold to each other? I have decided that no matter what you had done, or what damage you had brought to my father, I will leave it all behind. After all, we are still young and we have a long road ahead of us, so why hold on to the past? Don’t worry, as long as you stay in the company, I will never treat you badly. If you insist on leaving the company, I won’t force you to stay, but you should still abide by the contract, and that contract is only for one year, just like all the staff in the company, which is not too much and is also the company’s rule.”

Calvin’s eyes were deep and his tone was gentle and calm.

It was so exhausting, he had been in a state of disarray since she appeared before him, his life was in shambles and he really needed to calm down.

He had warned himself not to mess with her, for this woman was already affecting his life and he was about to marry Lexie, they should both have their own lives, but he just couldn’t help but want to be entangled with her.

He couldn’t figure out what was going on himself.

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin Chapter 40 online free

“Calvin, I’ll say it again, I didn’t do anything to hurt you or your father. I don’t know what happened on that day. And it wasn’t my intention to marry you, that was Grandma’s intention, and if that hurt you, I can only say I’m sorry! But you’re not the only one who’s been hurt, am I not?” The corners of Belle’s mouth carried an icy smile, biting her red lips.

When she spoke sadly, she broke down in tears, her shoulders shaking, her eyes full of stubborn light.

How could she admit to something she hadn't done? She really didn't mean to do what happened three years ago, she had no idea what was going on!

"Okay, okay, blame me for talking too much." Calvin saw that she was emotional and remembered Dr. Clarke's words, he only had to nod his head and say, "I've said it's in the past, from now on let's not mention it. Come and have some food."

Calvin's heart was overwhelmed with annoyance, he really didn't want to mention those damned past again!

He picked up the porridge again and said seriously, "From now on you must do as you are told and start eating, say it, whether you want me to feed you or open your mouth yourself."

His words were no longer negotiable.

Belle was silent.

Calvin's patience was worn to the breaking point as he picked up a spoon and scooped a spoonful into his mouth and was about to bring it towards Belle's mouth again, he heard Belle weakly say in time.

"I'll eat it myself."

Calvin smiled, the corners of his mouth curved up in a nice arc!

"I'll take a spoon and eat it myself." Belle was stubborn.

When Calvin saw that she was willing to eat, he was happy. Seeing that she could not move her right hand easily, but her left hand was fine, and fearing that she would get emotional, he went along with her.

He gently picked her up in his arms, pulled the cushion on the bed and put the porridge on it.

"Stubborn." Calvin grunted out softly in dissatisfaction beside her, forcing her to drink some more soup before he would give up.

After finishing his meal, Calvin put his things away and when he turned around and found Belle trying to get up, he asked in shock, "What are you doing?"

Belle did not reply to him.

"Don't move, do as you're told, I'll wipe your body later." Calvin frowned and actually coaxed her.

"I need to go to the toilet." Belle blushed and mumbled.

Calvin froze and suddenly burst out laughing. He came over, extending his arms to pick her up.

Belle was lying in his warm arms, and as soon as Calvin touched her body, a long-lost suppressed desire slowly rose up inside him, and he couldn't help but swallow and blush.

Gently laying her down on the floor, he circled her with one hand, uncovered the toilet cover with the other, and then was about to help her take off her trousers. Belle stopped him, her face flushed.

"Get out." She whispered with a red face.

Calvin was stunned and thought of something, full of bad smiles, he came up to her ear and said with a teasing smile, "I know every part of you!"

Belle was so ashamed and anxious that she rolled her eyes at him.

Calvin didn't care about her, helped her out of her trousers and pressed her against the toilet.

Belle's face was red with shame and she said in an uncharitable manner, "I can't poop if you don't go out."

"I'm not looking at you, okay?" Calvin turned his face sideways.

"No." Belle replied gravely and seriously, "Does it smell good?"

Damn woman, I am worried that you would fall down? Calvin grunted coldly in his belly and walked out.

He went to the shower room and got a large basin of warm water out and put it in front of the bed. When he heard a noise behind him, he turned and saw that Belle was holding the wall and moving slowly.

“Don’t move, why didn’t you call me?” He yelled out in displeasure as he walked over and lifted her into the air, walking her over to the bed and placing her gently on it.

Bending low to wring out the towel, he stood up and wiped her body.

“You can’t take a bath for the next two days, can’t get water on your wounds.” As he wiped her body, he explained. Women love cleanliness, and he was worried that she wouldn’t be able to bear it.

He wiped gently and delicately, especially when he reached the red and swollen wounds, his hands moved gently.

Warmth slowly fled through Belle’s heart.

This guy was actually quite attentive and gentle when it came to taking care of people, which was incredibly surprising.

After wiping her body, Calvin went to the shower room and took a shower before coming over and forcing Belle to eat some fruit. After that he sat on the sofa, and began to work.

It was a quiet evening in early autumn.

Belle lay quietly, thinking about what he had said today and his attentive care, her mind heavy with thoughts.

‘Even if we can’t be husband and wife, it’s good to be friends’ were his words, but, could they ever be friends again?

If it is destined to be fruitless, why think about it any more?

She closed her eyes, and when she woke up again in a daze, she was still sleeping in that warm embrace, his large palm on her back, holding her up so she wouldn’t roll over to press on the wound.

Her mind has never been more at peace and soon she drifted back to sleep.

For the next two days, Calvin really took care of her personally, proctoring her to eat, drink her medicine and cubilose. What he brought in, Belle had to finish, otherwise he would make Belle eat it in his own way.

Knowing that she could not refuse, Belle meekly took them.

The wounds are gradually scabbing over and she is well enough to walk on the ground.

When the third night came, Calvin had to go out on some business, so he personally saw that she ate her meal, drank cubilose and medicinal, and forced her to eat fruit before he went out.

After calling her mother, Belle went out for a walk.

The building where her ward is located is the most luxurious in the whole hospital, in the quietest, most central part of the hospital, quiet and peaceful.

There were only a few wards on the whole floor, and the patients in each ward stayed in their own rooms. The corridor was empty, and Belle did not dare to go far, fearing that Calvin would be anxious when he returned and could not find her, so she just walked around the corridor.

In the long corridor, the air mixed with the fragrance of magnolia and the faint scent of chrysanthemums.

She exhaled, her mind at ease, and walked slowly.

She soon reached the last suite in the corridor and thought she had reached the end, but instead she saw a long corridor stretching to the right, with an oversized ward.

She felt peculiar, this corridor was red carpeted and warm, and it seemed that the suite was of a very high class.

Outside the window in front of the corridor are tall magnolia trees, which are so tall and thick that they extend their branches into the corridor window.

It is very windy here at night and if you are not careful, you can crush the magnolia in full bloom when close the window.

With a slight smile, she walked over and reached over to help the branches out of the window and closed it quietly, looking up at the large suite as she turned back around.

It is a secluded setting, not only the carpets but even the windows are plastered in warm red, and the corridor lights are hazily warm, making it a truly rare ward.

The curtains of the ward were green and the door of the suite was closed. Belle did not know who was inside the ward. But it must be a rich person to live such an advanced ward. She stood by the window and watched the scene outside, when she got tired, she walked back slowly.

“It’s been so many years since he was in a coma and he hasn’t gotten a bit better, it’s really a pity.” A nurse’s voice came from the back. Belle was surprised and looked at the voice, only to find that this ward had a special medical room with nurses taking turns to watch over it.

“That’s right, it’s no use being rich and powerful, it’s better to be healthy.” Another nurse chimed in.

Belle’s body instantly went cold, a strange feeling of sadness rose up from the bottom of her heart, like something gripping her heart, pulling it painfully. Knowing full well that they were talking about someone else who had nothing to do with her, she still felt an overwhelming pain.

She hurriedly walked back towards her ward, feeling a shiver run down her back, as if there were eyes watching her from behind.

“Belle.” While Belle was wandering in mind, Lottie’s voice was heard.

Belle looked up and met Lottie’s eyes looking at her.

After Lottie had called her today to scold her, Lottie had made an appointment to come and see her this evening.

Belle completely forgot about it, rubbed her head and gave her a goofy smile.

“Belle, you’re such a fool, show me how badly you’ve been hurt.” Lottie helped Belle struggle into the ward, and she cupped Belle’s face, looking her up and down, “Tsk, how thin you’ve become, there’s only one woman like you in the world who’s willing to take the knife for that bastard.”

Lottie said, while uncovering her back, and insisted on seeing Belle's injuries. Belle had no choice but to allow her to do so.