

Read Go After My Ex-wife novel by Maia Martin

Chapter 7 online free

“It seems like you want to leave any minute now.” He said coldly as he gazed at her.

If she hadn't been forced to this point, how could she have ever stepped into this place and faced this devil? With her father's death in mind, cold light flashed in her eyes. Baring with the heartache, she clenched her teeth, saying no words..

The fever that had risen in Calvin's heart cooled, he asked with a stern voice, “You have ten days to design five luxury car models that must hit the global market, one of which must surpass the Al Diar, can you do it?”

His looked up at her with his deep eyes.

Five models in ten days? Isn't that intentionally harsh on her? Good ideas come from inspiration in life, and this does not happen overnight.

Faced with his aggressive, contemptuous gaze, Belle knew that she had to say yes.

“Okay.” She gritted her teeth and said, “But you must also promise me something.”

How dare a subordinate make a request to her boss? Calvin was very unpleasant, he leaned towards the back of the sofa, his fingers involuntarily tapped the back of the sofa, his eyes were a cold light.

Belle, however, did not look at him.

Overseas Atkinson Corp is the biggest competitor to Harvey Corp in globalising its products. With her modern version of Al Diar, Atkinson Corp has now overshadowed Harvey Corp, but the ambitious Harvey Corp was not willing to back down from this.

The upcoming press conference is, to put it bluntly, a challenge to Atkinson Corp to win a global market opportunity, and as far as she knows, Harvey Corp doesn't have any outstanding car models that they can take to the next level right now.

She was sure that Calvin would say yes!

“For Harvey Corp’s overseas-produced Panica global limited edition luxury cars, there are two of them in A City. I want them.” She said indifferently and without hesitation, while her eyes were fixed on his handsome face, not letting go of any of his subtle expressions.

If he really had something to do with what happened to Dad, she didn’t believe he could have hidden it so well and not panicked.

Calvin leaned forward, looked at Belle with Curiosity, and a smile flashed on his face.

Apart from the usual coldness, there was really no sign of any unusual panic on his face!

She didn’t really want to believe that Calvin was such a cruel and vicious person, even if he hated her, he wouldn’t be so heartless.

He lit a cigar and took a few deep puffs, his handsome face looming in the smoke.

Belle’s breathing suddenly became shallow, she couldn’t read his mind!

In the midst of the tense confrontation, Belle heard his low, magnetic voice ring out calmly, “Okay.”

Belle let out a sigh of relief, choking on the smell of his smoke and coughing softly.

“Good, I hope we work well together.” With a slight smile, she stood up and turned to leave.

An arm came around and tightened around her waist, and she couldn’t move for an instant.

A hint of irritation flashed in her eyes as she twisted her head towards him.

The corners of Calvin’s mouth curled up into an inscrutable smile, his hand still on her waist as he bent his head towards her, his eyes deep.

It was rumoured that he was serious at work, but it seems that she had mistakenly believed the rumours and opened her red lips in shock, about to lose her temper.

His hot lips were pressed against her red lips, and her breath was instantly taken by his kiss!

Her nostrils were filled with the scent that had so captivated her, her brain instantly went blank, and she struggled, only to be held tighter by him as he greedily drew on her fragrance and beauty.

Belle's mind was rumbling, her breathing gradually becoming unstable, and her chest felt as if it was about to explode. What made her even more furious was that she was still infatuated with his scent, and subconsciously did not resist it completely, and could not even push him away.

"If you are so capable, why do you trade with me and ask for huge sums of money? Or are you yourself a money-grubbing woman?" After a long moment, he left her lips, his words were mocking.

His words hit Belle's fragile heart, and her mind instantly cleared. He just fooled her, as anger surged in her eyes, she pushed him away.

"Calvin, please behave yourself, if you humiliate me again, I won't let you go." Belle was full of hard feelings, sternly shouted, and left the room with quick steps..

Calvin coldly snorted, the corners of his mouth curved up. Such a threat was nothing. Looking at her messy footsteps as she ran out, he put on a teasing smile.

He wrapped his arms around his chest and pondered before walking over to his desk and pressing the phone button, "Get Aron here."

Shortly afterwards, a tall man with tanned skin walked in.

"Mr. Harvey."

"Aron, hurry to America, investigate the detailed three years of designer Alice's life in America and make a report to present." Calvin looked at the direction where Belle left and gave an order.

“Okay, Mr. Harvey, I’ll go book a flight right away.” Aron nodded his head and quickly left.

Calvin resumed his seat on the sofa, but his mind was a bit fuzzy. This woman seemed to have changed a lot since she left three years ago.

Or has she not changed at all, and is it that he had underestimated her before?

Did he really miss something?

Belle rushed back to her office in a state of distraction, ran into the bathroom, propped her hands on the sink and looked up to survey herself in the mirror.

Cheeks flushed, red lips delicately kissed by him, the taste of him still lingering on them!

Damn, she rinsed desperately with water.

No, how could she let him kiss her, it had already been over between them.

She would never let him touch her again, that was her bottom line and her dignity, there was no longer any connection between them. The only reason she was here today was to find the man who killed her father, that was all!

His mocking, teasing eyes flashed before her eyes, and her heart stung.

She spent the whole morning in a state of distraction, her eyes glued to the car models on the computer screen, but her thoughts were a jumbled mess. Can she really be able to design five models of cars that have hit the world in ten days in a bad mood?

Belle rubbed her face, her cheeks still burning, so she ran into the bathroom, rinsed her face with cold water, wiped it dry, touched up her light make-up and was ready to go out for lunch first.