

## Go After 791

### Chapter 791

“So, you’re Mr. Tangger. Forgive my rudeness.” Calvin stood in the middle of the room and spoke to Zevulon in an imposing manner.

Zevulon was never known for being nosy. Naturally, he didn’t think much about the relationship between Calvin and Belle. When he heard Calvin calling Belle his wife, he was floored for a long time before coming back to his senses. He then glanced at both Sfeffan and Calvin, and cleared his throat.

“Oh, Mr. Harvey, nice to meet you. It turns out that Dory is your wife. Forgive my feeble old brain for failing to see this. Well, how about this?” He took a step forward, bowed his head and whispered teasingly, “I always dote on my apprentices, but sometimes I can be a bit harsh. If I had offended Dory in the past, then allow me to offer my apology.”

As he spoke, he took out a cigarette from his pocket, put it under his nose, and sniffed it. Then, he lit it slowly and steadily.

“Aron.” Calvin was a wise man. He was clear-headed and immediately smiled. He said to Aron, who was standing beside him, “Go to the trunk and bring the top-grade cigars for Mr. Tangger.”

“Yes.” Aron obeyed, immediately heading out.

“Oh, please, you didn’t have to.” Zevulon’s expression was taken over by seriousness. “It’s only right for a teacher to teach his apprentices.”

“Of course, of course.” Calvin smiled. “And it’s only right for me to be courteous to such a respected master.”

While they were talking, Aron came in with a bag of wine and cigarettes, as well as a top-grade cigar.

“Mr. Tangger, I’ll leave this with you.” Aron put a bag full of expensive things on a short stool beside him, deliberately leaving the bag open. It was loaded with the exquisitely packaged, pure, top quality cigar. Amazement filled Zevulon’s eyes.

Steffan stood by the side, with his face twitching. His respected teacher’s eyes were shining brightly. His expression had long betRhyised the thoughts of him being bribed by Calvin.

Alas, his master was good at everything, but he liked to take advantage when given an opportunity. How mortifying!

He shifted his gaze to Belle. Finally, his gaze fell on the hand that Calvin was holding on to Belle. His eyes darkened.

If the current Belle had a slight sense of rejection in her eyes, or perhaps she was a little annoyed or repulsed by Calvin, then he would have taken her away from his side regardless of anything.

However, she didn’t. There was even a shy expression on her face, and she didn’t even spare a glance at him. He was completely ignored. At that moment, he had a sense of defeat.

“Mr. Tangger, I have something to do at the company. I have to go now.” He walked past Zevulon with a cold face.

“Hey, boy...” Zevulon was about to say something to him, but Steffan only left him a view of his back and soon disappeared at the door.

Zevulon shook his head.

“Oh, come to think of it, Dory, this famous expert in the United States, Pillar, has done meaningful research on amnesia. After he saw what happened to you in the newspaper, he came here on his own initiative and decided to treat you actively. Well now, you can cooperate with this expert in the future. I also hope that you can return to your normal life,” he informed, gesturing towards Pillar.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Lexantra.” Upon catching sight of him, the foreigner, Pillar, smiled and made the first move to greet her enthusiastically with a vivid expression.

Belle was stunned. It turned out that the foreign man in the room was an expert in amnesia, and he had come here especially for her. It was no wonder he was so interested in her when he saw her.

She was nervous. On one hand, she still hoped to remember the past. On the other hand, she had a faint worry. Was she worried that her past was not as she expected it to be? She couldn't say.

In reality, this feeling was deeply imprinted in her mind and she also understood that she was worried that her previous life was an unhappy one. She was afraid that she would choose to give up the man who was holding her hand by her side.

At that time, Belle just bowed her head and said, “Mr. Tangger, there is still some time left. I will go up to the drawing room first.” She did not answer Zevulon's question directly.

When Steffan had left the grounds, Calvin felt very relieved. He did not insist on going up with her.

Belle sat in the drawing room. From time to time, she could hear the laughter between Calvin and Mr. Tangger downstairs. It seemed that this guy really had some tricks up his sleeve. He had charmed Mr. Tangger so quickly. Obviously, they got along quite well.

“The air here is so terrible. I won't allow you to come here again.”

As soon as they sat in the car, she heard Calvin's overbearing voice. It was because he was not used to the smell of the paint. He knitted his eyebrows together.

“I already told you that you didn't have to come. Who's to blame for kicking up a fuss?” Belle said somewhat impatiently. The reason she could still stay so calmly in Srirano was mainly that she wanted to learn the art of car design from Zevulon.

It had to be said that Zevulon was an expert in this area. From these few days of learning, she had understood the true essence of art. With such a good opportunity, how could she give up so easily?

Calvin heard the irritation in her tone and smiled. It seemed that this woman's anger had grown a lot after she lost her memory.

“You know, it’s fine if you want to come here every day. In the future, I’ll get someone to clean up this place. I also hope that you’ll agree to get treated by Professor Pillar.” He immediately changed his words and smiled.

Belle felt very helpless in front of him, a man who went back on his word.

Calvin took the opportunity to sit and squeeze himself next to her. Belle had nowhere to run. She could only force herself to adapt to his existence.

In a flash, the car came to a halt at Yintern Group’s building. Belle took out her mobile phone to have a look and could not help but sputter an ‘ah’.

“Oh no, it’s late. It’s already ten o’clock.” She opened the door in a panic and got out.

“What’s the rush?” Calvin also got out of the car. He held her hand and said calmly.

“Each family has its rules, each country has its rules, and each company has its rules and regulations. I’m an employee of the Yintern Group, so of course, I can’t violate the rules and regulations.” Belle picked up her pace.

“As the boss, I don’t even care. Why are you in such a hurry?” The corner of Calvin’s mouth curled slightly. He continued holding her hand, and walked slowly and measuredly.

Belle’s heart was coiled with anxiety. She hadn’t heard the meaning of Calvin’s words, or perhaps, she couldn’t have imagined it.

“Let go of me. I’m going to enter the company.” Belle shook off his hand.

“No can do, I can’t see clearly.” The corners of Calvin’s mouth rose as he continued acting like a rogue.

“Don’t you have Aron with you?”

“Aron is not as sweet as my wife.”

Fine, Belle caved in.

“Don’t you need to go to work?” She had to change her strategy. “I mean, we’re in front of the elevator.”

“That’s right. I’m just going to work. My office is on the 21st floor.” Calvin smiled deeply.

Belle thought about it. That was right. The Harvey Group had moved above their floor the day before. They were the cause of the clashing and clattering sounds around their office on the previous day. That was why she had gone out with Steffan.

He probably had done it on purpose.

Thinking of this, she shot a glance at him. The elevator bell rang, and she immediately got rid of his hand and ran out.

She didn’t let out a sigh of relief until she ran to the elevator door.

## **Chapter 792**

As Belle's hand left Calvin's palm, he felt a gust of emptiness. It was as if his heart was empty. He immediately sought Aron. "Aron, have you finished tidying up my office?"

Aron smiled and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Harvey. I've been working overtime the whole night and now it's finally done."

"Very well." Calvin smiled.

As soon as Belle opened the door to the office, a fresh Sadiel fragrance wafted into her nose. She was shocked to see a bundle of roses waiting on her desk.

She was stunned.

She was sure it hadn't been there the previous afternoon.

She gripped the key in her hand. Yes, the key was still with her, so it was impossible for someone to have opened the door to her office.

But where did these flowers come from?

She walked over, picked up the roses, inspecting them. They were fresh, as if they had just been plucked.

She lowered her head and thought for a while. Such a thing could only be Steffan's doing!

At the thought of Steffan, she actually felt a little depressed. She slowly walked to the desk and sat down. Unthinkingly pressing on the keyboard, her mind drifted to the events on the previous night.

The night before, she had slept in Calvin's arms, seemingly very soundly. The warmth was still preserved on her body as of then.

There was a slight blush on her face.

"Stop thinking about it. There is still a car show plan to be carried out today," Belle warned herself, shaking her head.

She composed herself, switched on the computer, and immersed herself in her task. Time passed by in a flash. Just as she was lost in her work, a dark figure appeared in front of the desk.

She looked up, and standing in front of her was Steffan.

"Mr. Yintern." Her speech faltered. With the previous night's events, she felt uncomfortable facing Steffan.

"Dory, are you busy with the plan? These are the procedures of the car exhibition. I'd like to discuss when you may need to make an appearance," Steffan said gently, holding a stack of drawings in his hand, completely ignoring the expression on Belle's face.

"Sure, sure." Belle nodded her head in a hurry upon receiving an important task.

Steffan walked towards the couch, and Belle also stood up and followed him.

They both sat down on the couch.

Steffan spread the drawing in his hand and pointed to one of the corners. "The prelude to the exhibition must be grand, but the real climax will be around this time. So here I am, to discuss it with you."

Both of their heads were almost pressed together as they looked at the drawing plan intently.

Belle studied the drawing with Steffan's indication. She agreed with his decision and was about to open her mouth to speak.

"Knock, knock, are you working, or are you flirting?" A teasing voice suddenly appeared in the office, which startled the two of them as they looked up at the same time.

Calvin had appeared out of nowhere. He stood tall and upright as he spoke with a jealous tone.

Belle was immediately dumbstruck. Where did he even come from?

From her point of view, Calvin's appearance was certainly eerie. It was as if he had drilled through the wall, appearing out of nowhere. If Calvin had come through the door, then the both of them surely must've heard him.

His appearance was completely baffling.

"Belle, I happen to have something I need to discuss with you." Calvin gave a playful smile. He placed a hand on Belle's waist and pulled her back a little. Belle was almost lifted up from her seat. He sat down next to Belle, wedging himself between Steffan and her.

It wasn't until Calvin sat between them that Belle came to her senses.

"Belle, the roses are beautiful, don't you agree?" Calvin turned his head and smiled at her.

The identity of the sender of the roses had been made known to Belle.

"How about this? You both can continue to discuss your plan, and I'll talk to Belle later." He chuckled and motioned between the two with his index finger. It was obvious that he had nothing to say and was only here to spy on them.

A dark aura shrouded Steffan, and his eyes were cold and gloomy.

Belle was also ticked off. As if they could continue their discussion when there was a whole man-child sitting between them.

The air came to an impasse, and Steffan knew that it was impossible to continue the discussion, so he could only stand up.

"Dory, since Mr. Harvey has something to discuss with you, go ahead and deal with him first. Come by my office later," he said to Belle before he left.

"What do you think you're doing? I'm at work, you know that right?" Belle glared at him and asked with disapproval.

Even if he was her husband, he couldn't possibly interfere with her work like this.

"Look at what you're saying. I'm going to ask you a question. Is your job or your husband's eyesight more important?" Calvin asked unhesitantly.

Belle was caught off guard for a moment, and then she remembered that Calvin had not applied his eye medicine that morning.

“Are you a three-year-old child? You don’t even know how to take your own meds.” Belle rolled her eyes at him and said impatiently, “What’s more, Aron is with you.”

“If only I were able to see, then I wouldn’t need someone to help me with this. Aron has something to do this morning. Besides, he’s the company’s vice president. He can’t always stay by my side, acting like my wife. Needless to say, I have my wife now. It’s so unfair that my wife is not treating me as she should.” Calvin reasoned with her.

A pang of guilt struck her chest.

She immediately glanced at him and took a deep breath.

Didn’t Aron say that his eyes had reached the critical period of treatment? It occurred to her that Calvin indeed hadn’t taken his medicine that morning. Defeated, she immediately extended her hand and asked, “Ugh, where’s the meds?”

A smug smile flashed across Calvin’s face. He took out the medicine from his pocket and handed it to Belle.

Belle glanced at him and realized that this guy came fully prepared. He brought the medicine with him at all times.

She shut her mouth and headed to the bathroom to wash her hands.

When she walked into the bathroom, she sensed something odd, but after a quick glance behind her, she dismissed the thought.

When she came out of the washroom, Calvin was lying comfortably on the couch, waiting for her.

“Please leave after I apply the medicine for you. Don’t bother me anymore. I still have a lot planned for today, I don’t want to stay back overtime.” Belle took the medicine and warned in advance.

Calvin’s face darkened. “What plan? You’re a designer, not an administrative secretary. That Steffan guy is good at ripping my wife to pieces. That’s outrageous.”

When Belle heard this, she found that this guy was unreasonable. As long as Steffan was mentioned, he would grind his teeth.

“Please don’t act so unreasonably. This is my job.” She shook her head, feeling peeved.

Calvin smirked devilishly and stretched out his hand to pull Belle’s hand. Losing her balance, Belle immediately collided with his chest.

“I’m only unreasonable with women in bed. At other times, I’m always reasonable. Do you understand?” He breathed heavily, and his tone was extremely warm.

Belle’s face instantly turned crimson red.

## **Chapter 793**

Calvin could imagine Belle feeling all cringey as he held her in his arms, and he started laughing out loud.

Belle stretched out her hand to thump him, but he grabbed it and seized the opportunity to take advantage of the situation. Belle was completely defeated.

A five-minute task turned into a thirty-minute task with Calvin's constant teasing.

After applying the medicine, Calvin had no intention of leaving at all. He took out his cell phone and fumbled around, clicking on a news channel. Putting on a pair of headphones, he lounged on the couch.

Belle had long been acquainted with Calvin, that scoundrel. If he didn't leave, then she wouldn't be able to force him to leave either.

She just pretended that he didn't exist.

The hour of the car exhibition was approaching, and she couldn't delay her work anymore.

Refusing to pay him any heed, she walked to the desk and continued her work.

However, she was really not used to having someone staying by her side when she was at work, especially when it came to such a man whose second nature was to encroach upon her personal space. It would only make her feel uneasy and distracted.

Calvin just continued to lay claim to his seat, unable to be driven away. Belle expended what seemed like an interminable stretch of time to get used to his presence.

Outside the office, Steffan stood in front of her door.

The laughter and flirtatious banter in the office struck his nerves from time to time. He stood there, with his fists clenched, and his face stiffened.

It wasn't until the laughter had died down that he turned his head and walked away.

At noon, Calvin dragged Belle to the hotel to have lunch. After forcing her to take a break, he then brought her back to work in the company.

In order to help him apply his medication, she had wasted a lot of her precious time. By the time she got off work, the program drafts were still not done. In order to complete the plan that day, Belle had to work overtime.

"Belle, are you going to sleep in the dormitory today, or are you going to follow me back to the hotel?" Calvin questioned when it was time to get off of work.

Belle thought of the embarrassing situation the previous night. If she did not follow him, then this guy would not let it go. Instead of another night of squeezing, it was better to play along with his orders. At that moment, her eyes turned to him and she said, "I promise to go to the hotel with you, but you have to promise me that you'll leave me here so I can continue my work without distractions. Wait for me at the hotel."

"Not a chance. If I leave you, then who knows if that scoundrel, Steffan, would step inside your office?" Calvin was not at ease and resolutely rejected her offer.

“But if you don’t leave, then I can’t concentrate on my work, which will only prolong my working hours.” Belle gnashed her teeth and stomped her feet, her face turning red with fury.

Calvin pondered for a moment and said, “Let’s do this. I’ll wait for you in my own office upstairs. However, don’t work until too late.”

“Fine.” As long as this guy left her alone, she would be thankful. She didn’t care where he would be. Belle immediately agreed.

Calvin ordered dinner for the two of them. After they had their dinner, he finally left Belle and returned to his office.

Without any distractions in the dead of the night, there was stillness and inspiration, so the plan was completed.

She stood up, exhausted from her neurotic thoughts.

Due to the poor conditions and uneven water heating system in her dormitory, Belle was accustomed to taking a bath in the office before going back home.

Habits came naturally.

After work, she stretched her waist, relaxing her muscles and bones, and went to the bathroom. She turned on the tap, filling the tub with water.

After a while, she ensured that the office door and bathroom door was locked, took off her clothes, and stepped into the tub. She usually felt sleepy after taking a warm bath.

The warm water temperature chased away the tiredness on her body, and her whole body was warm, which made her feel very comfortable.

She closed her eyes, slightly enjoying the comfort with a faint smile on her face.

After a while, she seemed to hear a noise banging on the wall and opened her eyes in shock.

“Ahhh!” she screamed, and then something strange happened. The wall slowly cracked open, and a tall figure came through the wall. She was so scared that her face contorted in fear as she continued screaming.

“Why are you screaming? It’s me.” Calvin, alarmed at Belle’s screaming, engulfed her in an embrace.

In the bathtub, under the warm water was pale and smooth skin, which was glossy and lustrous. Her graceful body was partly hidden yet also visible in the bathtub. Calvin could vaguely make out the outline of her body. At that, his breathing suddenly tightened, and a long-suppressed desire rose from the depths of his heart. It was almost gushing out, and even his voice became raspy.

“How did you get in?” she asked in horror. Belle hugged her knees and sat up. She hurriedly plucked a bath towel and wrapped herself in it. It was outrageous for her wall to open up like that.

Calvin understood her surprise and chuckled. “Don’t you know that your husband is so powerful? I’ve already connected my office with yours. As for me, I can come in and out of my wife’s office at any time and supervise your situation.”



With a calm expression, he seemed to take it for granted.

How could he come up with such tactics!?

Belle was stunned, and as she pieced the puzzle together, it explained the reason why he had appeared out of nowhere that afternoon. It turned out that he had come in from this small door. Her mind drifted to the noisy renovations the day before. It was amazing how they had been able to finish such a task overnight.

She complained inwardly, "This guy is indeed a lunatic. This is a bathroom. How could he install a passage door in here? Only he, such a freak, would come up with this idea."

After understanding the whole situation, Belle finally calmed down.

"Get out, and wait for me to finish my bath."

"Why do I need to go out? I happen to need a shower too. Well, we can shower together. First of all, we can save water. Secondly, my eyesight is limited, so you can help me scrub my body." He gave a Lucifer-like lopsided smile, and was too pleased with himself.

It turned out that he had already installed a surveillance camera in Belle's office. Belle's every move in the office had been under his control. It had been a long time since he had heard anything from the surveillance records. He had felt suspicious. Could it be that Steffan had taken Belle away? He had grown anxious and drawn his eyes to the screen for a closer look. He had seen that the blurry figure on the white screen had disappeared.

In a grip of panic, he had immediately stormed over from the small door. He hadn't expected that Belle was taking a bath.

That time, it played out exactly like how he wanted!

"That won't do." Belle's face reddened and her heart raced when she heard this. She immediately retorted.

If only Calvin would care about her refusal. Immediately, he took off his clothes and in a short while, he was completely naked as he slipped into the bathtub with her.

Belle, embarrassed to the core, pushed him with her hand. However, Calvin was tall and powerful. He was extremely strong. Belle's strength was like throwing an egg at a rock.

It wasn't long before Calvin extended his hand. Her hands were gripped by him.

## **Chapter 794**

"Hmm, it seems that I should hasten the treatment for my eyes. It's a pity that I can't see such a breathtaking scene, my dear wife's beautiful figure." Calvin's hand fell on her skin, his hot breath fanning her ears. There was a very warm smile on his face.

Belle was in a narrow bathtub, with their limbs tangling together. His touch couldn't help but leave a spark on her body.

This guy was all too familiar with her body, every tiny movement of his seemed to tease her.

She soon felt like she was melting in his gaze and touch, and it was difficult for her to control herself.

She couldn't help but tremble and plead, "Can you let me go? We're in the office."

"It's more exciting in the office." Calvin laughed. His face was covered with desire, emotions flaming like a soulful fire.

Ever since Belle had 'drowned', he had buried all these emotions deeply, quickly forgetting this feeling of intoxication. He never thought that he could ever experience it again during his lifetime. It turned out that the heavens had given him this opportunity again. He was ecstatic, with his feelings erupting like a volcano.

There was no need for him to either hold back or overcome these feelings. He should be allowed to satisfy his desires.

He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "Belle, I want you. You're my wife, and this is what I can ask for." His fingertips trailed her face and rested on her chin, his lips landing on hers. And soon enough, their tongues fought for dominance.

A long-lost feeling of intoxication rose from Belle's heart and spread throughout her whole body. It felt a little fantastic yet she couldn't bring herself to resist him.

...

By the time they came out of the bathroom, it was almost dawn.

This was Calvin's time of his life.

Due to his limited eyesight, Belle had taken charge of every detail during their lovemaking. This kind of gentle care made him feel like he was blooming in spring, surrounded by sheer joy.

At times, he even hoped his eyesight would take its own sweet time in getting better.

Since it was only in consideration of his terrible eyesight that he received such gentle treatment from Belle.

That night, Belle had completely surrendered her armor, obediently submitting to Calvin's 'lecherous' state. The two of them had frantically begged for each other in the large presidential suite, from the bed to the couch, all night long..

As a result, Belle felt sore when she woke up the next day. It seemed that she hadn't slept well that night, but she was still in good spirits.

The next morning, as Belle held Calvin's hand, walking out of the door, he was full of joy, and the corners of his eyes and eyebrows were full of smiles.

He had never thought that life could be so beautiful. It was as if the darkness within had dissipated in an instant and was then filled with a golden glow. The light brought him to the heavens, traversing into the garden of Eden.

The two of them appeared in Yintern Group hand in hand.

As for Belle, Calvin had always liked to be high-profile, especially in front of Yintern Group. Therefore, he appeared at the office, tightly holding Belle's hand.

Everyone looked at them with a look of disbelief on their faces.

Wasn't Miss Lexantra the woman whom Mr. Yintern was infatuated with? Why would she get herself tangled with the Harvey Group? When had she become so intimate with Calvin Harvey?

Belle felt extremely awkward. As soon as she came to the door of the office, she saw Steffan coming out of the elevator, with a briefcase in his hand. She couldn't get away from Calvin's tight grip, and her face was ridden with panic and embarrassment. She ducked her head in fear and avoided his eyes.

Steffan's gaze fell on her face for a moment, and he understood everything.

There was a flash of darkness in his clear eyes, and he lashed out at some of the staff members who were whispering in the corridor. "What are you doing? Don't you need to go to work?"

He had no expression on his face, and his words were cold. His entire demeanor was demanding, just like gunpowder that was about to explode.

The staff sensed his change in temperament. They had never seen such a serious Steffan, and no one dared to upset him. They bowed their heads and tiptoed to their office.

After sending Calvin to the office, Belle lowered her head and hurried back to her office.

As soon as she walked in, the secretary came over and said, "Miss Lexantra, Mr. Yintern would like to see you."

Belle's heart skipped a beat. She did not know why he was looking for her, but she had seen his expression just then and it was very serious.

"Okay, be there in a sec," she answered, feeling a little guilty.

The secretary left.

"Lexantra, when did you start being in a relationship with the president of the Harvey Group?" Joanne ran over during breaktime and asked with a face full of surprise.

It was really strange. She remembered seeing Belle and Steffan appear in the newspaper during Melvin's birthday party. It seemed like things had quietened down. How could she be thick as thieves with Calvin in such a short time?

This was too strange!

She stared at Belle. Since she had a good relationship with her, she took the initiative to come over and ask her questions.

Belle understood her confusion. This bizarre situation was really too difficult to explain. After pondering for a while, she said, "If you have time, then you can take a look at Calvin's background information on the internet. Mr. Yintern is looking for me right now. I have to go now."

After that, she pushed her to the side and said with a smile, "The car show is taking place soon. Go and get your work done."

Joanne was puzzled, and Belle took the opportunity to sneak out.

When she was about to arrive at Steffan's office, Belle's heart was already in her throat. She neither knew what he would say to her, nor did she know what he was thinking about.

Nevertheless, she knew that she had to face all of this sooner or later.

She was the spouse of Calvin Harvey. This was a fact. It was impossible for him to be in a relationship with her. She had long since made this clear.

However, that day was different from usual. As soon as she arrived at the door of the office, she heard a man's voice.

She hesitated for a while and knocked on the door.

"Come in." Steffan's voice could be heard inside.

Belle adjusted her mood and gracefully walked in.

"Mr. Yintern..." Just as she entered the room and was about to speak, he was shocked by the people inside the room.

Melvin was dressed in dark red sportswear, with curly hair draped over his shoulders. He was sitting elegantly on the couch.

On the opposite side, Steffan was personally pouring tea for him, and the two of them were talking and laughing.

Belle was astonished.

"Dory, come here." Steffan raised his head and waved to her. He looked calm and composed, not as gloomy as Belle had imagined.

"Come, sit down and have some tea." Belle's heart was relieved. She slowly walked over. Steffan gestured to her to sit down on the couch next to him, and served a cup of tea in front of her.

## **Chapter 795**

"Thank you." Steffan had no reaction whatsoever, so why should she feel nervous? Belle thought as she sat down, with the burden lifted off her shoulders.

When Melvin saw Belle coming over, he raised his eyebrows and stared at her slyly.

Belle felt stuffy at his near voyeuristic gaze.

Melvin's sly eyes were as blue as ever. The only difference was that the bridge of his nose had been bandaged with a gauze. His wound also had not recovered completely. Even so, it seemed that he still had not rectified his lecherous nature, and his behavior was still as mischievous as ever.

“Ahem.” Steffan cleared his throat “Dory, Master Cohen will be joining Yintern Group from today onwards. The two of you will be working with each other to design cars. I hope to be amazed at a groundbreaking model at the fair next month.”

Did Melvin really join Yintern Group? Belle was a little surprised. She remembered Zevulon mentioning Melvin coming to work in Yintern Group, and to her surprise, he really came here.

She mused inwardly, “Since when did Mr. Tangger become so powerful!”

As if he had seen through her doubts, Melvin said faintly, “Okay, I may need to put in a disclaimer here. I’m here because I don’t want to go against my mother’s wishes. It’s all because you people have the ability to win her over.”

As he said this, he lifted the teacup to his lips, a very reluctant expression was on his face.

Belle blinked her eyes.

From Steffan’s information on Melvin, she knew that Melvin was a filial son. He listened to his mother, Libera, especially. It seemed that he was right.

“Master Cohen, I hope that our future collaboration will proceed smoothly.” Belle smiled slightly as she spoke in a generous and courteous manner. She employed an unpretentious *modus operandi* in handling Melvin’s previous indifference towards her. After all, it was inevitable that they would come into contact with each other again in the future.

When Melvin heard these words from such a beauty, what with the past and all, they had all been flushed out of his mind. He wanted to reach out to shake hands with Belle, but when he saw Steffan’s cold expression, he immediately withdrew his hand and sat still.

“Dory, Mr. Tangger’s office will be right next to yours. It will be more convenient for you to communicate with him in the future,” Steffan said as he turned his head towards Belle.

“Okay.” Belle nodded.

“Okay then, that will be all. If you need anything, then just let me know.” He stood up and walked back to his desk.

It was obvious that they were allowed to leave.

Alas, the atmosphere was a little different.

Belle observed Steffan in front of his desk, buried in his documents. His side profile was stoic and cold. This was definitely a complete turnaround from the usual warmth on his face he always had before.

It seemed that he had already figured it out, and this was also good.

At the very least, there would still be friendship between them.

Belle felt a little relieved. The atmosphere was not as embarrassing as she had imagined. Relaxed at last, she followed Melvin out the door.

Melvin had been sitting in his office for less than five minutes before he slipped into Belle’s office.

“Hey ya, Dory.” He came in as if he owned the stage. “Gimme your drawings. I didn’t manage to look at them carefully that night.”

Belle was editing the car model on the computer. Upon hearing his words, she immediately nodded and agreed. She opened the drawer, took out a stack of drawings, and handed them to him.

Melvin accepted the drawings gratefully with a smile, turned it over, and exclaimed, “Oui, Dory, your car model is really well-designed. It’s definitely a fine product, and well suited for such a beautiful woman like you. I must say, I cannot help but praise you.”

He exclaimed in excitement upon laying eyes on the drawings.

“I’ve always been looking for high-quality designs for the car’s structure, but I couldn’t find the ideal person for this job. I really didn’t expect such a person to be just right in front of me. Talk about me being careless!” He was really attracted to Belle’s design. On the night of his birthday, he had drunk too much and did not pay much attention. That night, his intentions had been impure, but when he looked at them carefully right then, he couldn’t stop praising them.

Belle smiled and looked up at him. “Thank you for your compliment, Master Cohen. I’m very happy that you recognize my efforts.”

“Of course! I’m just afraid that my plan will ruin your talent,” Melvin said modestly.

He seemed to be hesitant about letting go of the drawings. He raised his eyebrows, with his eyes sparkling with amusement. “Dory, you’re so beautiful and talented. It’s no wonder Steffan likes you so much. Not to mention him, even I...” As he said so, he shifted his gaze towards Belle and was that close to wrapping his palms around Belle’s shoulder.

“Hmph.” A dissatisfied snort rang out in the room.

Both of them were shocked. Belle was about to dodge his palm, but when she heard that certain snort, she immediately recognized the voice.

“Ah, don’t hit me,” Melvin screamed, bringing his arms up to protect his face upon realizing that it was Calvin, the very same man who had beaten him up on that eventful night, standing in the room like he had just descended from the sky.

Belle burst out laughing.

“I warn you, if you dare touch my wife again, then I will beat you out cold.” Calvin shoved his hand into the pocket of his suit. His tall figure stood upright, with his imposing manner radiating majestic and domineering energy. His biting-cold gaze scared Melvin out of his wits.

“I wouldn’t dare, I wouldn’t dare,” Melvin took the blueprint in his hand and said in a hurry. Suddenly, he scratched his head and shouted as he came to a realization, “Hold your horses. Dory, aren’t you Steffan’s girlfriend? When did you become Calvin’s wife?”

When Calvin heard these words tumbling out of the clueless boy’s mouth, he couldn’t help but to be jealous. He shouted angrily, “Are you blind? Get your facts right. See who’s Belle’s man. If you dare to say that again, then I will sue you for slander.”

Melvin had been scolded for no reason. He blinked his eyes. After a while, he seemed to understand the real reason he had been beaten up that night. It turned out that Belle was loved by two very powerful men. And since Melvin wasn't yet clear about their relationship, he was digging his own grave at the moment.

It seemed that in order to survive, he shouldn't be making any moves on Dory.

"Well then, I'll take my leave. I won't bother your lovey-dovey time with each other." Melvin up until then really wasn't tactful. He turned to walk outside. As soon as he took two steps outside, an idea came to his mind and he turned back. He continued, "That reminds me, Dory, you should be the car designer, Belle Morris, right?"

## **Chapter 796**

Belle was stunned. "How did you know?"

"It's no wonder your designs are so good." Melvin clapped his hands, realization dawning upon him. That explained why he thought she was familiar when he first caught sight of Belle during the birthday party. He couldn't help but to say with a sigh, "Ms. Morris, I'm so sorry that I couldn't recognize you. As a car designer myself, I am terribly ashamed for not recognizing you sooner."

He had been in the car design industry for so many years, yet he had not recognized Belle. Nevertheless, he could not be blamed. After all, this matter was too bizarre. Belle was the spouse of Calvin, so she should not have been in Srirano in the first place. What was more shocking was that she appeared by Steffan's side, serving as a designer for Yintern Group. Moreover, Steffan openly proclaimed that she was his girlfriend. It would be no mean feat to relate one unimagined thing to another.

As Melvin said these words, the surprise on Belle's face disappeared and she buried herself in her thoughts.

"Now, this sounds more like it." These words made Calvin happy. Up until then, apart from Aron, the only person who could recognize Belle's talent was this hateful person named Melvin.

The fact that Melvin was able to recognize Belle had indeed encouraged Calvin. His loathing for him had dissipated quite a bit, and the color on his face had also eased.

Melvin walked out of the room with his mind filled with incredulity.

In between the days, he had come over multiple times to discuss work with Belle. Most of the time when he came in, he could see Calvin, who stayed by Belle's side like a guardian angel. He'd feel a chill in his heart and quickly retreated.

With that, Belle's and Melvin's car design collaboration was smooth-sailing. With the increasing frequency of communications with Melvin, Belle found that they both had very similar views and concepts. There wasn't a barrier between them. With these similarities, the two of them got much closer.

With Calvin guarding by her side, Melvin behaved quite the proper man with Belle. This made Belle feel even more satisfied. After a long time, the two became much more familiar with each other. The previous obstacles buried deep in their heart also disappeared, building a common ground.

However, Melvin was still unhappy with the fact that Calvin had hit him. He always complained in front of Belle while Calvin was busy. From time to time, he called Calvin a 'demon'.

Belle just smiled and didn't answer him.

"Hey, can you give me exclusive news in exchange for our successful cooperation in the past few days?" Melvin took his blueprint and came over to Belle. Taking advantage of the fact that Calvin was going to be busy with the chairman's welcoming event, he couldn't hide his great curiosity and asked Belle with a wink.

"What is it?" Belle raised her head in puzzlement.

"You know... Do you really like Calvin, or do you like Steffan? Is Steffan your ex-boyfriend? I'm guessing that you were kidnapped by that 'demon', but deep down you actually love Steffan. Am I right? So you secretly came to work at his company. It must be like this, right?" Melvin was spouting nonsense, with his eyes flashing with mischievousness, and the smile on the corners of his mouth was very annoying.

In fact, after the birthday banquet, all the news was put to a halt by Madam Lilian. He did not know that Belle had lost her memory. This matter was too much for him to be curious about. He had long wanted to ask, but since Calvin guarded her fiercely every day, he hadn't had a chance to do so.

"You are such a nuisance!" Belle was both angry and amused by his question, so she had to scold him.

"Oh, don't be ungrateful. I really don't care to inquire about other people's affairs." Melvin continued to press on passionately, with a treacherous smile on his face. "I do think that Steffan is in love with you, but it seems like Calvin has defeated him."

Belle sat up straight and said in a serious manner, "Master Cohen, I think if you restrain yourself from other women, then you will be a good man. You have the demeanor of a promising man. You're serious, no-nonsense in your work, and you're not sloppy at all."

Upon hearing this, Melvin curled his lips and said scornfully, "What a joke. How could you question my masculinity and charm? How about I treat you to lunch today? Let me have a good talk with you about men, and I'll analyze your current situation, guiding you on the correct path."

As he said this, he sidled up to Belle, trying to wrap an arm around her shoulders. She immediately dodged it, with her beautiful eyebrows raised questioningly.

"Don't worry, you have that demon by your side. No matter how desperate I am, I won't fall for you. I'm doing this for your own good." Melvin dropped his arms and chuckled. He lowered his head, catching the uneasy expression on Belle's face. Only then did he realize that he really should change his habitual action of hugging a woman whenever he saw one.

Belle raised her eyebrows, squinted at him, and said, "I'm talking about you. Hurry up and find a partner for Aunt Libera so that she won't have to worry about you." After saying this, she asked in a mysterious voice, "Can you tell me what is the relationship between her and Mr. Tangger?"

One moment Melvin was laughing out loud, the next moment his face fell. "Hey, I asked you a question first. Stop picking on me. Forget it, it's boring, I'm leaving."

As he spoke, his face was covered in a layer of ice. Mist began to rise from his body as he strode out.



Belle stared at his back blankly.

“Belle, what are you thinking about?” As soon as Melvin left, Calvin came in from the small door in the bathroom. When he saw Belle’s dazed look, his face changed slightly and he immediately asked, “Did that Melvin creep bully you again?”

“No, there’s no such thing.” Afraid that he would misunderstand the situation, Belle immediately shook her head and denied it.

“Then, why is my wife so absent-minded? Is she thinking about her husband?” Calvin grinned. He walked to her and put his hand on her waist, drawing circles on her waist. His words were full of passion, and his expression was ambiguous and affectionate.

In the past few days, under the care of Belle, his eyes seemed to recover very quickly. Of course, Aron had also invited a few top-notch doctors from the United States for him. Therefore, his vision had vastly improved.

“Stop it.” Belle pushed his hand away with her hand and murmured, “Why do I have a feeling that Melvin bears a resemblance to Mr. Tangger?”

Upon hearing this, a faint smile appeared on the corner of Calvin’s mouth. “Silly woman, so it turns out that you’re thinking about this problem. If you have any questions, then why don’t you come and ask your husband? You’re so stupid.”

“Do you know something I don’t?” Belle exclaimed.

### **Chapter 797**

“Of course.” Calvin chuckled and breathed a mouthful of air into her ear. “Tonight, as long as you are obedient, I will tell you everything I know.”

“You’re indecent,” Belle said as she smacked his hand away, rolling her eyes. Her face was red, but her curiosity was intensified. “What exactly do you know? Tell me everything.”

The more anxious she was, the calmer Calvin became. In this way, he was keeping Belle on her toes.

“It must be a lie. You don’t know anything at all. Hmph, I don’t believe you.” Recalling the multiple times she had been deceived by him, Belle was discouraged and continued to say so disapprovingly.

“You’re suspicious of your own husband?” Calvin was unhappy. He smiled and asked confidently, “If you don’t believe me, then you will never be able to figure out the relationship between the two. Why don’t you carefully think about the situation? Why does Melvin want to join the Yintern Group?”

“He simply listened to his mother’s words,” Belle immediately answered.

“Well, this is only one of the reasons.” Calvin nodded and shook his head. “Don’t forget that our Harvey Group also wants to hire him. If I insisted on hiring him, then do you think he would’ve joined Yintern Group?”

Belle turned her head, parted her lips, and looked at him.

Calvin smiled as his finger gently caressed her Tristanobe. He bent down and walked towards the couch with her in his arms.

A feeling of softness and numbness spread across Belle's ears towards her body from time to time, making her feel uneasy. For the past few nights, Calvin had explored her body continuously. Under the stimulation of his superb skills, sometimes she even felt like a wh\*re. Whenever she thought about these things during the day, her face would turn red.

But then they were in her office, in Yintern Group's office no less. He didn't have to go this far!

"Hey, let me go." Calvin pressed her down onto the couch, hovering over her delicate body. A pair of large, warm hands reached into her clothes. Belle let out a groan as she struggled and pushed him away.

Calvin grinned, refusing to let her go.

Belle was anxious. She took advantage of the moment when his lips touched hers and proceeded to bite down harshly. Calvin was in pain and had no choice but to let go of her.

"Are you trying to murder your husband?" Calvin touched his lips and shouted discontentedly.

"Who told you to be such a beast?" Belle pushed him away and stood up.

"Don't go." Calvin would not let her leave him like that. He immediately grabbed her waist and forced her back into his embrace. He smiled and said, "Alright, I'll let you in on this."

Upon hearing this, Belle stopped struggling. She stared at him and said, "Don't keep me guessing. Just tell me."

Calvin's face was full of warm smiles as one of his hands caressed her body lasciviously.

"You fool, Melvin is Zevulon's son," he said slowly and courteously.

"What, how is this possible? Mr. Tangger didn't even get married!" Belle was shocked by this news and blurted out.

Calvin reached out a hand and grazed her nose. He laughed and said, "Don't tell me you still believe that Mr. Tangger is still an old virgin? Can't you have a child if you're not married?"

Well... Belle thought for a moment. It seemed very reasonable, and she had nothing to say at that moment. She had never really thought about this problem.

"If that's the case, then why is Melvin's surname different from Mr. Tangger's?" she continued to ask in confusion.

"That's the problem." Calvin smiled gently. "Melvin took his mother's surname."

"So, Libera is Mr. Tangger's ex-girlfriend." Her eyes were bright and she smiled.

"Libera is the only woman whom Zevulon has ever loved in his life. She is also his first love. Back then, after Zevulon and Libera had become an item, he was arrogant and unrestrained. Because of his undying passion towards art and no guarantee for a secure future, he was strongly opposed by Libera's mother. Zevulon was arrogant by nature, and he did not want to please his mother-in-law. And with that, Libera

was set off to marry another man under her family pressure. She had been pregnant when she got married. After she gave birth to Melvin, her husband found out about it and they got divorced. So, Libera and Melvin began their unstable lives and moved from country to country. Melvin got his artistic skills from Zevulon. Though the apple doesn't fall far from the trees, he has now far surpassed Zevulon in his artistic skills."

Belle's surprise turned to acceptance, and her mind had taken a detour or two since then.

It turned out that Mr. Tangger had such a complicated past. It was no wonder that Steffan had told her that Mr. Tangger had never been close to a woman. He only knew how to drink, and drink he would. It seemed that he had a wounded heart.

"I'm afraid that Melvin's return probably has something to do with Zevulon. It should all be Libera's idea." Calvin continued, "Melvin has grown up with his share of youthful indiscretions because he lacked his father's love ever since he was a child. As you can see, he is lecherous, greedy, takes advantage of people, acts as he pleases, you name it."

Belle blinked her eyes and said in confusion, "But, Mr. Tangger is not a lascivious person. He's not a skirt chaser. This can't be considered as inheriting one's genes, no?"

Calvin started laughing. "Silly girl, do we have to inherit everything from our parents? This only proves that he's devoted to romance, but it doesn't mean that he's not lascivious. In my opinion, this type of loyal man is more lascivious, because he only lusts after one woman, which makes it even more intense. Am I right on the mark?"

"What kind of explanation is that?"

This was the first time Belle had heard of such a ridiculous explanation for 'man being lustful'. She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Calvin chuckled. "My wife, my explanation is very reasonable, right?"

"Reasonable, my a\*s." Belle reached out to grab his ear and pinched it hard.

"Madam, please spare me," Calvin cried out in pain.

Seeing that he was in so much pain, Belle's heart softened and her hands relaxed.

"Hang on, how did you know about this?" After a moment, she finally came to her senses and immediately asked with suspicion.

This dude, Calvin, had just arrived in Srirano. He only knew about Mr. Tangger when she mentioned it to him. How could he know all this?

"I, your husband, am very capable. How can the matters of this world be hidden from my Fiery Eyes of Truth?" Calvin bragged to the heavens.

"Be serious. Tell me now." Belle's curiosity culminated, so she immediately put her arms around his neck and shook it playfully.

"I can tell you, but you have to tell me if you'll follow me back to A city." Calvin relished Belle's coyness very much. With a smile on his face, he took the opportunity to ask.

To be honest, there was no other choice for Belle except to go back with him. What was more, she also wanted to know more about her previous life. Although professor Pillar was treating her amnesia, it was obviously better for her to restore her memory when she returned to A City. After all, she had lived there before.

However, she learnt from Calvin deliberately to keep her guessing. "That will have to depend on your performance."

## **Chapter 798**

"Oh, and what kind of performance do you mean? The one in bed, or the psychological one?" Calvin laughed out loud as he joked.

"Hey!" Belle was embarrassed and shouted. Her face turned red, and she gnashed her teeth. "You know I didn't mean that."

Calvin was pleased, letting out another laugh. After a while, he stopped smiling and teasing her. "Silly, you should have thought about what your husband's company is up to. Melvin is talented. It makes sense that Harvey Group wants to welcome him aboard, but he is also coveted by a lot of companies. He may not necessarily come. Knowing the enemy will ensure a successful battle. Therefore, I have investigated Melvin's background before I came to the headquarters. I have already gathered this important information. Otherwise, how can I compete with him?"

It occurred to Belle that Steffan had also done a background check on Calvin. However, it was not as detailed and broad as Calvin's. This guy must be a veteran in the business circle.

"So, Melvin is able to come work at Yintern Group because of you." She raised her little face to look at him and raised her eyebrows slightly.

Calvin smiled and hugged her tightly.

"My wife is smart. It's no wonder you're my woman."

Belle was shocked when she heard that. Steffan wanted to hire Melvin. If Calvin were to get involved in it, Steffan might not even be able to do it even with Mr. Tagger's help. She felt a sense of foreboding for Steffan.

Soon enough, Calvin spoke.

"Belle, if I really wanted to hire Melvin, then how could Yintern Group possibly have any hope?" At that point, Belle did not speak. Calvin continued as he sensed her speechlessness. "You are still more worried about Steffan, so to speak. Is he more important than your husband?"

These words did not sit well with Belle. She defended herself, saying, "I am working for Yintern Group right now, and it should be a given that I'm thinking about the company's future. I can't possibly follow my personal interests."

Calvin was enraged by her words, with his face showing a hint of anger. "You're so loyal to your company that you're treating me so heartlessly? Let me tell you, if it weren't for you, then would I have given up on Melvin?"

Every time Steffan was brought up, Calvin would jump into this mode. Belle observed that he was really angry, so she tangled their palms together and whispered, "Hubby, this is what I owe him."

These words were like a Rhys of sunlight descending from the heavens.

In the blink of an eye, all the rage on Calvin's face faded away. A layer of dazzling light once again appeared on his face.

In other words, she was just returning his favor and paying him back for saving her life!

If that was the case, then he had no objection.

For the past few days, they had actually gotten along well together, and his determination to destroy Yintern Group had quickly dissipated. When he heard her saying it in person, he was infected with joie de vivre.

"Belle, if you only want to repay his kindness, then I will help you. I will help you expand Yintern's Group. It's completely capable, for Harvey Group," he said softly, holding her small hand.

"Really?" Belle's eyes lit up. "With this, you won't be angry at Steffan, will you?"

"Yes." He buried his face in her hair and said softly, "He saved my wife. I do owe him a favor. This is what I should do. I have transferred an extra 500 million to you. It depends on you how to use it."

A sudden warmth rose in Belle's heart. She put her hands on his neck and said, "Thank you, my dear husband."

"I accept your gratitude. You just need to perform well tonight. I don't want anything else other than you." Calvin hugged her tightly, thinking about the lonely and cold nights in the past. Only when his loneliness was then completely filled with this hard-earned happiness could his life be considered to be completed. There was nothing else to complain about.

Steffan sat on the bar stool, with two large empty bottles of wine. His eyes were as deep as the depths of the ocean, and his face was terrifyingly cold.

In just a few days, Belle had completely returned to Calvin's embrace. They were husband and wife, and there was no chance for him at all.

To deal with his loss and pain, he had to drink.

It was only then that he finally understood why Mr. Tangger was always drinking. Drinking did ease his sorrows.

He was also a decent man with his pride and self-esteem intact. Especially when it came to relationships, what he required was that she was willing to be with him. Even if it was only threadbare. Forcing her would not work in his place.

Therefore, in the course of his interaction with Belle, he had become a modest gentleman. Other than encouraging her with words, he had never forced her to do anything out of her comfort zone.

She was a noble and pure woman. She should be the kind of person who would slowly warm up under someone's gradual influence.

Just when he thought he was about to get her to warm up to him, Calvin appeared.

He had not only occupied her space domineeringly, but he had also successfully conquered her heart.

This was something that he had never expected.

The alcohol burned a path down his throat, warming his heart, but it could not relieve him from his morose mood.

He knocked back one glass after another.

At the end of the day, Calvin took Belle back to the hotel after work.

After the two of them had dinner at the hotel, they went upstairs affectionately.

Calvin went to the gym to exercise for a while. He then went to the medical room to treat his eyes. Belle carefully applied the medicine to his eyes.

"Calvin, how is your eye? What did the doctor say?" she asked carefully.

Calvin placed his hand on her waist and caressed it. He smiled and said, "Don't worry, he said that I'll recover quickly in the next few days. I should be able to fully recover soon."

"That's great." Belle laughed happily.

"It's all because of my wife." Calvin smiled proudly.

The phone rang.

Both of them went to look for their cell phones. Belle's cell phone was the one that was ringing. She picked it up. "Hello?"

"Is this Dory?" There was a strange man's voice on the phone.

Belle was stunned and immediately replied, "Yes, that's me. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Miss, here's the thing. A gentleman named Steffan is drunk..." Belle's face fell. She hung up the phone and walked outside.

"Where are we going?" Calvin was especially sensitive.

"Calvin, get a rest. I need to go out for a while. Steffan is dead drunk in a bar." Her voice sounded a little anxious, and she was also walking in a hurry.

Calvin's face darkened as his huge body quickly stepped forward and grabbed her hand.

Belle turned around and looked into his eyes.

His eyes were not very focused, but they were flashing with dim light. He bent down to look at her, and his imposing manner was coming at her with an oppressive sense.

Belle instinctively took a step back.

Calvin grabbed her arm with his hand, with possessiveness written all over his face. He said in a heavy voice, "Belle, I don't want you to have close contact with any other men except me. I don't like you worrying about others." After saying this, he said with great reluctance, "Of course, he can be an exception, but this exception can only be allowed this one time. In the future, you are not allowed to worry about other men. Remember, this is my bottom line." After saying this, he took her hand and walked out. "You can drive, I will accompany you."

Belle, who had been assertive in the beginning, started walking with him passively.

She was worried that something would happen to Steffan while he was drunk, so she no longer objected. She just drove the car carefully after getting on.

Calvin sat there silently. The multicolored street lamps illuminated his handsome features, but his expression was very cold.

Belle was worried about Steffan, and he was very displeased at the fact.

Belle understood him and didn't want to waste time talking to him.

Steffan was drunk in a bar at that very moment. He was alone. If she did not look out for him, then no one would care for him.

Especially because she was the sole reason for him to get drunk, so how could she possibly ignore him?

## **Chapter 799**

It was loud in the bar. Belle walked in, grasping her cell phone beside her ear. She made multiple phone calls and looked around, searching for Steffan's figure.

Calvin placed one hand on her waist and relied on the dim light, trying to protect Belle as they walked inside.

Lying on the bar counter, Steffan was drunk and unconscious.

"Steffan." Belle saw him at a glance, hurriedly approached him, and shook his body.

"Go away. Don't worry about me. Bring me some wine." He slapped Belle's hand away.

"Waiter, how much did he drink?" Belle raised her head and asked the waiter at the front desk.

"Miss, he drank two bottles of wine, and then downed a few bottles of beer, that's about it." The waiter explained, "When he was drunk, he kept calling your name. I checked his cell phone and found your name, so I called you."

"I see. Thank you for your phone call. I will send him back home. His car will be kept here. I'll have him come fetch it tomorrow." Belle thanked the waiter at the bar. She tried to help Steffan with one hand, but was blocked by Calvin.

Calvin reached out his hand to help him up. He lifted him up and walked out with Belle's guidance.

They walked to the parking lot outside, and opened the rear door of Belle's car.

Calvin helped him into the car.

Belle ignited the engine and headed for Steffan's villa.

Along the way, she looked back at Steffan from time to time through the inverted lens. She saw him leaning against the back seat, sleeping like a log.

"Why did he drink so much if he can't hold his liquor well?" A grim expression pervaded Calvin's face. There was also a tone of blame in his voice.

"Steffan usually doesn't drink much, isn't it fine if he gets drunk once in a while?" Belle replied.

Calvin sneered. "He's already in this state, why are you still speaking up for him? You're protecting him."

Belle raised her eyebrows and said, "Calvin, can you stop being so wet behind the ears? Steffan just got drunk once occasionally, so there is no need to kick up such a fuss. Besides, he didn't ask you to help him. You came here on your own volition. Why are you talking so much nonsense now?"

Belle was worried that Calvin's words would push Steffan further into his depressive state, so she defended him.

Upon hearing this, Calvin felt even more uncomfortable. With a gloomy smile, he said, "Belle, do you think I have a generous temper to the point that you can refute me as you please? I'll have you know that you are my wife. He called for my wife while he was drunk. What's this?"

Calvin's voice was loud, clearly doing it on purpose for Steffan to hear it. She couldn't help but to feel a little angry. "Did you hear it clearly? He didn't call me. It was the waiter at the bar who called me up. This has nothing to do with him at all. Please be reasonable and show a little sympathy."

"Great, absolutely great. You're actually picking a fight with me because of him. Who is he to you? Who am I to you?" Calvin laughed in extreme anger. His voice was very cold.

Over the past year, Steffan had been the one who took care of and protected her. He held a special place in her heart. That said, Calvin had endured it all. Although he did not want her to work in the Yintern Group, he endured it. He was even willing to repay the kindness for her.

However, right then with the drunk Steffan by his side, he thought differently. Every man would feel uncomfortable when another drunk man called for their wives. On top of that, when another man was drunk, his wife would come to attend to him, to his dismay. To be exact, he was jealous.

His woman could only care for him. This should always be the case for him.

At that moment, he had already compromised!

"Calvin, please don't cause any more trouble. I'm driving right now, and I don't want to quarrel with you." Belle was also starting to get impatient.



“I’m the one who’s unreasonable?” Calvin sneered. “After losing your memories, your abilities and influence have gradually grown. Not bad!”

Belle thought to herself, Steffan had saved her life, and he had always been so kind to her. He was in low spirits and was drunk. Shouldn’t it be a given for her to take care of him? What was more, he hadn’t had the best of life. As for her, she had already given her heart and body to Calvin, yet he was still so petty and domineering.

Her mood chafed as she thought about this. If this continued, then there would definitely be countless quarrels between them in the future. She did not know how she had been before she lost her memory. Nonetheless, she knew that after losing her memories, she was a woman with self-esteem and self-worth, one that deserved to be respected. At that moment, her heart was rejecting such a domineering and unreasonable Calvin. Hence, she averted her face and drove the car. She did not speak again, her face flushing with anger.

The car soon arrived at Steffan’s villa.

Belle got out of the car and opened the door.

Steffan was out cold. Calvin helped him walk outside. Belle walked with him and supported him with her other arm. The two of them supported each other and walked into Steffan’s villa.

They laid him down on his bed.

“Ugh, we finally brought him back home.” Belle looked at Steffan, who was lying in bed, and waggled her arm.

“Stay here and watch over him. I’ll get him some water.” After giving this order to Calvin, she walked towards the kitchen.

“Do you come here often?” Calvin asked in a low voice. His expression was even gloomier when he saw how familiar she was with the directions of his house.

Belle glanced at him and replied casually, “You’re welcome to unleash the wildest of your imagination.”

After that, she ran to the kitchen like a gust of wind.

Calvin was depressed. This woman was keeping him on tenterhooks.

He stood still, looking coldly at Steffan lying on the bed. The corners of his mouth turned up, and he smiled disdainfully. “Alright, stop pretending.”

Surely enough, Steffan’s eyelashes trembled slightly. He slowly opened his cold eyes and met Calvin’s emotionless eyes.

He couldn’t discern the expression on Calvin’s eyes, but he understood that this man had an absolute advantage in front of him.

Belle had been with him for so long, yet she had kept a safe distance from him all the time, deliberately avoiding staying alone with him. However, in front of Calvin, this woman would get angry, throw

tantrums, and even talk back to him. In fact, there were also regular frictions caused by the relationship, which revealed spontaneity and affection.

He had attempted to walk into her heart, and had also tried to be close to her, but in the end, he had failed. He would never be able to cross into her heart. To him, it truly was a blow. Other than making use of alcohol to drink himself into oblivion, he really did not know how else to dispel his pent-up frustrations.

## **Chapter 800**

“How did you know that I was just pretending?” Steffan sat up, raised his eyebrows, and asked coldly.

A cold smile emerged from the corner of Calvin’s mouth. He said slowly, “When Belle and I supported your body back to your room, you placed all of your weight on my side. A drunkard wouldn’t be able to do this.”

Steffan was shocked that he was able to figure this out.

“I didn’t want to put my weight on her.” He pursed his lips slightly, with all of the calmness and none of the embarrassment.

“Haha.” Calvin chuckled. “You sure know how to be compassionate with women. It’s not in vain for her to be so sincere towards you.”

“Of course.” Steffan said shamelessly, “I know Dory’s character the best.”

“Hence, you’re using her gratitude and guilt towards you to hold her back?” Calvin asked as he raised an eyebrow. His expression was stern.

“Hmph.” Steffan let out a snort, and resumed speaking with disdain.

“Dory chose to be with you because she’s aware that you are her legal husband and that she is a married woman. Period. As I said, if you have the ability to let her follow you willingly, then I won’t object.”

Steffan thought it was explained reasonably, and he was boasting without shame.

Calvin smiled and said, “Don’t worry, she will be willing to follow me. I know my own woman best.” At that point, he continued to smile playfully. “You must be thinking that I will be triggered by your words and seek revenge on you, destroying your company, and then have Belle take pity on you, right? But you’ve underestimated me. I can destroy your company easily, but I won’t do that. First of all, I won’t be fooled by you. Secondly, you did save my wife’s life, and I am willing to repay you. Just remember, the sole reason Melvin is able to work at your company right now is because I deliberately gave in. Oh, one more thing. Melvin’s design along with Belle’s will be the perfect combination. I hope they can cooperate with each other to create remarkable work. I have a way of cherishing talent and aesthetics. I hope that you can take advantage of this opportunity, for that will be beneficial to everyone. But may I add, if you go against the will of heaven, then I will not stay still.”

Steffan thrust his hand into his pocket and took out a cigarette. He lit it and inhaled deeply. He looked at Calvin with his calm eyes, already learning what the latter was thinking.

Steffan was a serious man as well. Of course, he was not scared.

The meaning behind Calvin's words was very clear. If one were to oppose him, then there would only be one consequence. Death, a miserable death.

He had never been afraid of these things. If Belle was willing to choose him, then he would not have done all of this, but...

Through the thick smoke, he asked flatly, "Are you trying to assert your dominance?"

"Whatever you say then." Calvin paced to the side of the curtain. He placed his hands in his pockets and looked indifferent. "You hold a special place in Belle's heart. You're her savior. If I hadn't appeared, then perhaps she would have regarded you as my replacement. But unfortunately, I'm here. She's my wife. No matter what you do, you can't take her away. I have this confidence."

Ever since Belle had sacrificed herself for him, she seemed to have melted into a part of his body. It had been branded into his bone marrow that would never be separated again. No one would be able to take her away from him. It was his determination to protect her.

His eyes were as deep as the ocean, revealing an expression of determination.

Steffan smoked his cigarette and didn't say anything else.

"Oh, you're awake?" When Belle came in with the glass of water, she saw Steffan smoking two cigarettes and asked in surprise.

Steffan flicked off the cigarette butt in his hand and put it out.

"Here, drink some water." Belle put the glass in front of him and said softly, "Do you have a headache? Don't get drunk without any reason next time. It's dangerous."

Upon hearing this, he looked up and smiled gently at her. "Thank you, I'm fine now."

"It's good that you're fine. You better not get drunk again," she warned softly. When she watched him obediently drink the water, she let out a sigh of relief.

"Don't worry, I won't do it again," he promised in a serious tone.

Calvin stood in front of the curtains, furrowing his brows. His facial features had been glazed over with a faint layer of iciness.

They were so familiar with each other that he felt a stab in his eyes and a pain in his heart.

"Mr. Yintern, since you're fine now and it's getting late, I'll take my leave with Belle." He stepped forward and held Belle's hand, his voice a bit stiff.

"Okay, I'll have to trouble you to help me send Dory back to the dormitory," Steffan said with a smile.

For the past few days, Calvin had been living together with Belle. Steffan, ever the sensitive person, had long known about it. However, he had deliberately said so.

Calvin's face twitched. Without batting an eyelid, he wrapped his arm around Belle's waist and said gently, "My wife, Mr. Yintern here isn't a three-year-old child. He knows what he should do. Let's go home first."

He deliberately emphasized the words 'go home', and then dragged Belle's hand out.

"If you have any discomfort, then call me at any time." Belle tried to dispense a couple of reminders to Steffan while being dragged away by Calvin.

"Okay." Steffan smiled at her.

Calvin's expression froze. He quickened his pace as if there was poison on the floor. He quickly took Belle's hand and left.

Belle was driving the car at a fast speed. She was in a bad mood, her speech non-existent. Calvin also lost his sense of humor. He pulled a long face, as if he was sulking.

Belle felt like the atmosphere was too suffocating, so she opened the window. The cold night wind blew on her face, sobering her up.

"Are you that worried about him? Since the moment you heard that he was drunk, you have been anxious. Now that you've left, you are still worried about him. When have you ever been this worried about me?" Calvin's voice was hard and bitter, mixed with resentment and grievance.

Belle curled the corners of her mouth and took a deep look at him from the rearview mirror. She opened her mouth to speak, but she said nothing in the end.

It was not until they came out of the car and he held her hand tightly that she felt a little less ill and at ease.

After returning to the presidential suite, he simply did not hesitate to sit on the couch, refusing to clean himself.

As Belle urged him to clean himself up, he left all the responsibility to Belle, including washing his face, washing his hands, changing his clothes, taking a bath... He claimed that he couldn't see with his bad vision, so he wanted Belle to serve him.

At that time, Calvin was really like a child, grumbling and stubborn.

Belle's mouth curved into a smile as she looked up at the magnificent chandelier hanging over her head. She took a deep breath and lowered her gaze. Kneeling down in front of him, she reached out with her small hands to grab his hand. She said gently, "I feel guilty towards Steffan..."

This was true. In Srirano, in Europe, she had lost all her memories, and she had no idea about her past. All alone, Steffan had stayed by her side, giving her a sense of security. Moreover, he had put his heart and soul into treating her well. How could she be indifferent when she saw him suffering because of her?

Calvin closed his eyes and heaved a sigh of relief. He felt a dull pain in his heart.

At that moment, he truly felt the pain and unease in her heart.

He reached out and held her tightly into his arms, as if he wanted to pull her into his body. "I'm sorry, Belle, I didn't protect you well and made you suffer. I swear, I will never let you fall into such a dilemma again."

Tears trickled down from the corner of Belle's mouth.

Calvin carried her towards the bed.

He kissed her passionately and loved her until he entered her body, and gradually blended in with her. Only then did his heart calm down, and he felt his feelings for her were real.