

## My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 11

Sinclair Tower.

On the highest floor of the Sinclair building in the Fort City business center, a man in his early thirties, over 6 feet tall, stood by a glass wall. He still looked dashing in a dark gray custom suit even though office hours had long passed — that man was Tristan Sinclair.

A few minutes had passed, and Tristan just stared at his cell phone in his hand after receiving a call from his butler.

He didn't understand why she left the house.

In a rush!

He already stated in his alimony that the house now belongs to her, so she didn't have to move from that house.

"Why did she leave now?" He muttered softly.

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"Boss," a man's voice could be heard from behind. Tristan turns to look at the door. "Your mother called a few times, but your phone was busy. She asked me to tell you to call her back, something important she needs to tell you..."

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Tristan didn't utter anything. He immediately dialed his mother's number. On the first ring, the phone was picked up. Jessica's voice sounded rushed when she greeted him. He could only sigh deeply, hearing his mother without interrupting her.

"Tristan, why did you give our family house to that woman? Why do you decide things like that without telling your mother?" Jessica paused for a moment to take a deep breath; her chest felt tight with anger. "Son, our ancestors will be angry if the house falls to outsiders like her. Please cancel your offer; give that woman money as much as she wants..."

Tristan felt a headache hearing his mother's words. With one hand, he massaged his eyebrow while taking a deep breath, "Mother, her name is Bella," he said calmly, trying to correct his mother. "And, Mother... I can't undo what I gave her. The house is hers!"

Tristan is sure Bella left the house in a rush solely because of his mother. He could imagine his mother kicking Bella out of the house. How troublesome!

Jessica flared, hearing Tristan respond, "But Son, how could she live here if you married Laura? She will—"

Veins appeared on Tristan's forehead. He didn't let his mother finish her words, "Mother, I will talk to you later," he ended the call.

After talking to his mother, Tristan continued to pinch his temple to distract himself from his headache; then, he glanced at Dylan, his assistant.

"What happened!?" Tristan asked. He could see Dylan look panicked when he talked on the phone.

Dylan walks toward Tristan. He stops a few steps from him before saying, "Boss, Mr. Turner, calls. He said he needed to speak to you. There's something urgent you need to know."

Tristan frowned, wondering why his lawyer needed to speak to him again. Did something happen with the task he assigned him?

He immediately dial John Turner's phone number.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you now," John Turner's voice sounded from the other end. "There's something I need to report."

"You can talk now," Tristan answered while walking to the sofa. He gestured for Dylan to leave him before he sat on the single black leather sofa.

"I just remembered something important I must share with you, Sir. Yesterday, Ms. Donovan asked me to sell the house and all the shares you gave her..." John told him everything that happened when he met Bella yesterday.

"Sir, do I need to sell the house as per Ms. Donovan's order? I mean, is it necessary?" John Turner was confused because Bella asked him to sell the house immediately. "Sir, you know the house is on your family property, right? I can't sell the land before consulting directly with you."

The thin lines on Tristan's forehead became increasingly visible. His confusion hadn't disappeared upon learning that Bella was leaving the house, and now he heard that she wanted to sell the house.

Tristan couldn't understand what she was thinking. He had given her a lot of money and expensive property to support her in her old age; why did she still want to sell the house, too? Did she really need that much money to start her new life?

'Huh! What happens to me?' Suddenly, Tristan feels something weird.

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This is the first time since he married Bella that he had thought about her. He wanted to know what she would do and what she would think. How strange!

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"Sir... are you still there?"

Tristan snapped out of his thoughts when he heard John Turner's voice.

"John, don't sell the house," Tristan finally said. "I need you to check the property price. If you get the market price, transfer the money to her. You have my approval to use my personal funds for that. And... about the share, you can also do the same."

2

"Yes, sir, I will do as per your instructions."

After talking with John Turner, Tristan didn't do anything but just sat in his seat. His mind filled with thoughts of Bella. Something had never happened to him.

"Why does this woman start to appear in my mind so often?" Tristan silently talks to himself. He is confused by a nameless feeling in his heart. This is the first time he has thought about her, and every time her face appears, he feels his heart hurt.

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Not finding the answer to his question, Tristan took the landline beside him. "Check where she is now," He ordered his assistant.

"Sir, Ms. Kiels is in her apartment now. She texted me just now, asking whether you will come to her house—" Dylan's sentence stopped when he heard Tristan taking a deep breath.

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"Not her, but my wife!" Tristan said coldly.

Dylan was stunned. "S-Sir, y-you mean your ex-wife?" he asked again, afraid he heard wrong.

Tristan was utterly shocked. He clears his throat, "Yes. Her!"

Dylan feels like thunder strikes him; this is the first time his boss has called Bella, his wife. "O-Okay, S-Sir, I will check..." he said immediately before his boss got angry.

After placing the phone back, Tristan leans on the sofa while closing his eyes, waiting for Dylan to confirm Bella's location.

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Not long after, the door opened.

"Boss, I found your wife... Ups, I mean... Ms. Donovan," Dylan scolded himself inwardly while walking toward the room, "She's in her old apartment."

Tristan slowly opened his eyes. He sat up straight, fixing his gaze at Dylan.

"Prepare the car; we need to go there now—" He said, then stood up.