

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back

Chapter 12 - 20

Posted by **Admink**, 1562 Views, Released on June 8, 2024

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.

3

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It had been several minutes since Tristan’s car stopped in front of a five-story building. The street seems empty, only their car park there.

This is the second time Tristan has visited this place. The first time was a long time ago. He came to this place just because his grandpa forced him to come to pick her up to move into their marital home.

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That time, he didn’t feel anything when he came here. But now, looking at her house, a strange feeling arose in his heart. This confused him.

He looked up at the third floor, seeing yellow lights from one of the windows in the corner — Bella’s bedroom.

“Boss, do you want to go upstairs?” Suddenly, Dylan’s voice could be heard beside the driver, distracting Tristan.

He turns his gaze to Dylan, but no words come from his lips.

“Ugh, s-sorry, boss...” Dylan feels like he wants to slap himself to ask that question. How stupid! He presses his lips and turns his gaze, looking outside the window, avoiding Tristan’s sharp gaze.

Dylan’s words seemed to awaken Tristan from his confusion. Tristan tried to think clearly again. He warned himself that he already divorced Bella. They don’t have any connection; even though he wants to see her now, he can’t bring himself to do so.

He clearly remembers what John Turner said, that Bella asked him not to acknowledge her if they meet again.

'What do you expect, Tristan? Just like you, Bella also didn't have feelings toward you. This is a business marriage—' He speaks in his heart.

Tristan turns his eyes again to the window on the third floor. When he saw the light turn off, his lips slightly lifted to form a faint smile.

'Looks like she already sleeps,' Tristan turns to look at the chauffeur. "You can move now!" he said, resting his back against the seat and closing his eyes.

"Sir, where are we going?" The chauffeur asked while glancing at Tristan through the rearview mirror.

Dylan, who sat beside the chauffeur, also looked at Tristan, curious to hear his answer about whether they would go to his penthouse or Laura Kiels' house.

Waiting for a few more seconds, with no response from Tristan, Dylan turned his gaze to the chauffeur.

"Drive to Ms. Kiels' house—" Dylan answers him. He can't leave Ms. Kiels waiting as he already said they would go there even though his boss said nothing.

Dylan knows his boss needs someone to accompany him these days — his boss looks awfully stressed after he finalizes his divorce from Bella and handles his mother.

Bella turned off the light and walked toward the window to close the curtain.

However, before she could close the window, her eyes spotted a black Maybach moving slowly on the street. Her hand halted slightly, looking at the car disappear from her line of sight.

"Since when did this area become wealthy people's playground?" She chuckled. It's been four years since she came here, and the last time she remembered, this area was only for middle-class people.

When she was in college, Bella and her colleagues successfully invested. They earned decent money in their last year at university. With that money, she decided to buy this apartment.

Although the house is small and in a middle-income complex, it is still near her university. She could walk to her campus in just ten minutes.

However, after marrying Tristan, Bella no longer comes to this house. She only asked Aunty Noora to come regularly to clean the house.

She hadn't planned to sell this house because this was the first property she bought with her own money. She will keep this one for her youthful memories.

But Bella feels sad now because she has to leave this house again. She can't stay here anymore, as it's not a safe place to hide her pregnancy from Tristan Sinclair— He knows about this place.

She would be in trouble if Tristan knew about her pregnancy; he might snatch this child from her. This was something that made her very worried about staying in this country.

Bella took a deep breath while trying to put aside her worries about Tristan. She walked to the bed and decided to rest her mind.

However, before Bella could sleep, her cell phone rang. She immediately sat on the edge of the bed and took her cell phone from the bedside table. Her smile bloomed when she saw Sean's name appear on the screen.

"Hi, Sean," Bella greeted him. She couldn't hold her smile, too happy that Sean finally called her.

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On the other end, Sean was frozen in his place. He did not intend to call her now but pressed the dial button without realizing it.

"S-Sorry if I woke you up, Bells," Sean said apologetically. He didn't expect Bella to answer the phone on the first ring.

"No. You do not wake me up," Bella said, "I'm not yet asleep. Well, I'm so happy you call me now, Sean..." She had been waiting for his call all day, but this man didn't call her either.

"Oh, thank goodness," Sean smiled, relieved to hear that. "So, how is your condition? Are you still in the hospital?"

"I'm fine. Thanks for finding me on the street, Sean." Bella smiled wryly at the thought of what happened at that time—her subconscious made her almost end her life.

Sean was silent and did not immediately respond. He knew yesterday Bella had actually intentionally walked in front of his car in the heavy rain — she couldn't think straight.

“Glad to help,” Sean said. “Ok, if there’s nothing else, you better sleep now, we can talk another day when you feel much better—”

“Sean, wait,” Bella immediately stopped him. “I just want to let you know that I will leave this country and move to Europe in a couple of days.”

“You’re moving out of the country? Why? I mean...” Sean stopped his sentence, shocked. “—Did you follow your husband?”

Bella clenched her fist before saying, “Sean, I’m divorced—”

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Fort International Airport.

Bella feels sad about leaving the country but knows it’s time to go.

Her priority is to distance herself from Tristan and his family. Besides, she wants to ensure a peaceful and secure delivery of her baby and regain her strength before returning to this country.

However, the time to return here was still uncertain; she didn’t know when that would happen.

Walking along the gate, she feels even sadder, but later, her mind is distracted when she hears Noora asking her.

“We’re finally leaving...” Noora, walking beside Bella, glanced at her. “Young Miss, are you sure you don’t want to call your grandpa?”

Bella didn’t rush to reply to Noora. She settled herself first in the waiting area near their gate.

She did want to call her grandpa but was worried that if she informed him about her divorce from Tristan, he might be angry, and his heart disease could worsen.

“Aunty, I’m hesitant about talking to him,” Bella said.

Noora was confused to hear, “What are you afraid of?”

“My Grandpa might be suspicious if I told him we are moving to Sweden. Well, Grandpa is smart. He will guess that Tristan and I are divorced...”

“Ah, you are right.” Noora agreed with Bella; Old Master Donovan will definitely know.

Silence hangs in the air. But later, Noora asked again. “We can’t hide this for too long, miss...”

“Hmm, I know,” Bella faintly smiled. “If one-day Grandpa knows, at least we are far away.”

He will not come after us to Sweden. And he will be less angry, so this is the right decision, Aunty.” Bella said. She was crying internally, but on the surface, she was smiling.

Bella turned her gaze away as I wanted to avoid Noora’s other question. At that moment, she didn’t want to talk about her family because every time she remembered them, her heart felt hurt.

However, before Bella could completely forget everything about her family matter, she was shocked to hear someone recognize her.

“Bells...” a man’s voice could be heard from behind.

Bella looked over her shoulder and saw a tall man with army-cut hair standing in the back, wearing a black shirt with the same colored jeans. A small smile appeared to frame his flawless face.

This was the first time Bella saw him again in so many years. He still looked handsome, but his aura differed from the last time she saw him. Now, he exuded an aura of strength, discipline, and confidence. Standing tall with a well-built physique, he carried himself with a commanding presence.

“S-Sean Spencer—” Bella couldn’t hide how surprised she was to meet him here. She didn’t expect this man to appear at her gate.

‘Was he also flying the same plane as me?’ She wonders.

Bella stood from her seat and stood before him, “Sean, are you traveling to Sweden too?” she asked.

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Sean Spencer didn’t say anything but moved to guide her to sit in the corner. Afterward, they sat in chairs near the glass wall facing the plane parked outside. He finally answered her, “No. But, to another country...”

“Ah, I thought you also flew to Sweden,” Bella smiled, embarrassed with her thoughts.

For a fleeting moment, Bella entertained the idea that destiny was playing a role in their encounters. This marks the second time they unexpectedly crossed paths after Sean found her passed out in the street.

‘Seriously, Bell!?! Throw away those strange thoughts,’ She couldn’t help but laugh inwardly.

She knows that their current meeting is purely coincidental. If Sean had been interested in her, he would have undoubtedly reached out after their conversation two days ago.

However, he hadn’t even sent a text.

Bella slightly shakes her head, trying to throw away her wild thoughts. She asks, “Sean, are you alone?”

She knows this country has a rule forbidding military men from traveling to another country unless they are on official military duty. But now, he was alone. It looks like he wants to go on holiday.

He gazed at her, “Yes.”

“Why are you traveling abroad? I mean... Aren’t military officers like you restricted from leaving the country?” she asked curiously.

Sean’s face instantly stiffened, but a second later, he regained composure, and a faint smile appeared.

“Bells, I’m sincerely sorry, but I can’t disclose my reason,” he said calmly. However, when he caught sight of her beautiful gray-light eyes staring back at him, a conflict seemed to stir in his mind.

‘Damn it! Why did this feeling hit me again!?’ Sean tries to distract his mind, but this time, he finds it hard to do so.

Bella refrained from pressing him further; she sensed this was connected to his military duties, a topic not to be taken lightly. She only smiles and turns her gaze, looking at the scenery outside.

“I’m sorry I can’t provide specifics, but so that you know...” Sean’s voice surprised Bella.

When she turned her gaze at him, she was even more surprised when she saw him lean closer to her. She held her breath, afraid to make a move.

“I’m not a regular soldier; I’m in the special forces,” Sean whispered. “Whatever rules you heard about military men in our country don’t apply to my military branch. That’s why I have the freedom to visit other countries.”

Bella blinked several times, gazing at Sean, who slowly pulled his head away, yet his intense gaze lingered on her.

“I see—” Bella said awkwardly. Later, something crossed her mind. “Sean, I need your help...”

Sean was taken aback by her sudden request. “Yes, you may say that. If I can, I’ll help you...”

“I’m not sure if you can do it,” Bella said hesitantly, but she voiced her concerns anyway. “Can you erase my traces?”

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Sean raised his eyebrows slightly, puzzled by her question. Observing Sean’s confusion, Bella continued her sentence.

“Ugh, I mean, as far as I know, in the military... let alone special forces, there are usually cyber experts, a hacker. Can you ask them to erase my traces of flying to Sweden?” she asked.

Sean didn’t answer immediately. His mind reels back to two nights ago when Bella had explained that she was divorced and wanted to move on, living abroad.

Hearing her request only deepened his suspicion that she had divorced her jerk husband and clearly wanted to remain hidden from him.

‘Who the hell is that man?’ Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind — to find out the identity of her ex-husband, even if it meant breaking his promise several years ago never to investigate Bella’s personal life.

“Sean, if you can’t, it’s okay...” Bella said again after she saw Sean seemed to feel pressured and worried about her unreasonable request.

She had no choice but to use her connections, even though she hesitated to contact them. Because if her old connection finds out she is no longer married, her life will definitely change. She will return to her old self — something she wants to avoid, at least for now.

“Sure, I can do it for you,” Sean’s calm voice echoed.

Bella was surprised to hear, “Y-You can do that?” she asked.

“Yes,” Sean said confidently. “Are there any other requests?”

“I just want no one to know where I am. Well, except you, of course. I will give you my address later after I settle there...”

“No need. I can find you—”

Once again, Bella was shocked. ‘Does he have a high position in the special forces? How can he be so confident?’

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One hour before.

Tristan found out from his butler that Bella had only brought two suitcases and removed all their wedding photos from the house before she left.

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Countless questions filled his mind: Why did she not take anything he had bought for her? Why did she deliberately remove all the pictures of her in the house!? What exactly does she think of?

All the questions are enough to make Tristan’s mind fill with her.

He can’t hold himself but returns home to check what exactly happened.

Tristan parked his car in front of the entrance. He gazed at the house before stepping out, feeling strange upon returning after his divorce from Bella.

After a few moments, Tristan steps out of the car. He said nothing to his butler, who was waiting near the entrance. He continues to walk to the second floor.

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He stood before Bella’s bedroom for a while, unable to bring himself to open the door.

“Master, you need me to open the door for you?” The butler offered after he saw Tristan standing there doing nothing.

“No!” Tristan responded while dismissing him to leave him alone. After he heard his butler leave, he finally opened the door.

Tristan swept the room with his gaze before he stepped inside. The room looks empty; there's no trace of her left there.

He didn't see her laptops and belongings on her study table in the corner.

There's no wedding picture hanging on the wall or at the bedside. He also didn't see any fresh white roses, which he usually saw in several places in the room.

He couldn't even smell her familiar scent. It was as if the room had never been lived in before.

What remains is only the main [furniture](#). His gaze fixed on the neatly arranged bed in the middle of the room.

Tristan frowned slightly as his thoughts returned to their wild sex there. Instantly, he felt his veins rippling.

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Clenched his hands tightly, Tristan shook his head, trying to shake the image from his mind while gazing at the walk-in closet.

Tristan walked toward the walk-in closet; he could see what his butler told him. Everything he buys for her is still there.

Somehow, he feels disappointed.

"This woman! How dare he make me confused now after we divorce?" He rubbed his brows while leaving the walk-in closet.

Before leaving the bedroom, his eyes landed on a shiny object on the nightstand. His steps halted. With a frown gracing his forehead, he approached the object and was surprised to find the ring.

"This—" Tristan was speechless, gazing at the diamond ring. He had given Bella the ring when they married four years ago.

A sense of regret slowly welled up in his heart, recalling that the ring was not his choice but Dylan's. He had instructed his assistant to purchase the ring because he didn't have time.

"Man, why do you feel regret now!?" Tristan muttered to himself while stowing the ring in his suit pocket. He took a deep breath as he walked toward the connecting door, entering the password 1120.

1

Tristan didn't head straight into his room but chuckled as he remembered using Bella's birthday as the password.

He had chosen her birthday as a password because he feared he would forget her birthday. However, despite using her birthday as a password, he had never celebrated it with her, constantly occupied with work.

Tristan walked towards his home office. His eyes fixed on the gold photo frame on the desk.

He took the photo and looked at it—his heartbeat raced when he saw the picture. This is the only wedding photo and her last photo in the house.

His hand slowly raised to touch her face, but before his hand touched the picture, his cell phone rang. He places the frame on the table.

When he checked his cell phone, he was surprised to see Dylan's name appear on the screen.

'Huh!? Why did he call?' Tristan was puzzled. He remembered Dylan was supposed to be on holiday.

"Boss, I'm sorry to bother you now," Dylan's voice sounded hesitant from the other end.

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"Speak! Why do you call?" Tristan asked, confused by his sudden call. This has never happened before. His assistant never contacted him when he took his leave.

"Ugh, Boss... I didn't know whether you wanted to hear this or not. But, just now, I saw your ex-wife in this airport," Dylan said.

Tristan didn't utter anything, but his gaze turned gloomy.

"Ms. Bella with her maid," Dylan continued after they didn't hear Tristan saying anything. "I follow them and am surprised to see her enter the international flight terminal. So, I can't follow them to check their gate..."

“She is going abroad?” Tristan’s voice cracked, surprised to hear that. This woman never fails to shock him. She left the country only a few days after signing the divorce paper!?

‘Did she have a friend abroad?’ Tristan wonders, feeling curious. He didn’t know about this woman; what he knew about her was limited. And now, his curiosity towards her was starting to torment him.

“Did you bring your passport?”

“Y-Yes...” Dylan answered even though he was confused about why his boss suddenly asked about his passport.

“I need you to buy a ticket abroad and search her gate!” Tristan said while leaving his home office and rushing to his car.

“But boss... I have to fly to my hometown. You know I’m on holiday now, right? I can’t leave my gate now—”

“You can use my jet. Now, do whatever I ask you.” His commanding voice made Dylan stop his step while staring at his gate with a gloomy expression.

Dylan has to cancel to attend his friend’s wedding party. He knows he will not leave this city until his boss finds his ex-wife.

He left the domestic terminal in a rush.

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When Tristan arrives at the airport, he rushes to the international terminal, but when he is about to walk inside, he sees a familiar figure walk in his direction.

“Sean...”

1

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When Tristan arrives at the airport, he rushes to the international terminal, but when he is about to walk inside, he sees a familiar figure walk in his direction.

1

“Sean...” Tristan smiled at him, “Are you going abroad?” he asked after accepting Sean’s warm handshake.

“Long time no see, bro...” Sean didn’t answer him; instead, he greeted Tristan politely.

Sean was stunned to meet this man here. He knows Tristan will never take a commercial flight. He might come here to meet his business partner.

“Yes. It’s been a while, Sean. Nice to meet you.” Tristan smiles back at him. “Are you going abroad?” he asked again.

“Nope. But I have just sent off my friend. How about you?”

“Such coincident, Sean. I’m also about to meet someone...” Tristan answers while checking his watch. “Man, I’m sorry I can’t talk to you for a long; I have to go now. I will contact you later...”

“Go! Don’t make your friend waiting, bro...”

“Send my regards to your father, Sean.”

“Sure, I will!” Sean said and waved his hand, looking at Tristan walking in a hurry and heading inside. At the same time, his cell phone rang. He immediately checks and smiles, looking at the incoming text message.

[Bella:] I’m boarding now. Thank you for erasing my trace, Sean.

[Sean:] (Smile emoji) I hope you have a safe flight, Bells.

[Sean:] Text me when you arrive at your destination.

[Bella:] OK!

After placing his cell phone in his pocket, he walks in a hurry toward the pickup area. He saw a black van stop before him.

“Capt, we better move now, or we will be late,” a man with black clothes, with a similar posture to Sean, said. He opened the back row for Sean and gestured for him to enter.

“Thank you,” Sean smiled as he entered the car.

His subordinate jaw dropped when he saw his icy captain’s smile like spring had come after winter.

‘Wow, looks like our icy captain’s heart finally melted...’ He silently praised his captain. ‘Who the lucky girl who can tame him!?’

2

“What are you waiting for!? Why do you cosplay like the mannequin there?” Sean’s icy voice strikes his subordinate from his trance.

“Y-Yes, Capt!!” The man shouted. He rushed into the car, unwilling to make his captain even more sulk.

Meanwhile, at the international flight terminal, Dylan felt tired and sweaty after he ran from one gate to another but couldn’t find Bella and her maid.

Dylan no longer has the energy to continue searching, so he decides to make a call to Tristan.

“You found her?” Tristan’s voice sounded impatient on the other end, which surprised Dylan. He didn’t expect his Boss to pick up his call on the first ring.

1

“B-Boss, I’m sorry, but I didn’t find Ms. Bella... It seems she is already boarding,” Dylan said apologetically.

Even though Tristan was disappointed he couldn’t find Bella, he no longer forced Dylan to look for her. Instead, he asked Dylan to return to his hometown using his jet as promised.

After Tristan ended the call, he didn’t leave his spot, his gaze sharply looking at the flight information in front of him. Meanwhile, his mind was busy looking for answers to the questions now filling his mind.

Tristan didn’t understand why he was curious to know about Bella. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to know her thoughts and why she suddenly left this country.

After another few minutes, Tristan walked outside the airport while making a call.

2

“Max, I want you to find someone. Her name is Bella Donovan; she left the country—” Tristan continued to tell his hacker what he knew about Bella.

“No worries, Boss, I will find her. This is an easy task!” Max responds confidently.

Tristan finally smiles after hearing Max’s words, “I will wait for the good news, Max!”

...

While driving his car, Tristan feels even more confused to himself. He had never felt like this toward Bella; he wanted to meet her.

This is weird. Because during their marriage, he never felt like being around her. He would only come home when it was time to carry out his duties as a man, solely to get her pregnant.

Rushing to the airport only to catch a glimpse of her seemed a very unreasonable thing for him to do, but he did it anyway.

What puzzled Tristan even more was that he didn't know what to say to her if they met. How strange!

Not long after.

Tristan's cell phone rang. When he saw Max calling, he immediately used his earbuds and picked up.

"Hello, Boss. Can we talk now?"

"Yes. You might speak." Tristan answers with a smile on his face.

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"Boss, I've tracked Ms. Bella Donovan's flight information. But," Max's voice sounded confused and worried. "Something suspicious about her identity..."

Tristan's smile slowly disappeared when he heard Max's words, "What do you mean, suspicious?"

Max took a deep breath before saying, "Boss, I tried to track Ms. Bella Donovan's flight, but I couldn't find her data on any flights. And when I tried to track her other documents, looking for which country she applied for visas or anything related to her travels, but her identity can't be accessed..."

Tristan was shocked. He immediately parked in the nearby parking area and continued his conversation with Max.

“Are you sure about that, Max?”

“Yes, Boss. Anything related to Ms. Bella Donovan can’t be accessed—”

“What do you mean you can’t access her database!? You just need to check the immigration database, right!?” Tristan was confused; this was the first time Max had failed to do something he had asked.

“Boss, Ms. Bella’s identity status is top secret. Only a few people in this country have this kind of status, a secret agent or the president of this country.” Max explained further. “If I try to force it, the secret agent will come to my place in a few minutes and arrest me.”

As a hacker, there are rules he cannot break. One of them is disrupting this country’s military cyber security. Even though he was confident in his abilities, he dared not do that.

“How about her maid?”

“Same. Ms. Noora’s identity also can’t be traced.”

No words came out of Tristan’s mouth. He was simply shocked by the situation. He immediately ended the call and continued driving his car. However, his curiosity about Bella Donovan increased.

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Stockholm, Sweden.

After flying for several hours from their country, Astington, they finally landed at Arlanda International Airport.

This is not Bella’s first time in this country. She has been here often and knows many places in this country well. She didn’t contact anyone to pick her up this time, but she had rented a car.

Bella had rented a car that she would use for a few weeks’ stay in Stockholm before moving to North Sweden’s countryside. She decided to escape the hustle and bustle of the big city, wanting to spend her days in the countryside while enjoying nature and healing her mind and heart.

1

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After taking out their luggage, Bella and Noora headed out of the airport; however, when they left the terminal, Bella halted her step. She saw two familiar figures at the exit.

“Damn!! Why are they here? Are they coming to pick me up?” Bella muttered softly. But Noora, walking beside Bella while pushing the suitcase trolley, could hear her words.

“Young miss,” Noora glanced worriedly at Bella. “You are pregnant; please use less words like that...”

Bella didn't hear Noora's words because she was busy looking for ways to avoid two people she didn't want to meet. She turned in the opposite direction, pulling Noora to follow her.

She wasn't ready to meet them, let alone return to the world she had left for so long. Right now, she only needs to live in peace and heal her wounded heart.

But her efforts to avoid them were in vain. The two of them had seen her when she walked out the door.

“Arabella Donovan, stop right there,” called the woman with long, dark brown hair. She was dressed in a red executive office outfit. Despite wearing 7-inch high heels, her steps remained fast and steady as she followed Bella.

Bella pretended not to hear; she quickened her steps, followed by Noora beside her, who was confused and worried when she realized someone recognized them as soon they touched down in this country.

“Young Miss, are they Master's people... I mean, Tristan's people?” Noora asked in a whisper, but the tremor in her words clearly showed that she was panicking. “Oh... My... lord... they've found us?” she said while glancing at the beautiful woman in the red suit and a handsome, tall man walking a few steps behind them.

Bella didn't answer Noora. She just shook her head and continued to walk fast.

“Not Tristan? Then who send them!?” Noora was trying to think. Before long, her face turned pale when a face crossed her mind. “Oh, no... they must be Snake Queen's people, right!? They already found out about your—” Noora didn't finish her sentence, but her eyes glanced at Bella's flat belly.

Bella, “...”

She feels amused hearing Noora's words. “Aunty, you are wrong. They are not from Astington.” Bella answered quickly.

“Huh!? Not from our country?” Noora asked again, but Bella didn't bother to answer her.

Bella started giving up on running away from them both because she could hear their footsteps approaching. She thought that woman would not catch up with her when wearing such high heels, but she was wrong.

The woman quickened her pace, "Oh, please, Bella... stop it now. We already know you will arrive today and where you will be heading!"

Bella was stunned hearing her words.

'Damn!!! How do they know?' She had avoided them for almost four years. And, for this trip, she had ensured they wouldn't find out. But they still found it. This confused her.

Bella stopped in her tracks. She turned around to look at the woman and man behind. Her face didn't show any expression, ignoring the friendly smiles of these two people.

Her gray-light eyes beamed, looking at them, "How did you know I landed today?" Bella asked.

This is not normal; these two people appear in this country. They do not have business in Sweden, let alone live here. They must have flown here on purpose to wait for her.

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The woman in the red woman's suit answered Bella, "Oh my, Bella... even though your appearance changes..." She paused, shaking her head slightly as if she didn't want to continue her sentence. But her mind betrayed her. "Ugh, well, even you're a little fat now... I still recognize you, darling." She grinned, showing her beautiful bunny teeth.

Bella, "..."

'Damn this woman!! How could she have a vicious tongue!? How could she utter that lightly!?' Bella could only vent her anger in her mind.

Even though she felt annoyed, she couldn't be angry. The woman in the red suit was telling the truth. She gained not a little but a lot of weight after getting married. Sometimes, she thought her ex-husband was not interested in her because she was not sexy.

"Ups, sorry, my darling Bella..." The woman in the red suit said while slapping her mouth lightly. Then she continued her words, "And, my darling, you don't have to hide your beautiful face with that baseball cap. I still recognize you..." she giggled.

Bella rolls her eyes, ignoring the woman in the red suit. She turned her gaze to the man in the black suit.

She couldn't hold but was stunned looking at his features after so many years. He still looks dashing with his short hair combed neatly, his thin sideburns making him look like a mafia leader.

What surprised Bella even more was that this man's aura was getting stronger. No one can resist his charm when he is in a public place like this, every woman now staring at him with their jaw-dropping as if they are looking at a treasure but can't touch it.

However, for Bella, this man was the source of her headache; she wished she would vanish from this place, not ready to talk to him.

"Jack, how do you know I landed here today?" Bella's voice sounded serious as she looked at Jack Foster's blue-calm eyes.

"Geez... I'm sad now. My Bella, Ignore me!" The woman in the red suit suddenly chimed in with a pitiful expression.

Bella, "..."

"Ooo, please, Harper Reed!" Bella sighs deeply. Her light-gray eyes slightly narrowed, her lips breaking into a faint smile. "Alright, Alright... you answer my question. I will pay attention to you," she said, feeling defeated.

Bella has no choice but to talk to these two people — her best friend and the source of her headache.

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Bella has no choice but to talk to these two people — her best friend and the source of her headache.

Harper Reed, the woman in the red suit, smiles widely while walking to Bella. She pulled Bella into her arms and embraced her warmly.

"I missed you so much, Bella. You won't know how happy I was when I found out you finally left that damn man!" Harper whispered close to Bella's ear, making her stunned.

Bella lightly pushes Harper away to see her in the eyes. She is shocked knowing Harper knows about her divorce.

"Y-You know about that!? How—" Bella stopped her words as she realized something. She couldn't help but curse in her heart while turning her gaze at Jack. "Are you guys hacking my device? How do you know about that!?" she asked.

It was strange that two people living in different countries knew about her divorce. Even her parents and grandfather don't know yet.

Harper shook her head before responding to Bella, “Babe, we do know everything about your miserable life, but—” Before Harper could finish her words, suddenly, Jack stopped her.

“Alright, you both follow me!” He said and walked toward the exit. Leaving Bella and Harper gasping while looking at his back.

“Ladies, I know my back looks tempting, but can you stop staring at it?” Jack said without looking at them. “We’ll talk about it later. Quick, follow me!” He continued without giving them a chance to protest.

Bella and the others didn’t have a choice but to follow Jack.

...

A black Bentley pulled up when they arrived at the pick-up area. Soon, the driver in a formal black suit exited the car. He swiftly opened the car door for Jack. But Jack didn’t get into the car. Instead, he turned to see Bella and Harper.

“Bella, Harper, enter the car now,” Jack’s commanding voice stunned Bella. She hurriedly shook her head. She refused to ride in his car.

“Jack, I rent a car. Just tell me your address... I will find your place,” Bella said.

“No. You come with me. Just give the details of your rental car to my driver. He will take your car to my place...” Jack paused and then looked at Noora. “Ma’am, would you mind riding in the car with my driver? He will take you to my place safely, and you will meet Bella there,” he asked politely.

Noora could see this man looked gentle and kind. However, she was still puzzled about what had happened.

Previously, she thought Jack and Harper were terrible guys who chased them from Astington and wanted to catch Bella. But she was wrong; Her young miss knew them and seemed close.

But Noora couldn’t leave Bella alone with these two people—she didn’t trust them.

After being silent momentarily, Noora looked at Bella with a worried expression. “Young Miss, I can’t leave you with them!”

Bella smiled at Noora. She felt warm seeing how protective Noora was towards her. But she also understood why Jack asked Noora to take another car; he definitely wanted to discuss confidential information with her.

“Aunty, it’s ok. You can follow him.” Bella tries to convince Noora.

“But, young Miss—” Noora walks to Bella. She leans closer to Bella and whispers. “I don’t want to leave you alone, miss. I’m worried they will kidnap or harm you,” She said with her trembling voice.

Bella almost choked hearing her words. She smiled while holding Noora’s hand, “Auntie, they wouldn’t dare to hurt me. They are the kindest people I have ever known...”

Noora didn’t move. She only stares at Bella with a mixed expression.

“Aunty, you can trust me,” Bella once more convinced her while tapping Noora’s hand gently.

After a while, Noora finally nodded. She left Bella with these two strangers, although she was still reluctant to leave.

Jack drove the vehicle while Bella and Harper sat in the back seat.

The two girls were immediately immersed in their conversation. Completely ignore him. He could only smile while driving the car at a moderate speed. However, his ears couldn’t escape their chatter.

2

He found it funny to see Bella completely forget what she wanted to ask after Harper started to talk about her life in New York City. He let them chat and focused on driving his car — occasionally, he only glanced at them from the rearview mirror.

After learning that Bella had suddenly moved to this country, Jack worried her emotions would be disturbed because of her divorce. And looking, Bella smiled widely while chatting with Harper enough to make Jack relieved.

However, it wasn’t long before Bella finally remembered.

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...

Bella looked at Harper, then at Jack, trying to see their gesture. She suspected that they had hacked her communication device or computer, which is why they knew about her divorce from Tristan and also her plan to move here.

“Jack, Harper, tell me... how did you know I would land here today?” Bella was curious about their answers and worried at the same time. “Come on, guys. Please answer honestly,” she said calmly, but her serious expression showed her frustration.

Harper was just about to answer Bella, but Jack had already spoken.

“Bella, even though I could hack your communication device, you have to remember that I would never do that to you,” This time, Jack’s voice sounded soft but clear to convey his sincerity.

Bella instantly believed him. She knew Jack’s character well; he would never lie to her.

“We know you will move here and also know you have trouble with Tristan because you gave us a clue—”

“What are you talking about, Jack?” Bella said before Jack finished his words. “How could I do that without realizing it!?”

After hearing Bella’s words, Jack’s face slowly turned stiff. He took a deep breath and refocused on the road ahead.

Bella was confused, looking at Jack not answering her. Just before she wanted to ask, suddenly, Harper’s laugh echoed in the car.

“Hahaha... I know it!!” Harper said. She turned her gaze towards Jack. “Now, you believe me, Jack? I won! Don’t forget to fulfill your promise.”

Posted by **Admink**, ? Views, Released on June 8, 2024

“Hahaha... I know it!!” Harper said. She turned her gaze towards Jack. “Now, you believe me, Jack? I won! Don’t forget to fulfill your promise.”

Jack can’t help but chuckle, “Well, you are so damn right, Harper. No worries, I will never back out from what I promised you.”

“Yay! Thank you, Jack. I will send you the car specs I want,” Harper’s smile grew wider. Then she looked at Bella again. The light in her eyes shone brightly as she said, “Oh, my lovely Bella, thank you so much...”

Harper was pleased; she was going to get a new car after guessing that Bella was using her Swiss Bank because she didn’t realize it.

Bella frowned. Utterly confused.

Countless questions now fill Bella's mind, hearing Jack and Harper's conversation — they completely ignore her question. Instead, they are talking about something she didn't understand.

"What are you guys talking about!? Gosh, can you guys answer my question!?" She said impatiently.

"Ups... Sorry, dear," Harper said. "Bella, did you forget what you declared in the past?"

Bella was silent. She tried to recall something, but she still didn't remember anything.

"When you decided to get married, you asked for time to step back from our business until you were ready to return," Jack said, focused on the road.

"Yeah, I remember that. But I didn't say I would come back now. And what does that have to do with how you found out about my divorce?" Bella asked. Before she wanted to continue her words, she saw their car slowly turn to the coffee shop.

"We will talk inside while drinking coffee," Jack said, turning off the car engine to look at Bella. "You don't mind, right?"

"Sure," Bella smiled and followed Harper, who already left the car. "Tsk, can you wait for me?" she shouted, walking to Harper.

The three of them now settle on the table near the massive glass wall, with the street view in front of the cafe.

"Since when did you drink tea, Bella?" Harper asked, staring at the tea cup in front of Bella. She knew this girl was addicted to coffee and not a tea fan.

Bella ignores Harper. She looks at Jack opposite her as if asking him to continue their conversation.

Jack didn't rush to answer Bella. He was amazed to see her; he realized how different Bella was when they last met three years ago and the Bella sitting in front of him now.

This woman gained so much weight and dressed like she was still in her first year at university, wearing an oversized hoodie and ripped jeans with sneakers to complete her casual appearance.

However, although she wears a casual outfit, she still attracts people when they see her face; she looks beautiful.

After a few seconds passed, Jack finally spoke, “Bella, you were the one who gave me that clue. You used your Swiss bank account—”

Jack’s words nearly caused Bella to choke. She cleared her throat before saying, “Damn it! How could I forget about that!?” She tapped her forehead lightly, feeling embarrassed for being suspicious of them.

“That’s why I guess you wanted to come back. Because you are the one who told us that if one day you use your Swiss Bank Account, that time means you will come back to the company.” Jack explained further.

Bella lost her words. She felt like Jack had stabbed her right in the heart; what he said was true. She suddenly felt annoyed by her mistake.

“Bella, maybe you forget. But four years ago, you gave me the authority to take care of your assets. And, when I saw a large transfer of money from Tristan Sinclair to that account, and a few days later, you made a transaction to buy property in this country along with plane tickets, I knew that you would be here today.”

Jack continued, “All transaction data from your Swiss bank account will be sent to my email—” He chuckled amusedly, seeing Bella stop him from talking.

“Okay. I won’t blame you, Jack. But how did you know that he divorced me?” Bella asked again. There’s no way he would know that just from her bank transactions, right!?

Jack didn’t answer her, but his gaze fixed on Harper. “You explained to her...” He said, then sipped his coffee.

Harper smiled again at Bella.

“I just assumed you left him...” Harper said casually. However, when she saw Bella narrow her eyes, she continued, “Geez, Bella... why are you suspicious of me?”

Bella didn’t say anything; she looked into Harper’s eyes sharply as if she wanted to know what she was thinking, looking for the traces if she had lied to her.

But Bella didn’t see that Harper was lying. Just like Jack, Harper tells the truth. She feels relieved; they will never betray her — spying on her.

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“Oh, come on, Bella... I’m a girl, too. I immediately knew something had happened with you when Tristan suddenly sent you that much money after four years you married him. And... my suspicions got even stronger when I found out you also bought a house in this country.”

She couldn’t say anything. Harper is right. She fixed her gaze on her Earl Grey tea and sipped it slowly. For the next couple of minutes, she continuously sipped her tea.

“Did I guess, right, Bella?” Asked Harper, almost sounding impatient.

Bella placed her nearly empty cup on the table and glanced at Harper, “Hmm, you are right. Tristan and I divorced. But...” she fixed her gaze at Jack. “I won’t return to the company.”

Jack straightened his back, hearing Bella refuse to return to the company.

“Are you hurt that much that makes you want to hide from the world? Bella, you can’t bury yourself in sadness. You deserve to be happy. Do something that can make you forget about that damn man.” Jack said.

Jack felt concerned seeing Bella’s current condition. He knew that even though Bella smiled as she spoke and looked strong, deep inside, she must be hurt.

“What Jack said is right, Bella. You can’t dwell on sadness. You need to be happy too, darling...” Harper took Bella’s hand and patted it gently. She was worried about her psychological condition.

Bella smiled faintly. She was touched to hear that they cared so much about her. But unfortunately, they were wrong. Her divorce indeed hurt her, but the reason for not immediately returning to the company was because of her pregnancy.

“Jack, let me correct my words... I won’t return now, but please give me more time.” Bella said.

Jack and Harper feel relieved.

“How long?” Jack asked.

“Five years.”

“That long?”

“Yeah, I need five years to care for my child before I start working again.”

Jack and Harper were utterly shocked.

“Y-You are pregnant!?”

Posted by **Admink**, ? Views, Released on June 8, 2024

Inside a small but modern cabin, Bella Donovan stood by a large window overlooking the frozen lake outside, clad in a light brown sweater and stirrup leggings.

1

Even though she wore casual house clothes, Bella still looked stunning; her skin was pale but radiant, contrasting with her black hair cascading down her back. She no longer looks overweight but has returned to her ideal weight. Her sexy body curves are now more visible.

Her light-gray eyes were fixed on the frozen lake while her hand held a cup of coffee — she was lost in her own thoughts, thinking about her return plan to her country, Astington.

She still wanted to enjoy this winter in North Sweden before returning; however, she couldn't delay any longer, as the company needed her. Jack called her almost daily to remind her about their branch in Astington.

And,

The biggest reason for her to return as quickly as possible was her grandfather. The last news she heard was that her grandfather was seriously ill.

...

“Mommy—” a boy's voice sounded in the room, snapping Bella from her thoughts.

Her smile grew wider when she saw a chubby, fair-skinned little boy walking toward her — he looked so cute in his black pajamas.

“Good morning, my little prince Dax...” Bella greeted him with a big smile while placing her coffee cup on the table.

2

Half kneeling before him, Bella looked into Dax's brilliant blue eyes. She became increasingly worried as her son started to resemble Tristan more and more each day, with similar eye and hair colors.

4

The thought of Tristan or his family seeing her son made her nervous. One of the biggest worries she returns to Astington is how to hide Dax from Sinclair.

“Why did my little Prince not greet his mommy? And why do you look angry this morning?” Bella playfully asked him while rubbing his warm cheeks.

“Mom, good morning,” the cute little Dax finally said with a deadpan expression.

Seeing Dax’s expression, Bella thought again of the man she wanted to forget. ‘Gosh... how can they have similar expressions like this?’ Bella could only sigh in her heart.

“My prince, how’s your sleep?”

“Stop calling me prince, mommy...” Dax protest.

Bella chuckled, “Oh baby, you have to accept that. You will be my Prince until you grow older...”

Dax shook his head but didn’t utter anything. He just helped Bella to stand on her feet.

“Let’s sit and talk, Mom.” He held her hand and led her to sit in the seating area near the fireplace.

“Why didn’t you like me to call you like that? That sounds cute,” Bella asked after they settled on the couch.

“I’m not a prince,” Dax answered her while crossing his hand over his chest. “I prefer you call my name Dax or Daxton. That the reason you gave me a name, to be called, right?”

Bella, “...”

She tried hard not to laugh, hearing how mature this little man spoke to her.

“All right... I will stop calling you like that, but promise not to be angry anymore, huh!?” She said while ruffling his soft hair.

Dax smiled at his beautiful mother with his blue eyes fixed on her. Hearing someone call him Prince and talk to him in such a cute way made him feel like he was still a baby. He can’t stand it!

“My Daxton looks so handsome when he smiles like this...” Bella smiled back at her son, leaned closer, and ki*sed his chubby cheek.

Bella always prays that this little man will not grow so fast. But it seems God didn’t hear her prayer. Since last year, when Dax started speaking fluently, he began to look

different from other kids his age—speaking with correct articulation and behaving like an adult.

He wasn't interested in toys like other children but liked reading books, using a computer, and playing music.

By day, Bella saw how fast Dax progressed in learning everything. It worried her. However, Noora said Dax was a genius and didn't need to worry; instead, she had to be proud of him.

"Mom, when are we going to meet great-grandpa!?" Dax suddenly asked, surprising Bella.

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She silently sighed deeply, remembering her promise to Dax that she would bring him to meet his great-grandpa once they arrived at Astington.

"I told you already, right? We will visit him once we arrive," Bella answered. "Have you packed? Don't bring too much. We will buy anything you need there..."

They would leave this house tomorrow and stop in Stockholm overnight before returning to Astington.

"Hmm, Grandma Noora already helped me pack. Don't worry, mom... I only brought a few of my clothes and my book."

Today, Bella will fly back to her country.

When Bella arrived at Arlanda Airport, she was surprised to see Jack Foster near the check-in counter. And as usual, he appeared in his formal attire, a perfectly fitted suit specially made for him. His hair was neatly styled, making him look incredibly handsome.

He just stood there, doing nothing but could attract the attention of people around him. They saw him as if he were a wealthy nobleman.

Bella couldn't help but smile widely; looking at him, she held Dax's hand and walked toward him.

"Jack, so happy to see you here," Bella smiled widely and turned her gaze at her son, "Dax greeted Uncle Jack."

"Hello, Uncle Jack," Dax said while offering a handshake to Jack.

"Little man, it's nice to meet you again. You look taller than before..." Jack said while accepting his tiny hand gently.

"Jack, thank you so much," Bella took the luggage trolley from Noora and pushed it to Jack. "You are truly my best friend; I didn't expect someone as busy as you to come here to help us..." She gave him their plane ticket and passport.

Jack, "..."

He almost choked hearing her words.

'Who comes here to help you take care of your luggage?' He came here today to ensure she returned to Astington. Their company is waiting for her return to take over.

Jack wanted to answer her but was speechless when he saw Bella walk away toward the seating area.

He chuckled while gesturing to his bodyguard.

"You take care of this..." Jack ordered, then followed Bella.

Chapter 20

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Bella and the others rest in the cafe shop before entering customs.

"You only have 30 minutes, Jack," She said while her eyes fixed on Dax and Noora, who sat at the other table with a man wearing a black casual outfit — Jack's bodyguard.

1

"Have you ever read the gossip in Astington?" He was curious to know what she thought about what had happened recently regarding her ex-husband.

Jack never asked about this when he visited Bella at her cabin. He didn't want to ruin her happiness. But now Bella has to face reality; she couldn't avoid it. Because, sooner or later, she and Tristan will definitely meet.

"No. Well, you know that I didn't want to stress myself. Why did you ask? Did something happen there?" Bella calmly replied, but for some unknown reason, of course, her heart slightly trembled.

1

Jack chuckled slightly. He could see her worry flash through her gaze.

He gave her an iPad. "Take this. I already summarized every piece of information from Astington that is related to you... about your ex!"

Slowly, Bella's expression became sour. She didn't expect Jack to feed her about this information right away before she flew there.

She narrowed her eyes, looking at Jack. As if wanted to scold him, "What a heartless young man!"

Jack can't hold his laugh, looking at Bella's annoying-looking eyes.

"Oh, come on, Bella! Five years already, and you still have feelings for him?" Jack casually said, wanting to tease her, but his words were like a slap in Bella's face, her face red.

When he doesn't hear Bella say something, Jack starts to worry about her condition; she still harbors feelings toward Tristan Sinclair, which is not good.

"Alright, just forget it. Give me the iPad, and I will delete all files—"

"Who is afraid reading about him?" Bella didn't give Jack a chance to finish his words. She glared at him for a few seconds before turning her gaze to the iPad. She is now curious about the news that Jack wants her to read.

There was a proud smile now framing Jack's face.

He continues, "I also save files related to your work so you can read them before joining the company. Well, you don't have to visit the office right away; you said you would visit your grandpa—" Jack paused when he saw a frown on her forehead.

Curious about what she read now, he glanced at the iPad screen.

Suddenly, a soft chuckle escaped from his lips when he saw Bella read news about Tristan marrying Laura Kiels.

'What do you expect, Bella? Of course, he will marry her; she is pregnant and could give him a child, the successor for the Sinclair family...' Bella speaks to herself, trying to calm her mind while not showing much emotion reading the news.

She closed the news and read the file about their company. However, she got distracted by Jack's voice.

"That's only gossip news, Bella. Don't worry too much about that."

"Gossip?" Bella slowly lifts her head and looks at Jack. "He didn't throw a party for her?"

Actually, Bella didn't want to talk about this, but she felt sorry for Laura because Tristan and his family treated Laura just like hers; there was no wedding party.

'Why does he always want to hide his status from the public!?' She wonders.

"Why didn't they have a party?" Bella casually asked.

"As I said, that's only gossip. Sinclair never makes any statement. But they also never stop that woman from uploading a few pictures on her social media when she meets Tristan. That's why the gossip is still on fire..."

Bella didn't comment anything; she pretended not to be interested, but in her heart, she was curious to know something. If they had children, he should marry Laura, right!? Why he didn't? Did he only want a child from her?

Bella found herself irritated with Tristan and his family for the first time since separating from him. They only exploit women, using them solely to produce heirs to carry on their family legacy.

'Tsk... Tsk... Tristan, you are such a player and jerk!! How dare you do this to all women!?'

Seeing that Bella didn't seem interested in gossiping about Tristan, Jack began to explain about their company.

"Bella, you know our company was established in your country a few years ago, right?"

She nods.

"Doing business in Astington is not as easy as you think, Bella. Three large companies are difficult for us to collaborate with. You already know the number one company, right?"

"Hmm, Sinclair!"

“Indeed, Sinclair Corp is the biggest in Astington now. So, you can’t avoid him forever; you must prepare yourself—” Jack continues explaining their business plan at Astington.

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“I get it! No worries about that.” Bella could only smile when she realized Jack’s concern.

“Perfect! I put all the details about recent news in the business world on that iPad; you can read it later.”

Jack couldn’t deny that Bella was the best in their class. She was intelligent and rustless when she dealt with her work. It’s not wrong if they rely on her to embark on Astington Market.

1

“And don’t worry too much. Even though our company is still small in Astington, our main business was big enough to worry them. Maybe you didn’t know, but we are in the top twenty-five globally.”

Bella is slightly surprised, but a few seconds later, her smile blooms.

“No wonder the amount of money I had in my savings surprised me. Jack, with that money, I don’t have to work and can still live comfortably...”

Jack’s face suddenly turned tense, “Bella, don’t ever think that you will back down!!” he said quickly, knowing that this girl had been resting too long.

“Hahaha, don’t worry, Jack.” Bella burst into laughter when she saw Jack’s panicked expression. “I won’t back down. Besides, I need money to raise my son. He has expensive hobbies...”

Jack feels relieved, but then something crosses his mind, “Did you have a plan to handle Sinclair? They wouldn’t stay silent if they knew Dax was part of them, right?”

Bella didn’t answer him. Instead, she stood up from her seat. “Alright, your thirty minutes have finished. Bye, Jack!”

Jack chuckled, "If I have time, I will visit you..."

"Hmm, see ya!" Bella waved at Jack as they left.