

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back – Chapter 201 -228

Chapter 201: Their Closeness Distracts Her
“Allow me to sleep with you tonight, Ms. Sinclair.”

Tristan’s words still rang in Bella’s mind. No matter how hard she tried to forget them, she couldn’t.

She exhaled secretly while looking at the end of the deck.

Bella’s eyes fixed on Tristan’s back. He sat in the chair beside Dax, waiting for the fish to eat their bait. She could see them chat, and Tristan affectionately tapped Dax’s shoulder, even trying to ruffle his hair.

Seeing their close and intimate interaction made Bella’s heart swell and warm. She can’t hide how happy she was to witness Tristan’s closeness with their son.

Several times, she thanked herself for allowing Tristan and herself to start this journey together.

“Young Miss, it seems you have fallen in love with Master Tristan again,” whispered Noora, immediately making Bella turn to her side.

“I’m happy for you, Miss. I hope Master Tristan will love you with all his heart and will never hurt you...” Noora continued. She is happy to see what Bella wanted several years ago—Tristan loves her—finally come true.

Seeing Noora’s eyes radiating sincerity and happiness made Bella unable to control the warmth in her heart.

Bella feels blessed because Tristan loves her as much, if not more. But since she decided to return to him again, a strange, unknown feeling has continued to dwell in her heart and mind—images of Sean in the last few days often appear unintentionally in her mind, even though she didn’t think anything about him. And this has made her want to meet him immediately and talk. Bella felt she owed him that.

It has been more than two weeks since they last communicated. Maybe a hundred texts were sent to his number, but all those text messages were never delivered, causing Bella to feel even more distant from him.

At this moment, she can’t do anything much about Sean; she can only pray to God to allow Sean to have time to read all her texts and call her back.

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Bella turns her gaze again to see Tristan before she responds to Noora.

"Thanks, Auntie Noora. It's still hard for me to believe that Tristan Sinclair actually likes me, too. And, to know he loves me sincerely after I left his life several years ago feels unreal for me till now..." Bella said softly, then turned to look at Noora before she continued, "I'm sure you already know what happened in the past, right?"

Noora nods her head to answer Bella's question.

"Yes, I know. Master Tristan talked to me a lot. And—" Noora's voice trailed off as she remembered something. She pressed her lips, feeling bad because she had been hiding something from Bella all this time.

A faint smile appeared on Bella's lips, "Auntie, I know you helped him a lot when he started approaching me. You told him my schedule, right!?" she asked.

Bella was already suspicious of Noora because, in the past few weeks, Tristan had known her own schedule in detail—she doubted Tristan would have the audacity to hack her cell phone. And only one person knows what she does in detail—that person is Noora.

Noora's lips were pressed tightly, but her eyes couldn't lie, confirming what Bella said.

"You don't need to be afraid, Auntie, because I won't be angry with you. Instead, I am very grateful to you. You can see Tristan's sincerity and help him pursue me back."

"Miss..." Noora could not utter anything; she was surprised and grateful to hear Bella's words. All this time, she had thought Bella would be angry with her. "I'm sorry for not telling you about Master Tristan..."

"Auntie, It's fine. Well, I already think of you as my mother and older sister, right?" When Bella sees Noora nod, she continues. "When I asked you about Tristan's sincerity, and you firmly said he sincerely wants to return to me, I immediately trusted your judgment. Because you are the only person who understands me the most..."

"Oh, please, Miss... stop flattering me. I feel my heart swell when you say those sweet words," Noora smiled, looking at Bella while wiping the tears from her cheeks. Her words touched her.

"Hahaha, Why are you being such a crybaby?" Bella said while giving Aunt Noora a tissue. "I'm not flattering you, but I'm telling the truth..."

“Young Miss, I hope, from now on, you will get the happiness you want...” Noora continued her sentence while trying to wipe away the traces of tears from her eyes and maintain her heart so she wouldn’t cry.

“Thank you, Auntie. But you’d better stop crying; otherwise, other people who see you will think I’m scolding you.” Bella chuckled, again giving another tissue to Noora while trying to suppress her own sadness, looking at Noora’s tears.

Bella feels déjà vu thinking about the past when they left this country and arrived at the unfamiliar place in North Sweden. They often talked like this and cried until their eyes swelled, stopping when their tears ran out.

At that time, Bella thought she was crying because of her pregnancy hormones that made her turn into a whiny woman, but it seemed not. That’s because Noora always touched her heart every time they talked seriously.

“I will... I will...” Noora said between her happy tears.

“Is everything alright?” Suddenly, Tristan’s deep, worried voice surprised Bella and Noora. They both looked in the direction of the voice and saw Tristan walking toward them.

“No. We are fine. We are just talking about sad drama...” Bella immediately wiped the trace of tears from her cheeks. “Are you guys done?” She turned to see Dax, who was now fishing with Geoffrey.

Before Tristan answered, Noora interrupted them as she excused herself to go inside to prepare their snack time.

Tristan sat next to Bella. He said nothing but leaned closer to look into her eyes to ensure she was okay. When he saw that her eyes were slightly red, it worried him.

He placed his hand on her cheek, very gently touching her soft skin before gently pulling her face closer to him. Their faces were only a few inches apart as he asked, “What are you two talking about? What made you cry like this?”

Bella’s heart began to beat fast, and she failed to answer his question. Their closeness distracts her.

She blinked at him a few times, trying to calm her heart.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 202: Kissing

Their closeness distracts her. She blinked at him a few times, trying to calm her heart.

But, after a few seconds, she felt there was no point in hiding anything from him because she could feel; her expression couldn't hide her feelings now.

After a deep breath, she said, "We cried talking about the time Aunt Noora and I left the country..." Bella smiled when she saw his expression turn dark; she continued, "Tristan, I know you don't want to hear it, right?"

Tristan didn't answer her, but he leaned closer and kissed her lips.

Bella was stunned. Even though it was only a light kiss on the lips, she felt her heart almost explode as her heartbeat raced. Too shocked by his sudden kiss, she turned away from him while trying hard to calm her heart.

She tried to pray to God, hoping Tristan would leave her alone or at least not talk about their kiss, or she would be even more shy.

"Why are you shy?" Tristan asked calmly when he saw the color of her cheeks slowly turning red.

Bella, "..."

"Oh dear, Bella, this is not the first time we've shared a kiss. You don't have to be shy..." Tristan said while placing his hand on her hand and squeezing it gently.

She dared to look at Tristan before saying, "Can we not talk about it? And stop doing things like this in open spaces. I feel uncomfortable when there are many people around us."

Bella saw several ship staff on standby somewhere. Although they pretended not to see them, she could feel their gazes.

Tristan was amused hearing her words. He tightened his grip on her hand.

"You are my wife, Bella. That's normal. They will not bother if I kiss you," Tristan smiled, gently caressing her cheek.

When Tristan saw Bella's cherry lips pout slightly, he hurriedly continued, "Alright... Alright... I'll stop talking about it. And... I promise I won't kiss you when people are around us. Are you happy now?"

Bella immediately nodded in response to his words. That's what she wanted to hear.

However, Bella's calm was slowly disturbed again when she heard Tristan's next question.

"So... Tonight, you will allow me to sleep with you in bed, right?"

Bella, "..."

"You—" Bella's words slowly faded when she heard Dax call her. She turned her gaze to Dax and stood up, ignoring Tristan.

"Mom, look... I finally caught a big fish. Uncle Geoffrey said I could keep this one," Dax said excitedly as he brought a bucket of fish and showed it to Bella.

Bella was amazed to see a fish over thirty centimeters long in the bucket. The fish was still alive, and she did not dare touch it.

"Good job, Dax. That fish is huge..." Bella smiled fondly at her son and was amused by his excitement. She listened to her son talk about how he caught that fish and Geoffrey helped him.

Not only does Bella feel amused and proud with Dax, but Tristan does too.

"Buddy! You did a great job. I am really proud of you..." Tristan sincerely praised him. They had previously caught several fish, but the size of the fish was too small for them to keep, so they released them back into the sea.

"Daddy, let's catch a few more..." Dax said excitedly. Tristan couldn't refuse his son's request. He flashed an apologetic smile at Bella before returning to walk with Dax to their chair, but Bella stopped them.

"Let's take a break for a snack," said Bella, reminding Tristan and Dax about her prepared snack box.

Later,

The three of them immediately entered the lounge area. At the same time, Noora had just finished arranging their snacks on the table.

Bella was curious to know what Dax and Tristan thought about the food she prepared, especially the sandwiches she made.

A few moments later, seeing them devour their sandwiches quickly, without comment, made Bella worried.

“Can you both say something? Does it taste delish?” she asks, looking at Tristan and Dax in return.

“Mommy, this is the best sandwich I’ve ever had! One is not enough for me...” Dax said after swallowing his last bite. Then, he took his second piece.

Bella smiled happily when she heard Dax’s comment. She looked at Tristan and asked, “How about you, Tristan?”

Tristan smiled at Bella when he saw her nervousness in waiting for his answer.

“Bella, to be honest, this is too delicious. But, I’m afraid to praise you. I’m afraid you will often enter the kitchen. I can’t bear to see your delicate hands become rough from entering the kitchen too often.”

Bella, “...”

“I’m serious.”

“I’m serious too,” Tristan answered, then followed Dax to take his second piece.

Meanwhile,

In the Capital, in one of the luxury villas on the city border,

Laura Kiels paced back and forth in the living room while listening to her manager report on what had happened on the internet.

After a while, the manager asked, “So what will you do? Stellar Entertainment has made a statement that they strongly reject A-Netz’s accusations. In fact, they are going to sue them all...”

While pacing, Laura bit her thumb; she was nervous about hearing what was happening outside.

Laura didn’t want to take action yet, but hearing the mass media news that Stellar Entertainment would take legal action made her angry again. She can’t stay still now; she must respond to what Arabella Donovan did to her.

After a while, Laura stops. She glanced at her manager on the sofa.

“I don’t care what Stellar Entertainment will do to me. I want you to keep carrying out our plan. I will destroy Stellar Entertainment just like they destroyed my career.” A sinister smile graces her face before continuing. “If they claim to have evidence, I also

have a lot of evidence. The directors of Stellar had scandals with other talents in the company.”

“But, Laura, did you forget that all the directors have been fired from the company? You won’t have a chance to win against them. Can we just stop here?”

Laura didn’t seem happy to hear her manager’s reaction.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 203: Guests Waiting For Tristan

Laura didn’t seem happy to hear her manager’s reaction. She snarled, fixing her cold gaze on her manager, Robert.

Seeing him wearing a tight shirt to cover his stocky body made her feel disgusted. “Can you do what I ask, Robert?” Laura snapped.

Robert sighed silently, hearing Laura angry with him. At this moment, he felt like expressing his sarcasm, but he restrained himself; he could only curse her in his mind.

When the scandal about her lack of work ethic and her firing from Stellar Entertainment spread on the internet, Robert didn’t have high hopes for this woman.

He loses respect for Laura when she stubbornly uses unconventional methods against Stellar Entertainment to repair her reputation. He constantly warned her to stop, but this woman was too stubborn to listen.

If only the new man behind Laura hadn’t had a reputation and money, maybe he would have left her long ago because he knew Laura’s career was over in this country.

No company is willing to work with Laura Kiels anymore, especially when S Jewelry, one of the companies owned by the Sinclair Group, terminates its working relationship with her. If they hire her, it means they are against the Sinclair group.

Nevertheless, this woman found a way to escape from jail.

And things are different now.

Even though Laura’s career in the entertainment world has reached a dead end, she is still wealthy. This was why Robert forced himself to work with her.

“Sure, sure, you’re the boss,” Robert flashed a fake smile at Laura before continuing his words, “No worry, I’ll do it. But please make sure your fiance will support you if something happens to us...” he said, concerned.

Robert feels worried because he hears from his colleagues who still work in Stellar Entertainment that the new company management looks professional and different from the previous one. If they stated they would sue them all, they would.

Now, Robert can only hope that his true identity is not traced. But even though he had made sure his tracks were saved, using a fake identity to pay people to ruin Stellar Entertainment's reputation, worry lingers in his heart.

Laura's expression slowly brightens when she hears Robert talking about her fiancé.

"Don't worry about that. I know what to do," she said, dismissing her manager and heading to the study room to meet her fiancé.

Meanwhile, in the Nova City, around the same time,

The white yacht finally docked at the pier as the sun set over the horizon.

Bella tightened her jacket while following Tristan. He walked before her, holding their son, who was fast asleep before the ship docked.

Two men waited for them in the living room when they entered the house. Bella could recognize them as Tristan's assistants, Dylan and Max.

After a brief greeting, Bella told Tristan to give her Dax and asked him to chat with them, but Tristan refused.

"It's fine, dear. They can wait for me," Tristan lovingly responded while gently touching her cheek with his other hand. Then, he glanced at Dylan and Max. He asked them to wait.

"Alright, let's go upstairs..." Tristan said while holding Bella's hand.

Bella could only smile at Max and Dylan before following Tristan to the second floor.

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Dylan and Max exchange gazes when Bella and Tristan leave the first floor. They stand there for a few more minutes, drawn into their own thoughts, trying to guess what they saw.

After some time, Dylan broke the silence. "Did you see that?" He glanced at Max before sitting on the sofa. He was shocked to see their young madam finally accept their boss.

They both knew how hard their boss was trying to pursue his ex-wife, and they never imagined he would succeed so quickly.

“Yes. Looks like our boss can finally melt Miss Bella’s heart, right?” Max answered while scratching his hair. He felt happy for his boss, Tristan.

“Mhm... that’s what I saw,” Dylan said excitedly. He continued his words after seeing Max sitting opposite him. “Man, let’s pray they’re really together so our worries can finally lessen and our beloved big boss doesn’t bother us over the weekend.”

Max didn’t say anything in response to Dylan. He was distracted when he remembered that Dax was his game mate—always scolding him for his lack of cunningness when playing games.

Until now, Max still felt like he was having a mental breakdown every time he saw Dax.

He played games with a child who was not yet five years old and thought that kid was his gaming teacher. How embarrassing it would be if Dax discovered that he was actually Bitter_Coffee.

Ever since Max learned of X4D’s real-life identity, he has tried to avoid him. He no longer logs in to his gaming account or Discord because he worries he will encounter him.

However, when he curiously checked his game ID last night. He wasn’t surprised anymore when he found a short message from X4D in his inbox asking to play a game together tonight.

Now, Max felt confused. Should he play with the little man again or ignore him?

“Damn Maxwell! Did you hear me or not?” Suddenly, Dylan’s voice echoed, pulling Max back from his thoughts. He frowned at Dylan, confused by what Dylan was trying to say.

“What the heck distracts you, man!? Tsk! I asked you a few times, but you completely ignored me...” Dylan snapped.

Max was surprised. He was too immersed and didn’t hear Dylan speak to him.

“I was thinking about something. What’s wrong!? Why do you look so tense?” Max asked. He could see the tension in Dylan’s gaze, as if something was terribly bothering him.

“Read the internet.”

Max frowned upon hearing Dylan's words. Still, he took out his cell phone and checked. After reading a few headlines, Max placed his phone in his pocket again.

"Why do you look so calm?" Dylan was confused when he saw Max, who seemed uninterested in the news.

The news out there will stress their young madam. And if she is stressed, their boss will be affected, too, right?

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 204: Shocked to Know Her Other Identity

"Why do you look so calm?" Dylan was confused when he saw Max, who seemed uninterested in the news.

The news out there will stress their young madam. And if she is stressed, their boss will be affected, too, right?

"It's not a big deal, Dylan. Everything will be fine..." Max casually responded, but Dylan was surprised to see his calmness.

"So, you already know about it?"

"Yes, Boss asked me to check this matter yesterday when he arrived in this city."

"I see. But why is the news still there? Why didn't you help Stellar Entertainment erase them all!? I know you are capable of doing so..."

"Well, man... of course I want to delete everything. But what I found will surprise you." Max chuckled at Dylan's increasingly confused expression.

Dylan gazes at Max as if he wants Max to explain further.

However, Max couldn't tell Dylan anything now. With an apologetic expression, he replied, "Man, sorry. I won't explain it to you now. But you can hear it later when I report it to our boss..."

Max still doesn't believe the results of his investigation. He knew that someone was driving the news circulating on the Internet. When he investigates the person behind this, he is shocked to discover that a hacker is setting the news in motion.

The hacker ensures that only news related to Stellar Entertainment appears on the Internet. If news related to Quantum Capital or any of their other businesses appears on the Internet, it will be erased automatically.

When he digs deeper, Max is even more shocked when he discovers the hacker's identity; he is the hacker he knows, Grim Reaper, his old foe.

He finds that the Grim Reaper is often in contact with Bella, so he assumes that Bella and Quantum Capital control all the news.

Therefore, Max decided not to do anything. He needed to consult with Tristan first.

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Before long,

Finally, Tristan returns to the living room. He asks Dylan and Max to follow him to the study room.

After they all settle on the sofa, Tristan glances at Max.

"Did you find out who attacked Stellar Entertainment?"

"Yes. Someone paid the buzzer* to write negative comments about Stellar Entertainment. And also, they would write positive comments about Laura Kiels. When I traced the identity of the person who paid the buzzer, I discovered it was Laura Kiels' Manager."

Tristan was no longer surprised. He already had suspicions about it. "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, boss. Obviously. My evidence is enough to take him to prison." Max said proudly. But, when he saw that his boss didn't say anything, he seemed to be thinking about something, which worried Max. He could only wait for his boss to ask further.

"You should know who the mastermind behind him, right?" Tristan asked seriously.

"I know it's Laura Kiels. But... Boss, I'm sorry, I can't find anything related to her in this case. She never communicated with her manager using her cell phone about this matter." Max said apologetically.

Max has tried hard to trace Laura's involvement but found nothing. He believes that Laura is starting to think smarter about using her gadgets.

Instantly, Tristan's face darkened. He wants to throw Laura Kiels in prison, not just her manager. This woman has dared to stress out his wife, so he needs to punish her.

However, Max doesn't have any evidence regarding Laura, which means... he has to find a way to get her.

Later,

Tristan turns his gaze at Dylan.

“Ask someone to capture that manager and take him to the usual place,” Tristan ordered.

“Yes, boss. I will instruct them,” Dylan responded immediately. He took out his cell phone and walked to a corner to make a call.

After Tristan saw Dylan leave, he turned to Max again, “Is there anything else you want to say?”

Max immediately told Tristan everything he knew, starting with Stellar Entertainment, which deliberately allowed an article that slandered them to become a trending topic for days to gather evidence. Once they gathered enough evidence, they held an official press conference and declared they would sue them all.

But Max didn’t tell Tristan about the identity of the hacker who helped Bella.

After hearing Max’s explanation, Tristan was lost in thought once again. He was impressed to know that his wife knew how to handle this situation. No wonder she was always calm and refused his help whenever he offered it.

‘It seems like someone is behind her. Helping her deal with matters like this. Was it Jack or her head secretary, Leo?’ Tristan wondered. Now, he was amusing himself, worrying about something he shouldn’t.

Tristan smiled faintly before saying, “Thank you, Max, for your hard work. For now, you don’t need to do anything. But, help me monitor the situation and report if anything suspicious happens.”

“Okay, boss,” Max answered reassuringly.

Something crossed his mind before Tristan wanted to dismiss Max; he asked, “You said you found other information about my wife?”

“Yes. When I investigated Quantum Capital, I discovered that the company was actually related to RDF Group, a big investment company based in New York.”

“I know,” Tristan said. He knew that the moment he met Jack Foster last month.

Max’s eyes brightened when he saw that Tristan didn’t know the vital information he had found.

“Boss, do you know your wife has a share in that company? RDF Group New York!”

“What? She has a shareholding in RDF Group?”

He never imagined that Bella would own shares there. Moreover, the company did not go public on the stock market; it is a private company. No one can buy the shares unless purchased from the founder or...

‘Did she buy the shares from Jack? Did she use the money I gave her to invest there?’

Tristan was stunned to hear his own thoughts. He remembered giving Bella a lot of alimony despite the divorce not being finalized and money from the house he bought from her.

*Buzzer: Buzzers voice opinions on social media to make issues trending. They can also be said to be people who use social media to spread information.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 205: Finally, Sleep In The Same Bed

After a tiring day, the night finally arrived. All the lights had gone out; only the moonlight shining through the slightly open curtains could illuminate the room.

Bella tried to close her eyes, but the sound from the sofa every time Tristan moved made her unable to sleep, even though she tried.

Several minutes passed, and Bella opened her eyes. She tried to see Tristan on the couch. However, the moonlight couldn't make her see him more clearly. Worry and guilt now began to emerge in her heart.

‘Does he feel uncomfortable? Why is he moving every minute?’ Bella muttered to herself as her eyes still tried to look at him. ‘Should I ask him to sleep in this bed?’

Bella took a deep breath as she looked at the remaining empty bed. She felt uncertain when she saw the bed was big enough for them to sleep together. There was still free space for her to put a pillow as a barrier between them.

‘Should I call him to move back to bed?’ She asked herself while looking towards the sofa once again.

After a few seconds of thinking, Bella finally decided to call Tristan to sleep with her.

She would be fine if Tristan didn't touch her tonight. But if Tristan touched her, there was a chance they would do something she didn't want to happen tonight.

Bella swallowed before calling out to him.

"Tristan, are you asleep?" she asked in a low voice, worried it would wake him up if he were already asleep.

Not even a second later, Tristan's hoarse voice echoed in the room, "Not yet. Why aren't you asleep yet?" he asked. She could hear the worry in his voice.

"I couldn't sleep—" Bella's words slowly faded when the yellow light in the seating area turned on. She saw Tristan sitting on the sofa, looking at her.

"Do you feel uncomfortable? Do you need anything? Water? Should I adjust the room temperature—"

"No, I don't need anything," Bella interrupted. "Well, I can't sleep when I hear you moving every minute."

"Oh, sorry, Bella," Tristan faintly said; he felt bad hearing that. "I will try not to make any sounds. You can try to sleep again."

"Tristan, you can sleep on the bed. With me...and a pillow to separate us," Bella said softly.

Instantly, the room became silent. Bella waited for his reaction. Meanwhile, Tristan was shocked to hear her words.

"Tristan, did you hear me?"

Silence.

"It looks like you don't want to sleep with—" Bella didn't continue her sentence when she saw Tristan already on the side of the bed, carrying a pillow and blanket.

She couldn't help but feel amused seeing the tall man who looked just like their son, Dax. When he feared thunder, he would rush to her bedroom, begging to sleep with her.

"Bella, I hope you don't feel forced if I sleep here," Tristan asked seriously. He didn't want her to feel forced; He wanted their current relationship to be natural, not forced like before.

"NO. Of course not. But..." Bella fell silent when she saw him sitting on the edge of the bed but not directly lying on the bed.

When she saw Tristan looking at her, she continued, "You can't force me to do something I don't want to. Like, touching me or... well, you know." She took a deep breath, unable to continue her words. She feels shy.

“Yes, ma’am. I’ll keep that in mind.” Tristan’s smile grew wider. He turned off the lights in the sitting area and immediately lay on the soft mattress.

His smile still framed his face because he felt so happy that his beloved wife allowed him to sleep on the bed.

While Tristan was still trying to enjoy his happiness, closing his eyes and pretending to sleep, Bella lay on his side facing him.

Bella could see how tense Tristan was now. He faced the ceiling and didn’t move at all. She couldn’t hear his breathing; if she hadn’t seen his chest moving up and down, she would have thought the man beside her was a statue.

She wanted to laugh but was worried it would make him wake up and do something, like try to kiss her or more than that.

Gosh!

Just thinking about it, Bella felt her heart beat fast again. She wasn’t afraid that Tristan could break his promise but was scared of herself. How could she restrain herself if this hot man touched her now?

What happened in the past was still clear in her memory. Even though Tristan didn’t love her then, he was always gentle with her when they spent time in bed. He never forced her to make love if she didn’t want to. And every time they did, this man always gave her satisfaction first before his own.

Suddenly, Bella felt her body temperature slowly rise as she thought about their past intimacy. She struggled to put those moments behind her mind while silently taking a deep breath a few times, trying to calm her heart. She could feel how loud her heart was beating now.

“Good night, Tristan...” Bella whispered. She pulled the blanket up to her neck and slowly closed her eyes, trying to sleep.

Tristan didn’t dare move, worried it would make Bella even more uncomfortable. But his defenses gradually faded when he heard her gentle voice, like a melody in his ears.

He turned his head and looked at her. His calm heart was now beating fast again. A faint smile appeared on the corners of his lips before he whispered, “Good night, my wife. Sleep well, and I hope you include me in your dreams.”

Hearing his own words, Tristan couldn't help but laugh in his heart. He never thought he could say something like that to a woman. Only this woman, Arabella Donovan, could make him say such words.

Tristan slowly closed his eyes, trying to sleep, when he didn't hear her respond.

However, as drowsiness slowly hit him, his eyes opened wide when he felt her hand land on his chest.

“ ... ”

Chapter 206: Tortured Him

However, as drowsiness slowly hit him, Tristan's eyes opened wide when he felt her hand land on his chest.

“ ... ”

Tristan turned to see her and realized there was no longer a barrier between them. Her body curled up beside him with her hands resting on his chest.

'Why did she do this? Is she cold?'

Tristan wondered when he saw her blanket at the end of her feet.

He swallowed hard to wet his suddenly dry throat, trying to calm his mind.

Then,

Tristan slowly turned his body to face her while gently placing his hands on her waist. He slowly pulled her towards him.

After ensuring she fit in his arms with her head resting on his arm, he removed his blanket and covered them together.

Tristan didn't even dare move, afraid Bella would wake up and move away from him. He can't let this opportunity slip, right? He wished they would sleep like this until morning.

However, Tristan realized his weakness. He was just an average human, not a priest or saint. How could he hold back when his alluring wife was in his arms? Even his blood rippled every time he heard her soft breathing.

He began to feel tired of his own mind, trying to fight not to follow his desires.

His wife's sleep in his arms now feels like a punishment. He couldn't when he wanted to do more—kiss her lips, touch her soft skin.

Every time his hands started to slip under her pajamas, his promise appeared in her mind—he wouldn't touch her against her will—as if warning him.

Fifteen minutes passed, and he had already lost count of how many times he took a deep breath to clear his stuffy chest.

A bitter smile slowly emerged from his lips as he closed his eyes. Right now, he could only enjoy her softness and warmth.

After a few more minutes passed.

Tristan can finally calm his heart and slowly push back his sultry thoughts.

He gently kissed her forehead and whispered, "Good night, my darling wife..."

Then, he tried to sleep.

But,

Once again, Bella tested his patience when he attempted to suppress his lust, her body moving. At the same time, she made a few seductive moans. He forced himself to believe she didn't intentionally do that.

Tristan immediately loosened his embrace, worried that she felt uncomfortable. He allowed her to find her comfortable position.

He thought Bella would return to her original sleeping position. Still, he felt even more tormented when she only turned over. Their position now felt so close and awkward, with her back facing him and her head resting on his hands.

A stiff smile appeared on Tristan's face as he felt his body heat slowly rise again when Bella's movements caused her plump bottom to brush against his abdomen. He felt blood rush to a particular part of his body, causing it to harden beneath his boxers.

He swallowed hard, trying to divert his sultry thoughts. Then, he placed his hands on her waist and pulled her firmly to keep her from moving.

However, Bella seemed to continue torturing him; she kept moving, causing his little brother down there to grow hard and swell.

A few moments later, Bella unwittingly tormented Tristan. Finally, she stopped moving.

Tristan felt relieved, but he couldn't hold it in anymore. He gently placed Bella's head on the pillow, covered her with the blanket, and rushed to the bathroom for a cold shower.

His breath was shallow as he stood under the shower. Cold water poured over his head and body as his hands were busy alleviating his arousal. His moans drowned out the sound of water as he released his lust.

A few minutes later, Tristan emerged from the bathroom wearing only a white towel around his waist.

Tristan felt in a good mood now. With a small towel, he dried his hair.

However, when Tristan was about to enter the walk-in closet to get clean clothes, he stopped in his tracks. He saw Bella wake up and sit on the bed, looking at him.

Bella frowned, looking at Tristan shirtless, coming out of the bathroom.

“Omg! My imagination was starting to run wild. Now, I saw him naked.” Bella can’t help but smile bitterly.

She yawned while squinting her eyes to ensure she didn’t see wrongly.

Then, Bella turned to the other side of the bed and was surprised that Tristan was not there.

‘Damn it! I’m not dreaming?’

“Tr-Tristan, what are you doing?” Bella asked, confused, as she got out of bed. Glancing at the time, she was surprised to know it was two in the morning.

“Why are you taking a shower now? Do you want to go somewhere?” She continued as she approached him. However, she stopped a few steps when she saw his firm chest more clearly.

Instantly, she turns her gaze away.

“Tristan, please wear something. You might catch a cold!” Bella said before she stepped back into bed. She needed to hide her face now; she was sure her face was now like a boiled crab.

However, as soon as Bella slipped under the blanket, her eyes couldn’t stop looking at the walk-in closet, thinking why Tristan suddenly took a shower in the middle of the night.

Many questions emerged in her mind, making Bella even more curious. She was also starting to worry that Tristan would return to the capital this early in the morning.

Before long,

Bella saw Tristan walking towards the bed. He was wearing a white T-shirt and black training pants, similar to the clothes he had worn before, which made Bella feel slightly relieved.

...

Tristan smiled slightly when he saw Bella lying down, almost her entire body covered with a blanket.

He was amused by the thought of what had happened before; this girl was torturing him without her realizing it.

Luckily, she was wearing her long two-piece pajamas. If only she had worn one-piece lingerie, Tristan couldn't imagine what would happen now. Maybe now they're still making love.

'Bella, I hope you will not make me wait too long, dear...'

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 207: Weird Dream

"Bella, why aren't you sleeping yet?" Tristan asked as he joined her on the bed.

After lying on her side, he turned to face her. He silently admired her beauty while waiting for her response. But when he saw her brows slightly furrowed, he started to worry.

'Why is she angry?' he wondered, trying to figure out if he did something wrong.

...

Bella's eyes narrowed when she saw Tristan's appearance. The sight of him just finished showering made her heart swell.

Her eyes didn't leave his face. She saw his still-wet hair glistening under the soft light of the bedside lamp, and his clean face was radiant. She couldn't help but think to herself, 'Gosh! Why does he look even more charming?'

Lying close together like this, Bella could smell his lovely fragrance soap. The fresh menthol aroma slowly dispelled her drowsiness.

The more she feasted her eyes on his good looks, the faster her heart raced, and a strange desire slowly rose within her. She longed to fit herself into his arms as if she were in a dream that woke her up from sleep.

“Are you alright, dear?”

Bella was stunned when Tristan’s hand touched her cheek. She enjoyed his touch momentarily as a smile appeared on her lips, but it only lasted a few seconds. Her smile faded as she asked, “Why are you showering at this hour, Tristan!?”

She asked him with a calm expression, even though she was inwardly trying to restrain herself not to throw herself into his arms.

Tristan suddenly lost his words when he heard her question; he withdrew his hand and rested it on the pillow that separated them. There was no way he would be honest with her, saying that he took a cold shower to cool down his lust for her. That’s really embarrassing!

He didn’t want Bella to misunderstand him because he wasn’t the one who started touching her, but she, herself. Now, he had no other choice but to find an excuse.

After thinking for a moment, Tristan finally found a reason. It was a good enough excuse to cover what had happened earlier.

A faint smile graced his face.

“I couldn’t sleep either. And when I remembered I hadn’t showered, I immediately took a shower, hoping I could sleep after that...” Tristan answered in a serious tone.

However, he almost laughed when he saw her roll her eyes. It seemed his reason was not convincing enough.

Sigh!

He didn’t want her to get more suspicious, so he changed the subject.

“Why are you awake?” he asked casually. But after that, he regretted asking such a question, worried that Bella had woken up because of the noise he made in the bathroom.

Bella blinked a few times before finally saying, “I had a weird dream...”

“Weird dream?” Tristan repeated her sentence, worry starting to show in his eyes.

“Yes. I...” Bella couldn’t continue her words. It would be embarrassing to say she dreamed of being in his arms. She was afraid Tristan might think differently; it was just an excuse for her to ask for a hug.

“Was it a nightmare?”

Bella, “....”

Her tongue suddenly became stiff. She could not utter a single word to answer his simple question. She sighed deeply as she looked away at his chest, avoiding the worried look in his eyes.

However, without Bella realizing it, her gaze made Tristan think she wanted a hug. A faint smile appeared on his lips. He felt glad to know that her awkwardness was slowly fading.

“Bella, do you want me to hug you? So you can sleep again?”

Secretly, Bella clenched her hands under the blanket. Surprised, hearing his question hit the mark.

‘How did he know?’ She looked up to see him, surprised.

Of course, she couldn’t admit that.

She withdrew her gaze without expression. “No!”

Once again, Bella took a deep breath and hid her face under the blanket. At this moment, she could feel that her cheeks must have changed color again, embarrassed by what was on her mind.

After a brief silence, she whispered, “Tristan, please turn off the lights.”

Bella slowly closed her eyes as the lights went out.

However, not even a few seconds had passed, and Tristan threw the pillow between them out of bed, surprising Bella. She opened her eyes to see him.

She was shocked. She saw him move closer, his hand touching her waist.

Before Bella could say anything, her body was in Tristan’s arms, just as she wished.

She swallowed.

“T-Tristan...” she stammered his name while looking into his eyes. She held her breath, seeing how close their faces were now. Tristan’s brilliant blue eyes were just inches away from her, and she could clearly see happiness dancing through his eyes.

Her heartbeat raced when his warm breath brushed her face. She swallowed hard when she saw his smile grace his charming-godly face.

Faced with this sudden and delicate atmosphere, her brain could not think straight for a moment.

“W-What are you doing, Tristan?” After struggling to calm her heart, she finally could continue her words.

Tristan gently kissed her forehead with a light touch of his lips when Bella didn’t push him away despite her nervousness.

After his tender kiss, he looked into her eyes again and said, “You know what, Bella? I’ve read an article in the past: If a woman says NO, it means YES...”

His smile widened when he saw her eyes blinking rapidly as if agreeing with his sentence.

“So, my darling wife, you will stay in my arms until morning. Don’t worry about anything else. I will keep my promise—” Tristan couldn’t finish his words.

He was shocked when Bella’s quick kiss covered his lips. Before he could return her kiss, her soft, warm lips parted from his.

“Good night...” Bella said, burying her face in his chest. She didn’t say anything else, nor did she dare to move. She just fit herself into his warm embrace.

However, at this moment, Bella still can’t believe what she is doing. How dare she kiss him first!?

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 208: Responsible

However, at this moment, Bella still can’t believe what she is doing. How dare she kiss him first!?

As if he knew that his wife was embarrassed, Tristan, with a deep understanding of her feelings, didn’t try to tease her. He wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tighter, offering comfort.

“Goodnight...” he whispered, slightly resting his chin on the top of her head. He tried to sleep with a smile plastered on his face.

That night, it seemed so short.

When Tristan opened his eyes, the bright light from the window dazzled his eyes. After adjusting his vision to the light, he saw Bella still in his arms. A warm smile slowly emerged from his lips. He felt overwhelmed with gratitude for their newfound closeness.

Sleeping while hugging the woman he loved was not just a dream. Unexpectedly, he could now melt Bella's heart and have her accept him completely. He thought Bella still needed more time, but he was wrong.

Tristan was grateful that God answered his prayer so quickly.

But his grateful smile slowly faded when he felt his whole body hurt, especially his hand supporting Bella's head. He couldn't believe he could sleep in one position all night while holding her.

He didn't get up immediately but waited for her. He let himself enjoy this moment, tightening his arms around her and feeling her warmth.

However, not long after, a knock came from the door. He glanced at the door with a faint smile on his face. Tristan couldn't think anyone dared to knock on their room this early in the morning except for one; it must be their son, Dax.

Tristan made sure the blanket covered their bodies — he didn't want his son to see his mother sleeping like a Koala holding him.

"Yes, come in..." Tristan answered in a low tone, worried about waking Bella in his arms.

When the door opened, Tristan saw his son, Dax, already dressed in intelligent casual house clothes.

"Good morning, buddy. Come here..." Tristan gestured to him to get closer to the bed.

When he saw Dax stop opposite him, right behind Bella's bedside, he whispered softly, "Buddy, sorry. I cannot move over there. Not without waking Mommy. And Mommy is still sleeping peacefully."

"It's okay, Dad. I just wanted to tell you I'm going downstairs. I want to get some breakfast..." Dax's round eyes blinked as he imagined his favorite toast. Last night, he had asked Aunt Noora to make him toast for breakfast this morning.

Tristan felt sorry for his son because he would eat alone without them. But he also felt sad about waking Bella now.

"Buddy, you eat first. Ask Aunt Noora or Uncle Geoffrey to accompany you. Mom and I, we'll be down soon."

"Dad, don't worry about me. Just let Mom sleep a little longer..." Dax smiled at his father and then left.

After the bedroom door closed, Tristan glanced at the digital clock on the nightstand. It was six in the morning, still too early to get up. He agreed with his son to let Bella sleep more.

Before long,

Tristan felt Bella finally move in his arms, bringing her body closer. He could feel the softness of her breasts rubbing against the top of his stomach.

However, his body suddenly froze when her thigh rose slightly and gently brushed his little brother down there. He silently swallows when his little brother starts to feel stiff again.

‘Damn it!’

Tristan vented his frustration while trying to avoid her thigh. But it was useless because he couldn’t move. Bella hugged him like a koala.

He gritted his teeth as she gently stroked her back, trying to divert his sultry thoughts and wishing she could wake up now. He wouldn’t be able to stop himself if Bella continued to rub his lower abdomen.

“Bella, why are you trying to challenge my patient so early in the morning?” he whispered. He would probably devour her if they were in this position for much longer.

He closes his eyes and tries to enjoy it.

“Challenge what...?”

Tristan was shocked to hear Bella’s hoarse voice. He looked at her and was surprised to see her eyes slowly opening. A loving smile appeared on his lips as he saw her blinking at him.

“Good morning, my pretty wife... You finally woke up,” Tristan greeted her lovingly, losing his hug to see her face more clearly.

“Did you sleep well?” He continued while helping straighten her hair, which covered part of her face.

“Mo-morning, Tristan. Hmm, I sleep well...” Bella greeted him with a faint smile.

However, her expression slowly changed when she realized their awkward position. She hugged him tight, her hand on his chest and her thigh resting on his lower abdomen.

Her body instantly turned stiff when she could feel something hard and hot down there.

‘This...!? What... Is this!?’

She tries to figure out what the hard and hot things are on her tight.

Not even a second later, Bella’s eyes widened when she realized it was Tristan’s hard cock.

‘What the hell!?’

Bella couldn’t help but curse, too shocked by this situation.

Instantly, she let go of her embrace, turned her body, and avoided him.

She was too embarrassed to face him right now and could feel how hot her cheeks were.

Gosh!

Before Bella had time to calm her shock, she suddenly felt her body being pulled back and hitting Tristan’s sturdy body. She tried to calm herself while waiting for him to say something. However, a minute passed, and Tristan didn’t say anything. He just buried his head in her neck and tightened his embrace.

Her heart started pounding again and making strange sounds. She can’t help but ask, “Tristan, what are you doing...?”

She asked, without turning to meet his eyes; she felt so embarrassed to see him now.

“Bella, I’m sorry, but you have to take responsibility. You woke up my little brother down there...” Tristan whispered near Bella’s ear, and her whole body immediately heated up hearing his sultry words.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 209: Spoiled Brat
East City, at Isaac Donovan’s house.

In a medieval-style study room, Isaac Donovan sat on a single sofa, observing his three sons before him one by one.

Jacob Donovan, his first son, sat on his right. His second son, Lucas Donovan, Bella’s father, sat on his left side, and beside Lucas sat his youngest son, Thomas Donovan.

It was rare for Isaac to meet them at the same time as now. He was now starting to believe something big had happened in his family.

The tension in the room was palpable, and although no words left Isaac's lips, his cold gaze was enough to make his three sons lose their voices.

After waiting a few more minutes and neither of them starting a conversation, Isaac Donovan's impatience began to wear thin.

Isaac took a deep breath before saying, "If none of you start talking, all of you might leave this house. And I won't see you again until my last breath! And yes, you guessed it right. Anyone that I don't want to see when I am on my last breath will face a severe consequence." His cold words shocked them all.

"Father, please stay here," Jacob Donovan begged when he saw his father was about to stand up.

Isaac set his sights on his first son, Jacob. "Then speak! Who is causing trouble this time?"

There was only one reason his son asked him to return like this: someone was in big trouble. He had been curious to know about it since yesterday.

"Father, it is about—" Jacob's words stopped when he saw his father looking in the door direction with a furious expression. Before he continued, his father shouted in anger.

"Lucas Donovan, why can't you educate your son properly?" Isaac snapped angrily, slapping Lucas with his gaze.

Everyone was shocked. They looked towards the door and saw Henry entering the room in a miserable condition.

A thin vein suddenly appeared on Lucas Donovan's forehead when he saw his son, Henry.

"Why did you come here? Who allowed you to enter this room without permission?" Lucas scolded Henry. However, his stubborn son did not listen to his questions; instead, he walked, approaching his grandfather.

Isaac Donovan could only take a deep breath while looking at Henry. Just seeing Henry's dire condition — his face looked swollen, purple near his eyes, and his left hand was in a cast — he knew immediately that this brat was the one causing the problem.

"Who did you offend this time?" Isaac asked when he saw Henry sitting beside Jacob.

Slowly, Henry could feel the wild beats in his heart when he remembered what happened a few days ago. Bella's friend tortured him. The man punched him in the face until he no longer recognized his own face, and he also lost two teeth.

What made him suffer so much was that he broke his radius bone and had to have surgery. And the saddest thing was that the bones in his left hand were crushed.

Henry really hates Bella! He will definitely take revenge on her. He would make his father's plan work. Let that bitch marry an old man with three kids the same age as her.

He rushed here when he discovered that his grandfather had returned this morning from the capital.

However, when Henry arrived, he discovered his father and two uncles had arrived earlier. He couldn't wait any longer to ensure his Grandpa would let Bella marry Uncle Bradley, so he barged in after threatening Nick.

"Grandpa, you should give me justice!!" Annoyance could be heard in Henry's tone.

Isaac Donovan speaks slowly but clearly, "Why should I do that? If someone beats you, it could mean you are doing something bad to another person — and that's what you usually do!"

He wasn't surprised anymore to see Henry like this. In the past, this spoiled brat always got into trouble. Either someone beat him like this, or he beat someone.

They had to spend a lot of money to pay his victim to silence them, or they had to deal with the police to get him out of prison.

This spoiled brat is only capable of humiliating his family.

"Grandpa, why do you think I'm the one causing trouble out there?"

Henry was aware he wasn't his grandfather's favorite. He didn't mind it. However, now he felt sad hearing his grandfather didn't believe him.

"I didn't do anything to hurt anyone. Have you forgotten my promise to you? I will change. I won't cause problems for the family, Grandpa! Not anymore."

Isaac Donovan didn't say anything, but he needed to hear more from him after seeing the honesty in his eyes.

Henry took a deep breath, his expression slowly turning gloomy.

"I was on a business trip in Nova City a few days ago. On my last day, I accidentally met my little sister, Bella. But suddenly, my little sister asked her friend to beat me and break my hand." Henry's voice trembled as he tried to contain his anger, remembering his humiliation and suffering.

Isaac was shocked to hear that. He vividly remembers not hearing anything from Bella about her encounter with Henry.

He knew for sure Bella would never do something like that. She was so gentle with everyone, especially her family. She would choose to leave rather than get into trouble.

Isaac narrowed his eyes at Henry.

"Don't try to lie to me, Henry Donovan!" He snapped, warning him. "Your little sister would never hit you if you didn't offend her. Now tell me, what did you do to make her hit you like this?"

Isaac trusted Bella more than this useless Henry. He knew that if anyone tried to hurt Bella, her bodyguard would definitely be the one to beat this fool.

"I told her about my father's plan to mar—"

"Enough, Henry!" Lucas Donovan interrupted. He glared at Henry in annoyance. If this damn kid talks, his father might get angry. "Get out now, or I will freeze all your cards and assets!"

Gritting his teeth in frustration, Henry refrained from denying his father, worried that his father would truly take everything he had. He has no choice but to leave the room immediately, annoyed.

"What plot are you planning this time, Lucas?" Isaac asked. He could see Lucas hiding something from him.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 210: The Next Person To Taste Her Anger!

"Father, we have investors to help with our construction business." Thomas Donovan, the third son, interrupted, causing Isaac to turn his gaze to his youngest son.

"Dawson Group invested a large amount of money to help our company. They will also use our construction company to build their minimarkets across the country..." Thomas continues.

Jacob nodded. He looked at his father. While listening, Thomas began to tell their father about their big plans.

After Thomas finished, Jacob added, "Father, what Thomas said is true. Our company will no longer experience financial difficulties. We will return to glory in this city in a matter of months," his eyes beamed with joy as he explained.

When Isaac heard his sons' words, the wrinkles on his forehead deepened. But he remained silent while thinking about what they were all trying to say. He is still suspicious about something.

Lucas enthusiastically added, "We are now in the process of rebuilding our company. When other companies learned that Dawson Group had invested in our company, Donovan Group's name became positive again, and many other companies now want to collaborate with us."

Thomas laughed happily at his brother's sentence before saying, "Yes... Yes... since our company suffered after the Sinclair Group cut off their business deal with us in the last two weeks, Dawson's support has become a breath of fresh air for us. We even got a new contract to build the Emerald Group's new housing complex."

Hearing his three sons' explanations only made Isaac Donovan even more confused.

Isaac couldn't understand why they were suddenly reporting about the company when he had already stepped down from management and didn't care how they ran it now. Even if his company goes bankrupt, he doesn't care anymore.

"So? Why did you report to me?" Isaac asked before taking a deep breath.

Tired of facing them all, Isaac turned his gaze to Nick, standing by the door. He wanted to ask him to drag all his stupid sons out of the room, but Lucas' words almost made him have a heart attack.

"Father, the owner of Dawson Group, is a friend of mine. His name is Bradley Caville. He asked for permission to marry Bella, and I agreed. But now, I can't—" Lucas fell silent when he saw his father raise his hand to stop him—seeing how red his father's face was made his heart tighten.

"Lucas Donovan! I am terribly ashamed to be your father. How could you be so mean to your own daughter? What kind of father are you!?" Isaac rebuked. No language could describe how angry he was right now. If a sharp gaze could send people to the coffin, his son would have already entered his own coffin.

Everyone in the room gasped in surprise at Isaac's anger, which they had never seen before. No one dared to answer; they just looked at their father silently.

"How can you decide such an important thing without talking to Bella? Do you think Bella is still a teenager?" Isaac continued, his eyes burning with anger, looking at Lucas.

“Because you accepted the proposal, then you should marry him! Don’t involve my granddaughter, Bella, in your foolish plans!”

Isaac Donovan couldn’t imagine what would happen if Tristan Sinclair heard about their plans; he might send his three stupid sons into the sea to feed sharks.

He wanted to tell them everything about Bella and Tristan’s relationship, but he held back because he remembered Bella’s warning not to tell anyone. He grumbled inwardly, trying to calm his anger.

Lucas, “....”

In the corner, Nick almost laughed out loud when he heard Isaac’s words. However, when he saw Isaac’s face getting redder, he immediately approached and offered water to calm his anger.

Jacob and Thomas could only purse their lips. They wanted to say something, but seeing how angry their father was now stopped them. And they slowly looked away, avoiding eye contact with their father.

Lucas clenched his fist before saying, “But father, this is about—”

“Shut your mouth, or I will beat you, Lucas!” Isaac’s face turned redder and redder as if his blood vessels were about to burst.

Nick panicked.

“Master, please don’t be angry. Your blood pressure...” Nick said, worried. He turned his gaze to his master’s sons.

He gave them all his sharp-dagger gaze before saying. “Please stop saying such words. Old Master will relapse if you all continue to make him angry.”

Jacob and the others didn’t say anything, but their gazes were clearly displeased with Nick’s warning.

“It’s alright, Nick...” Isaac raised his hand to stop Nick.

Then, he turned his gaze towards Lucas. He stared at him for a few seconds before speaking. “Bella, she’s not a teenager anymore. She’s too old for you to arrange a marriage for her. So, please, Lucas... stop interfering in Bella’s life. If you still do that, I might not be able to help you in the future if...” He was silent momentarily, thinking about the correct sentence because he couldn’t tell him about Tristan.

After a few seconds, Isaac continued, "Never underestimate your daughter, especially when she's in a rage, which rarely happens. You know what happened to Henry, right? Lucas...if you insist, you might be the next person to taste her anger!"

Lucas growled, but he couldn't deny his father's words. He could only ask his eldest brother, Jacob Donovan, for help.

Jacob sat up straight, looking at his father. He calmly said, "Father, my brother Lucas did nothing wrong. However, I was the one who was at fault. Because I was the one who asked him to accept the marriage proposal for the sake of our company. The Dawson Group has a good reputation throughout the country. If our company joins forces with them, we will make our company's reputation, which had fallen, rise again."

"Yes, Father... What Brother Jacob said is true. If my niece Bella marries Brother Bradley, our company will be safe from bankruptcy," Thomas Donovan, the youngest, also chimed in.

Isaac no longer had the energy to talk to them. It seemed that all his stupid sons wouldn't stop even if he forced them to, so he dismissed them all from his house.

He had to return to the capital to talk to Bella about the mess her father and uncle had made for her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 211: Please Tell Me If You Want Me to Stop *
Beach House, at Nova City.

Tristan's hand moves slowly from Bella's hip to her belly button. His arm muscles grip her tight, and she can feel them on the right side of her torso.

Her heart pounded even faster when she could feel all of him pressed against her back. And he buried his head on her shoulder, whispering in his soft but deep voice, "Bella, please tell me if you want me to stop."

Bella failed to say anything. She was so busy calming her heart and too shy to respond because she really wanted him to continue.

She could feel Tristan's hands slowly moving up, teasing her lower breast with gentle caresses. Her breath suddenly became shallow as she thought a nameless fire burning fiercely in her body.

"I ask you one more time. Do you want me to stop?"

Silent.

'NO! Don't stop...' Bella screamed in her mind as she imagined his hands squeezing her breast.

A smile slowly spread across Tristan's lips. His hand cupped her soft breast. He could feel her tension, but he didn't stop; his fingers gently pinched her hardened nipples, and a thin moan escaped her lips.

Bella could feel her body heat start to burn her inside.

With a quick movement, Tristan turned her body, and now he was on top of her. Their eyes were level with each other. One hand was still gently squeezing her breast and lower body, pressing against her lower abdomen.

Their faces were so close that Bella could feel his every breath brushing her tense face.

"You look beautiful, Bella. I'm so grateful to have you as my wife."

"Tri-Tristan..." She called his name but couldn't find the words to continue.

Bella could feel her face getting hotter now as Tristan's hands continued to tease her breast, trembling her heart. She swallowed hard, looking back into his beaming blue eyes.

However, Tristan's expression slowly changed as his hands stopped teasing her. His body slipped next to her, with his chest pressed against the soft mattress while his head turned towards her.

He tried to calm his raging lust inside. However, he immediately felt worried when he saw her gaze flash with confusion and annoyance. He turned his body to face her with a gentle smile framing his face. He asked, "You don't want me to stop?"

Bella was speechless hearing how casually he said those words. How could she answer such a question? After he succeeded in awakening her lust to make love with him, he stopped right away!

She wanted to scold him but couldn't bring herself to say anything. Too embarrassed to meet his gaze, she couldn't help but bury her face in his chest.

What she could do now to vent her frustrations in her mind was, 'Tristan Shameless Sinclair, you stupid man!'

Tristan smiled faintly as he pulled her closer to him.

"I really want to do it more than you, Bella. But we can't do it now." Tristan's voice sounded heavy and annoyed at the same time.

'Why?' She asked in her heart.

"Did you forget that we have a son?" Tristan chuckled when he felt her body stiffen. "We have to go downstairs now... Our son is probably still waiting for us for breakfast—"

Instantly, Bella pushed Tristan's body away, forgetting her embarrassment over their intimacy earlier.

She got out of bed and sprinted to the bathroom for her morning routine.

Bella couldn't stop blaming herself. How could she forget Dax?

Later,

As she washed her face and brushed her teeth, Tristan joined her. But she didn't say anything. She hurried to the walk-in closet to change clothes.

Bella was no longer embarrassed to remove all her clothes when Tristan was around. But Tristan stopped her just before she put on a knee-length black one-piece dress with a floral motif on the skirt.

Tristan felt defeated again, looking at her, who only wore a bra and panties. He couldn't help but hug her from behind while burying his head in her neck. He inhaled as much of her floral scent as needed to distract his sultry thoughts. But he was wrong; it increased his desire to devour her.

"My darling wife, you look like you've never given birth. You still look hot and sexy..."

"You mean hot and sexy like my body before pranking me with divorce papers?" Bella smiled faintly, remembering her body at that time. She was overweight and didn't realize that she was pregnant.

Tristan didn't respond to her question—worried about hurting her again. He just tightened his hug.

Bella could feel his lips on her neck, and then the tip of his tongue traced her neck and up near her ear. Her heart beat faster, and her body felt on fire.

She glanced at Tristan over her shoulder.

"Ugh! Tristan Sinclair, stop... stop it! We need to go downstairs."

However, Tristan didn't immediately let her go. Instead, he turned her body to face him, placed his hand on her arms, and squeezed it gently. His eyes were looking at her, burning with passion.

He leaned closer and kissed her lips. His tongue slid slightly inside her mouth. When he saw her squeeze her eyes shut, he smiled through his gaze.

Bella closed her eyes when she felt his warm tongue dancing in her mouth. Rather than resist, she returned his kiss with equal passion. She raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck.

Just as Bella felt that she was about to die from the lack of oxygen, Tristan finally gave up on his kiss. The tip of his tongue gently swept across her top rosy lips. His pair of blue eyes seemed to be brewing the desire to devour her completely.

She could feel her knees shudder, so she grabbed his arms to stand properly. Receiving fresh air once again, Bella felt like a drowning person as she gasped for air. She lowered her gaze to avoid his, afraid he would kiss her again.

"Let's continue this tonight..." He whispered and let go of her.

Then Tristans helped her wear her clothes before he changed his clothes.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 212: Feeding Others With PDA

Bella and Tristan rushed to the first floor, hoping they could still accompany Dax to breakfast. However, they did not see him when they arrived, and no one was around.

"Are they going to the beach for his daily training again?" Bella walked over to the glass wall with a view of the backyard to check. But she couldn't see anyone near the pool.

Tristan stood beside Bella, following her line of sight. After he put his hand on her shoulder, he glanced and was surprised to see how worried her gaze was now.

"Don't worry, they are probably walking on the beach. Let me call Geoffrey," Tristan smiled, trying to make his wife more relaxed. With his other hand, he called Geoffrey.

On the first ring, the phone connected, "Good morning, Master. I will come to you—"

"No need. I just wanted to ask you. Do you know where Dax is?" he asked.

Tristan's eyes were still focused on Bella, who was standing in front of him. He could see the unease in her expression. He smiled at her as he took her hand and squeezed it gently.

However, when his eyes fell on her parted cherry lips, he silently swallowed as he remembered their passionate kiss earlier. He couldn't help but pull her into his arms, causing Bella to glare at him when her face was suddenly on his firm chest.

'Geez! This man is increasingly daring to show his intimacy, feeding everyone with his PDA!*' She could only vent her frustration in her heart while listening to their conversation.

"Yes. We are now in the guest lounge on the right wing. He is playing with Max. Do you want me to send him there?"

Bella could faintly hear Geoffrey's voice and shook her head to signal Tristan to let their son play computer games with Max. Since they arrived, Dax had never played his game; he mostly spent his time at the pool or beach.

"Let him play more, Geoffrey."

"Yes, sir."

—

After Tristan ended the call, he put his cell phone in his trouser pocket while smiling happily to see Bella still in his arms. Even though she had now shifted her gaze to the backyard, her head still leaned on his chest, making his heart swell.

His hands wrapped around her while kissing the top of her head before he asked her, "Do you want to check on Dax or have breakfast?"

Tristan was too tall for Bella; her head didn't pass his shoulders. She needed to look up to see him in the eyes.

She looks at his blue eyes and quickly answers, "Let's have breakfast first. He might stop playing with Max if he saw us now."

"Ok, my darling wife. We need to feed you more food for our wild night later..." Tristan whispered in his alluring tone, but later, he laughed when Bella pinched his stomach.

He let go of her embrace, took her hand, and walked to the dining table.

The dining room was connected to the dry, modern kitchen and bar in the corner. A glass wall surrounded the room so they could see the sea and the beautiful garden outside.

Bella saw that the food still looked warm on the table as if it had just been served before they came down.

Several types of breakfast were served on the table. Still, Bella chose her usual breakfast. A Hash Browns omelet. She also picks a few pieces of fruit: golden melon and watermelon. For drinks, the kitchen staff served Cold Brew coffee; she poured the coffee herself, added a little low-fat milk to her coffee, and put in a couple of ice cubes.

After preparing her coffee, Bella turned to Tristan beside her. She was surprised to see him supporting his chin with one hand, his eyes lovingly staring at her.

Looking at his loving expression, enough to make her heart race again. She silently tries to calm her heart before asking, "Do you want me to prepare your breakfast, too?"

"If you are willing, it will make me the happiest husband in the world."

Bella paused, feeling a flutter in her stomach at his endearing words. It was still hard for her to believe that she had witnessed Tristan Sinclair's romantic shamelessness in the past two days.

"What do you want to eat?" she asked calmly, placing the empty plate in front of him.

Tristan was so busy gazing at her beauty that he forgot to answer her question.

Bella frowned and looked at him, rendered speechless.

"Tristan? Stop looking at me like that..." Bella said, feeling a bit awkward under Tristan's intimate gaze.

Instantly, a nameless fire burned inside her as images of their almost lovemaking flashed through her mind. She quickly turned her gaze to her coffee, avoiding his eyes while trying to calm her heartbeat.

However, Tristan softly called her name before her heart could beat usually. She turned to him. Her eyes widened when she saw his face so close, their noses almost touching.

Bella pulled her head away.

However, Tristan's hand gently held the back of her head, directing it towards him, and kissed her.

Her heart skipped a beat as she felt his lips cover hers. She broke the kiss and said, "We're in the dining room, Tristan..."

A small smile graced his face before he said, "Sorry, Bella. I couldn't help but want to taste your alluring lips..." His smile widened as he pulled his head away from her.

Bella sighed as she sat up straight again.

“What do you want to eat?”

“I want to eat you... I mean... I want to eat the same as you. And your coffee looks delicious, too.”

Bella said nothing as she placed the Hash Browns omelet on Tristan’s plate and continued making him Cold Brew coffee.

They enjoyed breakfast while chatting about their plans for the day. This was their last day in this city before they returned to the capital this afternoon.

“Do you want to go somewhere? Maybe take a ride with Dax?” Tristan asked. He knew Dax hadn’t left the beach house since they arrived.

“Sounds good. We can go have lunch at a local restaurant...”

*PDA = Public Display of Affection

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 213: Someone Following Us!?

The three of them finally left the Beach House.

Tristan decided to drive alone and not drive a luxury car so as not to attract the attention of others; instead, he drove an SUV. A vehicle that is often found in Nova City.

The sun shone, and the temperature was perfect for enjoying the day outside—not too cold or hot, with plenty of sunshine and excellent humidity.

However, within ten minutes after they left the Beach House, when the car entered the public road, Bella became suspicious of the two vehicles seemingly following the last two turns their vehicle had taken while always keeping their distance several car lines behind.

Bella’s suspicions grew even more because the two cars had the opportunity to pass their vehicle several times, but only one passed them.

After the next turn, the one that stayed behind made a different turn, but not long after that, the passed car suddenly showed up behind her car again.

The two vehicles continuously switch while following their car.

Bella, who had recently become wary of a mafia organization tracking her identity, was very alert. She continued observing the suspicious two cars' switching movements.

'Dark Skull, are they following me here!?' she wonders, nervous because Dax is with them. She worries that the Dark Skull knows about her son and is endangering him.

She didn't tell Tristan about it immediately but continued to watch the car behind for a few minutes. She did not lose sight of the tailing vehicles even when the road got more crowded.

Nevertheless, the cars still followed their car despite more crowded traffic and taking a few turns.

Bella couldn't take it anymore, so she leaned closer to Tristan and whispered.

"Did you see the two black cars behind?"

She spoke barely audibly, and only Tristan could hear her. She didn't want Dax to listen to them; he may be curious or afraid.

Tristan quickly glanced at the rearview mirror to check the cars Bella mentioned. Then he glanced at her and nodded to respond.

"The cars have been following us since we left the beach house. I'm afraid they are not good people. Can you try to get away from them?"

He smiled, hearing her worried tone. "Don't worry; they are my bodyguards," he said casually, but Bella could feel the annoyance in his tone.

Bella was relieved to hear that but also amused when she realized she was worrying too much. She leaned back casually in her seat and asked him, "So the rumor that you have an army... I mean, having a lot of bodyguards following you is true!?"

She glanced at him, curious to hear his answer.

Tristan chuckled at her words. "Well, they shouldn't be visible. Now, I'm amazed... how did you recognize them right away!? It looks like I need to discipline them all," he said casually, but Bella could feel he was disappointed with his guards and serious about punishing them.

Instantly, she felt terrible about exposing them. "Oh, please, Tristan... there's no need to discipline them. Maybe I am just too sensitive to someone following us; you must know my reason, right?"

Bella smiled when she saw Tristan turn to look at her. "I'm worried about your mother..." She didn't say her last words, but when she saw Tristan nod, she knew he had to understand.

"Please, Tristan, you don't have to do anything to your guard," Bella pleaded; she felt sorry for his guards if he punished them.

"Hmm, of course. I will do whatever you want, darling."

Bella, "..."

While Bella chatted with Tristan, Dax, who sat in the back row, secretly listened to their conversation. He was curious to know why his father had so many bodyguards! He could see two black vans following them. He guessed there were ten or more people there.

After a pause, Dax finally had a chance to speak.

"Dad, why did you bring so many bodyguards to protect you? Geoffrey told me you were good at martial arts and even stronger than him. So, I don't think you need that much protection." Dax asked as his eyes fell on Tristan.

Bella was surprised to hear Dax's question. She turned to look at him and smiled when she saw his expression. Her son's eyes glinted with curiosity as he looked at his father. Then she also turned to Tristan, curious to hear his answer.

Tristan glanced at Dax in the rearview mirror before responding.

"Because I can't deal with bad people. So, my bodyguards will take care of them."

"Dad, you didn't answer my question..." Dax wasn't satisfied with his father's answer.

Bella, "..."

Tristan, "..."

They were both speechless when hearing of Dax's curiosity.

"That's because—" Tristan paused momentarily, fixing his gaze again on the street ahead and considering the right words to explain to his son.

"Because I can't afford to get hurt or create negative news. I have a lot of responsibilities in taking care of the company. If I get hurt, it will be troublesome for the company; negative news can make our company's share price drop. The company

would suffer.” Tristan wanted to say those words, but he was concerned Dax might not fully understand.

After a few seconds, Tristan finally found the correct answer. However, before he could speak, Bella chimed in.

“Because your Dad can’t display his strength,” she smiled at Tristan, who briefly glanced at her.

Dax turned to his mom, his brow slightly furrowed. “Dad, can’t display his strength!? What do you mean, Mom!?”

Bella silently chuckled with Dax’s curiosity.

“I’ve read books about strategy, business, or war. It’s best if the enemy doesn’t know our strength. We don’t need to show it to them if it’s unnecessary. That’s why your dad avoids danger and lets his bodyguard take care of it.”

Bella knew Tristan was having trouble answering Dax. And this was the only answer she could give to prevent their son from asking further questions.

Dax nodded, agreeing with his mother.

“Now I remember. My teacher Geoffrey also said that. He said I needed to learn martial arts to strengthen my body and discipline, not to show off my strength to others.”

Bella was relieved that Geoffrey had taught Dax about it.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 214: Unknown Call? Only One Name Comes to Her Mind, Sean!

“That’s why your father needs many bodyguards to protect him. As a business owner, many bad people want to harm him. Isn’t that right, Tristan?” Bella turned her gaze to Tristan.

“Yes, my dear, that’s right.” Tristan smiled at her. Satisfied hearing her explanation.

Bella smiled again and focused back on the road ahead. However, not even a minute later, Dax asked another question that almost choked her.

“Mom, why do you still call my dad by his name?”

Bella was stunned to hear that. Hearing his question instantly makes her feel awkward. She feels weird calling Tristan him with my husband, darling, or something similar. This is why she preferred to call Tristan by his name.

After thinking momentarily, Bella pretended she hadn't heard Dax's question. However, Tristan added fuel to the fire, causing her to roll her eyes at him.

"My dear wife, you should start calling me Hubby or Honey. I don't mind which one you prefer. You can choose whatever you like." Tristan grinned at her before turning his gaze back to the road. He avoids her glare.

Bella secretly let out a deep breath, venting her frustration inwardly,

'Oh my, this guy! He can't miss the opportunity to tease me, huh!'

She turned her gaze outside, trying to ignore them, but once again, her son joined forces with his father.

"Yes, Mom, you should. If someone hears you, I am afraid they might think my father is not your husband."

'Unbelievable! How could this four-and-a-half-year-old child say such words?'

Bella looked back to see Dax. Seeing how adorable his expression was now amused her. But she maintained her curious expression, "Baby, where did you hear such words!?" She narrowed her eyes at him.

Dax paused for a moment as if thinking about something. Then, he gave an ambiguous answer. "Mom, I guess... I heard someone say that."

Bella didn't need to ask anymore; she simply turned her gaze to Tristan. She knew the person who had told Dax about it—the person who now smiled widely while focusing on the road ahead.

Taking a deep breath, she asked, "Hubby, which restaurant are we going to for lunch?"

Tristan smiled in amusement at her words. "We'll be there in a few minutes," he said, glancing at her.

She ignored him and looked out the window again.

...

Before long, their car finally arrived at the beachside restaurant. The restaurant looked busy despite being far from the main street.

The parking lot appeared almost full, but Tristan didn't even look at the packed parking lot. He stopped his car in front of the main entrance. When they exited the car, one of Tristan's bodyguards suddenly appeared and immediately parked the vehicle.

Even though the restaurant seemed full with every table occupied, a waiter promptly greeted them and escorted them to the VIP room. It appeared Tristan had already reserved their VIP room.

The room was clean, with a modern interior and a large long table in the middle. This was the typical VIP restaurant Bella usually saw. However, what surprised her was the wide glass window, which offered a stunning view of the blue sea stretching as far as the eye could see.

Several couples and families strolled on the white sandy beach despite the sun shining.

Seeing their happy faces, Bella felt a twinge of envy.

Bella wished she could freely walk to the beach without anyone recognizing them. But it seemed she couldn't take that risk, worried that someone might snap a photo of them if they stayed outside for too long.

The breathtaking view captivated not only her but also Dax. He even asked his father if they could walk to the beach.

While Tristan and Dax chatted and enjoyed the view near the glass wall, Bella ordered their food from the waiter.

Finishing the order, Bella sat in her chair overlooking the beach view, listening to Dax and Tristan's conversation.

"Why do you like the sea so much, Buddy?" Tristan asked. Ever since Tristan first met Dax, his eyes sparkled whenever he talked about the sea or the beach.

Dax was silent for a moment. His gaze remained fixed on the blue sea in the distance.

Not long after, he looked up to meet his father's eyes.

"Maybe it's because I like warm places... that's why I like the sea."

"I see," Tristan smiled at him. He ruffled Dax's hair before continuing, "We can go to the beach anytime. I have an island near the capital, only an hour from the pier. We can go there every weekend if you want."

"Wow! Really..." Dax was excited.

"Yes..."

Hearing Tristan and Dax's conversation made Bella's heart ache slightly. She knew her son didn't like cold places.

She felt sorry for Dax because she had been so selfish in choosing a remote place like Northern Sweden, where the temperature was always cold, as their place to live.

...

Not long after, the food was served.

A variety of grilled seafood was placed on the table. They enjoyed lunch while chatting, mostly Tristan conversing with Dax. Meanwhile, Bella only occasionally joined in their conversation.

Bella ate slowly. When Tristan and Dax finished, she only ate half of her lunch. She looked at her son, who was already standing by the glass wall, gazing at the sea; instantly, she felt sorry for him.

"Tristan, you two can go for a walk outside. I'll wait here."

Hearing Bella's words, Tristan was reluctant to leave her alone.

"Go. It's okay. I will enjoy this food without rushing..." Bella smiled at him and then looked at Dax.

"Baby, you can go out with your dad. You can get ice cream there..." Bella pointed to one of the stalls a few meters away from where they were.

A few minutes after Tristan and Dax left her alone in the VIP room, Bella finally finished her lunch.

Bella stood against the glass wall, looking at the beach, trying to spot Tristan and Dax. Before she could find them, her cell phone rang.

"Unknown number?"

No one else knew her phone number besides the contacts in her phonebook.

Except...

"SEAN!?"

Chapter 215: Surprised Phone Call

"SEAN!!"

It could be Sean! It must be Sean! Who else can call her through this number? If not Sean, who else? Bella couldn't think of anyone else to call her through this number.

Bella could feel her heart tighten, but she immediately brushed aside the heavy feeling. After exhaling several times to calm herself, she answers the call.

"Hello..."

"Hello, good afternoon, Miss Arabella Donovan. I'm sorry if my call disturbed you in any way." A woman's voice greeted her quickly but politely, startling Bella.

'A woman's voice. But not her friends. Sounds like a dignified, well-educated woman. Who is this woman? I don't recognize her voice at all! How did she get my personal phone number?'

Bella was confused. She glanced at the number on her cell phone screen. After carefully checking, she found that it was a local cell phone number.

'This caller must be a stranger to me. Why could this woman call me?'

Her cell phone number was private; even her parents didn't know it. She had also asked Stefan to block anyone not on her phone's contact list from calling, messaging, or tracking her GPS location through the phone. Stefan has made the application exclusively for her. No one could break through unless they had a hacker with abilities similar to Stefan's.

'This...'

Bella immediately turned on the recording before answering the call.

"I'm sorry. But I have to interrupt you. Who are you? How did you get my number? I don't have your number in my contact list." she calmly asked, successfully hiding her confusion.

"Oh, my. Where's my manners... My sincere apology, Miss Arabella... I should have introduced myself first."

Bella could hear the woman sounding a little embarrassed without losing her politeness. Still, she said nothing, patiently waiting for this woman to answer her question.

"Once again, I apologize to you, Miss. My name is Amanda Spencer. Maybe you've heard my name before from Sean? I'm Sean Spencer's aunt. You are Miss Arabella Donovan, right?" Amanda's voice sounded so gentle anyone who heard the tone would think she was trying not to upset Bella.

But Bella failed to notice Amanda Spencer's gentleness; she was utterly shocked to hear her name.

'What!? Amanda Spencer? Sean's aunt?' Bella repeated the woman's words inwardly.

Instantly, she felt her knees go weak, knowing she was talking to Amanda Spencer, someone she usually saw on television or the internet. Most importantly, she was Sean's aunt.

Bella silently gulped before greeting her back, "Hi—Hi..." She felt like a lump was in her throat. She cleared her throat before continuing, "Yes, I am. Is there something you want to talk to me about?"

Amanda didn't answer right away. Instead, she laughed lightly, delighted. Bella's private number was extremely challenging to obtain and to break. She could obtain and call the number only because of her resourcefulness and some luck.

Her curiosity about Arabella Donovan increased when she couldn't trace her public registered ID. No information about her family details and home address could be found; she only knew her office address.

She guessed this was all because of her nephew, Sean, who protected Bella's identity. She felt lucky to finally have Bella's number yesterday.

Amanda really needed to contact Bella because, after she told her sister-in-law about Bella, her sister wanted to meet Bella, too.

"Oh yeah, lots of things. May I call you Bella, or would you prefer me to call you Miss Arabella—"

"Bella would be fine."

"Sounds perfect. Bella, you can also call me Amanda."

"Sure...Amanda," Bella answered as she sat down in the chair. She couldn't stand while chatting with Amanda for too long because her knees were starting to give out. She was terribly nervous right now.

"Bella, would you mind sparing a fraction of your precious time to meet me in person?"

More and more questions whirled around her mind upon hearing that Amanda wanted to meet her.

"Why do you want to meet me? To prevent me from seeing Sean?" Bella wanted to ask like that, but she held back.

She saw no good reason why they should meet Amanda Spencer. It was better not to meet anyone related to Sean now. In this situation, she needed to meet Sean first, not his aunt and anybody else in Spencer's family.

However, Bella's mouth betrayed her. Subconsciously, she answered, "Okay, Amanda. But not today. Today, I'm still in another city..."

'Damn! Why did I answer so awkwardly like that?' Bella could only vent her frustration in her heart while secretly gritting her teeth, feeling frustrated.

"Thank you very much, Bella. Oh, of course... You can decide when and where we should meet. But the sooner we meet, the better, Bella. We have a lot of things to discuss, agree?"

Bella was silent.

"By the way, I called you using my private phone number," Amanda said excitedly. "I hope you will save this number in your contact list. And, please, call me anytime you have the chance."

Bella couldn't turn back time to reject Amanda Spencer. Even though her heart felt heavy, she still answered awkwardly, "You can count on me, Amanda. I will contact you at the first opportunity I have..."

...

Five minutes had passed since Bella ended the awkward phone call with Amanda Spencer.

The conversation was so shocking Bella couldn't do anything else. She was just sitting in her chair, her eyes still fixed on the dark screen of her cell phone. Her mind was filled with countless questions about why Amanda Spencer wanted to meet her.

Bella immediately ruled out the possibility that Amanda wanted to meet her for business reasons. That was highly unlikely.

The only reason for this meeting was definitely related to Sean because Amanda issued the Spencer Black Card for her — she might have misunderstood her relationship with Sean.

"Black Card—" A smile slowly appeared on her lips. "There's a good reason to meet Amanda Spencer. I have to return Spencer's Black Card to her..." She couldn't keep Sean's family's precious card.

Bella placed her cell phone on the table. She briefly closed her eyes to force her mind to brush away what had just happened.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 216: Boycott!

After successfully clearing and calming her mind, she enjoyed her favorite dessert—a slice of her favorite New York cheesecake with vanilla ice cream.

As she coursed through the delicious cake, her cell phone vibrated again.

Unlike the first call, Bella was so relaxed this time. She didn't rush, checking her phone with her other hand without stopping munching on her dessert.

It was Leo. He had sent her a few links to check.

"10 Interesting Facts About Laura Kiels You Don't Know Exist."

Just reading the article's title, Bella already knew who posted the news.

"LegitFact.com..."

Bella shook her head slowly and chuckled.

"Seriously, Stefan? You're really creative in creating a gossip website that specifically discusses this bitch."

She clicked on the link and was surprised to find not just one article but many. It seemed like Stefan had created this website a while ago.

"This guy! Does he want another bonus!?" Bella smiled and started reading the article.

Reading the news written by Stefan and ANetz's reactions put Bella in a good mood.

There was only one news story, but it immediately became a trending topic.

Nearly two thousand people shared the article, and there were almost ten thousand comments, with more comments increasing every second. Some comments are probably Stefan's bot, but many others are legit.

...

As the article about Laura Kiels spread, several similar articles, each filled with controversy, started appearing on various websites.

“Laura Kiels, show me what you will do now?” A sinister smile slowly appeared on Bella’s lips.

After reading A-Netz’s comments, Bella’s heart was comforted.

Many people started to change their opinion of Stellar Entertainment. They blamed Laura Kiels for her selfishness and unprofessional ethics and conduct. Some A-Netz even started a petition to boycott Laura Kiels altogether.

However, even though many people supported Stellar Entertainment, Laura’s fans remained stubborn. They vehemently denied the facts and said that the article was a HOAX, raising questions about the photos’ authenticity and the claims’ credibility.

Bella started to check their comments one by one:

“This is a hoax! Nowadays, it’s elementary to make edited photos.”

“FR! FR! For a picture like this, I can edit it too!”

“Ha ha ha... You are right, dude! It is impossible for our fairy Laura to go to such a place and party until morning.”

“IKR! She’s so gentle. And she rarely goes to parties. After all, she’s our nation’s little sister!”

“Yeah! Sister Laura was our angel.”

“I agree with you guys. She would not wear super sexy clothes like this!? This is clearly Photoshop! Tch... What an amateur...”

Instantly, Bella’s expression darkened.

She took a deep breath.

“Do I need to ask Stefan to release some video footage of Laura having a wild party to make them believe it? Or when someone brings her to the hotel when she is drunk!?”

Bella placed her phone on the table and continued to eat her dessert.

Later, she decided to call Stefan.

“Sis, why did you suddenly call me?” Stefan’s deep voice could be heard from the other end. Bella immediately knew that Stefan had just woken up from his sleep.

"I'm sorry, Stefan. I know I might wake you up..." Bella quietly took a deep breath.

Living on a different continent from Stefan was really annoying. The time difference made it difficult for them to communicate if there was something urgent like this.

If she needed Stefan during the day, it was already nighttime at his place.

"I need you to work right by my side. Can you come to Astington and stay for a few months until I clean up the mess in the company?" Bella suggested.

That's the only way for them to work faster; they could communicate every time without sacrificing anyone's sleep.

Stefan took a few seconds to respond to Bella's question. He really wanted to fly to Astington to meet her and her son, but he also needed to complete a few more things here before he could fly.

"It's okay if you can't, Stefan. Don't feel pressured." Bella chuckled when she heard nothing from him for a bit too long.

"Hahaha, sis, you are still the same, impatient person. Well... I was busy counting how many days I have to finish my current workload before I can fly there." Stefan explained.

Bella was excited to hear his response, "Oh, you can come here?"

"Yes... Yes... but I need a few more days to finish my work. I think I can get there next week. But let me reconfirm to you later. And, besides my work, I also need to talk to the big boss." He chuckled, thinking about Jack.

"Ah, you're right. But don't worry about Jack; I'll call him, too, and ensure he won't put another load on you. And don't worry about where to stay when you're here. Would you prefer an apartment or sharing a floor with Leo in my condo?" Bella offered.

She had an apartment on top of the Quantum Capital Building, and there were several empty rooms Stefan could live in. If Stefan needs to set up a supercomputer room, he can install one in the study room; it will be safer.

"It doesn't matter for me, sis. I can live anywhere... as long as I have a room for my computer."

"Alright. Consider it done. I will arrange it for you now so you can use it right away once you're here."

"Sis, why did you call me?"

"It's about Laura Kiels. By the way... you did a great job with the website and the articles. But some A-Netz still doubts the images you uploaded. They say it must be Photoshop..."

"What the fuck!!" Stefan couldn't help but curse.

"Hahaha, I know, right? They're all so stupid. Really... Really stupid! They deny the fact that their idols are actually a bitch!" Bella's emotions stirred again. "Do you have any revealing pictures? Or her sex party videos? Let's upload them."

"Tch!! Sis, of course, I have. Don't worry. I randomly scheduled several articles with more convincing evidence that will be published daily."

"You are a genius, Stefan! Okay, you can continue to sleep again. And let me know when you will arrive here. I will arrange for someone to pick you up."

"Thank you, big sister. I'm so excited to meet you now," Stefan happily said.

"See you soon. I can't wait to meet you too..." Bella smiled, looking at her cell phone, but her smile faded when she heard a voice from the door.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 217: Move To Tristan's House (1)

"See you soon. I can't wait to meet you too..." Bella smiled, looking at her cell phone, but her smile faded when she heard a voice from the door.

"Mommy..."

Bella turned around and looked at the door. She saw Dax walking up to her, with Tristan following behind.

'Did they hear me speaking with Stefan?' Bella wondered while smiling at them. She immediately stood up from her seat and approached her son. However, when she saw Dax's cheeks turn red like boiling crabs, she was amused; he looked adorable.

"Did you have fun out there?" When Bella saw Dax nod, she continued to ask, "How much ice cream did you eat?" She stifled a laugh when she saw the chocolate ice cream stain on his white shirt.

"Two," Dax answered while making a V sign.

"Baby, do you remember your diet plan, right? Today, you won't be able to eat ice cream anymore..." Bella said softly, rubbing her cheek.

Bella was concerned about Dax's weight. He had been gaining weight lately and had passed the ideal weight for his age. Before they flew to Nova City, she consulted with a doctor. The pediatrician suggested that Dax should start adjusting his diet so he doesn't get out of control and become overweight.

Suddenly, Dax's eyes blinked when he heard his mother's words. He couldn't believe what he heard. His shoulders slumped before he asked. "Mom, I haven't eaten my cake yet. Can I have my cake later!? Please..."

Bella ruffled his hair as she answered, "Of course you can, dear..."

She no longer asked Dax but turned her gaze towards Tristan. She saw him standing near the door with his gaze fixed on her.

"We have to go back now, right?" It was already past two in the afternoon. They had to fly to the capital at five PM, and there was not really enough time to do anything else.

"Hmm, yeah. I think that's for the best. Plus, you and Dax need to rest before we go to the airport," Tristan answered. His eyes glanced at the table.

When Tristan saw her clean plate, he felt relieved that Bella had finished her lunch. He worried that she had been busy talking on the phone and had forgotten to eat.

"Alright, let's return to the beach house now."

After Bella grabbed her bag, they immediately left the restaurant.

Capital.

They arrived at Little Heaven at eight o'clock.

Bella already knew they would start moving into Tristan's house today. However, her heart was tense when their car headed to Tristan's house, not her grandfather's. She didn't know why, but a nameless feeling emerged from her heart, making her worry.

She didn't leave the car immediately, even after her son and Noora happily entered the house. They both looked excited.

Sighing silently, Bella turned her eyes to Tristan outside the car. He was talking with Geoffrey as if he were instructing him on something.

Later,

After Bella took her bag and exited the car, she turned her gaze towards her grandfather's house while clenching her fists.

However, Bella's worries gradually faded when she saw Tristan walking towards her. She smiled at him when he placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Let's go inside..."

She answered him with a "Hmm..."

"My dear wife, this is the first time you have entered our new home since you decided to return to me," Tristan's brilliant blue eyes beamed at her.

She frowned while nodding. "Yes. So?"

Tristan's smile grew wider before he continued, "Do you want me to carry you in princess style? I often see that scene in romantic movies..." He asked with his thoughtful and deadpan expression, almost causing Bella to choke.

Bella, "..."

Gosh! When does this busiest man in the country have so much free time to watch movies? A romance movie? Seriously!?

Bella didn't say anything as she continued to walk beside him, holding his hand. However, before she went through the main door, she stopped.

Tristan was stunned. He quickly turned to her, worried she was reluctant to enter their house. He put his hand on her arm and made her face him.

"What is it, Dear? Why do you look reluctant to get in?" Tristan asked, glancing at the vehicle they had used. "Is there anything left in the car? Let me get it for you..."

"Tristan, I didn't leave anything behind," Bella took a deep breath, looking into his eyes for a few seconds before saying, "I think we should say hello to Grandpa before I officially move here. He was our elder, and I lived in his house for months... It would be rude not to do that, right?"

He raised his eyebrows, hearing her words. "Seriously, you didn't know that?"

"Know about what?" Bella asked, confused.

"Grandpa Isaac and Nick are going back to East City. They flew there early this morning and won't be back for a few days..." he explained.

Bella was utterly surprised. She didn't expect her grandfather to go back to the East. She knew her grandfather's agenda. He had no plans this year to return East.

Countless questions popped into her mind: Why did Grandpa suddenly return to the East City? Was there a problem that made him leave without saying anything to her?

"I don't know about it," Bella answered worriedly. "How did you know about that!? Why did he suddenly return to the East?"

Tristan smiled while taking her hand and squeezing it gently.

"This morning, I called Grandpa Isaac to ask permission for you and Dax to move into this house. But he said he was already in East City..." Tristan recounted everything he talked with Isaac to her. "But when I asked why he suddenly flew back to the East, Grandpa said nothing."

Bella turned to look towards her grandfather's house while thinking.

She was starting to worry that her grandfather had fled to the East, which was related to what Henry had told her a few days ago.

'Grandpa, they forced you to come back because of my arranged marriage with that old man?'

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 218: Move To Tristan's House (2)

"Darling, is there any trouble in your family in East City?" Tristan asked, his tone showing a genuine worry.

Bella turned her gaze back to Tristan. "No. Nothing happens. Everything is fine as far as I know," she answered, maintaining her smile.

She didn't want to ruin Tristan's mood on their first day back together, living under the same roof.

"Are you sure?" Tristan slowly raised his hand, gently stroking her hair. He continued his words when he didn't hear her response and saw her avoiding his gaze. "I mean... you still seem worried about something. You can share it with me, Bella. I'll try to help no matter what..." He meant it.

Hearing the sincerity in his voice, Bella turns to see him again. "Thank you, Tristan. But I also don't know what happened there. I will let you know if anything is wrong and ask for help if necessary."

His worried gaze slowly faded, replaced with his spring-like smile.

However, before Tristan could say anything, Bella said, "Let's enter the house. Dax must be waiting for us!" She stepped into the house without waiting for Tristan.

Even though Bella was already familiar with this house—she visited almost every day—when she entered it again after deciding to return to Tristan as his wife, she felt joy, excitement, and fear. Those emotions were mixed so well that Bella couldn't determine which one she felt the most.

Bella tried to calm her heart and mind as she continued walking towards the living room. However, upon entering, she found it empty. She didn't see Dax there.

She turned to look at Tristan beside her, but he spoke before she could. "Dax is not in the living room. Maybe Dax has gone to his bedroom," Tristan said, taking Bella's hand. "Let's check on him..."

Bella nodded. There was no reason to stay on this floor; there was no dinner tonight. They had already eaten on the plane before landing. Her son must be tired and sleepy now.

....

Bella and Tristan entered Dax's room just as he finished changing into his pajamas.

"Hi, Dax. I thought I would see you in the living room. Are you going to bed early, buddy...?" Tristan walked over to his son's bed and sat on the edge, helping him with his blanket.

"Are you tired, my son?" Bella asked in worry.

"Mom, Dad, my activities will continue tomorrow. So I decided to go to bed early because I will be busy from morning to evening." Dax smiled back at his mother before bidding them goodnight.

Bella was always amazed by the maturity of her son's mind. She never imagined this young man would think and talk like an old man, just like his father.

They finally left his room after showering Dax with kisses,

...

Later,

Bella narrowed her eyes at Tristan after she saw him close the bedroom door.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Tristan chuckled as he approached her. He placed his hands on her waist and pulled her closer to him.

Even though they were still fully clothed, the moment his body came into contact with hers, Tristan could feel his blood sizzling, rushing to certain parts of his body.

"My beautiful wife, I know... you can't wait to sleep with me, but can we clean up first? Or do you want to take a bath together?" A faint smile slowly appeared on his lips as he leaned closer to her face to kiss her.

Bella, "..."

'Jeez!! Tristan Shameless Sinclair... who wants to make love with you!?'

She pulled her head away from him, avoiding his kiss. When she saw his shocked expression, she rolled her eyes before answering. "Throw away what you're thinking, Mr. Sinclair... That's not what I'm thinking right now."

Suddenly, a faint line appeared on his forehead as he said, "Huh! So, am I wrong?"

"Yes... Yes... You are!"

"Ha ha ha..." Tristan awkwardly laughed. "I'm sorry, darling. I thought you couldn't wait any longer," he said while gently rubbing her dainty nose.

Tristan led her to the sofa at the end of the room. After they sat side by side, he asked, "Then, why were you looking at me like that? Like you want to swallow me through your gaze. Is there something you want to say?"

"Do you realize that you are increasingly influencing Dax?" Bella said. She was amused when she saw him frown. "I mean, the way he talks and his attitude in serious mode is the same as you."

Tristan tried to remember his son's behavior in the last few weeks. Moments later, he laughed.

"Wow! You are right, dear. Dax literally copied-pasted me..." Tristan said as he slid his arms behind Bella, placed them on her waist, and pulled her closer to him. There was no space between them; he could feel her body heat increasing like his.

He tried to calm his heartbeat for a few more seconds before saying, "Thank you, Bella. You have given birth to my mini-me... I love you so much." Tristan leaned closer, kissed her lips, and pulled her into his arms.

The light kiss and his tight embrace suddenly made Bella feel her whole body heat up. Even the air conditioner in the room failed to make the room temperature comfortable. She wanted to immediately take off her clothes and take a cold shower.

They hadn't made love since the last time they almost did it at the beach house. Tristan wanted to make their first experience memorable, a honeymoon experience. Because in the past, they had never been on a honeymoon.

"Bella, I can't wait any longer..." His hoarse voice near her ears sped up her heartbeat.

"Have you forgotten what you said yesterday!?" Bella answered him calmly.

Tristan pulled himself away from Bella, trying to hold back his lust. He rested his back against the sofa, looking at the ceiling.

Second later,

He closed his eyes, trying to calm his mind so that his little brother down there wouldn't wake up. Or he will betray his promise.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 219: Romantic Honeymoon Plans

Tristan closed his eyes, trying to calm his mind so that his little brother down there wouldn't wake up. Or he will betray his promise.

"You said you wanted to give me the best honeymoon experience. I'm really looking forward to it, Mr. Sinclair."

Bella held her laughter when she heard him growl.

"I know... Oh, dear... I've made plans," Tristan said softly, slowly opening his eyes and looking at her. "I will arrange the best Honeymoon ever for my lovely wife..."

He stroked her hair while smiling at her. However, inside, he really regretted saying that because the idea of waiting any longer before he could touch her was starting to torment him.

Bella, "..."

Seeing how red Tristan's face was now, Bella could guess what he was thinking. She needed to change the conversation to divert his attention. If she couldn't distract him, there's a huge chance they'll end up making love tonight.

"Tristan, let's sleep. I have to go to the office tomorrow morning; I have an important meeting with my legal team to sue Laura Kiels' buzzer." She immediately stood up from the sofa, trying to calm her loud heartbeat.

Bella would be lying if she said she didn't want to make love to him, too. She wanted it!

However, she also wanted to experience what Tristan had planned for them—a romantic night just with him, like the honeymoon she had dreamed of.

And if Tristan continues to tease her now, she might give up waiting for their romantic honeymoon.

Badum! Badum!

That strange noise in her heart started to torture her again.

Bella walked towards the walk-in closet. When she looked inside, she was shocked.

She saw several items from her grandfather's house neatly arranged there and several new items she had never seen before. She already knew that Tristan had asked his maid to move Dax and her things to this house, but she was utterly stunned to find out he had bought many new things for her.

Bella entered the walk-in closet. She couldn't help but faintly take a deep sigh, looking at the usually empty cupboard, which is now filled with branded items, ranging from evening gowns, glamorous dresses, and office sets from her favorite brands to home clothes that suit her style.

The room could also accommodate a collection of bags, shoes, and accessories that she usually saw in magazines; now, they were neatly arranged in front of her.

'Gosh! You don't need to do this, Tristan. I'm not that kind of woman who cares too much about this stuff...'

"Do you like it?"

Tristan's voice startled Bella. She turned to look towards the door and saw Tristan leaning against it, crossing his arms over his chest.

She silently swallowed hard when her gaze fell on his strong arm muscles. And the weird thought started to fill her mind again; she wanted to place herself between his arms.

'Gosh! Hold yourself, Bella!' she reminded herself, slightly shaking her head to push away her sultry thoughts.

After a few seconds, Bella looked into Tristan's eyes again. "Hmm, I like it. But why did you buy me so many new things? Why didn't you just bring all the clothes and other things from my Grandpa's house?"

Even though she didn't have many clothes and things at her Grandpa's house, there were enough for her to use. Some of the clothes are new. She bought them when she arrived in this city.

Suddenly, Bella's mind began to fill with memories of her shopping at Mogul Mega Mall that day, the first time she met Tristan. And this shameless man followed her shopping, even giving her his credit card.

Bella narrowed her eyes at him. 'Oh, wait!! Did he deliberately trick me into using his card? And now, he also got my clothes and shoe sizes from Flyte, right??' She remembered shopping at her favorite clothing store at that time.

Sigh!

A faint smile crossed Bella's lips when she realized Tristan's trickery. He had been following her shopping and doing something behind her back without her realizing it. Thinking about it, she felt amused and impressed with his effort.

"I like spending my money on the woman I love, so buying all these things is like happy medicine for me," he said in his calm voice, but Bella almost laughed hearing his choice of words.

Bella was speechless.

She could only vent her sarcasm in her mind, 'Nice try, Mr. Tristan Shameless Sinclair... but stop using such flowery words; it makes me cringe.'

Tristan continued when he saw she didn't say anything. "And if we spend the night at Grandpa Isaac's house one day, you still have clothes there."

Bella, "..."

What kind of reason is that?

Their house was a three-minute walk away, so it seemed impossible for them to spend the night there.

Taking a deep breath, Bella approached the door and said, "My rich husband, I shall thank you for your generosity..." She smiled at him.

His facial expression lifted as if he'd just witnessed his wife open a silent invitation for him to choose his reward.

"I think a kiss would be better than words. Can I choose a kiss instead of—"

“NO!” Bella immediately cut him off. She knew what he was thinking.

Bella walked past him and ran into the bathroom, turning the knob and locking it. She stood by the door rubbing her heart, trying to calm its noisy heartbeat.

Badum! Badum!

‘Arabella Donovan! Please be calm...’

Several times, Bella took a deep breath before she could drag her feet to face the mirror to check her appearance. However, what she saw shocked her; her face was red, like a boiled crab.

She could only laugh in her heart while starting to remove her clothes. But once again, Tristan’s voice from outside made her almost choke.

“My darling wife, can we take a bath together? To save time and clean water?” He shouted, pleading.

A faint smile framed her face as she mumbled, “How shameless!”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 220: Help Her Clumsily

A faint smile framed her face as she mumbled, “How shameless!”

“My darling wife, I know you heard me. Come on, open the door for me. I promise I won’t do anything... Trust me, okay?” he coaxed, making Bella want to laugh.

‘Oh my, Tristan Sinclair! Would you be able to stop yourself if you saw me without anything covering my body!?’

Bella took another deep breath before answering.

“Tristan, NO. I believe you, but not your little brother down there.” She said almost in a hushed voice, but Tristan heard her clearly.

“Hahaha, don’t worry. I’ve learned to control it; you know how patient I am, right? Please open the door, darling...”

Bella laughed inwardly. It was hard for her to believe he could restrain himself after waiting so many years.

She still remembered Tristan telling her that he had never slept with anyone but her. He didn’t have time to glance at other women even after she left. He buried himself in his work and even slept in the condo on the top floor of his office.

‘How could Tristan resist if he saw me now?’

Seeing her smooth body reflection in the mirror, without any linen, made Bella smile. She felt proud of herself now. She is a mother with a son, but her body still looks like she was in her early twenties.

She managed to keep her body lean and fit after giving birth to Dax. Her body is even fitter, and she has more toned arms and abs muscles than before she was pregnant.

Her breasts look firmer now than the last time Tristan saw her completely naked, a couple of nights before he sent the divorce lawyer. The night she and Tristan made love for the last time and conceived Dax. As a matter of fact, the last time she ever made love.

‘Well, let’s say... I can trust him if he can restrain himself. But what about me? Can I restrain myself? It’s been so long...’

Bella faintly shook her head. She couldn’t trust herself, especially if she saw what was under his stomach. If she had seen it now, she would probably have had a nosebleed and abandoned their plan—a romantic honeymoon.

Gosh!

After all these years, she still felt like the entire zoo was now rumbling in her stomach when she imagined them doing it in the past.

At that time, Tristan may have done it because it was his duty, but for her, it was because she loved him so much, and every romantic moment remained in her heart.

Even when she left him and tried to bury all the sweet memories with him in the deepest part of her heart, she never succeeded in erasing them; those sweet memories will never fade. They are still there.

“Wife, don’t make me worry now... I will break open the door if you don’t say anything, dear.” Tristan’s voice sounds worried.

Bella, “...”

“Mr. Sinclair, my answer is still NO. Go to the bathroom outside. You have a lot of empty bathrooms out there,” Bella said, then opened the water tap. She needed to take a cold shower to cool her body heat.

She ignored Tristan, who still tried to convince her to open the door.

After a few seconds, she no longer heard anything; it relieved her.

....

Before long,

Bella finally finished showering to cool down her body heat.

When she came out of the bathroom, she only wore a bathrobe and wrapped a towel around her head. She didn't see Tristan in the room.

Soon, Bella entered the walk-in closet and chose to wear her short silk pajama set.

She then sat at the dressing table, wanting to dry her hair with a hairdryer.

However, before she turned on the hair dryer, she saw Tristan's reflection in the mirror, walking towards her. He looked handsome, with his hair still slightly wet. He was wearing his usual white T-shirt and black silk pajama pants.

"Let me help you..."

Tristan took the hairdryer from Bella's hand and helped dry her hair clumsily.

"I'm sorry if I'm still stiff using this hairdryer," said Tristan, looking at Bella's reflection in the mirror.

She could only smile to respond to him.

"Please let me know if the temperature is too hot and makes you uncomfortable..."
Tristan said, continuing to run his fingers through her soft, wet, long hair and aiming the hair dryer at it with his other hand.

"You did well, Tristan..."

"Hubby!"

She chuckled, looking at Tristan's narrowed eyes on her.

"Dear, you better get used to calling me that, especially when Dax is around. He will protest if you keep calling me by my name."

"Why do you insist... I call you that?"

Tristan didn't answer her.

Bella couldn't help but laugh at his joyful expression.

Looking at Tristan, who remained silent, Bella no longer asked anything. She tried to enjoy Tristan drying her hair. Every time his fingers gently brushed her hair, she felt warm inside.

She hid her happy smile while slightly lowering her head, looking at her hand on her lap. However, not long after, his question stunned her.

“What are you going to do about Laura Kiels’ buzzer?”

Bella slowly looked at him in the mirror. His eyes stared back at her, and his hands were still skillfully drying her hair.

“I have enough evidence to sue them all. My legal team has already reported them all to the police. I will teach them to use their fingers properly—think before typing. I will not show them mercy, especially to all paid buzzers.” She answered calmly.

Tristan smiled proudly, hearing her explanation.

“I agree with you. These useless people need to be punished so they won’t do similar things again in the future...” Tristan said, focusing again on her hair.

“Yeah, you are right, they all need—” Suddenly, Bella’s words trailed off when something crossed her mind. She narrowed her eyes, staring at Tristan, who was now busy looking at her hair.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 221: Are You Jealous?

She narrowed her eyes, staring at Tristan, who was now busy looking at her hair.

After a few more seconds passed, she called him.

“Tristan...” she called out urgently, her voice tinged with concern. “In the past, when Laura Kiels’ buzzer created romantic articles or comments on social media about you and her, why did you never stop them all? You seem to let the gossip spread...and enjoy it!”

Tristan’s hand, which was in the air, froze as if time had stopped. His eyes widened slightly, a mixture of shock and guilt flashing, but he didn’t say anything.

Before long, Bella was the one who broke the silence.

“So, you enjoyed it when A-Nezt thought you two were dating?” Bella said casually, but her heart felt slightly sour hearing her words. She lowered her eyes, avoiding Tristan’s gaze.

Tristan didn't rush to answer her but instead smiled, looking at his wife, who lowered her gaze. He turned off the hair dryer and put it on the vanity table.

"Your hair is done..." He gently scooped her into his arms and carried her to their bed, his eyes filled with love looking at her.

Bella was caught off guard; suddenly, she was in his arms. She crossed her arms around his neck and smiled back at him.

After Tristan put her on the bed, Bella slipped under the covers while looking at Tristan, climbed up next to her, and joined her under the cover. Their eyes were still locked on each other before he pulled her closer.

They were so close that Bella felt Tristan's every warm breath brush her face. She blinked a few times, waiting for him to say something.

"Ms. Sinclair, are you jealous because of the rumors?"

Bella was stunned. She didn't expect him to ask her such a question. A faint smile slowly appeared on her lips as she shook her head slightly.

"You seem so confident, Mr. Sinclair. Even though I used to love you so much, I have not cared about you for even a bit since we separated, and I thanked Dax for that," she said casually.

Tristan felt bitter after hearing her words but couldn't say anything because he knew why she felt that way.

Looking at his miserable gaze, Bella felt amused; she continued, "So, you are wrong, Mr. Sinclair... I am not jealous at all. I just want to know your reason for letting the news spread like wildfire."

"You know what, darling? Your words had successfully hit me right in my heart..." he said, leaning closer and kissing her forehead lovingly.

Bella, "..."

After he looks into her eyes again, he asks curiously, "How about now? Did you start to love me again?"

Even now, Bella has returned to him, Tristan never hears Bella express her deep feelings or say, "I love you..."

"I won't answer until you tell me your reason," Bella playfully teased, her finger tracing along his delicate nose with a grin. "So, spill it first, sir..."

Tristan chuckled at the sight of his adorable wife, resisting the urge to kiss her once more. He restrained himself, not wanting to risk her anger, especially when he saw her genuinely curious expression.

“Alright, if my wife is so eager to know, I’ll be honest now...I will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God,” Tristan said, his hand finding her cheek and stroking it gently.

Bella remained silent.

“Well, it’s just that... I want to ensure my mother doesn’t attempt any more schemes to cause trouble; you know what I mean, right? You know well how cunningly evil she can be.”

When he saw Bella nod, he continued, “So, I asked Max not to intervene and let the gossip news spread. That’s my reason. My only reason. So...My dear wife, are you satisfied with my reason?”

Bella brushed off his playful question, responding only with a smile.

In truth, Bella had already figured out Tristan’s motive. He wouldn’t have allowed the rumors to spread if it didn’t serve his purposes. Apparently, he wanted to end his mother’s interference in his love life, so he let the rumors persist.

‘Wait! His mother... Jessica Sinclair...’ The mere thought of Jessica Sinclair made Bella’s stomach churn. ‘Jessica Sinclair, I hope you’ll stop bothering me. Perhaps with age, you’ll gain wisdom and serenity...’

Despite having borne a Sinclair heir, Bella still worries that Jessica might despise and reject her. She knew Jessica harbored a hidden agenda against her. Jessica resented her so much that she sought to expel her from the Sinclair family because she was the only person with knowledge of a truth that, if published correctly, could tarnish Jessica’s image forever.

Bella silently sighed, burying her face in Tristan’s firm chest.

...

Silence.

Tristan waited for Bella to speak, but after several minutes passed, she made no sound or movement in his embrace.

“Are you asleep?” he whispered softly, fearing to disturb her sleep.

“Hmm...” Bella murmured, barely audibly. Feeling drowsy and disinclined to continue the conversation. She was wary of revealing her thoughts about his mother.

She knew it wouldn't be easy for Tristan to defy his mother for her and Dax's sake. She didn't want to burden him with her knowledge about his mother. So she decided to keep it to herself until the right moment presented itself or perhaps take the secret to her grave.

“Goodnight, darling...” Tristan whispered, embracing her tightly before closing his eyes.

The Next day.

The black Rolls Roys Phantom stopped in front of the Quantum Capital Lobby.

“My wife, I know you will be busy all day. But please don't forget to eat lunch and call me every hour, okay?”

Tristan was still holding Bella's hand. He seemed reluctant to let her out of the car.

Bella couldn't help but smile at his words. How many times has he said that?

“Hmm, I will. You too...don't forget your lunch.”

“Sure! As long as you call me, I won't forget.”

Bella, “...”

Chapter 222: Call Me Every Hour!

“Sure! As long as you call me, I won't forget.” Tristan said.

Bella, “...”

“Okay, can you release my hand? I'll be late for my meeting if you don't let me go now...”

Tristan leaned closer and kissed her lightly before he signaled his bodyguard, sitting next to the driver, to open the car door for Bella.

Bella quickly exited the car, afraid Tristan might try to stop her again or step out of his vehicle.

This morning, she had actually declined Tristan's offer to drive her to the office, but he persisted. She had no choice but to agree, with one condition: he must not leave his car.

Bella was gripped with deep worry. She was not yet ready for her relationship with Tristan to be exposed to the world, especially not in her office.

The media's relentless pursuit of gossip news and constant presence in the Quantum Capital building, including the café or lobby lounge, only added to her anxiety.

The longer time before people knew about her relationship with Tristan, the better because she still needed to resolve many things, especially about Laura Kiels and her family. Once these two issues were sorted, she would allow Tristan to make an announcement.

However, when they were about to leave the house earlier, Bella was taken aback when she saw Tristan's luxurious car. She had expected him to drive her in his usual, modest vehicle, and this unexpected change left her perplexed.

When she protested, he stated, "My dear wife, I just want to let everyone know that Arabella Donovan already has a man, and her man is a big shot. So, they can back off if they dare to approach you..."

His ability to spin words into excuses made her feel amused and speechless simultaneously.

...

Bella quickened her steps as she walked toward the lobby. From afar, she saw Leo standing inside, near the entrance.

Leo looked casual, wearing a white slim-fit shirt and navy trousers that hugged his long legs. His simple attire did not diminish his attractiveness, prompting a few women nearby to steal glances at him.

They were all curious to see Leo standing near the entrance, holding two cups of coffee. This only heightened their interest in who the lucky woman would receive his coffee!?

Three women seated on the lounge sofa whispered among themselves while stealing glances at Leo.

"Look... Look at that guy with the white shirt over there; he looks charming."

"Oh my! Why have I never seen him before? Is he new!?"

"Do you know which division he's in?"

"I'm not sure. But judging by his attire, he's probably a staff member at the management office."

“You mean Quantum Capital?”

“Yeah, obviously! I hope he’s on our team’s entertainment division.”

“Ugh, can you guess who he’s waiting for? Looks like he’s been standing there for three minutes.”

“Let’s approach him and ask his name,” one woman giggled, her eyes sparkling as she looked at Leo.

“Let’s go. I hope I can snag some coffee from him,” another woman responded.

“Hahaha, you can have the coffee. I just need his cell phone number.”

The two women rolled their eyes.

Before the three women could rise from their seats, they froze in place upon seeing a beautiful woman walking toward the man. The man also looked at her with a smile slowly appearing on his face.

Her beauty amazed them; even their company’s top ex-actress, Laura Kiels, couldn’t rival her.

“Is she a new actress in our company?”

“Maybe she’ll replace Laura Kiels?”

“Wait! Why is she smiling at that guy—”

They were utterly surprised when they saw the man handing coffee to the beautiful woman.

...

“Morning...” Leo greeted Bella, offering a coffee latte.

“Thank you, Leo.”

Bella took her coffee as she continued walking towards the executive elevator. She spotted Sam standing beside it, waiting for them.

“You look in a terrific mood, Boss. And as pretty and charming as always,” Leo remarked as he walked alongside Bella.

Bella didn't respond, just giving him a glance and a faint but sincere smile at his compliment.

"Boss, if you wouldn't mind me asking, why did Boss Tristan drive you again? I thought you refused him driving you to the office because you worried someone might recognize him," Leo asked curiously.

When Leo finds out that Sam hasn't picked up Bella, he is surprised and curious. He had assumed Bella would drive herself to work, knowing how busy Sam had been lately. But he was wrong.

"Hmm... about that, you may ask Tristan yourself whenever you have a chance to meet him..." Bella said casually to Leo before stepping into the elevator.

She stood at the back, observing Leo and Sam ahead of her.

Later,

Her gaze lingered on Sam.

It had been two weeks since she asked Sam to set up a branch of the Sentinel Network in the country, and she had yet to hear directly from Sam about its progress.

"Sam, any updates on the development progress of the Sentinel Network?"

"Yes, Boss. I've managed to invite some of my former teammates from my special forces. They have retired from any army's actions. However, their skills are still very capable of helping me at Sentinel Network. They started their activities last week. Boss Jack also sent me two assistants from the head office to help me manage while I accompany you outside the office."

Bella felt proud hearing about Sam's work managing his team at the Sentinel Network, even though he was also busy looking after her and following her to Nova City.

"We still have insufficient skillful people to run the Sentinel Network at its maximum level; it will only operate smoothly in the next two months. But Boss, don't worry. For a small mission, I have formed a core team..." Sam explained everything to Bella until, finally, the elevator reached the nineteenth floor.

"I see. Keep me posted, Sam." Bella walked out of the elevator, followed by Sam and Leo.

However,

She stopped in front of her office door and turned to Sam with a thoughtful expression.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 223: She Knows What Happens in East City

Bella stopped in front of her office door and turned to Sam with a thoughtful expression.

“Sam, I need you to spend more time on the Sentinel Network and less time following me around. Uhm... You know what, you only need to focus on the Sentinel Network. Assign someone you trust the most as my guard,” Bella ordered.

Sam and Leo were surprised to hear that.

“I’m sorry, Boss. With all due respect... I can’t do that,” Sam immediately and firmly refused her order.

“I know that the Sentinel Network is important. But protecting you is my top priority. I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. So, even though I’m busy with the Sentinel Network, I can’t leave my main task behind. Trust me, Boss. I’ll manage.” He continues.

Bella was impressed to hear Sam’s professional answer. Still, she always felt guilty whenever she saw his incredible commanding and managing talents wasted as a guard and driver.

“Sam, I’m not a big shot like my husband, who needs dozens of bodyguards to shadow him. You don’t need to worry too much about my safety. I can take care of myself. Just assign someone capable of fighting to be my driver...”

“But—”

Bella raised her hand to stop him from continuing his words.

“Come on, Sam. If you think of me as your Boss, follow my orders,” she strictly ordered him.

Even though Sam didn’t think this was a good idea, he had no choice but to agree with Bella.

“Okay, Boss. I will appoint a trusted and capable person to look after you. But,” Sam looked Bella in the eyes as if he wanted to tell her she couldn’t refuse his request. “If you visit another city, I’ll come along!”

Looking at Sam’s concern and how much he cares about her, Bella feels her heart warm. She smiles at him and nods, “Sure. Thank you, Sam...”

After Bella dismissed Sam, she turned to Leo, who looked at her with concern. She could guess what he was thinking then, but she said nothing to him and just walked into her office.

Leo slightly chuckled as he followed her inside. He stood before her office desk.

“Are you sure you don’t want Sam to be your driver? Jack assigned him to keep you safe here, Bella,” he said with concern.

After Bella put her bag away, she took off her coat and hung it on the corner hatrack before sitting in her CEO chair. She looked at Leo with a faint smile slowly spreading across her lips.

“Yes, I’m positive. Tristan has asked me, and I have accepted, to let him drive me around. You already know how protective he has been lately, right?” she said while leaning against her seat.

“Hahaha, of course, I know. Boss Tristan is a loving husband. I still couldn’t wrap myself around the fact that he even left his crucial international business trip just to come back to you when he heard you were hospitalized,” Leo couldn’t help but laugh when he remembered what happened in Nova City.

“Yeah... That’s why Sam would be useless if he stuck to becoming my driver,” Bella sighed while opening her laptop. “Such a waste of talent... to let Samuel Brown, a solid ex-special force and a fully gifted project manager, drive for me.”

“You are right about that, Boss. I’m sure Boss Tristan will assign his best people to protect his darling wife.”

Bella was surprised to hear Leo’s remarks. But he is right.

Even though Tristan had not yet said anything about it, Bella was sure she would hear from Tristan about it in a few more days.

She shook her head while smiling at Leo, “Alright, let’s stop talking about me. What time do we have a meeting about Stellar Entertainment?”

Leo glanced at his watch before he answered, “You have 20 minutes to do something else before the meeting starts.”

Bella nodded slowly and asked Leo to leave. She needed to check her schedule for the week.

However, before she touched her laptop, she took out her cell phone and stood by the glass wall overlooking the busy street below.

After thinking for a few more seconds, she called her Grandpa’s number. She didn’t have a chance to call him last night. And this morning, she was worried about calling him when Tristan and Dax were around.

“Grandpa, good morning...” Bella immediately greeted Isaac Donovan when the line connected.

“Bella, morning dear. Have you guys arrived in the Capital?”

“Yes. We arrived last night. And I’m so surprised to know you are in the East City. Why didn’t you tell me about it, Grandpa? What happened there?” Bella asked. She couldn’t hide how worried she was now.

She continued her sentence after waiting, but her grandfather didn’t say anything.

Bella was increasingly convinced that something was happening there.

“Grandpa, I know my father wants to set me up with his friend.” Bella smiled when she heard her grandfather take a deep breath. She continued, “...but I wonder why they called you back to the East City? And what made you rush to go back there!?”

This is what makes Bella confused. If her father was planning to match her, he should ask her grandfather to take her too, right? But he didn’t do that? Or, if her father couldn’t call her because she blocked his number, he simply called Grandpa’s phone to talk to her.

Bella felt something fishy happening there.

Silence fell as Isaac seemed reluctant to tell what happened in the East. He had plans to settle things here before he flew back to the Capital and talked to her.

But it seems he can’t make his granddaughter wait.

After deep breathing, Isaac finally answered, “You are right; your father already arranged a marriage for you. I guess you already know who he is?”

“Yes, I know,” Bella answered. Stefan had already given her the old man’s identity, and just reading the person’s profile was enough to make her head spin.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 224: We Need To Talk

Another long, deep breath was heard before Isaac explained everything to Bella.

“My Dear Bella, don’t be surprised. Your father and uncle have accepted the proposal through a business collaboration with fantastic value...”

Bella was shocked.

“Don’t worry about anything, dear. I’ll handle the matter here and return to the Capital in a few days. We’ll talk about it in detail later...”

Bella opened her mouth but failed to make a sound. She was too angry with her parents.

How could they do that to her?

They hadn’t told her directly about the engagement, but they had already agreed. They’ve even made a deal!

‘Do they think of me as something that can be sold?’

For this matter, Bella decided not to take it easy. She can’t let them continue to plot nasty things behind her. It’s time for her to do something.

Bella will no longer consider them a part of her family because she has lost respect for her father and uncles for what they are doing now.

“Bella, my dear, are you still there?”

She snapped out of her thoughts, hearing her grandpa’s voice from the other end. Her grip on her cell phone tightened before she responded.

“Yes, I’m here. Grandpa, we will continue to talk about it when you return,” Bella said calmly, even though she felt like a hurricane in her heart.

“Alright, I will settle the matter here faster and fly there. I need to talk to you about this matter directly, and I also need to meet my little Dax. He must be missing me, right...?”

Bella’s smile gradually appears after hearing her grandpa’s last words.

“Oh, yeah. Dax definitely misses you, Grandpa. When he woke up this morning, he immediately asked to visit you, but he was slightly disappointed when he knew you were not home.”

Isaac was stunned.

He no longer feels the need to continue to talk with Bella about anything but ends the call to make a video call to his great-grandson.

Leo entered his office and headed to his desk.

However, his step stopped when he heard Dana’s voice from the seating area.

“Si-Sir, I’m sorry, I need to talk to you...”

Leo turned towards his secretary and was shocked to see her terrible expression. The cheerfulness and calm he used to see through her eyes were no longer there; only fear and confusion could be seen.

Curious to know what had happened, Leo immediately walked towards the seating area and sat across from her. After he placed his coffee on the table, he looked her in the eyes.

“Everything alright, Dana!?”

Leo knew something must have happened to her from her expression to make her show an expression he had never seen before.

Even though Leo had only known Dana recently, they had worked so intensely over the past two months. He learned a lot more about her.

Leo knew this girl was always calm and cheerful. She worked diligently and never complained, even under pressure. Because of this, he began to like her independent character and intelligence.

“S-Sir... Something happened in my village, and my parents asked me to go home immediately.”

Dana tried to explain calmly, but her trembling voice couldn’t hide her worry.

She didn’t want to go home but couldn’t avoid it because this was urgent, and she had no choice but to ask permission to leave for a few days.

Leo was surprised by Dana’s words; he slowly bent forward, both elbows resting on his thighs while cupping his hands tightly. He looked at her calmly, waiting for her to finish her words.

“S-Sir, I know you are so busy lately, and it’s not right for me to ask for leave for a few days for personal matters. But this is really important. So, I... I... need to take a leave for—”

“You can leave... It’s alright,” Leo suddenly chimed in when he saw her beautiful brown eyes blur. She was about to cry. How could he reject her when he saw such a sad expression?

Dana was surprised at how fast Leo gave her permission. She blinked a few times to make sure she didn’t hear wrong.

Before she could clarify, Leo continued, "It's fine. I can handle everything here. Linda and Billy could assist me during your absence. So no need to worry about your work." Leo smiled, trying to make her feel better.

Dana stood up from her seat and bowed ninety degrees to Leo like Koreans bowing respectfully to their elders. She feels so grateful.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you. I really appreciate this. I promise I will sort out my family's problems faster and come back here the day after tomorrow."

Leo gasped in surprise when he saw how she bowed to him. He felt amused. He had never witnessed a woman do this to him.

"Ha ha ha, Dana, please stop doing that. I'm not your elder or mafia boss to accept your bow. Please sit back..."

Leo leaned back on the chair to sit comfortably while rubbing his forehead to stifle his laughter.

"Oops, sorry, sir. I was too excited to hear you give me permission. I thought you wouldn't..." She said while sitting again in her seat.

Dana knew Leo was very busy managing for both Stellar Entertainment and Celebes Energy. In the past two weeks, she helped him work nonstop preparing reports for their CEO, Ms. Donovan. Even on weekends, she still worked to assist him.

"Dana, I told you. Don't worry about it. Someone will do it while you are on leave. You can go home with ease, and if you need anything, just let me know..."

"Thank you, sir..."

Leo took a deep sigh while looking her in the eyes. He didn't rush to say anything but fed his eyes with her beauty.

"Dana," he calls her so gently, surprised Dana. "Stop calling me that if it's just the two of us, especially when we are not discussing work."

She feels like her knees become weak, hearing how lovely he calls her name. "Ye-Yes..."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 225: Feeling Annoyed?

Dana feels like her knees become weak, hearing how lovely he calls her name. "Ye-Yes..."

She tried hard to hide her feelings from him. She didn't want Leo to know what was on her mind at that moment. She liked him but never dared say it, afraid he would fire her.

"Perfect!" Leo smiled when he saw that Dana was no longer tense but looked as calm as usual. "Dana, if you're uncomfortable answering, you don't need to. Why are your parents suddenly asking you to come back?"

Leo was curious to know what happened in her family.

Dana clenched her fists tightly. She felt too embarrassed to mention the matter. But, seeing his curious gaze, her mouth betrayed her.

"My father called. He said my mother was hospitalized, but when I asked my little brother, he said... no. Mom is fine. But—" she pauses, lowering her head, unable to meet his gaze.

"But what!?" Leo couldn't help but ask when he saw her seem reluctant to continue.

"My father actually called me home to let me meet my future husband. I mean, my father set me up for an arranged marriage—" she said, unable to continue, feeling embarrassed to tell him this.

Leo was surprised to hear that but immediately adjusted his surprise with a calm expression. He said, "I see. Alright, you can go now. If you need my help, don't hesitate to contact me. I will try my best to help..."

"Thank you very much, Leo. I appreciate it." Dana couldn't stay there any longer; she felt embarrassed and hurt because Leo wasn't angry when he heard about her forced marriage. She excused herself and left in a hurry.

Several seconds passed since Dana closed the door. However, Leo had not yet moved from his seat. His eyes still stared at the tightly shut door, and he felt something that he had never felt when it came to anything Dana said.

"Wait...Why do I suddenly feel annoyed? Is it about what Dana just said? I get annoyed hearing she was engaged!?"

The corners of his lips lifted slightly into a sour smile, hearing his own absurd-sounding thoughts.

"Damn! How could she stir my heart like this? Impossible!"

Leo laughed as he stood up and headed to his desk to finish his work.

He started preparing some documents to bring to the intense meeting to discuss matters regarding Stellar Entertainment with their legal department and the newly appointed CEO of Stellar Entertainment.

News about Stellar Entertainment is no longer trending on the internet. It has been replaced by news about Laura Kiels, which is now in the top ten on almost all news channels.

A famous gossip website, legitfact.com, has just released news about Laura Kiels's terrible and immature attitude in an exclusive nightclub. Also, a series of photos and videos of her obviously angry and very condescending at a server in a high-class restaurant have made Laura Kiels the target of A-Netz.

What was most surprising was how quickly the police handled this case. In just a few days, several articles circulated reporting that several buzzers, who had slandered and published multiple hoaxes about Stellar Entertainment, had begun to be arrested.

The arrest news worried some A-Netz. They are now more careful about sharing hoax news and slander comments regarding Stellar Entertainment.

...

Bella and Leo's meeting with the legal team and the new CEO didn't take long.

They only discussed the legal process for people who defamed the company and the legal stance they would take towards these individuals.

Bella wanted their team and the related law enforcement officials on the case to have enough compelling evidence before the perpetrators were prosecuted under the applicable law. She didn't want the public to view Stellar Entertainment as an arrogant company.

Still, she also didn't like the vile people to see it as an easy target for slandering. In the meeting, Bella also underlined that the company would not need any apology from Laura Kiels and her people. She needed to teach these wicked people not to use their fingers before their brains.

Apart from that, they also discussed Stellar Entertainment's big plans for the future. They will focus on producing dramas and films in the future. Managing actresses and actors is no longer their top priority.

After the meeting was over, Bella went straight to her office. She needed to call Tristan. He had been texting her a lot during the meeting.

[Bella] I'm done. Can I call you now?

She texted Tristan while walking toward her office. However, an incoming video call appeared on her phone before she could reach it.

After placing her cell phone on the cell phone stand on the table, she immediately received the video call.

Bella saw Tristan sitting in his office. His charming face, as usual, made Bella feel her heartbeat quicken.

“Hi, Tristan... I’m sorry I was late replying to your text. I just finished my meeting,” said Bella as soon as the video was connected.

“It looks like my beautiful wife forgot about her husband while in her office, huh...!?”

Tristan shrugged with a sad expression, causing Bella to silently gulp when she remembered she had forgotten something important—calling him by his name.

Gosh!

“Have I? Oh...Sorry...hubby, I..uh..never been in this position...often,” Bella immediately corrected her words while scolding herself in her heart. “You seem so relaxed in the office. No meetings?” she asked, trying to distract him.

Tristan smiled happily before responding to her question.

“I just finished my meeting. After lunch, I will be heading to another one. How about you?”

“I do have a meeting after lunch, but only an online one with Jack and an internal one with Leo.” She must discuss Stefan’s arrangement with Leo and call Jack to report her progress.

“Okay, you have to get your lunch now. It’s already thirty minutes past lunchtime. I also have to get ready to leave...”

Bella automatically nods. Then she’s asking him, “How about your lunch?”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 226: Blocking Their Way

Bella automatically nods. Then she’s asking him, “How about your lunch?”

"I just finished mine before calling you." Tristan looked into Bella's eyes before continuing, "My wife, I wish you were here to accompany me. Eating alone in my office feels miserable."

Bella chuckled, "If I go to your office, it's the same as telling your parents and the public about our relationship..."

Tristan's face turned stiff hearing that.

"Yeah, you're right. I will handle my parents immediately. Please be a little patient, dear..."

"There's no rush, Mr. Sinclair. I also have to deal with my family matters before we tell them everything about us and Dax." Bella smiled at him to ease his stress. She knew Tristan was a little stressed whenever they talked about his parents.

"Thank you, Ms. Sinclair. Alright, talk to you later. Love you..."

She smiled at him before ending the video call.

...

Not long after, a knock at her office door could be heard.

"Yes, come in..." Bella called out. When the door swung open, she saw Leo appear behind it.

"Hi, Boss. Let's have lunch. There is a new private Japanese restaurant near the building. I heard their food is incredible. We can walk there."

Bella's eyes lit up when she heard Leo mention a Japanese restaurant. She had wanted to eat Udon since they were in Nova City, and she couldn't refuse his offer.

"Give me two minutes," Bella said. She immediately changed her high heels to sneakers. After tidying up some documents on her desk, she left.

Bella doesn't like wearing high heels after giving birth to Dax. She feels her feet and calves hurt if she wears those beautiful heels for more than three hours. Wearing flat shoes or sneakers is her first option now.

If her best friend Harper saw her now, Harper would probably complain a lot because her style is no longer the same as when she was still in New York, working for a year at the RDF Group. She used to wear feminine and stylish clothes, and Harper greatly influenced her fashion choices.

Now, Bella prefers comfortable clothing over style. She wore black trousers and a silk shirt of the same color because they were comfortable in warm weather.

‘Gosh! Why do I suddenly miss Harper? I hope she can make time to visit us soon...’

Bella’s smile slowly spread across her lips as she followed Leo, walking before her.

They walked on the pedestrian path between Quantum Capital and the building next to it, heading to the park behind their building. Trees are neatly lined along the route, which looks shady even though the sun is shining brightly.

Bella glanced at Leo, walking beside her. She was impressed with him. He’d only lived here a few months but had already found a place to eat that he could recommend.

“Leo, how did you find this place?” Even she, who had always come to this area, had never known about the restaurant.

“I heard from my secretary. This Japanese restaurant specializes in Udon. It opened in this city around two years ago and has been going viral on social media since then. If I’m not mistaken, the chef is Japanese. I’ve tried it, and it tastes terrific. You will like it...” Leo explained.

Bella’s eyes lit up at the thought of the most delicious Udon she wanted.

But they had been walking for almost five minutes, and she had yet to see the Japanese restaurant before them.

Now, Bella regretted not having a proper breakfast this morning. She only had warm milk and a piece of garlic butter bread.

“Leo, how many more minutes until we arrive at the restaurant?” Bella glanced at him, and she started to feel impatient.

“Five more minutes,” Leo chuckled when he saw her walking like a snail. “If you walk faster, we’ll probably arrive faster than that...”

Bella was speechless. She gave him a get-lost kind of gaze, feeling defeated by him.

“Tsk! I thought you liked to walk. That’s why I said this is walking distance for you,” Leo said when she saw her glare at him. He continued to walk in the pedestrian path under the shady trees, ignoring her annoyance.

“Why did you say it’s close to our building?” Bella protested.

They had already walked across the large park, and only now did she realize that the location of the restaurant was across the park, not right behind their building.

Leo could only flash a grin at her and walk faster ahead of her.

"If I knew it was this far, we'd better drive. Why torture me to walk in the middle of the day?" Bella couldn't help but continue venting her anger. "Gosh! I might faint the moment we arrive there..."

"Oh, come on, it's only a ten-minute walk, not ten miles." He laughs before continuing. "...I heard from Sam that you work out every morning. This is very easy for you, isn't it?"

"It's not because of the distance, but because I'm hungry," Bella faintly said, increasing her pace. If she had known it would be this far away, she would have chosen delivery instead of going out.

"No worries, boss, the restaurant is just at the end of this path..."

Bella felt exhausted talking to the foolish Leo. This man could only make her energy run thin.

She turned her gaze ahead, didn't say anything, but continued to increase her pace.

However,

Not even a minute later, three burly men dressed all in black appeared a few meters away from them. The three walked side by side as if deliberately blocking their way. Their steps looked relaxed as they waited for them to get closer.

Bella and Leo had no room to keep going. They stopped three meters away from them, making Leo feel alert. But he tried to stay calm and pulled Bella's hand to stand behind him.

"Excuse me, could you please—" Before Leo finished his words, one of the men in front of them pointed at Bella with his index finger.

The man smiled, revealing his yellow teeth before saying in a low, husky tone, "Hey, beauty, you should follow us..."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 227: Who Sent These Gangsters?

The man smiled, revealing his yellow teeth before saying in a low, husky tone, "Hey, beauty, you should follow us..."

Bella frowned, looking at the man in the middle who pointed at her. She saw the red rose tattoo on his neck; she remembered never crossing paths with this man.

Then, she turned to see two men. They also had similar expressions and vibes, like the man in the middle; they all looked like gangsters. They were not good people.

Her fist tightened. She tried to think faster about who sent these people to arrest her. Jessica? Laura Kiels? Only these two people appeared in her mind.

Leo glanced over his shoulder.

“Do you know them?” he asked in his low tone.

“Nope. This is the first time I see them.”

Leo turned his gaze to the three men in front of them. He sent a cold gaze to them.

“Who the heck are you to ask her to go with you?” Leo asked in an angry tone. “Move, or you’ll end up in the hospital!”

He became even more furious when he saw them completely ignore him. They only looked at Bella with their fascinated gaze.

“This is my last warning! Move now, or I will send you guys straight to your coffin if you are still standing there!” Leo’s eyes twitched in annoyance

He was not scared of them—he had a black belt in Taekwondo and Muay Thai and had two years of extensive combat training in Borneo’s jungle. There were only three people, even though their body size was more significant than his. And, if they were also good at fighting hand-on-hand, he is very confident that, at least, he could incapacitate them long enough for him and Bella to get reinforcement.

Leo’s eyes were still fixed on them. After hearing his words, he thought the three of them would be afraid or run like they had tails between their legs, but he almost choked when they laughed at him.

‘Fuck! How dare they mock me? It seemed they had indeed chosen to meet their ancestors. Good! Then I will grant your wish!’

Bella leaned closer to Leo and whispered, “Are you sure you can handle all three of them?”

“No worries, Boss. I will take care of them. You just need to stand beside me,” Leo answered her in a whisper.

“Alright, Well, then I’ll be counting on you...” Bella patted his shoulder while looking at the three men, still laughing loudly.

“Bwa ha ha ha...”

“Ha ha ha... What the fuck!? A pretty man like you dares to fight us?”

“Pft...” Bella almost laughed out loud at the gangster’s words, calling Leo a ‘Pretty Man.’ But she shut her mouth tightly when she saw Leo’s face turn dark as if a dark cloud was hanging from his head.

“Little man,” the man with the red rose tattoo on his neck shouted, “We have nothing to do with you. Please get out of this place. Our business is only with this pretty lady. She needs to follow us now...”

“Ha ha ha... Yes... Yes... What my senior brother said is true. Get lost! You don’t have to prove your strength because I can break your tiny legs with only a single move.”

“Run before I disfigure your pretty face, dude!”

“Yeah yeah....Quick, get out of our way before I change my mind, or you’ll become a disabled person for the rest of your life!”

Leo clenched his fists tightly, hearing their insulting words. This was his first time facing such shameless people. His calm demeanor suddenly changed as if all his blood was boiling, rushing under his facial skin.

There is only one choice for these lowly people: They won’t be able to use their legs anymore!

Bella moved closer to Leo. In her low voice, she suggested, “Leo, are you sure you can fight all three of them? If you can’t fight them now, let’s run. My running speed is quite fast.” However, Leo ignored her.

“I’ve allowed you guys to leave, but you seem to have chosen to be sent straight to hell. Okay... Good... Good... I will grant your request...” Leo said with a sarcastic smile.

Leo couldn’t believe these lowly gangsters dared challenge him. He had no reason to prolong this; he needed to end it quickly. He pulled the sleeves of his white shirt up to his elbows, revealing his pale, muscular arms.

He glanced over his shoulder, “Bella, move behind!” his chilly expression surprised Bella.

“Hmm... be careful,” said Bella. She had never seen Leo angry like this. However, she had a significant worry: Leo would get hurt, and she still doubted he could do martial arts.

“You stop talking! Come here. I’ll break your little hands!” shouted the man with the red rose tattoo, followed by the laughter of his other two friends.

“Ha ha ha... Senior brother, let me take care of him.”

“Let me... Do that!” Another man shouted.

Bella, who watched these three people and Leo exchange words, became impatient. She wanted to silence them with slippers because of their insulting words to Leo, but she couldn’t do that. Leo warned her not to do anything but to wait behind while suppressing her anger.

“Don’t ask for forgiveness later because I won’t grant it...” Leo chuckled.

He moved quickly towards the man with a red rose tattoo on his neck. With a flying kick that landed on his chest, the big man was thrown back several meters and fell with his buttocks against the stone path.

“AAAAARGH...” A cry of pain resounded through the air as the man with a red rose tattoo landed on the ground, clutching his chest. He had never felt this nameless pain before, as if someone had just broken his ribs. Before he could say anything, fresh blood spurted out of his mouth.

“Cough...” His bloodshot eyes stared at Leo in rage. He shouted, “F-fuck...you, how dare you—” the man can’t continue his words as another blood spurts out of his mouth.

“Cough! Cough!”

Chapter 228: I Will Blow Her Head!

The two men beside the man with the red rose tattoo were shocked beyond words, seeing their brother lying on the ground, unable to lift his head.

Feeling angry about the situation, the two gangsters looked at Leo, who was one meter away from them. He looked calm, with a sinister smile, looking at them.

“You bastard, I will kill you!!” They both shouted. When they tried to attack Leo, they saw him moving so fast that their eyes couldn’t catch up. It shocked them.

Leo sent a powerful kick toward his target’s knee with his right foot. Another loud crack sounded, like the sound of bones being broken, followed by a roar of pain.

“AARGH!!” The man was now slumped on the ground, unable to move his legs.

The last person panicked; he took out his dagger and stabbed Leo in the back when Leo was busy kicking his friends.

However, before the man's sharp dagger touched Leo's skin, Leo turned back as if he knew the danger from behind. He swatted the man's hand away with a swift movement, hard enough to send the dagger flying a few meters from them.

Leo threw a quick and forceful punch at the man's face. His groan filled the air as he stumbled back several steps. He felt an intense pain on his face, and his hands instinctively went to the spot where Leo's fist had hit him.

"Y-You bastard... How dare—" The man's voice trailed off when he felt a metallic taste in his mouth, like the taste of fresh blood. "Cough..." he spat out blood and how shocked he was when three of his teeth fell to the ground.

The man's suffering was not over when Leo's powerful kick landed on his knee. The sound of his knee cracking made the man fall to the ground while howling in pain, once again disturbing the silence of the place.

Three pairs of eyes stared at Leo in horror. They never expected that this pale-faced man was a martial artist. With his fast and robust movements, he could defeat them all in a pretty short time.

Their minds were now filled with countless questions: Who is he? Why is he so strong? Is this man Arabella Donovan's head of the bodyguard squad?

...

It wasn't just the three gangsters who were shocked to see Leo, but Bella, too. She was surprised to learn that Leo actually knew how to fight. Not only did he know the moves, but he also had the power.

'Since when did he know how to fight?' Bella wondered, narrowing her eyes at Leo's back, standing a few meters before her. She saw him trying to continue torturing three miserable gangsters.

However, Bella's heart jolted when she heard Leo shout.

"Are you okay, Boss?" Leo asked without looking at her, his eyes still fixed on the three pathetic men lying on the ground in a miserable condition.

"I'm fine..." Bella answered hurriedly.

"Do you want to know who sent them?"

“Yes, please.” Bella could already guess who had sent these people but wanted to ensure her guess was correct.

“Alright, I will ask them quickly,” Leo said while approaching the man with a red rose tattoo on his neck.

Bella remained where she was. She saw Leo torturing them to tell them who had sent them.

However, a few minutes later, Leo tortured them, but none of them spilled anything. This confused Bella why these people covered their employer’s identity like that. They would rather be tortured than talk.

‘It must be Jessica Sinclair, right? Only that woman could make these gangsters shut their mouths tightly rather than mention her name,’ Bella started to believe with her own guess.

Leo was growing impatient with the lowly gangster’s silence. He walked over to pick up a dagger not far from them and approached the men close to him. The man who had lost three teeth looked at Leo in horror as if he saw him as a grim reaper.

Seeing the man’s frightening expression caused Leo to chuckle inwardly.

“Okay, this is your last chance. If you don’t reveal who sent you, I will slash your little brother down there...” Leo said as his eyes looked at the thing between his legs. He felt amused when he saw the man covering his groin with his hand and his face turning white as paper.

“Br-Brother, please... Please...stop... You can hit me as much as you want, but don’t cut my assets...” he said in a trembling voice.

“So, what are you waiting for? Speak now! You just need to say a name, and I’ll leave you—” Leo’s voice suddenly stopped when a cold voice sounded behind.

“Leave him alone, or I will blow her head!”

Leo immediately turned his head and was shocked to see four men with auras similar to those of the three men he had hit standing behind Bella.

What shocked Leo even more and made his body immediately freeze was that one of the men stood one meter behind Bella. He pointed a gun at the back of her head. While three other men were standing not far from the gunman, they were all holding metal baseball bats firmly.

Leo's hand tightened around the dagger. He turned his gaze towards Bella to assess her condition. He could see her face stiffen and become slightly pale, but the calmness in her eyes surprised him. However, that calm only lasted a few seconds before it turned into a worried and frightened look.

'What to do?' Leo tried to find a way to make them leave this place without anyone getting hurt, especially Bella.

He wouldn't be afraid if these men only had daggers or baseball bats. But a gun? He couldn't take it lightly. They might die if he made a wrong move.

'Damn it!! Who the hell sent these people to capture Bella? Laura Kiels?? It must be her, right!?'

Leo smiled faintly at Bella, trying to give her a sign to remain calm.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!