

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 293 – 300

Chapter 293: Someone Waiting For Her At The Airport

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“Ma’am, I’m sorry to wake you, but we’ve arrived...”

Bella vaguely heard Bryan’s voice. She opened her eyes and looked out the window. The car had stopped in front of the private airport’s main entrance.

This was her umpteenth time here, and she was already familiar with the place.

There weren’t many people around as they arrived that late noon.

She followed Bryan into the airport, thinking they were heading straight to the plane because they ran out of time.

Before they arrived, Bella had received a message from her aunt Emma. She informed her that she had already boarded the plane.

However, now Bryan has led her to the VIP waiting room, which confuses her. Curiosity rising, she looks at Bryan and asks, “Bryan, is the plane not ready yet? Why do you bring me to this waiting area?”

“Mam, someone wants to see you...” Bryan answered her.

Bella was surprised to hear that. She didn’t recall Leo arranging a brief meeting for her at the airport. Just as she was about to ask Bryan, she spotted a familiar figure: Dylan, standing a few meters away.

Instantly, her heart quickened as she realized the person who wanted to meet her was none other than her husband.

Without realizing it, she half-ran toward Dylan.

Dylan saw Bella and immediately approached her. He greeted her politely. “Ma’am... Mr. Sinclair wants to meet you inside,” he said while opening the door for her.

Responding to Dylan’s polite smile with a slight nod, Bella entered the room. However, her steps halted as the door closed behind her. She fixed her gaze on Tristan, standing at the end of the room with his back to her. It seemed he had not yet noticed her presence.

Bella stood there for a few seconds, trying to calm her racing heart. On her way to the airport, she felt tortured and afraid because she couldn't contact him, which made her unhappy.

But, seeing him safe and sound now, she felt grateful he was fine, far from the terrible thoughts that had plagued her mind earlier.

After another moment passed, a smile bloomed on her lips. However, Bella's smile only lasted a few seconds; her smile slowly faded, replaced with annoyance because he hadn't picked up her calls.

Bella planned to approach him and vent her anger, but Tristan turned to look at her before she reached him.

Her steps suddenly halted, her heart beat faster, and her anger faded when she saw the calm, loving smile on his face.

"Tr-Tristan..." Bella couldn't finish her words when she saw him walking quickly towards her.

In a blink, she was already in his arms. Her face lay on his firm chest, allowing her to hear the loud sound of his heartbeat.

'Huh!? Why does he sound worried and afraid?' She wondered while pulling her head away from Tristan to see his face.

However, Tristan's hand gently placed on the back of her head stopped her. She was about to say something when his voice could be heard near her, "My darling wife, please stay still."

Hearing Tristan's hoarse and slightly trembling voice caused her even more worry. "Are you all right?" she asked.

Tristan didn't say a word, but his deep breath was enough to make Bella feel his fear and sadness. Even though she was confused, she remained silent, waiting for him to say something.

Before long,

Finally, Bella could feel Tristan's arms loosen. She looked up to see his face and was relieved that his expression was no longer as dark.

She smiled at him, "What happened? Something troubling you?"

“My darling wife, I’m really sorry if I made you worry.” Finally, Tristan spoke, his hands gently caressing several strands of Bella’s hair. “I left my phone in the car and couldn’t hear your call.”

“It’s okay, Hubby. I get why you did it...” Bella paused, unsure where to start explaining about her mother. “Well, actually, I’m the one who needs to apologize to you because I have to fly to East City in a rush. My mother—”

“I know everything. Your mother is in the hospital now,” Tristan said when he saw she seemed confused about how to explain.

“Y-You know about my mother?” Bella was surprised.

Tristan was right; the last news Bella heard was that her mother was still in the hospital. She would be hospitalized because she had so many internal injuries and was psychologically unstable—traumatized.

Bella also read from Stefan’s information that members of the Sentinel Network were on standby at the hospital—just in case her father found out her mother was there. He might come to the hospital to make a scene.

“Yes, I know. After I read your text, where you mentioned you were suddenly heading to the East City, I asked Max to check what happened there, and he found out that your mother had run away from home and was now in the hospital.”

Tristan felt terrible because he couldn’t help her earlier. He was too busy taking care of something in an underground base, which caused him to lose contact with her when she desperately needed his help to solve her family matter.

Rushing out from his base, Tristan found out that her assistant, Leo, had contacted Albert, the private airport director, to ask about the availability of a jet he could rent.

Albert, who takes care of all his jets, offered Leo to use Dax’s jet. By using his airport, Tristan had enough power to delay their departure so he could meet her now.

“I feel bad for my mother. That’s why I need to go there and check her condition...” Bella told him she planned to help her mother, even though her mother didn’t ask for help from her or anyone in their family.

Sighing deeply, Bella continued, “Hubby, I hope you don’t mind if I fly there to meet her. And, you know what? I feel terrible because I have to fly there in a hurry, leaving you and our son behind...”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 294: Her Chance To Help!

“Oh, my silly woman...” Tristan chuckled while he slowly stroked her cheek lovingly. “Of course, I don’t mind. If I had known about this earlier, I would have flown with you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Sinclair. You are so kind. But... I won’t allow you to fly with me. Not this time,” she paused, amused when she saw his expression turn gloomy as if protesting her words.

Bella hurriedly continued, “You need to stay at home, Mr. Sinclair. Be a good father. We have a son to care for, remember? And I want you to accompany him...”

Tristan gasped. How could he forget entirely about his son?

After scolding himself inwardly, he cleared his throat before saying,

“My darling wife, you are right...” Tristan pinched her perfect, dainty nose, causing Bella to flinch and glare at him. He ignored her glare and continued, “Alright, you can fly there today, but I will fly there tomorrow with our son if you don’t return to us...”

Bella was rendered speechless.

How could he say the exact words as their son?

“Yes, Sir!” Bella jokingly answered, “Mr. Sinclair, you have to let me fly now; I’m afraid my father will find my mother if you keep me here for too long,” she said, concerned. She wanted to make sure her mother was in a safe location.

“There’s no need to rush, dear. I’ve sent my people to the hospital. They will make sure your father or anyone who knows your mother can’t reach her room...or even enter my hospital!”

Bella was surprised to hear that. She didn’t expect Tristan to mobilize his people so quickly, and hearing the hospital was actually under the Sinclair Group relieved her.

“My people will pick you up at the airport. And, because I know you will fly only with Bryan... I will send Dylan to accompany you. He will take care of everything during your stay there.”

Bella could only nod. She couldn’t refuse his help now.

In East City.

Bella and the others arrived at the private airport. She saw several cars in a row waiting for them.

Before she followed Dylan to the first car they would ride in, her eyes fell on Sam, leaning against the second car. She didn't rush to enter the vehicle Dylan provided for her but approached Sam first.

She felt terrible asking Sam to fly here to take care of her arrival and her mother's hospital stay. But now, she would not need him because Tristan had already arranged everything.

"Sorry, Sam, to trouble you by coming to this place so suddenly when you're busy in the capital..." Bella apologetically said.

Sam chuckled and shook his head, "It's fine, boss. Before you arrived, I had already communicated with Mr. Sinclair's people here. So, I don't do much. Well... I only make sure they do what you want..." he explained.

"Glad to hear that, Sam." Bella felt relieved. "Dylan is here to assist me, so you can return to the capital if you have pending work there."

"I will stay here, Boss. I don't have much work there, and I can follow up with my team online," Sam explained while leading her to the first car. "Boss, you should hurry to the hospital..."

"Ah, you are right." Bella immediately got into the same car with Dylan and Aunt Emma, while Bryan now drove for them.

Along the way to the hospital, Bella felt tense. So many questions she wanted to ask her mother now danced in her mind.

The closer they got to the hospital, the more worried she became because, for almost ten years, she had no communication with her mother.

She faintly sighed a few times while gazing out the window. She tried to distract her mind from her mother and hide her worried expression from Emma.

However, Emma could clearly feel Bella's restlessness, causing her to become concerned about her.

Emma's voice broke the silence, filled with concern for her niece. "Bella, try not to worry too much. Your mother is a fighter. She'll pull through her illness..." She tried to cheer her up.

Bella sighed as her mind reeled back to the past when she was still living at her parents' house. She resented her mother for allowing her husband to mistreat her to protect them. She had seen it so many times that eventually, there was no pity left—or she had closed her heart and mind to not feel that way; she could no longer tell the difference.

However,

When she was pregnant, gave birth, and raised her son alone under challenging conditions, she slowly related to her mother's suffering, and eventually, she understood why her mother allowed herself to be tortured to protect them—because her mother loved them.

This is what she feels. She wanted to do that for her son; she would do anything to protect Dax or sacrifice her feelings for him because she loved him so much.

When Bella met her mother a few months ago in the hospital and witnessed how her mother still stood beside her abusive husband, Bella's plan to help slowly faded.

It would have been pointless to ask her mother to leave her father then. Her mother might have scolded her. Someone like her mother would not have been able to escape her suffering if she hadn't decided for herself. They would not have listened to anyone's words but their own.

Sigh!

This is why, after she found out that her mother had run away from home, escaping from her abusive husband, she wanted to meet her immediately. This was her chance to help her mother.

Bella adjusted her expression to calm herself before she turned to see her aunty.

"Yes, I hope so, Aunty. I hope Mom will be stronger and never waver again when my father pleads for forgiveness..."

"I will scold Natalie this time if she returns to my evil brother!" Emma said. She gently tapped Bella's shoulder before continuing, "So, as planned, I will meet your mother before you meet her, right?"

"Yes, Aunty. You meet her first. Because I need to meet my mom's doctor first..." Bella had already made an appointment with the doctor, thanks to her husband, who arranged it for her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 295: Refusing To Undergo Treatment! (1)

Not long after, the car stopped in the underground parking.

They deliberately parked there to avoid attracting attention, especially when Lucas Donovan was still sending his people out to look for Natalie Wright across the city.

Later,

Bella arrived at the doctor's room but didn't enter right away. She turned to Dylan and Bryan, who walked behind her.

"You guys just rest, find a coffee shop, and enjoy your afternoon coffee. There's no need to accompany me. I'll see the doctor myself."

She didn't want them to hear about her mother's illness or the abuse her mother had endured. How embarrassing!

"Ms. Sinclair, are you sure?" Dylan asked worriedly. "I can accompany you inside..." He still remembered his boss's instructions to accompany her in dealing with the doctor and arrange everything she needed while she was in this city.

"Ma'am, we don't need coffee. Don't worry about us; we're still fully awake right now," Bryan said, trying to persuade her. "What we need is to help you see the doctor inside..."

Bella, "..."

"Jeez!! You guys don't mind accompanying me, but I do! Can you both just let me be alone?" Bella wanted to say that, but she halted it when she remembered these two men had already helped her a lot recently.

After inwardly taking a deep sigh, she politely refused them. "It's fine, Dylan, Bryan... I feel more comfortable meeting the doctor alone."

"But, ma'am..."

"Are you sure, ma'am?"

"Yes... Yes... Go, buy me a coffee," Bella said, trying to distract these two men who competed to help her. She found them amusing.

"Which coffee?" Dylan asked, finally feeling relieved that he could do something for her. After so many years of knowing her, this was his first assignment to help her; he needed to do good.

"The coffee sold several miles from this place; try to come back in two hours," Bella said casually, holding back her laugh when she saw them gasp in shock.

Dylan, "..."

Bryan, "..."

Did the young lady just play a prank on us? This question lingers on their minds as they walk away from the corridor.

...

After looking at each other, the two guys, initially reluctant to leave her alone, had to give up their wish to accompany her. Now, they finally left her alone; Bella smiled and turned her gaze back to the door.

Her smile faded, replaced with a calm expression as she knocked on the door.

Then, she faintly heard a cheerful woman's voice inside telling her to come in. Slowly, her hand pressed the doorknob, and she entered the room.

Bella was surprised to see the female doctor sitting in the office chair, looking in her direction.

The doctor's features were similar to her mother's. She looked slender, with shoulder-length black hair. Her small face looked even smaller, with her large gold-rimmed glasses perched on her sharp nose.

'Why does this woman seem familiar?' Bella wondered while trying to recall where she had seen her.

Before Bella could remember, the doctor stood from her seat with a gasp and teary eyes. She walks, approaching Bella.

"He-Heaven! Ar-Are you, Bella? Oh my god... You have grown so beautiful, my dear Bella..." she said, stopping right before Bella, who was still having trouble remembering her.

When the doctor held her hand, Bella's vague memories began to emerge. But, before confirming her hypothesis, the familiar-looking doctor speaks again.

"Oh, you don't remember me, Bella!?" The doctor faintly smiled. "I used to meet you when you were still this tall, in elementary school..." she said with her hand raised to her tummy to show how tall Bella was the last time she met her.

Bella gasped in surprise when she recognized this woman. It was her mother's best friend, Angie Robert.

She had always met this woman in the past when she followed her mother to see her, long before her father became abusive toward them.

“Aunt Angie, right!?” Bella said, smiling happily.

“Yes... Yes, dear... I’m Aunty Angie.” She answered while embracing Bella. She felt so happy to meet her after so many years of only hearing about her from Natalie.

“It’s nice to meet you again finally, Bella...” Angie continued.

Bella awkwardly smiled while in Aunty Angie’s embrace. “Me too, Aunty. And I am also happy to know you are my mother’s doctor.”

Now Bella understood why her mother still came to S International Hospital, owned by the Sinclair Group, after what happened between Donovan and Sinclair five years ago. It was because her mother’s best friend was her doctor specialist in this hospital.

Angie loosened her embrace when she heard Bella say, “Doctor.” Instantly, her mind refocused on her best friend’s illness.

Attempting to conceal her worry and fear about Natalie’s condition, Angie calmly smiled at Bella while leading her to a chair.

“Alright, Bella, let’s sit and talk,” Angie Robert said, pulling a chair for Bella opposite her desk. “We can chat about old times later, my dear. But for now, we don’t have much time. We need to talk about your mother’s illness.” She sat in her own chair and looked at Bella with concern.

Bella nodded, agreeing with her.

“I believe you already know about your mother’s illness, right?” Angie asked.

Angie Robert was curious when suddenly the hospital director told her to meet someone who wanted to know about Natalie Wright’s illness. She didn’t expect the visitor to be Bella, as she knew Bella lived abroad.

What confused her was how Bella knew the hospital director!?

“Yes, I know about it...” Bella answered calmly. “Aunty, can you tell me when my mother was diagnosed and what treatment she has already received?”

Suddenly, Angie Robert’s expression became gloomy; she could no longer hide how worried she was for her best friend. She was actually not too concerned about her friend’s illness because Natalie’s breast cancer could be cured.

However, Angie was worried because Natalie refused to undergo treatment. She felt terrible telling Bella about this, but she had to. She needed Bella to persuade Natalie.

“Bella, I’m sorry to tell you, but your mother refuses chemotherapy...”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 296: Refusing The Undergo Treatment! (2)

“Bella, I’m sorry to tell you, but your mother refuses chemotherapy...”

“W-What—” No more words came out of her mouth. She was shocked and speechless to hear that.

Her hand turned cold as she listened to Auntie Angie’s explanation.

However, one question now bothered her mind: Why did her mother refuse chemotherapy?

Angie continued to explain when she saw Bella unable to say anything.

“We found out about your mother’s cancer last year. Since then, your mother has refused to undergo treatment. Even though I convinced her many times, she still refused.”

Angie’s gloomy face slowly faded, replaced with a warm smile, looking at Bella.

“Bella, now that you’re back and know about your mother’s illness, I hope you can convince her to do chemotherapy. If we delay treating her cancer, it might get worse. And, if we’re too late, we won’t be able to help her.”

There were no words that could describe Bella’s current feelings. The fear that her mother would die—this was the feeling she often experienced when she saw her father torture her mother in the past. It was too hurtful to witness or to remember those times.

A long time ago, she had buried this feeling of fear in the abyss of her heart, and now, hearing her mother might die because of her illness, that fear had emerged again.

It made her chest feel tight like someone was blocking her breathing.

“Bella, are you alright, dear!?” Angie asked when she saw Bella’s face pale and her breathing becoming shallow. She immediately stood up and took out a water bottle from the shelf in the corner. “Drink this water, Bella...” she offered as she placed her hand on Bella’s shoulder.

Angie’s question snapped Bella out of her thoughts. She turned to look at Angie, standing beside her. She didn’t say anything but accepted the water bottle.

After drinking almost half the bottle, Bella felt a little relieved. Her breathing no longer felt short, but her mind was still blurry. Countless questions were now dancing in her mind, demanding answers.

“Aunt Angie, if my mother were to seek treatment now, would there still be hope of recovery? I mean, fully recovered?”

This was Bella’s number one question. She needed to know this before considering what other steps she needed to take.

“Yes. But there’s a variable that could—” Angie paused as she looked Bella in the eyes, concerned about her mother’s mental state after what she experienced last night—being beaten by her own husband.

When Angie saw Natalie this morning, the first thing she wanted to do was go to the police and report that scum, Lucas Donovan. How dare he beat his own wife like a punching bag? He is not human but a devil!

However, telling Bella about her father now stopped her. Angie worried that Bella might be shocked if she heard about this.

...

Bella clenched her hand into a fist, waiting for Angie to speak. But Angie didn’t continue her words. A worry flashed through Bella’s gaze when she saw Angie, who seemed reluctant to tell her something.

‘Did my mother have another illness I didn’t know about!?’ Bella muttered under her breath.

Just thinking about it was enough to make her stomach feel cramped.

“What is it, Aunty?” Bella couldn’t help but ask.

“Bella, I’m sorry to ask. But... Did you know about what happened to your mother? I mean... Did you know about your father’s temper, beating your mother when he was angry!?”

Hearing Angie’s words was enough for Bella to understand what she wanted to say. She suppressed the anger in her stomach and took a deep breath before responding.

“Yes, I did know about it...” Bella gritted her teeth, remembering her evil father.

If her father appeared before her now, she might beat him to death!

“Aunty, did something happen to my mother?” Bella asked. She tried to appear calm, but the anger flashing through her eyes betrayed her.

“Yes, when Natalie came to this hospital to meet me, her mental state was unstable. I’m concerned that if this continues, her condition will worsen,” Angie said with concern.

Bella already knew about this information from the medical report she received from Stefan.

After discussing many things with Angie, Bella realized she needed to persuade her mother to undergo treatment.

"I understand, Aunty. I will meet my mother now and speak to her. Please, Aunty, prepare for her treatment. And do your best to help her clear her cancer..." Bella stood from her seat and excused herself.

She couldn't waste more time, or else her mother's illness would become worse.

Besides, she felt like she couldn't hold back from telling her mother about what had happened in her life recently.

"No worries, dear," Angie said as she stood up from her seat. She walked Bella to the door and said, "I will try my best. But your mother has to agree to stay and undergo several procedures in our cancer facility in the capital. This is necessary for her cancer treatment."

Bella stopped before she reached the door. She looked at Angie and said, "That's good, Auntie. I live in the capital, so caring for my ill mother will be much more convenient."

Angie was stunned to hear Bella's words.

'Wow! Bella is willing to take care of her mother. And she is back for good in this country?' Angie instantly felt happy for her best friend.

For years, Natalie had talked about her daughter, who no longer cared about her and even chose to live abroad to avoid their family. She thought Bella had only come to visit.

Angie grabbed Bella's hand and said, "Oh my God, Bella, I'm so happy you finally returned to this country. Now, I feel relieved you will help your mother through the suffering she was about to experience. Thank you, darling. Thank you..." Her voice shook as she held back her happy tears.

"No, Aunty. I'm the one who should thank you. Because you helped my mother when she had no one else besides her..." Bella's heart ached to say those words.

They discussed a few more things before Bella left Angie Robert's office.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 297: It's Meaningless For Me To Live

When Bella left Angie Robert's office, she saw Dylan and Bryan waiting for her at the end of the corridor near the elevator.

She walked towards them, but with every step she took, it felt like there were weights around her ankles — her steps were so heavy.

Her mind still tried to process what she had discussed with Doctor Angie. Even when Bryan asked her something, she didn't really hear or understand what he was saying. She could only nod and watch him press the elevator button.

Later, Dylan walked, and standing before her with a coffee latte in his hand, Bella snapped out of her thoughts, hearing his words.

"Ma'am, your coffee," Dylan said, handing Bella a warm coffee latte.

A faint smile graced her face as she said, "How did you know my favorite?" accepting the coffee before continuing her words again, "Did you ask my husband about it?"

Dylan shook his head. "No, Ma'am. I asked Sam."

"Ah..." Bella stopped in front of the elevator. Then, she glanced at Bryan beside her, "Bryan, can you call the elevator for us? We need to go to my mother's VIP room..."

Bryan was surprised to hear her question. He had already asked her earlier, and he clearly saw her nod. Knowing his mistress must be thinking about her mother, he reassured her, "Yes, ma'am, I already called the elevator."

"Thank you..." Bella entered the elevator while sipping her latte. She no longer spoke to the two men standing in front of her. Her mind, once again filled with thoughts of her mother's illness, stressed her again.

Not long after, Bella stood in front of the VIP treatment room where her mother was staying.

She stood there for a few more minutes, doing nothing, just standing still like a statue. Somehow, she didn't dare to open the door, which caused Bryan and Dylan to worry.

"Ma'am, do you want to rest in your room for a while?" Dylan suggested an idea to her because she could see how mentally exhausted she was now.

Bella turned her gaze to Dylan, frowning slightly at his offer. A room to rest? Did they book another VIP room for her on this floor, too? She felt puzzled.

Before Bella could ask, Dylan said, "Ma'am, we emptied this entire floor. So, you can choose any room you want to use."

Dylan explained that they had secured the whole floor and placed security guards to prevent unauthorized entry and visitors. CCTV blind spot is guarded directly by the security personnel.

No one could enter this floor without permission from a security guard. Only a few nurses and doctors were explicitly assigned to care for Ms. Natalie Wright.

Bella was taken aback hearing that. She didn't expect her husband to make such highly detailed arrangements.

'Gosh, Tristan! You don't have to do this,' she laughed inwardly, recalling how extravagant her husband was.

No wonder Aunty Angie was surprised when her mother immediately received VIP treatment from the hospital director.

Bella almost choked when she talked to Aunty Angie earlier because Angie asked whether she was dating the hospital's director.

Gosh!

However, despite the fuss, Bella was grateful that her mother hadn't told Aunty Angie about her relationship with the Sinclair family.

...

Sighing deeply, Bella looked around to confirm what Dylan had said.

She saw that the entire floor was indeed empty of regular people. She only saw several men in black suits sitting in the lounge near the elevator and standing in various spots that CCTV does not cover.

Bella also noticed Sam in the corner, talking to a few men who wore casual clothes like commoners. She believed they were Sam's subordinates from Sentinel Network.

After taking in her surroundings, Bella returned her gaze to Dylan and Bryan.

"It's okay, guys. I don't need to rest now—no need to worry about me. Go take your rest; you can do whatever you want. I'm not going anywhere."

Bella insisted they leave her alone. The place was safe, and they didn't need to worry about her safety.

"Yes, ma'am..." they both answered and walked away, joining the others in the lounge.

As for Bella, after taking a deep breath, she finally dared to open the door. She slowly pushed it open and was surprised to find the room, which resembled a living room with a set of sofas, empty.

No one was there.

When she checked the room's opposite corner, she also saw an empty dining table and a small kitchen.

'Did Dylan lead me to the wrong room? Why is no one here?' Bella frowned slightly.

When she was about to leave the room, her eyes fell on a white door in the corner.

The door was slightly ajar. She was sure the room was a bedroom.

Her heart started beating fast again as she realized that her mother and Aunt Emma must be inside.

She walked toward the door to check, but her steps halted when she faintly heard Aunt Emma's voice talking to her mother. No, they weren't talking—they were crying.

...

Bella overheard her mother saying through her sobs, "Emma, I promise you, I won't return to Lucas again!"

"Yes, you have to be separated from him forever! Natalie, you need to care about yourself, heal yourself, and do chemotherapy." Emma tried to convince Natalie.

"No. I don't need to do chemotherapy, Emma. I don't want to live. I'd rather die than live..." Natalie said softly amidst her sobs.

Emma was shocked when she heard her words. "Natalie!! What are you saying? Don't say things like that! You can't die now. Please, never think about it..."

Natalie took a deep breath before answering Emma.

"Why should I live? It's meaningless for me to live, Emma. Lucas will never change. He will still torture me if he finds out I'm still alive. Then, Henry, that child never cared about me even though he could defend me, protect me from Lucas' torture."

Emma was utterly speechless. She opened her mouth a few times but could not say anything because what Natalie said was true.

"Meanwhile, my daughter, Bella..." Natalie's voice shook, "I don't know where she is now. Why should I live if the people I consider family don't care about me anymore?"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 298: Mother And Daughter Heartbreaking Moment (1)

Emma took a deep breath, resisting the urge to tell Natalie that Bella had returned to the country, was still married to Tristan Sinclair, and even had an adorable son named Daxton Donovan Sinclair.

However, she kept her mouth shut because Bella had warned her not to reveal everything to Natalie—she would tell her mother directly.

Emma could only take a deep breath, seeing how sad Natalie was.

“Besides, if I do chemotherapy, it won’t be cheap. I don’t have the money to pay the hospital fees,” Natalie continued to tell Emma how sad and pathetic her life was.

Tears dripped from the corners of Natalie’s eyes. She realized that despite marrying Lucas, the heir to a wealthy and prestigious family in the city, she had no money. She was broke, the same as before she entered the Donovan family.

Lucas had rarely given her cash, only cards. Since she decided to break ties with Lucas, she returned all the cards he had given her.

The money she had now came from her father-in-law’s yearly birthday gifts and her savings before marrying Lucas. However, the money was only enough for her to survive alone until death approached her.

After leaving the hospital, she planned to move to a small village far away and rent a small house with a garden surrounded by trees. She’s hoping to live the rest of her life peacefully without Lucas Donovan.

Emma was utterly shocked to hear Natalie’s words. She grabbed Natalie’s shaking, cold hands.

“Natalie, so, the reason you refuse chemotherapy is because you don’t have money? Silly woman!! I will pay for everything. Please, do chemo... at least for your daughter—” Emma’s voice trailed off when she heard Bella’s voice from the door.

“Aunty Emma, can you please leave us alone?” Bella said calmly, her eyes fixed on Emma, ignoring her mother’s shocking gasp.

“B-Bella... Finally, you come...” Emma nodded her head. She was so happy that Bella had finally come around when she felt she could no longer hold herself back from telling Natalie about her daughter.

Emma stood from Natalie’s bedside. “Oh, talk to your mom. I will wait outside,” she said, patting Bella’s shoulder and leaving the room immediately.

After closing the door, Bella didn't immediately approach her mother's bed. She stood still, her gaze fixed on her pitiful mother.

Her mother looked even thinner than when Bella had last seen her a few months ago. Her face, which used to be pretty and young, now looked increasingly old and pale. Her hair was getting shorter and whiter, making Bella's hands tremble with emotion. It felt like someone had just wrenched her heart.

Bella's eyes met her mother's reddened eyes, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Her heart felt like it sank.

'Mother, I'm sorry that you had to suffer this much to be Lucas Donovan's wife, to be my mother,' Bella whispered to herself while clenching her teeth, holding back the mixed emotions now surfacing in her heart.

Her legs, which still feel heavy, finally moved closer to the bed. Every step she took made her heart hurt more.

"M-My daughter... B-Be-Bella..."

Natalie's shaky voice made Bella's hands clenched tightly at her sides. She kept dragging her feet closer to her pitiful mother while her eyes never left her.

"You came... How... How did you know I'm here? Did Emma tell you I'm in this—" Natalie felt her tongue suddenly stiffen. She felt embarrassed for her daughter to witness how pathetic she was now. All the sentences strung together in her gloomy mind suddenly disappeared.

Natalie could only cry silently, seeing her beautiful daughter standing before her. They were so close now, but somehow, she felt distant because she didn't know how to react. Should she be happy or afraid?

They stared at each other for a moment without anyone trying to break the silence, as if they were both sharing their sadness through their gaze.

However,

When Natalie saw Bella's eyes turn red and tears slowly fall from the corners of her eyes, she could not hold back from speaking.

"Oh dear Bella, don't cry. Please, don't stain your pretty face with your tears. It broke my heart to see you like this," Natalie said between tears.

After so many years without a meeting, Natalie found it hard to believe that her second encounter with her daughter would be as miserable as this one.

Bella's mouth twitched upon hearing her mother's words. She slowly raised her hand to wipe the tears from her cheeks, trying to regain control of herself and prevent her sadness from overwhelming her.

After taking a deep breath and feeling her heart slowly calm down, just like her mind, Bella finally flashed her mother a small smile, trying to calm her worried mother.

"Please sit beside me, dear," Natalie asked awkwardly when Bella finally moved closer to her bed. "Did you hear everything I said to your aunt?" she continued while trying to sit properly on the bed.

"Yes. I heard everything," Bella calmly replied while sitting on the chair by the bed.

Bella continued her words with a shaking voice, "I'm sorry I came so late. I'm sorry I can't be a good daughter for you. I'm..."

"No, Bella, no. Please, my child. Please stop. You don't need to apologize to me. It has never been your fault, and I don't deserve it," Natalie hurriedly interrupted. She felt even more heartbroken hearing her daughter blame herself. "I was the wrong one. I never cared what you said. I even mistreated you. Sorry, my daughter."

Natalie felt heartache when she remembered how badly she had treated Bella, choosing her son, Henry, over her daughter. She knew what she had done to Bella would break Bella's heart, but her fear of Lucas blinded her mind and heart.

When Bella heard her mother's anxious and heartbreaking voice, she couldn't help but feel bad.

Taking another deep sigh, she said, "Mom, can we put aside what happened in the past? It's a new beginning for both of us..."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 299: Mother And Daughter Heartbreaking Moment (2)

Bella tried to focus on her mother's illness first. As for what happened in the past, they would talk about it later.

She and her mother agree that the past should be forgiven and not forgotten. They will discuss it slowly and without rushing.

"Mother, I won't say much now, but I beg you to get treatment immediately. You have to undergo chemotherapy and be cancer-free."

Natalie shook her head, turning her gaze away from Bella.

“Mom, please...” Bella knew her mother might refuse again.

“Oh, dear... Why would I do that? When I don’t have a happy future with my family...” Natalie said without looking at Bella. She feared she would waver if she saw her daughter’s gaze.

“Your father will continue to torture me. Your brother Henry will never care about me either. Meanwhile, you?” Natalie paused to take another deep breath. “You will definitely leave again...”

Natalie’s voice trembled as her tears slowly fell again from her eyes. “Bella, My daughter, there’s no good reason for me to continue to live...”

Bella, “...”

“Mom, please hear me first...” Bella said, making sure her mother looked her in the eyes before she calmly responded. “If I said you still have a future with me, with my child, and my husband, would you consider doing your chemotherapy treatment?”

“I’m sorry, daughter, but my decision is still the same. I cannot endure if your father finds me. He will torture—” Natalie suddenly stopped when she realized something.

‘Wait... Bella said, child? Husband? She married again?’

Gasping in shock, Natalie stuttered as she asked, “B-Bella... Yo-you what? You have a child?” She asked to make sure she didn’t hear it wrong.

Bella nodded faintly, “Yes, Mom. I have a son...”

Natalie covered her gasping mouth, too shocked to hear her daughter had a son. Her eyes were still staring at Bella, unable to say something.

After a few more seconds, when she felt slightly calmer, Natalie asked Bella again, “You’ve married again? When? Why didn’t you share the news with us?”

Lucas and she had not heard about their daughter’s wedding. Therefore, she could only agree with Lucas when he told her he would marry Bella to his friend, Bradley.

...

Her mother’s reaction amused Bella. She wanted to tell her everything about her marriage to Tristan, but something was stopping her; she needed to force her to undergo treatment first.

“Mom, I won’t tell you anything until you agree to do chemotherapy. It would be pointless if you knew otherwise, right?” Bella said casually while smiling faintly. She held back her laugh when she saw her mother’s panicked state.

‘What? Bella won’t talk to me anymore? Oh, no! If I die now, I will never know about my daughter’s husband and son...’ Natalie felt troubled. She couldn’t let this happen.

“Well, my little son is adorable, Mom. But, once again, you won’t be able to meet him if you insist you do not want to heal—” Bella couldn’t continue her words. She saw her mother trying to get out of bed.

Bella immediately stood from her chair. She wanted to help her mother, but her mother grabbed her hand and embraced her.

Instantly, Bella’s calm heart and mind became chaotic again when she felt her mother’s fragile body shaking as she hugged her.

Bella felt incredibly awkward as her mother embraced her. It had been many years since she had been in her mother’s arms, the last time being when she was about to leave for the capital to pursue her studies.

Natalie’s eerie cry shattered the room’s silence once more, intensifying the atmosphere of sadness. After a few seconds, she embraced her daughter and began to speak through her tears.

“Oh, Bella, my daughter.” Natalie took a deep breath before continuing, “I will do it. I’m willing to undergo chemotherapy. We can call my doctor now to let her know. Please, don’t prevent me from meeting my grandson and son-in-law. I want to meet them...”

Bella’s smile slowly spread across her lips when she heard her mother finally give in.

“Okay, I won’t stop you from meeting my son and husband. But Mom, can you let me go now? I can’t talk if you hug me this tightly.”

After Bella helped her mother sit comfortably while leaning against the head of the bed, she also sat on the edge of the bed. But, just as she was about to speak, Natalie stopped her.

“Daughter, let me call my doctor first,” Natalie said, taking a bell hanging near her bed. But before she pressed the bell to call a nurse on duty, Bella stopped her.

“Mom, you don’t need to do that. I’ve already met with your doctor, Aunt Angie. I asked her to arrange everything for your treatment,” Bella explained, smiling at her mother, who was gasping in surprise.

Bella continued, "We will fly to the capital tomorrow. Because S International Hospital's cancer facility is in the capital, not here..."

"So, you already know everything about me through your Aunt Angie..." Natalie feels foolish to try to hide anything from her daughter. That silly Angie must have told Bella everything about her illness and what had happened to her recently.

"Yes. Mom, about how father tortured you last night..." Bella's voice shook, imagining her father hitting her mother. "I will make sure he gets his punishment!"

When Bella saw her mother's frightened expression, her heart ached. Now she understood what Auntie Angie was trying to tell her — that her mother's mental state was not stable. She was traumatized by the abuse she received from her father.

"Mom..." Bella's gentle tone pulled Natalie out of her fright, her eyes no longer shaking as she looked at her daughter.

"From now on, you will stay with me in the capital. Don't worry about my evil father anymore. I will help you file for divorce from him..." Bella continued.

Natalie was surprised to hear that. Instantly, she felt like the chains that shackled her heart were breaking. She was so happy to hear that she finally had a future, the opportunity to heal, and a family who would care for and love her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 300: Mother And Daughter Heartbreaking Moment (3)

"Mom, please stop crying. You look ugly with those tears," Bella chuckled when she saw her mother nod while wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"Alright, alright. I'll stop," Natalie said, her slight smile resembling a grin. "But only if you promise to tell me everything about your son and husband..."

"Sure, Mom. You can ask me anything. I will answer you." Bella was excited to share about her life recently.

Natalie fell silent for a moment. Numerous questions suddenly flooded her mind. However, she wanted to know most about when her daughter remarried and who her husband was.

She looked at her daughter lovingly, asking, "Bella, when did you remarry? And who is the lucky man who finally won your heart again?"

"Mom, I've only been married once, and it was to the same person," Bella said, smiling as she saw her mother's eyes widen in shock. Before her mother could respond, Bella continued, "I'm still married to Tristan Sinclair, and our son Dax is our child."

It took Natalie a few more seconds to understand Bella's words. She was utterly surprised to learn that her daughter was still Tristan Sinclair's wife.

However, her mind refused to believe it because what had happened in the past was confirmed—they were divorced. Because Tristan decided to divorce Bella, the Sinclair Group severed ties with the Donovan Group.

Natalie vividly remembered her ex-in-law, the arrogant Jessica Sinclair, calling to boast about her son's divorce and ousting Bella from the Sinclair family.

At that time, Natalie felt like she was living in hell. Her husband, Lucas, became more violent toward her. Every night, when he returned home drunk, he would torture her.

She endured the suffering for several months until, finally, Lucas started to calm down and leave her alone—even though the torture hadn't really ended.

'But why now does Bella claim she is still married to Tristan?'

Natalie narrowed her eyes, looking at Bella and trying to see through her daughter's eyes if what she said was real.

Or if she was imagining things now that her death was near.

After a few more seconds, Natalie finally expressed her thoughts.

"Is this the effect of my third-stage cancer?" Natalie asked. However, she felt strange hearing her own words. It sounded scary.

"Huh!? What do you mean, Mom?" Hearing her mother's words, Bella began to feel afraid. Her worry deepened when she saw her mother's expression, which looked as frightened as before.

"I mean, when death approaches, God will give humans a blessing to let them hear something they want to hear or foresee the future that normal humans can't," Natalie said seriously.

"It's like, I really want to hear that your marriage with Tristan is still fine, and now I hear it. You must understand what I mean, right?" Natalie ended her words with mixed emotions.

Now, she looked at her daughter, waiting for her to say something. However, she narrowed her eyes when she saw Bella stifling a laugh.

"Pft!" Bella tried to hold back her laughter when she heard her mother's words.

'Gosh, Mother! How could you have a wild thought like that!?''

“Why do you laugh, Bella?”

After trying to suppress her laugh, Bella cleared her throat a few times before answering her mother.

“No, Mom. You’re mistaken. You are not dying now. And you won’t get any privilege from God either, as you said before.”

Natalie frowned.

“Really? So, what you said is true? You are still married to Tristan Sinclair?” Natalie blinked several times as her heart quickened, her sudden excitement becoming more apparent.

“Yes, yes, I’m still married to Tristan Sinclair. OK, Mom, I won’t tell you how we got back together. It’s a long story. But I promise you I will tell you later. For now, you only need to focus on your health and know that Tristan and I live happily in the capital with my son, Daxton, and Grandpa.”

Natalie’s smile instantly bloomed, and her eyes were blurry. This time, she cried not because she was so sad about her miserable life but because she was too happy to hear that Bella was indeed still married to Tristan Sinclair.

At this moment, she didn’t want to hear anything else but this: her daughter was still happy with her life. That’s the important thing for now.

“Bella, my daughter, you will never know how happy I am to hear that you are still married to Tristan and have a son.” She paused to let her happy tears roll down her cheeks before continuing, “Now, I feel I can die in peace—”

“Oh, please, Mother, stop saying those words! You won’t die now. You will live a hundred years to accompany me. So stop saying those jinxed words. Huh!?”

“Hahaha, OK, OK, I will,” Natalie wiped her tears while grinning.

While Bella chatted with her mother in another room near Natalie’s VIP room, Dylan and Bryan sat at the dining table, intensely facing a laptop screen.

Dylan and Bryan stared at their Boss in the capital, who looked stressed while venting his frustration to them.

They had been on a video call for almost two hours, and their Boss's aura was still the same. He looked miserable, his expression dark, as if a dark cloud hung over him.

"B-Boss, don't be angry. Your wife hasn't forgotten you. She's only too busy with her mother and doesn't have time to contact you," Dylan tried to persuade Tristan.

"Yes, Boss. I'm confident your wife will call you in a minute..." Bryan chimed in.

Dylan and Bryan repeatedly repeated those words to calm their Boss's nerves. However, their efforts seemed futile.

Tristan frowned, looking at Bryan and Dylan in return. His gaze was scary as if he wanted to send them straight into their coffin. They both gulped, waiting for him to say something.

"It's almost ten, and my wife hasn't contacted me yet. That's not like her. At least not lately." Tristan sighed deeply. "Can you guys go to her mother's room and check whether she's alright?"

He'd been waiting for Bella to call or text him, but she hadn't. She hadn't even read the text he sent her since they arrived in East City.

This worried him; something might have happened to her. If it weren't for Dax, he might have flown to meet her and be by her side by now.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!