

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 301 – 324

Chapter 301: They Found Her?

“Sir, maybe, just maybe, your wife is already asleep with her mother? Because they are both too exhausted from talking?” Dylan tried again.

“Boss, it’s not that I’m unwilling. But it would be impolite for us to enter Young Madam and her mother’s room,” Bryan said with concern.

Tristan shrugged. What Bryan said was indeed true.

Just before Tristan could say something, his cell phone rang. A spring-like smile instantly graced his face when he saw the caller’s name on his phone screen.

“All right, you guys take a rest. My wife is calling me now!” Tristan immediately turned off his laptop and picked up the phone.

Next day.

Lucas Donovan looked at the food in front of him, annoyed. He had lost his appetite since yesterday and felt that everything he ate tasted like rubbish.

It had been almost 24 hours since Natalie left the house, but the people looking for her hadn’t given him any report. This stresses him a lot.

Their efforts seemed in vain. Even though he had his people check the places Natalie often visited, they found no trace of her there, even the house of a friend of Natalie’s that he knew was being watched.

It was difficult for him to understand how a woman like Natalie could escape from him for this long. How strange!

‘Where did she go? Why did she disappear so quickly? Did she run away to another city? No, impossible, she didn’t have a penny!’ Lucas muttered, annoyed.

Lucas slowly glanced at his son Henry, who struggled to finish breakfast.

“Did you manage to contact your mother?” Lucas asked coldly.

Henry stopped and looked at his father when he was just about to take a bite of his food. He shook his head.

"No, Dad. Since yesterday, I've been trying almost every hour, but Mom's cell phone is still inactive. Even the SMS I sent to her wasn't delivered," Henry explained, concerned.

"How about the hacker you asked to track your mother? Did he find anything?"

Once more, Henry shook his head.

"No. He found nothing," Henry shrugged, annoyed that his mother had run away from home and made his father vent his anger on him since last night.

Grinding his teeth in frustration, Lucas narrowed his eyes at Henry.

"D-Dad, I, I will continue to search for Mom today," Henry hurriedly said, afraid his father would scold him again. "I guess I need to visit my Aunt Emma's house. Maybe Auntie knows where Mom is."

Lucas shook his head. "You don't have to do that. Your aunt is in the capital visiting your grandfather."

"Dad, why do I suspect Mom still went to Auntie's house even though Auntie isn't there?" Henry's words were enough to make Lucas's expression slowly change.

"Brilliant! You are brilliant, Henry. Your mother doesn't have money, and her only option is to visit your aunt's house now. I will make a call," Lucas said, wiping his mouth and preparing to leave the dining room, but Henry stopped him.

"No, Dad, don't make a call." Henry saw his father's expression soften, which eased his worries. His father wouldn't scold him now. "If you call, they will definitely lie. I'll go there; they can't lie to me if I appear there, right?" he continued.

"Ah, you're right. Alright, you can go now. If you find her, call me immediately." Lucas urged Henry to go.

If Henry confirmed that Natalie was there, Lucas would visit Emma's house and bring the useless woman back home. How dare she cause him to worry and stress like this?

"Yes, Dad!" Henry stood up from his seat, but before leaving the dining room, a male servant rushed into it. He was holding a cell phone.

"Master, Master, your phone rang..." He slightly bowed, and his hand moved forward to give Lucas the cell phone.

When Lucas saw the caller's name, he knew it was his people who were looking for Natalie across the city. He immediately picked up the phone, curious to hear the result.

“You found her?” Lucas Donovan asked. Hearing the man’s explanation from the other end, he motioned to Henry to stop before he said, “OK, stay there. I’ll be there soon.” He ended the call.

“Father, you found Mom?” Henry walked toward his father; he couldn’t hide his happy smile upon hearing the good news.

“My people just saw your aunt Emma leaving S International Hospital,” Lucas said as he quickly walked towards the main entrance. “They tried to check your mother’s name in the records, but her data is restricted, so I can’t tell whether she was there. I will go there to check.”

Henry’s smile bloomed as he followed his father. “I’m pretty sure my mom is there because Aunty suddenly returned from the capital and visited the hospital.”

“Yes. Your mother is probably there,” Lucas sighed deeply before continuing. “No wonder I couldn’t find her; she visited our enemy hospital. She must have deliberately gone to S International Hospital to piss me off!”

“Dad, should I go with you?”

“No. You stay at home,” Lucas stopped before entering his car and turned to see his son. “When will your cast be removed?”

“Two weeks from now.”

Lucas Donovan didn’t say anything; he simply nodded and got into his car.

Later,

He immediately instructed the driver to hurry to the hospital. He couldn’t let that woman disappear again.

His sister Emma might help Natalie escape this time, and it would be difficult for him to find her if that happened.

After a few minutes, the car stopped at the main entrance of S International Hospital.

Lucas saw his people approaching his car. He immediately stepped out and, while fixing his suit, asked the man who stood a few steps before him.

“Did you find out my wife’s room number!?”

“Apologies, Master. As I said before, we can’t find out the details because we are not Madam’s family,” the man said while following Lucas Donovan, who rushed into the building.

Lucas Donovan snorted in annoyance at this useless person.

“You should have pretended to be Henry! You are such an idiot!” Lucas stepped faster toward the information desk.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 302: Lucas Donovan Is Furious!

The hospital staff sitting behind the reception desk, with short black hair and glasses, greeted Lucas Donovan in a friendly manner.

“Good morning, sir. How may I help you?”

“Morning. I need to trouble you to check something for me.”

“Yes, please,” the staff answered.

“I just landed in this city and received a call that my wife is being treated in this hospital. But I don’t know her room number. Can you help me check it?” Lucas asked in a friendly voice, followed by a polite smile.

“Sure, sir...” The hospital staff returned Lucas’ friendly smile as she typed something on the keyboard, her eyes fixed on the computer screen before her. She asked, “Sir, may I know your wife’s name?”

“Natalie Wright—”

The hospital staff typed Natalie’s name, but then her expression changed. She seemed confused, as there was no Natalie Wright in the system.

She looked at Lucas Donovan and said, “Sir, can you spell your wife’s name again? I might have typed it wrong because I can’t find her name.”

The result was still the same when she typed after hearing Lucas Donovan spell Natalie’s name.

‘Did this man come to the wrong hospital?’ she wondered.

“Is there a problem?” Lucas Donovan asked when he saw the hospital staff’s confused expression and didn’t say anything; it seemed she was having difficulty finding something.

“Sir, there’s no patient with the name Natalie Wright.”

“Are you sure? My wife texted me; she said she was admitted to this hospital. But when I called her back, her phone was inactive,” Lucas Donovan said, pretending to be

worried. Then, he leaned closer to the man beside him. “Are you sure my wife is here?” he whispered.

“Master, Ms. Wright is admitted to the VIP facility,” the man whispered back.

Lucas was surprised to hear that. How could Natalie get VIP access in this hospital? Did she know someone here?

After a few more seconds of trying to remember if his wife knew anyone close enough for them to help her, he couldn’t think of anyone except the Sinclair family. But it’s unlikely that Natalie would receive any special treatment from them, right?

He set aside his curiosity and refocused on the hospital staff.

“Miss, can you check your VIP patient? My wife might be admitted there,” Lucas asked again.

The staff nodded at him but said nothing. Then, she looked at her monitor and typed Natalie’s name. It didn’t take long; what she saw surprised her. She saw the name Natalie Wright, but the information about her was still limited.

She couldn’t access the patient’s data and room number. She only knew Natalie Wright had been admitted to their hospital and that the person’s status was already checked out.

“Sir, your wife was admitted to our hospital as a VIP patient, but she checked out an hour ago.”

Lucas Donovan’s shoulders dropped at hearing that.

‘That bitch checked out!? Did she know I found her?’ He left the hospital in anger.

Meanwhile, in a private jet and at the exact moment when Lucas Donovan was told his wife had already left the hospital,

Bella sipped her warm latte while looking at her mother sitting across from her.

Her mother seemed so relaxed after they left East City; she was no longer as scared as when they left the hospital early this morning.

Seeing her mother sleeping soundly, Bella felt at ease. At least her mother was safe now, and she would no longer have to deal with her evil husband.

Speaking about her father, Bella received information from a Sentinel Network member whom she assigned to follow her father before their boarding.

The person told her that her father was making a scene at the hospital. And because they had already checked out, her father angrily headed to Aunt Emma's house.

Now, Bella is worried about her aunt. She hoped that Aunt Emma could overcome her father's anger.

Sigh!

Just before Bella decided to rest her eyes before landing, she suddenly heard her mother calling her name. She opened her eyes and met her mother's worried gaze.

Bella adjusted her seat and asked, "Why do you look worried again, Mom? I promised you, from now on, my evil father will have no chance to hurt you. Instead, I will make sure he suffers until the end of his life."

She lost respect for her father when she learned he arranged her marriage to an old man like Bradley Caville. Since then, she has vowed to cut ties with him.

"So, please, no need to fear him any longer!" Bella continued.

Natalie laughed a little at her daughter's words, then shook her head slowly.

"Bella, I'm not worried about that bastard. But I'm worried about your mother-in-law. Has your relationship improved with her?"

Since last night, Natalie has wanted to ask Bella about this matter, but she was too tired; she couldn't hold back her sleepiness. For the first time, she slept soundly without any fear of her husband.

When they woke up this morning, they didn't have time to chat because Bella had arranged their checkout faster than she knew.

"Don't worry about that woman, Mom. Jessica Sinclair won't be able to bother me this time."

"What do you mean, Bella?"

"My grudge against them is still there, Mom. So, since I returned to this country, Jessica and William Sinclair haven't seen me, nor have they seen my son. Well, I won't give them a chance to meet Dax. Not anytime sooner..." Bella said, faintly smiling as she saw her mother gasping.

Natalie was surprised to hear that Jessica and William Sinclair had not entirely accepted her daughter despite Bella finally giving birth to Sinclair's heirs.

"But, Bella, it would be troublesome if I lived with you. They might see me at your house if you still live in the same complex as your in-laws, right?"

"No, Mom. We live in different places. In safe places, even my in-laws don't have access to our location," Bella explained.

Hearing Bella's explanation, Natalie immediately felt relieved. Deep inside, she didn't want her daughter to experience the same treatment she had before from her in-laws.

Natalie Wright also holds a grudge toward Jessica Sinclair. She will never forget how that woman humiliated her five years ago when Bella and Tristan separated.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 303: Meeting Mother-In-Law

Bella continued, "Mom, our house is in a private area with stunning scenery and right next to Grandpa's house."

"Oh, you stay side by side with your Grandpa?" Natalie was surprised to hear that.

"Yes. That's why Grandpa decided to move to the capital: he wants to play with Dax every day. And the funny thing is that Grandpa Lewis has lived with us since we moved into that house. So, you won't feel lonely living with us, Mom."

Natalie nodded, smiling happily. She couldn't wait to meet Tristan, her grandson, and her father-in-law, even though she felt embarrassed now because she had decided to divorce Lucas.

Her encounter with Isaac Donovan last time in the hospital was awful. Natalie wanted to apologize to the old man because she could no longer live with his son, Lucas.

Not long after, the plane finally landed at a private airport.

Bella's smile widened as she stepped off the plane and spotted her husband waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs. He looked as handsome as ever, causing her heart to tremble. She missed him so much.

Just as Bella wanted to speed up her steps to meet him, her mother caught her hand.

"Bella, wait."

She halted and glanced at her mother. “Yes, Mom?”

“Heavens! That’s Tristan Sinclair?” Natalie whispered in a trembling voice. It was hard for her to believe this young man was looking at her daughter with such a loving gaze. “He came to pick you up?” she continued.

Bella smiled at her mother before saying, “Hmm, he is. Let’s hurry, Mom. He needs to greet you properly—” She walked ahead down the plane stairs to warn Tristan.

Instantly, Natalie’s heart tightened when she heard that the man was Tristan. Even though this man was once her son-in-law, they never chatted like family.

Natalie always heard from Noora, who often updated her about Bella’s condition while they lived with the Sinclair family. Noora mentioned that Tristan was rarely seen at home and was always too busy to talk to anyone.

However, he is now willing to pick them up at the airport. Natalie is impressed by his change in attitude.

Bella quickened her pace and threw herself into Tristan’s embrace. His warmth and familiar fragrance were enough to make a strange feeling emerge in her heart, a sense of solid longing even though they had only been apart for a night.

“I miss you, Tristan Sinclair!” Bella tightens her hand over his waist.

“I miss you more than you know, Bella, my wife. Since last night, I wanted to speed up time so you would appear before me faster.”

Tristan’s hoarse voice made Bella smile.

“My wife, Bella, I don’t want to let you go like this again. In the future, Dax and I will follow you wherever you go—the same with me. If I go somewhere, you and Dax have to follow me,” Tristan said.

Having just separated from her the previous night, he was consumed with worry about losing her forever. It seemed silly, but that’s how he felt. He had a terrible night’s sleep.

“Hmm, that sounds good, Hubby!” Bella smiled widely. She felt like they were in their honeymoon phase; they couldn’t be apart even for a few hours. However, her smile faded when she remembered her son, Dax.

She immediately released her hug and looked at him curiously. “Tristan, you didn’t bring Dax?”

Tristan chuckled, seeing her annoyance. "I wanted to bring him. But Grandpa said Dax shouldn't come because I needed to greet your mother first. He was worried Dax would be curious about what happened with you and your parents—"

Bella nodded, understanding what her Grandpa said. Just as she was about to say something, Tristan had already left her side and walked toward her mother. She could only chuckle as she watched them awkwardly talk.

"Mother, it's an honor to see you again," Tristan smiled politely as he extended his hand for a handshake. When Natalie accepted his hand, he continued, "I deeply apologize for what I've done to your daughter in the past, mam—"

Natalie and Bella gasped at his words.

Before Natalie could respond, Tristan continued, "Mother, I promise you, I will never make any mistakes again. If you see me hurt your daughter, you can scold me or beat me."

"Oh, my son-in-law," Natalie wanted to cry. She was so happy to hear how sweet and sincere her son-in-law was. "It's not necessary to say those words. That's all in the past," she said.

Natalie tapped Tristan's hand gently before continuing, "Thank you, Tristan. I appreciate your promise. And thank you for loving my daughter."

"No, Mother. I'm the one who feels so lucky. Bella loves me, and it is a blessing for me to become her husband."

Bella almost choked hearing his words.

'Gosh! Mr. Sinclair, how dare you use your honey traps on my mother? How shameless.'

Bella shook her head and let them chat. Her gaze fell on Sam, who had just gotten off the plane and looked anxious as if he had something he wanted to tell her. She immediately approached Sam and pulled him away from Tristan and her mother.

"Sam, what's wrong? Why do you look restless?"

"Boss, I just received news from the office that someone left a package for me. When checked, it was a document containing evidence to send Laura Kiels to prison."

Instantly, Bella's eyes widened. She was utterly happy to hear that there was evidence to convict that bitch, Laura Kiels.

“Someone? Who helped us? Did you know the sender?” Bella asked, curious about the good person who sent the evidence to help them.

“There’s no name. And no one saw the person when he placed the envelope on the receptionist’s desk. I already asked someone to check the CCTV footage but have not yet received any info.”

“Sam, you can return to the office now. You must give that evidence to our lawyer to process it with the police. I don’t want that bitch Laura Kiels to escape from her crime—”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 304: The Overwhelming Emotions When Meeting Dax

When Tristan’s car entered their front yard, Bella saw her son Dax with his two grandfathers standing near the main door. From the look on their faces, It’s obvious they are waiting for them to arrive.

Bella was excited to meet her son earlier than she had imagined yesterday. She turned to look at her mother sitting beside her, and she was surprised to see how tense her mother looked.

A faint smile appeared on Bella’s lips as she gently moved her hand toward her mother’s tightly cupped hand on her thigh.

Just before Bella could say something, when her hand touched her mother’s, Bella was surprised to feel how cold her mother’s hands were, as if she were squeezing an ice cube.

“Mom, Mom...” Bella gently called, with her softest voice.

Natalie turned quickly to see her daughter, and there was tension in her eyes.

Bella smiled gently at her mother. “Don’t be nervous, Mom. My son will know what you’re thinking if your expression is like that: scared. He might think you’re afraid to meet him.”

Natalie’s expression became more tense, a mix of joy and apprehension.

Right now, she felt a whirlwind of emotions, from the excitement of meeting her grandson to the unease of facing her father-in-law, all mingled with a deep sense of humiliation. She sighed a few times to try to calm herself but failed.

“I will try not to. Don’t worry,” Natalie replied to Bella with a faint smile.

“OK, Mom. Let’s go meet your grandson and the others.” Bella immediately got out of the car. After opening the door for her mother, she ran to hug her son. She missed him so much.

After feeling satisfied hugging and kissing her chubby son on the cheek, Bella pulled her face away from him. Seeing how red his cheek was, she stifled a laugh, knowing her adorable son was shy.

Bella knew her son couldn’t stand being treated like a child in front of others. However, she ignored the protests in his eyes. She gently rubbed his reddened cheek. “Baby Dax, do you miss Mommy?”

Dax leaned closer, whispering to his mother, “Hmm, I miss you, Mom. But can you introduce me to the elder woman behind you?”

Instantly, Bella flinched in surprise. How could she forget about her mother? She immediately stood up straight and took Dax’s hand. She turned to see her mother with a smile.

“Mom, the handsome little man before you is your grandson. His name is Daxton Donovan Sinclair, but you may call him Dax.”

Then Bella turned to Dax. She introduced him to her mother. “Baby, this is my mother, your Grandma; you can call her Great-grandma or Granny; you can decide later...”

For a slight moment, Dax was surprised to hear that. He knew a family would visit them but didn’t think it was his grandmother.

Dax often heard from his mother, although not clearly. Still, he understood that his mother’s relationship with her parents was not harmonious.

‘Has Mother reconciled with her parents?’ Dax asked himself before he approached the older woman in front of him, who was crying when she saw him.

“Grandma, it’s nice to meet you. I’m Daxton. I’m almost five years old,” he said, reaching out his hand towards his grandmother, who was now covering her mouth with her hand, looking shocked to see him.

Dax didn’t know how to react, but he tried to act calmly while smiling at his grandmother.

“Oh, my Da-Daxton,” Natalie finally controlled her emotions, but her voice trembled as she called her grandson’s name. She felt her heart warm and swell.

She bent slightly to shake her little grandson's tiny hand. Overwhelmed with happiness, she couldn't help but pull the little boy into her embrace. Feeling his soft, chubby body made her heart swell even more.

"My little Dax, Granny is so lucky to meet you. You are such a sweet and handsome boy," Natalie continued while tightening her embrace. She continued to express how happy she was to meet him finally.

Before long,

Bella saw Dax look uneasy as if asking her for help with his gaze. She immediately smiled and approached her mother.

"All right, Mom, let's continue to speak inside the house first. And you also need to greet your father-in-law, right, Mom?" Bella teased her panicking mother.

As expected, Natalie instantly looked tense again. She let go of her tight embrace. Then, she looked at Isaac Donovan and Lewis Sinclair, standing near the entrance, looking in their direction.

After a short greeting, everyone entered the house and continued to chat in the living room.

While Natalie Wright chatted with Isaac Donovan and Lewis Sinclair, Bella cuddled her son. She spoke with Tristan at the end of the sofa. She only wanted to hug her son, not wanting to let him go.

After a few more minutes,

Dax finally felt uneasy. He sighed deeply as he looked up at his mother. "Mommy, I think it's time for you to release me—"

"No, Baby! Let me hug you for a few more minutes. I still miss you," Bella answered while tightening her hug.

Sitting beside Bella, Tristan could only chuckle, seeing his wife wanting to squeeze their son like Dax was her teddy bear.

Dax helplessly sighed deeply. He looked at his father for help, but his father seemed to ignore him.

"Mommy, didn't you say you want to show my granny her place to stay?"

“Oh, you’re right!” Bella snapped when she heard that. She immediately sat up straight and looked in her mother’s direction.

Bella was surprised to see her mother listening closely to the two grandpas talking. Judging from her mother’s expression, she could guess that her mother was clearly holding back tears.

Gosh!

Bella was speechless and amused at what her grandpa said to her mother.

After listening for a few more seconds, she worried her mother might cry.

It seemed she needed to take action to help her mother escape from the two grandpas.

Sighing deeply, she looked at her husband.

“Tristan—”

Chapter 305: Natalie’s Reasons Why She Stayed in Her Toxic Marriage

“Yes, dear?”

“I need to give my mom a house tour. Can you play with Dax so I can be with mom alone?”

Knowing his plan to distract his mother had worked, Dax’s smile widened, but he relaxed for only a second, worrying his mother might squeeze him again.

Then, Dax looked at his father, waiting for his reaction. As if sending a warning to his father, “Dare to refuse, and I will take my revenge, Dad—”

Tristan smiled at Dax before responding to Bella, “Sure, dear. You can go now.” He rubbed her cheek lovingly before continuing, “But don’t take too long, darling. Don’t forget I also miss my wife.” His eyes looked at her warmly.

Bella rolled her eyes when she saw his sultry gaze, like a fire burning in them.

She immediately stood and approached her mother and the others.

Bella smiled at the two older men before her, who were frowning at her.

“Stop scaring my mother with your past stories and recent news. Can’t you see it? My mother is almost crying.” Bella said it in a casual tone. Still, the two elders looked surprised to hear that.

They both turned their gaze, looking at Natalie. They felt guilty when they noticed her eyes were blurry and realized how insensitive they had been. She was indeed almost crying.

“Sorry, Natalie darling,” Isaac said, stroking his mustache. He felt terrible for reminding his daughter-in-law of his useless son. Even though Lucas is his own son, he supports Natalie’s plan to divorce him.

“Ugh, dear Natalie, I’m really sorry. This old man might’ve said too much,” Lewis chimed in.

Natalie was speechless. She felt amused looking at the two older men before her who felt guilty.

“Hahaha, Father, Uncle Lewis, I’m fine—” Natalie said awkwardly before turning her gaze to Bella.

“All right, Mom, let’s go check your place to stay,” Bella said while holding her mother’s hand. “Grandpa, please excuse us—”

After speaking with Tristan last night and requesting a place for her mother, Bella was pleased to hear that he had provided her mother with a small house at the back of their property.

Tristan had asked his team to quickly clean and rearrange the furniture in the house so her mother could stay there starting today. She was grateful that the house was ready a few hours ago, just before their plane landed.

Bella and Natalie walked side by side towards the back wing of the main house.

As they approached the small gray stone house, decorated with many beautiful flowers in the yard and a lake just a few meters away offering views of the dense forest in the distance, Natalie couldn’t help but be enchanted by its charm.

“Oh dear Bella, why do I feel like I just landed in heaven now? This place is incredibly wonderful. It is not only beautiful, but it also feels serene. I feel like I’m in the middle of the forest.” Natalie was so happy she could finally spend the rest of her life in this stunning place.

Bella, who was about to open the house door, stopped and looked at her mother.

Her smile widened before saying, “Yes, Mom, this place is insanely beautiful. That’s why we chose to live here. It’s far from the hustle and bustle of the city, but we only need a few minutes to drive to the city center and all its perks.”

Natalie followed Bella into the house.

“Thank you, my daughter, for allowing me to stay with you and your family in this place.” Natalie couldn’t stop expressing her gratitude. She felt blessed because her daughter and son-in-law provided her with privacy in this beautiful little house.

“Mom, it’s my duty to repay you,” Bella said casually, but her words were enough to make Natalie’s eyes blur with tears; she felt touched to hear that.

Bella failed to notice her mother’s sadness as she sat on the sofa. She watched her mother pacing around the not-so-large family room and the compact modern kitchen at the end of the room, which overlooked the lake.

However, it didn’t take long before Bella was taken aback by her mother’s sudden gloomy expression.

She sighed deeply and said, “Oh, please, Mom, stop crying, could you? You need to smile now; no more sadness, right?”

While trying to wipe the tears from her cheek, Natalie said, “My daughter, I feel ashamed and regret my actions in the past. And now, hearing that you have forgiven me even though I don’t deserve it makes me feel even more ashamed.”

“You are wrong, Mom. You did a great job raising and protecting me despite the hardship you had to endure.”

“But, daughter—” Natalie lost her words and whimpered silently.

“I’m a mother now, too, so I understand how difficult it was for you to raise me when my father was biased towards my brother Henry. I know you only followed my father to protect me from his anger.”

Natalie’s tears filled her eyes as she listened to her daughter’s words, realizing that not everything she believed was true.

When Bella started her teenage years, Natalie found it more difficult and hazardous to defend Bella when Lucas took out his anger on his own daughter.

Natalie still feels that she failed as Bella’s mother. She was too afraid of Lucas, who constantly threatened to kick Bella out of the Donovan family if she sided with Bella or asked for a divorce. She stayed with Lucas because she didn’t want Bella’s life to be miserable if her father disowned her.

“Thank you, my daughter,” Natalie Wright said softly, wiping the remaining tears from her cheeks.

“Oh yes, I forgot to mention,” Bella tried to divert the gloomy conversation. She didn’t want to see her mother cry again. “Mom, this house has two bedrooms. So, I asked Aunt Noora to live with you. But if you object—”

“No. No. I’m glad to hear that Noora will stay with me. Better to have someone to talk with than not, right!?” Natalie’s smile bloomed; she was genuinely happy to know that.

“Perfect then...” Bella felt relieved. She didn’t want her mother to feel lonely in this new place.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 306: I Cannot Wait Any Longer (1) *

Before long, Noora finally joined them. She hastily entered the house, her sad expression becoming obvious when she saw Natalie Wright sobbing in the kitchen.

Since yesterday, when Bella suddenly flew to East City, Noora had suspected something might have happened to Bella’s parents. She wanted to call Bella to ask but refrained, recalling that Bella seemed to avoid talking about it. So she waited.

This morning, Bella finally called and told her what had happened in East City.

Noora was shocked to learn how terrible the situation was. Knowing that Lucas Donovan had beaten Natalie Wright was painful enough, but learning that he hit his wife when his wife was terribly sick, in stage three of cancer, was too hard for Noora to bear.

It was too painful. She feels like she wanted to fly to East City solely to whack that evil Lucas Donovan.

Now, Noora was increasingly worried about Natalie’s condition. She walked quickly into the kitchen, approaching Natalie Wright and ignoring Bella sitting in the living room.

“Oh my God, madam, you’re finally here,” said Noora with teary eyes as she quickened her steps. “I’m sorry, but only now could I come to welcome you. I was busy helping the chef prepare lunch in the kitchen.”

“Noora,” Natalie also couldn’t hold back her sadness, finally meeting Noora after so many years.

When Bella and Tristan married in the past, Natalie insisted on sending Noora to accompany Bella into the Sinclair family despite Jessica Sinclair forbidding it. She fought with Jessica, and finally, that woman agreed to let her daughter’s maid enter the Sinclair family.

“Thank you, Noora, for always helping Bella and Dax. I will never forget your kindness to them.” Natalie sincerely expressed her feelings. “I will now call you my sister; you are my family now, Noora.”

“Oh, ma’am, please don’t say that. It was my responsibility to help young Miss and young Master Dax.”

Bella felt emotional seeing her mother cry again. She didn’t stay there for too long but excused herself when she received a text message from Tristan in the main house asking her to return immediately.

Later, Bella arrived at the main house. Before heading to the second floor, she met Geoffrey, who updated her on their lunch preparations. He also informed Bella that Dax was now in his computer room, attending a computer lesson.

They talked for a few more moments before Bella rushed to the master bedroom to meet her demanding hubby.

Arriving on the second floor, Bella smiled when she saw Tristan pacing back and forth in the living room, near the glass window, staring at his cellphone screen as if waiting for something.

She opened her mouth, wanting to call him, but her words stopped on the tip of her tongue when she faintly heard Tristan say, “Why hasn’t my wife replied to my text? Did she forget about me again? For real?”

Even though she tried to hold it in, a soft chuckle still escaped her lips.

Bella’s small laugh surprised Tristan. His steps suddenly stopped, and he turned to look at the stairs. His previously worried and sad expression suddenly changed, like a warm spring coming after a long and cold winter.

“Darling! You finally showed up!” Tristan said worriedly while taking wide steps toward her. “Why were you staying there so long?”

Before Bella could respond, his hands were on her waist, pulling her into his warm embrace. She could feel Tristan’s breath on her neck, causing her body to tense.

When his soft, warm lips touched the skin of her neck, she felt her blood rush.

“Tristan, stop—” Bella caught his hand as it slipped under her blouse. “We’re in the open. Dax could show up at any moment—”

“He’s taking computer lessons. He won’t show up here—” Tristan answered hastily, pulling his head away from her neck and cupping her tiny face with his hands, and a grin slowly appeared on his lips. “My love, I really miss you. I want to kiss you now!”

“But—”

Tristan’s lips covered Bella’s mouth before she could finish her sentence. She was surprised by his sudden intimacy. But she was helpless against his warm kiss, which made her mind and body betray her. She accepted his kiss with the same passion as his.

The tip of his warm tongue captured every trace of sweetness in her mouth domineeringly as it seductively guided her stiff tongue to entangle with his.

Instantly, every nerve in her arm tensed, and slowly, her hands rose and wrapped tightly around his neck.

She didn’t remember how long Tristan had been thrusting into her mouth; she could only hear her own moans a few times as she felt all her blood rushing to certain parts of her body, pumping faster through her heart and her veins.

When she felt her chest unbearably hot from lack of oxygen and her legs felt weak, unable to hold her body upright, only then did Tristan finally stop his dominance over Bella’s lips and pull his lips slightly away.

With one hand, he pulled her body and gently pressed it into his to keep her from falling.

“Breathe, my love,” Tristan said hoarsely, breathlessly. “Breathe slowly—” A smile framed his face, and he felt amused staring at her blushing face.

Bella couldn’t answer him. She could only lay her head on his chest, hiding her flushed face and trying to get her breathing back to normal. However, she suddenly felt her body lifted before she could steady her heartbeat.

She was surprised, looking at Tristan carrying her in princess style, heading to their bedroom.

“Tristan? I can walk—”

“Bella, my love, I’m sorry, but I can’t wait any longer—” he said, walking quickly towards their bedroom. “I don’t care about our honeymoon. Let’s do it now!” he said with boiling emotion in his heart and mind.

Bella gaped upon hearing his words. This was not the first time he had acted like this, but somehow, this time, his eyes were different from usual; she could see something burning there, and his wishes to get very intimate with her were clearly visible, and it was unstoppable.

Her light-gray eyes slightly narrowed, her lips breaking into a faint smile.

‘So, is this the time?’ She tightened her arms around his neck.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 307: I Cannot Wait Any Longer (2) **

‘So, this is the time?’ Bella tightened her arms around his neck.

“I don’t mind. I feel the same way you do. To hell with your honeymoon plans! Why should we wait? We are married and love each other,” she said confidently.

Tristan’s smile softened. He placed her on the soft bed, his eyes never leaving her beautiful, blushing face. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he started unbuttoning her blouse from the second button; the lower the button opened, the more exposed her skin became.

He could never get enough of seeing her beautiful naked body like this, staring at her silently, satisfying his eyes.

The room grew more tense. Their breath becomes more tense. No one spoke; they only looked at each other as if conversing through their loving gaze.

Without Bella realizing it, Tristan undressed her clothes while keeping his eyes locked on hers; Bella’s blouse and pants were now on the floor. All that was left was her lace maroon bra and underwear covering her smooth, clear, flawless body.

“You look beautiful, Bella, my love. I cannot feel this way with any other woman but you. So, it’s been too long—” He satisfied his eyes, looking at her from head to toe with gladness and gratefulness.

The feeling he thought had gone turned out always inside him. But it’s only for Bella—the only woman who stays in his heart.

Bella felt her cheeks warm.

“Tr-Tristan, can you please cover me with the blanket? I feel cold,” she said, biting her lower lip, embarrassed by his staring at her.

“Hahaha. Oh dear, I was being selfish, but I can’t help it. My wife is so cute.” Tristan laughed out loud when he saw his wife covering her face with her palms.

He took a blanket from the end of the bed and covered her body up to her neck.

When he saw her finally not hiding her beautiful blushing face, he slowly stood by the bed, his gaze still on her.

His hands slowly began to unbutton his black slim-fit shirt from his chest to the last button, revealing his firm and ridiculous perfect abs.

Bella silently gulped, seeing his firm chest now exposed. She lowered her gaze to his perfect stomach, her mind becoming chaotic again, feeling an urge to touch him.

Before she could calm her mind, her heartbeat felt like there was a storm there when she noticed the big bulge under his black boxers as he took off his pants. She turned her gaze away from his lower abdomen.

“My Love, don’t turn away your gaze from me,” Tristan said.

She ignores him.

However, Bella could not help but feel overexcited when he climbed onto the bed and joined her under the blanket. Her breath quickened, her body heat slowly rose, and her heartbeat resembled a war drum.

“You look beautiful. I’m sorry if I can’t resist devouring you now, my love,” he said, his head moving closer to hers.

Bella gasped when she felt his hand touch her stomach and slowly rise to her breast. She looked at him, his face getting closer to hers. Her blood rushed as his warm breath brushed her face with every breath, and his lips covered her slightly open mouth.

This time, the kiss felt even more passionate than their previous kiss. They could no longer hold back.

Tristan devoured Bella’s lips as gently as he could. And then he slowly thrust his tongue toward Bella’s. The touch of his lips and tongue on the sensitive parts around her mouth and lips were overwhelming her. Her slight moans were soft and plenty, making Tristan kiss her and caress her lips and tongue even more deeply.

His hand slowly moved toward Bella’s back and gently removed her bra, and Bella’s eyelashes fluttered.

She opened her eyes and looked at Tristan, feeling embarrassed. This was the first time they had made out with the lights on, and she could see his face very clearly.

“I love you—” Tristan whispered.

Before Bella could say anything, she felt her body stiffen again as his finger slowly moved and explored her breasts. His hand squeezing and massaging her breast gently. The sensation made her nipples hard and the skin around her breast warmer.

She slowly closed her eyes while enjoying every time his hand gently brushed and twisted her hard nipples, trying hard and failing not to make any sounds.

“Oh, My Love, your nipples are erect. Are you feeling what I’m feeling now?”

When he saw her close her eyes tightly, he smiled as he lowered his head and started kissing, licking, and sucking every inch of the skin on her breasts and nipples.

Loader moans began to escape her lips, making Tristan even more excited; he intensely kissed and sucked her nipples and breast to make her feel overwhelming pleasure.

“T-Tristan oooh... oooh... Tristan, I...Tristan aaa... Uumhh—” Was all that could escape Bella’s lips every time he sucked on her breasts and nipples harder without losing his gentleness, moans becoming more frequent.

“Darling Wife, you already damp down there...” he said seductively as he put his other hand around and inside her panties, starting to rub the most intimate part between her legs.

And with every move from his hand on Bella’s most intimate part, she moans even harder.

Bella felt embarrassed, but she let him. She enjoyed every time she placed her finger on her bottom lip, teasing every nerve in his mind. As his fingers began to enter her most intimate part, her orgasm was inevitable. Every time he released hers, she felt her body arch and her blood rush.

“Tristan... Please, I want you...” She shouted between her countless climaxes after he teased her for a few more minutes.

She climaxes so many times only with his fingers, causing her to want more. She can no longer hold herself back; she wants Tristan to be one with her and enter her.

But every time she asked him to put his little brother inside her, he held back. He continued to help her orgasm a few more times, just fucking her with his fingers and playing with her breasts.

After a few minutes, she felt impatient.

“Tristan, stop fingering me. I want you to fuck me!! I want that big thing under your boxers!” Bella said amidst her moans, as he was still fucking her with his fingers.

She wanted more.

“What did you say?” Tristan was shocked to hear her words. He slowly withdrew his fingers from hers and then looked at her eyes. He was amused, seeing her expression become sultrier than before. “Say it again?” and joy arose in him, hearing how naughty his wife was.

Bella blinked several times when she saw him climb on her body, and his face was now an inch from hers.

“Say it again. I want to hear you say earlier—”

She silently wetted her throat before saying, “Damn it! Tristan Sinclair... I want you to FUCK ME! With your hard dick, not with your fingers!”

“As you wish, my beautiful wife—” Tristan could no longer hold back his lust. He decided to end his stupid plan of waiting for their honeymoon before consuming her again.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 308: I Cannot Wait Any Longer! (3) **

Tristan removed the remaining cloth that was attached to his body and threw it on the floor.

He no longer tried to tease her but entered her warm and wet intimate part after gently shifting her legs wide open.

“Do I need to stop?” Tristan asked when he saw her brow furrow, even though he had only put half of his hard cock inside her.

“N-No! Don’t you dare!—” she shouted in reflex as her eyes still rolled backward and her mouth continued open with a soft moaning sound on her every breath.

He smiles.

“Let me know if you feel hurt, darling.” Tristan ensured that she enjoyed every moment of their first love-making after so many years.

The room no longer felt cool but warm because of the love and lust mixed in the air. Their eyes locked into one another like their souls tangled again after such a long separation.

Bella's sexy moans became louder and more frequent as his hips slowly pushed deeper, and his lips chased Bella's open mouth and locked it with gentle kisses. But his tongue explores roughly inside her mouth while his hand gently twists and squeezes her breast.

His actions gave her much more sensual sensation from every sensitive nerve in her intimate part. And when he saw her body arching slightly, he started to move back and forth gently, trying to relax her.

Tristan was impressed with how tight she was now as if they were making love for the first time.

'Is she really having a normal birth to our son, Dax?' Tristan's mind wonders, which helps him stay hard for longer.

A satisfied smile slowly emerged from his lips. "Darling, I will move faster—"

"Mmmhmmh," said Bella while trying to roll her eyes back as she managed to control herself from the incredible sensation coming from her intimate parts.

But when she saw Tristan looking back at her, she closed her eyes. She realized she was too embarrassed to notice his strange position between her legs.

Tristan's movements started to get faster and more profound, accompanied by a clapping sound every time his hips and Bella's touched as if glued together.

Bella's moans became louder and more frequent, and when their bodies touched, the sound of flesh pressing together made the room thicker with the smell of sex.

The heat grew as their bodies started to get wet with sweat.

"T-Tristan oooh... oooh...Uum...ahhh...ahhh...I'm coming, hubby, ahhhhh!!!"

Her moans are even more intense and the loudest as her climax comes and peaks, causing Tristan's passion to burn even more as his cock also closes into his climax because Bella's lower lips twitches and grips his cock even more as she reaches her climax.

He moved his hips even more, glued to Bella's hips with his free hand, playing with her breasts and nipples, squeezing them while looking at her beautiful face. His hip movements did not slow down but even increased.

"Oo, Bella, my darling wife, how can you still be this tight? Are you sure you gave birth naturally to our son?" Said Tristan, trying to distract his mind so he could stay hard longer.

Bella gave him—What are you trying to fucking ask me in the middle of this, sir?—kind of look.

Tristan smiled as he slowed his movements and continued his teasing words, “Your lower lip is so tight, sucking in my little brother, and it makes me feel—uh.”

Bella’s hand covered Tristan’s mouth tightly. She was too embarrassed to hear his following words.

“Please do it faster, Tristan...” Bella said, glaring at him. She had her pleasure moment. But now, all that is left is a nameless pain on her thigh.

She wanted this to end quickly because she no longer had the energy, and the overwhelming pleasure exhausted her, which was no longer the same as before. At this moment, she just wanted to lie down and sleep.

Tristan no longer teased her; he increased his speed, causing her to moan even more loudly, a mix of pleasure and pain, with her eyes closed, trying to hold on.

Witness such a beautiful scene before his eyes; her breaths tremble every time he moves to pump her, and her face gets redder; he is increasing his speed even more.

Suddenly, Bella realizes that in between the pleasure and the pain, she is about to climax again. She moans loudly as she comes countless times. And then, a few minutes later, she felt the same sensation again. And a few minutes later, Bella came again, and now she felt a squirt coming from her lower lips.

After a while of seeing his wife multiple climaxes, Tristan finally couldn’t hold his ejaculation any longer.

“Oh, my wife, I’m coming... Ahh...” His hoarse voice made Bella slowly open her eyes.

Bella felt happy to finally give him what he really needed. Looking at his satisfied expression when he released his warm liquid inside her, tears began to flow from the corner of her eyes. She cried because this was too beautiful to witness. This memory would stay in her mind for a long time.

After a few minutes,

They finally lay side by side while catching their breath, looking at each other with silly smiles framing their tired faces.

“I love you. Thank you, Bella Donovan! Now, I think I will die if I ever live without you beside me....” Tristan said while covering their body with the blanket.

Bella is unable to utter anything. She could only bury her face in his broad chest, hiding her blushing face while trying to calm her heart.

However, as soon as her lower abdomen touched his still-hard little brother, her blood shivered, and her heartbeat started to pump again. Her mind began to fill with how wild they were making love earlier.

“Why are you hiding your beautiful face from me? Are you embarrassed?” Tristan’s voice sounded above her head. She silently gulped and looked up to meet his gaze.

“No. I’m not—”

Bella was entirely lying. She was indeed embarrassed by his expression when he released warm liquid inside her; just seeing his satisfied face and hearing his moans of pleasure made Bella feel like the luckiest woman in the world; she could make this powerful man in this country bend the knee to her.

“Really?”

“Hmm!” Bella hurriedly answered, but later, she could feel his little brother down there, starting to find a way to enter her again.

She gulps, “Hubby, why is your little brother still as hard as before? I thought earlier you already—”

“I’m sorry, dear. Even though I released mine, my little brother wanted more.”

Bella was utterly speechless. Earlier, she almost fainted; this man sucked all of her energy. Not only that but now, she felt her thighs sore.

“Not, now! I’m tired. I can’t do it now—”

“You look fine, darling...” Tristan leaned closer and pressed his lips to hers for a light kiss before continuing, “Let’s do it again. I promise I’ll make it faster this time, okay!?”

“No!” Bella pulled her head away from him. “Tristan, my thighs feel sore. If we do it again, I probably won’t be able to walk. Remember, we still have to go down for lunch.” She warned him, afraid he would forget they had a dinner appointment with her mother.

Suddenly, Tristan felt terrible hearing that.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 309: This is How The Pregnancy Rumors Started

“I’m sorry if I hurt you, my love. I was too selfish to think about myself because I’d been waiting for this opportunity for years. Alright, we’ll do it again when you feel better.”

Tristan kissed her forehead gently and hugged her.

“It’s fine,” Bella felt bad hearing his words. She suddenly remembered what Geoffrey had told her: that Tristan had no desire to look for another woman before she returned and that all the people around Tristan thought he might become a monk if he continued to stay away from women.

Tristan sighed, hearing her words. He still blames himself because he forgets about her weak state. How stupid.

When Bella saw Tristan’s expression turn gloomy, she hurriedly continued, trying to lift his mood.

“Hubby, even though I feel my leg sore and tired, I also enjoyed it,” Bella said. She felt relieved when she saw his smile bloom.

Instantly, Tristan’s eyes beamed when he heard his wife enjoy their lovemaking. But his happiness seemed to betray his clear mind; his hand started to touch her stomach, slowly climbing up to her not-too-big breasts, fit to his palm.

“Tr-Tristan, ummhh...” Bella said, moaning as she felt his warm hand knead her breasts. Her body arched as his thumb played with her erect nipple. “W-What are you doing, Tristan!? I thought you said you feel sorry asking for more!?” she asked, trying to stop him.

“Wife, let’s do it again—”

Gosh!

‘Mr. Sinclair, you are so shameless.’ She vents her frustration in her mind.

Before Bella could scold him, a soft knock suddenly came from the door. Stop Tristan from touching her.

They both looked at the door, curious.

Later, Bella shifted her gaze to Tristan.

“Is it Dax?” she whispered, her worried tone failing to hide her fear. They were still naked, with their clothes scattered on the floor. What would their son think if he saw them now?

“Who is it!?” Tristan asked calmly, but his tone was clear; he didn’t like being disturbed now.

“Master, it’s me, Geoffrey. I apologize if this call disturbed you most unpleasantly. But I need to inform you that lunch... is ready...and everyone...everyone is already waiting for you and the young madam to join—”

Geoffrey’s polite voice relieved Bella. Without waiting for Tristan to respond, she got out of bed, fully naked, and limped to the bathroom, ignoring the pain around her inside thighs.

“Okay, Geoffrey. Thank you for letting me know,” Tristan responded while standing from the bed. He felt amused looking at his cute naked wife running like a little rabbit. “My wife and I will join later. Please ask them to start first,” he said while walking to the bathroom.

Silence hung in the air as Geoffrey heard his master’s response. Countless questions danced in his mind.

‘Why did he ask the others to eat first?’

‘Why? Why does Master Tristan need more time when his mother-in-law is here?’

‘Did they need more time to prepare?’

‘Were they still doing something—’

Suddenly, Geoffrey’s face turned red when he realized a naughty thought. But then, a slight relief was also evident on his face.

Geoffrey cleared his throat silently before responding.

“Yes, master. I will—”

At the same time, on the first floor.

“Where are Tristan and Bella?” Lewis Sinclair asked as soon as he saw Geoffrey enter the dining room. Alone.

“How can Bella and Tristan be late for lunch when this is Natalie’s first time joining us?” Isaac Donovan chimed in, shaking his head slowly, disappointed in them.

Geoffrey felt even more tense now that all eyes were on him. With tension, he approached Lewis Sinclair.

He leaned in slightly, bringing his head closer to Lewis before whispering in his low tone, "Old Master, it seems that Master Tristan and Young Madam are trying to give Young Master Dax a little sister. They will be a few minutes late. Master Tristan asked me to inform you to start lunch without them."

Geoffrey's words conveyed relief as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders to inform his old master of this big news.

Annoyed that his grandson was impolite for making his mother-in-law wait, Lewis Sinclair slowly smiled when he heard Geoffrey's explanation.

"What's wrong, Lewis? What's with the sudden smile?" Isaac asked, increasingly curious to see Lewis smiling. The look in his best friend's eyes clearly showed that he was happy.

Lewis didn't answer Isaac but turned to Geoffrey and gestured for him to explain to Isaac.

A few moments later, Isaac Donovan wore the same expression as Lewis Sinclair. He laughed happily while nodding in satisfaction, knowing what was happening upstairs. The thought of welcoming another great-grandchild swelled his heart.

"Gramps? Why are you both laughing in happiness? Is something good happening with my mommy and daddy upstairs?"

Dax's eyes narrowed with curiosity and excitement as he looked at his two great-grandfathers.

"Ha ha ha, yes, yes, dear Dax," Lewis Sinclair's laugh boomed in the room, surprising everyone. "You will hear the good news later."

Isaac Donovan cleared his throat to distract Lewis, afraid his shameless old friend would say something Dax shouldn't hear.

"All right, all right, let's eat first. My dear Natalie, you eat first. Bella and Tristan will join us soon," Isaac said, then looked at Dax. "You too, Dax. Eat more; you need to grow taller quickly. And you need to be stronger, too, given what's coming."

Dax, "..."

He was even more confused.

When everyone discussed Tristan and Bella's absence, Bella, who had changed her clothes and tidied up her appearance, struggled to leave the room. She felt aching in her thigh.

Standing near the door waiting for Bella, Tristan felt concerned and guilty when he saw her walking like a snail. Every time she took a step, her eyebrows knitted together as if she was in pain.

"My darling wife, I'm really sorry if it hurt you like this—"

Tristan's sadness was apparent in his tone. He saw she didn't utter anything, only tried to smile at him, but her smile failed to reach her eyes, making him feel even more guilty.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 310: Guilty

"My darling wife, how about if you skip lunch with everyone and just rest in bed? I'll ask Noora to bring your lunch here. And then I'll tell everyone that you're not feeling well," he suggested, unable to bear seeing her in pain.

"No, please. I can handle it."

Bella immediately protested and tried hard to reach the door.

"Are you sure, my love?"

"Hmm, I'll be fine in a few steps. No need to worry about me—" Bella smiled at him, but inwardly, she scolded him for what he did.

Gosh! She never expected that having wild sex again after so many years would make her entire body feel like she had just finished her first marathon.

It was just like when Tristan took her virginity after their wedding day. They made love most of the night, and she felt this way when she woke up the following day. She couldn't do anything without feeling pain in her thigh; she just lay in bed because she felt like all her bones were being crushed.

And now she felt it again.

Her body felt like it was falling apart.

'How could this man hold himself for so long?' she wondered while glancing at him, who was walking beside her.

Bella was curious when she could no longer count how many times she orgasmed. But him? If she wasn't mistaken, he only came once. And that was after she no longer had the energy to match his stamina.

Her first thought as she tried to figure it out was how her husband could stay hard for so long every time they made love.

'Did he take Viagra?'

But Bella immediately dismissed that thought; she had never seen him drink anything suspicious or unusual. Especially last night, before they made love.

Sighing deeply while shaking her head, Bella tried to put aside her curiosity and walk faster.

After a few steps, she finally managed to walk normally, enduring the nameless pain in her thigh.

"Do you want me to carry you to the first floor?" Tristan asks as they approach the stairs.

But Bella gives him a "Seriously??" kind of look.

Of course, she rejects him. If someone saw him carry her, they might think negatively, right?

Tristan smiles at her before taking her hand as they descend the stairs.

"I think now is the time to build an elevator in this house—Everyone else that I know already installed one or two in their homes," Tristan murmurs to himself, but Bella hears him clearly.

She can only chuckle inwardly while trying to adjust her expression before reaching the first floor.

When they finally enter the dining room, Bella feels sorry for arriving so late as she sees her son finishing his breakfast. Even her elders are done with their meal and are enjoying their coffee. The only one still eating is her mother.

"Mommy, Daddy—" Dax stands up when he sees his parents. "Why did you just come down? Are you alright, Mom?" he asks worriedly, making Bella feel even more guilty seeing his concerned gaze.

She takes her son's hand, and a gentle smile appears on her lips. "I'm fine. Sorry, baby. I fell asleep..." This is the only excuse she can come up with. "Have you eaten yet, baby?" she hurriedly changes the subject.

“Yes. I’m done. I’m just waiting for Mom and Dad,” Dax glances at his father, who has walked to the dining table to greet his grandma and the others.

“Would you like some ice cream to accompany Mom!?” Bella offered.

“Umm... yes... I want ice cream, a lot of ice cream! Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Cream combined!” Dax says quickly as he pulls his mother to join the others.

Bella is no longer concerned about them being suspicious of their late arrival.

She casually sits between her mother and Dax while Tristan sits with the two grandfathers opposite them.

“Mom, I’m sorry I fell asleep.” Bella immediately apologizes to her mother and tells her that Tristan didn’t wake her up, which is why they were late.

“It’s okay, Bella,” Natalie smiled as she gently patted her back. “Hurry up and eat your lunch. You look so thin,” she said, concerned.

Though Bella almost chuckled at her mother’s comment, she said nothing. At this moment, she was starving after Tristan exhausted her. She indeed needed to eat a lot.

Before long,

When Bella finished her main dish, she suddenly heard her grandpa asking Noora to bring more food for her. She immediately looked at Noora and stopped her.

How could she eat more after finishing a bowl of chicken soup, grilled beef, and other main dishes?

“No need, Auntie Noora, I’m full with this. I will eat fruits and cake for my dessert—” Bella smiled while accepting a slice of cheesecake from Tristan. “Thank you, Tristan.” She smiled at him while starting to eat the cake.

“You need to eat more protein, Bella,” Isaac said, gesturing to Noora to go to the kitchen. “What your mother said is correct. You are getting thinner now. You will find it difficult to get pregnant if you are too skinny—”

“Pft!” Bella almost spat out the cake she had just eaten, too shocked by her grandfather’s words.

‘PREGNANT!? What the hell is Grandpa thinking? Why did he suddenly bring up this idea!?’ Bella was starting to suspect that her grandpa knew today was the first time she and Tristan had slept together again.

Suddenly, Bella felt all her blood rushing to her face. She was embarrassed to only think about it.

Before she could clarify to her grandpa, Noora returned with two servings of grilled meat and mashed potatoes in her hands.

Bella sighed silently but accepted it. When she saw the beef, she suddenly wanted to eat it and felt hungry again. She received another plate from Noora and offered it to Tristan, who had also finished his lunch and was now busy chatting with the two elders.

However, before she could give the plate to Tristan, Noora stopped her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 311: Having Another Child At Home Would Be Nice

However, before she could give the plate to Tristan, Noora stopped her.

“Young Miss, it’s all for you. If Master Tristan wants to eat too, I could ask the chef to prepare another full plate of this delicious food for him,” Noora said while helping her place the second plate on the table.

Bella was even more surprised. She looked at the two plates in front of her and then turned to look at Noora, who was still standing behind her with a strange smile framing her face.

She motioned for Noora to come closer, then whispered, “Do you want me to return to the size I was five years ago? Well, Aunt, I don’t want to become fat again, alright!”

Noora softly laughed before answering.

“Hahaha, you are so funny, young Miss. Of course not. But from now on, you should start eating more protein than usual. You need plenty of protein to become stronger and healthier.”

Noora giggled, remembering what Geoffrey had said to her. They will soon have another child in the house, and just thinking about it made her happy. ‘It would be fun having another kid around, right?’

Bella frowned in confusion, looking at Noora’s odd expression.

“Speak more clearly, Aunt Noora. What are you trying to say?” Her voice slightly raised, but without entirely losing her gentleness.

“Hehehe, Miss, you also have to control your emotions. You can’t get angry easily because that’s not good for, you know what I mean—” Noora paused when Bella glared at her. “O-Okay, Miss, hurry up and eat while the meat is still warm.”

Noora runs to the corner, avoiding Bella, who scolds her with her gaze.

Bella opened her mouth to say something, but Noora had already left. Her confusion grew thicker.

‘What happened with Aunt Noora? Wait...what happened HERE? Why does everyone look weird? Did something happen before we came?’ she wondered while trying to eat.

“What’s wrong, Bella?” Natalie asked, confused when her daughter’s expression changed to worry and perplexed.

“Are you alright, Bella?” Isaac also noticed her annoyance. “Oh dear, are you not feeling well?”

Bella silently took a deep sigh before she responded. However, just before she spoke, Lewis Sinclair’s angry voice rang in the air, surprising everyone. Instantly, everyone is now looking at him.

“You Brat!! Tsk, my granddaughter-in-law has just returned from East City, and you’re making her even more exhausted!” Lewis narrowed his eyes on his Grandson. “Can you hold yourself, brat?”

Bella’s eyes widened when she heard Lewis’s words.

‘Why does Grandpa Lewis sound strange, just like Noora and Grandpa?’ She was utterly speechless.

Tristan was equally perplexed as Bella. He was also confused by his grandfather’s weird words and unusual tone. His brows furrowed as he looked at him.

Natalie and Dax didn’t understand either. They looked at Tristan and Bella alternately as if asking with their gazes, “Are they hiding something?”

The room became more tense as everyone now stared at Tristan, waiting for him to respond. He shook his head while leaning closer to his Grandpa and whispered to ask, “What do you want to say, Grandpa?”

“Hahaha... It’s fine... It’s fine... Alright, Brat, continue to eat your lunch,” Lewis Sinclair said, gently patting Tristan’s back before turning his gaze to Isaac. “Alright, Isaac, let’s enjoy the warm weather outside and talk about... Ahem... You know what I mean, right?”

“Hahaha, of course, let’s go, my friend...” Isaac gladly stood from his seat and followed Lewis.

Tristan was speechless, watching his Grandpa and Isaac Donovan leave with a satisfied laugh.

He turned his gaze to Bella again, surprised to see she had almost finished her lunch.

That day went by so fast.

After lunch, Bella was busy helping her mother.

Bella tried to provide her with everything, including clothes and new communication devices.

They also discussed plans for her mother to go to the hospital for an examination in the next few days.

She only returned to the main house before dinner.

After dinner, Bella had no energy; she just wanted to return to her room and relax.

Fortunately, Tristan was working in his home office.

So Bella decides to video call her best friend, Harper. She needs to ask Harper about branded clothes.

For almost a month, Bella didn't communicate with Harper via video call; they only exchanged texts because they were equally swamped with work.

Sitting at the work desk in the corner of the room, Bella stared at her laptop screen as she opened her FaceTimed.

"OMG! What the heck!" Harper gasped in shock when she saw Bella's face at the other end. "Damn! You are finally calling me."

Bella felt amused looking at Harper's shocked expression. Judging by how terrible her appearance was now, with her black hair tied in a messy bun and still wearing silk pajamas, she could guess Harper had just woken up.

"Good morning, Pretty Harper..." Bella greeted her happily.

"Jeez! Where have you been, girl?" Harper's voice sounded happy; however, her eyes now slightly trembled and blurred with emotion.

"What the hell! Why are you crying?" Bella was speechless when she saw this cheerful girl suddenly become a whiny girl.

Harper cleared her throat before responding, "Ugh, you know what, Bella? After you returned to your foolish hubby, you forgot me, huh!?" she said while shaking her head, her arms crossed over her chest.

Bella couldn't help but laugh, hearing Harper still calling Tristan foolish.

"Hahaha, you're wrong, dear. I haven't forgotten about you, but we are busy here," Bella sighed deeply.

She started feeling stressed again, remembering so many significant problems in the company after she took over. And the one that stole most of her time was Stellar Entertainment, that bitch Laura Kiels.

This left her without time to call or video chat with Harper over the past weeks because Laura Kiels consumed almost all her time in the office.

"Well, do you know what's happening in the company?" Bella asked, attempting to shift Harper's focus away from blaming her.

"Stellar Entertainment?" Suddenly, Harper's expression turned stiff.

"Yes."

"Of course, I know. Stefan reports everything to me. How the hell does a mere B-list celebrity try to slander our company? Is she tired of making a living there? Trying to mess with us?"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 312: You Forget About Me?

Bella shrugged while smiling bitterly.

"That's why I'm busy with that matter. But don't worry. We've definitely thrown that bitch in jail!" Bella's eyes lit up, remembering the evidence they had received this morning.

'Oh, right! Who sent the package?' Bella suddenly remembered Sam's promise to call her to report the sender of the package. 'Did they find out who sent all that evidence?'

Bella glanced at her cell phone beside her computer. Earlier, when she texted Harper to arrange the FaceTime, she saw several unread text messages.

She was sure Sam's text was there but didn't have time to check because Harper immediately confirmed she was on standby for FaceTime.

“Really? Ugh, that’s great!” Harper’s anger slowly faded, replaced with a happy smile. She had already heard everything from Stefan about the matter Bella and her team were facing in Astington.

When she learned about it, Harper scolded Jack Foster for assigning Bella to handle such a challenging company just as she returned. Harper was concerned that Bella might feel overwhelmed and decide to take another extended break.

“Oh, why did you suddenly call?” Harper asked, slightly confused because Bella rarely called her at night at her place.

Bella refocused on her reasons for contacting Harper. She knew RDF Group didn’t have a license for the famous fashion brand she wanted to buy for her mother in this country, so she needed to ask Harper if they had one in a neighboring country.

If they had, Bella would prefer to buy from their company rather than buy in this country; she knows the one who holds the license, the Spencer Group, under the command of Amanda Spencer.

Amanda might have known it was hers if she had bought those branded clothes in this country because she would not have purchased a little but a lot.

It would be awkward if she met Amanda again after what happened during their first meeting, which looked like it would be their last meeting.

“Of course,” Harper’s eyes lit up. It had been a long time since Bella asked to buy clothes for her. In the past, when Bella was still working at their main office in New York, she was Bella’s fashion stylist.

“Girl, what do you need? Just tell me.” Before Bella could answer, Harper spoke again while clasping her hands happily. “Ah, no need... No need... To tell me, girl. I will choose the latest collections for you for spring and autumn.”

“It’s not for me.”

“What? Not for you? Then who? Your evil mother-in-law?” Harper narrowed her eyes, looking Bella in the eyes. She knew how evil her mother-in-law was and wouldn’t help that woman, even when Bella asked her to.

“Hahaha, of course not. Why should I help her?”

Harper silently took a deep sigh. “Good. Good!”

“For my mother—”

“Wait, wait, girl,” Harper’s eyes widened in surprise. “You already have a good relationship with your parents!?”

As far as Harper knew, Bella’s relationship with her parents had worsened since they forced her to marry. The latest news she knows is that Bella has only made up with her grandfather since returning to Astington.

“Yes, but only my mother.” A wry smile appeared on Bella’s lips. She knew her father was still furious because he hadn’t yet found traces of her mother.

From the short message Bella received from Aunt Emma at noon, she learned that her father had made a fuss at her aunt’s house, forcing her to reveal her mother’s whereabouts and who was helping her. However, Aunt Emma did not budge and refused to give him any information. So he left without knowing where her mother was.

“Oh, girl,” Harper became more emotional upon realizing that Bella had finally improved her relationship with her mother. “I’m so happy for you, girl...”

“Thank you, Harper.” Bella felt her heart warm again when she saw Harper’s eyes looking red as if she were about to cry. “Alright, no need to feel melancholic. Can you send me the person in charge of the company? I need to call them and buy a bulk of clothes for my mom.”

“You don’t have to do that. Just let me know your mother’s size and her fashion preferences. I will help you call them. I have plenty of time here to go on a shopping spree for your mother.” Harper giggled, her eyes beaming with happiness.

“Hahaha, alright. I will send you my mother’s details later. I need to ask her first—”

“Sure!”

They talked for a few more minutes about Harper’s life in New York before Bella finally excused herself. She felt like she wanted to sleep now when she saw it was already eleven at night.

After Bella closed her laptop, she took her cell phone and checked for a text message from Sam. She needed to know the identity of the person who had helped them. She had one name in mind that could help her with that evidence: Amanda Spencer.

Bella remembered that during their last meeting, Amanda had offered to help her. Amanda had experience handling similar problems, as they owned the number one entertainment agency in the country.

However, Bella doesn't want Amanda's help because she doesn't want to be indebted to the Spencers.

She sighed deeply while searching for Sam's text and put aside her worry about Amanda Spencer.

Before long, Bella finally found what she was looking for.

After a few minutes of reading Sam's report, her eyes widened as she realized who had helped them.

"Bella, are you alright?"

Instantly, Bella's cell phone slipped from her hand and fell to the floor as soon as she heard Tristan's voice from the direction of the door. She looked up and saw Tristan walking closer to her, his brow slightly furrowed.

"What's wrong, darling? Why look at me like you've seen a ghost?" Tristan asked calmly while picking up her cell phone from the floor.

Bella was speechless; she looked at Tristan with mixed emotions.

"Is there any surprising news?" Tristan asked again, gently placing his other hand on her cheek.

"Tristan, were you the one who sent the evidence to us!?"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 313: Know The Identity of The Package Sender

"What's evident?"

Tristan asked as he placed her cell phone on the table and pulled her into his arms. His arms wrapped around her waist, bringing their bodies into close contact.

Bella looked up at Tristan's face as she continued, "Evidence to send Laura Kiels to prison—"

Tristan's expression slowly changed, his smile vanishing instantly as Bella's words hit him like a ton of bricks.

He didn't immediately answer Bella. His mind was racing, realizing that the hacker behind her was much better than Max.

How could she know so quickly?

Tristan had ensured that Max erased any traces of the package's sender because he didn't want his wife to know about his involvement in this matter. He remembered her insistence that she handle it by herself and asked him not to get involved.

Hearing her words made Tristan's heart race with worry. He urgently needed to speak with Max to uncover the identity of the hacker working behind his wife.

"Mr. Tristan Sinclair, please answer me. Did you send the evidence?" Bella asked again when she hadn't heard anything from him. His gaze was still fixed on her as if he were present but absent simultaneously. This perplexed her.

A faint smile slowly spread across Tristan's lips, though he inwardly worried that she knew about his underground operations. He didn't want her to concern herself too much with his other business, at least not now.

An idea appeared in his mind to test how much she knew about his involvement.

"Wife, why did you assume I sent it? Is there anything I do that makes you suspect me?" he asked calmly, maintaining his smile.

Bella felt doubtful; was her guess wrong?

"Okay. Why don't we sit down first? Then maybe you could share what's inside your mind about this," Tristan said, taking her hand and leading her to the sofa.

After they sat beside each other, Bella began telling him about the Laura Kiels case.

They didn't have strong evidence to put Laura Kiels in prison, and the woman had started making a comeback on social media, trying to garner sympathy from A-Netz.

While they were at a dead end, they suddenly received strong evidence to send Laura Kiels to prison.

Earlier, Bella was surprised to learn that Sam had reported the sender, who was related to her husband.

Tristan, silently listening, tried not to show too much reaction.

"—Hubby, Sam said the person who put the package in my office met one of the men who came with you to the park when the gangster attacked me," Bella said, her eyes fixed on him.

Instantly, Reid, the head of his company's security team, appeared in Tristan's mind. He remembered Reid also coming to the park with him.

'Damn it, Reid! How could you make this small mistake?' Tristan vented his anger toward his team in his mind before he smiled at her.

Tristan was frustrated by his team's small mistake but relieved that Bella didn't seem to suspect his underground business—at least not yet. He hoped she wouldn't discover it, as it would be hard to explain.

But he couldn't avoid it since his wife already knew about the evidence.

Tristan casually rubbed the back of his neck, smiling guiltily at her.

"I'm sorry, my wife, if I helped you without telling you beforehand. I just wanted to lessen your stress about this case. That's why I secretly helped you. I asked my security team, Reid, who came with me to the park, to look for the evidence and send it to you—" Tristan stopped in surprise.

He couldn't continue his words as her warm lips covered his. She pulled her lips away just before he wanted to kiss her back deeply.

"Thank you, hubby. This time, I am truly happy about your help. When we were at a dead end, you sent the evidence to us. And I'm also happy that you didn't brag about it and let me discover that you help me without patronizing me."

Tristan was shocked. He thought Bella would be upset because of his help.

"You know, Hubby? If we don't have strong evidence, that woman might make a quick comeback in the entertainment industry in this country—" Bella paused her sentence when she saw the shocked expression on Tristan's face. "Why do you look so worried?"

Tristan smiled, "I thought you would be angry with me because I helped you without you asking."

"Husband, why should I be angry about it?" Bella laughed when she saw his confused expression. "Instead, thank you because you helped me a lot..."

"You probably forgot. But you told me not to help you with this matter when I offered you help," Tristan responded.

Bella nodded, taking a deep breath. At first, she believed Laura Kiels' case was simple. However, she recently discovered that someone with a strong background was assisting Laura. Her suspicions intensified when her team found no evidence regarding Robert's death.

"I know. At first, I thought this was a simple case. But recently, I discovered that someone with a strong background is helping her," Bella said.

"Someone behind that woman?" Tristan asked. He didn't think that far.

When he obtained the evidence, he only arrested Robert without investigating Laura Kiels' background in detail.

"Yes. At first, I suspected that your mother was helping her. But after we investigated, we found your mother was not involved with her after—"

Bella informed him that Jessica had last seen Laura two months ago at a restaurant.

At that time, Laura left the restaurant in a terrible condition, as if Jessica had harshly punished her. After that, Laura disappeared and hid in a place that couldn't be traced.

"Interesting, she has someone behind her—" Tristan said, making a note to ask his people to find out more.

"But now I no longer think about that woman. She will soon go to jail after my legal representative reports the evidence to the police!" Bella's eyes beamed; she couldn't wait to see that woman arrested for what she did.

Tristan felt relieved to see his wife no longer stressed. He embraced her, carrying her to their bed shortly afterward.

"Wifey, let's give Dax a little sister."

Bella was utterly speechless.

Chapter 314: Second Investigation

A few days later.

Bella and Leo sat in her office, watching "Morning Gossip," the entertainment news on television. They were covering a live report on Laura Kiels' case.

On the television screen, Laura's car was seen surrounded by many journalists who had been waiting for her in front of the police station since morning.

Then, Laura exited her car with her lawyer beside her. She faced the journalists' cameras with an innocent expression.

Laura Kiels was wearing a white knee-length dress, reflecting her pure image. Her straight black hair flowed down her back, and her face was adorned with minimal makeup, only soft pink lip gloss. This completely differed from her usual glamorous appearance on television or social media.

Leo, witnessing this, couldn't help but comment, "Wow, why does she appear like that!? Did she not have time to do her makeup because the police officer suddenly asked her to come this early morning!?" He glanced at Bella across from him.

Bella, sitting relaxed on a single sofa with her legs crossed while holding a cup of latte, chuckled at Leo's question. She shook her head and turned her gaze to Leo.

"Obviously not. This woman deliberately made herself look naïve and innocent in public to gather sympathy from A-Netz and the journalists."

"Fuck! That crazy bitch! How shameless—" Leo couldn't continue cursing at Laura because Bella asked him to shut up and watch the television.

He closed his mouth and looked at the screen. He saw Laura starting to answer the reporters' questions.

"Miss Laura, good morning. I'm Lisa Hendrick from Astington Gossip News. I have some questions for you..." One of the female journalists standing right in front of Laura asked, representing all her colleagues.

Laura smiled weakly at the journalist. "Yes, sure. But first, let me say a few words. Thank you all for waiting for me here. And to A-Netz, especially my fans around the country, I'm sorry for making you all wait and worry about me." She said while bowing her head slightly.

Sincerity and sadness radiated from her facial expression. Those who saw her seemed to see how stressed she was regarding this matter.

"Miss Laura, can you explain why the police suddenly summoned you again for an interrogation?" the female journalist, Lisa Hendrick, asked again.

"To be honest, I don't know why they asked me to come again. As a law-abiding citizen, I came here to help the police investigate the case against my manager," Laura said, pausing for a moment. She wiped the corners of her eyes as if to erase the traces of her tears.

Everyone was silent, waiting for Laura Kiels to continue her words.

"I'm really sorry. I suddenly felt sad remembering Robert's kindness. I hope he is now at peace up there. He was a good friend and manager to me."

Everyone felt sympathy for her.

But another journalist asked her, "Miss Laura, please answer. Is the case involving Robert true? Is he the sole perpetrator? And, as you mentioned before, are you not involved at all?"

Laura looked at the male reporter who asked the question. With a gloomy expression, she answered, "I've explained. I don't know anything about it, about the result. What I could say now, I wasn't involved—"

Before Laura could continue her sentence, her lawyer, the man in the black suit beside her, raised his hand to stop her from speaking.

Then he stepped forward, shielding Laura and addressing the reporters.

"Sorry, gentlemen. My client is late now. We will provide further information after she finishes meeting with the investigator. Thank you!" the lawyer said, leading Laura into the police building, leaving the journalists dissatisfied with this short interview.

Some of the journalists stayed behind, exchanging words with each other and expressing opinions about the case that was being hotly discussed throughout the country; Laura Kiels is suspected of being involved in a defamation case and the death of Robert, her manager.

"Are you sure she's involved?"

"I'm sure. There's no way the manager would have come up with that idea, right?"

"Same!"

"I agree, too."

"Guys, don't jump to conclusions. Wait for the results of the police investigation."

"I agree with them. If Laura is summoned again for a second examination, I believe the police have new evidence. Isn't that right?"

"Wow, you're right, bro!"

"But why is she so confident that she wasn't involved?"

"Hahaha, since when do perpetrators admit what they have done? They will deny it unless there is strong evidence."

"True, true..."

"Indeed, you are so right about this, buddy!"

Meanwhile, Laura, walking beside her lawyer, frowned, confused by his attitude of stopping her from giving an interview.

Laura felt too short to appear on the news. Because she still wanted to attract the attention of the A-Netz, she was looking for sympathy so that they would support her.

She leaned closer and whispered, afraid someone might hear, "Why did you stop me?"

"Miss Laura, you are not allowed to give any statements or conclusions about this case. It's in your best interest. I fear all the journalists outside will twist whatever you say."

"Did I say something wrong?" Laura asked, confused by her lawyer's words.

The lawyer said nothing but nodded in response to his client's question.

Not long after, they arrived at the empty interrogation room. A police officer who led them to the room asked them to go in first.

"Miss, don't be nervous," whispered the lawyer. "You only need to reply to their questions, as discussed."

Laura Kiels is sitting in her seat. "Mmm. I know!"

Before long,

Two male investigators entered the room, holding a few documents and laptops.

They sat opposite Laura Kiels and her lawyer.

The room felt even more tense as the investigator began questioning Laura Kiels about her involvement with the paid buzzer who attacked Stellar Entertainment.

Laura, who heard the investigators' questions, was confused.

'Why are they asking me about this again?' Laura clearly remembered that she had given them a clear answer; she did not know and had denied ever ordering Robert to do that.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 315: Her Dead End!

"Miss Laura Kiels, let me ask you one more time. Now, be frank with us, Miss Laura Kiels. Is your answer still the same as your last answer?" the investigator asked.

Laura's hands were clenched tightly in her lap. She's trying very hard to maintain her composure before answering. "I never asked my manager, Robert, to do that."

The investigator slightly nodded, looking at her, but kept his calm and poker eyes. Before he could ask another question, Laura suddenly spoke again.

“Officer, Sir, I’m sorry, but did you ask me to come here only to repeat the same questions? It makes me want to vomit. It’s nauseated me, sir.” Laura Kiels asked.

She took a deep breath before continuing. “And, I think I’ve already answered them all. Right, sir?” her voice sounded gentle. Still, her eyes betrayed her annoyance with this second round of questions.

“Miss Laura Kiels, don’t worry; we won’t ask you the same questions today,” another investigator said calmly and politely while ignoring Laura’s complaint. He smiled at Laura before he continued, “My colleague here just wanted to double-check your previous statement. You know, to remove any unnecessary doubt.”

Laura turned to see the man next to the young investigator who had questioned her earlier. His mature and calmer demeanor indicated that he was the boss.

“Sir, you said something new?”

“Yes, Miss Laura.”

“Well, you can ask me. I will answer right away. There is no need to prolong this. I’m a busy person—” Laura said, unable to hold her annoyance with their slow procedure.

The senior investigator didn’t bother answering Laura but shifted his gaze to his colleague beside him and gave a slight nod.

“You can do it now,” he said before turning his gaze again at Laura.

“Yes, sir!” the younger investigator answered. He immediately opened his laptop.

After typing something on the keyboard, he turned to Laura Kiels and her lawyer before saying, “Miss Laura, earlier, you denied any involvement in all the questions we asked you, right?”

Laura only nodded, feeling too lazy to answer him.

“Miss Laura, we have a recording of your voice. The recording has been verified by the expert and computer, and they found it matches 100 percent with your actual voice. And the recording is related to our case. Now, how do you explain this voice recording?” The young investigator asked.

Instantly, the lawyer sitting calmly beside Laura flinched, his expression slowly changing as he asked, “What voice recording?” Worry flashed through his gaze as he looked sharply at the investigator before him.

But the investigators ignored him. One pressed the play button, and the voices of a woman and a man came from the laptop speakers, enough to startle Laura and her lawyer.

“Listen, Robert, I want you to pay a buzzer out there and teach Stellar Entertainment a lesson! How dare they do this to me?”

“Laura, are you sure? This is very dangerous, you know.”

“Yes, I know! That’s why you should find the best one and make sure no one can trace you back.”

“This—”

“What are you afraid of? Just do it, alright? Make sure you make that stupid company suffer. I don’t want to fall alone to hell; they must come with me, too!”

“But, Laura, please reconsider—”

“What the hell, Robert! Can you do what I ask? Stop questioning me. I’m the one paying your salary, not the other way around.”

“Alright.”

The audio recording stopped.

Laura Kiels’ face instantly turned pale, as if all the blood had drained from her skin.

Her hand, hidden under the table, shook as she heard her own voice with Robert talking about something that could throw her into jail.

‘That bastard, Robert! How dare he record our conversation!? How dare he betray me!? Damn it!!’ Laura Kiels was speechless. She could only curse Robert inwardly.

“Miss Laura Kiels...” The young investigator’s voice snapped Laura out of her thoughts. She looked at him, trying to maintain her calmness but failed, her anger radiance from her gaze.

“How do you explain this recording, Miss Laura Kiels? And don’t tell me this is a fake recording. The recording has been verified,” the young investigator asked while cornering Laura at the same time.

Laura opened her mouth, but her lawyer spoke before she could say anything.

“Miss Laura, you don’t have to answer that,” the lawyer said calmly, then turned to the investigator. “Sir, I need time to discuss this with my client right now. May I talk to my client alone and in private now?” This was the only way he could protect his client.

However,

The investigator looked at the lawyer with a deadpan expression. Then he turned to Laura and smiled at her.

“Why do you want us to leave you in such a hurry? Well, I still have many questions for your client,” The young investigator said unhurriedly, trying to annoy the lawyer.

The lawyer couldn’t say anything more. He guessed that the police already had substantial evidence to detain his client, so he had no choice but to agree to the continuation of the interrogation.

“Miss Laura, did you kill Robert because you wanted to hide this audio evidence?” the young investigator asked calmly. However, his question almost choked Laura Kiels and her lawyer.

“Miss Laura, you have the right to remain silent,” the lawyer insisted, ensuring his client didn’t make any unnecessary comments before they discussed the case. He had to think of a way to ensure his client would not be severely punished if she was proven guilty.

The two investigators completely ignored the lawyer, who was now panicking beside Laura. Meanwhile, Laura looked increasingly pale.

“Alright, if you don’t say anything, let’s hear this one...” the investigator said before playing another recording.

The male voice clearly belonged to Robert:

“Hi, I’m Robert! If you hear this voice recording, it means I am no longer on this earth, breathing and alive. Someone has killed me. And you must know who the person is. She is the only one who wants to eliminate me because I keep many of her secrets. She is my boss, Laura Kiels.”

Instantly, Laura’s vision darkened; all her muscles seemed to betray her, and she could no longer support her body even to sit.

She fainted!

Chapter 316: Someone Coming?

On the same day, in the afternoon, at the Quantum Capital Building.

Bella spent her entire afternoon following the news about Laura Kiels' case.

Laura Kiels' name remained the most talked-about topic across all media, including television, radio, print, and the internet. Her name has also become the number one trending topic on social media.

Later,

Bella opened one of the articles with the most exciting title.

[Laura Kiels' Legal Status Finally Changed to Suspect. How Many Years Will She Spend in Prison?]

After reading the news, Bella felt pleased with how things were going. It seemed like the universe was on their side. Their evidence was strong enough to send Laura to prison, and the police acted swiftly to elevate her status and make the arrest.

Even though the police had not yet made an official statement about Laura Kiels's status changing from suspect to perpetrator, Bella was sure they would announce it in the next few days.

Bella had made sure that her company lawyer and Stefan would oversee this case until Laura Kiels was held accountable for her actions, which had disrupted her life and the company and had taken innocent lives like Robert's.

"HAH!" Bella shouted, taking a deep breath, "Laura Kiels, this time you are going to jail. Enjoy life behind the cage, BITCH!!" she said while closing the article and turning off her computer.

After a few months of dealing with this matter, the episode involving Laura Kiels in her life had finally concluded. That woman would no longer bother her. And she also wouldn't think about that damn woman again.

She felt relieved!

A noticeable smile slowly emerged on Bella's lips as she leaned back in her CEO chair.

Bella still had plenty of time before her husband came to pick her up; Tristan said he would come after six, so she still had three hours. She closed her eyes and tried to rest her eyes and mind.

But not long after, Stefan's voice could be heard from the door, surprised Bella.

"Hi, Sister. You look so relaxed. Did you read the news about Laura Kiels?"

Bella sat up straight and looked at him. A smile spread across her lips as she noticed how neat and clean he looked. He was wearing an oversized hoodie the same color as his navy jeans, leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Yes,” Bella answered him while walking to the seating area. She gestured for Stefan to join her. “Bro, why do you look so neat today? Are you going somewhere? Dating? Wow...” She happily clasped her hand.

Since Stefan lived upstairs, it was rare to see him wearing jeans or sneakers. He usually only wore a tracksuit and flip-flops. Even when they visited restaurants near their building, his style never changed. After all, he was a hacker; he spent all day inside his computer room, barely coming out to touch grass*.

Stefan entered the room with a frown. “Sister, seriously, you didn’t know?”

“Should I know about something?” Bella asked, confused. She didn’t know if she should remember anything else. Lately, her mind had only been focused on her mother’s health treatment and Laura Kiels’ matter.

“Oh, this is interesting! You didn’t know about someone’s arrival today? Seriously?” Stefan said while sitting across from Bella.

“Who? Who is coming to make you dress like this?” Bella asked curiously.

Stefan didn’t answer right away. He scratched his head, thinking for a moment whether to tell her or not.

“Jeez...Stefan, can you spill it already?” Bella said impatiently as she looked at him, his deliberate stalling making her even more confused and curious.

“That person might have a reason not to tell you, Sis. To surprise you. And it wouldn’t be fun if I told you now, right?” Stefan grinned. He decided not to say anything, or that woman would haunt him.

Bella looked at Stefan sharply as if she wanted to dive into his mind to discover his thoughts.

How annoying! This was the first time she felt really curious to know about something.

For some unknown reason, she also couldn’t figure out exactly who Stefan was referring to.

After silently taking a deep breath, a half smile appeared on her lips. “Alright, if you don’t want to tell me, I won’t give you permission to meet my son,” Bella said casually, but her words struck his head like lightning.

'How could she cancel my first meeting with Dax?'

Stefan started to worry. It's been a few days since he arrived in this city, but he hasn't had the chance to meet Dax.

He could understand because Bella immediately had a serious matter with her mother and many urgent cases to solve in the company. They had all been so busy in the past few days.

However, Bella had invited him to lunch at her residence this weekend. He had been looking forward to finally leaving this building and meeting his nephew, Dax.

"Sister Bella, you..." Stefan glared at Bella. "You've already promised me. You can't just cancel that!"

"Of course, I can if you're still keeping it a secret," she said, holding back a laugh when she saw his panicked expression.

Stefan silently gulped. "Sis, you are so heartless and shameless! How dare you..."

Bella didn't answer him. She pretended to ignore Stefan, who was now begging.

"Fine, fine, I will tell you—"

Finally, Bella smiled, turning her gaze to look at Stefan.

"Who?" she asked.

"Your best friend, Sister Harper!" Stefan sighed deeply. He didn't have a choice but to spill Harper's secret. "She's already on her way here; Sam picked her up at the airport."

Instantly, Bella gasped in shock.

Her mind was filled with many questions.

Wasn't she still in New York a few days ago?

What brings her to appear suddenly in Astington?

*Touch grass = Touch Grass is a figurative expression suggesting that people should spend time outdoors, disconnect from technology, and engage with the physical world, specifically by being in nature or getting fresh air.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 317: Meeting Harper Reed

After a few more seconds passed, when her shock finally faded, Bella turned her gaze back to Stefan.

“Why did Harper suddenly come here?” she asked.

“How should I know? Sister Harper didn’t tell me about her sudden visit. Still, I—” Stefan paused when he suddenly remembered he shouldn’t say anything about that to Bella, or he would be in trouble if she protested.

“Still what? What are you trying to say, Stefan?” Bella could see that Stefan obviously was hiding something from her. She narrowed her eyes.

“Ugh, sis, sorry. Actually, I know when Harper’s passport is used...”

Stefan explained that he can identify which members of the RDF Group’s board of directors use their passports for international travel. Once one of the BODs applies for a visa or uses their passport at any airport to travel to another country, he will receive a special notification.

That’s how he found out when Harper applied for an express visa to visit Astington. He also automatically knew which jet Harper was on, when it was taking off, and when she would arrive.

Bella was utterly speechless upon hearing Stefan’s explanation. She didn’t expect Stefan to be tracking them. Gosh!

Just before Bella wanted to respond, something crossed her mind. Her expression turned sharp as she looked at Stefan.

Stefan could feel the coldness in her eyes. He silently wetted his throat while waiting for her to say something.

“Why, why are you looking at me like that—”

“Five years ago. You know I applied for a Schengen visa, did you? And then find out my flight details, and then you pass the information on to Jack, don’t you?” Bella rhetorically asked.

Now, Bella could understand why Jack and Harper suddenly appeared at the airport when she arrived at Stockholm Arlanda Airport.

At the time, she doubted Jack’s reasons because they seemed too absurd. How could Jack know someone had sent money to her Swiss bank account and traced her flight

details? She had already suspected that it was Stefan who found her, but she didn't expect him to trace her through her passport.

Stefan's face stiffened when he heard her question. He no longer sat relaxed with his legs crossed. Instead, he sat up straight and smiled awkwardly at Bella. He knew he was in trouble now, exposing Jack's order to track all the company's Board of Directors.

"Is it true?" Bella repeated.

"Yeah. Sorry, sis, but this is for company security. Jack asked me to track all of your passports. I know wherever you are flying out of the country." Stefan could no longer hide anything from her. He would have to think about how to explain it to Jack.

Bella was speechless.

Now she understood why Jack knew her flight details and appeared with Harper at the airport to wait for her.

'Gosh! Jack Foster, you are so shameless.' Bella couldn't help but vent her frustration at him.

However, even though Bella was annoyed, she couldn't be angry with her little brother, Stefan, because Stefan had kept his promise not to tell Jack where she was when she resided in this city during her marriage to Tristan. He helped her hide from Jack, and she was grateful for this.

Bella hid from Jack not because she was afraid of something but because she didn't want Jack to bother her by coming to this city and asking her to return to the company, especially when he suddenly established Quantum Capital in this country.

She fully understands how Jack highly values her as a best friend and a beneficial asset for their business.

"Bro, you don't have to worry; I'm not angry with you. I understand you did what you have to do," Bella smiled at him to reassure him that she was okay.

Stefan was stunned. He thought Bella would scold him.

"Thank you, sis. I promise I will not do that again in the future," he said while making a V sign with his fingers.

Bella chuckled.

"So, anyone accompany Harper on her trip here? Did Jack also come?" she asked.

"No. She is alone on this trip."

“Good...Good... you can come to my house this weekend. I’ll throw a garden party for you and Harper.”

Bella was already planning a small party. She had a lot to celebrate: her mother was free from her father, the Laura Kiels matter finally ended, and her relationship with Tristan was also something they needed to celebrate, right?

Stefan was so excited. He couldn’t wait to visit Bella’s house and meet Dax. He also had a hidden agenda: to meet Bella’s husband in person. He had seen Tristan Sinclair a few times but only from afar, and he had never had the chance to meet him in person, let alone shake his hand and have a friendly chat.

“Thank you, sis. Do I need to bring Dax a gift? Any idea what gift would excite him the most?” Stefan asked excitedly.

Before Bella could answer, a woman’s voice came from the door. “Stefan, isn’t Dax’s birthday a long time away? Why do you want to give him a gift?”

Bella and Stefan instantly looked towards the door.

Harper was standing near the door in her usual attire from a famous brand—a glamorous black coat with tight pants that hugged her slender legs. Oversized sunglasses perched on her sharp nose. Her red coral lipstick completed her appearance. She looked just like a model wearing a new clothing product in a fashion magazine.

“Sis, you finally came—” Stefan smiled at Harper as he stood from his seat to welcome her.

Bella felt mixed emotions as she looked at her best friend, who suddenly appeared before her eyes. She hadn’t expected to see Harper today.

Just a few days ago, she called her to ask about famous clothing brands for her mother, and Harper didn’t mention any plans to visit her here. Gosh! This girl never fails to surprise her.

Harper chuckled as she saw Bella, but the laughter faded when she realized something: Bella wasn’t shocked; she was simply sitting in her seat.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 318: Why Are You Here?

Harper chuckled when she saw Bella. Something was wrong; when she saw, she wasn’t shocked; Bella was only sitting in her seat.

“Geez, Girl... you already know about my arrival, did you? Who the heck told you?” Harper asked.

When Harper saw Bella didn’t answer her, she turned to see Stefan with her sharp gaze. It must be him who leaked it, right?

“Stefan, it must be you! You are the one who leaks it, right?”

Stefan, “...”

Knowing that Harper managed to corner Stefan and that Stefan was about to answer Harper’s question, Bella immediately interrupted.

“Harper Reed, did you feel so bored in New York that you randomly flew here without giving me advance notice? Gosh! Don’t tell...” Bella paused to cover her gasp when something crossed her mind, surprised by her own thoughts. “Let me guess. Jack also doesn’t know where you are here. Am I right?” she continues.

Instantly, Harper laughed. Her laughter echoed through the room.

“Ha ha ha, girl, you know me so well. Yes, yes... I’m bored. Everyone I know has moved here,” she hugged Bella tightly.

After they hugged, Harper let go of Bella and started to scan her from head to toe. This caused Bella to step back, knowing her best friend was slightly unpredictable and liked to play pranks on them, her close friends.

“Damn, girl! Why do you look more and more beautiful? Don’t tell me—” Harper covered her gaping mouth and widened her eyes, saying unhurriedly, “Have you started having beauty treatments again? Oh my God, you have! You’ve changed a lot since getting back with your hubby!”

Bella was utterly speechless. Since when did she visit a beauty center? She barely used makeup, only applying sunblock and lip gloss when she left the house or went outdoors.

“Well, stop flattering me, Miss Reed!” Bella said, taking Harper’s hand and leading her to the seating area. “Let’s sit and talk; you’ll grow tall if you stand too long.”

“Ha ha ha, such a cutie, Bella. You never fail to amuse me with your dry jokes,” Harper said, settling into her seat.

Bella rolled her eyes and sat beside Harper. She stared at Harper before asking in a tense tone.

“Now, tell me why you are here, Harper Reed?”

Harper didn't answer immediately. Instead, she shook her head and looked at Stefan.

"You know what, Stefan? Your sister should have offered me a drink first, right?"

"Yeah," Stefan grinned. But his smile faded when he saw Bella narrowing her eyes at him. He stood up. "Si-sister Harper, what do you want to drink? Let me make it for you. Is it hot coffee? Ice coffee?"

Harper smiled at Stefan, "No need, dear. I was only teasing you." She continued when she saw him sitting again, "But can you leave us alone? I need to talk with Bella about something important."

Stefan was surprised. "What are you two hiding from me?" he asked, narrowing his eyes at them. His expression slowly turned gloomy.

These two rarely excluded him when they chatted. But why did Harper suddenly ask him to leave? He was puzzled.

It wasn't just Stefan who was confused; Bella was too. She looked at Harper, waiting for her response.

'What on earth does she want to talk to me about?' Bella thought.

Harper smiled at Stefan before casually answering, "We need to talk about sensitive matters; this is about women. I'm pretty sure you won't be comfortable hearing it."

"Come on, sister Harper. I've heard a lot of nasty gossip from you, so I don't mind." Stefan smiled, waving his hand dismissively.

"No, no, this time it's different, Stefan." Harper chuckled, then looked at Bella beside her. "Isn't that right, Bella?"

Bella, "..."

She was utterly clueless about what Harper wanted to discuss.

"Different?" Stefan said, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes."

"Like what?"

A half smile slowly appeared on Harper's lips. "Like periods and how we deal with—"

“WOW! Okay, okay, ladies, you talk! I’ll go upstairs—” Stefan said, leaving the room as fast as lightning. He didn’t care when he heard Harper’s laughter behind him.

“I’m just kidding, little bro—” Harper shouted, but Stefan ran away. A soft chuckle escaped her lips as she turned to Bella.

“Harper, can you stop confusing me?” Bella said seriously. She didn’t have much time now. Tristan would come to pick her up any minute. “Why did you suddenly appear here?”

“Because I didn’t trust anyone, I flew here to bring clothes for your mother.”

Bella was speechless.

‘She’s kidding, right?’ Bella wondered while looking Harper in the eyes. But a few moments later, seeing that her expression was still the same, Bella was stunned.

“So, you are serious?” Bella asked, still unable to believe it.

“Yeah. And, of course, I miss you, too. So, I have a reason to visit you now. Jack will not allow me to fly to another country, taking a long holiday...”

Bella couldn’t help but nod.

“Harper, you’re not Jack’s wife. Why do you obey him so much!?”

“Well, girl, I’m different from you. You can leave the company whenever you want.” Harper paused to take a deep sigh before continuing her words. “I have a special agreement with him, but that man is starting to annoy me. He’s so bossy.”

“Haha, he is indeed so bossy.”

Harper chuckled, “Besides, you all moved here. I feel like I want to move, too. It’s not fun there anymore without you guys.”

“Well, you could only say it to Jack.”

“I will try. But you know him, right?”

Bella shrugged. She sympathized with Harper, “Okay, have you booked a hotel room?”

“Yes, Sam helped me.”

“Tsk! I can’t believe Sam helped you hide the plan to surprise me. How dare he?” Bella vented her frustration in her mind while looking at Harper, who was laughing before her. She seemed so happy, having successfully pranked her.

But later, her anger slowly faded as they started to talk again about their plan during Harper's short visit here. Harper would stay here for a week before returning to New York and starting her daily routine as CFO of RDF Group.

It didn't take long before Bella stopped her sentence when her phone suddenly rang.

She thought Tristan had arrived to pick her up, but it was not. She stared at the phone screen as if she had turned into a statue, unable to pick up the phone.

"Bella, why didn't you pick up the call? It was Sean Spencer."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 319: You've Got To Kill Her!

Bella stared at the phone screen as if she had turned into a statue, unable to pick up the phone.

"Bella, why didn't you pick up the call? It was Sean Spencer."

Harper's voice suddenly brought her back from her trance. She looked at Harper, blinking a few times before she finally answered the call.

"Hi, Bells, I'm sorry... I can only contact you now," Sean's voice sounded so guilty on the other end. "I miss you so much..."

Standing by the window, Bella held her cell phone tightly and responded calmly, "It's okay, Sean. I understand. Did your duty at basecamp settle?" she asked.

A half-smile appeared at the corner of Bella's lips. Even though she tried to speak to him casually, somehow, inwardly, she felt utterly awkward.

"Yes," Sean answered happily, unable to detect the awkwardness in Bella's tone.

"...Well, I'm getting two weeks off. I want to meet you and Dax. Where are you now?"

"I'm in the capital. When can you get here?" Instantly, Bella felt her blood run cold when she heard they were about to meet.

"Tomorrow. Please give me your house address. I will come to you..." he said excitedly.

Bella clenched her hands. She didn't want to talk to Sean over the phone about her status with Tristan. She needed to speak to him directly but couldn't invite him to her house.

After thinking quickly, she decided to meet him in a safe place.

“Sean, we can’t meet at my house because my mother is now staying with me. Can you come to my office? What time can you arrive?” Bella asked, trying to hide her awkwardness.

Sean didn’t answer right away. He sounded like he was calculating his time. He finally responded after a few more seconds, “I will arrive in the capital tomorrow morning. So, maybe I will get to your office around 10 o’clock. Is that okay?”

“Alright, I will wait for you, Sean,” Bella said.

“Good. I also can’t wait to meet you. I’m really missing you so much, Bells.” Sean felt so happy to know he would meet Bella tomorrow after so many months of not seeing her. “Alright, I will not bother you now. You continue what you’re doing now. See you tomorrow...”

“See you—” she said and ended the call.

At the police station, in the detention room.

Laura Kiels paced back and forth, biting her thumb. A mix of fear, anxiety, and worry replaced her typically calm expression.

“What to do? What to do? Why isn’t he here yet? Did he leave me here alone? Did he abandon me?” Laura talked to herself while pacing in the small windowless room that could only accommodate two people. But right now, she was alone.

Occasionally, she glanced toward the iron bars.

Outside the room, she could only see a white wall. No one was walking outside, and she couldn’t hear any sounds; she was alone in this desolate place.

When she felt her feet hurting from pacing in the small room, she suddenly faintly heard a pair of steps heading toward her cell.

Her heart raced as she moved toward the bars and tried to see who was coming. She saw a policeman walking toward her room.

“Miss Laura Kiels, someone wants to meet you,” the officer said while opening the cell door.

“Who is it?” Laura asked while following the officer. Her heartbeat increased as she tried to imagine the person she had been waiting for finally arriving.

She believed in him; that person, her fiancé, Marco, wouldn't abandon her. He would help her out of this terrible place, out of this situation.

The officer didn't bother to answer her. He continued to walk at the same pace toward the end of the corridor. Later, he stopped at another room. After he opened the door, he glanced at Laura, "You may enter, Miss Laura Kiels."

Laura nodded and walked toward the room.

When she saw the man sitting on the chair staring back at her, she frowned and halted before passing through the door. She didn't know who this man was. However, why did he seem familiar?

Instantly, curiosity arose in her heart. She continued to walk and looked at the room.

She saw it extended to the right, and another room on the right side was separated by iron bars. Even though the officers couldn't hear their voices when they spoke, they could see their movements clearly.

Once again, Laura tried to remember where she had met the man wearing a black outfit with short red hair sitting opposite her.

But no matter how hard she tried to remember, she couldn't recall where she had met this man.

Before Laura could say anything, the man spoke.

"Hey, just a heads up. They can't hear us, but they can read our lips. So, keep it simple when you answer or nod..." The man spoke so fast that it sounded like he was rapping.

Laura, who heard his voice, was shocked, not by what he said, but by the sound of his voice. She knew his voice so well; it was Marco, her fiancé—the man she had been waiting for to help her out of this place. He finally came!

She nodded slightly, holding back tears. If he hadn't spoken and she saw the tattoo on his neck when he pulled his turtleneck down a little, it would have been hard for her to recognize him.

Even though she was confused as to why he came wearing a disguise, she didn't ask anything.

"Listen, you know what you need to do. Stay here, don't admit anything, whatever they ask you."

She nodded slightly.

“Even if they imprison you, you don’t have to worry. I will come to help you. And, I will place a few of my people to protect you in detention or prison. So, you will be safe.”

She nodded again. Even though she felt scared, she had no choice but to believe him.

“Make sure you don’t talk about me or mention my name even once. Also, don’t say anything about anything that happened to your manager that day. If you spill just a word, then... I won’t be able to help you, and you’re on your own.”

“Okay. I get it.”

“Good!”

“Anything else you want to ask?”

“You’ve got to kill her! Kill that bitch! End her life as painful as possible; help me take revenge for what she had done to me!”

“Who is this bitch you talk about? You mean your former boss, AD!?”

“Yes! She’s the one who got me here. I don’t care how long I rot in prison as long as she’s dead; I need you to get rid of her from this earth!”

“No worries. I’ll take care of her. Consider it done.”

“Thank you.”

“Alright, try to stay alive while you are here. Follow whatever your lawyer says.”

“Okay.” She smiled at him.

“I won’t be able to meet you again in this place because it is risky for me to appear here. But, so that you know, I will wait for you to return.”

Laura nodded while holding back her tears. She said, “I understand. Thank you, my love—”

Marco finally left the room after saying a few more words about how he adores her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 320: I’m Not Alright!

At Quantum Capital Building, around noon time.

After talking to Sean over the phone, Bella was instantly drawn into her thoughts; she just stood there until she forgot how long she had stood after the call, which caused Harper to worry about her.

“Bella, you stood there for so long. Is everything alright, girl?”

Harper asked as she approached Bella, who was still standing near the glass wall even though she had finished talking on the phone a few minutes before. She is worried about her friend.

After hearing Harper’s question, Bella tried to adjust her expression. She didn’t want to make her best friend worry even more by showing her gloomy and worried state.

However, she also feels puzzled. She didn’t understand, but she somehow felt like a nail had been stabbed in her chest. It hurt.

Sighing deeply, Bella turned to see Harper with a smile framing her lips, trying to reassure Harper that she was okay.

“Did something happen to Sean? Why do you look worried like that?”

Bella chuckled inwardly, realizing she had failed to hide her expression. Harper still could see through her mind and heart.

She didn’t answer immediately but checked her watch before leading Harper back to the seating area. She needed to share this with her best friend.

“Let’s sit first,” Bella said.

“Bella, you’re scaring me. What’s happened to Sean? Where is he? Is he okay?” Harper’s worry could be heard as she pleaded for answers.

“I don’t know where he is because he’s on a confidential assignment. But he was fine. But Harper, unlike him, I’m not! At least when it comes to Sean.”

“What are you trying to say, girl?” Harper narrowed her eyes at Bella, waiting for her to explain.

“Why won’t you be fine with Sean? Did something unpleasant happen between you and him?” Harper asked again when she saw Bella take another deep sigh, ignoring her question as if a heavy weight was on her shoulders.

When Harper heard Bella finally return to Tristan Sinclair, she worried about Sean Spencer because she knew Bella and Sean’s story.

Whenever she visited Bella at her cabin in northern Sweden, Bella talked about Sean Spencer. She told her how Sean was pursuing her and how sure she was about him as a friend, but that was it. They had a complicated relationship. Sean chased Bella, but she always rejected him many times.

...

Bella starts to tell Harper about her mistake in giving Sean a chance to think she could love another man after Tristan; if he could convince his parents to accept her and Dax, she would consider marrying him.

But in reality, she still loves Tristan. She returns to Tristan when Tristan chases her back, even after she lets Sean think he had a chance with her. And for that, she felt she needed to apologize to Sean.

"You know, Harper... I couldn't avoid Tristan because our legal status as husband and wife still stood."

"Yeah, I could understand you."

Bella sighed deeply once more. Even though she was very angry with Tristan for his slow feelings towards her, she couldn't push him away.

She felt she couldn't be selfish because she still harbored love for him despite hating him for what happened in the past. And then there's another reason. This is essential for her, so ultimately, this is the main reason. The main reason she chose Tristan was her son, Daxton.

Harper fell silent hearing Bella's story. She was stunned to find out that, in the end, this girl gave Sean a chance. What a stupid move!

"Well, Harper... now you know why I don't feel well. I feel like a bitch! Playing with Sean's feelings. I hurt him!" Bella felt even more hurt and gloomy, imagining how they would meet tomorrow.

"Well, I agree," Harper said. "You are a bitch, Bella Donovan!"

"Yeah! I accept that, Harper. I won't deny it if you label me like that. I really deserve it."

Harper sighed deeply before she continued, "Did you give him a chance because you loved him?"

"No, I never loved him. I told him clearly about my feelings toward him at that time, and he understands that."

“Tsk! Sean Spencer is such a foolish man, too,” Harper chuckled. “He insisted on marrying you even though you didn’t love him?”

“Hmm... He still insists on marrying me,” Bella said, taking another long, deep sigh, trying to relieve her heavy chest. She remembered that she had abruptly given Sean a chance because she felt terrible for his persistence in pursuing her.

A faint smile appeared on Harper’s lips when she heard Bella’s answer. “Good. Good. At least you were honest with him about your feelings. When you explain to him tomorrow, I believe Sean will understand why you chose to return to your husband...”

“Yeah, I hope so. Well, I clearly remember that time... I also reminded him that I didn’t plan to remarry because my priority now is only Dax, my son.”

“And he still insists?” Harper slowly raises her eyebrows.

“Yeah, you know him. He is still stubborn. And Harper, you also know me, right? I don’t even have plans for myself in the future... Only my son, I was warning him about that...”

Harper shook her head slowly, looking at Bella. “You are such a strange woman, Bella Donovan!”

“I know that. I’m a strange woman. I don’t know if there are women like me who prioritize their child’s happiness above their own,” Bella said, turning her gaze away from Harper and smiling slightly.

Harper shrugged before she responded to Bella, “Ugh... Well, my friend, I can’t relate to your feelings because I’ve never had a child!”

After a few more seconds of silence, suddenly, Bella remembered something.

“Harper Reed, you should get married too. What are you waiting for? You’re not getting any younger. Well, my friend, let me remind you, the older you are, the harder it is for you to have children,” Bella said.

Harper gave Bella a sour smile before she responded, “I know, Bella. But how could I marry if the man I like doesn’t love me? And I can’t marry someone I don’t love, too. Right?”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 321: Do I Need To Tell Him?

“Yeah, I can understand that. Love can’t be forced. Just like me in the past. I love Tristan, but he is not...” Bella murmured, but Harper could hear it.

Once again, the room suddenly fell silent. Neither of the women said anything. It was as if they were lost in their own thoughts.

However, not long after, Bella frowned and realized Harper's words earlier.

"Wait... Wait... Harper Reed, do you have a man you love? Who is the man who stole your heart and made you not want to get married until now?"

Harper, holding back laughter, saw Bella's curious expression. Her best friend's gaze was quite sharp as if she wanted to read her mind with just her eyes. It was priceless looking at her now.

However, of course, she wouldn't tell her.

"Girl, stop looking at me like that. I won't tell you! Sorry, even if you beg, I won't," Harper said, shaking her head while pressing her lips tightly, ignoring Bella's puppy eyes.

Bella became increasingly curious. Countless questions now flew through her mind, and she couldn't help but express them.

"Miss Reed, do I know him? Is he our college friend? Since when did you have a crush on him?"

Harper just smiled while shaking her head, but not a word left her lips. She wouldn't tell Bella about that man. It would be useless because she knew she couldn't win that man's heart if she had to compete with Bella.

"Harper, you should tell me. Maybe I can help you." Bella was still trying to convince Harper to tell her who the man was.

"Should I?"

"Yes. Of course..." Bella said in a meaningful tone. She really wanted to see her best friend have a happy ending with the man she loved. That's why she was serious about wanting to help.

Harper felt her heart tighten for the first time as her mind filled with his face. She imagined she had a way to win the man's heart. Now, she was confused about whether she should tell Bella or not.

After thinking for a few more seconds, Harper finally decided to be honest with Bella. However, Bella's phone rang before she could speak, interrupting the words on the tip of her tongue.

She waited for Bella to finish her phone call with her husband.

Later,

Harper could only respond with a slight nod when she saw Bella smiling guiltily at her.

“Go, don’t make Tristan wait for you.” Harper smiled at Bella, who was now standing to get her bag.

“Let’s go. I will drop you at your hotel.”

Harper shook her head and followed Bella toward the door. “No need. Sam will drive me there. Besides, I still want to chat with Stefan and Leo.”

“Alright, then... Let’s continue our chat tomorrow during lunch,” Bella said.

“Okay. Lunch with you? Sounds great. I know your choice of restaurant is commendable! See you tomorrow, girl...”

It was quiet since Tristan’s car left the Quantum Capital building.

Even after five minutes, Bella still hadn’t said much. Her mind was busy thinking about her meeting with Sean Spencer tomorrow morning.

‘Do I need to tell Tristan now?’ Bella thought as she turned to see Tristan, who was seriously driving the car with his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

Once more, she failed to express what was on her mind. She put aside her worry and rested her eyes and mind. She would tell him later when they arrived home.

However,

Tristan, who was driving quietly, could sense his wife’s anxiety aura as soon as she got into the car.

This puzzled him because his wife was supposed to be happy since the Laura Kiels case was finally over in their favor. The police had arrested the wicked woman. They were just waiting for the investigation to conclude for trial and conviction and for her to be sent to jail.

But why was his wife still gloomy? Stress?

Tristan initially hesitated to ask her but eventually did so.

“Bella, what’s wrong? Why do you look worried and restless?” Tristan glanced at her when the car stopped at the traffic light. He gently smiled at her, waiting patiently for her to answer.

Bella slowly opened her eyes and glanced at him. When she saw his curious-looking eyes, she decided to tell him now.

“Before I left the office, Sean called me. We decided to meet tomorrow morning.”

She could see Tristan’s hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. Instantly, she felt worried that Tristan would forbid her from meeting Sean.

But what he said after that surprised Bella.

“Oh. Okay. I will accompany you to see him,” Tristan answered calmly, but she could see the tension in his eyes and on the corner of his lips as he said it.

“Hubby,” Bella slowly touched his shoulder, trying to make him relax more before she continued, “You promised to let me meet him first...alone. Did you forget about it?”

“Yeah, I remember,” Tristan remembered his promise.

However, hearing that his wife would meet Sean tomorrow, for some reason, he felt like there was a hurricane in his chest — his fear that Sean would take Bella away from him made him ignore his promise.

“But, I—”

“Please, Tristan,” Bella stopped him to continue his words. “Please allow me to meet him first. Only this time.” She spoke firmly as if she didn’t want to be rejected.

Tristan didn’t say anything; he just looked at her in the eyes and felt mixed emotions in his heart.

“Hubby, I need to clear everything with him. If you want to talk to him, you can do it after I meet him, please—”

“Hmm, okay. I understand.” Tristan half-smiled as he stepped on the gas pedal, continuing on their way home.

Silence fell again.

After a few more minutes, Bella broke the silence.

She looked at Tristan briefly and then asked, “Why are you worried about me meeting Sean Spencer alone?”

Tristan took a deep breath before he turned quickly to look at her.

"I know this sounds ridiculous. But I was afraid Sean would steal you from me. I was afraid—"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 322: Jealous Husband

"I know this sounds ridiculous. But I was afraid Sean would kidnap you from me. I was afraid—"

"Hahahaha," Bella suddenly burst out laughing upon hearing his words. "What are you thinking, Mr. Sinclair? Do you think I'm still a teenager with their terribly immature and naivete when talking to a man?"

"Well, don't blame me," he said, a sour smile slowly forming on his lips. "I love you so much that, sometimes, I can't think as cool and rationally as usual—"

"Gosh! Mr. Sinclair, I told you before that I rejected him many times, even when I knew you didn't love me. You don't need to worry about my feelings towards him—"

Suddenly, the car abruptly stopped, leaving Bella shocked. She was unable to continue her words.

Confused about why Tristan suddenly stopped, she turned to look outside. She became even more curious when she saw their car parked on a dark, empty road.

Bella didn't know where they were. When she was about to ask if their car's engine was off, she saw Tristan undo his seat belt, which confused her even more.

Her heartbeat quickened when she saw his face getting closer, stopping an inch from hers. She could feel his warm, minty breath brushing her face.

"I love you, my wife," Tristan whispered near her ear before he captured her lips with his.

"Tr-Tris—"

Tristan gently pressed his lips to Bella's, causing her words to linger on the tip of her tongue. He could feel the warmth of her tongue dancing with his, making his blood boil with the surge he felt every time they kissed.

Her moans made Tristan feel his whole body getting hotter. But she stopped him when his hand was about to slip under her shirt.

Bella pushed him away, surprising him.

“Darling?” He tilted his head to try to look at her face. “Are you alright?” he asked, seeing her face turn pale.

“Tristan, I can’t breathe. I feel out of oxygen,” Bella said, panting while trying to breathe evenly.

“I’m sorry...” Tristan said, smiling foolishly because he had almost caused his wife to go out of breath. He continued, “I get turned on when I kiss you...”

She didn’t say any words but smiled back at him.

Tristan didn’t move his head away. He was still an inch from her, smiling lovingly while gently cupping her face with his palms.

“Ms. Sinclair, I really, really trust you. But I just can’t stop feeling jealous of him. I’m sorry,” he said, feeling bad.

“It’s fine. There’s no need to feel sorry, Hubby. I can understand you,” Bella said. She felt amused to witness a man like Tristan admit his jealousy.

“You are such an angel, Arabella Donovan!”

“Yeah, I know that... Ouch! Stop pinching my nose, Tristan Sinclair!” Bella glares at him.

Tristan didn’t say anything, but he leaned closer to her and kissed her forehead before sitting properly in his seat.

After a few more seconds passed, he gently asked, not wanting to sound jealous, “Where will you meet him?”

“I’ve invited him to come to my office.”

Tristan felt relieved. It would be better for them to meet there, where he had many people around, just in case Sean really did try to steal his wife. He knew his thoughts were absurd and foolish. Still, he never trusted his rival, especially when that person was related to his wife.

“Alright, let’s go home now. I feel hungry and miss my little baby.”

“Yes, ma’am, as you wish,” Tristan said, hitting the gas and speeding to their house.

The next morning.

After breakfast, Tristan was busy in his home office, leading morning meetings online. Meanwhile, Bella headed to her mother's stone house.

In the last few days, Bella had been so busy with the company that she couldn't accompany her mother to visit the cancer treatment facility. She had to rely on Geoffrey and Noora to help her mother.

This morning, she received a report from Geoffrey about her mother's condition and the treatment plan.

Hearing all of that, Bella felt worried but also happy because her mother had a chance to become cancer-free.

Now, she needed to meet her mother and discuss her upcoming surgery.

When Bella arrived at the stone house, she saw her mother cleaning the kitchen. It seemed she had just finished her breakfast.

Bella didn't approach her mother immediately but stood silently, watching her. She felt sorry to see her mother busy cleaning the house.

She had already asked her mother not to do anything and to let the maid clean the house or cook for her. Still, her mother refused, insisting that she wanted to remain active, telling her she wanted to keep mobility and flexibility agile.

Even though Natalie stayed with her daughter's family, she didn't eat or spend her entire time with them in the main house. She would only come over if there were something to celebrate. She seems to prefer solitude.

"Good morning, Mom..." Bella walked toward the kitchen island and smiled at her mother.

"Oh, good morning, Bella. Oh, you came early, my dear...I thought you were already left for work."

Natalie was surprised to see Bella. She had heard from Noora that her daughter was so busy with work, coming home late and leaving for the office early in the morning.

"Mom, can you just relax? Let the maid clean the dishes for you..." Bella said, deeply concerned. "You will get tired if you move too much."

Even though her mother looked healthier and happier, Bella was still worried because her cancer was still present, and she needed rest for her upcoming surgery.

Natalie smiled at Bella's words. She didn't comment but asked her to sit while they talked.

"I feel fine. Don't worry about your mother; I won't die until I see my grandson Dax get married," Natalie said, smiling.

However,

Bella felt her blood run cold at the thought of her son Dax getting married.

Just as Bella was about to say something, Natalie continued, "Oh right, Bella. I forgot to ask you; I heard you are pregnant—"

"Cough...cough..."

Chapter 323: Are You Pregnant?

"Cough...cough..." Bella coughed at her mother's question. Her mother's question almost chokes her.

"Gosh, Mother, where did you hear that!? I'm sorry, Mom, but I'm not pregnant..." She smiles.

Now Bella understands why everyone in the house treats her very carefully as if she were pregnant.

Natalie Wright raised her eyebrows slightly, looking at her daughter with a sharp, confused gaze.

"You're not pregnant? Seriously? But why do I hear you are?"

"I'm not. Seriously, Mom, who told you that? I need to meet that person and scold them..." Bella is now curious about that person.

Natalie ignored her daughter's question and asked again, "But you and Tristan still wanted to give Dax a little sister, right?"

Bella was silent for a moment, trying to process her mother's words. At the same time, she remembered Tristan had been saying similar things lately, wanting to give Dax a little sister every time they made love.

She wondered whether Tristan had spread that rumor to everyone, but later, she silently shook her head. Tristan couldn't do that; he was someone who kept most people at a distance, and talking about his personal matters was absolutely out of his character.

However, thinking about having another child, especially a girl, made her heart swell with joy. It would be fun to have a daughter.

A smile slowly appeared on her lips, thinking she would wear twin clothes with her little daughter. Still, her smile slowly faded when she remembered how difficult it was for her to get pregnant.

In the past, it took her four years to finally conceive Dax. Now, she's not sure if she can get pregnant again.

"Bella, can you hear me?" Natalie asked worriedly when she saw that her daughter didn't say anything, as if she was lost in her own thoughts.

"It's fine if you aren't pregnant; I trust you..." Natalie smiles.

"Yes, Mom, I'm really not pregnant. But we do have a plan... However, remember how difficult it was for me to have Dax; I will not have high hopes this time," Bella explained sincerely.

Even though Bella wanted to have another child with Tristan, she wouldn't do what she did in the past. To this day, she still feels her heart hurting when she remembers the times she did IVF, and it always failed.

Natalie could sense her daughter's sadness; she patted Bella's hand gently before trying to cheer her up.

"Bella, I trust God will grant you another child. You and Tristan deserve it. Keep praying, dear. Keep praying..."

"Thank you, Mom," Bella said softly, feeling the warmth in her heart, imagining she was pregnant again.

Having experienced the challenges of being alone in a foreign country during her first pregnancy, she now wants to experience her second pregnancy with her husband and family around her. It would be a joyful experience.

"You know what, Bella? I wanted to be there for your second pregnancy. Every step of the way. I want to help you—"

Natalie couldn't continue her words. She felt the urge to cry as she remembered the difficult times in the past when her relationship with her daughter was strained, eventually leading her daughter to run away.

"Mother, would you mind stop talking about me? How about we discuss your surgery plans?" Bella changed the subject when she saw her mother feel gloomy; she could feel her sadness.

Natalie nodded, knowing her daughter didn't want to speak again about those dark pasts.

"I...I feel excited about the surgery...a bit scary...but it's for the best, right?" Natalie said. She couldn't wait to have double mastectomy surgery. Her cancer cell tissue had spread, and that was the only way to get rid of all of the cancer cells from her body.

"Yes, Mom. It's the best option for your health. So, are you ready for the surgery, Mom?" Bella was worried.

"Absolutely! I want to do it immediately. I want to live long, to spend the rest of my life with you and your family..."

Bella couldn't hold back her tears when she saw her mother start to cry.

"Mom, I pray God will grant you a long life. All right, stop crying, huh!?"

Natalie smiled while nodding.

"Mom, do you want me to contact Aunty Emma and ask her to come and stay with you?"

"If it is safe for Emma to come here, it will make me happy if she is with me during my surgery day. But if it's risky, you don't have to call her. I'm worried your father will trace me through Emma..."

"Ok. I will try to find a way for Aunty to come without him knowing."

"Thank you, dear."

They both talked for a few more minutes before Bella finally excused herself. She must go to her office now to settle another pressing matter: meeting Sean Spencer.

A few hours later, at Quantum Capital,

Just as Bella stepped out of the elevator, she saw Leo pacing back and forth in the corridor near her office room.

"What are you doing here? Are you waiting for me?" Bella asked, startling Leo.

"Thank God! Boss, you finally came. Why didn't you answer my texts? I sent lots of messages and countless calls!" Leo said, bombarding Bella with questions.

"Huh? You called me?"

“Yes, countless times! And I sent so many texts, but you didn’t read them.”

Bella immediately took her phone out of her pocket. She was surprised to find out that her cell phone had died. She had completely forgotten to charge it this morning. Her real life has been much more exciting and not dull lately, so no time to look at her phone.

“Sorry, my phone ran out of battery...” Bella said, showing Leo her cell phone, then continued walking towards her office. “Why do you look so panicked?” she asked, glancing at Leo, who walked beside her.

“Someone is waiting for you—”

*Mastectomy is a surgery in which the entire breast is removed, including all of the breast tissue and sometimes other nearby tissues. There are several different types of mastectomies.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 324: Finally, Meeting Sean Spencer (1)

“Someone is waiting for you—”

Instantly, Bella stopped and turned to face Leo. “He already arrived!?” she asked, checking her watch. It was only 9 a.m. Didn’t she say they would meet at ten?

“Yeah. Boss, who is he? I asked his name, but he didn’t say anything. He just showed me a text message from you,” Leo asked, confused about the mysterious man who suddenly visited Bella.

“W-Where is he now?” she asked nervously, ignoring Leo’s question.

“In your office. Boss, can you please answer me? Who is he?”

“Sean Spencer!” Bella answered before walking towards her office.

Her heart felt tense about meeting him, but her mind was focused. She knows exactly what to do.

...

Standing in his place, Leo was stunned to realize that the handsome and cold man who insisted on meeting Bella earlier was Sean Spencer.

‘Did that person come from the noble Spencer Family? Or not?’ Leo was puzzled.

He tried to remember whether Bella had ever told him about that person. However, suddenly, a female voice distracted him.

“Sir, why are you standing here?” Dana asked Leo while approaching him. When she didn’t hear his response, she followed his line of sight toward the CEO’s office.

Worried something might have happened to their boss, she turned her gaze to Leo, “Did something happen to Ms. Donovan?”

“Dana, have you heard about Sean Spencer?” Leo asked without turning his gaze to her. His eyes were still fixed on Bella’s office.

“Sean Spencer?” Dana repeated Leo’s question, perplexed by his sudden interest in Sean. The mention of that name could only bring one person to her mind. “Sir, are you seriously not knowing or just pretending?”

“I didn’t know about him. Please do tell—”

Dana gasped in surprise. It was hard for her to believe someone didn’t know about Sean Spencer, one of the hottest bachelors in this country.

“Sir, how could you not know about him?” Dana smiled; however, a second later, her smile faded when she remembered Leo was not from this country.

“Sorry, boss. I forgot you are not from here. So, it’s reasonable if you don’t know about Sean Spencer,” Dana grinned before continuing her words. “Do you want to know about him?”

Leo turned to see Dana again. “Yes, please explain to me.”

He knew about the Spencer Family, but he doubted the man inside Bella’s office was related to the noble Spencer family that ruled Astington’s politics and military.

“Sean Spencer is the youngest General in the Astington Military. I’ve heard he is now a captain in his unit, part of the special forces. I hear rumors that his team operates outside Astington, but their exact activities are unknown.”

Dana seemed carried away, describing Sean Spencer as a hot, handsome, and wealthy bachelor in the country.

She continued, “Nowadays, people rarely recognize Sean Spencer’s face since he is active in the military and has never been featured in the media. And, you know what? His father is actually the current president of this country—”

Leo was shocked to hear that. “What the hell! You mean, Sean Spencer’s father is Mr. Jayson Spencer?”

Dana nodded in satisfaction, seeing her boss's shocked face upon hearing about Sean Spencer.

"Wah—" Leo said, gazing again towards Bella's office. 'How could Bella know such a big shot?'

Leo didn't expect that the man he had just met was actually Sean Spencer, Jayson Spencer's son.

He could already guess it because when Sean showed his chat history with Bella earlier, he saw Sean's cellphone screen, which displayed the military logo of the special forces he had seen in Sam's office.

"Sir, why do you want to know about Sean Spencer? Have you ever seen him?" Dana asked again.

Leo looked back at Bella's room in amazement. After a while, he said, "Not only did I see Sean Spencer, but I talked to him too..."

"WHAT? Where? When?" Dana was shocked to hear that. Even she, who badly wanted to see Sean Spencer, never had a chance.

"There," Leo said, pointing to Bella's office, shocking Dana. "If I'm not mistaken, Sean Spencer is in that room—"

Dana gasped in shock as she slowly turned to look at Bella's office.

Bella slowly closed the door behind her, trying not to make any sound.

She could see Sean, who had not yet noticed her presence, standing by the glass wall with his back facing her, busy calling someone. She deliberately waited for him to finish his call before approaching.

Not long after, she saw Sean looking at his cell phone screen and trying to make another call.

Only this time, Bella realized something: he must be trying to call her, right?

Bella stifled a laugh while walking inside. She stopped just a few steps away from him.

“Hi, Sean. Have you been trying to call me?” Bella smiled when she saw Sean turn to look at her with a warm smile on his face. However, her smile slowly faded when she saw him step forward with his wide stride approaching her.

“Sean—”

Bella couldn't finish her words. In a blink of an eye, she was hugged by Sean with his broad chest and muscular arms. Instantly, her heart was beating so fast and loud. She was too shocked by his tight embrace.

Just before Bella wanted to push him away, she heard him say tremblingly, “I really miss you, Bells! I miss you so much. I'm sorry... If I came home late and broke my promise to you.”

Sean had promised her he would return in three months, but he only showed up after almost four months.

Bella's hand clenched into a fist. Sean's words felt like a sword slicing her heart. She was supposed to be the one who apologized, not him.

She held back from pushing him away and let him express his longing while she tried to string a few words she needed to tell him.

However,

She felt like all the sentences she had memorized by heart and wanted to say to him were disappearing, as if all those sentences were betraying her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!