

# **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 357 – 388**

## **Chapter 357: Heartwarming Conversation**

Chapter 357: Heartwarming Conversation

While Tristan and Bella had a deep talk upstairs, Sean and Dax continued their conversation in the living room.

Dax summarized all his activities from the last three months, which made Sean feel a mix of emotions, knowing that Bella and Dax's lives were now happier, surrounded by family love.

Sean also noticed that Dax's attitude and manner were very different from when they met a few months ago. He saw Dax smile more often whenever he talked about something.

He was happy to hear Dax's story about his life now. However, his happiness slowly becomes painful when Dax describes Tristan's role and significance in his life.

Even though his chest hurt, Sean tried to remain calm, smiling to avoid worrying or confusing Dax about his reaction.

Witnessing the happiness in Dax's eyes every time he talks about Tristan is enough to remind Sean that he will never replace Tristan in Dax's life. Never!

Sean could only vent his misery inwardly and move on. He tries to bury his biggest dream of becoming this little man's father and caring for him and his mother for the rest of their lives.

A faint smile slowly appears on Sean's lips, remembering that dream—a dream he will never achieve.

Even so, he is genuinely happy for Dax and Bella, who can finally reunite with Tristan and the rest of their family and have the happy life they deserve.

"I'm so glad you're happy here, Dax," Sean said, genuinely sincere, ruffling his silky hair.

"Thank you, Uncle Sean." Dax smiled back before asking Sean to tell him about his mission.

Sean began talking about the exciting parts of his mission. Although he didn't go into detail, Dax was still enthusiastic about hearing his story.

“Uncle, which country did you visit?” Dax asked, curious about the countries Sean had visited.

“Little guy, you know the rules, right?” When Sean saw him nod, he continued. “I can’t reveal the details. I’m really sorry.”

“I understand, Uncle...” Dax laughed. “I’m just curious. Your story makes me want to visit such a country...”

They talked for a few more minutes before Dax invited Sean to walk outside. He wanted to show Sean where he practiced martial arts and the beautiful backyard lake where he usually spent his days.

Standing from his seat, Dax spots Geoffrey in the corner. He walks toward him, and introduces Sean.

“Uncle Sean, I’d like you to meet my martial arts teacher,” Dax said formally, looking up at Geoffrey respectfully. “Teacher, this is my uncle Sean Spencer. He’s a military officer and my mother’s best friend...”

A proud smile flashed in Dax’s eyes as he turned back to Sean.

Sean was surprised to learn that this man had taught Dax martial arts. He remembered that the man had been standing in the corner without making much movement, which made him forget that he was even in the living room.

“Hello, Mr. Geoffrey,” Sean said, reaching for a handshake. “Thank you for making Dax stronger than ever...” He expressed his gratitude sincerely.

“Mr. Spencer, it’s my duty,” Geoffrey said, accepting his handshake with a smile. You don’t have to thank me, Sir...” he said, leading them to the backyard.

“You did a great job. I can see how Dax has greatly changed since I last met him.” Sean responded.

Sean was curious when he noticed Geoffrey’s distinctive way of walking and moving, which set him apart from most people. He sensed that Geoffrey was no ordinary individual—this man was likely a former special forces soldier like him.

However, Sean couldn’t guess which division Geoffrey had served in.

“Thank you, Sir. I was just teaching our Young Master Dax some lessons in discipline and some basic moves to protect himself,” Geoffrey replied. He smiled as he walked beside Sean.

“Did Little Dax make good progress?” Sean asked curiously, looking at Dax, who was walking beside him, holding his hand tightly.

“Absolutely, Sir. Dax is diligently doing all his training and has made fast progress,” Geoffrey said, praising his young master. He has been teaching Dax for the past three months and can see Dax’s determination and how fast he learns.

What makes Geoffrey even more proud is that Dax is still very young, yet he never complains about how challenging his practice is and always follows everything he asks.

“Thank you, teacher, for the praise,” Dax glanced at Geoffrey. “I will train harder so I can start learning taekwondo properly,” he said with a tense expression.

Dax knew Geoffrey hadn’t taught him seriously because his mother always complained if he gave him a hard time training.

“Ha ha ha... Young Master, no need to rush. You still have a lot of time to learn,” Geoffrey answered after seeing Dax send him a glare.

“Yes, Dax. Listen to your teacher. He knows what’s best for you.” Sean patted Dax’s hand gently.

Dax, “...”

\*\*\*

Harper, who happened to glance towards the house, was surprised to see Sean Spencer walking towards them. Just seeing the man she liked from afar was enough to make her feel like there was a hurricane in her heart.

‘Oh Lord! Sean is here? Why? Why did he come here?’ Harper thought while trying to calm herself. She sat up straight again, looking in the lake’s direction, not wanting Sean to see her stealing glances at him.

When Harper thought she could calm her mind and heart, her curiosity kicked in. She couldn’t help but ask Sam to check.

“Sam... Can you check behind? Did they come here?” Harper asked.

Harper’s words confused them all. Instantly, they all looked toward the house.

“Oh, Sean Spencer? Wow, he came to join us?” Leo said, surprised to see the man walk toward the patio.

Sam stood from his seat, looking at Sean with a frown. He was taken aback to see Sean holding hands with Dax. And when he saw Dax talking to Sean so friendly, it confused him.

‘Wow! So, Sean Spencer also knows Dax?’ Sam muttered, curious to know Bella and Sean’s relationship.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 358: False Hope

Sam was curious about Bella and Sean’s closeness. He tried to remember if Bella had any family ties to Spencer, but since he worked for her, he had never heard of any.

After thinking for a few more seconds, Sam finally found his answer.

‘Damn! How could I forget? They know each other because of Tristan Sinclair, right?’ Sam remembered reading in the news that Tristan had a close relationship with Sean Spencer’s father.

Sam chuckled inwardly as he smiled at Sean, who had just seen him. He was no longer curious and now felt relaxed, waiting for Sean to join them.

Unlike Sam, Harper still tried to calm her troubled heart. She sat in her chair with her back facing Sean and Dax. She almost regained her composure, but her efforts failed when she heard Leo say that Sean was heading in their direction.

Worried that Sean would think her rude for not following the others waiting for him, Harper forced herself to stand and look in Sean and Dax’s direction.

Just when Harper thought she could calm down, her mind became even noisier, filled with sentences she had made up to say to him.

She scolded herself inwardly while trying to calm down, ‘Oh please, Harper Reed!! Calm down, okay! Relax...don’t let them know what’s on your mind.’

Nevertheless, her blood rushed when she saw Sean smile. She had never seen him smile except when he talked to Bella or Dax.

And now, seeing his smile at her, she felt as if God had blessed her.

‘Sean Spencer smiled at me? Oh my goodness, is this a sign that he’s starting to see me less coldly than before?’ Harper swallowed silently, trying to moisten her suddenly dry throat.

She smiled back at Sean, trying to appear natural while holding back her happiness. She worried that if she overreacted, he might start ignoring her again.

Just before Harper wanted to greet him, Leo's voice stopped her.

"Hi, Little Dax..." Leo smiled cheerfully at Dax.

"Hello, Uncle Leo," Dax said. He also politely greeted Harper. However, he looked confused when his eyes fell on Dana. "Uncle Leo, sorry to ask, who is this...?"

"This is Dana Collins. She also works for your mother as a secretary," Leo answered, smiling lovingly at Dana.

However, Dana failed to notice it; she was too nervous to speak to this cute little man, Daxton.

Dana still found it hard to believe that her Boss's husband was none other than Tristan Sinclair.

At first, she doubted it when Leo told her. Still, today, when she saw Tristan Sinclair and Lewis Sinclair sitting at the same table with her, she was speechless, unable to say anything.

"Hello, I'm sorry, Aunty Dana..." Dax's voice trailed off for a slight second before he spoke again, "Can I call you Aunty? Or sister?" his round eyes blinked and gazed innocently and cutely, looking at her.

"Aunty would be fine..." Dana answered him hurriedly with a shy smile. It felt weird if Dax called her sister.

"Aunty, earlier... I didn't hear clearly when you and Uncle Leo joined us." Dax felt sorry because he was too busy chatting with Gael to be interested in listening to anyone else.

"Don't worry. It's fine, Dax—"

While Dana and Dax chatted, Leo turned his gaze to Sean Spencer. He politely greeted him, even though he knew Sean definitely didn't know him. He was only trying to be polite here.

"Hello again, Mr. Spencer. Glad to meet you here."

"Hello, Mr. Leo Smith. Yes, me too." Sean answered, surprising Leo.

'What the heck! He knows me?' Leo muttered softly. He remembered never giving his full name to this man. Did Bella do it!?

Before Leo could respond to Sean Spencer, he saw Sean no longer look at him but shift his gaze and smile. To Harper?

Leo immediately looked at Harper and saw her blushing while smiling, too.

'What the heck? Did Sean and Harper have some hidden relationship? No way!!' Leo was shocked when he realized something.

But he immediately dismissed that thought. It was impossible for Sean to like Harper. Sean loved Bella. He finds out about them through Bella when he confronts her about why Sean came to their office.

With a faint smile, Leo turned to see Sean again to ensure he also smiled back at Harper. But what he saw shocked him. He didn't! Instead, Sean was smiling at Sam.

"Sam, I'm surprised to see you here," Sean said, offering a handshake, his smile still present.

"Hello Sean, I am also surprised to see you here. And I'm even shocked to learn you actually know our little Dax."

Sam smiled back at him while accepting his friendly handshake, shocking everyone to witness that Sam knew Sean Spencer.

"Well, I've known him since he was born," Sean said while ruffling Dax's hair. He met the little man's smiling gaze and asked, "Dax, do you mind if I talk with Sam?"

Sean had so many things he wanted to discuss with Sam, especially after learning that Sam worked closely with Bella.

"Yes, sure, Uncle..." Dax nodded. "I also need to return to Mommy; she must be waiting for me."

"Alright, go meet your Mommy. Can you please tell her... after talking to Sam, I will leave and might not have time to meet her."

Instantly, disappointment flashed through Dax's eyes. "Uncle, why so fast? Can you stay with us until dinner?"

Sean half-kneeled before Dax while placing his hand on his shoulder.

"Sorry, Dax. I wish I could stay here longer and play with you, but I have an important meeting to attend."

Dax didn't say anything, but his gloomy gaze was enough to make Sean feel even more guilty.

“Don’t be sad, hmm? Uncle promises to come and visit you again...” Sean casually said, trying to lessen his sadness. And it works.

Dax’s eyes beamed, and his sadness slowly faded. “Really, uncle? You promise you will come again and see me...”

“Yes. I will...”

Sean silently scolded himself because he had given this little man false hope. He didn’t know when he would return to this place to meet him.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 359: There’s No Hope For You To Win His Heart!

“Thank you, Uncle Sean,” Dax said with a blink of happiness, which made Sean feel even more guilty.

“Alright, go see your Mommy. I will talk with Uncle Sam,” Sean said while giving him one last hug.

Sean knew he would never have the chance to see Dax again because he had already told Bella that he didn’t want to be friends with her. This might be the last time he visited this place and met him.

“Hmm, bye, Uncle Sean...” Dax said after they hugged briefly. He excused himself and left with Geoffrey to return to the house.

Suddenly, the place becomes silent after Dax leaves, followed by Sean walking away with Sam.

Neither of them said anything. Harper was still standing, looking at Sean and Sam walking by the lake, away from her line of sight.

Leo and Dana were stunned and unsure how to react after witnessing what happened. They saw how Harper had a crush on Sean Spencer. However, Sean completely ignored her, causing Harper to freeze in place. Her disappointment was visible on her face after Sean left.

“Leo, I think... you should talk with Harper,” Dana leaned closer to Leo and whispered. “She seems to need someone to talk with. I will wait for you in the living room.”

Leo was surprised that his girl knew what he was thinking—he wanted to speak to Harper.

He smiled at her while taking her hands and gently squeezing them.

Feeling how smooth her hand was, he felt his blood rush. Their eyes locked before Leo said, "Thank you, Dana, for your understanding." He stifled a smile when he saw her blush.

He suddenly wanted to pull her into his arms as he noticed how shy she had become. However, he stopped himself because he didn't want to make her feel even more shy. There was also a sense of urgency; he needed to talk to Harper.

After he saw Dana enter the house, Leo turned to see Harper. He was speechless when he saw her still standing in place, with her gaze looking in Sean's direction.

Leo didn't rush to talk to her; instead, he sat in a chair, waiting for her to say something first. But after a few minutes passed, nothing happened. She was still standing without moving or speaking.

Taking a deep breath, Leo turned to Harper, and as he expected, her gaze was still fixed on Sean. A faint gotcha smile graced his lips as he shifted his gaze again, looking towards the lake.

"So, the man you like is Sean Spencer, huh?" Leo said it with a tone like a detective solving a criminal case. He didn't even look at her to add a more remarkable effect, breaking the deafening silence.

Harper suddenly snapped out of her thoughts when she heard Leo's rhetorical question. She turned to Leo and was surprised to realize that she and Leo were the only ones there, and Dana was nowhere to be seen.

She dragged her feet toward the chair and settled beside Leo. Her eyes turned to see Sam and Sean several meters ahead.

"Oh my God! Am I that obvious that you can see it?"

"Yeah. Sorry, my friend, you're TOO obvious..." Leo turned to see Harper. He could see a mix of emotions flash through her eyes, causing him to worry about her. "Harper, can I give you some advice?"

She said nothing, but Leo assumed she was okay and continued, "My friend, you better forget and forgo him. You will never win his heart. I believe you already know his heart belongs to someone, right?"

Harper bitterly smiled before answering him, "I know—"

Her gaze turned to Sam and Sean again; she saw them sitting on one of the park benches by the lake.



“You know what, Leo?” Harper said, “My feelings for him weren’t sudden. I’ve liked him since the day I saw him when I visited Bella in Sweden a few years ago. I can feel we were meant to be together.” She paused to take a deep breath as she started to feel her heartache.

“But, even though I have feelings for him, I keep them to myself. I never dared to come between him and Bella. I know he really loves Bella. However, when I found out Bella finally chose to return to Tristan, I started to feel greedy and thought that I might have a chance with Sean...”

Harper appeared calm, but she was hurting internally. Pursuing something she knew she couldn’t have was painful, but her heart refused to give up.

Leo took a deep breath. He tried to understand her feelings by not saying anything that might hurt her more. He could only follow Harper’s line of sight, looking at Sean and Sam.

They fell silent for a while.

However, after a few more seconds, Leo couldn’t help but ask her, “So what are you going to do now?”

Harper didn’t answer Leo immediately; however, a smile slowly emerged on her lips, confusing Leo.

Before he could ask, she said, “I will follow my heart. And if my heart wants me to pursue him, I shall—” Her voice sounded relaxed, as if the burden on her heart had been lifted.

Leo was speechless when he heard that. He had already suspected it. He knew that Harper wasn’t the type of person to give up easily. She would pursue something she wanted, even though she knew it was impossible.

But, as a friend, he needed to remind her.

“Harper, have you forgotten that you and he are in different countries?”

“Jeez, Mr. Leo Smith, have you forgotten that thing called a cell phone?”

Leo was speechless.

“As long as I have Sean’s cell phone number, I will still have a chance to contact him, right?”

“Well, my friend, even though I know this is an impossible mission, I wish you the best. I pray you can be successful and win Sean’s heart, and I hope you guys have a happy ending, too.” Leo sincerely prayed for her.

“Thank you, Leo! You’re a good friend.” Harper said confidently. She would never know the result if she didn’t try.

“I like your confidence, Harper!” Leo gave her a thumbs-up before continuing, “If you successfully marry him, I will sponsor your honeymoon trip. You can choose any country you want.”

Leo smirked when he saw her roll her eyes. “Why? You don’t want it?”

“Hahaha, thank you, Leo, but no thank you. Did you forget I’m much more resourceful and wealthier than you? You don’t need to worry about it. All I need from you is your prayer. Wish me luck, my friend.”

Leo chuckled before he responded.

“Well, my friend, I’m not sure about resourcefulness. I think we’re equally resourceful. But, yeah. I know you are wealthier than me. That’s why I can only pray and wish you luck and a wonderful honeymoon trip; I can’t afford to give you a luxury house or a limited edition car.”

Harper burst into laughter. Her eyes no longer flashed gloominess; they were replaced with a burning enthusiasm to win Sean’s heart.

“Deal!” Harper said while offering a handshake to seal the deal.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 360: Reluctant To Leave

A few days after hosting a lunch party, Bella became busy with her mother’s treatment. She planned to personally accompany her mother during the surgery and throughout her recovery period.

However, her responsibility at Quantum Capital left her confused. She couldn’t just leave the company without her care, right? At this time, there were many things she needed to pay attention to.

Surprisingly, when Bella thought she couldn’t take an extended leave, Harper suddenly offered her help. She extended her vacation in this city and would remain in the office during Bella’s absence.

Grateful for Harper’s help, Bella officially took a two-week holiday until her mother’s surgery was completed and she could return to their house.

And tomorrow is the day her mother will have surgery. Although this was not her surgery, Bella was afraid. She was worried that something would happen and endanger her mother's life.

Dr. Angie Robert, Bella's mother's best friend, would become one of the team doctors performing the surgery. She explained the surgery in detail to Bella. She convinced her that the surgery would go smoothly and fast. Still, Bella couldn't help but feel utterly nervous.

...

"Darling, what time do you leave for the hospital?" Tristan's voice came from behind, making Bella stop packing the things she would take to the cancer facility.

Bella turned back and saw Tristan walk toward her, struggling to put on his white slim-fit shirt. Seeing his chest exposed enough to make her blood rush, she swallowed silently while walking toward him.

"I decided to leave at the same time as you. So, we can drop you off at the airport before heading to the hospital," she answered while helping Tristan with the remaining buttons.

After finishing, Bella looked up into his blue eyes. She took a deep breath when she saw it, still the same as before. Sadness flashed through his eyes.

"Mr. Sinclair, why are you still looking gloomy?" Bella asked, remembering they had already discussed it last night.

"I'm really upset with myself. I wanted to be by your side at the hospital, but I have to go abroad for a business trip," Tristan said as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer. "I wish I could have sent someone else to take my place..."

Bella held back her laugh, hearing his words. She had heard those sentences since last night, and her husband had complained a lot about his work. Now, she knew by heart what he was going to say next.

Feeling exhausted after hearing his words, Bella immediately said, "Hubby, you will only be gone for two nights. When you get back, you can join us." She tried to coax him out of his sadness.

While her mother was in a cancer facility, Bella and Dax would temporarily stay in a villa in the area until her mother recovered.

The place is beautiful and has luxurious facilities. Staying there feels like being on holiday in the mountains, surrounded by nature.

"I know..." Tristan held her cheeks with both hands while bringing his face closer to hers. Before Bella could say something, he gently kissed her slightly parted lips.

After their lips parted, he continued, "But I don't want to be far away from you and Dax, even if it's just for two nights. I hope you two will come with me..."

Bella could understand his wish. However, she didn't answer him; she rested her head on his chest while wrapping both arms around his waist.

After a few seconds passed, she whispered, "I'm sorry. Even though I want to, my mother's surgery cannot be postponed. You know that, right?"

Tristan immediately closed his eyes, feeling mad at himself for being too demanding; Bella and Dax followed him on his business trip.

He rested his chin on her head while tightening his arms around her.

"My darling wife, I'm really sorry if I'm too selfish. Alright, I won't say anything else. I will wrap up my trip faster and return as soon as possible," he said calmly, hiding his disappointment.

"Thank you, hubby," Bella smiled as she pressed herself into his arms. "You are the best husband, Tristan Sinclair. Even though you weren't with us, you provided complete facilities for my mother and us during our stay there."

Bella is very grateful. She will stay with her mother in the best private hospital, owned by the Sinclair Group.

At first, Bella was hesitant to stay there because it would attract the attention of Tristan's father and mother. However, after Tristan and Grandpa Lewis convinced her, she finally agreed.

Tristan let go of her hug and moved a little away from her so he could see her face more clearly.

"My darling wife, your mother is my mother too. So, you don't need to thank me," Tristan said seriously, but his mischievous hand managed to pinch her nose.

She didn't scold him; she only giggled while hiding her face in his broad chest embrace.

After their sweet morning,

Bella took Tristan to the airport with Dax before they headed to the hospital, following her mother, who had been staying at the cancer facility since yesterday.

\*\*\*

When Bella and Dax arrived at the hospital, which didn't look like a hospital but like a resort villa complex on a mountain, they were immediately led to an exclusive villa area they would use.

Bella's villa is a few meters from the building where her mother will have surgery—a four-story white building in the middle of the villa complex.

This cancer facility, owned by the Sinclair Group, with expert and qualified doctors and sophisticated medical equipment, is a place that wealthy people in this country often come to for treatment.

Apart from luxurious facilities with sophisticated medical equipment, it also provides luxury villas for families or patients who want to recover in a quiet place with clean air.

When Bella and Dax follow Bryan to her villa, her step abruptly stops when her eyes are fixed on someone she is familiar with.

'Oh my God... Why is that person here? Did he know my mother will have surgery in this place?'

Bella's hands suddenly felt cold; she tried to act calmly and avoid their encounter, but it was too late. That person had already noticed her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 361: Meet Someone She Doesn't Want To Meet

Bryan was alerted when he saw Bella abruptly stop. He looked around to check and only found someone he knew approaching them. Instantly, he touched the pin in his jacket.

"Prepared!" Bryan whispered; however, Bella could clearly hear his words.

From a few directions, Bella could see several men in black suddenly appear, rushing to their place.

"Stop them! We don't need them now—" Bella instructed. When she saw Bryan frown as if questioning her act, she continued, "Bring Dax to the Villa. I will talk to him."

His expression turned stiff, hearing her instruction. How could he grant that?

There's now a way for him to let his young madam meet William Sinclair alone. His boss, Tristan Sinclair, might kill him if he allowed that to happen.

He clearly understands what happened between his young madam and his boss's parents. They are like water and oil; they can't be placed in the same container.

"No, Ma'am, you must follow us." Bryan insisted. However, when he saw Bella's sharp-dagger-cold gaze, his heart tightened.

"Go! Bring my son. NOW! I can take care of myself!" She said coldly as if he wanted to tell Bryan she didn't want to be refused. This is her final order.

Bryan feels this is the most challenging matter he's faced since working for Tristan Sinclair. He gritted his teeth in silence before turning to see his young master.

"What happened, Mom? Uncle Bryan?"

He didn't bother to answer his young master's curiosity; he said, "Young master, let's go..."

But, of course, Dax ignores Bryan, too. He looks at his mother, asking for an explanation through his gaze; however, Dax can see that his mother seems unable to say anything.

"Mommy, what happened?" Dax asked in frustration. Still, there was no answer; instead, he saw his mother frown before looking in a specific direction.

Confused, Dax tried to see what happened, following his mother's line of sight, but his mom and Bryan blocked his view.

"Baby, please follow Uncle Bryan. Mom will join you immediately," she said in a hurry because William Sinclair was only a few meters away.

"Mom—" Dax had not yet finished his words; Bella had already turned to see Bryan and urged him to leave immediately.

"Mam, my people will stand by—"

"You don't have to ask them. He won't harm me. Trust me, and just leave, now!" Bella orders without turning her gaze from her father-in-law.

Bella could see William Sinclair trying to look at Dax, but Bryan was standing between them.

This is her biggest concern now; she didn't want her father-in-law to meet Dax. Not today!

She hasn't discussed Tristan's parents with Dax. Her son knows that his grandparents from his father's side didn't like her, and she worries that he will be confused if they meet now.

Even though Bryan is hesitant to go, he still obeys Bella's command. He grasps Dax's hand and hurries him toward the Villa. When Dax attempts to glance back, Bryan blocks his view.

\*\*\*

Bella felt a little relieved when she saw Bryan and Dax finally leave.

She turned to look again at William Sinclair. Her hands clenched into tight fists when she saw him standing a few steps before her. She didn't expect to meet him in this place.

However, something caught her curiosity, looking at this man again after so many years. His expression was different from what she remembered—he always looked noble and distant—but now she could see happiness and, at the same time, misery flash through his eyes.

Instantly, she remembered Tristan saying that his father wanted to apologize to her.

'So he indeed wanted to apologize to me!?' She could feel his regret through his gaze.

"My dear Bella," William Sinclair's deep, clear voice echoed. His eyes shook as he looked at Bella from head to toe. He had never imagined he would encounter her in this place after all the trouble he went through to find her.

"I feel like God granted my prayer, meeting you here today. This is my lucky day. When I saw Bryan in this place, I thought my son was here, but it looks like you came alone..."

A smile emerged from William Sinclair's lips but slowly vanished when he realized something. Instantly, countless questions now appear in his mind, worrying him.

"Everything okay, Bella? Why are you in this hospital? Where is Tristan? Why didn't he come with you?"

William Sinclair asked so many questions without realizing it. He was worried something happened to his son, or even his daughter-in-law, to allow her to appear in this hospital.

Bella was rendered speechless. Hearing William Sinclair's too-friendly tone, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He said so many words to her, even showing concern through his gaze.

This was a rare sight for her to witness. She felt like she was talking to another person, not William Sinclair, whom she used to meet in the past.

Seeing Bella not answering his question, William Sinclair became worried. “Bella, can we sit on the garden bench and chat for a moment?” he asked.

Bella started to waver when she saw how friendly he was now, to allow this man to speak to her. However, when he remembered her son, the walls returned to guard her heart.

‘No! You can’t talk to him now. Not when Tristan is not around—’ She warns herself.

“Can we walk there, Bella?”

Bella became frustrated when she heard William call her name again. After taking a deep breath, she finally said, “I don’t think there’s anything we need to talk about between us. Not here, not now, not ever.”

William Sinclair’s face suddenly turned worried; his daughter-in-law still hated him and would leave again. No, he can’t allow this opportunity to slip away from him.

They must now talk about his grandson, the young boy he saw earlier. Or he will not have a chance to meet her again.

“Bella, I can understand if you don’t want to talk to me,” William Sinclair’s voice sounded gentle. “But, please, let me apologize to you for what happened in the past—”

Bella, “...”

#### Chapter 362: Tristan’s Sudden Appearance

Hearing William Sinclair was enough to make Bella’s heart hurt as if someone had just sliced it and rubbed it with salt.

Like a slow-motion video, her mind flashed back to when Jessica was rude to her, humiliated her, and verbally abused her. Still, this man, William Sinclair, did nothing to stop his wife. He clearly enjoyed the abuse his wife subjected her to.

Her hands tightly clenched, trying not to vent her anger in front of this man.

Bella set aside her idea of giving this man an opportunity. She became resolute in her decision, ensuring he would never get a chance to be close to her or her son. Never!

After silently sighing, Bella finally expressed what she wanted to say to her father-in-law.



“Mr. William Sinclair, I already forgive you. But I’m sorry I can’t talk to you. Not now or later. And sir, please remember to ignore me if you see me in the future.”

Bella stared back at him, trying to act as calmly as possible. Inwardly, she feared her act now would cause trouble for her in the future.

She continued to walk again when she saw him; he didn’t utter anything, only stared back at her.

William was surprised when he saw Bella walking away. He chased after her.

“Bella, please. Please, wait a moment,” William Sinclair shouted, trying to match her step. “Please, I beg you to stop. I still have something to talk to you about.”

Worried that this man would follow her to the villa, Bella had no choice but to stop. She turned to see him again. Looking at his face turning pale, he tried to release his brown tie and loosen his white shirt; she frowned.

‘Why does this old man look like he’s just run a 5K marathon!?’ Bella wondered, glancing at their earlier position, which was only five meters away.

William felt relieved to see Bella finally stop. He took a breath before saying, “Bella, thank you for your forgiveness. I am grateful for your kindness despite what happened in the past. You are truly a nice and kind lady.”

Bella, “...”

Now she understood where Tristan learned how to speak sweetly. ‘Gosh, this old man!’

Before Bella could speak, William Sinclair continued, “Bella, can you please allow me to meet my grandson? Please...”

Even though Bella had already pictured this and tried to prepare herself to appear calm before William Sinclair, she still felt her heart tighten, and her hands feel cold, holding back her worry and anger.

She feared this; Tristan’s parents would force or beg her to let them meet Daxton. Or they would forcefully take her son.

Bella clenched her hands into tight fists. She was trying to keep her calm expression because she didn’t want William Sinclair to know about her fears. Her worries.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Sinclair... but I can’t let you meet my son!” Bella firmly rejected him and ignored his disappointment.

William Sinclair approached Bella, reaching out to hold her hands, but he stopped when he saw her step back and avoid him.

“Please, Bella. I know you hate me, but you can’t stop me from meeting my grandson. I have to meet him—”

“Father, please don’t force my wife to let you meet Dax,” Tristan’s cold voice surprised William and Bella.

They both turned to see Tristan approaching with a dark expression, showing his anger.

Bella was utterly speechless. She blinked several times to ensure she didn’t see it wrongly — the man was her husband, Tristan.

‘Huh? Why is he here? Isn’t he already on the plane?’ Bella was confused, looking at him with an unmistakable frown on her forehead as if she wanted him to explain.

“T-Tristan—” Her voice trailed off when Tristan’s hand landed on her shoulder and gently turned her to face him.

When Bella looked up and met his calm gaze, she felt her raging heart subside. Her anger toward William Sinclair no longer tormented her as it had a few seconds earlier.

“Don’t worry, my dear. Everything will be fine. I’m here,” Tristan gently said, feeling his heart ache when he saw her eyes looking slightly red. “You can wait for me in the villa with our son. I will talk to him,” he continued.

Bella nodded while smiling at him before she walked away. She didn’t even bother to glance at William Sinclair.

Tristan’s angry expression slowly returned when he saw Bella finally walk away. He looked at his father, who was still standing not far from him.

“You came with Bella?” William Sinclair asked, confused, looking at his son suddenly appearing in this place.

“Father,” Tristan tried to hold back his irritation. “Follow me,” he said, walking toward the nearest building.

A few men in black suits also appeared near the building, opening the door for Tristan and William Sinclair.

Sitting on one sofa, Tristan frowned and looked at his father opposite him.

“Son, why are you looking at me like that?” William Sinclair asked. A wry smile appeared at the corner of his lips when his son’s eyes looked cold, as usual. He knew his son was angry.

“Please, Tristan, don’t blame me. I accidentally ran into my daughter-in-law here. I’m not intentionally following her,” William said. He still remembered his son’s warning not to attempt to track Bella’s whereabouts.

Tristan didn’t respond to his father’s words. His mind was too busy figuring out why his father suddenly appeared in this hospital. He remembered clearly his father and mother weren’t involved in their health business.

Besides, he had ensured none of his parents would come here during his mother-in-law’s surgery because he didn’t want them to encounter each other like now.

However, before his plane departed, he received a call from one of his people to inform him that they had seen his father visit this hospital.

Feeling worried that something might happen to his wife, he postponed his jet boarding time and rushed to this place.

When he arrived, he was surprised to see his father confronting his wife.

“You can’t force my wife if she doesn’t want to speak to you, Father!” Tristan said coldly.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 363: I’m Sorry I Can’t Help You!

No matter how angry he was with himself for his past actions, William Sinclair couldn’t vent it to his son, or he would not have a chance to meet his Grandson, Daxton.

“I know that, but this is my chance to apologize to my daughter-in-law. And...” William Sinclair was momentarily silent, worried about saying what was on his mind—afraid his son would be angry again.

However, when William saw Tristan’s expression soften, he no longer saw his coldness; he decided to express his mind.

“Tristan, I need to meet my grandson, Daxton. Please allow me to meet him, huh?” William said helplessly.

“Please, son, let me meet Daxton. I only need to meet him once before death takes me...” William continued to pursue his opportunity.

Earlier, William had only caught a glimpse of his grandson, enough to make him want to introduce himself directly to the little man.

William is envious that his father can meet his grandson every day. Ever since learning about Daxton's existence, he has also imagined having that opportunity.

Tristan took a deep breath, hearing his father's words. He didn't say anything but looked away from him.

Somehow, he felt exhausted; this wasn't the first time his father had requested this.

Looking at his father's persistence, Tristan feels sorry for him. However, he can't fulfill his father's request because he promised Bella he wouldn't pressure her. Instead, he lets Bella decide whether Dax can meet his grandparents.

Taking a deep breath, Tristan looked into his father's eyes. Before responding to him, "I'm sorry, Father, but I can't decide anything. You know that—"

Hearing Tristan's refusal, William felt like someone had put a weight on his shoulders.

Feeling disappointed, he turned his gaze at the garden outside, immersed in his own thoughts.

When he discovered that his son, Tristan, had returned to Bella and had a son of his own, he was relieved that his family line would not end with his son. The birth of his grandson, Dax, meant that the Sinclair name would continue, which was all he needed to know.

Catching a glimpse of his grandson, William becomes increasingly eager to meet Dax.

He will do whatever it takes to see his grandson again, even if it's just one more time before he passes away.

After a while, lost in his thoughts, William finally told Tristan about something he had been keeping to himself. But before he could say anything, he saw Tristan stand up from his seat, ready to leave.

"Tristan, wait...please...just give me a few more seconds," William also stood from his seat.

"Hmmm, alright. Another few seconds." Tristan frowned.

William Sinclair's blue ocean eyes flickered with intense emotion as he looked at his only son. He didn't say anything for a few more seconds; he tried to calm his heart.

"Speak now, Father. Your few seconds expire fast."

“My son, if I tell you my life won’t be long anymore and that my last request to you is to give me just one chance to meet my grandson, would you grant me my last dying wish, son?” he asked, his worry and fear could be heard in his shaky voice.

Tristan frowned as he was hearing his father’s words. Looking back at him, he was shocked at how red his eyes were.

“What do you mean, Father?”

“Tristan, my son, I’m dying,” William Sinclair revealed. He told him the reason why he visited the hospital without telling anyone because he didn’t want his family to know about it.

Tristan was shocked beyond words. Not even his well-defined features could hide the shock on his face now!

\*\*\*

Meanwhile,

Bella half-ran toward the villa, the two-story house they would use during her mother’s surgery. She checked behind her a few times to ensure no one was following.

She didn’t know why, but she felt worried that her father-in-law might manage to follow her despite her husband’s promise that everything would be alright.

When Bella saw no one following her, she felt relieved.

Before long, she finally arrived at the house.

However, when she saw Bryan pacing in the front yard with a worried expression, she couldn’t help but sigh deeply. She felt terrible for making Bryan worry early in the morning.

“You can stop pacing, Bryan,” Bella smiled when she saw his eyes widen, surprised to see her.

“Ma’am, are you alright?” Bryan asked while approaching her in a hurry.

Bella was slightly confused upon hearing his question. “Of course, I’m alright. You didn’t contact your people?”

Bryan suddenly scolded himself. How could he forget to do that? He immediately took out his cell phone and saw several texts in his inbox.

"I'm fine, Bryan! Your boss suddenly came and is now talking to his father."

Bella smiled when she saw Bryan's expression mirroring her own when Tristan suddenly appeared.

"Boss Tristan canceled his overseas trip? How could that be?"

Bryan clearly remembered dropping his boss off at the airport. But why did he suddenly come to this place? Did he really cancel his trip?

"Well, don't ask me. I am also curious why my husband suddenly appeared here." Bella took a deep sigh before asking Bryan about her son.

"Young Master is inside with your mother and Noora."

"Oh, thank you—" Bella stopped before entering the house, worried about Tristan.

"Bryan, can you go check on Tristan? He might need your help. And... Can you ask Max to hide all the information about my mother?"

She worried that William and Jessica were aware of her mother's surgery. Although she despises the possibility, Bella wouldn't be surprised if the reason William suddenly visits the hospital is to see her mother.

"Ma'am, please don't worry. Boss Tristan has already instructed Max to hide your mother's identity. No one will be able to find out your relationship with Ms. Natalie Wright," Bryan explained.

Bella was stunned to hear that.

"So, William Sinclair knowing about us here was just a coincidence?"

"It seems like it..."

Bella said nothing; she felt grateful that Tristan had already thought about it. After letting Bryan leave, she immediately entered the house, looking for her son and mother.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 364: His Sudden Presence

Bella saw Dax and her mother in the living room watching television. They were both too immersed to realize she had joined them.

Trying to hide her worry about Tristan and William Sinclair, she adjusted her expression and joined them.

“Mother, Dax, what are you watching?” Bella’s question surprised Natalie and Dax. They both turned to see her.

“Ooo... Mommy... You finally came. Why did you take so long?” Dax asked. His worry clearly showed in his gaze.

“I heard someone you know is coming. Who?” Natalie asked curiously. After Dax mentioned that Bella had stopped to talk to someone, she became curious about the person’s identity.

She was suspicious that the person must be someone her daughter was afraid of. That’s why she urged Dax to leave in a hurry.

Bella didn’t answer them in a rush; she sat beside her son and played with his silk-like hair.

“Baby, sorry to keep you waiting. Are you watching the news?” Bella tried to distract his interest and stop him from asking her about what happened outside.

“Hmm, the business news,” Dax answered while focusing on the television screen. Bella smiled, successfully stopping her son from asking further.

However, when Bella saw her mother’s sharp gaze, she couldn’t help but silently sigh deeply. It seemed she couldn’t avoid it. She needed to explain.

“Who is the person you met outside?” Natalie repeated her question.

“Uhm. Oh, the person. Yeah. He’s my old friend. He coincidentally visited this hospital too,” Bella answered slightly awkwardly while crossing her fingers; she felt wrong lying to her mother.

Bella’s words confused Natalie even more, “But why did you ask Dax to come here first and not wait for you? You could introduce your son to your business partner, I’m sure?”

“Yes, mommy. What Grandma said is true. I also wanted to know your friend. Why did you force me to leave that place?” Dax suddenly chimed in, looking up at his mother with a cute, curious gaze.

Bella, “...”

She was now puzzled about whether to tell them about William Sinclair or spare them from trouble and keep it to herself.

After Bella saw her mother and son in return, she finally responded.

“That person is my business rival. I don’t want him to see Dax’s face. It would be troublesome if he tried to harm me and Dax...” This was the reason she could think of.

Natalie, who heard that, was shocked.

“Bella, you did a good job, my dear. Dax’s safety is your priority, no... no... our priority...” Natalie said while stroking Dax’s back. She was worried someone might hurt her grandson.

“Yes, Mom,” Bella said helplessly. Even though she lied about that person, she didn’t lie that Tristan’s parents might hurt Dax.

“This is why I didn’t want you guys to move to this place...” Natalie continued. She knew how her daughter hid Dax’s identity, especially from Tristan’s family.

Natalie was even more worried if her husband, Lucas, or brother-in-law knew about Dax. They could use this to achieve their foolish plan.

“It’s fine, Mom. Tristan has arranged everything. No one will harm us here,” Bella didn’t want to dwell on the matter for too long, especially with Dax around.

She noticed that her son seemed to have thought something to ask, so she quickly changed the subject to her mother’s upcoming surgery to divert his attention.

“Has Dr. Angie finished examining you, Mom?” Bella asked.

“Yes, we had a long conversation this morning. They are going to perform the surgery tomorrow at ten in the morning. I have to stay overnight at the hospital for some tests. And according to Angie, I can only come back to this place after they allow me to leave,” Natalie explained.

“Grandma, can we still visit you while you’re there?” Dax asked, showing his curiosity about his grandmother’s surgery.

“Sure. Little Dax, you can come to see me anytime you want,” Natalie said, smiling at her adorable grandson before turning back to Bella. “What about your aunt Emma? Did she manage to come here?”

Bella nodded before answering, “Yes. Sam arranged for Aunty Emma to fly here this afternoon.”

“Aren’t your father and uncle suspicious about it?” Natalie asked worriedly.



“They are, but Sam has a way to get Auntie out of there. Besides, have you forgotten that my cousin Liam attends college in this city?” Bella smiled when she saw her mother’s eyes widen.

“Ah, you’re right; how could I forget about Liam? So, she made an excuse about wanting to visit Liam?”

“Yes. They can’t stop her because Auntie has officially resigned from the company.”

“What?” Natalie was shocked to hear that. She was aware that her sister-in-law had a vital position in the company. Why did she suddenly resign!? “Why did your aunt do that? Did they fire her?”

“Mom, of course not. How could they fire Auntie Emma!? They don’t have a chance to do that even if they wanted to.”

“Then why did your Auntie suddenly quit the company?”

“Auntie Emma is only leaving the company temporarily. She will return when I take over the company.” Bella paused as a cold smile slowly appeared on her lips before continuing her words, “She will replace my first uncle as the CEO of Donovan Group...”

Bella gave some information about her next plan after cleaning up her greedy uncles and father from the company; she would rebuild Donovan Group with a professional team.

“That’s good. It would be a pity for your aunt if she were fired. She has tried her best to help the company so far. Your uncle is the one who made the company in trouble like it is today, on the verge of bankruptcy...”

“I know, mother. That’s why I will help my Aunt Emma.”

“You did a good job, my darling.” Natalie smiled happily, praising her daughter. “When will your aunt arrive?”

“Maybe in the afternoon. I hope she can arrive before you go into your treatment room.”

Natalie nodded happily; at least she could meet Emma before her surgery.

Just before Natalie wanted to return to her room to rest, she suddenly remembered Tristan. “Bella... has my son-in-law arrived at his destination!?”

“My husband—” Bella’s sentence stopped when Tristan entered the room to answer Natalie’s question.

"I'm not going anywhere, Mother. I will stay here with Bella and Dax. We will stay here and wait for your surgery," Tristan calmly said.

His sudden presence shocked everyone.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 365: You Can't Lie To Me!

They all turned toward the door, surprised to hear Tristan's voice.

"Daddy? Why did you come?" Dax was shocked to see his father walk into the room.

"Oh, Son-in-law, you're back? I thought you were flying now. Why are you here? Is everything okay?" Natalie asked, her high-pitched voice betraying her confusion and worry.

Bella, who already knew about Tristan's sudden appearance in this place, was also shocked to hear his words—he would stay until her mother finished the surgery. What does he mean?

'Why did Tristan not return to the airport? Did he cancel his overseas business trip? For real?' Bella was speechless. She wanted to ask, but her mother had already voiced all of her questions.

Bella stared at him as he walked toward them calmly, unable to read what was on his mind. She could only look at him with a frown, silently telling Tristan she wanted an explanation.

While seated on the sofa, Tristan noticed them and smiled, but as his eyes met Bella's, he could see the confusion in her gaze.

He didn't want to make his wife worry and confused, so he immediately explained, "I requested my executive and Dylan to cover for me. They had already flown to the destination country," he said calmly.

However, his explanation only served to confuse Bella and Natalie further.

Meanwhile, Dax was so happy to hear that his father would not leave and would stay with them in the house. He assumed this place was their holiday villa, like when they visited their beach house in Nova City. He already had plenty of plans to spend time with his parents.

Looking at his father, Dax's eyes shone as he said, "Daddy, so you will also sleep here, right?"

“Sure, buddy,” Tristan replied with a warm smile. However, he felt slightly tense about his multi-million dollar business deal overseas. He hoped the executive he sent with Dylan would be able to manage the assignment successfully and seal the deal with the oil and gas company.

“Dad, can we play basketball tomorrow morning?” Dax pleaded with an adorable tone. “There’s a basketball court in the backyard,” he added.

“Of course. Mommy will also join us, right?” Tristan and Dax were looking at Bella, waiting for her to respond. Still, she was flabbergasted to hear them drag her into their conversation.

Bella stopped talking with her mother and turned to see them. She chuckled slightly when she saw their adorable eyes looking at her.

However, she had already exhausted herself, only thinking of playing basketball early in the morning. Although she likes sports, she prefers marathons to basketball.

“Baby, I wish I could, but tomorrow, your grandma will start her surgery. I will be busy at the hospital, accompanying her. You can play with your dad,” Bella said, making a random excuse to refuse them. She needed time off for her morning exercise.

Tomorrow, she also plans to wake up late because Tristan won’t be around, and her mother will have already entered the hospital. She thought staying in this place was a holiday for her.

“Oh, Bella, I have surgery around ten in the morning. You have plenty of time to accompany them to play,” Natalie smiled at her daughter and grandson. “Don’t worry about me; Aunt Angie and Emma will be there.”

Bella, “...”

Instantly, her mother’s words shattered her plan to relax. She had no choice but to agree to their invitation.

Slowly, her head hurt, and she said goodbye to her relaxed day, mainly because Tristan would stay with them this entire week.

\*\*\*

After lunch, Bella and Tristan rested on the second floor. This was the right time for her to ask why he suddenly canceled his business trip.

She clearly remembered this morning; Tristan said that this trip was crucial, so he couldn’t send someone to replace him and had to fly there alone. But now, he is here!

Bella started to worry that Tristan's meeting with his father caused him to cancel an important business trip. He wanted to make sure they were all fine.

Somehow, she felt terrible if he did that.

They were both lying on the bed, facing the white ceiling above. As usual, Bella lay on his arm. She glanced at him several times and saw Tristan still close his eyes. However, Bella knew her husband was not sleeping. She could feel his restless heartbeat.

"Tristan, I know you aren't sleeping," she whispered, staring at his long eyelashes fluttering before his eyes completely opened to glance at her.

"I'm not. I'm just resting my eyes," Tristan smiled at her. "My dear wife, you must nap before your aunt comes," he suggested.

"I do not feel sleepy. My mind is busy thinking of someone," Bella took a deep breath before tilting her body toward him.

Tristan's brows furrowed slightly.

"Who? Who is that person who makes you restless? How dare that person stop you from your nap?" he asked in annoyance. "Tell me, I will try to help you and scold that person."

Bella, "..."

She shook her head slowly before she placed her hand on his firm chest. "Go on, scold yourself, Mr. Sinclair."

Tristan was rendered speechless. He could only grin at her.

"I know how important your business trip is, Tristan...but please... You don't need to cancel it. Even if your father knows we are here, we will be fine. So, you can continue your plan, flying there," Bella said seriously. She didn't want Tristan to neglect his work because of her or her family.

Tristan did not answer her right away; he gently turned his body to face her while slowly placing his other hand on her cheek.

"Dylan can handle it there. No need to worry about it."

"You cannot lie to me, Tristan." She still doubted his reassuring words.

Seeing how sharp his wife's gaze was now and with no smile flashing through her lips, he no longer tried to humor her.

"I wouldn't dare lie to my smart and pretty wife. Trust your husband; I won't decide anything unreasonable. So, even though I'm not flying there, tomorrow I need to do an online conference."

Bella was slightly relieved.

"I'm not completely letting them decide. I just sent my executive and Dylan to represent me." After he leaned closer to kiss her lips, he continued. "Thank you, wife, for worrying about me and my business."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 366: Can You Give Him A Chance?

"Tristan, as a good wife, I must always support my husband... I couldn't help but worry when I heard you abandoned your work only to stay by my side during this difficult time."

Bella confessed, burying her face in his embrace. She felt too shy to express her feelings about him.

When she heard his heartbeat, louder than usual, she silently swallowed before asking again.

"So, are we going to spend our time here with Dax? Aren't you going to the office too?" She tried to change the subject.

After hearing her sweet words, Tristan's lips formed a loving smile. He wanted to see her shy face, but she was already hiding.

Tristan chuckled faintly before saying, "Yes! I will take my week off, just like you." He pulled her closer to him.

Bella was surprised to learn that he was also taking an extended leave. She looked up to see his eyes, worried again about his act.

"Tristan, it's okay? You are a big boss for a huge company like Sinclair Group. Not like my small company. Besides, I have Harper, who will replace me during my absence..."

"Well, I also have someone to take care of the company during my absence," Tristan said.

“Who?” Bella had never heard Tristan mention a trustworthy person to look after his company. Unless the old man finally offers a hand to help. “Did Grandpa Lewis replace you?”

“Hahaha... Of course not. He is too old to sit in the office.” Tristan amusingly laughed when he imagined his grandpa returning to the company.

“If not Grandpa, then who?” Bella was curious to know. But, before Tristan could answer her, William Sinclair’s face appeared in her mind. Her heart tightened thinking of that man.

She lowered her gaze, avoiding eye contact with him, before asking, “You asked your father to look after the company?”

“I’m not asking him, but he volunteered to do that. Of course, I allowed him. This is a rare opportunity to spend my time with you and Dax, right?”

Bella didn’t answer him. She doubted his reason because she knew how Tristan handled the company; he was a workaholic. A week without work? It’s impossible to see him do that.

However,

She didn’t ask him any more questions because she enjoyed spending time with Tristan and their son without thinking about work. Even though they were there because of her mother’s surgery, the place was amazing.

They got a huge villa on the corner, near the forest, with city views. The house was very private, surrounded by lush trees, and separate from the other villas in the hospital complex.

“I’m serious, Ms. Sinclair. My dream was to spend my long vacation with you and our son. I had a plan for our honeymoon, but due to your mother’s surgery and the Donovan Group matter, I had to postpone it...”

Tristan explained his dream honeymoon, which he had planned in one of the most beautiful villages in Switzerland.

“Thank you, Tristan. You are so kind,” Bella’s heart swelled to hear how romantic and meticulous his plan for the three of them was. “Sorry, because my family matters, you have to postpone your plan.”

“It’s fine. We can wait until your mother gets healthier and your matter with Donovan Group settles. We still have plenty of time, so there is no need to rush,” he said while caressing her hair.

Bella didn't say anything; she only smiled back at him and tried to close her eyes; she would be sleepless tonight because her aunt would come.

They have many issues to discuss, especially what happens in the East. She was curious about what her father had done recently and what her uncle had done to help the company from the brink of bankruptcy.

However, only a few seconds after she closed her eyes, Tristan's deep voice rang and surprised her.

"Bella, is there any chance you would allow my father to meet our son?"

Her eyes widened when she heard his request. She was shocked and confused. This was the first time Tristan had begged her for this matter.

So far, Tristan had never asked her directly, only saying what his father wanted, but now, it was different. He is the one who asked her.

'Why? Is there a special reason?'

Pulling her head away from Tristan, Bella looked up to see his eyes. Seeing the worry in his deep blue eyes made her even more confused about how to respond to his request.

"My wife, I know I sound pathetic and inconsistent now because I asked you this. But this request is something that I no longer can impede." Tristan feels ashamed to betray his promise to her; he will never force her to allow Dax to meet his parents.

But now? He didn't have a choice. His father is dying, and he pleads to him to meet Dax before he dies.

The first time Tristan heard about his father's illness, he didn't believe it. How could his father have such an illness without him knowing?

However, he was utterly shocked when he asked Max to retrieve his father's medical report. His father was telling the truth.

His father no longer had a chance to recover; the doctor even said he could die at any time. Only a miracle could prolong his life now.

Only then did he realize the many changes that had occurred to his father. His father's body, which used to look fit, now looks thinner, and his complexion is always pale. His hair, which always looked thick, is now shaved very short.

He thought all this time that his father wanted to hide his gray hair, but it turns out that since undergoing chemotherapy, he has lost a lot of hair. His father didn't want them to know about his illness, so he deliberately shaved his head.

Even though Tristan didn't like his father, he couldn't hate him. Not forever.

His cold heart slowly melted when he saw his father sincerely begging while crying.

What his father did was something Tristan had never witnessed. His father cried and wept before him — and it broke his heart!

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 367: Difficult Decisions

In Tristan's mind, his father, William Sinclair, was a strong, tough, and firm figure; he was trained to be a leader and head the Sinclair Group once his grandfather retired.

However, his father did not take over the company for long. After a few years, he suddenly resigned and handed it over to him.

All this time, Tristan never knew why his father suddenly handed over the company to him, and only today did he understand.

"Tristan, I don't want the company to suffer if this illness takes my life—" His father's words still had not faded from his mind. He feels sad and, at the same time, sorry for him.

"Dear, don't feel burdened. I will not force you if you don't want to." Tristan said. He felt sorry to see his wife in silence, but her gaze clearly showed the inner conflict inside her mind.

Bella's hands clenched slightly when she heard Tristan's following words. Somehow, she felt selfish because she didn't think about his feelings. Her hatred of William Sinclair blinded her to the fact that William was her husband's father.

"Tristan, please tell me one reason to convince me to give your father permission to see Dax?" A slight smile slowly framed her face, even though, in her heart, she was still reluctant to compromise on this issue.

Tristan took a deep sigh before he responded to her, "My father, he is dying—"

Instantly, Bella felt like lightning pierced the air upon hearing Tristan's words.

'William Sinclair is dying!? What does that mean?' Bella muttered under her breath.



She didn't expect to hear this terrible news. No wonder her husband was willing to plead for his father.

Countless questions now swirled in her mind. She expressed her worry while holding his hand.

"Your father," her voice trembled. "Why is he dying? What illness is it? Why can't he be cured? Tristan, go find the best doctor to heal him, please!"

Bella completely forgot her hatred towards William Sinclair. Now, in her mind, she just wanted to make sure her father-in-law got medical help; she was worried that her husband would be sad if he lost his father so soon.

"I'll try. But it doesn't seem easy because the doctors in this hospital are the best in this country. And they said he wouldn't live long—"

"I know. But you can find doctors from other countries, right? Do you need my help? I can ask Jack..."

"For now, no need. I've asked my people to do that. I hope they give me good news soon."

Silence hung in the air.

Neither of them spoke as if they were lost in their own thoughts.

However, not long after, Bella broke the silence.

"Tristan, I'm sorry..." She squeezed Tristan's hand tightly to comfort him so he wouldn't be sad and worried about his father's condition.

Even though Tristan smiled at her, his gaze betrayed him. She could clearly see the sadness in his eyes.

Before she told him what she had decided, Bella lowered her gaze, unable to look Tristan in the eye.

"Tristan, I will allow your father to meet Dax, but you must be around. And you should explain what happened to Dax before they meet." Her voice shook slightly.

Tristan was surprised to hear that Bella had given permission. He knew this decision was difficult for her and was very grateful for it.

"Bella, thank you so much, dear..."

"This is the right thing to do. I also feel selfish about refusing your father's request to meet our son." Bella felt terrible recalling when she refused him, even though she knew her father-in-law wanted to apologize.

"Darling, you don't have to feel bad about it. My father could understand it. He and I can't do anything if you keep hating us. We know we hurt you in the past, and I am grateful to you for giving me a second chance and staying by my side."

Bella's eyes felt blurry as she heard his words again. "Oh, please, Tristan...stop it. I don't want to hear that again. You promised me you would never say those words!"

"Hahaha..." Tristan could only laugh when he saw how cute his wife was pouting at him while sending her adorable, angry gaze. "Alright, I won't repeat those words. I promise you." He raised his hand to give her a V sign.

She finally smiled. But, once more, her smile slowly faded when she remembered something.

"But, Tristan, about your mother... Was I so mean to forbid her from meeting Dax?" She asked curiously, wanting to know his honest opinion.

"Of course not. I can understand you..."

"But, she is your mother."

"I know, that won't change anything, even though she is my mother," Tristan smiled when he saw her frown. He continued, "You know what? After discovering how she treated you in the past, I started to hate her."

Bella's frown deepened.

Tristan knew he couldn't blame his mother for what happened.

Because what happened in the past was his fault. He didn't love or pay attention to Bella, which caused the people around him to mistreat Bella, especially his mother.

Later, when Bella was gone, he felt his heart empty and started to miss her.

'Regret always comes later!'

This quote suited him well because he only regretted it when she disappeared.

Before then, he didn't want to hear about her when Geoffrey started to report. He only asked Geoffrey to make sure no one hurt her physically.

However, when Geoffrey told him that his mother verbally abused her, he finally decided to let her go. And, because of those things, countless times, he wished he could return to that time to correct everything. He will never let her go!

"I'm sorry, Tristan. I don't know if I can forgive your mother," Bella said barely audibly.

Tristan smiled at her words. He wanted to comfort her so she wouldn't blame herself too much, but he worried she would feel even more guilty.

However, there was something that made Tristan want to ask her.

"My wife, Bella, there is something else that bothers me. Would you be okay if I ask you about it?" Tristan carefully spoke, worried that Bella would be confused or even annoyed.

"No, not at all. What is it?"

"Do you know why my mother hates you so much?"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 368: Jessica Sinclair's Dark Secret

"Do you know why my mother hates you so much?"

Suddenly, Bella lost her smile, replaced with the stiffness that now frames her face.

She knew the exact reason why her mother-in-law despised her so much.

But how could she tell Tristan that his mother attempted to kill his Grandma? Even though she didn't kill her directly, Jessica's actions led to Tristan's Grandma's death.

Bella felt torn between telling the truth or keeping silent.

She could picture that if Tristan or William Sinclair knew about it, they might kick Jessica out of the family. Knowing his mother is capable of making such an evil plan, and Bella believes she likely did it, Tristan would undoubtedly have a broken heart.

'How could I expose that?' Bella was puzzled.

After thinking for a few more seconds, she fixed her gaze on him.

"I'm not sure why," Bella decided to keep Jessica's secret to her grave. "Maybe she hated me because I'm poor; I don't know—" She continued when she saw him frown slightly.

Since Bella knew about Jessica's dark secret, that woman started to hate her. Jessica had plenty of plans to kick her out of the family and shield her secret.

How evil!

However, Jessica met her match because, despite her evilness, Bella never swayed or feared her.

"I'm sorry, wife," Tristan said before he pulled her and embraced her tightly.

She said nothing further; she just tried to close her eyes and rest.

\*\*\*

A few hours have gone by.

Bella was surprised when she woke up from her nap; she didn't see Tristan on the bed. After freshening up and tying her long hair, she walked out of the room to check on her son, but she found his bedroom also empty.

Curious to know where Tristan and Dax were, she rushed to the first floor to look for them.

However, as she descended half of the stairs, she could hear her Aunty Emma's voice.

'Huh!? Aunty already arrived?' She wondered while increasing her pace.

Bella was surprised to know she had taken an almost three-hour-long nap. No wonder her body felt like a wooden log, stiff and heavy.

Arriving in the living room, Bella saw Tristan and Dax with her mother, talking with Emma while enjoying their afternoon tea. No one looked in her direction.

"Auntie Emma," Bella called her aunt. She smiled apologetically at them when they all looked at her. "I'm sorry, Auntie, I slept too long..."

Natalie smiled when she saw Bella scolding Tristan. She couldn't help but say, "Bella, stop scolding my son-in-law. It's not his fault for letting you nap more. I'm the one who asked him not to wake you."

"Hahaha, you both look so adorable..." Emma couldn't help but chime in, looking at how Bella and Tristan interacted, reminding her of her youthful days.

Bella felt shy upon hearing their words. For a brief moment, she completely forgot that her mother and the others were in the room. She looked at them and smiled, then

lowered her blushing face to look at Dax's cell phone, curious to know what game he was playing.

However, before Bella could see Dax's game, Auntie Emma suddenly spoke again, which shocked her.

"My dear niece, I also stopped Tristan from waking you earlier. So, you cannot blame him. Besides, don't exhaust yourself, Bella; you need to rest to ensure your pregnancy—" Emma said, holding her words when she saw Bella raise her hand to stop her.

"Oh, please stop, Auntie Emma..." Bella said. She had already explained this to her mother and everyone in the house, but they didn't believe her. "I'm not pregnant. If one day I get pregnant, I will tell you myself."

Emma and Natalie exchanged glances—as if they doubted Bella's answer. It didn't take long before Emma returned her gaze to Bella and asked, "You guys want another child, right?"

"Yes, of course, Auntie. We do..." Tristan chimed in after he saw Bella seemed uninterested in this conversation.

Natalie sighed, relieved. She smiled at Tristan. "Oh, thank God. We thought you guys used contraception; that's why Bella is not yet pregnant..."

"Mom, did you forget how difficult it was for me to have Dax?" Bella chuckled when she saw her mother and Auntie gasp in surprise. She continued when she was about to speak. "God will give us the second child when the time is right, so there is no need to worry about it..."

"Sorry, dear..." Emma felt terrible about bringing up this topic.

Natalie also expressed her feelings and apologized to Bella before she continued talking with Emma—they still had so many things to discuss.

While Dax sat between Tristan and Bella, he was immersed in his game.

Bella glanced again at his cell phone to check what game he was playing. She was surprised to see her son playing the game from her company.

She leaned closer to Dax and whispered, "Are you playing with Uncle Max?" She wanted to ensure he was playing with an adult she knew, not a stranger.

Dax shook his head without turning his gaze from his cell phone. "Mom, Uncle Max can't play the game. Well, he can, but not as good as me..." Dax said, piquing Tristan's curiosity.

He glanced at his son's game, a frown on his forehead. "I thought you always played with Uncle Max?" Tristan asked.

Still running his finger quickly across his game, Dax answered his dad without lifting his head.

"Yes, Dad. But after playing with Uncle Gael, I no longer wanted to play with Uncle Max..." He said in his innocent tone, almost making Tristan cough.

Tristan's raised eyebrow became more noticeable. He started to wonder, 'Is Max that bad?'

Before Tristan could ask Dax again, a vast and eye-catching golden letter suddenly covered Dax's entire cell phone screen.

[ CONGRATULATIONS! WINNER ]

Dax typed something before he turned off his phone. He looked up to his father.

"Daddy, I prefer to play with Uncle Gael. He is a genius and created the game. He gave me so many resources and cheated to level up faster..." He grinned, feeling proud.

Tristan, "..."

Bella, "..."

It looks like she needs to teach Stefan. How dare he give her son a cheat game? Gosh!

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 369: Can I Retire?

Bella, "..."

It looks like she needs to teach Stefan a lesson. How dare he give her son a cheat game? Gosh!

Bella tries not to laugh when she hears Dax's words. She glances at Tristan only to see his worried expression as he looks at their son.

She tries to give Tristan a sign to explain to their son the meaning of leveling up using a cheat or without his effort. However, her husband doesn't grasp her sign.

“Oh, Uncle Gael can create a game? Oh, wow!” Tristan asks while looking at Bella. He seems to need more explanation.

Bella is speechless.

‘Gosh! Why is he more interested in Stefan’s ability?’

“So Quantum also has a game division?” Tristan continues to ask when he sees her and seems reluctant to answer.

There’s no point in hiding this from Tristan. He already knows, and Stefan has also already exposed himself to Dax. Tsk! She now starts to regret inviting Stefan to lunch at her house.

Smiling innocently, Bella responds to Tristan, “Hmm, Gael is the man behind our game company; maybe you’ve heard about Soft Tech?”

Tristan smiles slightly upon hearing that. In the past, he had heard rumors about Soft Tech, which the RDF group owned, but he didn’t believe them because Soft Tech was not listed on the company’s website.

He still remembers a few years ago when he came across Soft Tech. He was interested in collaborating with them and offered to become their exclusive agent in his country. However, Soft Tech refused with an unreasonable excuse—they did not want to expand their company in his country and did not need a new partner.

“Yes, I hear they are the best in this industry. So, was that company really related to the RDF Group? Your company?” Tristan asks, wanting to hear it directly from her.

When Soft Tech refused to work with his company, he wasn’t suspicious. Now he understands why they refused him with such an excuse. Jack and Gael must have known about him and wanted to teach him a lesson. Remembering those times, he can only laugh bitterly inwardly.

Bella leans closer to Tristan and whispers, not wanting her mother and aunt to hear their conversation, “Yes, they are, but Jack lists the company under our anonymous company. You know... we just want to keep a low profile and not attract many eyes to the RDF Group.”

“How many anonymous companies does the RDF Group own?” Tristan also lowers his voice, so only Bella can hear. He knows Dax might listen to them, even though he is now immersed in his game again.

“Sorry, Mr. Sinclair, I can’t tell you that. It’s a company secret.” Bella almost laughs when she sees his wrinkled eyebrows.

“Alright, I will give you one piece of info. The company that now buys Donovan Group was my anonymous company. So, you can ask Max to investigate the company and learn about the wealth of one of the RDF founders...” She continues while pointing to her face with a playful smile.

Tristan is increasingly curious about his wife’s actual wealth. How many companies does she own and manage? How about her personal assets? He believes she has many assets outside of their country. And for the first time, only thinking of that makes him worry that his wife is too independent and far from the usual traditional woman.

Trying to humor himself, he asks her, “Ms. Sinclair, do you think I can retire from Sinclair Group and become a house husband to care for our son and you?”

“What do you mean?” Bella is confused hearing his question. She narrows her eyes at him.

“I mean, I’m worried that your assets and wealth are greater than mine and that you might find me useless and leave me,” he says in a miserable but comical tone, causing Bella to burst into laughter.

“Hahaha...” Bella’s laughter catches the attention of Dax and the others; they look at her with curiosity and concern.

‘Darn it!’ Bella silently scolds herself for attracting their attention. After giving them an innocent smile, Bella turns back to Tristan.

“I don’t even know how wealthy I am. My assets and my money work for me. When I decided to marry you in the past, Jack and Ste... I mean Gael, took care of it. They are basically my investment managers. All I know is that the money in my Swiss bank account is enough to let me live comfortably.”

Seeing Tristan flinch, Bella continues teasingly, “But, Mr. Sinclair, you don’t need to worry. My assets alone won’t beat your company. So, don’t think about retiring! You need to work hard and earn money for us...”

Tristan, “...”

\*\*\*

When Bella and Tristan are still conversing and giggling, Emma suddenly interrupts them to ask Bella to discuss something in private.

Bella becomes nervous when she sees her aunt’s expression, which doesn’t look as calm as before. She can clearly see the worry in her aunt’s face.



After Bella excuses herself to Tristan and Dax, she looks at her mother and says, “Mom, I’m going to talk to Auntie. I want you to get as much rest as possible, okay?”

Natalie nods. She understands Bella and Emma need to talk privately. Not long after that, Natalie excuses herself to rest before Dr. Angie comes to pick her up and move her to the hospital.

Later,

Bella and Emma settle in the guest room, the one Emma would use in the villa, and sit across from each other.

However, after sitting for a few minutes, Emma doesn’t say a single word. The sentences she wants to say, already on the tip of her tongue, seem to make a U-turn back into her heart.

Bella can see her aunt’s reluctance to speak. Emma opens her mouth a few times, but no words come out. Bella knows that something is troubling her aunt.

After waiting a few more seconds, Bella can’t wait any longer.

“Auntie, is there anything you’re worried about? Please share it with me. Maybe I can help.”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 370: What A Shame!

“Auntie, is there anything you’re worried about? Whatever it is, please don’t hesitate to share it with me. Maybe I can help, or at least you could put some of the burden on me.” Bella asked.

Emma Donovan clenches her hands tightly; she can feel how cold they are now. After taking a deep breath to relax, she says, “Bella, I’m sorry I never shared this with you before. Maybe it’s because I thought it was filthy and immoral to share with you. But...” Once more, her voice trails off.

“Filthy? Immoral!?” Bella repeats her Auntie Emma’s words while trying to figure out what exactly her Auntie wants to say.

“Y-Yes, Bella... I feel so mad and embarrassed to share this with you, especially Natalie. I—” Again, Emma can’t continue her sentence. She takes a deep breath, her eyes still fixed on her niece with mixed feelings.

Bella frowned while trying to figure out who could make her aunt feel this way.

It didn't take long for Bella to realize that someone specific came to mind. Just thinking about that man made her blood rush to her heart.

Unknowingly, her expression now reflected her aunt's disgust, humiliation, and many other emotions that she couldn't describe.

After calming herself, she looked into her aunt's eyes and asked, "Auntie, are you talking about my father?"

"Y-You..." Emma silently swallowed to know that her niece could guess it right. "You already know about your father?"

Only look at Aunt's reaction; she believed one hundred percent the person was her father. His sour smile slowly frames her face.

"Aunt, if you want to tell me about my father, have another woman; I already know about that..."

Bella shook her head slowly. She felt embarrassed, remembering the video recording of her father doing something immoral with a woman who was much younger than her mother.

She was no longer angry that her father had slept with another woman. She wasn't interested in who the woman was or how many women his father had slept with were out there. That didn't matter to her; the important thing was her mother did not suffer because of her father.

Bella's current focus is ensuring her mother's complete recovery from breast cancer, as well as living happily with her little family.

Emma blinked a few times, stunned that her niece knew about the problematic situation involving her brother.

"Y-Yes, I'm talking about your father. Bella, when did you find out about him? Did your mother know as well?" Emma asked, looking worried.

When she spoke with Natalie earlier, Emma hesitated to bring it up, fearing that this matter could disrupt Natalie's therapy as she prepared for surgery and needed more relaxation.

Since learning about his brother Lucas' other hobby, having so many women out there, and also being abusive towards his wife, Emma wishes she could break things off with him. He felt embarrassed to call him brother.

A wry smile slowly emerged from Bella's lips as she looked at her aunt. Every time she remembered, she felt like the zoo wreaked havoc on her stomach.

“What other embarrassing things did he do now?” Bella asked as if she didn’t care. She was immune to anything about her father now; she already thought she didn’t have a father.

Finally, Emma revealed what she knew about Lucas. She had recently heard that he brought a young woman back to his house.

“You know things are precarious at the Donovan Group, right? Reporters wait in front of the building daily to get news or interview our employees.”

“I am aware.”

“Well, because of that, your father and uncle no longer come to the offices due to being targeted by the media. Especially after your third uncle was detained at the police station, reporters started camping near our office.”

Bella already knew about the situation there from the people from the Sentinel Network they had put in to report the news.

“Your father brings a young woman to stay at your house. Your father said the woman he invited to the house was his secretary. However...” Emma paused, feeling like a stone stuck in her throat to continue her words.

Bella frowned, but she said nothing.

After clearing her throat, Emma continued, “Well, a maid who sides with your mother called me; she reported that that woman entered your father’s bedroom every night...”

Emma’s voice trembled, and she could feel her face getting hot. She was too angry to imagine those immoral things. “I’m sorry, Bella, to tell you about this. I just feel like I can’t hold this news alone. I’m sorry...”

‘Father! You are such a wicked beast. No, you are lower than a wicked beast! You don’t deserve my mother. You wait! I will avenge what you did to my mother!’ Venting her sarcasm inside her head, Bella tightly clenched her teeth.

She tried to maintain her calmness, not wanting her aunt to see her feelings now, even though her burning anger flashed through her eyes.

\*\*\*

Three days after Natalie Wright’s successful surgery, she finally returned to the villa to join Bella and the others. However, she still needed observation before they could return home.

Bella no longer needed to go back and forth to check on her mother at the hospital, as she had done in the last few days.

In the last two days, she has also been busy welcoming guests who came to visit her mother—Grandpa Isaac, a few of her friends, and even Aunt Emma's son, who stopped by to meet them.

Her days in this house are typically filled with pleasant gatherings, such as meeting her friends and family.

However, today is different.

Since the morning, she has been tense; no smile appears on her lips, even when Tristan tries to cheer her up.

"Darling, why do you look so afraid and tense?"

Her step halts, and she turns to see Tristan sitting on the sofa in the corner with an iPad on his lap. His calm smile, however, is not enough to relax her heart.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 371: Bella's Concern

Her step halts, and she turns to see Tristan sitting on the sofa in the corner with an iPad on his lap. His calm smile, however, is not enough to relax her heart.

Bella stood there for a few more seconds, trying to answer Tristan's question. However, she couldn't find an answer. The funny thing was, she didn't know why she felt that way.

She sighed deeply, trying to force herself to express her feelings.

Seeing his wife, who looked confused, he didn't say anything. Tristan placed his iPad on the table and stood from his seat. He approached her and said, "Alright, let's go check on Dax..."

"Did you explain to him why he finally got to meet your father? He knows your parents hate me, but I don't want our son to hate your father or view him as negatively as I do."

"Don't worry. Our son is a smart boy. He knows everything and understands how to handle the situation," Tristan reassured her when he saw concern in her eyes.

Bella nodded quietly. She knew that but just wanted to ensure her son wouldn't be confused about the situation.

"What time will your father come?" Bella asked before Tristan knocked on Dax's bedroom.

Tristan answered after he checked his watch. "I guess, in ten minutes."

"Yes, come in," Dax's soft voice could be heard from inside after Tristan knocked on the door.

However, when Tristan was about to open the door, Bella grabbed his hand to stop him. He glanced at her, confused.

He didn't know what she was thinking, but her shaking gaze was enough to tell him that his wife was utterly nervous. Seeing the lingering nervousness in her eyes, Tristan smiled, trying to reassure her.

"Is there anything else you want to say to me?"

Bella nodded, unable to meet his eyes to express her thoughts. She lowered her gaze to look at her hand, still holding Tristan's.

"Hubby, is it okay if I don't meet your father?" she whispered as she slowly released her grip. "I'm afraid my resentment towards him will show when I meet him now, and I'm worried our son will witness that."

Tristan smiled as he took her hand and gently squeezed it. When he saw her finally lift her head and meet his gaze, he said, "Sure, dear. Take your time. There's no need to rush to forgive him. Besides, today, he only asked to meet Dax."

"I've already forgiven him. I told him the last time we saw each other. But I just feel like I'm not ready to talk to him. I hope that day will come sooner, but not today," Bella said, feeling bad about saying this.

Tristan was surprised to learn this. "I'm delighted that you've forgiven him. Thank you so much, my wife..."

"Hhm. Tristan, I..." Bella's voice faded as the door opened, and Dax's worried expression surprised them both.

"Mom, Dad, why are you both standing there? I already allowed you both to enter. Didn't you hear me?" Dax asked.

After he let his parents in, he waited a few minutes, but no one came in. Curious and afraid, countless imaginations began to fill his mind; the ghost might be playing a prank on him, knocking on his bedroom door. Well, even though he didn't believe in such things, he still felt chills.

After waiting a few more seconds, no one opened the door, so he decided to check whether he had heard it wrong or if a ghost was trying to test his nerves and make him believe that things existed.

He felt relieved when he saw his parents. The existence of supernatural beings like ghosts that almost made his beliefs shake became firm again — there are no ghosts on this earth; it's just a myth.

"Are you ready, buddy?" Tristan ruffled his hair to distract him from asking anything.

"Yes, Dad..." said Dax, fixing his blue shirt and white long pants. He didn't like this clothing; he preferred sportswear, but Aunt Noora ensured he wore it. He had no choice but to endure this uncomfortable feeling.

"You look perfect and more handsome, baby..." Bella held her son's hand. "Alright, let's go."

Dax, "..."

Now, he was suspicious. His mother must have asked Noora to make sure he wore these outfits. "Thank you, Mom," he said and grinned.

The three of them went downstairs to the first floor. Tristan and Dax waited for William Sinclair in the living room while Bella visited her mother in her room.

When Bella arrived at her mother's room, she saw Aunt Emma there too. Their surprise was reflected in their eyes when they saw her open the door.

"Bella, why are you here?" asked Natalie.

It wasn't just her mother who was confused; Aunt Emma also felt the same way. "Isn't your father-in-law coming? You weren't with Tristan and Dax to greet him?" she asked.

Bella didn't answer them right away. Instead, she walked in to join them in the sitting area. She smiled upon seeing her mother and aunt's curious gazes, then picked up an orange from the table and began to peel it.

The scent of the orange immediately relieved her nervousness. She smiled at them before responding, "I don't have plans to meet him."

Natalie's eyebrow furrowed as she asked, "You still don't forgive him?"

Bella looked at her mother after putting a piece of orange in her mouth and chewing.

"I have forgiven him, but I don't think I can chat with him like family just yet."

"It's fine, Bella," Natalie, who knew what happened in the past when her daughter still lived in the Sinclair household, felt sad for her. She could understand her daughter's feelings now. "You need more time to heal. There's no need to feel sad about it."

"Yeah, Bella. At least you already allowed him to meet Dax," Emma said.

Bella said nothing more and continued to enjoy the orange while watching the television. She was just aware that her mother and aunt were watching a rerun of a K-drama\*.

She tried to understand the drama, but somehow, she couldn't; her mind was now filled with Dax and Tristan in the living room.

---

\*K-Drama = Korean Drama

Chapter 372: William Sinclair Finally Meet Daxton  
In the front yard,

William Sinclair felt constantly nervous after Tristan and Bella allowed him to meet Dax, so he asked his father to accompany him here today.

He was unsure but worried that Dax would be shocked to see him and afraid of him. Perhaps if his father was around, whom Dax was used to seeing, the kid would be more relaxed about seeing him.

...

The two got out of the car.

However, before Lewis Sinclair walked towards the door, his brow furrowed when he saw two large boxes being taken out of the trunk.

"Will, what are you bringing? What are those boxes?" he asked while continuing to walk after he watched the bodyguard carrying the boxes following them.

"Oh, those are gifts, Dad. I bought a special gift for my grandson," William answered happily. He didn't know what to bring for Dax, but his assistant suggested he get a pre-built Lego set for the young child.

"Wait, a gift? What gift?" William's steps stopped before he entered the door that Geoffrey had opened for them.

“Yes, Dad. Why?” William slightly raised his eyebrow, looking at his father, confused. “I shouldn’t bring anything to meet Dax? Dad, come on, this is my first meeting with my grandson...”

“Of course, you should bring something. But the problem is, what gift did you buy?” Lewis clearly remembered the first time he met Daxton; he had given him the wrong kind of toy.

His great-grandson had different hobbies and interests from other children his age. He was worried his son would bring something useless.

William started to worry that he had brought the wrong gift. Now, he regrets not asking Tristan about the matter before purchasing the gift he got today.

“A toy that many children his age would like,” William confidently said.

Lewis Sinclair smirked before speaking. “Well, I must warn you. Daxton doesn’t like receiving toys he doesn’t like, and your grandson is different from other boys his age. What did you give him?”

“Lego...”

Lewis Sinclair chuckled when he heard his son bring Lego. “Lego? Daxton doesn’t like Lego because it’s too easy for him to solve it,” he said.

“Don’t worry, Dad,” William slightly smiled. “This is for seven years. This would be challenging for my grandson...”

“Hahaha, Will, you seem to have underestimated your grandson. Well, let me tell you, even Lego for fourteen years and above, it’s too easy for him to solve it...” Lewis said, then went inside without waiting for William to say something.

Lewis Sinclair found it amusing to see William now. How dare he compare Dax to another child his age!? He is a genius.

“Sir, what should we do with this?” The bodyguard who was carrying the packages asked, surprising William.

Although he felt reluctant, William decided to give it to Daxton anyway.

“Follow me,” William said while walking quickly to keep up with his father.

When they arrived in the living room, William felt nervous and tense again, especially when he saw a little boy sitting next to Tristan. The little boy was engrossed in listening to his father and had not noticed their presence.



“Little Daxton, Gramps misses you so much...” Lewis Sinclair’s voice echoed in the room, surprising Tristan and Dax as they both looked in their direction.

William stood beside his father, feeling tense when he made eye contact with Daxton. He tried to smile but felt slightly worried when he saw Dax suddenly shift his gaze to his father.

With his smile, Dax greeted Lewis, “Gramps... I miss you too.”

Tristan chuckled when he heard how his Grandpa and his son interacted; he looked at his Grandpa.

“Oh, come on, Old Man. You met my son yesterday; how could you already miss him?”

Tristan playfully teased to relieve the tension in the room. He could see his father looking nervous and standing in place but with mixed emotions as he looked at Dax.

“Hahaha, I miss my little Dax because I usually see him daily,” Lewis said, holding Dax’s hand and pulling him near William. “Alright, Dax, this man beside me, you know him, right?”

Dax nods. He had seen his picture online; he was his Grandpa, William Sinclair. Meeting him in person, Dax noticed that William has features similar to his father’s but not precisely the same. He could imagine that when his father was old, he might be comparable to him.

“Hello, I’m Daxton Donovan Sinclair...” Dax greeted William Sinclair politely.

William overcame his nervousness when the little man finally spoke to him. His eyes felt blurry as he looked into his beautiful blue eyes, which stared back at him.

“Ha-Hallo Da-Daxton, I’m William Sinclair; you can call me Grandpa,” he said, trembling. “I’m glad to meet you finally, Dax. Can I embrace you?” He extended his arms for a hug from his grandson.

When William thought the little boy didn’t want to hug him, he inwardly laughed sourly while slowly pulling his hand away.

However, William’s eyes widened seconds later when he saw Dax step forward and open his arms to embrace him. Instantly, William felt like he had almost had a heart attack, shocked.

He bent down and hugged his grandson for the first time. Not only did he hug him, but he carried him, too.

William was so happy to meet Daxton finally; however, what William did surprised the little boy.

Dax wanted to ask his Grandpa to release him, but when he saw his Grandpa's slightly red eyes, he seemed to be crying in silence; he held it back and just smiled faintly while glancing at his father as if to ask for help to free him—he didn't like it when someone carried him.

"Alright, Dad... You can put him down. My boy is already too heavy for you to carry him around." Tristan said and tried to take his son. But William didn't allow it; he walked to the sofa and sat to follow his father.

Tristan took a deep sigh. He didn't just make a random excuse to take his son, but he was worried because of his father's illness. He might not have the energy to carry Dax.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 373: The Tension

Tristan wanted to remind his father about his illness. Still, suddenly, he remembered that his father didn't want the family to know about it.

He sighed deeply and pressed his lips tightly as he walked to the seating area to join them. He sat silently opposite his father, who was now talking to Dax.

Tristan didn't say anything but scrolled through his cell phone; however, he could hear what they were talking about.

Listening to their conversation was amusing for Tristan because his father and Grandpa seemed to be competing to attract Dax's cute attention. How silly!

After a few more minutes, Lewis and William Sinclair continue trying to impress Dax with their stories.

When Tristan saw the warm family drama unfolding before his eyes, he was amazed at how confident and quick-witted his son was in dealing with his two elders. Dax managed to subtly avoid choosing a side or showing favoritism, and he cunningly did it without the elders noticing.

Dax was so calm and honest when he talked to William Sinclair. This was utterly different from Tristan's worry that his son would give his father a cold shoulder, but he did not.

Before long, the three of them had already been talking for almost an hour, and it seemed they still had plenty to discuss.

Tristan remained silent but signaled Geoffrey to bring some snacks and drinks for them.

However, Tristan stopped and called him closer when he noticed two men holding two boxes in the corner.

“Geoffrey, you can ask them to place the gift over there,” Tristan said, pointing to a corner not far from where they were seated.

Just then, William Sinclair recalled the welcome gift he had brought for his grandson.

Remembering what his father had told him earlier, William Sinclair felt the tension in his heart return. He was curious and wanted to know Dax’s opinion about his present.

“Dax, Grandpa brought you a gift,” William said, rising from his seat and handing one of the gifts to Dax.

“What is it, Grandpa?” Dax asked curiously while scanning the nicely wrapped box, which looked enormous, like the size of a desktop box.

“This is Lego for children seven and above. It must be challenging for you to build,” William Sinclair explained while observing his expression. A frown slowly appeared on his forehead when he saw Dax wasn’t enthusiastic.

“Oh, little Dax, you don’t like Lego?” William asked. Silently, he swallowed hard when he saw his grandson blinking but not moving to open the gift.

After a few more seconds, Dax’s smile slowly emerged from his lips. He said, “Grandpa, thank you. I used to like Lego and similar toys when I was two. But these days, I prefer other things, like building and assembling my own computer or CPU.”

William Sinclair was stunned to hear that. His father was right that Dax’s hobby differed from that of another child his age.

‘How old is he now?’ William Sinclair tried to count Dax’s age.

It didn’t take long; William gasped in shock, realizing his grandson was only a few months away from his fifth birthday. And he was already interested in building his own computer. He is indeed a genius.

Dax continued his sentence. “Grandpa, even though I don’t like playing with Lego anymore, that doesn’t mean I don’t like it at all. Thanks again for the gift. I can put it together later...” His words were enough to make William feel relieved.

“Hahaha, I’m delighted to hear that, little man...” William Sinclair felt happy. Then, he took something from his pocket and handed it to Dax. “This is my other gift for you. Take it,” he said, placing it in Dax’s chubby hand.

“A card?” Dax looked at the card in his hand, frowning. He had never seen that card before; he only recognized the logo—it was his father’s company, and the card was a trading card allowing the holder to trade stocks.

Tristan and Lewis Sinclair, who saw the card, suddenly sat up straight.

“Father, you set up a trading account on the stock market for my son!?” Tristan asked, not believing what he was seeing.

Tristan had not yet created a trading account for Dax. He was only starting to teach him the basics of stock investment and the importance of buying and holding stocks for the long term.

Despite his son’s interest in trading, Tristan had only recently permitted him to experiment with dummy money using stock market trading apps.

William frowned upon hearing Tristan’s question.

When Tristan didn’t get an answer from his father, he could only smile bitterly. However, his smile slowly faded when something crossed his mind.

‘My father can’t make a trading account for Dax... he is not Dax’s legal guardian.’ He murmured under his breath.

Tristan felt relieved to realize that. Just as he was about to say something, his words stopped at the tip of his tongue when he heard his Grandpa speak.

“William Sinclair, you are so unbelievable,” Lewis’s high voice clearly showed his anger and disappointment toward his son.

He narrowed his eyes at William before venting his anger, “Daxton is not yet five, and you have already thrown him into the business field! You have to remember, my little Dax only needs to learn physical strength and discipline. Wait until he grows up enough to learn that field.”

Lewis Sinclair was concerned that his son had the ambition to make Dax just like Tristan when he was young. If William does that again, then he is indeed stupid.

Still clearly in Lewis’s mind, Tristan started to hate his father. He drifted away from his parents when he was exhausted from learning to become Sinclair’s heir from a young age. Now, looking at William’s gesture, he felt déjà vu.

Sighing deeply, exhausted from thinking about his foolish son, Lewis Sinclair turned his gaze away from William and looked at Dax. He wanted to know what the little boy

thought about that card; he must have been confused and scared hearing their conversation.

However, Lewis Sinclair was surprised to see how calm Dax was now, and his eyes beamed as he looked at the card.

'Did he understand it?' Lewis Sinclair wondered. Before he could ask, William suddenly laughed, confusing everyone, including Dax.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 374: Why Do You Act Like You Want to Die Tomorrow?

"Father, you overthink," William said after his laughter subsided. "I gave my grandson that card as a welcome gift to express my gratitude because he was born healthy and became my grandson. The amount of money in that card and the shareholding is my gift for him..."

Lewis was speechless.

Dax could only blink, looking at the card and then up at his Grandpa, confused.

"Don't worry, Father. I don't have a plan for what you're worrying about." William Sinclair's words paused; he almost said, "I don't have much time to do that. Death is approaching; I will cherish my time with my grandson and my son..." He swallowed silently, trying to smile at his father, worried his father could read his thoughts.

William's priority in his last days was to right the wrongs he had done in the past; he no longer cared about money and power because none of that would follow him to his grave.

Lewis Sinclair was relieved to hear this. However, he still thought giving Dax such a gift was too hasty.

"William, I understand your intention, but don't you think this is too rushed? Why do I feel like you're about to die tomorrow, and you're giving Dax his inheritance now?" Lewis said, smiling, feeling amused by his son's foolish act.

William Sinclair felt like a lump of charcoal was burning in his throat as he heard his father's words. How could he have guessed it right? Worrying that his father would discover the truth, he hid his concerned expression behind a forced laugh.

"Ha-Ha-Ha...father, you are so funny. Who will die tomorrow? Please—" William said playfully.

When Lewis laughs with William. Tristan remains silent and cold.

Tristan knew that his father was seriously ill, and the doctor had said he could die at any moment. He clenched his teeth, held himself back, and refrained from speaking.

While Dax was still puzzled, he thought his Grandpa had permitted him to handle the market account without supervision. But it seemed he had not.

Realizing this, Dax became afraid, considering a considerable amount of money must be inside the account. He looked at William and waited until he finished speaking to Lewis before finally saying something.

“Thank you, Grandpa... But this is too much for me as a welcome gift,” Dax expressed his concern. He couldn’t accept it until his father or mother allowed him to.

Knowing that his father did not have a good relationship with his Grandpa Will, Dax believed he would reject it immediately.

Curious to know his father’s opinion, Dax turned to see him, “Right, Daddy? This is too much for me!?”

“My dear Dax, it’s fine. Your father will allow you to accept...” William answered, looking at Tristan as if he wanted to signal him not to refuse his gift to his grandson. This is probably his last gift for Dax.

Now that Tristan heard his son’s question, he felt very emotional. When he saw his father’s sorrowful gaze, he had no choice but to allow his son.

After trying to compose himself, he gently smiled at Dax and responded, “Dax, it’s fine. You can accept it. However, you can’t use the money until you’re an adult...” Tristan said casually, but his words surprised Dax and Lewis.

Dax blinked several times just to make sure he had heard it right. It was hard for him to believe his father had accepted it immediately without thinking.

Lewis Sinclair also had the same surprised expression as Dax. He didn’t expect Tristan to allow his son to accept his father’s money. He remembered that from his teens until he married, Tristan never wanted to take what his parents gave him.

‘Why did he suddenly let Dax accept it?’ Lewis wondered. Suspicion began to arise in his mind as he looked at Tristan and William alternately. ‘Why... they look like they are hiding something from me?’

Tristan didn’t want his Grandpa and Dax to ask him again, so he immediately distracted them by discussing other matters.

They talked until, finally, William Sinclair ended up having lunch and dinner at the villa and had the opportunity to meet Natalie Wright.

When William discovered that his in-law had undergone top-secret surgery at their hospital, he was shocked. The surgery was so secretive that even Bella's father didn't know about it.

William Sinclair wanted to ask why they kept the surgery a secret, but he refrained from asking when he got a signal from Tristan to stop.

\*\*\*

The day finally ended, and William Sinclair excused himself. Although he was reluctant to leave, he couldn't stay there too long, or his wife would be suspicious.

William walked with Tristan to his car. He could see his son was still concerned about his health. Knowing that his son still cared for him warmed him inside, and he felt grateful for that.

"Tristan, if you show those expressions before the others, they might know about my illness. And don't worry too much about me; I'm now at the stage to accept this ordeal from God..." William paused his words when he saw his son frown.

"Well, simply put, I think this is the price I have to pay because I wasn't a good father to you or a father-in-law to Bella," William continued.

Tristan was speechless when he heard his father's words. He was genuinely worried about his father's health. Because his people, who were now searching for the best doctor abroad, had not returned with any good news. Deep down, he still hoped that a doctor could help to cure his father.

"I'm not worried about it," Tristan replied. He couldn't tell his father what he was doing now, afraid his father would stop him from doing that. "I just want to say, please don't come here again."

William Sinclair's step came to an abrupt halt. He looked at his son. Inside, he felt crushed, but he managed to keep a smile as he accepted his son's request not to see his grandson anymore.

Tristan frowned as he saw sadness flash through his father's eyes.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 375: A Death Sentence Drastically Changes a Person  
Tristan frowned as he saw sadness flash through his father's eyes.

"My son, I understand you forbid me to meet Dax again," William Sinclair said casually while gently tapping Tristan's shoulder. "No need to feel bad about it, son."

William Sinclair understood that he couldn't force Tristan to allow him to meet Dax again. He was grateful to have met his grandson once, which was already a blessing for him. With his wish fulfilled, he felt he could die in peace, knowing he had a grandson as handsome and intelligent as Dax.

Tristan's mouth twisted as he heard his father's words. It seemed his father misunderstood him.

"Father, you didn't understand what I mean..."

"Did you ask me not to meet my grandson again?" William asked, confused.

"No. I said you can't come here too often because it would be dangerous if my mother became suspicious of your frequent visits. It would be troublesome if my mother found out that Bella and her mother were here."

William was stunned. He didn't think that way.

"You know, my mother-in-law's surgery was top secret, right? Even Bella's father and the rest of her family didn't know about it," Tristan continues.

"Ah, this is what I was trying to ask you earlier. Why did they keep this surgery a secret?"

Tristan pinches his eyebrow before answering his father.

"I'm sorry, I can't explain it to you in detail. But, something happened in the Donovan Family. Natalie Wright hides in our place. And, if my mother knows, she might tell Lucas Donovan about this. So, Dad, please never tell anyone, including my mother, about Natalie Wright."

William nods while patting his son's shoulder once more. A reassuring smile slowly appears on his lips.

"No worries. I will not tell anyone, including your mother."

"Thanks, Dad. And about Daxton, of course, you could still meet him, but not here. Later, if we return to our house, you could visit him there," Tristan said.

Tristan had already discussed this with Bella, and she agreed to let his father visit them whenever he wanted, as long as he didn't bring anyone else, including his mother.



William Sinclair was startled to hear that. He couldn't hide his wide smile now, too happy and too relieved to know he had many opportunities to visit them and see his grandson again.

"Really, Tristan? You allow me to see my dear Grandson Daxton?" William Sinclair's voice was slightly shaky, his eyes locked with his son's. "I can visit your house? Would Bella allow me to come?" He needed reassurance; somehow, he felt like this was a dream, not something real, and he worried.

When he spoke with Bella earlier, William Sinclair could sense her unease around him. She didn't say a single word, but he didn't take offense; he understood her feelings.

"Yes, you can. And, yes, Bella also allows you to visit us," Tristan replied faintly.

"Thank you, son," William's voice quivered with happiness. It meant a lot to him that his daughter-in-law, who had suffered because of him, and his wife had given him this chance. It was already a blessing; he wouldn't ask for anything more.

"Alright, I won't come here again. Please call me when you guys return to your house."

Tristan didn't know how to react. It felt strange to see his father looking so vulnerable and sad. It was something new for him. How surreal!

'Does a death sentence drastically change a person?' Tristan wondered, nodding as he confirmed his father's question.

\*\*\*

A few days later, Bella and her family finally return to their house in Little Heaven.

Meanwhile, Emma has also returned to East City. She can't stay in the capital too long because she worries about her brothers becoming suspicious.

However, when Emma arrived at her house, she was shocked to see her brothers inside and sitting in the living room waiting for her.

What surprised her even more was seeing several well-built men surrounding the room and her house workers standing in the corner, looking intimidated and scared.

Her hand clenched into a tight fist. She could clearly guess what was going on here. She tried to appear as calm as she could.

Now, Emma understood why the guard in front of the gate and her housekeeper acted strangely when she arrived. From the look in their eyes, it was as if they were asking for help; however, she was completely unaware of that.

She continues her steps towards the sitting area, joining her brothers.

Even though Emma was worried and scared about the situation, she did her best not to show it. A forced smile appeared on the corner of her lips as she sat on the sofa, calmly addressing her siblings one person at a time.

“Thank you for visiting me in these difficult times, brothers,” Emma said, her smile faint. “But, I feel like I didn’t deserve your busy time. Why bother coming to my humble house with so many bodyguards?” She asked casually, glancing at the men who filled the room.

Jacob and the others answered Emma’s question with annoyed looks.

“Stop beating around the bush, Emma!” Jacob Donovan’s booming voice echoed, thickening the tension in the room. “Where have you been in the past weeks? Who did you meet in the capital?”

Emma frowned.

“What’s the deal? Why do you want to know about my private matters!?” She snapped, glaring at her eldest brother.

Jacob gritted his teeth. However, before he could say something, Lucas Donovan chimed in, “Don’t try to hide anything from us, Sis Emma. We know what you are doing there. We know what you’re up to.”

“Yeah! It was useless. We know you went to the capital but didn’t meet your son. But someone else...” Thomas Donovan said.

Emma’s eyes fixed on Thomas Donovan, her younger brother. She was confused because, as far as she knew, her younger brother had been detained in the police station.

Instantly, countless questions now filled her mind:

‘How could he be sitting in my living room? Did they release him? Seriously? How so?’

Emma was so curious that she ignored their sentences and asked, “Thomas, why are you here? Shouldn’t you be at the police station’s jail?”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

## Chapter 376: Emma Is In Danger! (1)

Emma was so curious that she ignored their sentences and asked, "Thomas, why are you here? Shouldn't you be at the police station's jail?"

Thomas chuckled.

"Sis, you don't need to know how I got out of that damn place!" Thomas said coldly, his eyes sharp as he looked at Emma. "Just answer our question. Who did you meet in the capital?"

Emma shut her mouth tightly as she looked at them coldly. There was no way she would tell them about Natalie and Bella. Otherwise, they would all rush to the capital to drag Natalie back to this city and make a deal with Bella to solve their problem.

How pathetic they are! She felt disgusted just looking at them, and realizing they bore the same last name as she made her disgusted even more.

Lucas Donovan's patience was starting to run thin. He looked at Emma, who narrowed her eyes at him but didn't say anything.

"Sister Emma, are you with Bella and Natalie in the capital?" Lucas Donovan's cold voice suddenly made Emma's body shiver.

'How could he guess it right? Did they succeed in tailing me?' Emma swallowed.

After a few more seconds of staring at her foolish brother, she finally spoke.

"Lucas, why are you still looking for Natalie and Bella?" She asked, even though she could guess his answer.

Seeing that the three of them didn't answer her question, Emma continued, "Don't tell me you try to look after them because you think they can help you solve the company's problems!? Is it!?"

Their expressions slowly became stiff and dark, like a dark cloud looming behind them. Emma vented her anger in her mind, feeling ashamed of their shamelessness.

"It's all because of Bella! If only she hadn't disappeared and married Bradley, everything would be fine."

Emma was dumbfounded hearing her older brother's words. How could he casually blame Bella for something that was not her fault?

Unable to take it anymore, Emma expressed her anger, "Jacob Donovan, Lucas Donovan, and you, Thomas Donovan..." Her voice sounded cold enough to cause all of them in the room to be surprised to see her calm expression slowly turn sharp.

After ensuring all her brothers pay attention to her voice, she continues, “Are you guys pretending to be stupid, or are you guys really STUPID?”

Jacobs and the others frown more visibly, which brings joy to Emma.

“How can you blame Bella? She had nothing to do with your shameless decisions. Do you think Bella is a little girl? Let me remind you all, especially you, Lucas.” Emma narrowed her angry gaze at him. “Your daughter is an adult. She is already thirty, not thirteen!”

“You—” Lucas Donovan could not continue his sentence; Emma raised her hand to silence him.

“Lucas, stop claiming that Bella is your daughter. You don’t represent a father figure to her at all. Simply put, you don’t deserve to be Bella’s father.”

Lucas couldn’t hold himself back. Hearing his sister’s words, he felt like his blood pressure was about to explode.

“What the heck are you trying to say, sister Emma?” Lucas snapped. This was the first time he raised his voice to her, but he didn’t regret it at all.

“For goodness’ sake, Lucas Donovan! How can you not understand what I’m saying? Gosh! No wonder Natalie left you. Not only rude, but you’re stupid, too!” Emma stifled a laugh, looking at how red her brother’s face was now.

As if all the blood was now flowing towards his face, Lucas pointed his finger at Emma in annoyance.

“Emma, even though you are older than me, I’m not afraid of having to discipline you like I disciplined that stupid Natalie. Likewise with Bella...”

Lucas took a deep breath, filling the air in his chest, which suddenly felt tight; his anger almost suffocated him.

“What an ignorant damn daughter. If I find her, I won’t show her mercy. How dare she run away from me? And now, she also teaches her mother to run away!!” Lucas’s eyes turned red as if a fire had now burned there. He was so pissed off.

Jacob and Thomas Donovan, who witnessed Emma and Lucas exchanging insult words, could only remain silent—waiting for these two to stop.

However, it didn’t take long. Suddenly, Emma burst out laughing, and the three men raised their eyebrows, confused.

“Oh dear Lucas, stop it, please. Stop it, or you will regret it.”

Lucas was even more confused hearing that.

“Do you want me to give you a suggestion, Lucas?” Emma said, delighted to see her brother’s angry expression. “If you continue to blame Bella and try to take care of her, you might as well dig your own grave because you’ll need it soon.”

“Damn it, sister!” Lucas cursed, trying to restrain himself from slapping his older sister. He clenched his fists, attempting to calm his anger.

“I know it! Emma, you know where Bella is, right?” Jacob Donovan suddenly interjected.

A wide smile appeared on Jacob’s lips as he waited for Emma to respond. However, his sister didn’t look at him; instead, she checked her cellphone.

Emma was surprised to see Bella’s short text:

[Bella] Aunt, I know. My father and my uncles are in your house. I’m sending my people to stand by if they try to harm you.

[Bella] Call me and put it on speaker. And pretend nothing happened.

[Bella] Take care, Aunt...

Instantly, Emma felt warm, pleasant air fill her heart. The tension, the scary thoughts that filled her mind and heart earlier, slowly faded.

She was so happy that Bella knew what was happening in her house. She would be safe if her stupid brother tried to hurt her and her people.

After she followed Bella’s request, Emma placed her cell phone beside her, pretending nothing had happened.

Later, her gaze fixed on her older brother, Jacob. She wasn’t afraid of him now.

She trusted Bella would protect her if her shameless brother tried to force her to reveal the truth about Bella and Natalie’s location.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 377: Emma Is In Danger! (2)

“If I know, what do you want me to do?” Emma responded to Jacob coldly. “You want to force me?”

Jacob smirked while casually leaning back against the sofa. He was so happy that Emma knew where Natalie and Bella were.

“Come on, Emma,” Jacob’s voice sounded gentle. “How could I use force on my little sister? Of course not. But I will ask you nicely. Tell me, where’s my lovely niece, Bella...”

Lucas and Thomas’s eyes beamed, surprised to hear their older brother’s words. Now, they were convinced that Emma knew where Bella was.

Their smiles showed happiness as they turned their gazes at Emma and waited for her to respond. They felt joy now because they could still escape their company’s crisis.

Once they found Bella, their problems would settle. They no longer had to repay Bradley Caville’s money because they would become in-laws.

In addition, if they become in-laws, Bradley will help them control the media’s narratives, which have attacked and spread negative news about them because of the bribery case.

Even now, Bradley Caville is also having problems with his company, which is having difficulty selling anything in its numerous stores. However, he is still wealthy enough to live comfortably. He can pay the media to bury the negative news surrounding them.

However, when Lucas and Thomas felt happy, their happiness slowly faded when they heard Emma’s answer.

“I won’t tell you anything, brother Jacob. So stop forcing me!” Emma firmly rejected it. She didn’t want all of them to stay at her house longer.

Before she asked them to leave, a piece of shocking news struck her when Jacob spoke.

“It looks like you no longer care for your dearly only son—” Jacob’s voice hung in the air when he saw Emma gasp in shock, her face slowly pale.

Jacob continues, “You seem to understand what I mean, sister.” He stifled a laugh.

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, JACOB DONOVAN?!” Emma snapped, angry to hear Jacob suddenly bring her son into their conversation.

“What are you doing to him?” She pointed to her older brother, furious. “Jacob, if you lay a finger on my son, harm him. I promise you, I will kill you!” She started to feel worried, thinking her brother would really harm her son.

Jacob didn't bother hearing his sister's intimidating words. Instead of worrying, he felt amused to witness Emma lose her calmness and become angry.

"Relax, little sister. I won't do anything to my nephew as long as you tell me where Bella is." He smiled.

However, Jacob's friendly smile slowly faded as his expression became as cold as a glacier.

He said, "But if you refuse to tell me the truth, my people's hands might slip. Well, sis, you know my people are slightly foolish, right? They might break my nephew's leg or even injure his handsome face—"

Jacob Donovan crossed his hands over his chest and smiled happily. It was fun to see his sister's face now show fright.

Once more, Emma felt her blood run cold, imagining her only son being tortured. Just thinking about it was enough to make her feel suffocated. Her confidence suddenly crumbled, completely different from when she received a short message from Bella.

'Bella?'

Emma's eyes slightly lowered as she saw her cell phone. Another warm feeling swallowed her when she remembered Bella hearing their conversation.

She needed time for Bella to take action.

'If Bella finds out something happened here, she must know how to track my son, right?' Emma wondered.

The calm she had lost earlier slowly returned.

Slowly, Emma's confidence grew. She was no longer worried. Her gaze returned to her eldest brother, Jacob.

She didn't rush to respond to her jerk brother but stared back at him confidently.

"Jacob Donovan, you are the worst person I have ever encountered in my entire life!" Emma casually said; however, Jacob and the others almost vomited blood.

Instantly, countless questions bothered their minds;

How could she drastically change?

What happened to her confidence?

She didn't believe it?

Why? How?

After a few seconds, silence enveloped the air. Finally, Jacob spoke again, "Oh my, my little sister Emma, it seems you really want to see my nephew Liam paralyzed!?"

Instead of anger or fear, Emma laughed while waving her hand—a sign she didn't buy Jacob's words—to add fuel and make him speak more. She said, "Do you think I believe you? Jacob, I'm old enough to know whether you are telling the truth or trying to scare me!"

Emma needed to make Jacob reveal where he had detained her son so that Bella could hear him and send her people to rescue Liam. This was the only way she could help her son and ensure his safety.

Jacob Donovan started to get impatient talking to his slow and stupid sister. He cleared his throat while taking his cell phone before returning his displeased gaze to Emma.

"It seems like you underestimate me a lot, Emma. Fine. I will show that you are so stupid not to believe me. And to see how frightened your son is now," Jacob said before dialing a number to do a video call.

Emma didn't say a word. She smiled at Jacob even though inwardly, she felt like her heart was about to stop beating. She was too frightened they would not find her son, and her brother would really break Liam's leg or injure him badly.

"Don't regret and blame me if my people break Liam's hands or injure your son's pretty face, Emma." Jacob succeeded in adding tension to Emma's heart.

Emma tightened her fist. A shiver ran down her spine when she saw the video call finally connect.

It didn't take long for the fear she imagined to become real. Her evil older brother had indeed captured her son, Liam.

Emma saw her son sitting in a chair, tied with rope, and his mouth taped shut to prevent him from speaking. What made her almost lose her cool when she saw her son's eyes so red and tears still streaming down his cheeks.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!



### Chapter 378: Emma Is In Danger! (3)

Emma strongly wanted to give her evil brother a powerful slap but remained calm and managed to resist it.

She tried to take her cell phone to ensure Bella still heard them and did something to help her son. But, once more, she holds herself. She clenched her teeth, returned her gaze to the cell phone screen, and saw her son whimpering.

It looks like her son is trying to say something, but Emma can't hear any sound; the video call is turned off.

"Emma, now you believe me, right!?" Jacob's voice echoed, breaking the silence in the room. His upper lip lifted slightly to form a satisfied smile when he saw Emma's eyes radiating anger and fright staring at his phone screen.

A few seconds later, Jacob pulled back his cell phone. "Now you are the one who decides your son's safety. Tell me which one you choose, Bella's location or Liam's leg?" his icy tone returned.

Emma realized that Jacob had not yet disconnected the video call, and this relieved her; Bella had plenty of time to trace the caller.

After some time, Emma finally said something.

"So, you detained my son in his apartment?" Emma asked. She recognized the background where her son was sitting. It was Liam's living room apartment.

Jacob's mouth twitched upon hearing that Emma didn't take his words seriously. She even tried to guess where her son was.

He frowned, narrowing his eyes at her. He was trying to make sure whether his sister was too shocked, causing her brain to act up, or if she didn't care about her son's safety anymore.

However, Jacob found nothing after a few more seconds; his sister still appeared calm.

"Emma, this video call is still on. My people are still waiting for you to decide," Jacob said. "I will ask my people to torture your son if you don't speak now," he could no longer wait.

Jacob began to feel uneasy and suspicious when he saw how calm Emma was now, and the chance of her also stalling was getting more improbable.

"Brother Jacob, why are you in such a rush? Fine, I'll tell you..." Emma stopped her words when she saw all her brothers' eyes beamed staring at her. Well, at least she had their attention.

Jacob's heart raced; he was too happy to hear Emma finally willing to open her mouth. His method finally succeeded.

After turning off the video call, he ordered, "Little sister, you can speak now!"

"Relax, brother Jacob," Emma said as she took her cell phone, trying to maintain her casual expression. She didn't want to show her happiness when she saw the call still connected to Bella's phone.

When Emma saw a text message notification, she opened it, but Jacob interrupted her before she could read it.

"What the hell are you doing, Emma?! Are you trying to ask for help?" Jacob angrily asked. "It's useless, alright!"

Emma pretended to be surprised to hear Jacob's words. She looked at him with her innocent, confused expression.

"Didn't you ask about Bella's location?"

"Yes!"

"Why did you stop me?" Emma's voice sounded displeased. She tried to unlock her cell phone while continuing her sentence.

"I need to call Bella and ask her for her address. I don't know where she is right now. So far, I have only talked to her via text message. But because you stopped me, I won't be able to do that!"

Jacob and the others gasped.

"And you guys would be wrong if you thought I went to the capital to meet Bella or Natalie," Emma said. "They're not foolish to meet me when they know you might send people to follow me, right?"

Emma didn't hesitate to reveal what they were up to. She still remembers that when she left East City last week, Jacob could have followed her if it hadn't been for Bella's arrangement to help her.

Immediately, the expressions of all her brothers turned sour upon hearing her words.

However, they couldn't argue because what Emma said was true. They tried to follow her but failed. Either their people were really stupid, or Emma knew she was being followed and was able to escape.

However,

Lucas Donovan suddenly burst into laughter. Three pairs of eyes were now looking at him, frowning.

“Go on, Sister Emma,” Lucas’s voice, previously sulky when talking to Emma, suddenly became friendly and gentle. “Go on, contact my daughter. And, please, don’t forget to tell me her new phone number after that.”

Emma almost laughed to hear Lucas’s words; she narrowed her eyes at him.

“Oh, dear Lucas, Bella never changed her phone number. Her number is still the same. She only installed a spam filter. Maybe your number is in the SPAM category!”

Emma’s words deeply wounded Lucas like a sharp dagger pierced his heart. He tried to respond but was unable to utter a single word. He was sitting there, shoulders slumped in annoyance, not knowing how to express his anger.

After successfully annoying Lucas, Emma smiled and turned to Jacob. “So, should I stop or contact Bella?” she asked curtly.

“Definitely contact her immediately,” Jacob replied. However, before Emma could do so, Jacob stopped her. Again!

“Emma, don’t tell Bella that we asked for her address. Just say you wanted to send her something,” Jacob instructed firmly.

“Of course, I won’t. How could Bella tell me her address if I said you asked for it?” Emma replied.

Jacob said nothing. He let Emma do as they asked. Then he turned to look at his brothers with a victorious smile, and they exchanged glances happily. Their plan was a success: luring Bella through Emma.

Emma checked her phone and was surprised that the connection had ended.

However, she found a text message from Bella:

“I sent someone to Liam’s apartment.” A wave of relief washed over her when she read Bella’s text.

Adding to her surprise, she realized Bella had sent the message fifteen minutes ago.

‘Liam, my son. Please hang in there! You will be fine!’

Emma quickly typed a reply message to Bella.

[Emma] Thank you so much. Please get in touch with me if you find him.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

## Chapter 379: Rescue Mission In the Capital City

Bryan parked his car in front of the apartment. Before Bella could get out of the vehicle, Bryan stopped her.

“Ma’am, please wait for me. Don’t go upstairs by yourself!” Bryan warned when he saw the impatient look in her eyes. He couldn’t let her go by herself, or he would get in trouble if his boss found out about their plans change.

“Hurry up!” Bella responded as she stepped out of the car.

Bella walked toward the main entrance and sent Stefan a series of texts. She needed him to do something to make her father and uncles leave her aunt’s house.

After sending her last instruction to Stefan, she saw Bryan’s broad and fast stride approaching her. She didn’t wait for him. Instead, she continued to walk inside the building, only stopping when approached by security before reaching the elevator area.

Bryan tried to confront the security guard. However, before he could act, Bella stopped him with her gaze.

He could only clench his teeth and looked sharply at the man before him as if wanting to convey his displeasure.

The security could feel the tension from the imposing man before him. Although worried that this man might become violent, he didn’t have a choice. It was his duty to check unfamiliar people entering this unit.

“I’m sorry, sir or ma’am, but you can’t enter this area if you are not the tenant—” The security guard’s voice slowly faded when he saw the woman raise her keycard and realized she was no threat. “Ah, I’m sorry, ma’am. You may continue,” he politely said and left.

Bella was grateful that earlier this morning before Aunty Emma left the hospital to return to the East City, she had given her Liam’s apartment card key. Aunty Emma asked her to provide the card key to Noora so that Noora could help Liam with general cleaning every two weeks.

She wasn’t sure if it was a coincidence that she had to visit her office today for a meeting with Harper and the others.

After dropping her mother off at the stone house, Bella didn't stay home for long. She just took care of her husband and son before leaving.

Shortly after leaving her house, she got an alert from the Sentinel Network's spotter, who was guarding her aunty's house, reporting the situation there.

Bella felt alarmed and tried to figure out how to help her aunt. After successfully contacting her aunt, she was shocked to learn that her evil uncle had taken Liam as a hostage.

Knowing how her evil uncle's mind worked, she immediately instructed Bryan to head to Liam's place. She felt relieved that Liam's apartment was only ten minutes from her car's location.

As they headed to the tenth floor, her prayers never stopped. She wished that those people had not harmed Liam. Otherwise, she would not show them any mercy.

It didn't take long. They were finally on the tenth floor, before Liam's apartment door.

Bella knew Liam's door password but didn't rush to open it. She was worried that the sound of the door opening would alert her father's henchmen inside.

She leaned closer to the door, trying to hear what was happening inside. A few seconds later, a half-smile slowly appeared on her lips when she could clearly listen to an announcer reading the news.

This is her chance. If she opens the door, the person inside will not hear because they turn on the television and set its sound so loud.

Before Bella opened the door, she glanced at Bryan, who stood beside her in alert.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, ma'am. But are you sure you don't want to wait for our backup?" Bryan asked. Even though there were probably only two or four people inside, he was worried that they had brought guns.

Bryan wouldn't worry if he was alone, but now his young madam is with him. He can't act rashly, can he?

"No need. We can handle them," Bella confidently replied, piquing Bryan's curiosity even more. He had only heard rumors about his young madam's fighting skills, but now he wanted to witness it himself.

However, reality hit him again; he couldn't take this situation lightly. His young madam's safety was his top priority.

“Alright, ma’am. You stay outside; I will take care of everyone inside,” Bryan said. This was the safest way to rescue her cousin without endangering her life.

Bella was left speechless.

“Wait for me over there, mam.” Bryan pointed a few meters away from the door. “Ah, do you know what his password is, mam? I mean PIN.”

“Bryan, I appreciate your concern for my safety, but you need to stop now,” Bella said with a smile. It was amusing to see Bryan trying to protect her.

She continued, “Well, I can take care of myself. There’s no need to worry about me.”

“But, ma’am, let me take the lead. You stay behind me,” Bryan insisted. “You can’t reject me, mam. Or your husband will kill me if he knows...”

“Deal,” Bella hurriedly responded. What Bryan said was true; Tristan might punish him.

Even so, inwardly, Bella felt the urge to vent her frustration at her uncle Jacob for what he did to his own family by torturing the gangster inside.

As expected, when Bryan slowly opened the door, no one noticed them.

Bella followed Bryan into the apartment and stopped in a hiding place to check the situation. She saw four tall, robust men in the room, seemingly enjoying the news while munching on apples and drinking soda. They all looked so relaxed like they were in the picnic area.

Her heart races when she finally spots Liam, still tied in the chair, with a deadpan expression. It worries her.

“Ma’am, you wait here, let me kick their asses.”

Bella couldn’t refuse Bryan this time. She could only say, “Go do it faster!” even though, in her heart, she felt reluctant to let Bryan fight alone because she also wanted to test her ability and vent her anger.

Bryan no longer stood beside her but moved quickly, shocking the four men in the living room. Before they could do anything, Bryan had already subdued them with his powerful punches and kicks, sending them into a miserable state, kissing the floor with their bones cracking here and there.

She blinked a few times, noticing how fast Bryan moved. Everyone was lying on the floor in just three minutes, barely moving.

However, before Bella could approach Bryan, she felt cold metal pressed against her head.

'Damn it!'

Bella couldn't help but curse, realizing they missed another gangster in the house.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 380: Bryan Was Shocked

'Damn it!'

Bella couldn't help but curse, realizing they had missed one more gangster in the house.

"Hey! Kungfu Boy..." A deep, hoarse voice echoed in the room, startling Bryan, who was about to continue torturing the gangsters on the floor. "Stop moving, or I'll send her straight into her coffin!" he threatened.

Instantly, Bryan's expression hardened when he saw a tall man clad in a bomber jacket with a tattoo on his neck pointing a gun at Bella's head. His expression looked calm, but his eyes were full of hate.

Bryan didn't obey his warning; he kept moving to help Bella, but the man shouted again.

"What the fuck! Man, if you move one step, I'll really pull the trigger, and her brain will splat on the wall!" He pressed the gun to Bella's head harder, causing her head to move forward.

Bryan halted, not wanting to endanger his boss's wife's life. He could only grit his teeth and look her in the eyes.

Surprise slowly flashed through his eyes as he observed how calm Bella was. He had expected her to be frightened or nervous, but she was not. Not at all.

"Don't move! I will take care of him!" Bella said without making a sound.

Bryan could read Bella's lip movements. Even though he was worried about the idea, he gave a slight nod after her orders.

"Raise your hands, lady!" the man snapped.

Bella slowly raised her hands to the level of her ears while glancing at Liam. She was dumbfounded by how frightened his expression was. His face had turned almost as white as paper.

'Geez, this kid needs martial arts training to make him less easily frightened,' Bella made a mental note to ask Geoffrey to teach him too.

"What are you doing? One more step, I won't warn you, but shoot her!" shouted the gangster.

Bella became alert and looked at Bryan. She was stunned to see he was already taking several steps forward, almost reaching her.

Not wanting to waste any more time, worried that the man behind her would really pull the trigger and blow her head off, Bella decided to make a move now.

With one quick movement, she turned while her hands cunningly stole the gun from the man's hand. The man was shocked to see her smooth and fast move and even more shocked when he saw he no longer held his weapon.

Staring at the woman in horror, he cursed, "Fuck! How did you do that!?"

Before the man had time to steal back his gun, Bella delivered a powerful kick to the man's groin and balls; in a mere second, a howl of pain echoed in the room.

The man's eyes blurred with tears as he clutched his groin; he didn't know whether his assets were still okay or if he would no longer be able to make love in the future.

The nameless pain between his legs was unbearable; he felt like someone had just set a fire there.

He stared at the woman in horror while holding the pain he felt now.

"Bitch—" The man's words stopped as Bella delivered another powerful kick to his chest, sending him flying several meters back, hitting the wall hard.

"CRACK!"

A loud sound of breaking bones could be heard, followed by the "THUD" sound when the man's large body fell to the floor. He curled up, crying in pain, trying to distract his mind from this nameless agony.

His howls were still loud and long, but the sound slowly disappeared when he saw the long-haired woman who destroyed his assets step towards him while removing the parts from the gun one by one so fast and throwing them on the floor.

He closed his eyes when the woman was only two steps away from him, hoping that this woman would not kick his groin again or his little brother would be unusable. But, a few seconds later, he heard her step past him.



The man opened his eyes only to see the woman walk toward the other room. He felt relieved while cursing himself for taking this assignment.

\*\*\*

While Bella checked the other room, Bryan, who witnessed what happened, was shocked beyond words.

He was frozen in place, witnessing how fast, powerful, and beautiful his young madam's movement was.

She only needed less than one minute to take care of the gangster. The gangster was almost double her height and size, but still, that man was in a miserable condition on the floor.

What shocked Bryan even more, was that Bella's expression remained calm after that; she now checked the other room to ensure no other gangsters were left.

"Bryan, stop looking at me like that!" Bella felt amused looking at Bryan's expression.

She ignored him and walked toward Liam. Before she helped her poor cousin, she said, "Call your people to clean up the mess here, and don't tell my husband."

Bryan snapped out of his trance. "Yes, Ma'am..." His voice stuttered, and he swiftly took his cell phone and made a call.

Seeing Liam's body shake, Bella smiled to reassure him that everything was alright now.

"Don't worry. You are safe; everything is fine," she said while removing the tape from his mouth.

Instantly, Liam's crying sound echoed in the room.

"S-Sister Bella, thank you..." he said amidst his tears. "Thank you for saving my life."

Bella didn't say anything in response to his thanks but continued to untie the rope after making sure there were no wounds on his body.

Later, she took out her cell phone and checked Stefan's progress to lure her father and uncles away from Aunt Emma's house.

She was surprised to see two text messages from him:

[Stefan] They all left.

[Stefan] Your Aunty is safe now. No worries.

A relieved smile slowly emerged on her lips as she typed quickly to ask what exactly he had done to lure her father and uncles away from there.

She was curious. It had only been ten minutes, but he had already succeeded in luring them all.

Waiting for Stefan to reply to her text, she turned her gaze to Liam again, "Can you walk?" she asked.

Liam nodded.

Chapter 381: She Need Permission

Liam tried to stand up but felt his knees weaken before he stood firm. He held the chair to stand up straight while smiling awkwardly at Bella.

"Maybe I'm sitting too long—" He said even though Bella didn't ask him anything.

"Alright, let me help you." Bella offered a hand. She led him to his room.

"Thank you, sis."

"No problem. Liam, change your clothes and pack your important stuff. Today, you will stay at my house. This place is not safe for you."

Liam was surprised to hear that but didn't reject Bella's offer. He agreed with Bella that this place wasn't safe anymore; he couldn't stay here after what happened today; a few men entered his house while he was sleeping.

"And call your mom, Liam. She is worried about you..." Bella continued when she saw him in a trance again. She became worried again that Liam might be traumatized.

"My mom... What happens to her? And sis, why did my uncle and your father send those people to capture me?" Liam asked, confused by this situation.

"Your mom is alright. I will explain the other things later. It's not safe to talk here."

"Hmm, ok. Thank you, sis." Liam smiled as he closed the door.

At the same time, Bella's cell phone vibrated. She immediately walked to a corner, stood by the window, and picked up Stefan's call.

“Hi, sister. Is everything ok there?” Stefan asked. His panicked tone didn’t hide his worry.

Bella felt sorry for telling him what happened to Liam and making him worry like now. “Yes. Everything is under control.”

“That’s good to hear, Sis.”

“Stefan, what did you do to make my father and uncles leave my aunt’s house so fast?”

Instead of answering, she hears Stefan laugh. She frowned.

“Well, I just sent them all an invitation.”

“What invitation did you send?” Bella asked. She began to suspect that Stefan was doing something peculiar.

“A Shareholders’ Meeting with an agenda—” Stefan stopped momentarily, trying to hear Bella’s reaction. However, after a few seconds, she did not respond.

He continued, “Replacement of the CEO and executive staff of the Donovan Group.”

Bella was surprised to hear that, but a moment later, she chuckled. No wonder her uncle left her Aunt Emma’s house because he knew his position was on the line.

She was excited to imagine that her uncle Jacob would soon lose his position, money, and everything he had.

“So when will the event be held?” Bella asked again, happy with the progress Stefan arranged for the Donovan Group.

“Tomorrow!”

Bella was utterly shocked. She didn’t expect Stefan to arrange such an important meeting tomorrow.

She planned to do that not tomorrow but next week. She had not yet prepared anything, especially for handling her father; she needed to meet her lawyer first.

“Are you kidding, right?” She asked.

“Ugh, Sis, sorry if I didn’t discuss it with you first, but that’s the only thing that can scare your father and uncles. So—”

Bella could understand Stefan’s intention, but the problem was that she wasn’t prepared at all.

She must prepare many documents, especially the divorce papers, to give to her father. She will force him by any means necessary to sign the papers when they meet because her mother needs them.

“Calm down, sis. I’ve prepared everything. You only need to appear at the meeting and crush them all.” Stefan explained.

“Are you sure?” A frown slowly appeared on her forehead.

“Yes. Sam will fly there today to prepare everything. So, tomorrow morning, you will fly with Leo and Harper. Ah, our legal team will also support you.”

Bella smiled upon hearing that.

“Well, sis, you don’t need to worry; I’ve discussed everything with Harper and Leo. Well, actually, they were the ones who suggested all this.”

“Ok... Ok, I understand,” Bella said. If Leo and Harper step in, she’s cool with it. She could rely on them both. Now, she must talk to her husband to get permission to fly to East City tomorrow.

Bella was worried that Tristan would leave his office work again and follow her to East City even though he had already been on vacation for a week.

After Bella talked to Stefan, she glanced at Bryan, who walked toward her with a card in his hand.

“What is that?” She asked when Bryan showed her the card.

“Keycard. And apartment keycard. They could access this building with this.”

Bella was shocked.

“I see. Are they tenants in this building, too?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“What the hell!!!?? So they have been staying here all along to spy on Liam?”

“That’s what I heard from their leader when he begged me to spare his life. Your uncle paid them handsomely to spy on Liam for the last two weeks.”

Now Bella understands. Why did her uncle know that Aunty Emma had met her? They are already suspicious that she is staying at the hospital. But, because Tristan's people heavily guard the hospital, they may be unable to enter to confirm it.

Bella could only smile bitterly for her neglect. She completely forgot about Liam and allowed her uncle to discover her whereabouts.

She sighed deeply before she asked Bryan about the backup they needed to clean up this place.

"They arrived and are heading here now." Bryan paused, reluctant to continue his words, worried his madam would scold him.

"What is it?" Bella asked. She could see the stress in Bryan's gaze.

"Ma'am, you should leave this place now. Someone will pick you up and drive you to your office. I will stay here to make sure everything is under control."

Bella glanced at Liam's bedroom before returning her gaze to Bryan. "Please bring my cousin to my house. Let him stay at my mother's stone house."

"Sure, ma'am."

After Bella briefly talked to Liam, she immediately left Liam's apartment.

She was surprised to see one of Tristan's people, whom she was familiar with, waiting in the elevator and escorting her to the main entrance.

However, before she could step out, she spotted a familiar car. She was speechless as she glanced at the man beside her.

"Who told him?"

Chapter 382: Is He Angry?

"Who told him?" Bella asked.

The man looked confused before he answered, "Bryan!"

Bella couldn't help but curse Bryan in her heart while walking quickly toward the car.

Before she reached the car, the window rolled down, and she saw Tristan looking at her with a smile gracing his lips.

"Wife, I think we should hurry..." he said calmly and gently, but Bella could see the worry in his eyes.

She sat in the passenger seat, buckling her seatbelt before returning her attention to him.

“Hubby, would you mind explaining why you came here?”

Tristan didn’t answer her question but focused on the street ahead. He glanced at her after their car left the apartment area and hit the road.

“Where do you want to go, hon? Home or office?” He asked, evidently hoping he could avoid answering Bella’s question.

“Office—” Bella answered. She felt worried now because she could see Tristan’s mixed emotions flashing through his eyes.

Knowing Tristan was mad but couldn’t express it, she let him calm down first; she knew he was angry because he worried about her safety.

Silence hung in the air for a few more minutes.

Before long, Bella finally broke the silence, “Tristan, you can’t be angry with me. Please don’t assume that this is my fault. Rescuing Liam was a must.”

Tristan nodded but said nothing.

“And I’m not hurt. Not a single scratch. So you don’t have to worry. Bryan perfectly did his job of protecting me,” Bella reassured him. “So... my darling Husband... if you consider punishing him, I’m sorry, but I strongly disagree.”

Tristan quickly glanced at her as their car stopped at the traffic light.

“I’m not angry with you, but with your family. I have offered to handle them, but you always refuse. You have to remember that they are evil, my love. You can’t be soft with them; most importantly, you can’t waste time. Deal with them faster before they come up with new schemes to harm you, Dax, or your mother.”

Bella silently took a deep sigh. She could not refute his words because what he said was true; she understood his worries.

She knew she didn’t put much pressure on her uncle and father, causing them to act even more evil.

However, today, after learning about her uncle’s use of force to capture Liam, she regretted not having resolved her family problems sooner.

“Thank you, Tristan, for your reminder,” she smiled at him. “I know I’m so wrong right now. Maybe because lately my mind has focused on my mother’s health, I have slightly forgotten my scheming family.”

Tristan chuckled at hearing how she addressed her family as a ‘Scheming Family.’

“It’s fine as long as you know this is important and must be dealt with immediately. To stop them altogether or any one of them from trying to harm you.”

“Hmm, that’s why I must fly there to do my next plan...” Her eyes beamed as her plan for tomorrow started dancing in her mind.

Bella was thrilled; she couldn’t wait to meet her Uncle Jacob and father. She will kick them out of the company.

“That sounds good, dear. When are you flying?” Tristan asked, hitting the gas pedal again.

“Tomorrow—”

“What? Tomorrow?” Tristan was surprised to hear that. “Why that fast?”

Bella was speechless. Didn’t he earlier encourage her to deal more quickly with her family? Why does he look so shocked now?

“Yes, tomorrow. Why do you look shocked?” Bella chuckled when she saw him frown while his hand gripped the steering wheel tightly.

“Hubby, you are the one who asked me to deal with them faster; why do you seem reluctant to let me go there?” Bella playfully asked.

“I just didn’t prepare myself; you will fly there tomorrow.”

Bella slowly raised her hand and played with his hair. She explained her plan to hold a shareholder meeting and to replace her uncle and all his people from the company.

Not long after, they finally arrived at Bella’s office. Tristan didn’t return to their house but stopped by his office. He also needed to take care of something.

\*\*\*

When Bella arrived at the nineteenth floor, she saw Leo standing in the elevator waiting for her. He didn’t let her out of the elevator but joined her to go straight to the 20th floor.

"I thought we would meet in my office. Why did you lead me to your house?" Bella glanced at him suspiciously.

Leo didn't bother to explain as the elevator door finally opened.

Bella was surprised to see Harper and Stefan standing there, looking concerned and worried. She could only smile at them as she stepped out of the elevator.

"Oh girl, I'm sorry about your aunt and cousin. Everything alright now, right?" Harper took Bella's hand and led her to the living room.

"Yeah, everything is alright. My cousin is fine, and my aunty, too. Well, thanks to you, Stefan..." Bella said while gently tapping his shoulder.

If not for Stefan's quick act to lure her uncle out of her aunty's house, maybe her uncle would still be there bothering her aunty or even harming her.

Stefan laughed, scratching his head, "I do my best to help you, sis. Oh, right, how about the person your uncle sent to detain your cousin?"

"Tristan will handle them. We don't have to be involved," Bella said. She finally allowed Tristan to help her because she would only focus on taking over the Donovan Group.

"Good to know that. Hope your Hubby will teach them all."

Bella sat on the single sofa, looking at each of them in turn. She felt guilty because her family affairs involved them all, even though this had nothing to do with their company.

"Guys, I thank you for your help with my personal matters. You have my utmost gratitude. I will repay you all in the future..." Bella promised.

"Geez, Bella...you're not among strangers here. And your family is our family, too. No need to feel like you owe us or trouble us." Harper casually responded while smiling at her.

"Yeah, Bella. I'm also glad to help you. No string attached." Leo chimed in.

"I'm your little brother," Stefan said. "Of course, I should help you. I would be ashamed if I didn't."

Their comforting words were enough to warm Bella's heart. She said nothing but smiled gratefully at them before they started to discuss their plan for tomorrow.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!



Chapter 383: Carrying Family Burdens  
After dinner, Bella goes to her mother's house.

She needed to meet Liam and inform her mother about her plan to fly to East City the following day.

As Bella is about to enter the stone house, she is surprised to hear her grandfather calling her from behind. She stops and turns to see him, noting his stiff expression. Despite the limited light, Bella can see his unhappy and upset gaze.

Her heart races, and she can guess why her grandfather looks annoyed now—he has already heard about what happened to Aunt Emma and Liam.

Silently gulping, Bella waited for him near the door.

"Hello, my dearest Grandpa. What brings you here? Do you want to see my mom?" Bella's smile widened as she greeted him politely, trying to lessen his anger.

But after a second, her Grandpa's expression remained the same.

"Grandpa, did you know? It's cold, and the night wind is bad for your health. Let's go inside and talk..." She urges him to follow her.

However, Isaac Donovan didn't follow Bella. Instead, he stood in his place with a frosty expression, staring at her, showing an old man's unhappy feelings.

She could only halt her step and smile awkwardly at him while glancing at Nick, trying to find any clue, but as usual, Nick couldn't offer anything but a smile at her.

"Why did you ask your cousin to stay here instead of at my house?"

Bella chuckled inwardly. Her guess was right. Her grandfather was upset because of that matter.

Well, she has a reason for not telling him about the incident. She worries that her Grandpa will fly back to East City, scold all his sons, and ruin her plan for tomorrow's shareholder annual meeting.

Her smile slowly faded as she explained earnestly, "Grandpa, I'm sorry if you are angry because of that. But it would be best if you didn't bother with it. I want to settle the company matter first before telling you."

Isaac shook his head, confusing Bella.

“Oh dear Bella, I know about that. I am only concerned about Liam. You can’t ask Liam to stay here. Did you forget that your mother’s house is too small to keep one more person!?” he asked.

When he saw her eyes waver, he knew this girl must have forgotten. He couldn’t help but smirk.

Bella was stunned. She didn’t think about that when she asked Bryan to bring Liam to this house. And her Grandpa was indeed correct; there were only two bedrooms here, and her mother and Aunt Noora already occupied those rooms.

‘Sigh! How could I forget about it?’ Bella can’t help but scold herself while grinning at her Grandpa.

Before Bella could say anything, Isaac walked.

“Let’s get inside and talk,” he said, gently patting Bella’s shoulder before he entered the house.

Bella hesitated to enter the house immediately, taking a deep breath as she glared at Nick, standing a few steps away from her.

“Why did you tell him? I was planning to inform him tomorrow...” She was sure that Nick had told her grandfather about Liam. Who else could it have been?

Nick smiled at Bella, politely responding, “Miss, don’t blame me. I’m not the one who informed the old master about Liam.”

Bella doubted Nick’s claim. Her grandfather rarely visited this area, so it seemed unlikely that he would have encountered Liam.

“If it wasn’t you, then who was it?”

“Miss, it was Dax—”

Bella’s realization stopped Nick mid-sentence. She had completely forgotten about her son. Of course, he would tell his great-grandfather about Liam.

\*\*\*

When Bella entered the living room, she saw everyone already settled there.

She was relieved that Liam was no longer as stressed and frightened as when she rescued him.

Her mother also looked healthier than before, which warmed her heart. She felt at ease leaving her mother the following day.

Bella halted when she heard her Grandpa asking Liam to stay at his house.

"You can't stay here, Liam. I have plenty of empty rooms in my house; you can follow Grandpa and stay there from now on..." Isaac said firmly.

However, Liam hasn't answered yet. Instead, he looked at Bella as if to ask her opinion.

At the same time, Isaac Donovan also looked at Bella with the same expression he had before he entered this house.

Bella silently swallowed, knowing her Grandpa was right. "Liam, what Grandpa said is right. You should stay at his house. There is no room you can use in this house."

She settled beside her mother and continued, "I'm sorry, Liam. I asked Bryan to bring you here instead because I forgot this house only has two bedrooms." She said softly.

Liam nodded at Bella, "Hmm, thank you, sis."

Natalie smiled bitterly at Bella's words, apologizing for something she didn't need to do.

She turned to see her daughter, stroking her back as if to give her whatever strength she had to keep her strong and cheer up.

Since moving into this place, Natalie had witnessed Bella carrying so many family matters on her shoulders. This caused Natalie to feel worried and sad for her only daughter. Not only does her daughter deal with her family matters, but she also has to deal with Tristan's family.

Just imagining what her daughter endured broke Natalie's heart, especially when she couldn't do much to help her.

Natalie could only try her best to help lessen her daughter's problems by hiding in this place. She didn't even want to go out; she was worried that Lucas would find her and add to the source of Bella's headaches.

But Natalie was furious this afternoon when Emma called her and told her everything that had happened in East City.

She wanted to fly back there, meet Lucas, and end her life in front of him so he wouldn't have to ruin Bella's life again. She knew her stupid and evil husband would never stop until he achieved what he wanted.

Squeezing Bella's hand tightly, with teary eyes, Natalie looked at her beautiful daughter, confusing Bella when she saw her mother suddenly looking gloomy.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 384: Revealing Her Plan

"Bella, my daughter," Natalie's voice trembled. After briefly pausing, she continued, "I'm sorry to have you carry all our family matters on your shoulders. You work hard to settle your father and uncle's mess."

Bella was stunned to see her mother's tears rolling down her cheeks.

"My daughter, don't tire yourself with their mess. Don't carry this burden by yourself. If you need my help, please tell me. I promise you I will try to help. Even my help might be useless, but I will do anything for you..."

Natalie's words shocked Isaac Donovan. Instantly, feelings of guilt filled his heart. He was not as sensitive as Natalie, who could understand Bella's feelings.

How could he allow her to take care of his family's mess alone and without his help?

Isaac clenched his hands into tight fists, remembering the terrible things his sons had done to Bella and her mother.

He felt useless because he was not strong enough to stop them, and his sons continued to try to hurt Bella and her mother.

His shoulders slowly slumped, his hands clenched tightly into fists, feeling even more guilty for scolding her earlier.

"Bella, I need to ask for your forgiveness," Isaac's voice was similar to Natalie's, shaking as if holding back the mixed emotions raging in his heart. "Because of my useless sons, you and your mother have to suffer so much—"

As soon as Bella heard the direction of her grandfather and mother's conversation, she was at a loss for words. The atmosphere in the room suddenly turned gloomy.

"Grandpa, Mother, please, let's not talk about it now," Bella interrupted them from talking about the sad things. She didn't want to cry now, especially since Liam was with them.

Natalie and Isaac said nothing, but their gaze still carried the same feelings: sadness and blaming themselves for Bella's troubles and sorrow.

"Why do you both even say things like that? I'm fine. Really, I'm fine. This matter will be over soon. This time, I won't show them any mercy!"

She smiles, but a fierce determination to crush someone flashes through her eyes, surprising Isaac and Natalie.

For a few seconds, the room became silent.

All eyes were on Bella, waiting for her to share more details about her plan.

“So, Mom and Grandpa, no need to worry about my father and uncles in the East City. Tomorrow, I’m going to fly there—”

“You what?” Natalie was shocked. She grabbed Bella’s hands, causing her to stop speaking. “Bella, please don’t go there. They will harm you. Your father...” Her voice trembled, and she was scared to imagine Bella meeting her father.

Bella felt a mix of amusement and happiness when she saw her mother looking so worried about her. She was happy because it showed how much her mother cared for her, and she was amused when she saw her mother panicking, knowing she would meet her father.

“Mom, it’s fine. My father won’t harm me. I mean, even if he wanted to, he wouldn’t have a chance to do that, trust me. Besides, did you forget who my husband is?” Bella said.

Natalie’s grip slowly loosened as she remembered Tristan. Indeed, no one could harm her daughter if they knew she was Tristan Sinclair’s wife. Slowly, her worry faded, and she smiled back at Bella.

“Mom, you know why I need to meet him sooner, right? I need to give him your divorce papers,” Bella said with a smile as she noticed her mother’s eyes widening. “My father needs a wake-up call to stop looking for you...”

Natalie was even more shocked to hear this. She had already thought so many times about how to file divorce papers for Lucas Donovan, but she didn’t know where to start. She was also worried about asking Bella because she has been so busy lately.

Bella smiled when she saw her mother looking confused and worried.

“Mom, don’t worry. I’ve already prepared everything: the lawyer and the paperwork. You only need to sign it; you don’t need to meet my father!”

Natalie felt her hand turn cold at the thought. She didn’t believe that Lucas would quickly agree to sign the papers. She was afraid that he might refuse to let her go. She knows him so well.

Leaning closer to her daughter, Natalie whispered, “Bella, I am worried about your father. I don’t think he’ll readily agree to divorce me. I know how his mind works.” Her voice sounded shaky.

Bella suppressed a smile upon hearing her mother's concern. She squeezed her mother's hand before replying in a hushed tone.

"Don't worry, Mom. Trust me, I have a plan. I plan to make Dad sign the divorce papers right away! If he chooses a legal battle, he'll definitely lose and end up in jail, trust me."

Natalie was stunned. She pulled her head away from her daughter to see her expression. When she realized how serious Bella was, her heart swelled with warmth.

"Thank you..." Natalie said silently.

Bella could read her lips. She responded to her mother with a faint smile.

...

Even though Bella and Natalie spoke hushedly, Isaac Donovan could faintly hear what they discussed. He was also concerned about his granddaughter's confrontation with Lucas.

"Bella, are you sure you can handle your father?" Isaac asks, wanting to ensure Bella won't get hurt.

She turned towards her Grandfather and nodded, "Yes, Grandfather. I have my own way to get him to sign the divorce papers."

Isaac didn't ask further about it. He only reminded her, "Make sure you bring someone with you when dealing with your father. He is temperamental."

"I know," Bella replied. She wasn't afraid of her father; she could subdue him with a single move with any difficulties.

For safety, Bryan and Sam will be with her; at least, that's what Tristan asked for. He allowed her to fly to the East as long as Sam and Bryan protected her, and she gladly agreed.

They continued talking.

This time, Bella told her Grandpa about her plan to hold the Shareholder Meeting with the agenda of removing Jacob Donovan as CEO and her father from the COO position and replacing them with her most trusted people.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

## Chapter 385: The Largest Shareholder

After a few minutes, Natalie still showed concern in her eyes, worrying that her daughter would fly there alone to face her evil father and uncles. She didn't want her daughter to be in trouble.

Isaac finally could smile again. He did like her plan to take over Donovan Group from his useless sons.

"Bella, I will fly with you," Isaac said. "I will help you teach all of my useless sons. They are messing with your life, so they deserve heavy punishment."

Bella, "..."

"Grandpa, I can handle them alone. You don't have to tire yourself flying back to the East City. Just stay here and wait for the good news."

Isaac Donovan chuckled as he shook his head and refused her.

"Oh, my dear, did you forget I'm also a shareholder in the company? Even though my share is small, I have a right to attend the shareholder meeting, right?"

Bella, "..."

"But, Grandpa, I can—" Bella had not yet completed her words; Isaac interrupted her.

"Nick, why haven't I received any notification about the meeting?" Isaac Donovan glanced at Nick in the corner.

"S-Sir, there's no information about the meeting from the company. Should I call Archy to ask about it?" Nick responded.

Isaac Donovan didn't answer to Nick but turned his gaze at Bella. "My dear Bella, can you explain why this old man didn't receive the notification?"

Bella saw Grandpa seriously asking for an explanation. She could only sigh deeply.

She couldn't explain that she had asked Stefan not to send any info for her grandfather.

\*\*\*

Next Day at the Donovan Group.

Jacob Donovan's expression appeared dark, and his anger became more evident as he saw the man sitting before him. If this man were not his father's best friend's son, he would have fired him long ago.

Only his sister Emma has the audacity not to follow his commands, and he finds that very frustrating when this man also never agrees to his plan.

“Archy! Who asked you to arrange the annual shareholder meeting without my consent or even consulting me?” Jacob roared, no longer caring if a few shareholders were already in the room.

Since yesterday, he has been trying to contact Archy. Archy, avoiding unnecessary confrontation, deliberately turned off his cell phone and has been unable to reach him until now.

This frustrates him because he cannot avoid the official shareholder meeting. He might be replaced or kicked out of the company if he doesn’t show up.

“Archy, we know you work here because your father has a special connection to my father. But you can’t do something like this,” Lucas said, expressing his concern.

Lucas heard rumors about his position being at risk for replacement, which greatly worried him. He has barely slept since last night, thinking about this matter.

Everyone in the room, mostly Jacob’s supporters, is now glaring disapprovingly at Archy.

How dare he suddenly organize a Shareholder Meeting with an agenda to remove the current CEO? They still need Jacob Donovan’s help to keep this company from going bankrupt.

Archie placed his pen on the table and straightened his gray-dark suit. Calmly, he looked around the room at all the shareholders.

His gaze finally landed on Jacob Donovan, who sat at the head of the table. Archy smiled at him before answering him:

“Mr. Jacob Donovan, as the general affairs director of this company, it is my duty to conduct this meeting. If you don’t have time to attend, that’s fine. You are free to leave,” Archy said politely, but Jacob, who heard that, felt insulted.

Jacob gritted his teeth, his sharp eyes enough to make all the people in the room shiver, but not Archy. He calmly returned his gaze before looking at his cell phone, checking something.

The room suddenly became silent. No one spoke when they saw Jacob’s face turn red.



After a few more minutes, Thomas Donovan finally said, "Who asked you to arrange this meeting?"

Archy slowly raised his head to look at Thomas Donovan. "The new biggest shareholder in this company," Archy said, shocking and silencing all of them.

"Who?"

"We have a new shareholder? We thought it was Bradley Caville?"

"No, didn't Jacob have the largest share?"

"Emma? She is the one?"

"No. Emma doesn't have much to share...."

"It's possible if Old Donovan gives his share to Emma..."

The news somehow shocked everyone in the room and made them discuss it hushedly almost simultaneously. The number of hushed discussions makes Archy able to clearly hear them. He said nothing but silently continued communicating with someone over his cell phone.

Jacob was still in a trance, too shocked to realize that their company had a new shareholder. He was too focused on finding a way out so the company could survive in the last few months, and dealing with the media distracted him from this critical matter.

He glanced at his two siblings. Jacob could see they were also shocked and curious about their company's largest shareholder.

Countless questions and plans now danced in Jacob's mind.

He hoped that if he combined his shares with his sister Emma, brothers, father, and Bradley Caville, they would still be the majority shareholders, so the new biggest shareholder couldn't kick them out of the company's management. Take over this family company.

Jacob wouldn't let this company fall into someone else's hands without a Donovan behind their name. NEVER!

The door suddenly opened before Jacob could ask Archy who the largest shareholder was.

Everyone was surprised to see Emma with a tall man following closely behind her. They had never seen this man before, which raised their suspicions.

“Sister Emma, you finally arrived,” Thomas greeted her happily. Still, his eyes were fixed on the man sitting behind Emma in the secretary’s row.

“Emma, you hired a bodyguard?” Jacob chuckled, realizing his little sister must have been traumatized.

“Hahaha...” Lucas laughed upon hearing Jacob’s words. “Oh, sister...no need to worry. Everything will be fine if you agree with us in this meeting.”

Emma didn’t mind her brother’s insulting words. She didn’t glance at them at all. Instead, she fixed her gaze on Archy.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 386: The Shareholder Meeting Finally Started

“Are we still waiting for someone?” Emma casually asked. “Can you start the meeting, Archy?”

“Ma’am, we are still waiting for a few people. We will start the meeting in five minutes. If they don’t appear, we will start.”

“Alright...” Emma smiled back at Archy and took out her cell phone, ignoring all her foolish brothers.

After a short while, the door opened once more. Instantly, the tension in the room dissipated. Jacob and the others looked delighted to see the person they had been waiting for finally arrive.

“Bradley, you’re finally here. Come, sit next to me,” Jacob said, standing up from his chair and gesturing for Bradley to take the seat on his left after asking Lucas and Thomas to move.

“Brother Jacob, Lucas, Thomas...” Bradley politely shook hands with all of them. He noticed Emma sitting before him and gave her a slight nod.

“Will your father attend?”

Bradley’s question surprised Jacob. He also didn’t know whether his father would come or not. However, he was sure his father wouldn’t attend because he had never attended their shareholder meeting.

“No, he’s still in the capital,” Lucas explained. He clearly knows his father won’t come here again even if this company closes.

“I feel bad for you guys,” Bradley expressed his sympathy. Jacob and the others didn’t utter any words, but their expressions clearly showed their hatred for their father.

“Archy Taylor,” called out Jacob Donovan loudly, surprising everyone. “You may start now. The person who called for this important shareholder meeting seems to be running late.”

Archy didn’t rush to respond but glanced at his watch; there was still one minute left until the set time.

Still, he started worrying about the person who requested this shareholder meeting. Wanting to ask Emma’s opinion, he looked at her, but she shook her head slowly; she was also clueless.

‘Why isn’t Bella here yet?’ Emma wondered.

She began worrying that Bella would have difficulty getting to this place or worse. Someone might have tried to stop her from coming. Still, a few seconds later, she dismissed her worries because, based on the latest information she received, Bella had landed in this city.

“Archy, you may begin now,” Jacob urged Archy to start the meeting. “The person who requested this seems to have forgotten about the agenda,” he said with a smile, happy that the meeting would end before it even started.

Archy checked his watch once more. After verifying that the time was ten, he stood up from his seat, walked to the corner, and stood on the small podium.

He politely greeted all the Donovan siblings and four other shareholders, including Bradley Caville.

“Ladies and gentlemen, before we start the main agenda, I would like to begin with the report about the updated percentage of company share ownership...”

The projector hanging from the ceiling turned on and flashed the company logo on the wall behind Archy.

“As you know, our company has experienced many problems in the last few months, causing our share price to plummet to its lowest price since the company went public. Many shareholders are selling their shares, including a few people in the room, leading to significant changes in share ownership.”

Archy paused for a few more seconds to see almost everyone in the meeting room looking tense. They were all waiting to reveal the new shareholder.

The atmosphere turned icy as Archy continued speaking with little expression.

“Based on the latest data we received yesterday, you can see the breakdown of the company’s shareholders on this slide,” he said, pointing with the clicker.

Camellia Capital: 37.5%

Emma Donovan: 15%

Isaac Donovan: 11%

Bradley Caville: 10%

Jacob Donovan: 5%

Lucas Donovan: 5%

Archy Taylor: 4%

Thomas Donovan: 1%

Others: 1.5%

Public: 10%

The whole room was shocked to see a complete shift in the shareholders' positions.

Emma was utterly speechless as she watched all her brothers sell their shares. She remembered that her father had given her a smaller share (15%) compared to her brothers (20%). Still, now even her younger brother had only 1% left.

She couldn't help but look at Thomas with a pitiful gaze. She couldn't believe her younger brother was so foolish to sell all his shares.

'Did he use his share to pay someone to bail him out of the police station?' she wondered.

"Everyone, this is the current update about our shareholder," Archy said, pausing when Jacob Donovan raised his hand. "Yes, Mr. Donovan?"

"Who is Camellia Capital?" Jacob Donovan asked. He was unfamiliar with the company and had never heard of it in their city or country.

"I cannot provide details about Camellia Capital as representatives from the company will be attending later to address their specific agenda."

Archy's statement startled Jacob Donovan. Despite his initial belief that the person in question wouldn't show up, Archy's confidence now concerns him, and he starts to feel worried again.

“Whoever this person is, they’re being rude! How can they request a meeting and then fail to show up?” Bradley, who had remained silent for a while, finally spoke. “Even though I only have a 10 percent share in this company, I still have a say in whether this meeting should be canceled.”

“I agree with Bradley that Camellia Capital’s behavior is rude. Do they realize that their share is only 37.5%? If we all unite, they won’t be able to replace the executive position, right?” Lucas added.

Instantly, Jacob’s self-confidence rose again. His younger brother was right; their position was safe as long as they were united.

“Gentlemen, no worries. That person will—” Archy’s voice stopped again as soon as the door opened.

“Father?” Lucas was shocked to see his father appear, and Nick trailed behind, looking worried.

Everyone stood up from their seats.

“Father, why didn’t you tell us you were coming?” Jacob said while offering his chair to his father, but Isaac Donovan waved his hand to refuse. He sat beside Emma, looking at all his sons in return, but said nothing.

“Uncle Isaac, glad you finally came,” Archy greeted the elder with a slight nod.

“Yes, thank you, Archy. You can continue. Don’t mind me—” Isaac Donovan smiled gently at Archy, ignoring his useless sons.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 387: Bella Finally Arrived

“Yes, thank you, Archy. You can continue. Don’t mind me—” Isaac Donovan smiled gently at Archy, ignoring his useless sons.

Archy proceeded to explain the agenda for today’s selection of the company’s new CEO and the management reshuffle. However, before he could finish his explanation, another person interrupted him.

“Excuse me, Mr. Taylor...” Bradley interjected, prompting Archy to pause and look at him.

“Yes, Mr. Bradley Caville, you may speak.”

“Why do we need to change the current CEO? Is it necessary? Besides, who are the candidates to replace Jacob Donovan? We don’t have a strong candidate now.”

Bradley glanced at Jacob with a smile before addressing everyone in the room.

“What the company needs now is to discuss and act on how to handle this situation. How can we escape from this suffering? We still need Jacob to work hard to return the company to being the number one company in this industry. Right, Uncle Isaac?”

Isaac was utterly speechless after hearing Bradley’s long explanation. Still, even after his lengthy speech, he offered no solution—no wonder this company was going bankrupt. Not only are his sons unable to work, but they are also friends with this kind of businessman.

The company has been struggling for months, but they still haven’t found the right solution to deal with it. How stupid!

Seeing his son’s expression confirm Bradley’s sentence, Isaac feels regrets coming to this meeting.

After taking a deep sigh silently, he turned his gaze to Bradley Caville.

“Well, young man, don’t ask me. I’m an old person. You guys, young people, should know what is best for this company,” Isaac said gently, even though, in his heart, he regretted attending this meeting.

Later, Isaac tries to dismiss his regret and focuses on his reason for coming here: to witness his granddaughter punish his ungrateful sons.

Jacob and the others frowned after hearing Isaac’s statement and his reluctance to get involved in this critical situation.

He wanted to express his frustration, but all his words stopped on the tip of his tongue. He needs his father to vote later if the Camellia Capital people insist on replacing him and taking over the company management.

“Father, we understand,” Jacob said gently. “There’s no need to worry. But later, we need your help to vote to stop other people from replacing us, the Donovan Family, from this company management—”

Jacob deliberately emphasized the Donovan Family so their father would not be confused.

Isaac Donovan said nothing but smiled at Jacob.

As no one else was speaking, Archy took control of the discussion.

“Mr. Bradley Caville, I understand your concern, but we need to continue with the meeting agenda,” Archy politely responded to Bradley Caville, who expressed his displeasure with a glare.

However, before he could continue, Lucas Donovan interrupted.

“Come on, Archy... we should end this meeting. Can’t you see that the person who requested the motion to change the CEO isn’t here—” Lucas Donovan’s voice abruptly stopped when the door swung open. He was stunned, and almost everyone in the room had the same expression.

Instantly, the room became lively, with everyone talking in hushed tones to the person beside them, glancing at the newcomers.

“Who is she? She looks familiar and beautiful.”

“She’s the old Donovan’s granddaughter, right?”

“Oh, you’re right. I remember now. She is Lucas’s daughter, Arabella.”

They all gasped in surprise at the sight of the girl, who was now even more beautiful than they remembered. It was as if they saw a heaven goddess visiting their office.

Bradley Caville felt his blood rush to certain parts of his body when he saw the woman he had dreamed of becoming his wife standing not far from him.

His heartbeat races, but he doesn’t dare to blink, worried that the girl he dreamed of will vanish from sight.

‘So beautiful and alluring,’ Bradley Caville whispers under his breath. ‘I will make sure you become my wife. Pretty Bella, I will not let you go,’ he vows with a sinister smile.

While Bradley was busy looking at Bella with his sultry thoughts, Lucas was shocked beyond words to see someone he had been looking for the past month finally appear before his eyes: his good-for-nothing daughter.

“Bella—” Lucas whispered her name, too surprised to see her appear here in their shareholder meeting.

Standing up from his seat, he wanted to drag her out to scold her, but his feet stopped when he saw several people following her into the room. They looked foreign. What surprised him was that all of them looked noble.

Lucas tried to signal Bella that he wanted to speak to her, but she did not even give him a slight glance, which confused and angered him. His hand clenched into a tight fist when he saw her approaching Emma and his father.

Before Lucas could call his daughter's name, however, she had already walked to the opposite end of the table and sat casually facing Jacob. A few people who had come with her were also sitting on her left and right sides as if they were part of this private shareholder meeting.

As soon as Bella sat down, the room fell silent. Nobody spoke, but their eyes clearly showed confusion.

Bella completely ignored their curious gazes. She deliberately didn't look at her father and uncles.

She looked back to see Archy Taylor, still standing on the small podium, looking at her with the same expression as other people in the room.

Bella smiled at him, "I'm sorry, Uncle Archy. I came late. You can continue the meeting..." She sincerely apologized to him. Because she deliberated, she didn't enter the room immediately but waited for the right time.

"A-Arabella? Bella...?"

"Yes, uncle," Bella smiles before continuing. "I represent Camellia Capital," she says softly enough for only Archy to hear.

Archy was shocked beyond words. He knew Camellia Capital was related to Emma Donovan. Still, he didn't expect that the company was actually associated with Arabella Donovan, the little girl he usually saw when he visited Old Donovan's house.

He nods with a smile, and after clearing his throat, he reads his cue card once more, now in a louder and more enticing tone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let's continue the meeting."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 388: The Shareholder Meeting Result

Jacob felt uneasy when he saw Bella unexpectedly enter the meeting room. He interrupted Archy, stating, "As the General Affairs Director, I expect you would be aware that this meeting is restricted and invitation only, Archy! This is really disappointing!"

Upon Jacob's remark, almost everyone in the room nodded in agreement, showing their disapproval of Archy.



Turning his attention to Bella, Jacob questioned, “Only shareholders with voting rights are allowed in this room. Why have you permitted her to be here, Archy? I don’t remember she was invited!” Jacob asks without shifting his gaze.

Bella lowered her head, hiding her smile. She was tempted to reveal her involvement but decided against it for now.

“Yes, Mr. Taylor, this is a private shareholder meeting, not a family meeting.”

“Agree!”

“Yes, I agree too. Maybe young Miss Bella could wait outside after this meeting finishes.”

“Excuse me, Gentlemen. For your information, Ms. Arabella Donovan has every right to be here, to attend, and to participate fully in this meeting. Because she has a share, she actually—” Archy’s words faded when he saw Bella signal him not to reveal yet that she represented Camellia.

The room erupted with conversation as everyone shared their thoughts on the new information they had just received.

“Wait, she has a share? I don’t believe you.”

“Under what name? Why didn’t we see her name on the list earlier?”

“Oh, she bought shares publicly?”

“Hahaha, no wonder her name wasn’t visible.”

“Everyone, I would appreciate it if you could keep your voice down!” Archy’s voice was much louder and fiercer, and it worked to silence the room. Some of the attendees lowered their voices, and the rest stopped speaking.

He continued, “I believe everyone here agrees this meeting will take forever if everyone tries to voice their opinion out loud.”

Archy’s last statement managed to quiet everyone. Then, their attention was fixed on him as he discussed the main agenda: to decide whether the current CEO of the Donovan Group would be replaced, which would be done through voting according to their shares.

Although no one said anything, the tension in the room grew, especially for Jacob and his group, who exchanged silent glances and worried about the vote’s result.

“Let’s begin the voting process,” Archy said, motioning to two of his secretaries standing in the corner.

Shortly after, a male staff member approached Archy, carrying a white box, and stood beside him. At the same time, a female staff member distributed ballot papers to all meeting participants, including Bella and one of her friends.

Thomas Donovan, observing Bella, frowned upon noticing that Bella and her friend received two ballot papers.

“Alright, ladies and gentlemen, you now have your ballot papers. Please make your choices wisely. My staff will collect the papers in three minutes. You may begin now,” Archy said, smiling at everyone. He also received a ballot since he holds a 4% share in the company.

The room became noisy again as Jacob discussed the vote with Bradley.

Bella only took a few seconds to write down her choices. Without waiting, she immediately called the staff carrying the box to put her ballot paper, which surprised Jacob and the others.

Harper, who happened to sit beside Bella, also finished her paper. She then followed Bella to submit her vote.

Jacob Donovan chuckled inwardly when he saw that Bella had finished making her choice. He didn’t feel worried if Bella didn’t choose him because he knew her vote wouldn’t make a significant impact.

He speculated that Bella had come to the meeting as a stock market shareholder. Her share might have accounted for less than 0.1% because the company’s stock market shares comprised only 10%.

However, Jacob was concerned about the woman next to Bella. He suspected that she was from Camellia Capital.

Nonetheless, he wasn’t too worried because even if they combined their shares, they couldn’t oust him from company management if all his family supported him.

‘Wait, father? Emma?’ Jacob turned his gaze to them. He was surprised that both had already completed their ballot papers and called the staff to submit them.

“Father, Emma, have you chosen as I said?” Jacob asked, worried that they would betray him.

Emma opened her mouth to say something, but Archy's voice stopped her, "Gentlemen, you have one more minute or your vote won't be validated."

'Damn Archy Taylor! You are really annoying!' Jason cursed in his heart. He quickly wrote down his choice and returned the ballot paper to the staff, followed by Bradley and the others.

Tension filled the room as they waited for Archy and his team to prepare for the vote count.

Later, Archy stood next to the whiteboard and started opening the ballot papers in the box.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have twelve ballots, and I will start to count..."

Camellia Capital: 37.5% (Agree)

Emma Donovan: 15% (Agree)

Isaac Donovan: 11% (Agree)

Bradley Caville: 10% (Disagree)

Jacob Donovan: 5% (Disagree)

Lucas Donovan: 5% (Disagree)

Archy Taylor: 4% (Abstain)

Thomas Donovan: 1% (Disagree)

Layman: 0,5% (Disagree)

Hill: 0,5% (Disagree)

Steward: 0,5% (Disagree)

Public: 0.09% (Agree)

Jacob was shocked to see the result. His eyes narrowed at Emma and his father; he couldn't believe they betrayed him.

He could understand if Emma did it because of what he did to her son yesterday.

But his father? How could he do that!?

“Father? Why do you agree? Do you really hate this company for letting others with whom you share no blood ties care for our family company?” Jacob couldn’t help but express his anger. He couldn’t stand it anymore, feeling humiliated.

“Father, even though you are angry with us, how could you give this family company to someone else?” Lucas Donovan also expressed his annoyance.

Lucas knew he would also lose his position as COO of this company.

While his two older siblings were busy expressing their feelings, Thomas noticed his niece Bella conversing earnestly with Archy. This raised his suspicion. ‘Is she the owner of Camellia Capital?’ he wondered.

Before Thomas wanted to ask, Archy spoke again.

“We have the results of today’s voting. As you can see, more than 50 percent voted to agree to replace the current CEO,” said Archy calmly. “Because of this result, I will hand the meeting chairman, or chairwoman, to Camellia Capital. For Camellia Capital rep, time and place are now yours...”

“Thank you, Uncle Archy, for your hard work,” Bella said with a smile, then turned to her uncles and father. It was fun to see their shocked expression.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, let me introduce myself. I am Arabella Donovan, the representative from Camellia Capital.”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!