

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 401 – 420**

Chapter 401: Finally, Bella Meets Lucas Donovan (3)

Lucas Donovan agreed with Bella. He realized that Henry had never faced any hardships and had started his career from a privileged position. Henry had joined the company with various advantages and quickly rose to become the General Manager of one of the company's branches.

As a result, Henry became arrogant towards his subordinates and lax in his work. Under his leadership, the office had become the worst-performing branch in the company.

"I won't interfere with whatever you want to do, Bella. And there's something I—" Lucas paused, hesitant to express what was on his mind.

Bella frowned, waiting for her father to continue his sentence.

After a few seconds passed, he didn't say anything else, as if his sentence was finished, even though she knew it wasn't.

She secretly took a deep breath, debating again with her heart, 'Should I add to the burden on him about the divorce that my mom wanted?'

"Bella, about your mother. I heard from your grandfather that she has cancer. Can she be cured? Can I meet her?" Lucas' sudden question surprised Bella.

She narrowed her eyes at him, her hands in her lap clenched into tight fists. This was what she wanted to talk about: her mother's matter.

However, listening to his last question somehow flared her annoyance. Her mother won't meet him because she is still dealing with trauma.

After a few moments of silence, trying to find the right words to say, Bella finally began to explain to Lucas about her mother's illness and the recent surgery she had undergone.

Lucas was shocked beyond words upon hearing this. He felt even more blame himself upon learning about it.

"I am so grateful to hear that her surgery went well. I hope she will regain her health again," Lucas expressed, his eyes filled with happiness, knowing that Natalie had made it through the critical period.

A faint smile slowly appeared on Bella's lips before she responded, "Even though her surgery was successful, she is still suffering from trauma."

"Trauma?" Lucas inquired.

"Yes, my mother is dealing with serious trauma. After so many years of being married to you, she has been living in a delusion. She always thought she was happy being married to you, but she realized it was not the case, and it was too late..."

Bella paused, looking at her father for a moment before revealing why her mother refused to meet him.

"She has trauma meeting you. And my mom has decided to file for divorce. She's already prepared the divorce papers for you to sign."

Lucas Donovan suddenly sat up straight as if struck by lightning. He was shocked to hear that Natalie, his wife, wanted a divorce.

'How could she ask for a divorce?'

He clearly remembered that Natalie had never said those words before, even after their big fight, except for the last time they fought.

Until now, Lucas never imagined that Natalie would dare to leave and divorce him. But now, hearing from Bella that Natalie wanted a divorce, he immediately got goosebumps.

Lucas' eyes reddened as he looked at Bella. He was still trying to hold back the anger that was starting to tear his heart apart. His hands were clenched tightly until his knuckles turned white.

"Bella, I won't force your mother to return to me. But please tell her I will not divorce her either. Your mother will become my last woman..." Lucas Donovan said firmly.

After hearing her father's refusal, Bella couldn't help but vent her frustration inwardly. She had already imagined this.

"Father, please," Bella sighed deeply before continuing, "If you don't sign the divorce papers now, then you will face her in court. And I guarantee you will lose."

Lucas' forehead slowly furrowed, and his eyes radiated emptiness and sadness as he looked at his daughter. He said nothing.

"I have strong evidence that you often had sexual relations with younger women when you were still married to my mother. That evidence will not give you a chance to win in court. So, Father, please just sign the paper. This is to protect your good name and reputation."

“Bella, you—” Lucas lost his words again. He was too embarrassed to hear that his daughter had proof he slept with other women.

‘How can she get the evidence? Did the woman I slept with betray me?’ Many questions made Lucas even more afraid and embarrassed.

However,

Despite all the evidence, he didn’t want to let go of Natalie.

After a few more seconds, he said, “Bella, you can do anything. And it’s fine if you bring this case to court.”

Lucas’s calm smile spread across his face, shocking Bella with his calmness and refusal.

He continued, “As for the humiliation I will get when all that evidence is exposed in court, I don’t care anymore. I really don’t care about my reputation...”

Bella felt like her heart was about to stop hearing his words.

“Excuse you, are you... really, Lucas Donovan, my father?” She couldn’t help but voice her doubts. Talking to this man, she felt puzzled.

Lucas Donovan laughed. As his laughter subsided, he said, “Of course, I’m your father. Why are you thinking I’m not?”

“No, you are not. Your attitude is so different! The father I know would be angry, flip the table, scold me, or show any harmful attitude now. But you are the opposite of my abusive and evil father,” Bella paused, her eyebrow wrinkling even more as she looked at her father’s smiles.

“Are you perhaps someone else who has taken over my father’s body...?” Hearing her own sentences that didn’t make sense at all embarrassed Bella. But she had no other choice but to question it.

Once again, Lucas’ laughter echoed in the room. He seemed amused by Bella’s words.

“I’m your father, Bella. Well, I can understand if you are confused by my attitude now because I’m also confused,” he said as he shrugged and paused for a few more seconds to take a deep sigh. “I only feel that my life no longer has meaning once I know what happened to your mother—”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

## Chapter 402: A Successful Surprise!

Bella said nothing, but her displeased gaze made Lucas continue to explain more.

"I promise you. I will not force your mother to return to me. I also will not force you to marry the man I choose. You are free to do anything you want, my daughter."

He smiled before continuing, "As for my reputation, power, and wealth that I always pursued in the past, all of that means nothing to me now... It brings nothing but sadness to me now. I just want to leave this all behind; maybe that way, you and your mother won't feel scared and traumatized anymore if you see me."

Bella was increasingly puzzled hearing her father's words. Just as she was about to end the conversation because he refused to sign the divorce papers, something suddenly crossed her mind.

'Oh my God! No way...' Bella muttered under her breath while gazing in shock at her father as she began to understand what he was trying to say.

A rush of anger flooded through her as she imagined the possibility of what her father wanted to do. If her suspicions were true, she would definitely be angry at him.

"Father!" she called sharply, unable to conceal her anger. "Are you trying to end your life...?" she narrowed her eyes as she saw how confused he looked. "No!?"

Lucas Donovan was confused by her question, 'Why did Bella assume that!?'

Before Lucas wanted to clarify, Bella continued her words with the same angry tone as before.

"Don't you dare do that, Father! It's a cowardly thing to run away like that. If you truly want to earn our forgiveness, you should stay alive and fight harder to gain my mother's respect! My respect! Repent for your past mistakes for the rest of your life. That is the best thing for you to do now. Don't ever think about ending your life."

Bella couldn't hide her anger anymore. She hated this man, but she also didn't want him to die quickly. She wanted him to live longer and repent for the sins he had committed in the past.

Lucas Donovan was taken aback by her words and found her shocked expression amusing. He wasn't sure if he should be happy about her reaction since she seemed not to want him to die. He tried to suppress his smile, not wanting to upset her further.

After clearing his throat, he said, "Bella, my dear daughter, I never considered ending my life. Please don't worry too much." He smiled at Bella. "I'm sorry if I scared you."

"Who's scared? I just don't want you to die prematurely because death would be too easy for you, father!" She wanted to say that, but all her words stuck in her throat.

After she felt calm, Bella voiced her confusion, "Why do you sound like you have given up on your life and are even willing to disgrace your reputation."

"I told you before that I feel like my life has no meaning now. Hearing your mother ask for a divorce hit me hard. I thought that if I disappeared or stayed away from your lives, it would make you both calm and not feel threatened and embarrassed because of me."

Bella was relieved to hear his words. She realized she had been worrying for nothing.

"So, you want to live in a remote place? Become a monk?" Bella asked. The thought of her father living in the mountains and becoming a monk felt strange to her.

"Yes, I choose to live far away from you and your mother to give you both freedom, but I won't become a hermit. I'm just nobody trying to repent his dark and sinful pasts." He smiles. Bella, I promise you, I will no longer be a burden to you and your mother."

Lucas Donovan's voice trembled; it sounded sincere because what he said now was coming from the depths of his heart. He could only do this to keep his family away from his evil side, isolate himself from the world, and punish himself for his sins.

"You are really selfish, Father!" Bella said, annoyed. She preferred he sign the divorce papers rather than run away from his problem. "Can you just sign the divorce papers? Let my mother free?"

"Oh, Bella... I'm sorry, but I can't. God forbids us from getting a divorce. I won't do that!" He said firmly.

Bella was left speechless by his excuse. Since when does this man remember God in his actions? How shameless!

Despite her efforts to ask him politely to sign the paper, her father still refused.

She wanted to force him, but seeing how determined he was, she decided to speak to her mother before opting for a particular action.

Bella decided to leave. She didn't want to linger, wasting time listening to her father's plan to become a monk or whatever he wanted to do with his life.

However, Bella still left the paper and asked him to sign it and bring it to her hotel if he happened to change his mind.

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After leaving her father's office, Bella stopped to meet with Archy Taylor. They discussed the agenda for tomorrow's internal meeting.

Bella then left the building with her team just before sunset.

They will stay at the Sinclair Hotel, occupying the top floor to ensure effective communication and security. Tristan arranged this to prevent any potential threat from Jacob Donovan during Bella's stay in the city.

When Bella arrived at her bedroom, she was surprised when the door swung open and saw Tristan standing there to welcome her.

"Oh my God, Tristan, why did you come here?"

Bella didn't expect to see him in her hotel room because when she flew here this morning, there was no slight clue that her husband would follow her and meet her today.

"Dad? Is that Mom..." Dax's curious voice could be heard from inside. Making Bella even more surprised.

"You also brought our son?" Bella widened her eyes, looking at Tristan, who now stifled a smile, looking lovingly at her.

"Mrs. Sinclair, why do you look so shocked?" asked Tristan.

Before Bella could answer, Tristan pulled her hand and embraced her tightly.

"You didn't like that we're here?" he asked, closing the room door.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 403: Dax's Plea

Bella looked up to meet his gaze.

"Of course, I'm happy because I wished you and Dax would be here, but I didn't expect you guys to fly here." She said while narrowing her eyes on him.

Tristan loosened his embrace and gently pinched her blushing cheeks, "My pretty wife, have you ever heard the word 'SURPRISE?'"

Bella frowned slightly, wondering, 'Why did he suddenly ask me about that?'

“Well, this is a surprise event for you, dear. Alright, let’s go inside,” Tristan said, trying to distract her. He led her to the living room to join their son.

“Mom, don’t scold Dad, please. I’m the one who gave him the idea to fly here to surprise you,” Daxton said, trying to help his father when he saw his mother seem angry at him.

Looking at how adorable her son was, standing from his seat while his eyes beamed looking at her, Bella instantly forgot her annoyance because Tristan came without notice.

She released Tristan’s hand and rushed to approach Dax.

“Baby, I didn’t scold your daddy. I’m only talking casually to him,” she said while squeezing her not-so-chubby son’s cheeks.

After Bella hugged her son, she continued showering him with a kiss on his cheeks before finally sitting beside him.

Bella couldn’t hide her excitement at their presence. The fatigue she felt after a day of confronting her father, uncle, and several corrupt directors in the Donovan Group slowly faded away, and her mind and heart relaxed again.

“Really, mom!? But why did I see your eyebrows wrinkled!?”

Bella raised her hand and touched her eyebrows. Smiling, she explained, “I’m not angry. Instead... Mom, so glad to see you and your Dad here...”

Despite her explanation, her son still doubted her. Bella couldn’t help but laugh inwardly.

“I wanted to ask you and your Daddy to accompany me, but I worried your Dad would miss work again. He’s been off for a week to accompany us at the hospital. I’m afraid your Dad’s boss will scold him if he asks for another day off...” She said randomly while glancing teasingly at Tristan.

Bella smiled at him, amused by his expression; Tristan shook his head as if he disagreed with her words.

“My dear wife, you should start accepting the reality that your hubby owns the company, and no one dares to scold him.”

Bella said nothing but grinned before leaning closer to her son, who was now focused on his iPad, playing a coding game Max assigned him to solve.

“And your husband can work from wherever he wants, so you don’t have to worry about that,” Tristan continued, causing Bella to shift her gaze to him.

She narrowed her eyes on him and asked, "So, are you done with your work, Mr. Sinclair?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've just finished my meeting before you arrived. And now I feel hungry. It looks like we need to go out to find some good food. Can you show us a good place to eat in this city?"

Tristan didn't ask his staff to prepare dinner because he wanted to date his wife in her hometown. This was his first time in this city with her.

Bella was surprised to hear Tristan's words. She sat up straight to check her watch. It was indeed almost dinner time.

She didn't have a plan to go out tonight. Earlier, she had planned to soak in the bathtub, relax her mind, and order room service from the restaurant while gossiping with Harper all night.

"Tristan, I will call Harper first. I need to cancel my plan with her," she said while taking out her cell phone.

"You don't have to call her," he said.

Bella's hand paused mid-air before she pressed Harper's number.

"Sorry to say, but your friend might now have fine dining in the restaurant with Dylan and a few of my staff," Tristan explained. He had already arranged for Bella's friends to enjoy fine dining. He didn't want her friends to bother them.

Bella remained silent but shook her head in disbelief. She was astonished by Tristan's ability to always be two steps ahead of her.

Dax's pleading voice suddenly interrupted them when they gazed lovingly at each other.

"Dad, can I skip dinner outside with you and Mom? I made plans to meet Uncle Gael. Please, Dad, I don't get to see him in person much. I'm worried I will miss seeing Uncle Gael if he returns to Fort City tomorrow..."

Bella frowned. She was surprised to hear that Stefan had also come to the city. How could that be?

"Baby, Uncle Gael didn't come with me. He's still in the capital," Bella clarified.

"Mom, Uncle Gael is staying in the room next door," Dax explained. "He came with us, and Uncle Gael already promised to play with me after dinner."



Bella was stunned to hear that.

'Since when was Stefan so close to Tristan? He's even flying with them without saying anything to me?' Bella wondered, narrowing her eyes at Tristan. But later, she realized something.

She shifted her gaze to Dax again, asking, "Baby, did you ask Uncle Gael to come here?"

Dax innocently nodded his head.

"Yes, mom. I thought it would be fun to meet and play with him again. When I asked him if he had time to fly to East City and visit you, he agreed immediately."

Bella, "..."

"Mommy, are you mad at me because I asked Uncle Gael to visit you?" Dax asked worriedly.

Bella was speechless. She ruffled his silky hair.

"Of course not, baby. How could Mom be angry with you? Okay, you can play with Uncle Gael after dinner. You don't need to follow Mom and Dad to eat out..."

Bella didn't dare bring her son outside, or someone would secretly photograph them.

"Thank you, Mom." Dax smiled at her before turning his gaze to his father. "Dad, have fun on your date."

"Thank you, buddy! I will buy a lot of ice cream for you."

Bella smiled at Dax, but inwardly, she couldn't help but vent her anger to Stefan because he had not informed her about his arrival in this city.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 404: Their First Date

Bella and Tristan left the hotel not long after.

Tonight, Tristan deliberately didn't bring a driver or bodyguard, as usual, because he wanted to spend his night with Bella alone.

However, Bella felt worried when she saw him driving in the middle of a busy road. They were driving alongside office workers returning home, and the street looked busy.

She glanced at him several times, wanting to express her worries, but failed. A few more minutes passed, and they finally stopped at the traffic light.

“Hubby, you should have used a driver,” Bella said, glancing at him concerned. “The roads are still buzzing with cars; I thought we would encounter traffic ahead.”

“It’s fine,” Tristan said, glancing at her while fixing her hair. He smiled lovingly at her.

He continued, “I want to spend this night with you—just the two of us. Besides, this is my first time driving you in this city. I want to create new memories for you to cherish.” Then his hand slowly slipped down to caress her cheek gently.

Bella said nothing but smiled as she felt her heart swell. But it didn’t take long before she thought bitterly when memories of their early married days danced in her mind. Her husband had never once come to this city with her.

‘Come on, Bella, stop remembering those sad parts of your life. Cherish the memories now. Just think the old Tristan already died long ago.’ She tried to cheer herself up, putting aside her bitter memories.

“What do you want to eat?” She asked, trying to distract her mind.

“Whatever you like, dear...” Tristan playfully answered her. “I will be your driver tonight, Ma’am. You are free to order me around.”

Bella chuckled. She was confused about choosing the place to eat. Even though East City was her home base, she didn’t have many memories of this place.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Sinclair, but I’m also unfamiliar with this city. I didn’t spend my youth here. I don’t know many good places to eat or hang out,” she said, looking out the window.

She watched the streets grow busier, with many cars passing and people walking on the sidewalks. This was unfamiliar to her, as she rarely encountered traffic after moving to a remote area in northern Sweden.

And their house in the capital wasn’t situated along busy streets like these.

The car moved again, and Tristan focused on driving as Bella tried to recall enjoyable places to visit in the city.

Before long, their car reached Riverside.

Bella remembers enjoying visiting Riverside when she was little. This river reminded her of the Hangang River in Seoul, which she often saw in Korean dramas that she recently watched with her mother and Aunt Noora.

“Tristan, let’s spend some time at Riverside. We can stroll in the park and grab a bite to eat at one of the food stalls or restaurants there,” Bella suggested but hesitated when she remembered it was a public place and worried they might be recognized.

“Of course, dear,” Tristan replied. He promptly changed direction and soon parked near the river in the public parking area.

“Let’s go!” said Tristan, excited to see a public place he had never visited. However, he was confused when he saw Bella, seeming reluctant to step out.

“Hubby, do you have a cap?” Bella asked while looking around. She could spot a few people walking in the park.

“A cap!?” Tristan asked, confused. “I think there’s no cap in this car. Why are you suddenly asking? Do you want to wear a cap!?”

When he saw her shake her head, Tristan became even more confused.

“Wife, it looks like something out there is stealing your attention. What is it?” he asked.

Bella tore her gaze away from outside and turned to see him, but she was stunned when she saw Tristan lean closer to her, his line of sight focusing outside.

She didn’t answer him; instead, she asked him to wait. “Please wait in the car. I’ll be right back,” she said before opening the door.

Tristan furrowed his brow when he heard her order.

Before he could ask for an explanation, Bella exited the car. She walked toward the row of stands selling various items a few meters from the parking lot.

“What is she doing?” he muttered softly. Soon, a faint smile graced his lips as he realized what his wife was doing.

Suddenly, something crossed Tristan’s mind. He immediately took his cell phone and sent several short messages to Dylan.

“Well, my wife, it’s about time,” Tristan felt a thrill as he turned his gaze back at her.

His smile widened when he saw her walk back to the car and later give him a black baseball cap.

“Do you want me to wear this?”

“Yes, I don’t want anyone to recognize you. I’m worried someone might secretly take our picture and upload it on social media and the internet,” Bella responded while wearing the baseball cap to hide her face.

Even though she knew no one would recognize her, she didn’t want to wake up in the morning and find her face appearing on any gossip news portal.

Tristan didn’t say anything, but he found it amusing to see her worry. He smiled while wearing a baseball cap as they walked hand in hand along the river away from the parking lot.

The temperature around the river was quite pleasant, and not many people walked with them there, which lessened Bella’s worry. She tried to enjoy their intimacy in a public space, which made her heart race again, and she liked it so much.

“Why are you worried someone might know about our relationship and publish it? Are you still not allowing me to announce it?” he asked casually.

She looked up to meet his gaze and was surprised to see his gloomy expression.

“Hubby, I...” Somehow, Bella couldn’t bring herself to answer him. She didn’t know, but she was still uncomfortable if anyone knew they were married.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 405: Let’s Restart Talking About Our Past

Tristan smiled faintly when he saw her reluctance to answer.

“Maybe you forgot, but you promised me you would agree to announce our relationship once your matter with your father and family was resolved. And I think it has been resolved. Right?”

“Mmm. I haven’t forgotten about it. I still remember my promise crystal clear,” Bella responded.

“Uh, I’m glad to know that, but...” Tristan said. He squeezed her hand gently and immediately stopped, causing Bella to halt her steps as well.

They both faced each other while locking their gaze. She waited for him to continue his words.

“We should announce our marriage to the public, Bella. I don’t want to hide our relationship anymore. I don’t want to hide my love for you from the public much longer,” Tristan expressed earnestly. “Your family matter is already resolved; you don’t have to worry about anything else, right?” He tried to convince her.

Bella felt tension inwardly when she heard Tristan ask to announce their relationship. She knew this would happen sooner or later but still felt nervous.

“Why are you so rushed to announce it? I feel quite happy with our life now without explaining our status to anyone.”

“Because my jealousy grew stronger. Well, you can’t blame me. This is because you are so pretty and adorable; I’m worried someone might steal you from me.”

“Pft!” Bella stifled a laugh hearing his cheesy lines again. “Oh, please, Mr. Sinclair. No man out there would like a mother plus one.”

Tristan fixed her baseball cap before responding, “My pretty wife, even if you are a mom plus ten, still, many men would adore you and queue to get your attention.”

Bella was at a loss for words. She narrowed her eyes on him before saying, “Alright, you can announce it...” She had no choice but to agree.

“Thank you,” Tristan said, pulling her into his arms and resting his chin on her head. His broad smile couldn’t hide how happy he was.

He whispered lovingly, “I will announce it naturally; you don’t have to feel nervous.”

Bella didn’t say anything but smiled, hearing how excited he was. She wanted to tease him, but her growl surprised them both.

“I’m sorry, my dear wife, for making you hungry,” Tristan said, releasing his embrace to meet her eyes. “Let’s go,” he said, and they continued to walk to the nearest restaurant.

“Tristan, have you visited a place like this?” She glanced and looked up to meet his gaze.

“This is my first time visiting a place like this in our country. But I have eaten in public places like this several times in several countries,” he tightened his hand on her. “Why, do you ask?”

Bella already guessed it. Tristan had never visited this kind of place in their country. It’s amusing now because he is willing to accompany her.

“I’m afraid you’re not used to it and feel uncomfortable.”

Tristan smiled while placing his hand on her shoulder and pulling her close.

“As long as my beautiful wife is with me, I will feel comfortable wherever she takes me.”

Hearing his flirty words, she felt like a butterfly fluttered inside her. Bella shook her head while walking ahead, leaving Tristan behind. He chuckled while running after her.

Before long, Bella finally spotted a famous burger chain restaurant near their place.

She suggested, "Let's eat grilled burgers. That place looks clean and new, with few people around."

"Grilled burgers? Sure!"

"Hubby, have you eaten this kind of food?" Bella asked. She worried he had never eaten this cheap burger from an ordinary fast food chain.

"Of course I have! Well, it looks like you never checked my business kingdom. Food and beverages are among them," Tristan said.

Bella frowned, hearing his ambiguous words. But a few seconds later, she realized what he was trying to say.

"No way! Is this fast-food chain under your company?"

Tristan didn't answer her; he only flashed a meaningful smile and entered the restaurant.

Not long after, the two of them sat near the glass wall facing the river. Their table was full of burgers, fries, and sodas.

While enjoying their dinner, they talked about many things. One topic Tristan was now curious about was her youthful life. When he was an ungrateful snob husband in their first years as a couple, he knew little about it and never cared about it. Now, he wanted a new start.

"Wife, I know I have been selfish and never cared about you in the past. So, let's restart, agree? Let's begin with your story in this city. You said you didn't spend much time in this city?"

"Wow, Mr. Sinclair, how nice and thoughtful of you. Agree! Yes, I spent most of my youth in the capital. You know I went to high school and studied there, right?"

"Hmm, yeah. That I know."

"I only spent my adult life in this city briefly. And every school holiday, I prefer to spend my vacation at Old Donovan Lake House, my grandfather's house, in Lake Village.

Mostly exiled myself from the crowd. So I don't have many happy memories in this place."

"Uh, I see," Tristan was quite surprised to know about it.

"Okay, now your turn. How about you? What's your story?" Bella asked.

"Well, since elementary and middle school, I have been in a private school. And just like you, I also spent time abroad. I only returned when I finished college and finally started to work and took over the Sinclair Group..."

Bella nods; she is well aware of it. In fact, she remembered when she asked, and Tristan had answered it indifferently. Bella was glad how much change Tristan had been with his answers and attention.

"We are a bit different, you and I; after completing my master's degree, I didn't immediately return to our country. I spent a year living in New York, where I was busy establishing a business," Bella explained.

"So, did you meet Harper and the others there?"

"Yes, we all attended the same college for our master's degrees. During that time, Jack and Harper approached me and asked me to join them in building the RDF Group."

Bella smiled as she remembered when two wealthy kids from New York had invited her to become the founder of their company.

"They have been very kind to you, Bella. If you don't mind sharing, how much money did you invest to become one of the founders of RDF Group?" Tristan asked. He was curious because he knew Bella didn't have family support to invest in RDF.

"No, not a single cent. They gave me a share without me investing money. They thought my skills were essential to the company. As their token of appreciation, they gave me substantial shares," Bella said proudly.

Tristan is increasingly proud and amazed by his wife. But that's not all he felt. He also felt regret, knowing how much opportunity he lost when he ignored Bella and her potential for his business empire. They both continued to talk until they finished all their food.

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After dinner, they strolled by the river like any other couple in the park. They talked, hugged, and kissed when no one could see them.

Bella felt like she was back in her early teenage years.

Even though she didn't have a boyfriend then, she always dreamed of having one.

When Bella met Tristan for the first time, she felt the same way—madly in love—but Tristan's response was not as she had dreamed. He just plainly okayed her feelings and acted indifferently.

Now, Tristan has changed for the better. He responded precisely as a teenage Bella dreamed, and she felt blissful...

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 406: She No Longer A Threat  
A few hours before, at Fort City.

In one of the Class 1 prisons on the border of Fort City and East City, Laura Kiels felt reluctant to leave her cell and head towards the dining room. If she could choose, it would be better to skip today's dinner. Unfortunately, it's a jail, and she no longer has the freedom to choose anything here.

This was her third time having dinner in this damned place since being transferred from the police detention center.

While detained to wait for her trial, Laura realized it would be tough. Still, unlike the Police Detention Center, Laura didn't like this prison. Her cellmates had tortured her since she arrived. She asked the officer several times to be relocated to another cell, but they refused.

Now, she had no choice but to endure it while hoping her trial could be expedited in two weeks.

Laura Kiels struggled to avoid drawing attention from other prisoners, as her face was well-known in the facility.

She kept her head down while walking and focused on a table in the corner.

However, she heard someone faintly call her name, "Laura, over here. Come, sit with us!"

The familiar voice sent a shiver down her spine, bringing back the trauma she had experienced since arriving in this place.

She stopped and looked toward her five roommates sitting not far from her, waving and inviting her to join them.

Laura clutched her food tray tightly as she walked toward them, her teeth gritted. She maintained her smile though she cursed them all in her heart.



“Pretty Laura, why aren’t you eating much?” one of the women with a black rose tattoo on her wrist asked in a caring tone.

“I’m still full, sister,” Laura answered weakly. She lowered her head and began to eat her corn soup and bread.

“Oh dear, you look so thin. Come, eat some more,” the woman said, pouring more soup into her bowl and placing another piece of bread on top. This caused Laura to halt and look up at the woman beside her.

Laura felt the urge to scold the woman for being rude. Still, when she saw her overbearing smile and intimidating gaze, she felt as if the woman was silently warning her, “Refuse me, and you will be cleaning the toilet all night!”

Laura said nothing and forced a smile in response. She lowered her head and continued to eat.

Soon, dinner ended, and they all returned to their not-so-big room. The room had six neatly arranged beds, no air conditioner to cool the summer heat, and only a fan hanging from the three-meter ceiling.

Laura had a bed in the corner opposite the small bathroom. She struggled to sleep at night when all her roommates were asleep. The dimly lit room made it difficult for her to relax.

Before long, she felt her heart beating faster than usual, and her mind couldn’t stop racing.

‘Why do I feel like this?’ Laura Kiels mumbled while slowly taking a deep breath, trying to calm her heartbeat. She dared not move, worried the other women would scold her again.

She just lay there in silence, trying to close her eyes.

However, Laura felt her heartbeat continue to beat faster, and her breathing was getting shallower. Her hands squeezed her clothes while trying to catch fresh air to fill her stuffy heart, but still, she felt suffocated.

“Help... Help...” Laura Kiels tried to shout, but shockingly, she couldn’t make any sounds. She felt as if all her words were stuck in her throat.

“Please help...” she shouted again, trying to wake up. However, she was frightened when she realized she couldn’t move her hand.

‘What is happening? Why do I feel like I suddenly had a stroke? No... this is just a dream. Or it’s a nightmare? NOOO...’

Laura tried to force herself to wake up, but she failed.

Everything happened so fast that all she could see was darkness. Slowly, the fan whirring on the ceiling could no longer be heard.

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A few hours later,

Marco was seated on a single sofa in a dimly lit room somewhere in Fort City, in a grand villa at the city border, surrounded by tall pine trees.

As he listened to his men's reports, a satisfied smile appeared on his lips. He tapped the iPad screen with his index finger, producing tense sounds.

'That woman will die tonight,' Marco thought.

He didn't rush to respond; instead, he gazed away from his men and stared at the lonely moon in the dark sky. Now that he knew Laura Kiels was no longer a threat to him, he pondered his next move.

After a few more minutes, Marco gazed at the two men across from him.

His calm expression still graced his handsome face as he asked, "Did you guys clean up your tracks neatly?"

Marco didn't want the police or whoever investigated the case to trace him.

"No worries! No one will be able to trace it back to us. The person we ask to do it...already sleeping with the fish."

"Good!" Marco said while looking at his iPad screen again.

Marco's blissful smile vanished, replaced by a curious expression.

His gaze was fixed on a photo of a beautiful woman with long black hair. Her cold smile and clear gray eyes seemed to be gazing right at him, causing his heart to flutter.

'You look interesting, Arabella Donovan,' Marco murmured under his breath, running his finger across her delicate nose and slowly down to her cherry lips. The sight of her alluring lips piqued his curiosity.

After satisfyingly gazing at the picture, he lifted his head and narrowed his eyes on Billy. "I want you to start uncovering Arabella Donovan's real life and identity."

“Master, we searched the internet but found nothing else about her except her name and workplace. She keeps everything else of her life out of the public’s eye and nothing on her social media,” Billy answered.

“I know. That’s why you must use our important intelligent resources to investigate her. Moreover, I believe the information you guys got over the internet was fake,” Marco responded, looking sharply at them.

“What? Master, do you really want us to call that person!? It’s a real big thing resorting to that guy’s help, master!” one of the men asked, shocked.

“Yes! Closing into Arabella Donovan is the most crucial thing for me now. Call and ask him to investigate Arabella Donovan in detail. I want to hear about her faster,” Marco commanded.

“Yes, master...”

“And one more thing! This woman is not as simple as you see her on the surface; you must be careful. Never let her realize we are watching her and digging for information about her!” said Marco with a sinister smile before he dismissed them.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 407: Another Shocking News  
Next Day.

In Stefan’s hotel room, he almost spat out his coffee when he read the shocking news on his laptop.

[Former Actress Laura Kiels Dies in Prison]

He started to read the news:

“The cause of death is still under investigation. The police are still interrogating possible witnesses and conducting the autopsy on the former artist’s body...”

After reading the news for a few more seconds, his eyebrows furrowed. He started to feel confused and suspicious about the news narrative.

“Why is she suddenly dead!? Is it natural? Not possible!”

Stefan’s suspicions grew stronger when he read similar news across the news portal.

Unable to hold back any longer, Stefan did more research to answer his suspicions.

He quickly typed on the keyboard, searching for Laura Kiels' cause of death in the police investigation and hospital report.

It didn't take long for him to find the information he was looking for: the forensic doctor who conducted the autopsy had declared the cause of death as Myocardial Infarction, or as ordinary people call it, a fatal heart attack.

Stefan's eyes were fixed on the words "Myocardial Infarction."

"Since when did Laura Kiels suffer heart disease?" he mumbled to himself while scratching his head.

He couldn't believe the officer's report; he needed to read the company document to confirm his confusion.

Before long, Stefan opened the unique apps on his laptop, and soon, a private chat appeared.

[Stefan] Good morning, Sis. Are you awake? Ugh, well, check the link below.

[Stefan] URL link

A few minutes later, Stefan received a shocked expression from Bella.

[Bella] Since when does Laura Kiels have heart disease?

He typed faster and sent:

[Stefan] I know, right? I just traced her medical check-up record in our company database; she is healthy. I didn't find any report indicating she had heart disease in her recent medical check-up result.

"This is not a simple death!" Stefan shook his head as he continued to read A-Netz's comments on every article. Almost everyone was also shocked by Laura Kiels' sudden death.

Only a few days after the police transferred Laura Kiels from the police station detention center to the class 1 prison, while waiting for her trial, this woman suddenly died.

Stefan typed another text to Bella, but his hand stopped when he heard the doorbell ring.

After checking the corridor CCTV on his other laptop, Stefan immediately stood from his seat and headed to the door.

Stefan saw Bella standing at his door, looking confused. He opened the door wide and allowed her to enter his room.

“Sis, you are also suspicious about her death, right?” Stefan asked as he followed Bella into his room and headed to the seating area.

After settling on a single sofa, Bella nodded at Stefan, “I know, right? How could a healthy woman like her suddenly die?” she shook her head.

Bella found it difficult to believe.

“Do you know what illness caused her death?” She asked.

Bella knew the health conditions of the artists under the Stellar Entertainment company very well because they regularly undergo medical check-ups every six months. And she still remembered the latest information she had read about Laura Kiels.

Stefan nodded before replying, “Heart attack!”

“Heart attack?” Bella repeated Stefan’s words. She had never read any report about Laura Kiels having heart disease. “Since when did she have a heart attack?”

“That’s my question, too, sis. I also felt confused when I read the unreleased info causing her death.”

Bella’s forehead furrowed, lost in thought about Laura’s sudden death.

After several minutes and seeing Bella still lost in her thoughts, Stefan asked again, “Sister, do you want to investigate her death? I could do something to find out what happened to her,” he offered.

“Yes, please. If you find anything suspicious, please report it to me immediately,” Bella agreed. Even though Stellar Entertainment no longer had anything to do with Laura Kiels’ case, she was still curious and couldn’t ignore it.

“Okay,” Stefan said.

...

Bella didn’t stay long in Stefan’s room because she had to prepare for the Donovan Group. She would spend the whole day taking care of the company.

Today, there will be a meeting with the new CEO. Another agenda is to form new management, hoping to settle the Donovan Group matter.

She won't stay any more days here and plans to return to the capital tonight.

However, Bella's steps stopped before she passed the door when something crossed her mind. She turned to see Stefan behind her.

Her eyes sharpened at him as she scolded him through her gaze.

"Why didn't you tell me you traveled here with Tristan and Dax?"

Stefan's face suddenly stiffened. He was confused about how to respond to her.

He chuckled, scratched his head, and grinned.

"Sorry. Pretty sister, don't be angry with me. I just couldn't refuse Dax's request. When he calls me and asks me to join his trips to visit you... Of course, I agree right away," he explained.

"I'm not angry, but I feel you are starting to side with my son and husband." Bella took a deep sigh before she continued. "Well, at least warn me about their surprise."

He nodded right away, "Sure, sister... This is the first and the last." He raised his hand to make a V sign, to promise her.

Bella said nothing but faintly smiled at him before she returned to her room.

However, before she enters her room, someone calls her.

"Boss, please wait," Sam's voice could be heard from the end of the corridor, halting her step.

Bella saw Sam and Leo approaching her with worried and tense expressions. She frowned while waiting for them to come closer.

"Why do you guys look so tense?"

"Laura Kiels died!" Leo said.

"I know. I have just talked about it with Stefan. Are you guys also suspicious about her death?"

"Yes," Sam responded. "I could tell someone killed her." He whispered.

Bella looked at them in return, "Yes, I also assumed someone tried to silence her. But you guys don't discuss this matter. Let Stefan investigate this matter before we talk about it again."

“Agree!” Leo answered.

“Sure, boss.”

They talked briefly about today’s schedule before Bella finally entered her bedroom. She had already left her room quite long, afraid Tristan would worry.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 408: Let’s Tell Your Father About Us

“Someone is looking for you...”

Bella was surprised to hear Tristan’s voice from the door. She turned off the hairdryer, placed it on the vanity table, and looked at him.

“Who?” Bella asked as she stood up and approached him.

“It’s...” Tristan answered with a pause. “Your father.”

Bella was shocked to hear that and almost tripped over her own feet.

“My father? What? Why did he come here? Where is he?” she hastily asked before continuing her step, wanting to make sure her father didn’t see Dax.

“I wish I could answer you. But your father is still in the lobby. And I won’t let him in if you don’t want to see him.”

Bella felt relieved to hear that. Her panicked expression slowly faded. Standing right before Tristan, she asked in her slightly calm tone, “Did he know about you? Is that why he came?”

Tristan didn’t rush to answer her; instead, he placed his hand on her waist and pulled her close to him—so close that their bodies pressed against each other. He could feel Bella’s curves and the tension she felt. He stopped himself to tease her, knowing this was not the time and place to get intimate.

She looked up to see him frowning, causing her to mirror his expression, waiting for him to answer.

“No, I guess your father doesn’t know about me yet,” Tristan said, recalling their conversation from last night. Bella had informed him that Lucas Donovan had changed a lot.

“Thank goodness,” Bella said, feeling relieved. After talking with her father yesterday, she decided not to inform him about Tristan and Dax because she was worried that her father would change again and become greedy like before.

Tristan's frown was replaced by a smile when he finally saw her smile.

"My dear wife, I think you should let him know about us."

Bella was surprised to hear that.

"Huh!? Why do you think that?" She hadn't planned to tell her father about her relationship with Tristan.

"Let him suffer a little longer."

"Su-Suffer a little longer?" She asked haltingly, with an unmistakable frown now slowly appearing on her forehead.

"Yes." Tristan gently stroked her cheek with his thumb before continuing, "Your father might even suffer more to know we are still married and have a son. He will surely become a hermit monk if he knows we are still married and even have a son."

"Pft!" Bella almost burst out laughing when she heard Tristan still remember what she told him last night. She didn't expect her husband to have a plan that was even crueler than hers.

"What? Why are you smiling? You disagreed?"

Bella shook her head.

"What does shaking your head mean? Do you mean you agree or not?" he asked, confused.

"Hubby, I agree!"

Bella decides to stop worrying so much about her father. If her father returns to his old self, she doesn't care and will not be afraid because she will use her privilege as Tristan Sinclair's wife.

Later,

Bella and Tristan were sitting in the living room. She appeared tense, especially knowing her father was heading to their presidential suite.

She couldn't explain why, but she was feeling extremely nervous. Her eyes remained fixed on the direction of the door. When Tristan asked her something, she didn't respond, as her mind was busy with her father's impending arrival.

Tristan smiled and took her hand. When he caught her looking at him, he said, "Darling, relax. Why are you so worried? There's nothing to worry about. Everything will be fine."



Bella smiled at his words. Tristan was correct; there was nothing to worry about.

“Hah!! You’re right...” Bella said while sandwiching her face with her palm.

“If you are still nervous, just think he is one of your uncles,” Tristan said, trying to help her relax and remind her of what she did yesterday.

“Hmm. Oh, right, where’s Dax?” Bella asked. She was too distracted by her father, causing her to forget about her son.

“Our son is waiting in his room. He will join us when I ask him to come out.” Tristan briefly explained his plan.

Bella was utterly stunned. How could they come up with such an idea? She was impressed.

“Oh dear, don’t look at me like that. We only wanted to help you,” Tristan stroked her back lovingly. Bella didn’t know how to respond; she could only smile at him.

Tristan leaned closer to kiss her lips, but the doorbell rang before his lips touched hers. He slowly pulled his face away while turning his gaze toward the door.

“Dear, you stay here. I will open the door.”

“Ooo...”

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Standing in front of the presidential suite, Lucas Donovan clenches his hand tightly, utterly nervous.

Lucas isn’t nervous because he wants to meet Bella but because he is apprehensive about his daughter staying in a hotel owned by the Sinclair family.

Since last night, he has tried calling Bella but found out she is still blocking his phone.

Left with no choice, Lucas decided to come here to ensure she was alright. But, arriving at this hotel, his mind started to fill with countless questions:

‘What was she thinking? What if Tristan also stays in this hotel? Or what happens if her ex-in-laws find out about it? They will trouble her, right?’

Lucas plans to ask Bella to move to his father's or Emma's house now, as he can't let her stay here for too long. He clenched, looking at the door while trying to calm his heart and mind.

However, Lucas Donovan was taken aback when he saw the person standing before him.

"Sorry, young man. I think I'm in the wrong room," Lucas said hurriedly, pretending not to recognize Tristan. He quickly changed direction and left, hoping Tristan wouldn't realize who he was.

"Mr. Lucas Donovan..."

Lucas stopped when he heard Tristan's voice calling out his name. He couldn't believe Tristan still remembered him.

"Y-You... You... still recognize me?" Lucas asked, finding it hard to believe how someone like Tristan Sinclair still remembers him.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 409: Lucas Donovan Knows About Tristan Sinclair

"Y-You... You... still recognize me, Mr. Sinclair?" Lucas asked, finding it hard to believe that someone like Tristan Sinclair still remembered him.

"Of course, I remember you," Tristan said, suppressing a laugh at his father-in-law's shocked expression. "And you're not in the wrong room, Mr. Donovan. Please come in. Your daughter, Bella, is waiting for you inside."

Lucas's frown deepened upon hearing Bella's presence inside.

'Why are they in the same room?' Lucas wondered, gathering the courage to meet Tristan's gaze. He wanted to ask, but his words betrayed him.

"Sir, are you coming inside or...?" Tristan asked when he saw Lucas hadn't moved; he only stood in place, staring at him with a mixed expression.

"Yes... Yes..." Lucas quickly walked in, dragging his heavy and trembling legs while telling himself to calm down.

'No need to be afraid, Lucas. Tristan Sinclair wouldn't do anything to harm you. He just brought you into this room to ask about Bella...'

Lucas still doubted he would see Bella in this room. Maybe Tristan was surprised to see him here looking for Bella, and it awakened Tristan's curiosity about his daughter.

However, the moment Lucas entered the living room, he felt like his entire muscles betrayed him; he couldn't move when he saw his daughter, Bella, sitting on the sofa and looking at him with a calm smile.

"Be-Bella... you... why are you here with Mr. Tristan Sinclair?" Lucas asked.

Lucas felt another blow when he saw Tristan sitting beside his daughter. He blinked several times, looking at both of them as if trying to ensure what he saw was real.

'Why do they look so close? Tristan even holds Bella's hand and looks at her lovingly. What on earth is this? Why are they still together?' Lucas wondered, utterly confused by the situation unfolding before his eyes.

Bella held her laughter when she saw her father panicked and bewildered.

"Father, why are you surprised to see us?" Bella casually asked. When Lucas tried to say something, she continued, "The man beside me is Tristan Sinclair. He is my husband..."

Lucas was stunned. He now fully believed he was dreaming. He had always imagined this; his daughter was still married to Tristan Sinclair.

"Father, are you alright?" Bella raised her voice. She had asked her father to sit a few times, but he hadn't moved at all. Looking at her father, who seemed like a cosplaying mannequin, Bella started to worry.

Lucas snapped out of his thoughts when he faintly heard Bella's voice.

He blinked a few times but still saw his daughter sitting beside Tristan. They were also still holding hands.

'What the hell happened here? Is this real? Are they back together?' Lucas Donovan covered his gasp in disbelief.

"Please sit down, Father!" Bella asked again.

Lucas nodded as he hurriedly settled opposite Bella and Tristan. His gaze was still fixed on them as he tried to convince himself that this was real, not his imagination.

However, even though he knew it was real, he was still confused.

How could they become husband and wife again after what happened in the past?

Lucas still remembered their divorce hitting their company's reputation so hard. When the Sinclair Group abruptly terminated its business cooperation with the Donovan Group, ninety percent of its projects stopped.

The Donovan Group suffered greatly and barely managed to survive. To this day, the company has not regained its former glory.

And now, these two look so close again, as if they are still married. It's hard for him to believe it.

"Bella, when did you remarry to Mr. Sinclair? And if I may ask, why didn't you tell us you remarried? I mean, I..." Lucas asked when Tristan's calm but firm voice suddenly stopped Lucas's words.

"Mr. Donovan, I'm sorry to interrupt you. Bella and I never got divorced," replied Tristan.

"Still married? Wait... have I lost my memory, or am I dreaming?" Lucas said, pinching his forehead. When he felt the ache, he narrowed his eyes on them.

"Weren't you two divorced five years ago? I mean, I clearly remembered Bella was separated from you. Or am I wrong?" he asked, confused.

"Indeed. But we never finalized the divorce. I...never submitted the divorce papers. Sorry, Father. I can't explain the reason. But we are real; the man beside me is Tristan Sinclair, my lawful husband," Bella explained.

"What? Ow, you are not kidding, right?" Lucas still thought this was all a joke. When he saw they both remained silent, he continued,

"Alright, I'm sorry. I believe you. But would you mind explaining what happened in the last five years? Why did your family suddenly say you were both divorced? They even cut a business cooperation we already signed!?" Lucas Donovan's eyes fixed on Tristan.

Tristan exchanged glances with Bella for a moment. He wanted to explain to Lucas what happened in the past, but when he saw Bella reluctant to do so, he took his cell phone and texted Dax to come out. He needed to distract Lucas Donovan to stop him from asking further questions.

"Hahaha, I know you guys are kidding. There's no way you're still married because—" Lucas Donovan's sentence stopped when he heard a child's voice from behind him. He turned to look and froze.

"Dad, Mom..." Dax walked toward his parents with tiny steps, occasionally glancing at the old man before them.

"Dax..." Bella's eyes beamed. Her smile grew wider as she pulled her son to sit between her and Tristan.

“Dax, this is my father, your grandpa—”

“Grandpa Lucas?”

“Hmm,” Bella felt amused, looking at her son acting. He seemed so natural.

“Oh, I heard a lot about Grandpa Lucas from Grandma,” Dax said in his adorable voice as he looked at Lucas again. “Hello, I’m Daxton Donovan Sinclair,” he greeted Lucas politely. “It’s nice to meet you, Grandpa Lucas.”

Lucas’s hand trembled; he was utterly shocked.

Seeing how handsome and innocent the little boy in front of him was enough to make his eyes sting, holding back his emotion upon realizing this little man before him was his grandson.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 410: Selfish

Instantly, countless questions danced in his mind.

One by one, the questions that had been swirling in his mind since last night about the powerful and influential person who helped his daughter were answered. It was Tristan Sinclair.

No wonder everything happens so fast.

The Donovan Group suddenly faced bankruptcy. The mystery of why the Dawson Group was also in a similar situation to the Donovan Group—almost bankrupt—was that Tristan Sinclair was angry Bradley asked to marry Bella.

Now, he has come to grasp why his father moved to the capital and lived with Bella: because of Daxton.

Lucas couldn’t help but vent his anger at himself for what he had done to his daughter. He tried to avoid his grandsons’ and daughters’ gazes because he couldn’t bear to see them now. He felt like a fool. What a shame!

‘God, I really deserve to be punished. How could I blame Bella for everything that happened to the Donovan Group? How could I force her to marry Bradley when she still married Tristan?’

He put aside all his curiosity and anger. He needed to greet his Grandson properly. He turns to look at Dax with a happy but awkward smile.

“Hi, Daxton,” Lucas Donovan’s voice trembled. “Just call me Grandpa.”

“Ok.”

“How old are you?”

“In November, I will turn five,” Daxton replied.

At first, Lucas and Dax’s conversation felt awkward. Still, they soon relaxed when Dax began chatting about his favorite activities.

Bella and Tristan didn’t say anything; they chatted on their phones.

She asked Tristan to take Dax to another room because she had something important to discuss with her father.

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After Tristan took Dax to another room, Bella waited for her father to say something. But a few minutes passed, and her father still said nothing. He seemed lost in thought.

Bella didn’t rush to speak to him; she let him collect his thoughts for a few more minutes.

“Dad,” Bella called. After seeing her father’s gaze directed at her, she continued. “I hope you don’t tell anyone about Tristan and Dax.”

Lucas Donovan faintly smiled while fixing his gaze on Bella.

“I won’t say anything about them to anyone. Don’t worry,” Lucas promised.

Knowing his daughter was still married to a powerful man like Tristan Sinclair, and they even had a son, made him regret everything he did in the past.

He felt ashamed appearing in front of her and felt like this meeting was a slap from God because he had refused his daughter’s request the day before.

“Thanks,” Bella felt relieved. At least her greedy uncle wouldn’t know about them until Tristan released the official announcement.

They both fell silent again.

Bella felt like she no longer had any topics to discuss with her father. Besides, she couldn’t stay long because she had to leave for the Donovan Group soon.

Looking at her father, who was still gazing out the window with a miserable expression, Bella felt sorry for him. However, as she remembered what had happened in the past, her sympathy for him slowly faded.

Somehow, Bella still felt uncertain about witnessing this man change from what she remembered in the past: how he spoke, acted, and even his demeanor was utterly different. And what she saw now was still the same as the man she had met yesterday: calm and content.

"Is there anything else you want to talk about?" Bella asked while glancing at her watch. She only had thirty minutes before she had to head to the Donovan Group.

Lucas felt his eyes become blurry as he held his sadness within them. His hands on his lap were tightly clasped. He was too nervous to express what was on his mind right now.

"I can't stay here long because I have to go to the office. So, you better speak now or leave..." Bella said.

"Bella," Lucas immediately interrupted his daughter, worried she would leave when he had something important to ask her. "Can I talk to your mother?" Suddenly, he shivered when he saw Bella's expression slowly turn sour.

"I'm sorry to ask you this, Bella. But please, I need to talk to her before I can sign the divorce papers," Lucas continued.

Bella was taken aback to hear that he was willing to sign. She narrowed her eyes, worried her father was trying to trick her.

"I beg you, let me talk to her one last time, even if only for a moment, please," Lucas pleaded again.

"What do you want to tell her? You can tell me," Bella responded curtly.

"I want to apologize to her, and I want to do it myself. It's fine through the phone. Please, Bella, this is the first and the last time I ask you this."

Bella gritted her teeth, hearing her father's words. Although she was happy that he finally agreed to sign the divorce papers, his request was not a simple request for her to answer. She was worried that her mother's trauma would reappear. She knew very well how hard her mother had to forget her father.

"Alright, I will try asking her. But, if she refuses, do you promise to sign!?"

Lucas had no choice.

"Yes," He answered, but deep in his heart, he eagerly hoped that Natalie would accept his request.

“Wait here!” Bella said. Before she left, she looked at her father again. “May I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course...”

“Why did you suddenly change your mind?”

“All night, your words tortured me. That’s the reason I decided to let her go.”

Bella was confused.

“What words?” She didn’t remember which words could make her father change his mind.

“Selfish,” Lucas smiled bitterly. “I don’t want to be selfish toward you or your mother. That’s why I decided—”

She said nothing but walked to the corner to make a call.

Lucas’ eyes did not leave his daughter.

He wanted to see her expression, but Bella turned her back on him, tightening his heart. His hands were still tightly clenched, waiting for Natalie’s decision.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 411: Natalie, Please Forgive Me

“Mom, my father wants to talk to you.”

Natalie took a deep sigh before she responded to Bella.

“Did he trouble you?” Natalie starts to feel angry with Lucas. “Bella, if he refused, let it be. I don’t care about my status with him. I’ll be fine if he doesn’t force me to return there.”

“No, Mom. Dad didn’t trouble me. He has actually changed a lot. Since yesterday, I’ve felt like I met someone else; he looks so different.”

“What do you mean he has changed a lot?” Natalie asked, confused. “A monster will never change, Bella. What you see is probably just his mask.”

“Mom, I know. But he has indeed changed,” Bella said. She knew it was impossible to change someone’s attitude, at least not quickly or even in the blink of an eye. However, after meeting her father yesterday and today, Bella could see something change inside him. He is now different from what she had imagined before meeting him the last time.



“Bella, I’ve seen that side of him too often. But believe me, he will definitely return to being the way he was before. A temperamental and cruel man who would lose his rationality and caring when angry.”

“I understand what you’ve been through with him. That’s why I know what I asked is a lot for you. I’m sorry I had to ask this, but I hope you can at least hear what he wants to say for one last time. You don’t need to say anything if you don’t want to....And I will be there the whole time, Mom.”

“Uhm, Bella, what do you think your father wants to say to me?” Natalie finally asked after a short silence.

“He told me he wanted to apologize and speak to you for the last time before he signs the divorce papers.”

Once again, silence hung in the air.

Natalie was at a loss for words when she heard that Lucas had agreed to sign the divorce papers. “Are you sure he will sign it?” she asked.

Bella’s hand gripped her cell phone tighter upon hearing her mother’s doubt.

“Mom, if my father lies to me, I promise you, he won’t be able to return home. He will end up in the worst place he could imagine for the rest of his life. I will throw him in prison to pay for all his sins.” Bella answered calmly and softly, yet her eyes glowed with fire.

Natalie felt doubtful and confused. ‘Should I talk to Lucas?’ she wondered. She was too afraid to talk to him now, not even just hearing his voice.

Hearing her mother seem reluctant to speak to her father, Bella smiled. She fully understood her, and she had predicted this.

“Mom, it’s fine if you don’t want to talk with him. My father promised to sign the paper even if you refused to see him. So, his request to see you is not a condition. He tried to convince me more than once that his request was nothing but to show his regret for ever hurting you, and he was ready to pay the consequences.”

“What does he mean?”

“Father said he punished himself for hurting you and me, and the punishment would be that he would disappear from our lives forever. He says he will move to a remote place... far away from us and far away from any convenience in life,” Bella explained briefly what her father said yesterday and today, which shocked Natalie.

“Is that so? Okay then, I will talk to him.”

"Mom, I will be beside you and listen to anything he says. I will stop him if he says anything that hurts or guilt-trips you or if he tries to force you to return to him!"

Hearing her daughter's words, Natalie chuckled. "Don't worry, Bella. Your mother is not stupid enough to give in to him again."

Bella smiles. She immediately returned to the seating area while turning on the speakerphone.

However, before giving her father the cell phone, she warned him not to say anything except apologize.

"Mom, I will give the cell phone to Father," Bella said, her eyes fixed on her father. "And if my father forces you to do something you didn't want to, I won't sit silently here; you don't have to worry." She smiled at him, but her eyes issued a silent warning to him.

"Hmm," Natalie hummed. She knew her daughter was not talking to her but to Lucas.

After Bella handed her cell phone to her father, she settled in her seat. She pretended not to be interested in what her father would say, but her ears focused on their conversation.

"Na-Natalie," Lucas's voice sounded shaky. He felt his heart racing, "I really miss you..."

"Straight to the point, Father!" Bella chimed in, her intimidating eyes narrowing at him enough to give Lucas chills in his veins.

Lucas Donovan cleared his throat, clenching the cell phone before expressing his thoughts.

"Natalie, I understand what I did to you in the past can't be forgiven." Lucas's voice trembled. "However, for the first time since we married, I want to apologize for what I did to you. Please forgive me."

After a few seconds, Lucas didn't hear any reaction from Natalie; he started to feel worried.

In a hurry, he continued, "Natalie, my dear, if you can't forgive me now, I hope you can forgive me in the future. Alright... I won't say anything else, or take your time." He paused with a bitter smile. "Please take care of your health and be happy. Goodbye, Natalie. Thank you for everything..." Tears flowed from the corner of his eyes.

After waiting for a few more seconds and not hearing anything from Natalie, Lucas wiped his tears before pulling the phone away from his ear and turning to look at his daughter.

He said nothing but handed the phone to Bella, then took a white envelope from his pocket and placed it on the table.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 412: He Cry

Lucas Donovan said nothing but handed the phone to Bella, then took a white envelope from his pocket and placed it on the table.

“Bella, I already signed the papers. Please take care of your mother for me,” Lucas said as he stood from his seat.

“My daughter, I promise you I won’t appear before you or your mother in the future. Goodbye, Bella. And thank you so much for allowing me to meet my grandson...” He finished his words and left.

Bella sat still, watching her father disappear from her line of sight. She didn’t know why, but she felt tears wetting her cheeks as he vanished.

Her heart ached as she witnessed her father crying for the first time. He didn’t express anger or objection; he simply left.

“Bella, did your father really leave?” Natalie’s voice came from the speakerphone.

Bella looked at the screen, realizing the call was still connected. After wiping her tears, she replied, “Yes, he already left. He also signed the divorce papers. So, Mom, you are free now.”

Placing her cell phone on the table, she opened the envelope.

‘What is this!?’ Bella was shocked to see that along with the divorce papers, there was another paper there.

Natalie was stunned. She asked, “Are you certain about that?”

Earlier, she had wanted to test Lucas to see if he had really changed, as Bella had said. That’s why she deliberately didn’t say anything, provoking him to show his emotions and annoyance. But it seems Bella was right; Lucas was indeed changed.

“Yes, Mom. He left because he could no longer hold back his tears. I guess he didn’t want me to witness his vulnerable side.”

Bella silently took a deep sigh while pinching her temple. Thinking about her father and what she saw today gave her a headache, enough to make her suspicious he would do something.

Natalie was startled to hear Lucas Donovan crying. She had known him for many years and had never seen him shed a tear, not even when his mother died.

“Bella, why do I feel bad for him?” Natalie confessed.

Bella shrugged. “Mother, why do you feel bad for him? Are you feeling flattered by him because he has become nice? Come on, Mom, you are the one who reminded me—”

“No, Bella... You are wrong.” Natalie quickly explained that she felt terrible for Lucas because she hadn’t said anything.

“It’s fine, Mom. Father will understand because I already told him that you are too hurt and traumatized to speak to him ever again.”

Natalie said nothing.

Everything had happened. As Bella said earlier, she is now free. She doesn’t have to worry about him anymore. She could only bury Lucas in her deepest heart.

But Natalie’s plan to bury Lucas deep down in her heart suddenly failed when Bella said something about Lucas.

“Mom, there’s something weird about my father...” Bella said, her gaze falling on the document on the table.

“Weird? What is it?” Natalie asked.

“Besides the divorce paper, he left a will. I think it’s about an inheritance for you. I haven’t checked the content yet. You can check it later when I arrive...” Bella folded all the papers and put them in the envelope again while talking with her mother about a few things before she finally ended the call.

Bella didn’t rush to leave the room, but her eyes looked toward the door. The worry she felt before slowly emerged again in her heart—her father might end his life.

“Is everything okay?” Bella snapped out when she heard Tristan’s voice from the master bedroom. She turned to see him and saw him walking with Dax beside him.

She smiled at them before standing from her seat, “Hmm, everything is okay. Tristan, I’ll be leaving soon for work. I have to go to the Donovan Group’s HQ.”

Instantly, Tristan and Dax’s expressions turned gloomy.

“Mommy, are you going out for work again?”

“Yes, baby. There is one work I need to finish today before we can return to our house. And I promise I’ll return immediately when it’s done.” After smiling at Dax, she turned to see Tristan. “I hope we can fly back to the capital at night.”

Tristan’s gloomy expression slowly changed as he smiled lovingly at his wife.

“Okay, dear. Bryan and the others will guard you all the way. They are waiting for you outside...”

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In another room, Harper and the others sat in the living room.

Her eyes were fixed on her cell phone, and she was nervously waiting for a reply to the message she had just sent. She checked her cell phone signal a few times, but what she had been waiting for was not there.

She started to think about so many things.

Why didn’t he reply?

Did I send the wrong text?

Harper read the bold message she sent to Sean.

‘Hi, Sean. I’m sorry if this bothers you. But truth be told, I’ve been thinking about you a lot. I hope we can meet. Uhm, can we meet?’

Sighing deeply, Harper looked at Sam, who was sitting opposite her.

“Sam, why do I think Sean thought of me as spam?” she asked while throwing her cell phone aside.

“Why do you think like that!?” Sam responded.

“Because he never replies to my text messages, not even once. I guess he is blocking my phone number. Oh my God! I’m sucks!” She said, almost crying.

Sam shook his head.

He doubted it. He knew Sean was not that kind of person, especially if he knew the number belonged to Harper, Bella’s best friend and a respectable woman. However,

there is a chance Sean might have ignored Harper because she was annoying him by sending too many text messages in too brief of time.

Sam chuckled as he remembered how Harper constantly texted him if she needed something urgent. She was indeed like a spammer, texting him nonstop.

“How many times have you sent Sean a text message since I gave you his phone number?” Sam asked.

Harper slightly frowned as she tried to remember.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 413: Better Plan

Harper slightly frowned as she tried to remember.

“If I’m not mistaken, you gave it to me a week ago. And I think... I’ve only sent about twenty text messages. Well, maybe more. A lot more. Okay, I send about three to five times a day,” she explained innocently with an aura of guilt. “Okay! Okay! I sent a lot of texts to him. Why do you even ask, Sam?”

Sam chuckled as he looked at Harper with pity flashing through his eyes.

“Well, you’re the Boss, and I respect you. But, yeah, I think you’ve sent too many messages to Sean in too short a time. So, I guess... Sean probably has blocked your number,” Sam tried to hold back a laugh so hard, seeing Harper’s usually beautiful and cheerful face slowly turning gloomy beautifully.

Even though Sam’s statement was most likely accurate, hearing it upset her heart. She said nothing back at him, just sent him a sharp dagger gaze.

“Well, Boss, don’t blame Sean Spencer. Really. You can’t blame him. He is a commander in the army special force, not just a random guy you saw outside and working 9 to 5,” Sam chuckled as he remembered Sean’s position in the military and as the current president’s only son. “I know his private number is only known to a few important people, and I’m lucky to be one of them.”

“Sam!” Harper called out to Sam in an icy tone. “How dare you rub salt in my wounded heart?” Harper felt even more gloomy. She knew she had no chance with Sean.

What Harper imagined she did now was an amateur trying to climb Mount Everest without gear and practice. It seemed impossible to achieve!

However, she was too stubborn to stop. Well, at least she tried, right?

“Hahaha. Sorry Boss, I was just stating the fact,” Sam shook his head while looking at Stefan, who was typing something on his laptop. “Stefan, can you help Harper? Your talent would be beneficial to our Boss here...”

Stefan turned to see Sam and Harper. He asked, “Sure! What kind of service could I help our Boss here, bro?”

“Can you hack Sean Spencer’s phone?”

Stefan said nothing but gave Sam a get-lost kind of expression.

Sam couldn’t help but laugh at Stefan’s annoyed expression as he returned his focus to his laptop. It was obvious to Sam that Stefan was not keen on assisting Harper in hacking the phone of one of the most important military officers in this country.

“Oh, come on. Are you silently saying you can’t do it? I’m not asking you to breach his privacy or steal anything. Just unblock Harper’s phone number in his cell phone or ensure he reads the text message that Harper sent him...” Sam continued.

Sam was starting to wonder about Stefan’s abilities. If Stefan could beat the hackers in his old division, he would consider Stefan to be the best hacker he had ever known.

Harper’s expression was curious, like Sam’s. Her hope to pursue Sean is still going strong. She was eager to hear Stefan’s answer, her eyes not even blinking as she looked at him.

However, instead of answering Sam’s question, Stefan turned his gaze back to the monitor. He continued to type, ignoring Sam and purposely typing harder to show he was ignoring him. The clack-clack-clack sound from the keyboard got louder and faster.

Sam chuckled while staring at Harper. He saw her shoulders slumped as she looked at him.

“Sam, forget it. The best hackers in this country protect Sean. It would be unfair to ask Stefan for such trouble only to have my number unblocked from Sean’s private number.”

“Yeah, I know...Sorry for asking, bro.” Said Sam with a chuckle.

“Well, I have a better plan than hacking his phone. How about you lure Sean Spencer out to meet you for lunch or dinner? I will be there to take advantage of the opportunity to meet him. What do you think?” Harper said it so excitedly that her voice sounded slightly squeaky.

“Boss Harper, you are a cunning woman! I like your idea. But I’m sorry to say that you expect too much from me. I’m not that close with him to ask him for lunch or dinner. There is no way to ask him something like that out of the blue.”

Sam shook his head. He had been close with Sean, but that was back when he didn’t know about Sean’s family status. At the time, Sean had joined the army without using his family’s last name and privilege; he advanced in the military based on his own merit.

Only recently did they learn about Sean’s true identity when he became the youngest General in the country and his connection to the Spencers was exposed. They didn’t treat Sean any differently, but without them realizing it, it seemed like there was a distance between them.

“Huh? I thought soldiers were like brothers in arms. You’ve been through life-and-death experiences together, right?” Harper asked curiously, remembering Sam vaguely mentioning how he knew Sean.

“You are right. However, when I retired, I was no longer in contact with Sean Spencer. We drifted apart and only met him again when he visited Bella.” Sam smiled as he remembered his first encounter with Sean at Quantum Capital.

Even though they weren’t as close and didn’t communicate after Sam retired from the military, he was grateful that Sean still considered him family and even saved his phone number.

Now,

Looking at Harper’s disappointed expression, Sam felt terrible for her. After a quick thought, he said, “Harper, I’m sorry I can’t promise to get Sean to meet me. But I will try to contact him for you. I will do my best...”

A spring-like smile slowly emerged on Harper’s lips when she heard about Sam’s promise.

“Thank you, Sam.”

“Don’t say that. I haven’t done anything yet,” Sam said, scratching his head. He somehow felt worried about calling Sean. “Oh, right. When are you returning to New York?”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 414: Did She Hear?

“Oh, right. When are you returning to New York?” Sam asked.



"I am leaving in two days, so I hope you can arrange for me to meet Sean before I fly back to my country," Harper said excitedly. She could feel her face turning warm at the thought of meeting Sean again.

"Alright, I will call Sean before that. No worries," Sam said with a smile. However, his smile froze when Bella's voice echoed from behind.

"Harper, why do you want to meet Sean Spencer?"

Everyone in the room, including Stefan, immediately turned to look in Bella's direction. They were all shocked to see her standing there.

'Oh, crap! She heard our conversation?' Harper vented her frustration in her heart while trying to smile at Bella.

"Hi, Bella... are we going now?" Harper asked, standing from her seat, trying to distract Bella from asking further. It would be super awkward if Bella knew about her feelings for Sean.

Bella didn't answer Harper but narrowed her eyes on her. When she saw her walking closer, she asked, "Are you guys planning a lunch gathering with Sean behind my back? Wait—" her words paused.

Suddenly, Bella recalled their earlier conversation; she remembered that Sam said he knew Sean Spencer. She swiftly glanced at Sam, wanting to ask, but Harper's awkward laugh echoed in the room.

Harper raised both hands, waving as if not agreeing with Bella's words.

"No... No... of course not. We're not close enough with Sean Spencer to ask him for lunch, right Sam!?" Harper said, turning to Sam for backup.

Sam could feel Bella's sharp gaze fixed on him. He silently swallowed as he saw her curious eyes.

"Tell me, how do you know Sean Spencer?" Bella calmly asked Sam, ignoring Harper.

Sam smiled at Bella as he stood from his seat.

"Sean Spencer was on the same team as me when I was still active in the military," Sam answers casually, but Harper scolds him inwardly.

'Gosh! How could he betray me!?' Harper silently took a deep sigh.

Bella was surprised to hear that. She never expected them to be in the same circle. "So, do you guys want to have lunch with him?"

“Yeah. I asked him, and Harper also wanted to join, so why not?” Sam explained.

“I see,” Bella smiled, but she felt sad inwardly. She couldn’t meet Sean again because he had already drawn boundaries between them.

“Boss, do you want to join us?” Suddenly, Stefan chimed in, surprising Bella and the others, especially Harper.

‘What the heck!?’ Harper couldn’t help but curse, venting her anger inwardly. She looked at Stefan, clearly expressing her annoyance with him. How could he ask Bella to join them? Did he really understand what they were trying to do?

Of course, Stefan didn’t understand Harper’s annoyance. Instead, he closed his laptop and stood up, walking towards Bella and the others.

“Come on, Boss, join us. It would be fun if you were there, right?” Stefan added.

Harper shook her head silently and looked at Bella.

All eyes were on her, waiting for her answer.

Bella smiled at Stefan.

“Well, I can’t confirm it, but I will consider joining you guys if I have time. Oh, by the way, when will you meet him?” Bella was just making some excuses. She didn’t want to raise their suspicions by refusing right away.

“Tomorrow. Maybe. Maybe tomorrow,” Sam answered awkwardly. “Once we set the appointment time, I’ll let you know...”

“Sounds terrific...” Bella said, then glanced at Leo beside her. “Alright, we better move now and settle everything here faster. We need to return to the capital at noon.”

Bella already felt terrible because she brought her entire team to this place to settle her family matters. Even though Harper and James said it was okay, she still thought she had asked too much from her team.

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In the afternoon, they finally left East City and landed in the capital after the sky had darkened.

Bella was very tired. She had no more energy to meet her mother, so she postponed their chat until the following day.

After dinner and spending time with Dax, she began to feel warm and dizzy. She placed her hand on her forehead but couldn't tell the difference.

"Do I have a fever!? Oh no. I hope not." Bella wondered while glancing at the tightly closed bathroom door, wanting to ask Tristan to get her some medicine.

After waiting a while, she felt even more dizzy, like the world around her was spinning. Curled under the blanket, she closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

...

Tristan stepped out of the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around his waist. As he moved towards the walk-in closet, he noticed Bella asleep on the bed with the lights still on.

"Are you sleeping?" he asked, but she didn't respond.

He smiled, assuming that his wife must be exhausted. Just as he was about to continue to the closet, he noticed that Bella's face looked red, as if she had a fever.

Worried, he checked her temperature and realized she was indeed having a fever.

Tristan quickly reached for his phone to call Geoffrey, asked him to prepare some medicine, and arrange a doctor's visit.

This was the second time Tristan had seen Bella fall sick, and he still felt panicked as he paced near the door, waiting for Geoffrey.

Not long after, a knock on the door was heard. Tristan rushed to open the door.

"Master—" Geoffrey's words faded, surprised to see Tristan half-naked.

"Where's the medicine box?" Tristan asked impatiently.

Geoffrey immediately handed over the small tray with fever-reducing medicine and water.

"Sir, you need to wear something, or you will also catch a cold." Geoffrey reminded him after he saw Tristan. "I will prepare your clothes..." He left him and walked to his closet to find proper clothes for his master before the doctor's arrival.

"Geoffrey, you can leave now. Wait for the doctor outside," he ordered Geoffrey while sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Dear, please wake up...” Tristan whispered while placing the small tray on the nightstand. “Can you hear me, my dear?” he touched Bella softly and gently, trying to wake her up by slowly shaking her body.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 415: Calling A Private Doctor

Bella faintly hears Tristan’s voice. She tries to open her eyes, but they feel heavy as if someone has placed glue on them.

“Can you hear me, Bella?” Tristan asked again while touching her burning cheek.

“Ugh...Tristan...yeah. I’m too sleepy to do anything now... Can we not do it tonight? Can we just do it tomorrow? Please!” she said, giving up trying to open her eyes.

Tristan was speechless, but he appreciated her knowing she cared about his particular needs despite being under the weather.

“My dear wife, even though I really want to touch you now, I can’t bear to do it when you have a fever,” Tristan smiled, looking as she finally opened her eyes.

Hearing the word ‘fever,’ Bella immediately tried to sit up despite her stiff body.

“Tristan, my head hurts so much, and I,” Bella’s sentence stopped when Tristan grabbed her hand and helped her to sit. She saw him also offer her a small tray.

She was surprised to see he had already prepared medicine and water for her. How many minutes did she sleep? How could she not remember?

“Hurry, take the medicine,” he urged her to drink as he could feel how hot her hand was now.

He waited for her to drink her med while occasionally glancing at his cell phone. He wanted to call the doctor again to urge him to arrive faster.

Bella said nothing but drank the medicine in a hurry. She needed to drink it to lower her fever. After sitting for a few minutes, she started to feel uncomfortable again. She could feel her throat hurting when she swallowed the water.

Tristan placed the empty glass and tray on the bedside table. He said, “The doctor will come to check your condition.”

“Y-You called a private doctor for me?” Bella was surprised to hear that.

He didn't answer her right away but helped her to sleep again. After ensuring she was comfortable, he smiled and responded, "Hmm. Yes, and he is on the way here and will arrive soon. Alright, you can continue to sleep again."

Bella closed her eyes, trying to sleep. However, seconds later, something crossed her mind; taking a deep breath, she said without opening her eyes.

"Hubby, please put on some clothes. You could get sick like me..." Bella said in a low-hoarse voice.

"Huh..." Tristan was taken aback to see he was still half naked. He was too panicky earlier and didn't care about anything else. He stood from the edge of the bed but didn't hurry to walk. He said, "Wife, did you dream about me earlier?"

Bella opened her eyes to see Tristan with a frown, "Dream about you? I'm not. Why do you think so?"

Tristan chuckled while rubbing his back neck, "Before you woke, you asked me to have...well, you know... Sex... tomorrow because you can't do it now."

Instantly, Bella felt her face even hotter hearing his words. She closed her eyes again.

"You are the one who imagined that... not me," she said hurriedly. "Ugh, go wear something before I force you to do it now, and you will regret it..."

"Yes, ma'am..." Tristan walked.

He didn't want to tire her now, or she would be even sicker. Bella smiled when she peeked and saw Tristan run to the walk-in closet.

Tristan returned wearing his night casual home clothes: a black shirt and pajamas the same color as his shirt. He didn't join Bella on the bed right away but took out his cell phone and made a call in the corner.

"Max, I need you to check Carlos's location. If he has trouble with a traffic light, help him arrive at my house faster." Tristan ordered.

"What happened, boss? Why does Carlos need to—"

"Stop asking and do!" Tristan said in cruelty.

"Relax boss, I'm typing now."

Tristan didn't say anything but waited for Max's answer.

“Boss, he is now a mile from your residence, and the street ahead looks empty. So he should arrive in a few minutes.”

“OK, thanks.” Tristan ended the connection and made another call. He instructed Geoffrey to ensure the gate guard didn’t stop Carlos.

After talking to them, he stood in his place, glancing at Bella on the bed. He saw she now seemed to sleep, which relieved him a little.

A few minutes passed, and Tristan was still standing in his place, his gaze fixed on the bed. He was deep in thought, worrying about the many questions swirling in his mind.

Suddenly, a soft knock on the door startled Tristan. He looked at the door and said, “Come in,” as he walked toward the bed.

Standing by the bed, Tristan saw Carlos, his private doctor, and best friend, enter the room calmly.

“Tristan, it’s really nice to see you! It’s been a while since the last time we met.” Carlos greeted him as he stood by his side. “Is this the woman you want me to examine?” he asked, looking at the beautiful woman sleeping on the bed.

Carlos had never met this woman before, and he was shocked when Geoffrey told him his friend had summoned him here to check on her, not himself.

“She is my wife, Carlos,” Tristan said, returning his gaze to Bella. “Please examine her for me. She has a high fever, and I already gave her over-the-counter antipyretic medicine.”

Carlos was shocked beyond words. He didn’t know Tristan had a woman beside him after he divorced a few years ago. Since when did he marry after his last divorce? Why didn’t he invite him to his wedding?

“What are you waiting for? Hurry...” Tristan narrowed his eyes at Carlos, clearly showing his displeasure.

Carlos said nothing else but immediately checked Bella’s temperature, trying not to make direct contact with her. He could feel Tristan’s sharp gaze as if he wanted to drill into his brain if he made direct contact with his wife.

After taking her temperature, he stood before Tristan again and said, “She does have a fever. It’s under control, thanks to giving her the right med. As for why she has a fever, I need to examine her further. I need to run a blood test on her. With your consent, of course.”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

#### Chapter 416: She Probably Pregnant

Tristan clearly looked unsatisfied with Carlos' initial diagnosis.

Seeing Tristan's expression, Carlos continued, "Tristan, don't worry. I will stay here for a while to see how the medicine reacts. If her fever spikes again within the next hour, I will give her a stronger dose and use IV for a more effective result. Now, I will take some of her blood for the lab. Just a little blood would do."

"I see. Okay, would you mind coming to sit down with me before you take my wife's blood?" Tristan asked in an instructive tone. He's clearly not waiting for Carlos's answer as he immediately walks to the room's corner.

Carlos stared at Tristan for a while, waiting for him to look calmer before expressing his curiosity.

"Tristan, my good friend, since when did you marry again? If you had invited me, I would surely come. May I know why you didn't invite me to your second marriage?" Carlos felt hurt knowing his friend didn't involve him. Again!

Tristan sighed deeply before answering, "I never remarried or married again. I only married once, and I never got a divorce, buddy."

"You, you... what?" Carlos stammered in shock upon hearing his words. "So, are you saying she is the same woman...?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry I've been a bad friend by lying to you when I told you I was a divorcee. I was still married when you and I met, and here is my wife. We never divorced, just separated for a few years." Then, Tristan briefly explained their separation due to his parents but didn't share further details.

"I see. No need to apologize, buddy. I get why you have to do it." Carlos nodded, understanding his friend's situation. "So, when did you reunite with your wife?" he asked curiously.

"Early this year."

Carlos smiled and said, "Oh, no wonder I never heard of you since then. You've been very busy, my friend. Well, I'm glad you finally reunited. And one more thing, I think congratulating you would be in order, my friend, but not for reuniting with your beloved wife. But because your wife might be pregnant. I saw all the physical symptoms of early pregnancy, but I will be more firm once we check her blood."

Tristan took a moment to comprehend what Carlos was saying. When he did, his eyes widened as he stared back at Carlos.

His voice trembled as he asked, "Carlos, can you repeat what you just said?"

Seeing Tristan's tense and serious expression made Carlos worry. He might have given Tristan false hopes.

Carlos cleared his throat and said, "Tristan, as I mentioned, your wife has all the early pregnancy symptoms. Uhm, to reconfirm it, I need to do more tests. I mean, sometimes, in a rare case, the symptoms could be for something else. So, for now, no guarantee."

Tristan's expression slowly turns gloomy.

"But, as my years of medical expertise and practice have taught me, what your wife has are the most common symptoms of early pregnancy. So, congratulations are in order, but give me more time to reconfirm it." Carlos continues.

Tristan's heart raced with excitement at the possibility of Bella's pregnancy. He had almost forgotten about it because, given what had happened in the past—He and his family had high hopes for her getting pregnant, but she couldn't—he didn't want her to get hurt again.

This time, Tristan wouldn't ask her to go through another experience with the IVF program. He would simply wait until God gave them the gift of another child naturally.

Even so, Tristan felt warmth in his heart and mind as he imagined Dax would have a sibling or two siblings if it were a twin. Who knows for now. He smiled silently as he looked at his sleeping wife.

He wanted to go to her, embrace her, and take the fever from her, but before he could ask Carlos to wait outside, he stopped when he saw Carlos was about to say something.

"Tristan, are you alright?" Carlos asked, concerned about seeing him in a trance. His best friend sat before him and didn't move at all.

"I'm fine. I understand what you said earlier. Alright, I will let you know when we need to test her blood, but please don't say anything to her. I will speak to her first," Tristan warned him, afraid that Carlos would tell Bella before him.

"Sure, man. Let's wait a couple of hours; if her fever persists, I will put in an IV," Carlos explained to Tristan in detail.

"Alright, thanks," Tristan said as he stood up. "Geoffrey will lead you to a guest room. You will sleep here tonight."

After watching Carlos close the door, Tristan joined Bella on the bed. He held her hot hand, causing his heart to ache.



At this moment, he only wanted to take away all her pain, all the discomfort she felt now.

“Bella, my wife, please don’t be sick...” whispered Tristan. With his other hand, he smoothed the messy hair on her forehead, but before he could do so, a smile slowly appeared on his lips when he saw a streak of sweat on her forehead.

Finally, Tristan could calm down, even though only a bit, knowing the medicine was working. Bella’s fever was starting to break.

Tristan let her sleep a little longer, not daring to move. He took out his phone and exchanged messages with Carlos, reporting to him about his wife’s progress.

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A few hours later,

Bella slowly opened her eyes. The room was so bright that it blinded her.

After adjusting to the light, Bella felt her whole body sweat-soaked. She immediately raised her hand to check her temperature, but her hand stopped mid-air when she saw the IV line.

Turning her head to the side, she was shocked to see the IV pole on the side of the bed, with two IV fluids hanging, both half-empty.

‘When did they put this thing in!? Why don’t I remember anything?’ Bella thought while looking at her hand.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 417: He Put Aside His Curiosity

Confused about what had happened, Bella turned to check on Tristan. She was even more shocked to see her husband now sleeping, leaning against the headboard, his head hung low and his chin almost touching his collarbone.

“T-Tristan, why... why do you sleep like that?” Bella asked. Her throat felt sore, and her voice sounded hoarse, barely audible.

She felt terrible seeing her husband sleeping while sitting; he must have been exhausted waiting for her.

Bella put her hand on her forehead to check her body temperature. After feeling her temperature had returned to normal, she smiled while glancing again at Tristan.

She didn't want to wake him, so she tried to sit beside him and gently placed his head on her shoulder.

However, Tristan opened his eyes before his head leaned on Bella's shoulder. Panic radiated from his reddish eyes when he saw her sitting beside him.

"Bella, when did you wake up? How do you feel now?" Tristan asked, putting her hand on her forehead.

"Just a few minutes before you wake up. I feel better now. My body is no longer shivering, and I can also feel my fever is gone," Bella said gladly with a thin smile, trying to calm Tristan.

"Thank God..." Tristan placed his hand on Bella's waist and pulled her closer.

"When does the doctor put in this IV? I don't remember at all."

Tristan was surprised to hear her question, "Oh, you don't remember or hear what happened?"

Bella didn't answer him immediately. She tried to recall her memories but failed after a few more seconds.

She nodded and said, "Hmm, I only remember you helping me take fever medicine. And... I also vaguely remember you helping me sleep more comfortably."

Tristan felt amused recalling what happened last night. He started to tell Bella why they decided to put an IV on her.

When her body temperature spiked again, Tristan immediately called Carlos. Then, Carlos put in an IV so the fever-reducing fluid would work faster. He also gave her vitamins to help her recover quickly.

What amazed Tristan was that Bella only woke briefly. She only winced a little when Carlos inserted the IV needle into the back of her hand and immediately slept after they put the IV in.

After hearing her answer, Tristan was now sure that his wife was still half-conscious last night when they put the IV needle in.

"Alright, the important thing is that you are much better now," Tristan said while straightening her messy hair.

Bella was stunned. She didn't recall anything. She seemed exhausted and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

“What time is it now?” Bella tried to look outside, but the window curtains were tightly closed; she couldn’t see if the sun had already risen.

Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, Bella was surprised to find it was already seven a.m. She silently sighed, knowing she had slept too long.

“It looks like the sun is just starting to appear on the horizon. Are you hungry?” Tristan asked.

He got out of bed. After turning off the lights, he walked to the window and opened the curtains to let the sunlight into the room. He also opened the glass door leading to the veranda so fresh air could enter.

“Do you want breakfast now?” Tristan asked, sitting back on the side of the bed next to Bella. She nods.

“I’m hungry, but please ask someone to remove this IV before that. I feel uncomfortable,” Bella pleaded, looking at the needle on the back of her hand.

Tristan immediately nodded. He took his cell phone and called Carlos.

Carlos’ hoarse voice was heard from the other end, “Tristan?”

There was a short pause, and only a faint groan could be heard on the other end, making Tristan frown.

Tristan asked suspiciously, “What are you doing there?”

Carlos yawned before answering Tristan’s question.

“Of course, I was sleeping. Now I’m awake, thanks to you...” he said sarcastically. “Why did you wake me up this early? Did you forget I’ve only been asleep for an hour?” He cleared his throat.

He felt like he wanted to cry now. This was the first time he had to wait on a patient with a fever; even when he was still an intern in his first year as a resident, he never felt this tense and panicked like he was about to do complicated surgery.

Tristan shook his head as he glanced at Bella. He was surprised to see her staring at him with a suspicious frown. A loving smile appeared on his lips before he excused himself to walk towards the veranda.

He didn’t want Bella to overhear his conversation with Carlos.

“Man, if you want to hear the lab results, I’m sorry to say I can’t give you anything because my assistant only left this place one hour ago. Please be patient,” Carlos said.

“I didn’t ask for that information,” Tristan responded while pinching his temple. “But I want to ask you to come to my room.”

“Right now? Is everything alright there?” Carlos asked in concern. He thought it was too early to check on Bella again, right? He had just left their room an hour ago, and he was sure everything would be alright because Bella’s fever had rapidly reduced.

“Yes! You need to remove the IV. My wife feels uncomfortable.”

“Oh... my sister-in-law is awake?” Carlos’ voice sounded more cheerful, and his sleepiness suddenly disappeared. “Okay, I’ll come upstairs soon.”

...

After discussing a few things with Carlos, Tristan returned to the room to meet Bella. He found her still sitting there, looking at him.

“The doctor will be here soon to remove it,” he said while standing by the bed. “What do you want for breakfast?”

“Anything warm and delicious. I’m so hungry like I haven’t been eating for days,” Bella replied, stroking her stomach.

Tristan, noticing her gesture, could only swallow silently. He was really curious about the results of his wife’s blood test.

‘Was she really pregnant?’ Tristan wonders. But a second later, he puts aside his curiosity. He doesn’t want to have high hopes, afraid the result will differ from what he hoped for.

“Okay, I will ask Geoffrey,” he said, then sent a couple of texts to Geoffrey.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 418: Meeting Tristan’s Friend For The First Time  
Soon after, Carlos arrived.

However, Carlos didn’t enter the room right away. He paused to admire how beautiful and elegant Bella looked, sitting on the bed and staring at him.

Carlos still remembered that last night, he had only seen her asleep. When she briefly woke, he was too focused on inserting the IV in her hand to really see her. After he finished, Tristan didn’t allow him to stay in the room for too long.

“Carlos, you can come in!” Tristan urged him to move when he saw him standing near the door without taking a single step.

“Bella, let me introduce you to my personal doctor. He is also my close friend. His name is Carlos Montana,” Tristan said when he saw Carlos finally enter the room.

Bella was stunned as she looked at the tall, slender man with honey-brown hair who smiled broadly at her.

‘He is Tristan’s best friend?’ she muttered inwardly while smiling back at him awkwardly. She felt happy because this was the first time Tristan had introduced his best friend to her.

“Hello, Mr. Montana—” Bella’s words stopped when Carlos slowly raised his hand to stop her.

“Well, Goddess... I mean, Sister-in-law, you can call me by my name, Carlos...” He said happily, with a smile.

However, Carlos’s wide smile slowly faded when he stood beside Tristan and felt his threatening gaze.

“Carlos, would you mind starting to do your job?!” Tristan whispered.

Carlos silently gulped and hurriedly turned his gaze back to Bella. This time, he had set aside his friendliness and started gazing at and talking to Bella with the calmness and professionalism of a doctor.

“Sister-In-Law, excuse me. I will start to remove the IV needle from you. There will be a slight pinch, but it will be very brief,” he said politely before starting to work.

“Oh, okay, doc,” Bella said casually. Still, inwardly, she laughed, looking at her jealous husband’s gaze fixed on Carlos as if he wanted to slap Carlos through his stare.

After removing the IV needle from Bella’s hand and packing his medical stuff, Carlos checked her temperature one last time before explaining her condition.

“Sister-in-law, your health has improved so much,” he told her. “But I recommend that you rest today. I suggest you get a lot of rest, preferably stay home and not go to the office, and please avoid any strenuous activities for the time being.”

Carlos not only informed Bella about her condition but also explained why she had suddenly developed a fever: she was too exhausted, and her immune system had weakened.

"Thank you for your help, doc," Bella said gratefully, relieved that the needle was no longer in her hand.

Carlos ran his fingers through his hair, smiling awkwardly as he heard her gentle voice, but he didn't like how she addressed him formally.

"Sister-in-law, you can call me Carlos. There's no need to speak formally to me. Although this is our first meeting, I've heard a lot about you from Tristan, so I feel like I've known you for a long time. Well, I consider you my family. I hope you do the same."

Bella was stunned to hear his words. Knowing Tristan had been telling his friends about her made her want to know more.

"Okay, I will call you Carlos," Bella said, then looked at Tristan with her curious smile. She continued, "And Carlos, I'd love to hear more about what my husband tells you about me. Can you tell me everything?" She wanted to know if Tristan told Carlos about their past.

Tristan smiled back at Bella, understanding the meaning behind her words. Now he worried Carlos would tell her about the blood test they were doing now.

"Dear, you can talk with him later, not now. You need to have your breakfast. Carlos also needs to return to the hospital. He has an important surgery to take care of this morning," Tristan said casually.

Carlos was speechless. He didn't know he had surgery scheduled for this morning. Silently, he vented his anger on Tristan in his mind, knowing he was trying to get rid of him. How heartless!

"Isn't that right, Carlos?" Tristan looked at Carlos with a smile, but his smile looked like an order to follow his words.

"My friend Tristan," Carlos said, returning Tristan's fake smile, "You are so kind... to remind me," he added while patting Tristan on his shoulder. After that, he turned back to Bella. "Sister-in-law, we can talk later. I should go back to the hospital now."

"Yes, sure. See you around, Carlos," Bella smiled at him.

Carlos leaned closer to Tristan. "Boss, you should triple my bonus this year! Or I will tell my sister-in-law about the blood test results!" he whispered.

Tristan glared at him, but he eventually nodded, "Deal!"

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Not long after,

After Bella finished showering and changing into her casual home clothes, she headed to Dax's room to look after him, but Tristan stopped her.

"Dax has already started his martial arts practice with Geoffrey. They are now practicing outside."

Bella was surprised to learn that her son had immediately been active in his activity.

"Why so fast? I mean, he needs to relax a bit, right?"

Tristan shook his head. "That's one of my conditions when he asked to follow you to the East City. Once we return, he must be active again with his martial arts training because I saw him slacking so much lately."

"Come on, he is only four!"

"He needs to train his foundation to master his martial arts movements. Did you see how terrible Liam is? He can't even kick someone..." Tristan said, held her hand, and walked toward the stairs.

Bella couldn't refute Tristan's words. He was correct; their son needed to know how to fight because many bad people would target him if they knew his identity as the billionaire Tristan Sinclair's son.

She silently took a deep breath and followed Tristan down the stairs to the dining room.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 419: Someone Tries to Trace Her Identity

"Did Dax know about my fever?" Bella glanced at Tristan, worried their son might be concerned if he found out.

"No. I asked Geoffrey not to tell anyone, including Dax and your mother."

"Thank you, Tristan. I don't want my mother and Dax to worry about me. Besides, it's just a common fever."

"I know. But from now on, I won't allow you to overwork. If you do and get sick again, I will call Jack and complain. He will probably agree with me about reducing your work or removing you from your position."

Tristan said casually, but his eyes clearly showed his seriousness. He was trying to tell her that he couldn't accept her refusal in this matter.

“Ooo, I understand, Mr. Sinclair. I promise I will never tire myself again.” Bella grinned, clearly aware of his worry.

Bella did not wish to return to work in the first place, but she couldn’t back out now because she had already promised Jack that she would help the company grow in this country.

She plans to retire from the RDF management team and Quantum Capital once the company has a strong foundation. Her primary target is to bring this company to the top ten in the country.

After achieving her target, she will return to her dream of being a mother to her child and a good wife to her husband, enjoying a peaceful life with her family—the life she has been dreaming of while her money works for her.

“Thank you, my wife. Your words warm my heart,” Tristan lovingly smiled at her.

Bella rolled her eyes at his sweet talk before saying, “Well, Mr. Sinclair, you must take care of your company too, sir! I don’t want to see my husband slacking off from his work because of me.”

When Tristan heard her words, he stifled a laugh. He took her hand and led her to the dining table.

“Dear, don’t worry. I will go to the office after breakfast. How about you? What do you want to do?”

“I am planning to visit my mother. I have so much to discuss with her. Also, I kind of envy now...” Bella sighed deeply as she sat in her chair.

Tristan raised his eyebrow slightly, looking at her gloomy expression. “Why do you feel that way? Has something happened between you and your mom? Why are you envious of her?” he asked, looking worried.

Bella shrugged and shook her head.

“It’s because of our baby Dax. Lately, he prefers having breakfast there instead of here with us.”

Tristan chuckled, amused at how adorable her expression was as she was jealous of her own mother.

“Darling wife, our son probably still wants to spend time with his Granny. Don’t be jealous; they only meet for a few days.”



“Hubby, you may not understand what I mean. I envy our son’s ability to eat my mom’s cooking every morning.”

Tristan smiled when he realized the reason behind Bella’s gloominess — she missed her mother’s cooking. He felt guilty that Bella couldn’t visit her mother because of him. Every morning, he had been having breakfast with her at their house.

“My dear wife,” Tristan said, placing his spoon down before gently touching her cheek. As he saw her turning to look at him, he continued, “I do think you need to spend more time with your mother. So, don’t worry about me; I’m happy to see you happy. And yes, you can have lunch with her today...”

Bella leaned closer and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you, Tristan—”

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After leaving the house, Tristan didn’t go straight to his office. Instead, he asked his driver to go to S International Hospital as he needed to know the results of his wife’s blood test.

Parked in the exclusive parking lot in the basement, Tristan called Carlos.

“Do you have the Lab result yet, Carlos?” he asked.

“Yes. I have it with me. Where are you now?” Carlos responded, holding Bella’s sealed lab result in his hand.

“In the parking lot, the usual place,” Tristan replied.

“Great! Wait for me there; I will bring the result,” Carlos said.

Tristan ended the call, trying to calm his racing heartbeat. He remained focused on the underground lobby entrance, anticipating Carlos’ arrival.

As he nervously waited for Carlos, his cell phone suddenly rang, surprising him. He frowned when he saw Max’s name on the screen. He didn’t recall having a task for Max to call him at this early hour.

Worried that something important had happened, he immediately picked up the phone. His worry increased when he heard Max’s tense voice on the other end.

“Boss, someone tried to find information about the young madam—”

Tristan's face instantly darkened, and he gripped his cell phone tightly. "Who?" He asked calmly, though his high tone failed to conceal his worry.

"A powerful hacker from South Europe. But I suspect his coordinates were fake, so I can't determine his real position," Max explained. He remembered encountering this hacker before, but it had been a brief encounter. He could tell the person was not an amateur but a professional hacker.

"Did he succeed?" Tristan's icy voice surprised Reid, who was sitting beside the driver. Reid felt alert and suspicious that something terrible had happened.

"They couldn't break my first-layer firewall, and I happened to be online at the time, so I could alert and hunt them back, but I'm really sorry, I can't capture that person. He managed to escape my siege..." Max said regretfully.

Tristan didn't say anything, lost in thought. When he was about to speak, he saw Carlos emerge from the elevator.

"We'll talk in my office!" Tristan hurriedly ended the call. He turned his gaze to Reid. "Add security around my wife and son; keep an eye out for anything suspicious wherever she is at all times."

"Consider it done, Boss!" Reid responded by taking out his cell phone and texting his subordinates.

"Knock. Knock."

Tristan turned to see Carlos standing outside, knocking on the window. He rolled down the window and said, "Thanks, Carlos. May I see it?!"

"Let's open it together," Carlos said excitedly, handing Tristan the envelope.

"I'm sorry, Carlos," Tristan refused, causing Carlos's expression to turn ugly. He continued, "I have an urgent meeting at the office. I will let you know the result."

Carlos nodded. "Sure, man. It's your call!"

Tristan asked the driver to move. He needed to arrive at the office soon to meet Max. He was worried that his business enemy knew about his relationship with Bella, and they would start digging for information about her. It would be troublesome if this happened.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 420: The Test Result!

Tristan's gaze is fixed on the white envelope in his hand.

In the left corner, there's an S International Hospital logo. His hand trembles slightly as he tries to open the envelope. After much effort, he manages to tear the envelope open.

When he finally takes out the blood test result, his heart races. However, he cannot bring himself to read it openly.

He takes a deep breath and calms his racing heart a few more times before daring to read the result.

Tristan doesn't understand what else is written there, but his eyes are now fixed on the status of the pregnancy.

Instantly, his hand clutches the paper tightly after reading the answer to his curiosity.

"Boss, we have arrived—" Reid's voice pulls Tristan from his thoughts. He immediately steps out of the car and heads to his office.

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Meanwhile, at the same time...

Bella is sitting in the living room at the stone house with her mother.

Dax is busy in the corner watching a documentary movie about Arctic expeditions on his iPad.

Before Bella handed over a brown envelope to her mother, she glanced at her son again, ensuring he would not hear their conversation.

"Mom, these are the divorce papers Dad signed and the Inheritance Letter that a lawyer has legalized..." Bella explained a few things and asked her mother to check.

Natalie froze in her seat. Her eyes stared intently at the A4 envelope on the table.

Slowly, her hands on her lap clenched into fists, feeling cold, like she was holding ice cubes.

Somehow, Natalie felt unreal because she knew Lucas Donovan so well. He is not the type of man who would give up on her easily; he will never let her go.

But now? It's hard for her to believe that Lucas Donovan, her first love, the man she had loved for decades, had finally agreed to separate from her without a fight.

"Mom, do you want me to open it for you?" Bella asked, successfully snapping Natalie out of her own thoughts.

Natalie turned her gaze to Bella.

A half-smile appeared on the corner of her lips before she responded, “No need. I will check—”

Natalie slowly reached for the envelope and opened it. When she saw the divorce papers that Lucas had signed, a mix of emotions spread through her heart; she felt happy and sad simultaneously.

Taking a deep breath, Natalie found another document inside the envelope.

‘A will? Why did he give this to me?’ Natalie muttered to herself.

Receiving a will from Lucas confused her.

When she decided to divorce Lucas, she didn’t plan on asking for any financial support because she didn’t want anything to do with him anymore.

‘Lucas, why did you confuse me again with this matter!? I don’t need anything from you!’

Natalie started reading, and it took her a few minutes to finish reading all the content of the will.

Her brows slowly furrowed when she read the list of assets Lucas gave her. She didn’t understand all of that; she looked at her daughter.

“Bella, why did your father give me all his wealth?” Natalie asked, but Bella responded with the same confused expression. She also didn’t understand why her father did that.

Natalie reread the letter. This time, she read it aloud so Bella could hear it.

“Your father transferred all his Donovan Group shares, several houses, some land, and other assets listed in this letter. The only thing that’s not included here is his cash.” Natalie paused as she glanced at Bella.

“Can I see it?” Bella asked.

“Sure!” Natalie handed the will to Bella.

After reading it herself, Bella was shocked to see that what her mother had said was true. All her father’s assets were listed in the document.

“Woah! I didn’t expect my father to have this many assets. I thought his assets were used up by his woman out there—” Bella’s sentence hung in the air when she saw her mother’s facial expression turn dark again.

After scolding herself inwardly, Bella smiled faintly at her mother.

“Mom, I can’t confirm the legality of this document yet because this is only a copy. We need to ask the lawyer to come here to confirm this will,” Bella explained.

“Who is the lawyer your father used?” Natalie asked.

“Uncle Erik Anderson,” Bella answered while she handed the document to her mother. She continued, “Mom, I’ll contact Uncle Erik and ask him to come here. We had better hear from him quickly, Mom. To settle this document...”

Natalie nodded in agreement.

“Yes. Please arrange for Erik to meet me here.”

“Ah, what about the divorce papers? Do you want me to submit them to the court?”

Natalie was silent for a moment. An inner conflict arose in her heart since she knew Lucas had suddenly changed.

She hears so many things about Lucas that she never witnessed when she was still his wife; Lucas agrees to divorce her. He also said he would vanish from her life and Bella’s. The most confusing thing that puzzled her was Lucas giving away all his wealth.

Now,

Natalie was lost in her thoughts, thinking about Bella’s question. After a few moments, her hand tightly clenched before she said:

“There is no need to submit this to the court. I’ll keep this letter to myself. What’s important is that your father knows we’re divorced, and he doesn’t have a chance to hurt me again.” Natalie smiled, feeling amused, as she looked at her daughter, who appeared shocked.

In her mind, Bella disagreed with her mother, but she didn’t want to interfere with her mother’s new phase in life. And Bella wants to show her respect for her mother’s wishes. As long as her mother didn’t decide to return to her father, she could live with that.

“Okay, Mom. I understand.”

“Bella, there’s something I want you to do for me. Besides calling Uncle Erik, can you also call Henry to come here? I need to talk to him. I’m sure your brother feels confused now...”

Natalie hesitated to finish her sentence when she saw Bella’s displeased expression.

“My daughter, it’s okay. Forget what I said earlier...” Natalie said softly. She didn’t want to trouble Bella again about Henry’s matter.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!