

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 453 – 484

Chapter 453: A Smart Sam

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The day went by quickly and uneventfully. Without realizing it, Tristan and Bella spent the morning with Dax at home. They only managed to leave the house after lunch, as both had to go to the office.

When Bella saw the new car parked in the front yard, she was surprised.

“New car?” she asked while sitting in the passenger seat. Tristan usually drove her in a low-key SUV, but now, the car looked glamorous and expensive.

“Yes. The old car broke down, so this is the next cheapest one in the garage,” he replied with a random excuse. He needed to change the car they used daily to distract someone who tried to follow his wife.

Bella was speechless; how could a new Mercedes-AMG GT be the cheapest option? She said nothing but slightly shook her head, showing disbelief.

Tristan smiled at her as he gently closed the door before hurrying to sit behind the wheel.

Finally, the car left the yard. The street to the business district at noon wasn't too busy, and they arrived at Quantum Capital ten minutes early.

“Thank you, hubby,” Bella leaned closer and kissed his cheek. “What time are you done with work?” she continued.

“I'll pick you up as usual at five,” he responded, staring back at her lovingly.

“Alright. Ugh, I have to go now,” Bella smiled at him while gathering her things and immediately opened the door. “Drive safely,” she said and left.

Bella didn't head to her office on the 19th floor but went straight to the 20th to meet Stefan. She was still curious about him.

Arriving on the 20th floor, she met Sam, who had just finished his lunch and now held an ice cream. He looked surprised to see her.

“Boss, you've come,” Sam politely greeted her. “Boss, do you want some?” He offered her ice cream when he saw her eyes look at the cup of ice cream in his hand.

Bella couldn't ignore her appetite when she saw vanilla ice cream. She nodded and took Sam's medium cup of ice cream right away. She enjoyed it while walking to the living room and settling on the single sofa.

"Is Stefan still busy in his computer room?" Bella asked, noticing Sam sitting opposite her.

"Yes. But today, he came out for breakfast, even though he didn't talk much. And I tried to tell him about his meal before lunch, but he didn't respond," Sam replied.

Bella frowned as she glanced toward Stefan's computer room. "Did he sleep there?"

"Probably... because I never see him at night," Sam answered, looking at Stefan's computer room with concern.

A few seconds later, Sam turned to Bella again before he could say anything. His eyes were fixed on her ice cream, and he was surprised to see her finish it faster than him.

'Didn't she always refuse the medium-sized cup because she was on a diet? Why does she accept it now? And finish it so quickly?' Sam's suspicions began to rise as he noticed the changes in her.

For a few moments, Sam observed her, trying to figure something out. After a few more seconds, his thoughts gave him goosebumps.

'She must be pregnant now...' Sam smiled as the thought flashed through his mind. 'Should I test her?' He knew Bella might deny it if he asked her directly.

"Boss, we have a delicious apple pie. Do you want a slice?" Sam casually offered, trying not to be too obvious about his suspicions. When he saw her frown, he continued, "Or ice cream? We still have plenty in the fridge," trying to sound as casual as he could.

Bella silently gulped when she heard about apple pie and ice cream. She stared at Sam with mixed emotions. She didn't want him to see her eat more, but she still felt hungry.

Before Bella could refuse, her stomach growled as if the twins inside were asking to be fed.

"Sam, can you bring me the apple pie and ice cream here?"

Though Sam was surprised by her response, he remained calm as he walked to the kitchen to avoid making her Boss feel terrible for being gluttonous. He soon returned with ice cream and apple pie and handed them to her.

"Thank you, Sam," Bella expressed her gratitude with a delighted smile.

Sam sat again in his seat, observing her finish her pie in just a few minutes; now, she was enjoying her ice cream.

‘Positive! She must be pregnant,’ Sam concluded his observation with a happy smile.

“Boss, did Stefan get in trouble?” Sam asked, trying to distract her.

“Hmm, I guess so. He hasn’t replied to my texts,” Bella answered.

“I see,” Sam said, smiling. “Boss, would you mind telling me the truth if I ask this? Uhm, are you pregnant?”

“Mhmm, six weeks—” Bella felt her heart sink when she realized she had answered Sam without thinking, revealing her pregnancy.

She stopped eating her ice cream and slowly looked up at Sam, hoping he hadn’t heard her answer. However, seeing him smile widely with his eyes beaming, she knew her hope was shattered.

“You heard...?”

“Congratulations, boss,” Sam sincerely expressed his happiness. “I’m so happy for you, Boss Tristan, and Dax...”

Bella could only sigh deeply. It seemed she couldn’t hide her pregnancy any longer, especially from someone as perceptive as Sam.

“Thank you,” Bella faintly smiled at him, “But please do me a favor, Sam.”

“Of course, Boss. What is it?” Sam asked, raising an eyebrow slightly.

“Do not tell anyone about my pregnancy,” Bella said.

Though Sam was confused about why Bella didn’t want to share this happy news, he still nodded. “Sure, Boss. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Thank you,” Bella said, feeling relieved. She placed the empty ice cream cup on the table and stood up. “Alright, you can continue your work. I need to talk to Stefan...”

Bella knocked on the door several times, but there was no sign that Stefan had heard it. She guessed he might have been using his earphones, so he didn’t hear the knock.

She took her phone from her bag and called him, but his phone was inactive. After trying a few times, the result was still the same.

"What the hell, Stefan? Are you still alive there?" Bella shouted, shocking Sam and causing him to return hurriedly. "Please answer, huh! Stop making me worry!"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 454: Confront Stefan

"Boss, what happened?" Sam asked worriedly.

Bella threw her cell phone in her bag before responding to him.

Later, she turned to face him.

"Sam, do you have a spare key for this room? I'm starting to worry that Stefan might have died there." Bella sighed deeply while looking at the door again. "That's why he hasn't responded to the noise I'm making or answered my phone calls. This really worries me..."

"Die!?" Sam almost laughed at her words. He cleared his throat slightly before continuing, "I'm sorry, Boss. I don't have a spare key for this room, but maybe Leo does. However, he's in Nova City right now."

Bella was not happy with Sam's answer. She looked at the sturdy door before her again.

"Sam, can you break this door?" Bella asked. "You might have to break the keyhole or kick the door harder... force it to open."

Her request took him aback. "I can try if you insist, Boss," Sam said.

"Hmm, do it!" Bella answered firmly. She couldn't let Stefan stay trapped inside; the only option was to break the door to find out what had happened inside.

"Wait here...I need a tool to open that door," Sam said before walking to his room. Later, he reappeared.

"What the hell is that for? Bella was speechless to see Sam carrying a pistol. She thought he'd gone to find a hammer or tools to open the door, but instead, he brought a gun. Gosh!

"No worries, Boss. I have a license for this pistol. Why are you shocked, Boss? With this big pistol's bullet, any door would be opened easily." Sam smiled while positioning himself before the door.

Before he shot, he looked at Bella again. He smiled, noticing how worried she seemed. "Don't worry, I'll use a silencer. No one will even notice when I shoot the door's lock."

“Go ahead, but make sure you shoot it to open the door and not Stefan,” Bella warned him, afraid Sam might accidentally injure Stefan.

Sam couldn’t help but laugh. “Hahaha, did you forget I’m an excellent marksman in the special forces?”

“Ah, you’re right,” Bella said, stepping back a few meters from Sam.

However, the door swung open before Sam could shoot, with Stefan standing there looking horrified.

“What, what the hell, Samuel Brown? Why did you want to murder me?” Stefan stammered in shock. He raised his hands as if to shield himself from bullets. “Are you drunk? Or have you gone crazy?”

Stefan was utterly shocked to see Sam standing there, pointing a gun at him, with a scary look in his eyes.

Holding back his laughter, Sam looked at Stefan’s pale and frightened expression. He calmly locked his pistol, ignored Stefan, and turned to face Bella.

“Boss, your brother is alive,” Sam said faintly. “Alright, Boss, I’ll go now. You can punish him,” he added sarcastically.

Sam turned back to Stefan, noticing his shocked expression as he looked at Bella.

“Stefan, you made Boss Bella worry. How dare you ignore her calls? Even Jack Foster never ignores her,” Sam scolded as he tapped Stefan’s shoulder before leaving.

Stefan’s jaw dropped upon hearing Sam’s words. It was only then that he realized Bella was there. His eyes widened in shock as he no longer heard Sam’s sentence. He felt too nervous seeing Bella looking at him with an unusual expression.

“S-Sis... Sister, when did you get here? Why didn’t you call me?” Stefan stammered as he scratched his head, even though it wasn’t itchy.

Bella shook her head slowly. Despite feeling the urge to smack his head, she held back when she saw his tired and innocent expression.

“We need to talk, Stefan. Follow me!” Bella said as she walked toward the sitting area in the living room.

Stefan nodded as he followed her but didn’t join her immediately. Instead, he continued walking to the kitchen. “Sis, would you like a cold drink?” he asked, opening the refrigerator. “Or maybe a cold beer? Soda?”

Bella sighed. She wanted beer or soda, but remembering her pregnancy, she dismissed the idea. "Cold water, please."

"Why did you ignore my calls?" Bella asked when she saw him finally sit opposite her, sipping his cold beer.

"Oh, you called? I didn't hear anything," he grinned.

Bella sighed deeply and asked, "Are you alright? You look like you haven't slept in days." She noticed his pale face and messy hair.

"Sis, I've been busy locating someone," Stefan said, raising his eyebrows. "Didn't you know what I've been up to?"

"How could I know? You never tell me anything," Bella replied, utterly confused. "Is there something I need to know?"

"Huh!? Looks like your husband didn't tell you," Stefan's voice trailed off as he realized the possibility of Tristan hiding this from Bella. Now, he vented his frustration inwardly, forgetting to ask Tristan about it.

Bella became increasingly aware of Stefan's suspicious behavior.

"Speak now, or you'll see me angry," she said casually, but Stefan knew she was furious.

"Don't be mad, Sis. I'll tell you now. Ugh, I'm busy looking for someone—this person is trying to find information about you." He explained worriedly.

"Someone's trying to dig up my real identity?"

"Yeah."

"Why are you worried? Haven't you put out false information?"

"Well, this person knows the information out there is fake. They also know where to find your real identity. Max, your husband's hacker, was the first to find out about this hacker. But at the time, Max couldn't locate the person; they hid too well," Stefan explained.

Bella was shocked to hear that.

Stefan continued, "If I had to guess, that person has abilities equal to or even stronger than Max."

Bella was taken aback. She knew how skillful Max was, but she thought that this person who tried to find her identity might be more cunning than Max worried her.

“Is that person really that cunning, Stefan?” she asked.

“Yes, that’s why your husband is worried that the person digging into your information might be someone who wants to harm you, especially since they have a powerful hacker working with them.”

Bella felt her heart sink as she began to understand what had happened. Her mind started to race, trying to guess who that person could be.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 455: The Invisible Enemy!
Countless names now appeared in Bella’s mind.

‘Could it be my uncles?’ Bella shook her head.

Her uncles couldn’t have hired a powerful hacker to check her background or to find her weaknesses. That is so unlike them. Moreover, they didn’t have the funds and wit for it after she removed them from the company. Even if her uncles had any ill intentions and wanted to hurt her, they would likely hire a gangster rather than a hacker.

Bella quickly dismissed these thoughts, confident that her actions in front of her uncles had been enough to discourage them from challenging her.

Another name appeared, ‘Laura Kiels?’

As before, Bella dismissed Laura Kiels from the list. It was impossible; she would be reincarnated and trouble her again, right?

She shook her head, smiling at her wild imagination.

‘So who? Who is the person who still has hatred toward me?’ Bella tried to remember. A second later, a vicious woman appeared in her mind. ‘How could I forget her? This must be Jessica, right? Only her. She’s the one who hated me the most.’

Bella slowly got goosebumps thinking about Jessica Sinclair.

Lately, she had been so busy with family matters that she’d forgotten about Jessica Sinclair, her evil mother-in-law. She sighed deeply and turned her gaze back to Stefan.

She silently listened to every word he said about the matter they were facing.

"A few days ago, your husband called me. He asked for my help, so I joined forces with Max to track down the hacker who was still attempting to steal information about you. However, when he realized this, I teamed up with Max... the hacker completely disappeared. He is no longer trying to bypass Max's firewall protection," Stefan explained.

"It seems like you are no match for that person; that's why he disappeared," Bella remarked, relieved that she was safe as long as Stefan and Max were on her side.

"Probably, yeah," Stefan said, a half-smile on his proud face. He cleared his throat before continuing, "But now, we are having trouble finding him because he no longer appears. Also, your husband is trying to find the person behind the hacker."

"Why didn't Tristan tell me about this!?" Bella asked, confused.

"I'm not sure why your husband is keeping this from you. But, sister, I think maybe he didn't want you to worry," Stefan responded, amused at her clueless expression.

Bella took a deep breath as her mind reeled back to what had happened around her in the last few days.

She started noticing some changes around her, including the increasingly tight security around their house. Even on her day off, Bryan showed up at their residence, something he had never done before.

And recently, Tristan has been trying to stay with her wherever she goes. She initially thought he was overprotective because she was pregnant, but now she understands.

Despite that, Bella sometimes couldn't help but think Tristan was overprotective because he didn't want his enemy or people who held grudges for him to harm her.

'Is it possible that someone like Tristan has an enemy, right?' Bella wondered.

Bella understood that leading a massive enterprise like Sinclair Group was never easy. Many people felt disadvantaged and jealous of Tristan's success and wanted to bring him down. She knew this from her experience leading Quantum Capital in the last few months.

She had also heard from Jack about what happened to the RDF Group; many people tried to bring them down, so Jack created their Sentinel Network to ensure they stayed on top safely.

'It's not easy to be successful, too,' Bella thought, shaking her head and hiding her bitter smile. She didn't want Stefan to notice her worry, but it was too late; Stefan had already seen it.

“Sister, don’t worry. Even if the hacker comes back, he still won’t be able to get any information about you. Three mighty forces safely seal your online database: Max, me, and the military’s hackers. Thanks to your friend in the military, their hackers are helping us, too,” Stefan explained after seeing Bella seem tense and worried.

Bella frowned as she looked at Stefan.

“My friend in the military? Oh, you mean Sean?” She remembered asking Sean to seal her information from Tristan and her parents five years ago, worrying they would find out where she was going.

At that time, she doesn’t want to ask Stefan for help because she doesn’t want Jack to know about her problems. In the end, Jack and Harper find out she is moving to Sweden, and they wait for her at the airport.

“Yeah, General Sean Spencer. I assure you, no one could break our protection—unless...” Stefan’s voice trailed off as he remembered his idol, Mel, aka Queen.

“Unless what?” Bella asked curiously.

“Unless my sister sides with the bad person, which is impossible! She’s much more powerful at hacking than anyone I know. But no way she’s working for any bad guy,” Stefan sighed deeply as if he was thinking something despicable and disrespectful about someone powerful. “Do you still remember my other sister who lives in Country X?”

“Oh, a woman you said she’s your only idol? How can I forget? You tell me about her repeatedly,” Bella smiled, recalling Stefan told her about a lady who had taught him intricate coding skills, which are now related to his work. “What’s her ID name again? Q-Queen, right!?”

“Yeah, that woman...and she is a good friend, too.” Stefan suddenly felt terrible. It has been several years since his last visit to his idol in the X country. They have not communicated since then because he was too preoccupied with the RDF Group’s business. At the same time, he heard Mel was also preoccupied with enjoying her days as a mother.

“That’s good to hear, Stefan. I feel better now, knowing my online data are protected by capable people. Thank you so much for your diligent work!”

Bella smiled, but she was still curious about who was interested in her and willing to pay a skilled hacker to dig up her information.

“Oh, please, sister, stop saying thanks to me,” he said with a smile. “Well, just for your information, your husband is now focused on finding the person behind the hacker. Since yesterday, Max told me that they were hunting for someone they suspected was secretly stalking you...”

* Author's Note:

Mel, or Queen, is the female lead from my first book titled “Damn, I Fall In Love With Him.” Just to let you all know, Stefan / Grim Reaper, appears in my first book ^__^

Warning: Damn! I Fall In Love With Him is my first book. When I first became a writer, my writing experience was much less than they are now; I was a total newbie then. So, if you are thinking of reading the book, I would be very grateful, but if you found a lot of newbie mistakes there, you have been warned ^____*

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 456: The Dinner Invitation That Make Her Nervous

Bella feels alarmed when she hears about this. She knows Tristan has arranged a tailing car to protect her whenever Bryan drives her. Still, she wasn't aware that bad people were also trying to tail their vehicles.

“Did they find that person?” Bella asked worriedly.

Stefan shook his head, a slight look of concern flashing in his eyes.

“Sis, I'm sorry, I don't know. Tristan only assigned me the task of finding the hacker's location. You should ask him for more details.”

Bella didn't press Stefan further. “Hmm, thank you, Stefan. Thank you for lending your hands and mind to help them.”

“No, I'm not doing much. Max could protect your information without me. Your husband just wanted to ensure your information was safe, so he asked me to join hands.”

“Yeah, whatever it is, I'm still grateful.” Bella smiled at him. “Alright, you eat lunch first and sleep. You look like a zombie now.”

“What? Zombie!?” Stefan tried to see his face using his cell phone camera, only to realize his battery was dead. “Oh, crap! Even my cell phone hates me.”

“Gosh! Just throw away your cell phone. There's no point in you having it if you don't reply to my texts and ignore my calls,” Bella said as she stood from her seat.

Stefan, “...”

Bella quickly said goodbye to Stefan. Her mind was full of many things, especially concerns about the person who wanted to uncover her real identity.

She believed that person was unrelated to her family because she had already ensured no one could try to mess with her again.

After arriving at her office, Bella took out her cell phone and was about to call Tristan; however, Tristan's series of texts surprised her.

[Tristan] Darling, Mr. President, invites us to dinner at his residence next week.

[Tristan] I'll have Dylan arrange a private designer to create your gown.

[Tristan] Don't work so hard. Love you!

[Tristan] Call me when you see this message. (Kiss emoji)

Bella sat silently, staring at her dark cell phone screen.

“Mr. President?” she muttered from her chair. “Oh my God, he means Sean's father? Sean's father is inviting us to dinner?”

Bella felt her throat dry at the thought of meeting Sean's family for the first time.

“Will Sean and Amanda be there?” The thought of meeting them made her even more nervous. It felt like butterflies were dancing in her stomach.

Taking a deep breath, she leaned against the back of her chair and closed her eyes, trying to push aside the image of dinner at Sean's house.

After a while, she returned to work and made video calls with Leo, who was currently busy in Nova City. This distracted her mind as they talked about work.

A few days have passed, and today is the end of September. The air feels chilly, signaling autumn is slowly arriving in their city.

So much has happened in Bella's life over the past week. She agreed to work from home after speaking with Tristan about her safety and pregnancy. She will only go to the office if she needs to attend a management team meeting.

Meanwhile, her grandfather has returned to East City for the past few days. He deliberately stayed there to support his daughter, Emma, so his other sons wouldn't dare trouble her.

Lewis Sinclair, who usually stays at Bella and Tristan's house, decided to return to his own home after learning his son, William Sinclair, has cancer. Still, they visit Dax every few days. They don't come daily because they don't want to arouse Jessica's suspicion.

Today, Henry will be discharged from the hospital, and Bella will introduce him to her son, Dax, for the first time. She had delayed this meeting to observe Henry's attitude in the last couple of days. And she has seen Henry behave a lot better now.

Since their last encounter at the hospital with Tristan, Bella has heard from Noora and her mother that Henry has undergone significant changes, which makes her happy. This indicates he hasn't adopted their father's rudeness and terrible attitude.

After a week at home, Bella was surprised that no one had suspected her pregnancy. She feels grateful because Noora and her mother are rarely at home; they visit Henry at the hospital every day during the day and only return before night.

Just like any other morning...

Bella now enjoys sunbathing on the veranda while reading her favorite fiction book and listening to the birds singing in the forest behind the house.

"Bella..."

Tristan's soft voice startled Bella. She immediately turned to look at him while closing the book.

Seeing him already neatly dressed in his slim-fit white shirt stunned her; his handsomeness left her speechless. A lovely smile graced her lips as she stood from her seat. "Oh, are you ready to go?" she asked, approaching him.

"Hmm," Tristan took her hand and led her inside. "Are you sure I don't need to accompany you when Henry meets our son?" he was still worried because he had so much work today and couldn't be beside her.

"Yes, your meeting at the office is more important than welcoming my older brother," Bella chuckled, reassuring him not to worry too much.

"Alright, if you need anything, call me immediately," Tristan said thoughtfully.

Tristan wanted to stay home to accompany her, but he couldn't postpone this morning's meeting. He had to attend, and in the afternoon, he had to fly to another city to visit several company projects. He could only return at night before dinner. That's why he felt terrible leaving her alone now.

"Sure, I'll call you every hour, sir," Bella teased, trying to humor him. "But don't worry too much. Even though Henry will stay here, he'll be at Mom's place. He won't cause me any trouble. Besides, I heard he's changed."

"Trust me, he hasn't changed that fast. I'm still worried he'll cause you trouble."

Bella smiled faintly at his concern. "I've changed too, Mr. Sinclair. I'm no longer the weak girl you've married in the past. I have changed a lot, and now I'm stronger than him. If he tries to harm me, I'll send him back to the hospital. This time, a lot worse."

"Hahaha, you're right. If he acts up, send him back to Carlos on a stretcher. Let him take care of your older brother there." Tristan pulled Bella's waist closer to his and leaned in to kiss her lips.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 457: Always Grateful

After walking Tristan to the front yard and watching his car vanish from her sight, Bella returned to the house to look for her son.

She hadn't seen him since they had breakfast.

Just before heading to Dax's bedroom, Bella saw Geoffrey appear from the kitchen.

"Geoffrey, have you seen Dax?" Bella asked.

"Young master? He is in his computer room with Mr. Gael," Geoffrey answered. "Do you want me to call him, ma'am?"

Bella halted her steps before climbing the stairs. She smiles at him, "Thank you, Geoffrey, but there's no need. You can continue your work. I will check on him myself now."

"Yes, ma'am," Geoffrey nodded and headed to the living room.

Bella opened the computer room door in silence. She didn't want to distract them, curious to know what they were doing.

She saw them staring at the computer screen with headphones in their ears.

'Gosh! It's only nine, and they've already started their computer session?'

A faint smile slowly appeared on Bella's lips. She was happy for her son because today was his first-day learning advanced coding from Stefan, who happened to move here, too, when she decided to work from home.

Stefan now used one of the guest rooms and her son's computer room as his workspace. While he helped her with work, he also taught Dax.

As for Max, her son's former teacher, he no longer taught Dax because he was too busy assisting Tristan.

Bella stood in the corner, waiting to greet them both. However, seeing their seriousness, she decided not to bother them.

She left the room quietly and looked for Noora, surprised to find her busy in the dry kitchen, filling the fridge with fresh food.

"Young miss, why are you here?" Noora paused as she noticed Bella approaching her. She glanced at the clock on the wall. It was only nine. "Are you hungry again!? I can cook something warm for you."

Noora was suspicious because Bella had always requested snacks or fruit between her main meals in the past few days.

"I'm not hungry, but I just want to ask you something," Bella said while sitting on the chair at the kitchen island.

"What is it?" Noora approached Bella and offered her a bowl of clean grapes and berries she had just washed.

"Thanks," Bella said without refusing. She instantly felt the sourness in her mouth as she looked at how shiny the grapes and blueberries were. She chewed a few green grapes. Instantly, the sweetness spread in her mouth, making her unable to stop eating and forget about her question to Noora. "Ugh, these grapes are so delicious! This blueberry, too..."

Noora frowned as a slight crease slowly appeared on her forehead. Her suspicions became apparent. However, she didn't say anything, knowing that her young Miss might be angry at her if she asked about her pregnancy.

"What is it, Young Miss?" Noora asked again.

Bella paused for a moment, putting the grapes into her mouth. She looked at Noora.

"How about my mother's house? Is it ready for Henry to live there?"

“Yes. I already cleaned the room he will use,” Noora said, explaining that she had emptied the room she used to live in and had returned to the main house.

“Thank you, Aunty, and sorry to trouble you again,” Bella faintly said. “I know you used to stay there because you shared the same hobby with my mom.”

“I’m not feeling troubled, Miss. And don’t worry about me. Even though I stay here in the main house, I will go there to watch dramas with your mother and cook for them every day.” Noora smiled.

“You are my angel, Aunty Noora,” Bella gave her aunt a thumbs up.

Bella never stopped being grateful to Aunty Noora. She had done so much for her and her family since the day she worked for her.

Since returning to the country, Bella didn’t want Noora to be alone forever, caring only for her and her family. She hoped to see Noora start her own family as well.

But how could that happen if Noora never left the house and was always by her side?

More than a few times, Bella has tried encouraging Noora to visit her distant family in the countryside. She hopes Aunty Noora might meet some friends there. Still, Noora always refuses, claiming she has no friends left.

Now, Noora’s only social interaction was with the workers in their household. Bella had someone in mind for Noora, but each time she brought up the topic with her, Noora would quickly change the subject.

“Aunty,” Bella called out to Noora as she saw her fill the fridge again. “How is your relationship with Nick—” Her words stopped when she noticed Noora raising her hand to stop her.

“Oh, please, not again, young Miss. Please stop asking me about him. There is nothing between us. We’re family, alright!” Noora said before ignoring Bella and focusing on placing a few cakes in the fridge.

Bella smiled while shaking her head. She had teased Noora a few times about marrying Nick because they had worked together for a long time and knew each other well.

However, Noora always avoided the topic and stopped her. Noora always said she only saw Nick as a friend, just like her siblings; she had no romantic feelings for him.

Bella didn’t believe Noora. Instead, she never stopped praying that Noora and Nick would someday become a family.

“Aunty Noora, stop saying that. If the goddess of love heard it, she might be offended and send a cupid between you both, and in the end, you will marry him, love him forever...” Bella giggled when she saw Noora glaring at her.

“Young Miss—”

Noora opened her mouth, but her sentence stopped at the tip of her tongue when Bella said, “Oh...my...GOD...Aunty Noora, you are blushing. You like him, right?”

“Miss, I’m busy now. Go back to work. You’re supposed to work now, right? Do you want more grapes? Or cakes?” Noora said, ignoring Bella, who was still trying to tease her.

“Alright, I will go now...” Bella said after taking another new bowl of grapes. She headed to the new home office that Tristan was setting up for her inside the library on the first floor.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 459: Heart To Heart Talk

While the others were watching Korean drama and Dax was occupied with something on his iPad, Henry remained silent in his seat. He felt mixed emotions as he witnessed an unfamiliar scene unfold before his eyes.

He had never witnessed this kind of closeness and warmth in their family before. In the past, it was either his parents fighting or him annoying his sister.

For some unknown reason, Henry felt his heart tighten increasingly as he remembered their past, and slowly, he began to feel terrible.

To distract his mind, he focused on the salad in his hand. However, his eyes occasionally stole glances at the little man across from him. After a while, he turned his gaze to Bella.

His hands clenched slightly as he said, “Sister Bella, can we talk for a moment? Just the two of us?”

Bella didn’t answer him right away. She put her salad bowl on the table and nodded slowly.

“Can you walk?” she asked while staring at the thing covering his chest and upper stomach—a broken rib brace.

“Sure,” Henry said and stood up. “Although I have this protector on my chest, I can move my legs... so I can walk by myself, albeit slowly.”

“Alright, let’s walk outside,” Bella said. Before leaving, she asked Dax to stay with her mother and then followed Henry out.

The sky was cloudy that afternoon, and the air felt pleasant. They walked away from the stone house towards the edge of the lake.

After arriving at the park bench facing the lake, Bella sat on one end and asked Henry to sit down, too.

Sitting on the other end of the park bench, Henry looked at Bella for a moment before he looked forward, following her line of sight.

“Sis, your son looks handsome and smart,” Henry said.

“Of course... He is my son and Tristan’s. He gets the best genes from us,” Bella proudly answered.

Silence again.

Henry still tried to string the words he wanted to say to her.

While Bella? She started to feel impatient with Henry as she waited for him to say something.

A few minutes passed, but he still did not say anything, causing her to turn her gaze to him.

“Do you just want to enjoy the view or want to talk?” she asked in an annoyed tone, shocking Henry.

He hurriedly cleared his throat and said, “Bella, I sincerely want to apologize to you for what I did in the past.”

Finally, Henry spoke with a heavy and trembling voice. His eyes, which looked at the lake, felt warm, holding back tears.

After being silent for a few more seconds to calm his heart, he continued, “I feel bad because from when we were little until now, I couldn’t be the best big brother for you. I always hit you with the excuse of wanting to discipline you. Even recently, I tried to hit you. I feel ashamed of myself for never making your life peaceful. I—”

“Damn it, Henry Donovan!” Bella snapped, annoyed at his words.

Henry was surprised to hear her anger. He turned his gaze to her and was even more shocked by her intense glare.

"If you want to remind me of that terrible past, stop it now, or I'll send you back to the hospital," Bella said with anger and annoyance in her voice. "I mean it!"

Henry closed his mouth tightly while nodding quickly. He didn't want to make her even angrier.

After seeing Henry, who seemed to understand her request, Bella took a deep breath. She looked forward again, trying to calm her emotions. She suppressed her thought of sending him back to the hospital with another broken bone.

"Speak now! Or I'll go back..." she said without leaving her gaze from the calm lake ahead.

"Sister Bella," Henry's voice trembled. "I want to apologize to you. And please trust me that my apology is sincere. I hope you can forgive me and forget what happened in the past."

Bella turned to look at him, saying nothing but looking at him expressionlessly.

"I promise you, I will change. I will no longer be a bad, useless person like Henry Donovan in the past," Henry continued.

She could see the fear and honesty in his eyes and silently sighed before saying, "Henry, I forgive you!" Those were the only words that could leave her lips. It felt like she couldn't talk nicely to him yet.

"Thank you, sister," Henry smiled at her before he looked back at the lake. He was hiding his eyes, which were holding back tears.

"I will now focus on recovering faster so I can return to work sooner. I will prove to you that I can change. That I am a new man. This is my promise to you, sis," he added.

Bella smiled slightly, hearing the enthusiasm in his words.

"Brother, please don't prove it to me or others, but to yourself. Your enemy is not me or others but yourself. If you can defeat your ego, then you can succeed!"

Henry was stunned to hear her words. He nodded and agreed, "Yes, I will do that, sis. I will do that..."

"Good! I know it won't be easy, but if you can work with a calm heart and mind, your path to success will be smoother," Bella said sincerely while turning her gaze back to him.

When their eyes met, she continued, "You know I have a large stake in the Donovan Group, right?"

Henry nodded.

"Even though I'm the biggest shareholder of the Donovan Group, I won't go back there to sit as the management and lead the company."

A thin wrinkle appeared on Henry's forehead. He wanted to ask "Why," but when he saw her speaking, he stopped to ask.

"If you show your sincerity in learning to work with others, you will one day become a good leader. And when that time comes, I won't hesitate to let you sit at the top, leading the Donovan Group to return to glory, like when Grandpa built the company."

Henry's eyes beamed, surprised and confused to hear her words.

He couldn't help but ask, "Sis, why don't you want to lead the Donovan Group? I heard from Grandpa that you have that ability. You are smart. And also, you are the largest shareholder in the company..."

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 460: Better Version Of Myself

Bella stared at Henry for a few seconds before telling him about her company. She didn't go into detail about RDF Group; she just mentioned Quantum Capital, which she now leads as the CEO.

This information shocked Henry. He was familiar with Quantum Capital due to the recent news about their branch, Stellar Entertainment, which had spread like wildfire on the internet.

"That's why I can't be the CEO of the Donovan Group. I don't have the energy or time to take care of another company," she said, smiling as she observed his astonished expression.

"The reason I acquired Donovan Group is because I can't bear to see the company that Grandpa built with every drop of his blood and sweat destroyed under the control of our first uncle."

Henry couldn't disagree with his sister; she was right. The Donovan Group, under the leadership of their first uncle, was like a sinking ship.

"But sis, Donovan Group has potential. If you don't want to take over, who will become their CEO? Auntie can't work there for too long, right?"

Bella chuckled. "That's why I need you to become a good person, a leader, and a tough and trustworthy businessman. I will appoint you to lead the Donovan Group if you can change and become like that. But..."

She paused to smile at him, "If you can't change for the better, it doesn't matter either. I could appoint a professional to run the company."

"Si-Sister..."

Henry sobbed, holding back his tears. He was too touched to hear his little sister's words.

After all he had done to her in the past, his sister still gave him a second chance.

He was starting to doubt. Was his sister really human? Why did she have such a kind heart? Only a goddess would have such a kind heart.

"Little sister Bella, are you a goddess disguised as a human?" He wanted to ask that but stopped himself.

This time, Henry couldn't hold back his tears. Despite their past, his sister could still forgive him, give him another chance, and hope for his future.

"Thank you, little sister. I will try harder to become a better version of myself. I will not disappoint you. Mom and Grandpa, too. I promise!"

"Excellent! I'm looking forward to it..."

Bella didn't stay for long to talk with Henry. She left and took Dax back to the main house.

As the night approached, it was time for Tristan to return home.

The day passed so fast, and another day came.

The next morning.

After Tristan left the house for his office, Bella, as usual, spent her time in her home office, having online meetings with Jack or Harper from New York or meeting with Leo or Sam, who had visited her at home.

Today, they both came to report on company matters. Bella listened to Leo's report about Celebes Energy in Nova City.

Thanks to Sentinel Network's help, the issue there has begun to be resolved. All the officials involved were exposed severely, and their cases were made public through the media.

They allowed the media and A-Netz to carry out their role in holding the corrupt officials accountable. They only provided some evidence to expedite the process.

Since Leo and Sam could handle the matter in Nova City, Bella didn't plan to visit that city soon.

It had been two hours since they had discussed office matters and the ongoing project plan.

"Boss, sign these files," Leo offered, extending a stack of documents to Bella.

After signing several important letters handed over by Leo, Bella felt hungry and sleepy.

Leo noticed her fatigue and felt sorry for her. "Boss, we are done here. You can take a rest."

"It's okay. I'm fine," Bella smiled while drinking orange juice to stay awake.

Despite feeling tired, Bella tried to hold it in because she was glad they had come; she wanted to catch up on any office gossip.

"Boss, you are not. I can see you are tired and need a nap. Well, a nap is better for you and your baby's health. We won't take any more of your time. Shall we, Sam?" Leo said while looking at Sam.

Leo prepared to leave but halted when he saw Sam staring at Bella in shock.

Bella was stunned when she heard Leo's words. She turned to Sam with a frown as if wanting to ask, "Did you tell him?" with her gaze.

"B-Boss..." Sam swallowed. "I swear I'm not telling him anything about your uhm. But Leo must've guessed it himself. I didn't tell him word for word or directly," he said while cursing Leo in his heart.

Leo inwardly cursed when he realized he had made a substantial slip-of-tongue mistake; the news about Bella's pregnancy was supposed to be a secret, and he supposedly didn't know about it yet. Now, he could only flash an awkward and innocent smile at Sam and Bella in return.

Sam took a deep sigh, frustrated with Leo's foolishness. He has warned him not to say anything about Bella's pregnancy to anyone, especially Bella, or in front of her. But this man's blabber mouth was utterly unreliable. How shameless!

Sam hoped that Leo would stop speaking and leave the room, but his hope was dashed when Leo exposed him to protect his innocence.

Awkwardly, Leo laughed before saying, "Boss, this is good news, right? I don't think we should hide it. So, can we not hide it, please?"

Bella remained silent.

Leo's lips formed a small smile before he continued, "And, Uhm, what Sam said is true. He didn't tell me about it. It's me. I saw some striking changes in you, and when I asked him, he immediately did not deny my suspicions..."

Bella shook her head faintly, then sent a sharp glare at Sam.

'What the heck, Leo Smith!' Sam could only curse Leo in his mind. He ignored them and took out his cell phone, pretending to read an important message.

However, the trending news on the internet popped up in his browser, shocking him and causing his phone to slip from his hand and fall onto the hard marble floor.

Instantly, both pairs of eyes turned to look at Sam with a perplexed expression.

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Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 461: Dating News!

For a few more seconds, no one spoke. Bella and Leo still looked at Sam, waiting for him to say something. However, after a few more seconds, he still didn't talk.

Leo impatiently broke the silence.

"Sam, I know money is not a problem for you. You have a lot of money to buy fancy, expensive things without even a slight consideration," he gently patted Sam's shoulder before continuing.

"But you don't have to throw away your cell phone just to have a reason to buy a new one. You could give it to someone in need without breaking it, right?" Leo added.

“Yes, Sam, what Leo said is true,” Bella chimed in, feeling sorry to see the latest iPhone on the floor. “Such a waste, Sam. The phone is still brand new and the latest in its series...” She gives a sad glance at Sam.

Sam was speechless when he heard their sarcastic, comforting words. He ignored them and picked up his cell phone from the floor. He felt relieved to see that it was working and the screen was flawless.

“What happened, Sam? What news did you read that shocked you so much?” Leo asked, dropping his teasing tone.

Sam hesitated to share what he’d read on the internet, especially with Bella present, because the news was related to her husband.

“Is it work-related, Sam?” Bella asked, concerned by Sam’s uncharacteristic nervousness. “Something happened to Stellar Entertainment?” she knew their entertainment business was the source of her headache.

“It’s not about the company, Boss.” Sam finally replied, looking directly at Bella. “It’s about...ugh... Well...The trending internet topic is shocking—” he couldn’t finish his words.

Sitting next to Sam, Leo could feel Sam’s fear and worry; he suspected something serious was happening. He took out his phone to check, wanting to know what was troubling Sam.

“What’s the news?” Bella asked Leo, starting to feel anxious, too. She wanted to check but didn’t have her cell phone now—at her office table.

“What the hell!” Leo cursed when he read the news. He turned to Sam, leaning close to him, and whispered urgently, “Man, contact Stefan immediately to delete the news. If Bella sees this article, it could cause a major headache for us.”

Sam was stunned. He had completely forgotten about that. He nodded and quickly typed a text message.

He typed rapidly on his phone.

[Sam] TOP Urgent! Stefan, delete any news related to Boss Tristan before Bella sees it.

[Sam] Do it now!!

Bella, observing the odd behavior of Leo and Sam, furrowed her brow. She was entirely in the dark about what they were up to.

What news had they read that caused them to ignore her? No one was answering her questions!

“What news? Does it have something to do with me? Is Tristan’s company in trouble? Damn it! Sam, Leo, can you guys tell me?” she demanded.

Still, she received no response, but she could see the worry in their eyes as they looked at her.

“Is the news about Tristan?” she pressed, staring at them both sharply. With no answer forthcoming, her heart started to beat faster, fearing something might have happened to her husband.

Sam and Leo felt tense. They didn’t reply to her, but they exchanged gazes, confused about whether to tell her.

Now, they both prayed Stefan would read the text message and erase all those articles about Tristan dating a woman in the park before Bella checked her cell phone.

“You guys!” Bella scolded them through her glare while standing from her seat to take her cell phone. However, the door swung open before she stepped, and Stefan entered the room.

The tension in the room grew thick, especially for Sam and Leo. They tried to signal Stefan to ask him about the article, but he ignored them and only had eyes for Bella.

Stefan walked inside and approached her, “Sis, don’t worry. Everything’s alright; don’t be worried or mad about it.”

“What the hell are you trying to say, Stefan?” Bella asked, already confused by Sam and Leo’s suspicious actions. Stefan’s arrival only added to her curiosity.

Stefan didn’t answer right away but asked her to sit again. He smiled and sat beside her. After seeing her sitting with an apparent frown on her forehead, he hurriedly answered, “Nothing’s wrong, sis.”

Narrowing her eyes in return, she said, “Don’t try to hide something from me. Speak now, or I will be angry...” She didn’t trust him.

“Yeah, nothing’s wrong, Boss,” Sam said.

“Hahaha, don’t be suspicious, Bella,” Leo added. “We just saw trashy gossip on the internet. No need to worry... Or, your blood pressure will spike, and your baby will be stressed if you read those articles.”

Sam, "..."

Bella, "..."

They both looked annoyed at Leo as if they wanted to put him in a container and send him to an empty island because he talked too much.

Stefan's calm expression slowly changed as he looked at Bella beside him.

"Are you pregnant, sister?" Stefan calmly asked, but his expression betrayed him. His shock surpassed what he had felt earlier when he read the online dating gossip about Tristan Sinclair.

He saw Bella's eyes beam and a smile graced her lips. He didn't need her to say anything because he already knew the answer—she was pregnant.

Stefan couldn't help but feel a tinge of warmth fill his heart with this shocking news. He expressed his happiness to her.

"Congratulations, sister Bella. I'm so happy for you. Finally, you can give little Dax a sibling," he said, holding back his happy tears.

Bella couldn't avoid it anymore. She knew that her bump would be apparent sooner or later, and people around her would eventually learn about her pregnancy. She couldn't hide it for too long.

"Thank you, Stefan," Bella smiled back at him, relieving Stefan and the others as Bella no longer remembered the gossip.

However, their relief slowly faded as Bella asked, "Stefan, now tell me what gossip you saw online. Let's have tea and chat. I've been so bored all this time. I've been staying home too long and oblivious to the outside world."

Leo and Sam seemed to relax a few seconds ago when Bella was distracted by her pregnancy, but tension returned suddenly.

They looked at Stefan, curious about how he would deliver the news to Bella.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 462: An Affair To Forget

Stefan sighed deeply before telling her what he had seen online: gossip about Tristan dating in the park. The article also showed Tristan holding hands with a woman, but her face was blurred, and no one knew her identity.

Bella was shocked to hear this. She tried to suppress the anger that slowly built up within her, telling herself, 'Calm down, Bella! Calm down! It's just gossip. Tristan wouldn't betray you!'

Seeing Bella remain calm and silent, Stefan continued, "Sis, no worries. I already deleted the trashy gossip article about your husband. I also punished the person who uploaded the gossip. They'll suffer financially because all their internet-connected gadgets won't work." A devilish smile slowly graced Stefan's face.

Leo and Sam's jaws dropped at Stefan's words.

"You're the best, Stefan!" Leo raised his thumbs in approval.

"Hahaha, that's not the end, bro. Those fools will never use any phone, laptop, or anything in the future..."

"Huh!? What do you mean?" Leo asked, confused. Sam also frowned.

Stefan proudly smiled before continuing, "I sent a deadly virus to them. When they activate their new gadgets using the same email or phone number, the virus will activate and render them useless. Well, they'll never have a working gadget again in their lives. Don't worry, they'll regret it—"

Bella didn't care that Stefan could delete the article or punish them with his deadly virus. What she cared about now was Tristan's affair.

'That's not true, right? I heard wrong, right?' she tried to calm herself, drowning in her own thoughts.

"So, my pretty sister Bella, don't be angry—"

"Stop talking, Stefan!" Bella snapped, cutting him off. Her sudden anger made his blood run cold.

Suddenly, the room became silent and cold as the temperature seemed to drop below freezing.

"Stefan, listen," Bella spoke in a low tone, her eyes sharply focused on him. "I don't care about your deadly virus. What I care about is how Tristan could have a woman out there. Can you explain that to me? My husband couldn't possibly do that; I know him well."

Stefan nodded, unable to say anything. She was indeed correct.

"Now, I want you to investigate that. Don't just erase those articles," she continued.

"I understand," Stefan responded. "Sister, sorry. I was shocked earlier, so I deleted it without checking the source thoroughly."

"Show me the article!" Bella demanded. She wouldn't believe it without seeing it herself.

Bella was still trying to stay positive. It could be an old photo of Tristan before they decided to get back together. She clearly remembered Tristan being rumored to date celebrities.

She didn't believe Tristan would betray her and wouldn't jump to conclusions without hearing his explanation.

Stefan nervously replied, "Sister, I'm sorry, but I already deleted the article." He didn't want to upset her, especially after learning she was pregnant.

Bella took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves after hearing his excuses. She avoided eye contact with him, fearing she'd lose her temper.

After feeling slightly better, Bella looked back at Stefan and said, "Do you think I'm stupid? I know you can retrieve what you've deleted, right? Hurry up, show me."

While Bella and Stefan were talking, Sam rechecked the news online to confirm that Stefan was right—that the particular news had disappeared from the internet.

However, when Sam opened the browser, the news immediately appeared on his screen.

"Why is the news still there...?" Sam asked, looking at Stefan.

"What!?" Stefan was taken aback. He quickly checked his phone, and his eyes widened when he saw the news still there.

Similar articles started appearing, with a clear photo of Tristan leaning in to kiss the woman. But the woman's face was still blurred.

"Who the hell is this person..." Sam exclaimed.

Bella felt her heart racing as she saw Sam and Stefan's expressions. She started to worry about seeing the article.

"Stefan, didn't you delete it? Why is the article still there? Didn't you say you'd punish them with your deadly virus?" Leo asked.

“I did!” Stefan replied, baffled. This was the first time someone had found his virus’s weakness so quickly. He began to suspect that whoever uploaded the article had a powerful hacker behind them.

Stefan turned to Bella, who was still looking at him with a confused and worried expression.

“Sister, I need your computer. Can I borrow it?”

“Sure,” Bella said, looking at her desk. She stood up and followed Stefan.

When Stefan started to focus on the computer, she picked up her cell phone.

Bella was surprised to see many text messages in her inbox, including from Tristan and her mother, but she ignored them. She needed to see what made them all so nervous.

Her hand trembled as she held her cell phone. She felt scared, sad, and confused but tried to stay positive.

She immediately opened the browser, and the article title on her screen made her stomach churn.

Without waiting any longer, she opened the article, her eyes fixed on the picture. She saw Tristan’s face clearly, holding hands with a woman. Her brow furrowed while she focused on the woman’s face.

As she was about to say something, Stefan cursed and stopped her.

“What the heck!” Stefan’s eyes widened as he looked at the computer screen.

All eyes turned to him.

Aware of Bella and the others’ gazes, Stefan stopped typing and looked at each of them.

A wide smile graced Stefan’s relieved face as he said, “Sister, don’t worry, the news was uploaded by—” He paused when he saw Bella walking towards the sitting area, ignoring him.

Curiosity got the better of him when he saw how calm she was. He couldn’t help but ask, “Sister, do you already know about it?”

“Hmm, I know—” Bella said.

Stefan gasped as he stood up, followed her, and sat opposite her.

“Did they tell you?” Stefan asked. He had noticed her checking her phone earlier.

“What are you both talking about? Know about what?” Leo looked confused as he watched Bella and Stefan exchange words. “What about the article, Stefan?”

“The article is still there, man!” Sam answers Leo.

Leo turned his gaze back to Stefan. “Man, you can’t even delete the article!?”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 463: Curious About The Woman’s Identity

Leo turned his gaze back to Stefan. “Man, you can’t even delete the article!?”

Stefan was irritated by Leo’s question. He turned to scold him but hesitated when he saw Leo’s sharp gaze. He had no choice but to explain.

“Listen, the article was intentional. Max uploaded the article... You guys know who Max is, right?” He paused when he saw Leo and Sam nodding in surprise.

Stefan continued, “That’s why after I deleted it and removed those articles and spread my virus, it had no effect because Max already knew about it. He re-uploaded it immediately and even warned me to ignore the article.”

“Wah...Boss Tristan, why did he do that?”

“Yeah, why did he allow those rumors to spread?”

Leo and Sam said as they looked at Bella. They saw her smiling while looking at her cell phone. The trace of worry and anger that had appeared on her face earlier was no longer there—she was in a good mood.

“Thank goodness Boss Bella is not a jealous woman. She understood that the woman holding hands with Boss Tristan was not his new woman,” Sam said, relieved. He puts his cell phone into his pocket.

However, his smile instantly vanished when he noticed Leo and Stefan glaring at him. He frowned, trying to figure out why they both asked him to stop speaking.

‘Did I say something wrong?’ Sam wondered, scratching his head. He was utterly lost.

The room fell silent once more.

The three men returned their gaze to Bella with tension, but their unease slowly faded as they noticed Bella still looking calm and smiling, as if she didn’t care about Sam’s words.

“Sister, why aren’t you upset? Even though the article was fake, the woman was real. And you know, in one of the pictures, your husband is certainly almost ki...” Stefan couldn’t finish his sentence, too worried about provoking her anger.

“That woman is not fake, Stefan,” Bella said, shaking her head slowly. A smile escaped her lips as she saw their confused expressions.

She continued, “The woman in the picture was me. Remember when we visited East City to take over the Donovan Group?”

The three men nodded, their brows furrowed.

“Tristan and I were taking a night walk near our hotel. The picture on the internet was taken from that...” Bella explained.

Everyone was surprised to hear that. The tension dissolved into laughter as they reread A-Netz’s comments on the gossip news article.

Bella smiled silently as she pondered her thoughts. She finally understood Tristan’s reason for wanting to publicly display their affection that night. Despite the presence of many passersby near the river, he boldly kissed her, with ulterior motives for revealing their relationship.

‘So, is this your way of announcing to the world that you’re no longer single, Mr. Sinclair?’ Bella wondered.

She can’t wait to meet him soon and scold him for making her worry for nothing.

Gosh!

...

Before long, Leo and Sam concluded their discussion of various company matters and returned to the office to work as usual.

Meanwhile, Stefan excused himself to the computer room as he had a few pending tasks to settle.

Bella remained in her office, reading through some documents while having a snack. She only left her office when Noora came to call her for lunch.

That day, the day it passed so fast.

Bella woke up from her nap just as Tristan was about to arrive home from work. As usual, she quickly got ready and came downstairs to greet him.

She stood near the entrance, her eyes staring at Tristan's car approaching. She was curious about gossip news and wanted to talk to him.

Five minutes ago, she checked the internet; their gossip was still everywhere and even made headlines on television. Now, people want to know the woman's identity.

For some reason, she felt grateful because no one could tell it was her.

However, since the news about Tristan having a mysterious woman became a trending topic, her family, who knew about her relationship with Tristan, started to contact her and wanted to hear her clarification about this matter.

Her cell phone didn't stop ringing. Her grandpa, aunt, and everyone who knew wanted to clarify if the woman was her. She felt tired of answering and has never replied to messages or calls from anyone since then.

Tristan's car finally comes to a stop. Bella's smile widens as she sees him leave the car and walk quickly toward her.

Before Bella can say anything, Tristan's hand lands on her waist and pulls her close to him. He leans closer and kisses her lips gently, making her wrap her arms around his neck and kiss him back.

After their lips separate, he asks, "How was your day?"

Bella smiles, seeing his face only an inch away from hers. "Terrible!" She narrows her eyes at him and shrugs. "You make my day troublesome. My cell phone was about to explode." She pouts while taking a deep sigh.

Tristan chuckled, understanding what she meant. He stood up straight, but their bodies were still touching. He hugged her, ignoring the presence of Geoffrey and some of his bodyguards still awaiting his next instruction.

He looked at her again lovingly, "Ma'am, I'm ready to accept my punishment. I'm willing to offer myself. You can use my body all night long—"

Tristan's voice stopped as Bella's small hand pinched his stomach.

"Hahaha, I'm just kidding, dear. I promise I will not exhaust you tonight; do you remember what Aunty Kelsey said? She advised me not to be too wild in bed. So—"

Another pinch landed on Tristan's stomach.

"Can you watch your words, Mr. Sinclair? There are many people around us..." Bella whispered, feeling her cheeks grow warm, embarrassed. She felt at a loss speaking with him. Gosh!

A faint smile graces his face as she hears her words. He can see her shyness through her gaze. Letting her face lay in his chest and his hand still around her, he glances at Geoffrey, not far from them.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 464: The Whole Family Worry

After Tristan dismissed all his bodyguards and driver, he turned to see Geoffrey again.

"Have you asked the chef to prepare dinner for my mother-in-law and Henry?" Tristan asked.

"Yes, sir. I already notified the kitchen and invited Ms. Wright and Mr. Henry to join dinner," Geoffrey explained.

"Alright, thank you," Tristan said, taking Bella's hand. "Let's go, dear. Let's talk inside..."

Bella followed Tristan inside, glancing at him occasionally. She was still surprised to hear him invite her mother and brother to have dinner with them.

"Tristan, are you okay inviting Henry to dine with us?" She was worried.

"Huh? Why do you think it's not okay for me to have dinner with my brother-in-law?" Tristan asked with a curious gaze at her.

"I was just surprised because you invited him without telling me," she said while following him, climbing the stairs, as they headed to their bedroom.

Tristan halted before opening the door; he turned to face her. "Dear, I tried to call you, but you didn't pick up. When I asked Geoffrey to check on you, he said you were sleeping. I'm sorry—"

Bella took a deep breath. She silenced her cell phone because it wouldn't stop ringing.

"It's okay," she smiled at him and entered the room.

"I just want to show politeness to your mother because since your brother came, I never met him when your mother was around." Tristan tries to remove his suit, "That's why today I plan to have dinner with them."

"I'm okay with us having dinner with Henry," she said while helping Tristan remove his suit.

"Thank you, dear..." He plays with her smooth hair lovingly.

"But I'm just, you know, slightly upset why you didn't tell me about the article...?" She looked him in the eyes. Tristan's hand halted in the air.

Tristan slowly placed his hands on her shoulder.

"I remember in the past you said you would allow me to reveal our marriage if your matter at the Donovan Group is over. So, I released the news today. Although the news does not directly mention our marriage, I want to build the story about us before we go public," he explained.

"Why did you do that?" she frowned, confused.

"Because I don't want the media to find you and make your life difficult immediately."

Bella faintly smiled, hearing his excuse while helping him unbutton his shirt. Her eyes focused on his exposed chest.

"This is the first time I've heard you care about the media, Mr. Sinclair," she said, shaking her head.

Tristan's hand stopped Bella's hand at the last button. When Bella looked up to see him, he said, "Wife, I'm sorry if I shocked you. I sent you a text, but you didn't read it."

"It's fine. I'm tired of explaining our relationship to our family. They thought that you were cheating on me. Even your Grandpa vows to erase your name from the family if you do that..."

Tristan slapped his forehead slightly, chuckling, "How could I forget about them? I'm sorry... I'll explain to them. Let me handle them all."

"They didn't call you?" Bella asked.

"I asked Max to block everyone except you and Dax."

Bella was utterly speechless. She said nothing but continued to unbutton the last button.

"Alright, go take your shower. I will look for Dax. I guess he's still in his computer room with Stefan." She walked to the door, but her step halted when Tristan called her.

“Yes?” Bella turned to look at Tristan. Looking at him shirtless, only his trousers covering his body, standing in front of the bathroom, causing her to slightly swallow, wanting to go there and fit her body in his arms. He looks so freaking hot!

“Can you accompany me to shower?” he asked lovingly.

Bella tries to distract herself from her sultry thoughts before saying, “My dear spoiled husband, you must shower yourself. Because if I come with you now, we might only go to the dining room after our family has finished eating.”

Tristan smiles bitterly.

“Nice try, hubby!” Bella smiles and turns, ignoring his pleading gaze, to find her son.

When Bella entered the computer room, she found them playing games instead of studying. She chuckled and walked over to them.

“Dax, Gael,” Bella called out, standing between them with both hands blocking their view of the monitor screen.

They were surprised and quickly took off their earphones.

“Mom...”

“Boss, Sister...” Stefan said. “Sister, you don’t have to call me Gael; Dax already knows my identity. I told him everything about how we met in the past,” Stefan explained.

Bella was surprised. She didn’t expect Stefan to be so open about his true identity with his son this early.

“Wow! You already told him?”

“Hmm, he is my nephew and pupil; he should know my true identity,” Stefan said, scratching his head.

Bella smiled at him and turned to her son, “Dax, please don’t tell anyone about Uncle Stefan. Not even Granny or anyone else close to you.”

Dax nodded and turned off his computer. “What about Daddy?” he asked, looking at his mother.

“He knows about him, but others don’t,” Bella replied.

“Okay. I won’t say anything.”

Bella reached out her hand to help him stand up. “Alright, your dad has already returned; he’s showering upstairs. Go wait for him.”

Dax’s eyes lit up with excitement. He couldn’t wait to find his father.

Bella asked him to go upstairs first; she needed to talk to Stefan.

After Bella saw Dax leave the room, she looked at Stefan again and said, “Stefan, my mother and big brother will dine with us...join us.”

Stefan politely refused. He had not slept in the past two days, handling numerous matters from the head office in New York and this country. He just wanted to sleep now.

Hearing that, Bella felt sorry. She was aware of how busy Stefan was lately, especially when their head office had different times with them. When Stefan was supposed to sleep, Jack would call and ask him to work.

“Stefan, the urgent matters here have been resolved. My family and company matters are also stable. I won’t hold you back if you want to return to the US,” Bella smiled at him as if trying to lessen his worry.

Stefan was surprised to hear that. How could she know?

“Sis, Jack actually asked me to return. But I felt bad leaving you even when the urgent matters were resolved. I mean, who knows what other problems may arise now,” he chuckled, relieved that Bella knew his trouble.

“Yeah, there will always be problems. That’s how life is. But no need to worry about me,” Bella smiled back at him before continuing, “I have Max here who could help me if I need anything urgent. And also, I have my future computer expert, my son...”

“Hahaha, you’re right. Little Dax might surpass me in the future,” he said, proudly becoming Dax’s teacher.

Stefan continued, “Sis, I will spare time to teach Dax a few more days before returning to the head office. There is no need to rush.”

“Alright, get some sleep, Stefan. I need my son’s teacher fully fit for tomorrow’s teaching,” Bella patted his shoulder and left. She followed her son to the second floor.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 465: Dinner With Spencer Family (1)
Next day.

Finally, the long-awaited day had arrived. Bella and Tristan would have dinner tonight at the Golden House, the official residence of the president of this country, Jayson Spencer, and his family.

Bella couldn't hide her nervousness. This was the first time she'd officially gone out with Tristan to meet his friends or business partner.

When she met the designer a few days ago, Bella asked her to design a dress that wouldn't reveal her body's curves because she didn't want others to know about her tiny baby bump.

Now, Bella stared at herself in front of the mirror, dressed in a black knee-length dress with a round neck—a simple, classy dress.

As usual, Bella didn't wear makeup; she just applied colorless lip gloss to look fresh. She let her wavy black-ink hair flow down to her back. But she still felt like something was missing from her appearance.

She moved to the jewelry table in the middle of the walk-in closet, and her eyes landed on a white gold necklace with a small, round pink diamond pendant. She decided to wear it.

However, another dilemma arose when she stood before the massive shoe cabinet. She suddenly felt she was starting to get exhausted looking at the many amazing pairs of shoes she could choose to wear.

'Gosh! I feel like staying home rather than going out!'

She couldn't wear sneakers to this dinner; it wouldn't be polite. But if she wore high heels, she wouldn't be able to stand for long.

'Sigh!'

"Darling, what's wrong?" Tristan asked as he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. He looked at the row of shoes before them and knew what was troubling her now.

He tilted his head to see her face more clearly as he asked, "Do you not like your shoe collection? Want me to buy you other pairs? I can have them sent here tomorrow," he offered.

Bella smiled and shook her head.

"No, I'm just confused about which pair to wear," she said.

"I see. Wear something simple and the one you like," he suggested. "Ah, don't wear something high; you are pregnant now. Worry you will be uncomfortable."

After a few moments of silence, Bella finally decided to wear black flats with gold accents. She put on her flats and turned to face Tristan.

"How do I look? Is it decent? I'm worried I might be too casual for this formal dinner."

"You look beautiful, dear. Don't worry, this is a family event, not a formal dinner," Tristan explained, showing her his attire. "As you can see, I'm only wearing this black slim-fit shirt and trousers. I'm not wearing a suit tonight."

Bella felt relieved.

"Okay, we must go now, dear, or we'll make them wait. Oh, and don't forget your coat; it's getting chilly outside," Tristan said, grabbing his black coat.

She also took her light coat, similar in color to Tristan's beige trousers, before following him out of the bedroom.

They met Dax and the others in the living room but didn't stay long to chat with them because they didn't want to be late for their dinner.

As they walked outside, Bella was surprised that Tristan would be driving himself.

"Tristan, why are you driving?" Bella casually asked while putting on her seatbelt.

Tristan quickly glanced at her. "Well, I want to drive with my pretty wife. Just the two of us, no driver or guard," he said, smiling at her before starting the engine.

Bella slightly shook her head, doubting his answer. She knew Tristan would never leave the house alone without a guard.

He chuckled at his wife's doubts, "I don't want to stay there too long. If they ask me to stay for a drink, I'll refuse because I'm driving."

The car slowly moved out of the yard. Bella didn't ask further; she tried to enjoy the scenery.

After they left the gate, Bella quietly smiled when she spotted two black SUVs following their car. Her suspicions were confirmed, but she decided to set aside her curiosity about Tristan's plans.

She refocused on the scenery outside as they sped towards the city center.

After a few minutes, something bothered her. She glanced at Tristan, who was focused on driving, eyes on the road ahead.

“Tristan, you said earlier that this isn’t a formal dinner, but it’s a Spencer family dinner, right?”

“Yes, that’s correct,” Tristan replied, still focused on the road.

“Will Sean be there?” Bella wanted to ask him, but the words remained stuck in her throat. She kept her lips sealed and tried to act casually to calm her nerves.

Bella felt anxious because she hadn’t spoken to Sean since they met at her house a few weeks ago. They hadn’t exchanged greetings via phone or text message.

The boundaries Sean had drawn between them were still firm. Now, about visiting his parents’ house, Bella was nervous about meeting him again. She feared Sean would be even more hurt if he saw her coming with Tristan to meet his parents.

As they approached the Golden House, Bella became increasingly anxious. She felt awkward and worried about running into Sean or Amanda Spencer. She could only hope they wouldn’t join them that night.

She didn’t enjoy social events like this and would’ve preferred staying home.

Since she was young, her tolerance for socializing hadn’t changed. She preferred staying home over meeting new people. In the past, when she was in New York, Harper would always drag her out of the apartment to socialize, meet new people, and make connections.

“Dear, don’t be nervous,” Tristan’s voice snapped Bella out of her thoughts. She looked at him and managed a slight smile.

“I’m fine. I’m just a little worried about meeting so many new people. I feel nervous about everyone knowing me.”

Bella looked away, trying to hide the worry still glimmering in her eyes from Tristan.

Later,

About 30 meters from the gate, the car stopped briefly at a checkpoint post, and the guard in a green camouflage army uniform at the checkpoint gestured to Tristan to lower the window for inspection.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 466: Dinner With Spencer Family (2)

After recognizing Tristan, the guard saluted, apologized for the interruption, and waved them through the gate.

The car moved forward, entering the Golden House grounds. Tristan drove along the empty road lined with tall cypress trees. He looked relaxed as if he knew the place well.

Bella still felt nervous. This was her first time visiting here, even though she had seen it often on television.

Despite her nerves, the scenery amazed her. The garden lights illuminated the area, making its beauty even more visible.

“Do you know where we’re heading?” Bella asked, glancing at Tristan. “Do you come here often?”

“Yeah, almost every week,” Tristan replied, smiling before focusing on the street. He continued, “Jayson Spencer is quite a lonely soul. He doesn’t have many friends he can trust. Unfortunately, I’m one of the few he does, so he always calls me to accompany him for a drink.” A soft chuckle escaped his lips.

Bella was amazed to hear that.

“How did you become friends with him? He’s twenty years older than you, right?”

“Seventeen years. He’s fifty-three now, the same age as his wife, Emily Stearn,” Tristan explained. “I met him before he entered politics while actively managing Spencer Group. But now, he’s no longer involved in the family business; that’s handled by his little sister, Amanda Spencer.”

“I see,” Bella responded. She didn’t ask further questions because she knew about Amanda Spencer. Hearing Amanda’s name now made her heart tighten. She felt nervous.

Soon after, they passed through the garden leading to the main building, the Golden House. However, Tristan’s car continued driving, passing the building.

The car headed toward another building where the president lives, behind the Golden House.

After a few minutes, the car finally stopped and parked in the yard of a two-story, white-painted building. Like the area surrounding the Golden House, the building was heavily guarded.

“I’m sorry—” Tristan’s voice suddenly broke the silence.

It surprised Bella, who immediately looked at him.

“Sorry? For what?” she asked, confused.

“Sorry, this is the first time I’ve brought you to meet my friends or business partners. I feel terrible thinking about our past—”

Tristan’s voice slowly faded as he remembered he wasn’t supposed to talk about their dark past again, as he had promised her.

Bella stifled a laugh when she saw his guilty expression. She lifted her hand and stroked his arm, trying to cheer him up and lighten his low mood—she could feel his sadness and self-blame.

“Hubby, you should compensate me because you broke your promise. Again!” Bella pretended to be annoyed, narrowing her gaze at him.

Tristan let out a deep, long sigh as he turned to Bella.

“I know. That’s why I’m ready to accept my punishment, my lady,” he said, leaning closer to kiss her lips.

Bella slightly pushed him.

“Geez, Mr. Sinclair, you ruined my lip gloss!” she protested, causing him to chuckle. “I want to accept assets as compensation, not your body, sir,” she cheerfully continued.

“No worries, dear. I will call my lawyer tomorrow and ask him to process the handover of all my assets to you, ma’am!” he playfully replied.

Bella giggled as she reapplied her lip gloss.

But a few seconds later, she glanced at him when something crossed her mind.

“Oh, right, hubby. I don’t want to meet your lawyer. What’s his name again…?” Bella tried to remember the unlikable lawyer she met five years ago.

Tristan’s face turned stiff as he said, “You mean John Turner?”

“Hmm, yes, him. I don’t like him,” Bella said as she placed her lip gloss back in her small Birkin bag.

“No worries,” Tristan smiled at her. “I know how he treated you that time after I watched the CCTV footage. His conduct when he met you was disrespectful toward you and

unprofessional. That was not something I expected from any lawyers representing the Sinclair family. So, I fired him right away.”

Bella turned to face him, her eyes widened in shock. She hadn’t expected Tristan to watch the CCTV footage of her meeting with his lawyer, let alone follow up the meeting by firing his lawyer. She wanted to say something, but no words left her lips—still shocked to learn about John Turner’s unfortunate fate even though he deserved it.

Tristan affectionately fixed Bella’s hair, trying to check her mood. He could see she was no longer nervous.

“Dear, are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m ready,” Bella replied, trying to refocus. Whether ready or not, she still had to get out of the car and meet Spencer’s family.

From the car, Bella could see someone waiting for them in front of the main door: Jayson Spencer and Emily Stearn.

Bella tried to stay calm as she followed Tristan, approaching the main entrance a few meters ahead.

At this moment, Bella felt her heart beating faster than usual. Still, she felt relieved because she hadn’t seen Sean or Amanda Spencer there.

Sensing her nervousness, Tristan gently squeezed her hand before he greeted Jayson Spencer warmly.

Bella could tell how close they were by observing how Tristan embraced Jayson Spencer and greeted Emily Stearn. It seemed like Tristan was talking to a close friend, not the number one person in the country.

She stood awkwardly, smiling at Emily Stearn, the slender woman with bob-style hair who looked graceful in her blue knee-length gown.

Bella remembered Emily as a psychologist still active at Spencer Family Hospital. Despite being in her early fifties, Emily looked like a woman in her early forties.

“It’s nice to meet you again, Bella,” Emily Stearn said as she approached, extending her hand for a handshake. “I hope you still remember me. My husband and I attended your wedding a few years ago.”

“I’m glad to meet you too, ma’am,” Bella said, feeling her throat become dry as she spoke to Sean’s mother. She smiled slightly before continuing, “Of course, I still remember you, ma’am.”

“Oh, please, Bella, call me by my first name, Emily. There’s no need to speak formally to me,” Emily said with a smile as she patted Bella’s hand before releasing it.

“Yes, sister Emily,” Bella shyly said, feeling nervous and awkward addressing her by name only.

“Alright, sister. Sounds good,” Emily Stearn chuckled before glancing at Tristan and her husband.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 467: Dinner With Spencer Family (3)

Emily Stearn glanced at Tristan and her husband.

“Tristan, I’m so glad you finally brought your wife to meet us,” Emily said, causing Tristan and Jayson Spencer to pause their conversation and look at Bella.

Tristan’s smile widened as he placed his hand on Bella’s shoulder and gently pulled her close.

“Brother Jayson, Sister Emily, I hope you still remember my wife, Arabella Donovan,” Tristan proudly reintroduced her.

“Luckily, you brought her today, or we might forget her,” Jayson Spencer laughed warmly as he offered Bella a handshake.

“I’m so grateful to meet you again, Bella. My wife and I are pleased to have you join us for dinner with our family tonight,” Jayson said sincerely.

Hearing Jayson’s kind words, Bella felt her nervousness melt away. She immediately accepted his hand, saying, “Me too, sir. I’m glad to meet you and your family.”

Even though her nervousness was slowly fading, Bella couldn’t shake the feeling that this man was similar to Sean. It felt like she was meeting a fifty-year-old Sean. His voice, too, seemed like she was talking to Sean now, not Jayson Spencer.

“Bella, you can call me by my name or ‘brother,’ just like Tristan does,” Jayson insisted.

Bella suddenly felt her blood run cold. How could she call him ‘brother’? He is the country’s president and her best friend’s father.

The strange connection overwhelmed her, and she started to feel slightly dizzy.

Just as she was about to refuse, she saw his charming, sincere, and thoughtful expression, making her nod in agreement, unable to utter anything, realizing refusing such a kindhearted person would be impolite.

“Jayson, Tristan,” Emily said, noticing Bella’s nervous expression, “It’s getting chilly out here. I’m afraid Bella will be cold. We’d better move inside. Come, Bella, walk with me.”

“Apologies, Bella, Tristan,” Jayson’s smile felt terrible. “Alright, let’s go inside,” he agreed with his wife as the temperature dropped. He led the way, with Tristan walking beside him.

After glancing at Tristan, Bella walked, catching up with Emily, to enter their residence.

While walking inside toward the living room, Bella heard Emily explain the residence where she had lived for the past few years since her husband became president.

However, in this house, she lived only with her daughter, while her eldest son lived in his own apartment.

Bella listened to Emily’s explanation without saying much. She tried to take in the place’s grandeur but couldn’t enjoy it as Emily started to talk about Sean.

“Unfortunately, my son can’t join us tonight, Bella. He is busy with his duties,” Emily said sadly.

Bella seemed happy to hear it—at least she wouldn’t feel awkward with Sean in the same room as Tristan. She still remembered the tension from their last meeting at her house and didn’t want them to confront each other with Sean’s family around.

However, Bella’s happiness was short-lived when Emily continued, “But don’t worry. Even though Sean won’t be around, his sister, Keira, and my sister-in-law, Amanda Spencer, will join us,” she said excitedly.

Bella’s heart races. She worried about meeting Amanda Spencer again.

“My niece, Rose Wilson, will also join us tonight. I will introduce you to them later,” Emily whispered as they finally settled on the three-seater sofa and sat side by side.

Bella only smiled while nodding, unsure of how to respond. Occasionally, she glanced at Tristan, sitting not far from them, engrossed in a meaningful conversation with Jayson Spencer.

She sighed silently, wishing Tristan was seated next to her.

At this moment, Bella was puzzled about how to start a conversation with Emily. She wasn’t the kind of person who could easily socialize with someone she wasn’t close to.

“Oh, Bella,” Emily said excitedly, bringing Bella back to the conversation. “I heard from my husband that you and Tristan already have a son?” she asked.

Bella was stunned to hear that. She didn't expect Tristan to be so close to Jayson Spencer as to tell him about their son, Dax.

"Yes. His name is Daxton; he's almost five years old now," Bella answered. There was no point in hiding Dax from her.

Emily's eyes became gloomy as she said, "You should bring him too, Bella. I want to meet him. I've wanted to have grandchildren for a long time, but my son, Sean, still doesn't want to get married. It makes me envious of you and Tristan—"

Bella swallowed silently. She didn't know how to respond. She could only smile at her.

Luckily, several servers came in at that moment, providing Bella with a reason not to continue talking about Sean.

The servers delivered warm drinks and continued talking about a few things.

However, not long after, a few footsteps were heard from outside.

Somehow, Bella felt tension again as she followed Emily and the others standing, looking at four people entering the living room.

Bella noticed three young women and one man entering the room.

Out of the four, the only one she recognized was Amanda Spencer—her heart raced.

"Finally, you guys are here, Amanda, Kei, Rose, Evan," greeted Emily. As Jason and Tristan began talking to Evan, Emily turned to Bella. "Let me introduce you to my family."

Bella smiled and nodded as she looked at each of them.

"This is Keira, my younger daughter," Emily introduced.

Bella was surprised that the beautiful young girl was Sean's little sister. "Hello, I'm Bella," she said, politely shaking Keira's hand.

"And this is Rose Wilson Spencer, my husband's niece, and that man over there is her husband, Evan Collins," Emily continued.

Once again, Bella was surprised to see Rose Wilson, whom she had seen on the internet.

“Hello, I’m Arabella Donovan. It’s nice to meet you,” Bella said, accepting Rose’s warm hug. Meeting such influential people she had only seen online or on television felt unreal.

“And this one—” Emily paused when she saw Amanda smiling at Bella; it seemed they already knew each other. She frowned. “Amanda, you know Bella?”

“Yes, sis, I know Bella. We have met once before,” Amanda said, happily embracing Bella. “I’m glad to meet you again,” she whispered.

“Me too, sister Amanda,” Bella said, relieved because she could sense that Amanda didn’t despise her.

“Alright, let’s sit and talk,” Emily suggested, leading Bella to sit beside her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 468: Dinner With Spencer Family (4)

Bella was amused to see Amanda and Emily discreetly competing to sit beside her. They ended up sitting on each of her sides, and now she sat awkwardly between them.

She could only smile at them before looking at Rose Wilson and Keira Spencer, sitting across from her and engrossed in discussion.

She observed Keira, trying to find similarities between her and Sean. Their faces were slightly similar, but their eyes were different. While Keira had the same eye color as Emily, Sean’s matched his father’s.

Suddenly, Keira looked at her.

Bella quickly forced an awkward smile, embarrassed to be caught red-handed observing her.

Keira returned Bella’s smile before saying, “Mom, why are you making Sister Bella uncomfortable?” These words instantly made Bella wish she could vanish from the room.

‘How could this girl know?’ Bella silently wondered. She hurriedly tried to adjust her expression, hiding what she really felt now—she just wanted to go home and cuddle with her son—spending her night in her warm, cozy bedroom.

“Ooo, I’m so sorry, Bella, for making you uncomfortable,” Emily said, feeling terrible. She smiled apologetically at her.

“No, Sister Emily. I’m fine,” Bella quickly explained. She didn’t want Emily to feel bad, as she could see it now flashing in her eyes.

“Phew...I’m so relieved. I’m worried that you feel uncomfortable,” Emily smiled. Then she looked at Amanda, who also felt terrible. “Oh, right, Amanda. You said you know Bella. Where did you both meet?” she asked curiously.

Once more, Bella felt tense. She looked at Amanda, wanting to hear her answer.

Inwardly, Bella prayed that Amanda wouldn’t mention how they met in that awkward situation, especially how Sean gave her the Spencer Black card. It would be embarrassing if Amanda exposed her.

A meaningful smile slowly formed on Amanda’s face as she turned to Emily.

“I met her when we were talking about work. Bella is a businesswoman. She’s the CEO,” Amanda paused, looking at Rose and asking, “I believe you’re familiar with Bella’s company, Rose...”

Rose was surprised to hear that Bella was a businesswoman. She had thought Tristan Sinclair’s wife was only a housewife.

“Oh really? Which company?” Rose asked curiously.

“Quantum Capital. The company was established in this country about six or seven years ago, but they’ve grown now,” Amanda explained.

Bella sighed silently. She felt uneasy as Rose, Keira, Jayson Spencer, and the others began paying attention to her and listening to Amanda.

“Of course, I know,” Rose responded, surprised. “Quantum Capital is not a small company. It’s one of the fastest-growing companies in the country. Its progress in the last few months has caught our attention,” she added, smiling politely at Bella.

“Sister Bella, I’m glad to finally meet you. If I’m not mistaken, Quantum Capital recently replaced the CEO. I didn’t know you were now the one sitting as CEO. I hope Wilson Group can collaborate with your company one day,” Rose sincerely expressed.

Bella was amused because she had come to dinner to get to know Tristan’s friends. Still, now she had a business offer from a massive company in this country, like Wilson Group. How lucky she was.

“Thank you so much. I’m looking forward to the opportunity ahead—” Bella tried to keep it low-key. She didn’t want them to know that Quantum Capital was actually a subsidiary of the vast enterprise RDF Group.

However, Bella’s hopes were dashed when Evan, Rose’s husband, suddenly chimed in.

“Mrs. Sinclair, I heard a rumor that Quantum Capital is related to RDF Group, a huge company from the US. Is it true?” Evan asked curiously about such rumors.

Evan has tried to investigate the rumors in the past, but there was no convincing evidence that Quantum Capital was a subsidiary of RDF Group or that RDF had any shares in Quantum. However, he recently discovered that the tycoon Jack Foster, CEO of RDF Group, visited the country a few months ago and met with Tristan and Bella.

‘Oh, crap! How does he know about it? Did Tristan tell him?’ Bella wondered as she quickly glanced at Tristan, but she could see that he was also surprised to hear Evan’s question.

Unable to avoid the topic, with all eyes now on her, Bella had no choice but to admit it.

However, Bella made a note to investigate the top ten wealthy people in this country, one of them being this man, Evan Collins. He was undoubtedly not a simple man; he might have an intelligent network working for him.

“Yes, that’s right. However, I can’t say this openly,” Bella smiled faintly before finishing her words, “We didn’t expose this for some reason, and I’m sorry—”

Bella felt bad saying that because it sounded like she didn’t entirely trust them.

“Wow! Seriously, Bella?” Amanda was surprised to hear this. As a businessperson, she knew how big RDF Group was, but she didn’t expect Bella’s company to be that big.

“Yes, sister Amanda. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you earlier,” Bella smiled apologetically, trying to divert their attention from her. She felt uncomfortable talking about her company at the Spencer family gathering.

Bella glanced at Tristan as if wanting him to help her. She was grateful that Tristan seemed to see her struggle. Yet, before Tristan could say anything, Jayson Spencer clapped his hands to get everyone’s attention.

“Alright, everyone. Stop asking Bella about her company. Let’s head to the dining room,” Jayson said while standing. He leans closer to Tristan and whispers, “Tristan, you’re such a lucky man having Bella as your wife.”

“Yes, I’m so lucky…” Tristan responds with a proud smile.

With that, Spencer’s dinner finally began. They all enjoyed a relaxed dinner and warm conversation.

Bella felt like she was having dinner with her own family. She no longer felt as tense as before. She blended in with them as if she were part of their family.

"Bella, eat more," Emily, who sat across from her, said.

"Yes, Bella, don't be shy," Amanda, who sat next to her, said. She pushed a few dishes toward her.

"I'm done, sister. Thank you," Bella politely refused.

Tristan smiled at her, knowing his wife was shy. He stroked her back gently to comfort her.

Before long, the Spencer family dinner finally ended.

When they all returned to the living room, they were shocked to see a man sitting casually on the single sofa, smiling at them.

"Sean? When did you come back?" Emily was surprised to see her son.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 469: Dinner With Spencer Family (5)

Bella stopped abruptly, staring at Sean Spencer, sitting alone on the sofa, his eyes fixed on her. She couldn't believe he had shown up at the last minute, especially when she had thought he wouldn't join them.

'Why did he suddenly appear here!?' Bella wondered, tightening her grip on Tristan's arm.

Sensing her unease, Tristan patted her hand and leaned in closer to whisper, "Why are you nervous about meeting him?"

Bella snapped out of her thoughts, looked up at him, and smiled while shaking her head. "I'm not nervous. I'm just surprised to see him here. He already told his mother he couldn't come. It feels suspicious."

"Don't overthink it. This is his parents' house; it's normal for him to show up," Tristan teased. "If you're worried he might cause trouble, I can promise you he won't. He promised me he would no longer have romantic feelings for you. And he is a man of his word."

Bella was slightly surprised to hear that. Did they talk about this the last time they met? About the promise Sean has made to Tristan? She shook her head, trying to push aside her curiosity. Her eyes returned to Sean.

“Yeah. I hope so. I’m exhausted from explaining how we met or anything about our relationship over the past year,” Bella faintly responded. “I just want to go home. I can’t help but feel sleepy after eating so much tasty food.”

“Yeah, dear. You need some rest. Let’s go home—”

“Bella,” Emily’s voice made Bella and Tristan turn toward her. “Come here quickly. I’ll introduce you to my son.” Her eyes beamed with excitement; she finally had a chance to introduce Sean to Bella.

Tristan and Bella quickly joined the others in the seating area and sat together at the end.

“Bella, this is my firstborn, Sean Spencer. He is now—” Emily Stearn’s voice trailed off as Sean interrupted.

“Mother, you don’t need to introduce me to her. I know her.”

“YOU KNOW HER?” Emily Stearn was surprised.

Everyone else was also surprised and curious, except for Amanda Spencer, who looked relaxed as she sipped her sparkling wine and smiled at Sean.

“Has Tristan introduced you to Bella?” Jason Spencer asked, clearly curious. He knew how secretive Tristan was about his wife. Only a few people knew he was married, let alone had children.

Sean didn’t immediately answer his mother and father. He chuckled before looking at Bella and Tristan, then said, “I knew Bella long before Brother Tristan met her—”

“How so?” Keira asked. “Did Sister Bella also serve in the military before getting married?” She was curious about Sean’s having another female friend, knowing her brother well enough to understand that he didn’t have female friends apart from his military co-workers.

“Do you remember when I was in business school?” Sean asked, looking at his family. When he saw them nod, he continued, “We were in the same class for two years before she moved to the US to continue her studies—”

Everyone was surprised, including Tristan. He knew Bella had known Sean for a long time, but he didn’t know the details about them being in the same class.

“Heaven! This world is so small. You guys turned out to be college friends, and now Bella is married to Tristan,” Emily said, amazed to hear this.

However, in her happiness, she felt slightly jealous when looking at Tristan. She was jealous because Bella chose him despite knowing her son first.

Emily looked at Bella with a sincere smile. “Bella, I’m so happy to know you...”

Bella could only smile in response to Emily’s words. She now felt confused about addressing her as Auntie or Sister Emily.

‘Sigh! How on earth did this happen?’ She stifled a smile.

Later, everyone started to engage in conversation again.

When Tristan was about to excuse themselves, Sean suddenly asked Bella to speak outside. Alone, just the two of them.

Worried that Tristan would be unhappy, she turned to see him as if asking for permission. However, his response almost caused her to choke.

“If he tries to seduce you, try to break his leg. I’ll make sure you’re safe if his family gets angry...” Tristan whispered playfully. She said nothing and immediately followed Sean out of the room.

“Wear this,” Sean offered Bella her coat before they went to the backyard garden.

They sat facing each other, with the campfire between them. Even though the night was cold, the air around them felt warm and cozy.

“How are you?” Bella asked, breaking the awkwardness between them.

“Never better!” Sean answered as he stood from his seat and headed to the outdoor minibar nearby. “Do you want white or red wine?” he asked, turning to look at Bella.

“Wine? No, I can’t—” Bella immediately refused.

“Why? Don’t you like it?” Sean frowned.

“I’m pregnant, Sean. I can’t drink alcohol now,” Bella answered him casually, but Sean was shocked to hear that.

He quickly turned his gaze back to the red wine in his hand and poured himself another glass full. After grabbing a water bottle for her, he returned to join her.

“Thank you,” Bella said as she accepted the water bottle. She saw him settle in his seat before asking, “What do you want to talk about?”

He didn’t answer her question but raised his wine glass to toast her. “Congratulations on your pregnancy, Bella. I’m sincerely happy for you and Dax. He must be thrilled to know he’ll have a sibling.”

“Thank you,” Bella’s eyes beamed, remembering Dax’s reaction when they told him. “Yeah, he’s so happy.”

Silence hung in the air again as they both got lost in their thoughts, staring at the burning embers before them.

But not long after, Bella began to feel cold and sleepy. She tightened her coat and looked back at Sean, who was staring at her. She could see there was something he wanted to say but was having trouble expressing.

“You seem like you want to say something. What is it?”

“I think... I’ll start to move on,” Sean finally expressed what he wanted to tell her.

His sentence surprised Bella, mixed with curiosity. “Seriously? Who’s the lucky lady?”

“Your friend—” Sean’s tongue stiffened as he tried to explain what had happened between Harper and him.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 470: I Will Give Myself A Chance To Move On!

“My friend?” Bella repeated his words, trying to remember who her friend was. As her friend list was only very short, after a quick moment, only Harper came to mind.

‘HARPER???’ She screamed in her heart. ‘SERIOUSLY? NO WAY. IMPOSSIBLE. Wait, do I have another female friend besides Harper? Aunt Noora?’

Bella stifled a laugh when she imagined Sean having a crush on Aunt Noora.

‘Ridiculous, right? Just impossible.’ She shook her head and considered Harper again as the likely candidate.

She turned her gaze to Sean and asked, “Sean, do you like Harper?” Hearing her own question gave her goosebumps, and the thought of Sean and Harper as a couple made her shiver.

Sean shook his head slowly, leaving Bella a little disappointed, realizing that it wasn’t Harper that Sean was interested in.

"If not Harper, then who? I don't have any other female friends—" Bella's sentence stopped when she remembered their old college friends. "She is our college friend? I didn't contact them anymore after I moved to the US," she said confusedly, racking his brain.

"She is Harper."

"Yes! I knew it. It must be her."

"But what am I trying to say to you? I don't...I mean, I don't like her yet, but I'll give her a chance—" Sean tried to explain, but somehow, he felt it was hard to explain.

"Wait. Wait, Sean. I'm confused here." Her beautiful eyebrow arched slightly as she looked at him. "You mean you want to try to pursue her?"

"Try to give her a chance." Sean corrected her.

"What does that mean?" Bella was even more confused.

Sean leaned back in his chair, gazing at the stars twinkling in the dark sky. He felt uneasy about telling Bella about the progress in his relationship with Harper.

After a few moments, he finally spoke without averting his gaze from the sky, "Harper confessed her feelings to me before she returned to New York."

"Wow! That bitch, how dare she—" Bella hurriedly closed her mouth when she saw Sean suddenly sitting straight, looking at him with a frown. "Ugh, sorry, Sean. Hahaha...I was really shocked to hear that."

Bella grinned at him and got a shook head response from him.

"So, are you going to give her a chance?" Bella asked again when she saw him remaining silent.

"Sure, I'll give it a shot," Sean chuckled as he remembered his mother's threat. Glancing at Bella, he explained, "My mother threatened to match me with her friend's daughter if I didn't bring home the woman I like within a year."

Bella expressed her sympathy, "I remember her mentioning that earlier. She wants to have a grandchild."

Sean sighed, "It's because she knows about your son, and she is pushing me to get married soon."

Bella comforted him, "I'm sorry you're in this situation because of me, bro."

"Yeah! You put me in trouble," Sean shook his head and smiled before continuing his words, "Because I know Harper has feelings for me, I will try to give her and myself a chance. Can I move on from my past failed love?" he sarcastically said while looking at Bella.

Bella chuckled, "I could only pray for your success, Sean. And I would be sincerely happy if you could date her. You know, I already consider Harper my sister, right?"

"Hmm, I know."

"I also already consider her parents as my second parents."

"Thanks, Bella. Thanks..." Sean couldn't believe he had such a conversation with Bella.

He never imagined this would happen. Even though it feels weird, he is happy to share this with her. Does this mean he had already wholly let go of his feelings for her? He didn't know the answer, but right now, he is fully aware he no longer feels hurt knowing she is with Tristan.

They were lost in their own thoughts again.

Sean was deeply thinking about how he would meet Harper again. He doesn't like communicating with her over the phone; he needs to meet her in person to speak to her about all the matters on his mind now.

While Bella was busy making plans, she thought about how she would tease Harper about this and, of course, give her a good scolding for hiding this huge matter from her.

"Geez, Harper, you're such a heartless best friend. How could you hide it from me?" She couldn't wait any longer to go home and Facetime with Harper.

"Are you guys done talking?" Suddenly, Tristan's voice surprised them both.

Bella turned to see him. "We are done," she accepted Tristan's hand to help her stand up from the chair.

"Yes, we're done here," Sean responded and stood up.

"Good," Tristan said, looking at Bella. "We have to go home now. It's almost nine, dear."

"Why so rushed, Bro!?" Sean asked, following them to walk heading to the house.

"She is a pregnant woman, Sean. My wife needs to sleep early," he responded to Sean without looking at him.

Bella smiled and turned to see Sean. "Fighting, Sean. I hope to meet you both at Dax's birthday party."

Sean widened his eyes at Bella as if he wanted to tell her not to tell anyone, especially Tristan. He believed that if Tristan knew, his parents would also know.

But it was too late. Tristan stopped and looked at Bella with a frown.

"Sean already has a girlfriend?" Tristan asked. He wanted to hear this important information because if Sean had a girl, he no longer worried that Sean would steal his wife.

Bella leaned closer and whispered to Tristan, "Hubby, we will receive a wedding invitation soon. Sean likes Harp—"

"Bella, Tristan, aren't you guys going home? Hurry up and go home..." Sean immediately interrupted, signaling Bella not to expose him. But once again, it was too late; Tristan had heard the name.

Tristan turned to Sean and asked, "Harper? Wow! Seriously, you like Harper?"

Sean was rendered speechless.

"Hahaha, man, congrats..." Tristan said as he patted Sean's shoulder, "I'm genuinely happy for you, man."

Sean said nothing but vented his frustration inwardly while shaking his head.

"Hubby, please don't say this to anyone, especially his parents. This must be a secret, promise me!?"

"I promise," Tristan said, making a V sign before heading into the house.

Tristan and Bella didn't stay longer than needed, so they immediately excused themselves from everyone and left the Spencer residence.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 471: Astington Netizens, Go Crazy!

A few days later, the temperature dropped as fall officially arrived in the city.

The hot news that Tristan Sinclair has a girlfriend still dominates the entire Astington media. The identity of Tristan Sinclair's girlfriend has not yet been found.

Some of Tristan Sinclair's die-hard fans are willing to pay detectives to find the lucky woman who tamed him, but no one has been successful.

However, this morning, a new announcement appeared on the Sinclair Group's official website stating that Tristan Sinclair already has a wife.

The official announcement once again made A-Netz and journalists even crazier.

New articles are starting to appear, beating the news about celebrities promoting their latest films and politicians trying to gain votes in several regions for next year's presidential election. Their news becomes the bottom of the list, and no one reads it.

"Tristan Sinclair, the number one bachelor in this country, is no longer single!"

"Who is the lucky woman who conquered the heart of Tristan Sinclair?"

"The rumors have said Tristan Sinclair's wife is a celebrity."

"Why is the announcement so sudden? Is the woman pregnant?"

"The rich CEO Tristan Sinclair finally got married!"

Bella smirked when she heard Aunt Noora reading the news on the internet. Several times, Bella glanced at her and found it amusing how serious she looked while reading from her iPad and giggling.

"Aunty, stop reading those silly articles," Bella said before resuming her cheesecake and drinking milk.

Instead of stopping, Noora continued to read and even opened the comment page. She wanted to read A-Netz's opinion, but after reading a few comments, she started cursing.

"What the hell? These people are so stupid. How could they attack you?"

"OMG! Bella...I mean...young miss," Noora shouted without looking at Bella, "You have to report them. How dare they call you slut!? These stupid people...Tsk...tsk!"

Bella shook her head, ignoring her while taking another bite of her last cheesecake.

"This... This one even cursed you to die...because you snatched her imaginary husband!? What the hell...let me make an account. I will fight them!" Noora said; she could feel her blood boiling.

"Stop it, Aunty Noora!" Bella no longer spoke nicely to her. When she saw Noora finally look at her, she continued, "Aunty, you might end up in the emergency room because of your blood pressure. Don't mind them; someone will take care of them."

Noora finally put the iPad on the table, but when her eyes fixed on the empty plate, she was taken aback. Not a single slice of cake was left. She remembered she had brought eight slices of cheesecake.

‘Did Dax come here to help her eat while I was reading the gossip news!?’ Noora wondered as she saw Bella wiping her mouth with a white napkin. With her other hand, she held an empty milk glass.

A faint line appeared on Noora’s forehead as she narrowed her eyes at Bella.

‘Is it really possible that the cheesecake just vanished like that?’ She almost choked on her own thoughts. ‘Young miss? Yes, it must be her. She’s the one who ate those eight slices of cake. Wait, why is she eating so much lately?’

Noora swallowed as she started to realize something she had been trying to ignore—Bella’s pregnancy.

Her eyes slowly went down to Bella’s belly, trying to see if there were any changes there. However, seeing her wearing an oversized sweater, she failed to notice any baby bump.

Unable to hold it longer, Noora asks her, “Young miss...”

“Aunty Noora,” Bella interrupted before Noora could finish her words. “Can you please stop calling me that? I’m no longer a Young Miss. Could you just call me Bella?”

Once again, Bella protested. She found it strange that Noora still called her that, even though she had already asked her to stop.

Ignoring Bella’s request, Noora asked, “Miss, how many weeks is your pregnancy?”

“If I’m not mistaken, seven or eight. I’m—” Bella’s sentence suddenly stopped when she realized she had fallen into Noora’s trap.

‘Darn! Why did I answer her right away?’ Bella shook her head slowly while holding back laughter as she revealed her secret about her pregnancy to Noora.

She hoped Noora hadn’t heard it, but when she saw Noora’s eyes were red, no, filled with tears, Bella could only smile bitterly. It looks like she can’t hide any longer about her pregnancy.

“Young Miss, how could you hide this from me?” Noora expressed her disappointment in the middle of her sobs. “Since when did you know?” she continued, wiping her tears.

Bella shared with her aunt how she found out about her pregnancy and went to the hospital to confirm it with the obstetrician-gynecologist.

“Oh my goodness, miss... when you went to the hospital to see Henry, did you also meet with your doctor?”

“Yes. I’m sorry, Aunt Noora if I didn’t share this good news right away,” Bella said softly. “I just worry about sharing it too early because I was scared something terrible happened like in the past. You know what I mean—” she could not continue her words.

“I understand, young miss. I understand...” Noora finally controlled her overflowing emotions.

“Thank you, Aunt...”

“But, miss, you must tell me sooner so I can provide healthy food. Huh...oh my God...” Noora covered her mouth with her palm when she realized something. “Heavens! Young Miss, I have so many clues from Master Tristan, but I’m too ignorant to notice them.”

Noora can’t hold her laughs when Tristan’s weird task now fills her mind.

“What do you mean?” Bella asked.

“Master Tristan asked me to fill the refrigerator with healthy food, fruit, and milk daily! And I must change the fresh food in the fridge every morning,” Noora explained.

“Really?” Bella was taken aback. “Wow, I didn’t know about it.”

“And Master Tristan also asked me to make sure to give you a snack between your main meals.”

“No wonder you often give me food. I thought you already knew about my pregnancy and pretended not to know,” Bella smiled.

“No, I didn’t know at all. I was suspicious, but I didn’t dare ask. I was afraid you would scold me again.”

“Well, only the three of us know.”

“You also didn’t want to tell your mother about it?”

Bella was silent for a moment before she answered, “Since you already know, I think it’s okay for my mother to know, too.” She couldn’t hide her pregnancy forever.

“Do you want some cake and milk again?” Noora offered.

“No, Aunty. I’m full,” Bella refused. She looked at the clock hanging on the wall. “Well, I need to work now.”

While Bella and Noora were chatting, an article appeared on LegitFact.cam without their realizing it.

[Tristan Sinclair’s Wife’s Identity Discovered!]

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 472: Exposed!

At Sinclair Tower:

“Tristan Sinclair’s Wife’s Identity Exposed!”

Tristan frowned as he read the news headline, shaking his head slowly. He looked up to see Max standing before him.

“Can’t you come up with a better headline?” Tristan asked.

“Boss, this news immediately became the number one trending topic on all news pages and social media,” Max explained. “Isn’t this what you wanted? To attract their attention?”

Tristan didn’t respond. Instead, he placed the iPad on the table, stood up, and walked to the glass wall behind him, gazing out at the busy street below with his hands in his trouser pockets.

“Do you want me to delete the news, Boss?” Max asked, confused by Tristan’s silence.

Still not receiving any reaction from Tristan, Max continued, “Boss, I put a young Madam’s old picture in the article, so maybe not many people will recognize her. If you’re worried about it—”

“That’s not what I’m worried about. They’ll immediately know her because you included information about her as Quantum Capital’s CEO,” Tristan said, turning to look at Max with a thoughtful gaze. “I just don’t like the title, that’s all. Anyway, you did a great job. You can go now. Make sure our plan goes smoothly.”

Max frowned, scratching his head, wondering why Tristan disliked the title. Still, he nodded, “Okay, Boss. I’ll take care of it...” he said and left the room.

Tristan looked outside again, thinking about his plan to capture the person still trying to find information about his wife. He deliberated over releasing this news to lure them out of hiding.

At Tristan and Bella's residence:

Bella sat behind her laptop, on a FaceTime call with her best friend Harper, who was in New York.

"Girl! I'm so happy for you. Tristan finally dared to release his marital status," Harper said after reading the news Leo had sent her.

"Yes, thanks," Bella faintly smiled at her.

"Are you okay with that? The media and netizens will hunt you down. They'll try to find you and do an interview..."

Bella already knew the article would be released today. Tristan had told her to avoid the internet because he was slowly releasing information about his status as a married man.

She wasn't surprised when Aunty Noora and Harper expressed concern. She was well-prepared.

"I know, my husband released all the articles. But with so many about me, I decided not to go online or check social media. I'm fine with that as long as they don't know my real identity," Bella replied calmly while sipping her orange juice. She didn't notice Harper's raised eyebrow upon hearing her words.

"Oh my gosh, Girl, don't tell me... you didn't know about it?"

"Know what?" Bella asked after placing her empty glass on the table and returning her gaze to Harper. She was surprised to see her expression. "Huh!? What happened? Why do you look so shocked!?"

Harper couldn't help but chuckle when she realized Bella was clueless.

"Looks like you didn't read the new articles uploaded two hours ago."

"Huh, there are new articles?"

"Go check the internet now," Harper said as she excused herself to bed. It was almost midnight where she was, and she needed to rest.

Bella wasn't concerned about the articles about her; she was more curious about Harper and Sean's relationship.

"Harper, why are you in such a rush? Please, talk to me for a few more minutes, huh!?"

Harper yawned and looked at Bella on her laptop screen, raising her eyebrows slightly as she asked, "Can we talk about it tomorrow? I'm so sleepy—"

"I believe your sleepiness will vanish once you hear what I say," Bella giggled.

A few days ago, after returning from the Spencer family house, Sean warned her not to tell Harper anything about their conversation, so she canceled her FaceTime call.

But today, she couldn't wait any longer to ask Harper about it and tease her.

"If you want to talk about Jack, forget it! I hate him—" Harper said with a shrug and another yawn.

"Are you two fighting?"

"No. But he's in a mess now. He wants to divorce his wife, and he bothers me almost every day talking about it. I might end up in the ER if he keeps talking about that... How annoying!"

Bella was stunned to hear that. She never imagined Jack would divorce his wife; he loved her so much.

"Wow, this is big news! And why didn't he say anything to me?"

"I dunno!"

"I'll call him later," Bella said, refocusing on what she wanted to ask, "Harper, I'm not talking about him. I just wanted to ask you... how's your progress with Sean?"

Harper's sleepy eyes suddenly widened, and her mouth formed an "O." She was surprised by Bella's question. How could she know about it?

"Did Sam tell you?" Harper asked.

Bella smirked, "So, Sam knows too? Who else knows?"

Harper swallowed, still shocked that Bella already knew about her and Sean.

"Damn! Does everyone know except me? Oh my gosh! You're a heartless friend, Harper Reed. I'm disappointed in all of you."

Harper suddenly froze upon hearing Bella's scolding.

"Wait, wait, Girl. So you didn't hear about it from the three of them!?" Harper asked.

“I didn’t hear it from them. I heard it from Sean.”

“FUCK—” Harper instantly covered her mouth, utterly shocked.

Bella laughed, enjoying Harper’s comical expression, her eyes widening as if her eyeballs would pop out. She didn’t say anything immediately, savoring Harper’s shocked reaction momentarily.

“Be-Bella, se-seriously, you... I mean, he told you about us? I mean, about me and him!?” Harper finally managed to calm her fast-beating heart. She felt like she might end up in the emergency room for sure. This was too shocking for her.

“Do you want to know what we talked about?” Bella asked.

Harper nodded vigorously, “YES, PLEASE, Bella. Tell me every word he said to you. And the tone he said it.”

“Ugh, what should I do now...?” Bella pretended to be confused. “Sean forbade me to tell you anything. But since I slipped up, I’ll tell you...” She paused momentarily, smiling meaningfully at her.

“WHAT? Damn! Girl, why do you make me so curious?” Harper narrowed her eyes on Bella.

“I just want to say... prepare your suitcase. There is a big chance you might return here before November!”

Harper was confused by her words. “What? What do you mean by that?”

“That’s all I can say, Harper. And please, don’t tell him about what we talked about. Good night, Harper Reed!”

Bella waved at her computer screen before disconnecting the FaceTime call without waiting for Harper to say anything.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 473: Collect His Head! *
At Marco’s Residence.

Marco sat on the sofa, a blonde-haired woman kneeling with her head between his legs, giving him pleasure. He enjoyed the act so much that his head looked up with his eyes closed as her warm mouth and tongue sucked and licked his swollen, stiff shaft.

“Go deeper! It’s called deep throat for a reason! Suck it harder and faster, you whore!” he demanded condescendingly.

The woman swallowed his shaft wholly and started moving back and forth rhythmically, making him groan in pleasure as he felt her wet mouth and tongue tighten around his shaft.

However, before he could reach his peak, a noise from the door suddenly distracted him.

The woman stopped, but with her mouth still swallowing his shaft. Marco's eyes slowly opened. "Don't you dare fucking stop, whore! Suck it again!" he ordered the woman. But his eyes sent an angry, dark gaze toward the wide-open door.

His dimwit assistant, Billy, stood with his eyes lowered to his own feet, frightened to look at his Boss's angry eyes.

A second later, Marco ignored him as he groaned in pleasure again as the woman quickened her movements. After a few seconds of trying to enjoy the pleasure, he failed to get the same excitement he had before the door opened. His dark and mad gaze returned to his assistant.

"Fuuuuccckk!! Are you tired of life and asking me to kill you, Billy?"

"So-Sorry, Ma-Master! I-I must report some huge news to you." Billy stammered, not daring to raise his head and afraid to watch his Master and the service the blonde woman gave.

"Whatever the news is, it's better be very important, or I will kill you—"

Billy shuddered and hurriedly said, "This is about Arabella Donovan—"

"Dear, please stop," Marco put his hand on the woman's cheek and smiled. "We can continue later..." He leaned in and kissed her lips deeper while his other hand squeezed her supple breasts.

The woman moans softly, "Y-yes, master..."

After the woman left the room, he slowly stood up and tightened his black robe to cover his naked body.

Instead of rushing to talk to Billy, Marco walked over to the table, lit a cigarette, and inhaled deeply while standing by the large window overlooking the back garden. After slowly blowing the smoke into the air, he turned to look at Billy.

"Speak!"

"We have information about her. She is Arabella Donovan, the CEO of Quantum Capital—"

“What the fuck are you trying to say, Billy?” Marco snapped, interrupting him, his eyes darkening. “We already know that. You said this was huge news. Do you want to tell me?”

“Master, please,” Billy swallowed hard, seeing his furious Master. “Allow me to finish my words, please.”

Marco didn’t say anything, but the look in his eyes seemed to give permission and a warning that if Billy’s words didn’t satisfy him, he would kill him.

Relieved that Marco said nothing, Billy continued, “Arabella Donovan is Tristan Sinclair’s wife!”

“What the hell—” Marco was shocked. “How on earth does Tristan Sinclair have a wife now? He was divorced and never got married again! Are you sure your information is credible and accurate?”

“I knew it,” Billy smiled while nodding slowly, looking at Marco. “You must not have read the news on the internet, Master.”

Marco said nothing but frowned deeper.

“Master, this morning, the media is in chaos following the official announcement by Sinclair Group that Tristan Sinclair is married. And... a few hours ago, an article was released that exposes Tristan’s wife’s identity. They even uploaded Arabella Donovan’s picture and her company, Quantum Capital.”

Marco’s frown faded as a sinister smile slowly appeared on his lips.

“So, master, can we carry out plan B?” Billy asked.

“Do it!” Marco said before dismissing his assistant.

However, Billy didn’t take a single step to leave the room. He stood in place, looking at Marco, confused and worried.

“Why are you still there?” Marco’s voice rose slightly before he inhaled his cigarette.

“I’m sorry, Master, but are you sure about this? This woman is Tristan Sinclair’s wife.” Billy tried to remind him to think carefully before making a move.

“That’s precisely why I’m even more curious about her,” Marco said, his eyes radiating curiosity.

Now, Marco understood why Laura Kiels hated Arabella Donovan so much. It turned out that Arabella had stolen Tristan Sinclair from her.

“Besides, I still have unfinished business with Tristan Sinclair,” Marco continued, gazing outside again.

“I understand, Master,” Billy responded.

“Billy, it looks like we can’t avoid him any longer. It’s time for us to collect his head!” Marco said as he threw his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it.

“Master, no worries. This time, I won’t make a mistake. I will carry out your order and achieve what we aimed for.”

“Good!”

At Bella’s House

The ringing of the telephone shattered the silence, abruptly waking Bella from sleep.

Her eyes were still heavy; she reached for her cell phone on the nightstand but paused when she noticed the dark room. Glancing outside, she realized it was already night.

“Gosh! I slept too long.”

Her whole body felt sore and stiff. After struggling to sit up, she tied her hair in a bun before reaching for her phone.

“Hello?”

Bella answered without checking the caller ID.

“Boss? Am I bothering you?” Leo’s voice sounded hesitant on the other end.

“Hmm, you just woke me up,” Bella replied, turning on the nightstand lamp. She forced herself to leave the bed and walked toward the window, glancing outside.

She felt uneasy.

Why was it already dark, yet Tristan hadn’t come home? Was he still busy? Why hadn’t he called?

Countless questions distracted her from Leo, who was still speaking on the other end, but she hadn’t caught what he said.

“That’s why you must come to the office tomorrow. This meeting is unavoidable, Boss,” Leo said.

“Sorry, Leo, I didn’t hear you clearly,” Bella responded, sitting on the sofa near the window. “Can you repeat what you said?”

“Are you alright?” Leo asked, puzzled by Bella’s lack of focus.

“I just woke up from a nap. I slept too long, and my mind feels sluggish!”

“Boss, how could you sleep that long? It’s almost dinner time.”

“No one woke me up except you,” Bella faintly smiled. She guessed that Noora or Tristan had probably let her sleep more.

“Alright, let’s talk now. I need to go downstairs to check on my son and husband,” she said.

Leo quickly explained the company’s situation and that her presence at the office was needed to meet with several branch directors.

“I see. What time should I be there tomorrow?”

“The meeting is set for ten in the morning. But I hope you can arrive thirty minutes earlier. I need to discuss something with you before it starts.”

Bella didn’t answer immediately, recalling her plans for the next day. She had already scheduled a visit to Amanda Spencer’s new family restaurant and promised to go with her son.

“Leo, make sure the meeting won’t take long,” Bella explained her plans.

“Sure, Boss! Don’t worry. I’ll ensure the meeting ends thirty minutes before twelve.”

“Okay! See you tomorrow—”

Chapter 474: How Could You Betray My Son?
Next Day.

After the meeting at the Quantum Capital building, Bella and Bryan rushed to Roots & Recipe Family Restaurant.

She would meet Dax and Noora there, who were also on their way from home.

“Ma’am, excuse me,” Bryan glanced at Bella through the rearview mirror. He saw her eyes closed.

“Yes?” She responded without opening her eyes.

“Your husband said you need to eat your snack,” Bryan said without glancing at her. He focused on the street ahead.

Bella’s eyes opened, and she sat up straight when she heard the word “snack.”

She suddenly felt hungry. And now, they were still five minutes away from the restaurant.

“Why are you suddenly talking about snacks?”

“There’s a snack box next to you, ma’am.”

Bella immediately looked beside her and was surprised to see a black box the size of a shoebox sitting there.

When she opened it, her eyes lit up. Inside were half a dozen of her favorite peanut butter donuts, two bottles of cold milk, and a box of grape juice.

“Wow, thank you, Bryan. Did you prepare all this?” She glanced at Bryan.

“Yes, ma’am. Your husband gave me the list and asked me to get it for you,” Bryan smiled as he saw her start eating the donuts.

“Did Tristan tell you that I’m pregnant, Bryan?” Bella asked after finishing two donuts and a bottle of her milk.

“Y-Yes, ma’am. The Boss has informed all your guards about your pregnancy, so every guard would act accordingly,” Bryan explained. They had known about her pregnancy for a week.

Her safety would be their top priority whenever she went out. Just like now, a few cars shadowed their vehicle.

Today, they also carried out their plan to catch whoever was always tailing her.

“I see,” Bella responded before continuing to devour her donuts, occasionally glancing at her phone, waiting for a text from Noora.

Bella wanted to confirm Dax and Noora’s current position.

It didn’t take long; a text from Noora appeared, informing her they would arrive in 10 minutes.

Before long, Bella finished her donut. Bryan's voice made her stop as she was about to take her last donut.

"Ma'am, we've arrived!" Bryan said as he gradually slowed down the car to enter the main entrance.

A few seconds later, after handing the key to the valet, he led Bella inside.

The restaurant was bustling, but Bella had already reserved the best VIP room to enjoy her lunch with a beautiful view.

Bella deliberately didn't inform Amanda Spencer when she would visit her restaurant. She was worried Amanda might close the restaurant just for her, and she didn't want to inconvenience her by making her rush to greet her.

She planned to call Amanda later after she finished.

After confirming her reservation, a waitress escorted them to the VIP room.

The restaurant was situated around a picturesque green lake with stunning gardens. Families and children could enjoy activities like fishing, canoeing, and more. The place seemed large and offered a breathtaking view.

After seeing the location, Bella understood why Amanda had recommended this restaurant to Dax. Most children would enjoy a place like this, but her son was different.

Dax preferred the sea and might not be interested in the city's scenery and activities here.

"Ma'am, this is your room," the waitress stops before the room with door number 222.

"Thank you," Bella politely responded while glancing at Bryan, who looked tense behind them.

She focused again on the waitress, "I'll place my order after my family arrives."

"Yes, ma'am. You can call me by pressing the bell inside," the waitress explained.

"I will, thanks."

After the waitress left, she asked Bryan to wait for Dax and Noora at the main entrance.

However, before Bella entered her VIP room, the door next to theirs opened.

A middle-aged woman was surprised to see her. “Bella?”

Bella’s body stiffened when she heard a voice she knew well but wanted to forget the most: Jessica Sinclair, Tristan’s mother, her mother-in-law.

‘What the hell! Why is she here?’ Bella cursed internally, glancing at Jessica as she walked towards her, eyeing Bryan suspiciously.

“Wow, I didn’t expect to meet you here finally, Bella. And who—” Her sentence stopped, and her eyes returned to scan Bryan from head to toe. “Oh, you slut! How dare you hook up with another man when my son already declared he is married?”

“Be careful with your words, LADY!” Bryan’s annoyed response was cut off when Bella raised her hand. He looked at Bella with a frown. “Ma’am,” he began to protest, but Bella stopped him again.

She leans closer to Bryan and whispers, “Bryan, go outside, wait for Noora. Make sure she doesn’t come here until I call you.” She doesn’t want Jessica to hear her words.

“But, ma’am,” Bryan hesitated.

Still, Bella insisted that he go. “It’s an order, Bryan. Go! You know me well; I can handle her myself. Don’t worry.”

Bryan nodded, but before leaving, he shot an intimidating glare at Jessica Sinclair. He didn’t care that this old woman was his Boss’s mother; His only concern was ensuring Bella’s safety, and he knew that was the only Tristan expected from him.

“My goodness, Bella, you are such a terrible woman. A slut! How could you betray my son? Just wait until I tell him you’re having a relationship...” Jessica’s voice trailed off, glaring at Bella, who walked away and entered the room, ignoring her.

“You bitch! You have no manners!” Jessica snapped, following Bella into the room. She pointed a finger at Bella. “How dare you ignore me? I’m Tristan’s mother! Did you forget?”

Bella ignored her anger and said, “The guy earlier was your son’s employee. He is my bodyguard.”

Jessica’s face twisted in anger. She hated how her plan to create trouble for Bella had been so easily thwarted.

“Anyway, how dare you ignore me?” Jessica snapped, her anger continuing as she looked at Bella sitting across from her, busy searching for something in her bag.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 475: Exposing Her Mother-In-Law

Without being asked, Jessica pulled a chair and sat across from Bella. Her gaze was as sharp as a razor as if she wanted to wound Bella with her stare.

“Ms. Jessica, did you forget? You told me to ignore you if we met, so why did you greet me earlier? You even entered my room uninvited! Where are your manners, ma’am?” Bella calmly asked.

Her words were enough to make Jessica’s face flush red. Angry!

Before Jessica could respond, Bella continued, “You’re the one seeking trouble, yet you blame me. Seriously, what do you want from me?”

“You slu—” Jessica’s voice faded. She really wanted to curse her but was afraid Bella might leave. She still needed to speak with her, so she suppressed her anger.

Jessica held herself back, trying to calm her emotions. She took deep breaths to ease her frustration, inwardly cursing Bella countless times.

“Bella, you know what I want from you. Please leave my son. If you leave Tristan, I promise I’ll give you anything: company shares, land, a house, an apartment, even an island. Or let me help your family’s company. Tell me, what do you want?”

Jessica finally expressed her true intent.

Bella was utterly speechless and hadn’t expected this woman to still want her to leave Tristan. Did Tristan’s mother not care about her own son’s warning to stop bothering me? How shameless.

Suddenly, a cold smile slowly appeared on Bella’s lips as she tapped the table, an idea forming in her mind. An almost imperceptible, disgusted smile appeared on her lips.

“Why do you hate me so much? Why do you think I’m unworthy of your son or the Sinclair family? Please explain it to me so I can understand,” Bella asked.

Jessica’s hands clenched tightly on her lap in response to Bella’s question. She wanted to snap at Bella but stopped herself; she didn’t want this girl to run away again. She tried to settle their grudge now.

“Bella, I don’t hate you. But honestly, you don’t deserve to be my family’s daughter-in-law because of your family status. Besides, you can’t give us a child. You know we need a successor, right?”

Jessica answered calmly, though the glint of anger in her eyes betrayed her.

Of course, Bella knew why this woman wanted to eliminate her from the Sinclair family.

"I know you're not being honest with me, ma'am. Please explain why you hate me so much," Bella pushed, trying to expose her sinister motive.

As if all her blood rushed to her face, Jessica's face turned red. She could no longer hold back her emotions and lost her composure. "Why do you keep asking? You bitch, don't try to make me angry," her eyes grew fiercer as she glared at Bella.

Bella frowned, pleased to provoke Jessica's anger. This was precisely what she wanted.

"Mam, I'm genuinely clueless. I don't understand. Please enlighten me, ma'am. Maybe, if I hear your honest reason, I'll consider leaving your son, Tristan Sinclair, forever." Slowly, Bella felt her blood run cold at her own words.

Jessica's eyes slowly lit up at Bella's words. "Are you serious? Will you leave my son?"

Bella slightly nodded in response.

...

Meanwhile, in the Maybach, speeding towards the Roots & Recipe Family Restaurant, Tristan tightly held his cell phone, listening to Bella's words about possibly leaving him forever.

He knew it was just an act; his wife only tried to make his mother say something he needed to hear. Still, his heart ached, and the fear was real, making him want to arrive as quickly as possible.

But he was still ten minutes away from them. He could only listen to their conversation through the unexpected phone call he received a few minutes ago.

...

Jessica tried not to get provoked by Bella, but it wasn't easy. This girl was an eyesore, never failing to annoy her.

"Because you know something you shouldn't, Bella," Jessica finally answered with a small, insincere smile. "That's why you can't stay in my family. You have to leave the Sinclair family... forever!"

"I'm really sorry. I don't quite understand what you mean, Mam!? And can't you just leave us alone? I love your son, and he loves me; how could you be so desperate to separate us!?"

Bella pretended to appear gloomy, trying to lure this woman into exposing her crime. She wanted Tristan to hear for himself about his mother's evilness.

Jessica's satisfied laugh echoed in the room as she saw Bella finally appear sad and worried; her calmness was entirely gone.

"Oh, my dear Bella, I actually liked you when you first joined my family; however, you're too smart. You make me worry. I can't trust you, so I can't let you stay in my family."

"Damn it, Jessica Sinclair! Spill it now!" Bella wanted to say that, but she held back.

She needs Tristan to hear their conversation. It would be a waste if Jessica didn't speak, as she had already called Tristan when she first sat in this room. However, she sensed Jessica was being careful about what she said.

Bella was running out of time. Now, she worried that Dax would insist on coming inside. She couldn't waste too much time talking to this evil woman.

"Ma'am, I still don't understand why you despise me so much. If you tell me now, I promise I'll leave..." Once again, Bella felt uneasy hearing her own words. She could imagine Tristan must be furious now.

"If you want a grandchild, I promise I'll give you one, maybe three," Bella used all her acting skills to make this woman speak. "I promise you, please let me stay in your family, huh!? Or tell me your true reason for wanting me to leave Tristan..."

Jessica's face darkened as she coldly said, "You want to know my reason?"

Bella nods.

"Fine. Because I know you are the only person who knows I was responsible for my mother-in-law's death. So, Bella, I can not and will not allow you to be around my family, let alone live under the same roof as my son. If you insist, I'll force myself to drag you out or even end you!"

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 476: Crazy Woman Tries To Kill Dax

Bella's smile slowly spread across her lips, satisfied with Jessica's response.

She ignored Jessica's attempt to intimidate her with a piercing gaze.

Instead, Bella calmly pulled out her cell phone. She placed it on the table before turning her attention back to Jessica Sinclair.

"Hubby, did you hear that?" Bella asked lovingly, shocking Jessica as she noticed the cell phone on the table was actually connected to her son.

'This bitch called Tristan? How dare she!' Jessica wanted to scold Bella, but she didn't buy her words. 'This woman, she's bluffing, right? She just wants to piss me off, right?' she wonders.

Before Jessica could scold Bella, her words got stuck in her throat when she heard Tristan's voice through the speaker.

"Hmm, I heard everything. Thanks, my dear wife. Thank you for letting me know. See you soon—"

"Beep!"

The call ended.

Bella could no longer contain her happiness. Her plan to expose her evil mother-in-law had succeeded.

"Congratulations, madam, Mrs. Sinclair. You've confessed to your son what you tried to hide—your evil secret!"

Bella paused her words to smile at her, noticing how furious she was.

"You can't blame me, ma'am. I didn't say anything to him; you're the one who said it loudly, and my husband heard everything..." She chuckled, adding the fire.

Later,

Bella stood up from her chair, deciding to cancel her lunch. She no longer had a reason to stay in that restaurant when Jessica Sinclair was around.

Jessica looked shocked. Even her hot red lipstick couldn't conceal her pale face.

"ARABELLA DONOVAN!" Jessica roared in anger. "I will kill you. I promise I will kill you...bitch!" She stood up, rushing after Bella as she left the VIP room.

Bella ignored her and walked down the corridor, but she stopped abruptly just before exiting the room when she saw Dax at the end of the corridor.

"Mommy, there you are..." Dax shouted, his innocent face lit up with a big smile as he hurried toward her, unaware of her pale expression.

'Darn it, Bryan! Why did you let Dax come in here?' Bella wanted to scold Bryan, but it was too late. She knew Jessica Sinclair had already seen Dax and heard his words.

Jessica's expression mirrored Bella's shock. She was stunned when she heard the handsome young boy call Bella "Mommy."

Her knees weakened as she realized the boy resembled Tristan as a child. She lost her balance and fell to the floor in shock.

“Oh, my goodness! Bella, you...” Her voice trembled. “You have a son with Tristan? Why didn’t you tell me? Why hide it from me?”

Jessica had long suspected this possibility—that Tristan returned to Bella because they had a child. But the investigator she hired never found any evidence.

She had asked Tristan about it a few times. Still, he never admitted anything, simply ignoring her whenever she brought it up. Now, she understood why Tristan insisted on returning to Bella after they separated.

What shocked Jessica even more was her realization that her father-in-law and husband already knew about the boy’s existence.

Her father-in-law, Lewis Sinclair, had never once pressured Tristan to remarry or reminded him about the family’s succession, and her husband had also not mentioned it recently.

‘God, am I the only one in the family who’s blind to this? How could they treat me like an outsider?’

Jessica’s heart ached. Her hand trembled as she tried to stand and approach Bella and her son.

“Bella, wait. Explained to me who the child—”

Bella ignores Jessica. She walked quickly to Dax; she needed to get him away from this place before Jessica did something reckless that could traumatize her son. She knew how far Jessica would go to get what she wanted.

Hurriedly, Bella raised her hand to signal Dax to stop and not approach her. She also saw Noora running behind Dax with Bryan following, his expression tense.

Returning her gaze to Dax, Bella noticed her son’s confused eyes. She smiled at him, trying to ease his confusion.

Just a few steps away from Dax, a hand suddenly grabbed him from another VIP room and dragged him inside.

Everything happened so fast. Shock gripped Bella’s heart as she sprinted after Dax into the room.

Bella's heartbeat seemed to stop when she saw a woman with pixie-cut brown hair, wearing a black mask, holding her son like a hostage. The woman's other hand was holding a small, sharp dagger, pressing it near Dax's neck.

"Move a single step, and my dagger will slit your son's artery!" the masked woman said coldly.

Bella's steps abruptly stopped. She didn't want to risk her son's safety. Standing in her place, with her heartbeat race, she felt her blood run cold as she stared at the woman threatening Dax's life.

Bryan and Noora stood behind Bella, utterly shocked.

"Ma'am, let me handle this!" Bryan whispered, trying to move forward, but Bella stopped him.

"No—" Bella whispered, her voice barely audible, only loud enough for Bryan to hear. "I need you to call Tristan and tell him what happened, including that his mother saw Dax."

Bryan gritted his teeth, reluctant to leave her alone in this situation. He wanted to help Dax, but he understood Bella's concerns. If they made a wrong move, the woman might really harm Dax. He had no choice but to follow her instructions and call Tristan.

Standing behind Bella, Noora started to whimper, tears streaming down her face. Seeing Dax in the woman's grip, her knees felt weak. She held onto the door frame beside her to keep from collapsing, praying for God to help her young master.

Jessica also stood near the door, terrified. She covered her mouth with her trembling hand as she watched her grandson become a hostage. Her anger toward Bella and her family faded, replaced by fear.

A few servers and guests had become aware of what was happening. They tried to peek into the room, but Bryan and a few of his colleagues arrived to guard the area and prevent anyone from approaching or peeking at the room.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 477: Bella Injured

The tension in the room increased as Bella moved forward. The woman tightened her grip on Dax, making him wince slightly in pain.

Bella halted, her hand clenched tightly as she quickly tried to think of a way to handle this crazy woman without putting her son in further danger.

'Damn it! Who is this woman?' Bella vents her frustration in her heart. She couldn't prolong this. She had to act swiftly to end the situation and free her son without injury.

“Miss, I don’t know who you are or why you’ve taken my son,” Bella said calmly, though her shaky voice betrayed her nerves. “If you want money or anything, just tell me. I’ll give you whatever you ask for, miss. Please, I beg you, release my son...”

Bella had never imagined this would happen to her, and she was terrified right now, but she tried to stay calm.

“I don’t want anything from you,” the woman responded.

Bella noticed the tremor in her voice. This was a good sign. The woman was afraid, even terrified, and that is good. It means she was an ordinary person, not someone with a psychotic and violent criminal background.

She saw her chance to rescue her son but patiently waited for the right moment to act.

However,

Before Bella could respond, the woman declared, “But I want your son’s life!”

Instantly, Bella felt her heart sink, almost stopping at the woman’s words.

‘She didn’t want money; she wanted my son’s life? Who the hell is she?’

Bella tried to recall, but as she stared at the woman, she couldn’t remember ever meeting her.

“Miss, if you have a grudge against me, settle it with me. Talk to me, huh? You can do whatever you want to me; I won’t stop you. But please, I beg you, release my son. He’s innocent...” Bella pleaded, trying to distract the woman. She also signaled Dax to stay calm.

Bella saw her son attempt to smile, though it didn’t reach his eyes; at least he understood what she was trying to convey with her hand sign.

“You ruined my life, my happiness. And...my unborn child died because I was too stressed by the mess you caused!” the woman raged, her eyes fierce as she glared at Bella.

Hearing the woman’s words, Bella was taken aback. She was utterly puzzled.

She had no memories of ever meeting this woman, yet now this woman claimed she ruined her life—killed her unborn child?

And this woman also wanted to take her son’s life?

‘Is this woman drunk? Or has she mistaken me for someone else?’

"I'm sorry, miss. But you might have mistaken me for someone else. I've never met you," Bella said apologetically, slowly moving forward whenever the woman was distracted.

Bella saw the woman growing more anxious as she glanced at the people near the door, especially Bryan and Tristan's man, who were now ready to act.

"Please tell me how I ruined your life if we've never met," Bella asked again, silently taking another step, closing the distance between them.

"We've never met, but I'm not mistaken. You're Arabella Donovan, the CEO of Quantum Capital!" the woman roared,

Bella was shocked. This girl knew her name.

The woman's anger flared as she looked at Bella, her hatred intensifying. She removed her mask and revealed her face, saying, "I'm Kelly. You may not know me, but my life and career were ruined when you took over Quantum Capital and fired Andreas Corby. Andreas was my boss and lover, and my life has been a nightmare since... ARGH!!"

Kelly screamed as Dax suddenly kicked her splint with his right foot's heel very hard. He quickly squatted and rolled away from her.

"Damn it! I'll kill you—" Kelly shouted, lunging after the boy, stabbing her dagger with speed and force. But instead of striking the boy, the dagger pierced Bella's palm, stopping Kelly's hand in mid-air.

Kelly froze, surprised by how swiftly Bella jumped between her and the little boy. And now, she's staring in horror at Bella's fierce eyes. The fire in Bella's gaze made Kelly feel she was facing not Bella but a Demoness.

"You're courting death, Kelly!" Bella said coldly, enduring the excruciating pain in her palm. She smiled icily as she pulled out the dagger, now embedded halfway in her palm, and forcefully kicked Kelly's knee, causing her to fall hard, her knee slamming into the floor.

A howl of pain escaped Kelly's lips as she felt her knees shatter.

Bella smiled coldly as she watched Kelly cry. After discarding the sharp dagger in the corner, she looked at Kelly again. Kelly's eyes were filled with terror as she looked at her.

"Young madam..." Bryan called out, wanting to enter and help, but he stopped when Bella signaled him to stay back.

"Bryan, take Dax out," Bella instructed without looking back, her eyes fixed sharply on Kelly.

Bella had never met this woman before but had heard she worked for Andreas Corby. Now, she understood why this woman had come after her.

However, Kelly made a big mistake by involving Dax in her revenge.

"Yes, ma'am!" Bryan responded, picking Dax up off the floor and holding him in his arms.

"Mommy, you're bleeding," Dax cried, his voice trembling. He was scared, seeing the fresh blood flowing from his mother's hand.

"Go with Uncle Bryan, Dax. Mommy will be with you soon," Bella said, not turning to look at Dax. She didn't want him to see her angry expression. She didn't want her son to witness how she punished this crazed woman.

"Young master, let's go," Bryan said, walking out. He wasn't afraid to leave Bella alone in the room; he knew she could handle the woman.

But Bryan's only worry is Bella's injury. If Tristan saw his wife hurt, he'd be furious.

Bella faintly heard everything behind her. She knew a few guards were now standing near the door, ready to help her, but for now, she ignored them. She needed to punish Kelly.

Her eyes remained fixed on Kelly, who was sobbing loudly on the floor.

Bella grabbed Kelly's hair with her uninjured hand, forcing Kelly's head to look up at her.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 478: Mommy, I'm Scared

Bella leans closer to Kelly; she stops when it is close enough to send a chill all over this girl's veins.

"If you have a problem, come to me. Don't you ever try to harm my son! And because you already did that, I will gladly send you to jail," Bella coldly said.

After expressing her anger, Bella tightened her grip with her healthy hand and threw the woman's weak body to the floor until her face pounded the hard floor. And Bella did that again several times.

The howling pain echoed in the room as Kelly started to cry again.

“Please stop, ma’am. Stop. I know I’m wrong. Please forgive me. Please,” Kelly said between her tears and fears, keeping her body flat on her stomach.

Ignoring Kelly’s howl of pain and pleas, Bella stepped on her hand until the bone-cracking sound could be heard, followed by Kelly’s scream of pain.

After crushing Kelly’s finger’s bones, Bella felt relieved but not entirely happy. The situation might not have ended as it did if Dax had not understood her instructions.

She felt grateful and fortunate because Dax had understood her instructions and done as she asked: he kicked the woman, rolled away, and moved aside.

If Tristan hadn’t suggested that she and their son take sign language classes and learn lip-reading, she wouldn’t have known what would happen today.

“I know I’m wrong, but you’re also wrong!” the woman shouted in pain as Bella kicked her again.

“I don’t know what happened to you and Andreas Corby, but you made a huge mistake; you have woken up the rage in me. And for that, I won’t allow you to escape your heavy punishment. You will stay in prison for a very long time—” Bella couldn’t finish her words as she felt a hand gently touching her shoulder.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw Tristan standing right behind her. Her dark expression and anger slowly faded. She tried to say something to him, but Tristan pulled her into his arms.

A few men rushed inside, took over the situation, captured Kelly, and brought her out.

Bella no longer cared about what was happening around her because she felt like all her courage when facing Kelly had disappeared.

After experiencing such a scary situation, Bella could feel her body trembling and her knees weak. She buried herself in Tristan’s embrace and silently cried before looking up to meet his gaze.

“Where is our son? Is he alright?” Bella asked.

“He’s alright. He’s in the car with Noora,” Tristan lovingly answered while wiping away the tears still rolling down her pale cheeks. “I’m sorry I came so late—” his voice slowly faded when he noticed her bleeding palm.

Tristan’s face darkened; he immediately let go of her before pulling out a handkerchief from his suit and wrapping her bleeding palms.

Bella's tears continued to fall as she watched Tristan wrap her hand; only now did she realize how much her palm had hurt. The fresh blood still flowing caused the white handkerchief to become reddened.

Before Bella could say something, Tristan grabbed her and carried her out of the room. She could only lean her head on his shoulder while hiding her face from the people looking at them as they walked through the restaurant hall.

When they arrived at the front yard, Bella was surprised to see an ambulance parked there with Carlos Montana waiting.

"How did you manage to call an ambulance so quickly?" she asked Tristan as he helped her enter the ambulance. Carlos sat opposite her, beginning to check her wound to stop the bleeding.

"We have facilities near this place, and I happened to be there," Carlos answered while cleaning her wound. "When Tristan called me, I was able to get here more quickly."

"I see," Bella said before clenching her teeth as Carlos put cleaning fluid on her palm and wrapped it in bandages.

The pain she felt was unbearable, but she tried not to make a sound, worried that Tristan, who was standing outside the ambulance, would get even more anxious.

After managing her pain, she looked at Tristan. She could see his expression was as gloomy as he saw her wounded hand.

"Tristan, I'm fine. This doesn't hurt at all," Bella said, smiling at him, trying to convince Tristan.

However,

Carlos's words darkened Tristan's face even more. His deadpan expression slowly faded, giving way to anger.

"Bella, you need to get stitches. Your wound is deep and serious. I believe this will leave scars. Luckily, your varicose veins weren't injured, or you will lose a lot of blood..." Carlos said, slowly raising his head to look at Bella with concern.

"How can you block a dagger with your bare hands?" Carlos innocently asked, unaware that Tristan, standing outside the ambulance, was about to become furious. His expression grew dark to imagine what had happened inside the restaurant earlier.

“Carlos, go to the hospital now. And I don’t care how, but make sure no scar is left on my wife’s injury,” Tristan calmly instructed. “You can call the best doctor who can do that. Spare no expense!”

“I will try to find the best surgeon. No worries, man,” Carlos said with a smile at Tristan.

Tristan nodded and turned to Bella. “Dear, I will follow the ambulance with Dax.”

“No, I want Dax here.. Please bring him here. I want to meet my son now,” Bella begged.

Bella was worried that her son would be traumatized because he had witnessed the attack on her. She needed to meet him and ensure he was not as frightened as before.

Tristan looked reluctant, but seeing Bella’s eyes looking red as she held back tears, he couldn’t refuse her. He nodded and left.

A few minutes later, Tristan returned with Dax in his arms.

“Mommy!” Dax’s voice shook when he saw Bella sitting inside the ambulance. He hurriedly climbed into the ambulance, sat on his mother’s lap, and nestled into her embrace.

“Mommy, I’m scared...” Dax said while crying.

After a long time, this was the first time Bella saw her son crying again. It was enough to make her heart ache. She couldn’t hold herself back from crying, too. Her tears slowly fell as she embraced her son.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 479: Heart To Heart Talk

Carlos finished wrapping Bella’s palm before sitting near the driver, allowing Tristan to look after his family.

After Tristan instructed a few of his men to handle the situation at the restaurant, he joined them in the ambulance. The car immediately sped up toward the hospital with its siren on.

Tristan sat beside Bella and placed his arms around her back. He gently pulled her close, leaned in, and whispered near her ear.

“Do you want to lie down? You look exhausted,” Tristan said, concerned about how much blood Bella had lost, especially since she was pregnant. She might feel dizzy.

Bella shook her head and glanced at him. "I'm fine, Tristan," she said, smiling to assure him she was okay.

She only wanted to embrace her son and give him a sense of security. As a mother, she could feel the tremor her son was experiencing.

Even though her son, Dax, has been taught how to defend himself from incidents like the one that just happened, and his intelligence is different from other children his age, Dax is still too young to experience a murder attempt like that.

Bella tightened her embrace and leaned closer to kiss between his eyebrows. After ensuring Dax was okay and felt comfortable in her embrace, she looked up to see Tristan.

"But I'm hungry. We have not yet had lunch," Bella feels her twins inside, starting to protest.

By now, they are supposed to have enjoyed their lunch.

"Dax, are you hungry too?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm so hungry, Mom," Dax said softly without moving or looking up to see his parents. He just hugged his mother like a koala and closed his eyes.

Tristan said nothing, but he immediately took out his cell phone and made a call.

After making arrangements for his wife and son to have lunch upon arrival at the hospital, he called Max to smooth their way to the hospital, ensuring no traffic light could stop them so they could arrive faster.

Before long, finally, the ambulance arrived at Sinclair Int'l Hospital.

They didn't enter the hospital through the main entrance but through a special entrance for VIP patients only.

Bella was speechless when she saw a group of senior doctors waiting at the entrance. Among them was Kelsey Robinson, her ob-gyn. A nurse had even brought a wheelchair.

Confused, Bella looked at Tristan and asked, "What are they doing here?"

"They're here to welcome you, dear."

She shook her head slightly. She didn't feel like a critically ill patient.

“Is it necessary for them to welcome me like this? And why did they prepare a wheelchair?”

Tristan explained with a smile, “It’s necessary because you are my wife. And as for the wheelchair, it’s because you’re injured.”

Bella reminded him, “I injured my hand, not my feet.”

Ignoring her comment, Tristan said, “Let me carry Dax.” He took Dax from her before helping her get out of the car.

Bella refrained from asking further questions. She held Tristan’s hand tightly as she stepped out of the car. However, she slowed down to talk to Carlos beside her.

“Can you ask everyone to leave? I feel uncomfortable with all of this,” Bella pleaded silently. “Especially the wheelchair.”

She hoped Carlos would support her request and dismiss everyone so they wouldn’t have to take her upstairs in a wheelchair.

However, Carlos’ response almost made her regret asking him.

“Bella, you are our big boss’s wife, and he already declared it to the world. From now on, you’ll receive the same treatment everywhere you go. There’s no need to feel burdened. Just enjoy it,” Carlos smiled and began walking quickly. He took the wheelchair from the nurse and pushed it near Bella.

Frustrated, Bella could only vent her feelings inwardly, ‘This man is certainly Tristan’s best friend.’ She refocused her attention ahead and later stopped before the wheelchair.

“Ma’am, please take a seat,” Carlos said sarcastically, causing Bella’s face to turn red. Before she could reject Carlos, Tristan helped her sit down.

Bella was lost for words.

“Thank you, doc, for your help,” Tristan smiled at Carlos. He pushed the wheelchair after placing Dax on the ground to walk alone.

Bella could only obey them and tried to hide her face, pretending to look at her injured hand. However, she couldn’t avoid it when a few hospital directors greeted her.

After returning their greeting and exchanging a few words with her OB-GYN, they entered the elevator and headed upstairs.

As Bella entered the surgery room with Carlos as the head surgeon, Tristan took Dax to their VIP ward so he could take a nap.

Tristan talked with Dax about what happened in the restaurant, wanting to know how his son felt. He was worried that his son would be traumatized.

After their heart-to-heart talk, Tristan was grateful because Dax didn't seem traumatized or afraid of the woman who used him as a hostage. However, he was worried about his mother's injury.

"Because of me, Mommy has an injury. I saw she lost so much blood, Dad," Dax said with a shaking tone as he looked at his father sleeping next to him. "How about my twin siblings? Are they okay?"

Tristan turned to him, saying, "Don't worry, Mommy's injury will heal soon. Uncle Carlos and a few doctors will help Mommy's hand heal faster. And your siblings are fine."

Dax nodded in relief while yawning. He started to feel his eyes getting heavy, feeling full after their late lunch. And now, he felt sleepy.

"You did a great job, buddy," Tristan said with a smile. He was proud that his son didn't cry at all. He even helped his mother to escape from that situation.

"I also feel proud of myself, Dad. I can't wait to tell my teacher," Dax responded with closed eyes.

It didn't take long, and Dax finally fell asleep.

After ensuring that Dax slept comfortably under his soft blanket, Tristan stood up and walked outside the bedroom.

Tristan saw Noora waiting near the door, looking tense. He asked her to accompany Dax in the bedroom before he joined Reid and Bryan in the seating area.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 480: Bryan Awaits His Punishment

The tension in the living room of the VIP ward felt palpable.

Tristan's calm expression slowly disappeared, and annoyance emerged from his eyes as if Hellfire were dancing in them. He saw Reid and Bryan sitting opposite him without uttering anything, making them even more nervous.

After a few seconds, Tristan's eyes finally fixed on Bryan.

“How could you make such a mistake? I have known you for so long, Bryan, and I know you are not someone who would make a mistake with the task I assigned you.” This is one of the reasons why Tristan entrusted Bryan to be his wife’s bodyguard; he is one of his trusted people.

Bryan’s hands felt cold as he lowered his gaze, unable to meet Tristan’s eyes. He couldn’t refute his words because he knew he made a huge mistake.

“Tell me a good reason that could help me understand why you did that,” Tristan said coldly.

He learned from Bella that Dax supposedly did not enter the restaurant as she had instructed Bryan to keep Dax outside to prevent him from meeting his mother. However, Dax still ran inside, allowing a crazy woman to capture him.

Bryan slowly raised his head to meet Tristan’s gaze and finally explained what had really happened that time.

“Boss, I’m sorry. Really, really sorry. I was distracted by someone following us since we left the office, and without my knowledge, the young master ran away from me.”

After taking a deep breath, Bryan continued to explain that he had been guarding them in the car. But suddenly, Dax needed to go to the bathroom, so he walked them inside the restaurant.

However, just as they were about to return to the car, his team called him regarding the suspicious individual following Bella from the office. Suddenly, during the call, Dax spotted his mother in the VIP room area in a split second and ran after her.

Tristan needed a few moments to process Bryan’s explanation. Although he was angry at him for putting his son in danger, he also understood the situation. He knew they had planned to capture whoever followed his wife that day.

He turned his gaze back to Bryan, “Did your team capture the person following my wife?”

“Yes. That person is now at the Brick House,” Bryan replied, glancing at Reid. “Have you interrogated them?” He was also curious about their identity.

Reid shook his head. He had to rush to the restaurant before he could conduct the interrogation. However, the two men at their base camp were not going anywhere. He would return there and gather clues about who was behind them and why they were interested in their young madam.

Bryan looked back at Tristan, still feeling guilty because Bella had been injured because of him.

“Boss, I know I failed to protect your wife. Whatever the reason I gave you, I’m still guilty, and I made her badly hurt,” Bryan’s voice sounded stoic, “I am ready to accept whatever punishment you give me, sir.”

Reid looked at Bryan sympathetically, realizing he would be severely punished this time. He knew how Tristan would settle the failure; he never forgave a mistake, even if it was just a tiny mistake.

Feeling tense, Reid followed Bryan, looking at Tristan to hear the punishment.

Tristan didn’t rush to respond. He leaned back on the sofa, appearing more relaxed and calm as he looked at Bryan.

After a while, Tristan finally spoke, “I won’t punish you, Bryan. However, I hope there will be no more mistakes in the future. This is my second chance for you.”

Reid was shocked to hear Tristan’s answer. He didn’t expect him to be so lenient, even giving Bryan a chance. Why had he suddenly changed his approach?

Bryan was in disbelief at what he had just heard. A surge of relief filled his heart. Ever since leaving the restaurant, he had been worried sick, thinking that Tristan would send him far away from the city to do tedious and unpleasant work, just as he had done in the past when punishing his people.

“Thank you, Boss, for this second chance. I promise you that I will not make another mistake in the future. I will prioritize protecting your wife above all else,” Bryan said, thanking Tristan for his gratitude and kindness.

Tristan simply nodded, though his displeased expression lingered. He wasn’t happy with his decision to give Bryan a second chance because, deep down, he still wanted to punish him.

However, he couldn’t do that because earlier, during lunch, Bella had warned him not to punish Bryan. Although he was unhappy, he had to obey his wife.

“You’d better do that, Bryan, because this is your only chance,” Tristan’s voice came across as an order. Then, he shifted his gaze to Reid and asked, “Did you gather all the information about the woman?”

“Yes, boss,” Reid immediately reported what he had learned from Max’s report. “Her name is Kelly Davis, and she is Andreas Corby’s secretary.”

“Andreas Corby?” Tristan repeated. He had heard of that person but seemed to have forgotten. Maybe he wasn’t an important person, which is why he paid less attention to him.

“Yes, he is the former CEO of Quantum Capital, the one Young Madam fired.”

Tristan now recalled that person. Slowly, his expression grew even darker.

“When Kelly was still Andreas’ secretary, she was also his romantic partner. After Andreas was fired and returned to his country, Kelly was also dismissed because of her involvement in Andreas’ fraudulent activities. A few months ago, there was a record of her miscarriage.”

Reid continued explaining that Kelly did not know Bella’s identity because not all Quantum Capital employees knew her. She only found out Bella’s identity after reading the news on the internet. Having learned about it, Kelly waited for Bella to appear at the office and followed her to a restaurant, intending to take revenge.

Tristan clenched his fists when he heard this information. Not long afterward, he immediately asked Reid to pursue legal action against Kelly and ensure she would be imprisoned for a long time.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 481: Lewis Sinclair Rage!
The next day.

Tristan left the house after having breakfast with his wife and son, but instead of heading to the office, he went to his parents’ house. He needed to deal with his mother’s problems.

He was worried that his mother might do something terrible to harm Bella, similar to what she had done to his Grandma, and he knew he would never forgive her if she did.

For years, Tristan had wondered why his mother hated his wife, Bella. He had asked his wife about it a few times, but she never said a word whenever he brought it up.

After hearing his mother’s reason for hating Bella yesterday, he felt furious. He went to the restaurant to confront his mother and planned to take her to meet his Grandpa and Father.

However, a terrible incident occurred when a crazy woman tried to harm his wife and son. He had to put his mother’s matters on hold and asked his people to escort her back home. He also arranged for the house to be guarded to ensure his mother would not leave and cause problems for them.

Because of his actions, his father, William Sinclair, called him and was curious why he had suddenly put his mother under house arrest.

He didn't tell his father what happened in the restaurant or what he had heard over the phone—the conversation between Bella and his mother. He knew that telling his father right away would have caused a war, so he only told his father to wait for him to come.

Tristan also didn't tell his grandfather about it, worried that his grandfather would expel his mother from the Sinclair family if he knew.

Arriving at his parents' house, Tristan parked beside his grandfather's car and rushed inside. He saw his father and grandfather talking while enjoying their tea in the living room without his mother present.

Looking at their relaxed expressions, he knew they had not heard anything about what had happened in the restaurant, which relieved him slightly as he approached them.

"Grandpa, Father," Tristan greeted them, causing them to turn their heads toward him immediately. Their calm expressions slowly changed as if a big question mark had now perched on their foreheads, looking at him.

"Why did you ask me to come here this early? I even have to rush my breakfast?" Lewis Sinclair asked, his voice sounding unhappy. He didn't like coming to this place this early, only to give up his morning chess.

"Tristan, why did you put so many guards in this house? Did something bad happen in the office to make you worry?" William Sinclair asked worriedly.

Tristan did not immediately sit with them or answer them. He looked at the two of them before asking them to follow him to his father's home office.

He did not want anyone to hear what he would discuss with them. This matter was serious, dark, and shameful.

Although confused by Tristan's unusual behavior, Lewis and William Sinclair followed him.

After allowing his father and grandfather to enter the room, Tristan looked at Alan, his Grandpa's butler, in the corner.

"Is there anything you need from me, sir?" Alan approaches Tristan.

"Please, don't let anyone approach or enter this room."

"Yes, sir. I will follow your instructions."

"Thank you, Alan," Tristan patted his shoulder gently and entered the room.

Tristan closed the door before joining his father and grandfather in the seating area. Their eyes held confusion as they stared at him.

Ignoring their curious gazes, he sat across from them.

“Brat, are you trying to spike my blood pressure? To make me angry!?” Lewis Sinclair snapped. He couldn’t wait any longer. Why was Tristan acting so weird? “Tell me now, or I will really go mad at you—”

“Grandpa, Father,” Tristan addressed them, one after the other. “I want you to hear this voice recording.” He placed his phone on the table.

“What is it?” William Sinclair asked, but Tristan didn’t answer; instead, he pushed the Play button.

“I’m really sorry. I don’t quite understand what you mean, Mam!? And can’t you just leave us alone? I love your son, and he loves me; how could you be so desperate to separate us!?”

Bella’s voice could be heard from the cell phone speaker, which surprised William and Lewis Sinclair.

“Oh, my dear Bella, I actually liked you when you first joined my family; however, you’re too smart. You make me worry. I can’t trust you, so I can’t let you stay in my family.”

They both felt more puzzled when Jessica Sinclair’s voice could be heard. However, they didn’t say anything other than listen, but their confused gazes were fixed on Tristan, who ignored them and looked at his cell phone sternly.

“Ma’am, I still don’t understand why you despise me so much. If you tell me now, I promise I’ll leave...”

“If you want a grandchild...I will give you one or maybe three. I promise you, please let me stay with your family, huh!? Or tell me your true reason for wanting me to leave Tristan...”

“You want to know my reason?”

There was a long pause. William was about to ask Tristan, but Jessica’s voice suddenly sounded again.

“Fine. Because I know you are the only person who knows I was responsible for my mother-in-law’s death. So, Bella, I can not and will not allow you to be around my family,

let alone live under the same roof as my son. If you insist, I'll force myself to drag you out or even end you!"

Tristan immediately turned off the voice recording and waited for them to say something.

However, a few minutes passed, and no one spoke. He then looked at his father and grandfather and waited for their reactions. "Grandpa, Dad?" he asked.

"Why is your mother talking like that, Tristan? Responsible for her mother-in-law's death? What does your mother mean?"

William Sinclair was the first one to react. He knew the meaning of Jessica's words, but his mind still refused to believe what he had just heard.

Tristan silently took a deep sigh. Instead of answering his father's question, he looked at his Grandpa. To his surprise, he could see how furious his Grandpa's expression was now.

"Grandpa, are you alright?"

Lewis Sinclair felt his world implode. It felt like someone had just ripped out his heart upon hearing the last words of his daughter-in-law.

'She was involved in my wife's death?' Lewis Sinclair didn't need to ask to know what Jessica meant. He tried to deny what he heard, hoping he heard it wrong. However, the rage inside him grew even worse.

"Tristan," Lewis's voice sounded icy as he looked at his grandson. "When did this conversation take place?"

William Sinclair also looked curiously at Tristan.

Tristan immediately told Lewis and William Sinclair what had happened the previous day at the Roots & Recipe Family Restaurant about how Bella accidentally met his mother and was confronted by her. He also told them how Dax was taken hostage, and Bella ended up getting injured and needing surgery.

Lewis and William Sinclair were shocked to hear that. They were both horrified, not about Jessica confronting Bella but about Dax's situation and Bella's injury. They momentarily forgot about Jessica and were worried about Dax and Bella, especially Bella, who had been seriously injured.

"Where are they now? I want to meet them both..." Lewis's voice sounds worried and hurried. He just wanted to make sure they were alright.

“Me, too. I want to meet them. Father, let’s visit them,” William Sinclair said while preparing to leave.

Tristan was speechless.

“Grandpa, Father, they are at home, resting.” Tristan hurriedly interrupted them. Looking at their frowns, he continued, “You can visit them later, but we must talk about my mother. ”

“You are right—” Instantly, Lewis Sinclair’s rage returned upon hearing Tristan’s words. He indeed needs to deal with his daughter-in-law. ‘Why was he involved in his wife’s death? What is her motive to do such a terrible act?’ he wanted to know this.

William Sinclair is wearing the same expression as his father, but his eyes flash with shame and sadness. How could his wife have the heart to harm his mother?

Seeing the two of them lost in their thoughts, Tristan spoke again.

“Grandpa, Father, I will not interfere with how you handle my mother. But please make sure that she will not try to harm my wife and son. If she does that, I will no longer want to acknowledge her as part of my family!” Tristan said firmly.

William Sinclair’s hands clenched tightly. “I understand, my son. Don’t worry. I will take care of your mother.”

“Tristan, thank you for letting us know about this,” Lewis Sinclair snarled. “Don’t worry, that woman will not be able to appear before Bella and Dax again.”

“Thank you, father and grandpa,” Tristan said with a smile. “I don’t want my wife to stress because she is pregnant now.”

“Oh my god... I’m so happy for you and Bella,” Lewis’ stiff expression slowly faded, and his smile appeared upon hearing this good news.

“Tristan, congrats, son.”

“Thank you,” Tristan responded. He did not stay there for long. He immediately said goodbye and left his father and grandpa to handle his mother.

He quickly excused himself to head to his underground base camp to take care of the other source of his headache.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 482: Jessica Sinclair Awaits Her Punishment

Jessica’s bedroom felt like a cage as she paced, her thumb between her teeth.

The news of Tristan's arrival and his meeting with his father and Grandpa left Jessica worried and fearful. She knew exactly what her son would talk about—her confession yesterday.

"Madam," the middle-aged maid's voice made Jessica halt her steps. She turned to her as if to ask, "What's wrong?" with her gaze.

"Please, madam, you have to calm down. Everything will be fine," the maid continued.

"Can you hear what they're talking about?" Jessica asked, her voice slightly raised. She couldn't hide how worried she was.

"Sorry, madam, I can't get near the master's home office. Alan is standing in front of the door." The maid's guilt was evident in her nervous voice as she confessed her inability to assist her madam.

Jessica resumed pacing back and forth. Her heart couldn't calm down. It felt like it was beating a mile per second.

'I'm finished! I'm finished! Father will kill me, for sure. And William will despise me. No, he might divorce me.' She screamed in her heart, biting her thumb. 'What should I do? This is because of that bitch! Areballa Donovan, you are so cruel!'

Even though she tried to answer all the questions about her fate that filled her mind, she couldn't. She was too confused, worried, and scared.

She could imagine her fate now.

The secret she had kept so well all this time, the nightmare she tried to bury for years to make sure no one would know until she died, was eventually revealed. Annoyingly, she was the one who exposed it.

"Madam," another maid rushed into the room, pulling Jessica out of her thoughts. The maid stood a few steps from Jessica, her pale face making Jessica feel her blood run cold, knowing her punishment was near.

"What happened?" the middle-aged maid asked her friend, approaching her, curious about the latest news from the first floor.

The young maid didn't answer immediately. She took in as much fresh air as possible; she felt breathless after sprinting from the first floor to this place. She patted her chest gently as if to calm her heart.

After feeling better, she looked at Jessica with worry. "Master Tristan, he just left the house. And, he looks furious; he didn't even say anything back to Alan when Alan asked him something."

Jessica felt her knees turn to jelly. She almost fell, but the maids rushed to help her and brought her to sit on the sofa.

She felt heartbroken as she settled on the sofa, knowing that Tristan must be angry at her.

Her mind started to fill with countless questions, making her even more worried and nervous.

'I'm doomed! I'm really doomed this time. Tristan must have reported everything to William and Father, right?'

'No! I'll be fine. They won't do anything to me!'

'Yes, I'll be fine. They don't have any evidence that I was involved. It all happened a long time ago. I'm sure nothing would lead to me. No trace could lead to me.'

A slight hope now appeared in her heart, 'You will be fine, Jess! Yes, you will...be fine!'

"Madam—"

One more, the voice of the middle-aged maid pulled Jessica back from her confused-worry thoughts.

She turned to her maid, asking, "What is it?"

"Master asks you to come downstairs, ma'am..." the maid answered.

Jessica's heart sank, and her hands were as cold as ice as she stood up from her seat and started to walk.

Standing before her husband's home office, Jessica felt increasingly restless. She could only nod slowly when Alan greeted her.

Before entering the room, she took a deep breath, adjusting her worried and frightened expression to appear calm. She was pretending not to know what had happened.

Instantly, there was no trace of fear on her face, only a friendly smile and a relaxed expression as she walked into the room.

"Father, Will," she greeted them calmly with a smile. "Why did you call me here?" she asked again as she sat before them.

Her calm demeanor belied the turmoil inside—even though her heart was pounding, she felt anxious—she knew what they wanted to talk about.

Jessica's fear deepened when she saw anger and disgust in her father-in-law's eyes.

And, when she turned to see her husband, William, her heart sank, knowing how sad he was now.

The grip of her hand on her thigh became tighter and colder. She realized that this could be the end for her.

After a few minutes passed, Jessica asked again. Still, they only stared at her without saying anything, giving her the silent treatment.

"Father, Husband, what's wrong? Why are you both looking at me like that? Please say something, don't make me nervous."

"What's your motive for doing that?" Lewis Sinclair finally spoke. His tone was calm, but his fierce gaze couldn't conceal his fury.

"Father, do what?" Jessica frowned. She knew what he was referring to, but she acted clueless.

"You are so heartless, evil, Jessica. Now, after you've been exposed, you still deny it?" Lewis Sinclair snapped in annoyance while pointing his finger at Jessica. "What an evil woman, inhumane. You created such a nasty plot to take your own mother-in-law's life?"

Jessica felt her heart sink as she saw how furious her father-in-law was.

Her voice trembled, "F-Father, I'm sorry, but I don't know what you are talking about."

"You lowly thing! Stop your lies. We already have evidence that you were involved in my wife's death!"

Jessica gasped.

"Father, how could you say that?" Jessica responded in fright. "How could I do that? I didn't, Father. Please trust me." Her eyes slowly turned red as she held back tears.

"Stop your nonsense, Jessica Harris!" Lewis' eyes turned fierce, looking at this devil woman. "How could you still not admit your actions when Tristan already has the evidence?"

Jessica was shocked to hear that.

'Did they really have the evidence? Seriously? How so? Did Bella have it? No way! Impossible...' Jessica doubted it. But she said nothing; now, only tears flowed down her cheeks.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 483: Begging. That's All She Can Do!

Lewis Sinclair had never met anyone more shameless than this evil woman! What she did to his late wife didn't deserve prison as punishment but heavenly retribution.

Jessica's cries, which sounded so fake, made Lewis Sinclair's blood boil even more. He couldn't stay in this room for too long, or for the first time, he might take someone's life.

He had a strong urge to give a powerful slap to this shameless woman, but he resisted.

"Why are you so evil? Even though I've been very good to you. I accepted you as part of my family despite your lowly background. We never saw you differently. But how did you repay me? You became the mastermind responsible for my wife's death. Why did you do that, Jessica? Why?"

"Father, I'm not—" Jessica's voice was lost between her sobs.

"Stop lying! Why did you do it, Jessica? Tell me! Why did you hate my wife enough to poison her and kill her slowly? How could you even think of such a thing?"

Lewis could no longer hold back his frustration. Tears began to roll down his cheeks as he remembered how miserably his wife suffered, dying from undetected poison.

"Father, please, your blood pressure..." William Sinclair said softly, worried when he saw how red his father's face was.

Ignoring his son, Lewis continued, his eyes still fixed on Jessica. "I can no longer let you stay in my family, Jessica. There is no place for you here. And, starting today, you have no right to use my name."

Lewis then looked at his son, "Will, I won't say anything else to her. Speaking and sharing the same room with her shortens my life. You handle her as I said..." He said.

No words could describe Lewis Sinclair's current feelings. He was devastated and furious, having learned that his wife was poisoned by his own daughter-in-law. The woman they once considered family turned out to be a demoness.

He could feel the pain seeping into his heart and bones as he left the room.

He needed to leave immediately before he did something he would regret. He refused to stoop so low as to kill Jessica.

At that moment, he longed to find solace in his great-grandson, Daxton.

“Master...” Alan was taken aback by how distressed his master looked. He quickly reached out his hand to support him as they left the house. “Should we go back home, Master?”

“No. Please, take me to Little Heaven. I want to see Bella and Dax.”

“Yes, sir...”

Jessica knelt on the floor, facing her husband.

Her tears flowed heavily as she stared at him, sitting there without saying anything. He seemed to have become one with the sofa.

If she couldn't see the look in his eyes, radiating disappointment and disgust, she would believe her husband was part of the sofa.

‘He must be disappointed in me,’ Jessica thought in worry.

She could only kneel and plead to soften William's heart. She knew her husband's weakness: seeing her cry. His heart would surely melt, as usual.

“Will, you have to believe me, please,” Jessica sobbed as she held onto his feet. “How could I do such a crazy thing? You know how much I've given to your family, right?”

Still, no words came from William Sinclair's lips. He only stared at her with the same disgusted look.

“Husband, don't believe what Bella said, please. That woman only hated me. That's why she slandered me. She wanted to take revenge on me because I despised her in the past. But you know why I hated her, right? I just wanted our family to have a successor.”

Jessica gritted her teeth, looking at William, who still gave her the silent treatment.

“Bella is not a good wife for Tristan. I believe her child is not Tristan's—”

“ENOUGH!!”

Jessica's words abruptly stopped. Her eyes widened as she looked at William, finally speaking, but his expression was unlike anything she had ever seen.

“Stop speaking. Everything coming out of your mouth is a lie, Jessica! You know that!”

“Will, how could you not believe me?” Jessica’s tears rolled down her cheeks again, and she felt hurt hearing her husband’s anger. “How could you believe that woman over me? I’m your wife, Will. I’ve spent almost all my life with you.”

Her cry grew louder, leaving William Sinclair even more speechless. Only now did he realize how shameless and manipulative this woman was.

He had never witnessed this side of her before. She always appeared graceful, loving, and beautifully calm. Her love for his family convinced him that she was perfect for him.

In his eyes, her only flaw was her hatred toward Bella and the Donovan family. However, she always made excuses whenever he asked, saying that the Sinclairs needed a successor and Bella wasn’t yet pregnant. That’s why he agreed when she forced their son to divorce Bella.

Even though he had heard the voice recording, William still hoped his wife wasn’t as evil as his father described.

However, listening to her now, the doubts in his heart faded, and his view of this woman instantly changed.

Gritting his teeth, William said, “Jessica Harris, listen, I will divorce you—”

“NO! NO! I WON’T ACCEPT!” Jessica roared in panic. She would never agree to it. Never!

“You can’t refuse, Jessica. You should have known that the moment you planned to harm my mother, you sealed your fate,” William said.

William felt sad and hurt by his own words. Still, he tried hard not to show any sadness before this woman.

“No, I won’t accept it, William, because I didn’t do it. I never did. Trust me, huh?” Jessica shamelessly pleaded. She would never admit anything.

William no longer cared about what she said. He stood from his seat, feeling exhausted from talking with her.

“Wait, wait, William!” Jessica shouted as she tried to stand up and catch him.

Jessica managed to hold William’s feet. While crying, she said, “Please, give me a chance to prove it to you. Huh? Please—”

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 484: I'm Dying!

There was no expression on William Sinclair's face as he listened to Jessica's words. He was tired of hearing her lies. If he stayed here for another minute, he might collapse and end up in the hospital.

"I love you, Will. I love you so much, and I know you love me too. I know you don't want to divorce me. Your father must be forcing you to do so, right?"

Jessica was still trying hard to win his heart back. She looked up to meet his gloomy gaze, confident she could make him forgive her.

"Please, don't abandon me just because Bella is trying to kick me out of our family, Will. And, you have to remember, I'm Tristan's mother. You can't divorce me. Our divorce might cause a company share to fall..."

Jessica tried everything to make him change his mind.

William Sinclair let out a deep sigh. He turned away from her and looked up at the ceiling, pinching his temple in exhaustion. He felt like he just wanted his cancer to take his life right away. Why hold him in this world to witness the woman he loves, who now has become someone he wants to avoid and despises?

"Please forgive me, Jessica," William said softly, his voice trembling. "I'm exhausted from all of this. I no longer have the energy to think or fight for my life and our future. I will let you go forever, Jessica."

"No, Will," Jessica pleaded, tightening her grip on William's leg. "I will change. I promise you...I will be a good person for you and a good mother for Tristan. I promise I will not—"

"STOP IT, Jessica. Please just stop...huh!?" William said in a trembling voice. Tears he had held back slowly fell, moistening the corners of his eyes as he looked at her.

"It doesn't mean anything anymore, even if you promise to change, Jessica. Because I won't live in this world much longer." William continues his words. He sounds helpless.

"William, what do you mean?" Jessica asked, wiping her tears, her confusion clearly showing in her eyes. "Why did you say something like that? Huh!?"

"I'm dying, Jessica. My end is very near to me now," William said. He could no longer keep this from her.

All this time, William deliberately didn't want to let her know. He didn't want to make her sad if she knew he was going to die soon.

But now, he had to tell her. Maybe if Jessica knew now, she would realize they had no future. She may ask for forgiveness for her actions in the past instead of denying or even blaming others.

“Dying?” Jessica asked. She didn’t understand what he was trying to say. “Who is dying? You? What do you mean by that?”

William didn’t answer her, but he took her hand and led her to the sofa before he settled opposite her. He saw her tears slowly stop, but her eyes flashed with confusion as she waited for him to speak.

“Jessica, I have had cancer for the past few years. The results are still the same, and in recent months, my cancer has gotten worse. It was only a miracle that I could survive this long after the doctor said that my disease was incurable. I can’t be helped anymore,” he continued to explain about his illness.

Seeing Jessica sobbing before him hurt William. This is why he didn’t want to tell her; he just wanted to leave quietly without seeing her sad.

Even though he hated her now, deep down, he still loved her.

“I no longer think about anything other than just wanting this to end quickly. I’m so tired. Tired of this life,” William took a deep breath, feeling his chest tighten. “Let’s get a divorce, Jessica. You’re still young. You can continue your life and find your happiness.”

“William—”

“I will arrange your life comfortably for the rest of your life. But you will no longer be a part of my family. And you can’t stay in this city either,” William paused to clear his throat as he saw her silently cry.

He continued, “My father and Tristan have asked you never to appear before Bella and their son.”

“William, please—” Her voice disappeared again. It felt like her mind was empty.

She could only cry, seeing William, who had always supported her, stood behind her no matter what she did, and always defended her. But now he looked fragile, like an empty shell.

“I will give you two days to pack your things and stay here. After that, my lawyer will meet you to explain everything about our divorce. No worries, I will assign a maid to care for you in your new place. Ah, you can choose the property I will give you later.”

“Please don’t do that to me, William. I will take care of you. I will accompany you until the disease takes you from this world. Please let me do that... huh!?” Jessica begged. She no longer cared about Bella; she just wanted to stay by his side.

“I don’t want to, Jessica. Because... every time I see you, my hatred for you is even greater. You killed the woman who gave birth to me. How could I keep you by my side? I’m sorry, I can’t.”

Jessica shook her head helplessly while crying. “Please, William, give me one more chance. I promise that after you are gone, I will follow you to the afterlife. I will not cause any problems for Tristan and Bella again. Please don’t throw me away now.”

“There’s no chance for you this time, Jessica. This is the end for us. If you insist on refusing my offer, I will take my father’s advice and send you to prison for killing my mother.” William said firmly as he stood up from his seat. “You decide!”

William left the room without paying attention to the cries of the woman he once loved with all his heart. There was no more pity left in his heart for her. He would never forgive her, even though she was the mother of his son.

Come back and read more tomorrow, everyone!