

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back

#Chapter 489: Reluctant To Move - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 489: Reluctant To Move

Tristan waited for her to say something, but no words left her lips. He started to worry; his wife didn't like the idea of moving to that house.

"Are you not happy to return there?" he asked worriedly.

Tristan continued to emphasize the safety of the estate complex at their old house, which is why he wanted to relocate his family there.

The security in the area was top-notch; it was only owned by old money in the country, and only a few respectable families had land there.

Compared to their current place, the security at their old house was much tighter and safer.

Recent events, primarily related to his old enemy, haunted him. Now, with Bella and Dax as the core and inseparable part of his family, he knew the person was targeting his weakness, his family; they already had information about his marriage to Bella and her identity as CEO of Quantum Capital. He hoped no one could connect Bella with the Donovan family in East City or about Dax.

"Of course, I like it," Bella answered with a worried smile before adding, "But, Tristan, I only worry about your mother."

Bella was traumatized while she still lived there. Almost every day, Jessica visited their house when Tristan was not around because their home was only about a minute's walk away.

It didn't matter to her if Jessica only came to talk to her nicely. However, that woman somehow came to their house to find her flaw, ruin her sanity, and force her to divorce Tristan.

Even though Jessica never laid a finger on her, Jessica's verbal abuse still made her sick. Traumatized.

Tristan was relieved when he heard Bella's words. He thought she didn't want to stay there again because that house had many sad memories.

"Bella, I'm sorry to inform you late about my mother," Tristan said, trying to appear calm when telling her about what had happened to his mother recently.

"What happened to her?" Bella asked curiously. Still vivid in her mind a few days ago, her mother-in-law shamelessly asked her to leave Tristan. She offered her money, property, and much more if she was willing to do so.

But after the restaurant incident, Tristan never talked about his mother again, as if he thought that topic was something they should not talk about. That's why she felt worried about asking him.

Likewise, Grandpa Lewis and her father-in-law never once talked about Jessica, even though she knew Tristan would have told them.

"My father divorced her," Tristan said softly.

Bella had already imagined this would happen, but she was still surprised and felt sorry for Tristan.

"I'm sorry, Tristan, for what happened to your family," she held his hand, trying to comfort him.

"It's fine, dear. She did something outrageous and beyond sensible reason. Even though I was disappointed and sorry for her, I couldn't say anything to defend her."

Bella said nothing but smiled at him lovingly.

"And now, she is staying in a secluded place with two of her maids. My Grandpa and father also asked her never to come to this city; they only allowed her to stay there. And they also warned her never to appear before you and Dax," Tristan paused as he gently caressed her soft, cold cheek.

"So, we don't have to worry about my mother coming to visit us if we move back to our old house," he said with a smile. "Are you still reluctant to move?"

Bella shook her head. "No, I'm glad to return there. The scenery and the air are better than this place," she said.

"Thank you, Bella." Tristan couldn't help but be happy. "I'm also concerned about the safety of this place, and I worry that the incident in the restaurant might happen again since a few people already know we are staying in this area, and you are my wife."

Tristan didn't tell her about his suspicions regarding the underground organization, the Dark Skull, who tried to dig up information about her. He worries she will be frightened.

"I agree with you, Hubby. I am also concerned about your father and Grandpa; it would be hard for them to travel here every day," Bella said, turning to see William and Lewis Sinclair by the lake.

Bella was most worried about her father-in-law, whose health was getting worse every day. It would be difficult for him to visit as he would have to drive forty minutes to reach their place.

"Alright, we will be moving in a few days, so we'll have plenty of time to prepare for Dax's birthday party," Tristan said excitedly. This was the first time he would celebrate his son's birthday.

Bella couldn't help but smile at his delighted expression.

"I will follow your plan, Mr. Sinclair. You have my full confidence," she playfully responded.

Tristan didn't say anything but hugged her tightly, rested his head on her neck, and inhaled her unique scent. She giggled when he kissed her neck.

Bella didn't push him away; she enjoyed sitting in his lap and watching Dax fish with his Grandpa and Great-grandpa. Seeing the three of them together made her feel warm inside.

A few moments later, Tristan's voice interrupted Bella's thoughts.

"How are our baby twins inside? Have they been giving you trouble?" he asked with concern.

Bella turned to see him again.

"I'm surprised. They behave. I'm not experiencing nausea or any other pregnancy trouble like when I carried Dax, so I feel grateful. But they trouble me with food. I need to eat every hour," she chuckled.

"Oh, really?" Tristan was relieved. "About food, is there any specific food you want?"

He had read an article about pregnant mothers who usually want to eat something unique. With his wife now pregnant, he wants nothing else but to fulfill her wishes, including any unique foods she craves.

"Nope. I'm fine with any food."

While Bella and Tristan were talking about her pregnancy, suddenly, Geoffrey appeared behind Tristan and asked him for a time to speak.

Tristan could tell from Geoffrey's expression that something was bothering him.

Chapter 490: Moving Day To The Old House

Tristan nodded at Geoffrey before excusing himself to Bella.

"I'm sorry, I need to go. There's something important I need to talk about with Geoffrey. I will ask Noora to come and accompany you..." He feels terrible for leaving her alone.

"It's fine, Tristan. But no need to ask Noora to accompany me. I feel sleepy now; I want to go upstairs to nap."

"Alright, let me walk you upstairs," Tristan smiled and walked her to their bedroom before rushing to his home office.

When Tristan entered his home office, he saw Reid sitting there with his unusual nervous expression.

Reid stood up to greet him. "Boss, I'm sorry to bother you on the weekend," he said in a polite tone that failed to hide the anxiety in his eyes.

"It's alright. I know you won't bother my weekend unless it's urgent. What is it?" Tristan asked as he took a seat across from Reid. He knew that if Reid had hurried to his house, there was news that couldn't be discussed over the phone.

"It's about our investigation of the Dark Rose Club," Reid said, pausing briefly as he noticed Tristan's calm expression slowly turning dark.

He added, "We have confirmed that the person following Madam is connected to Dark Skull. Mad Dog has resurfaced, sir!"

Reid was unable to hide his worry as he confirmed their suspicions. The person they had been investigating led them to their old formidable enemy, The Dark Skull gangster. Their leader's name was Mad Dog, or some people call him Marco.

However, even though they know his name, they never see his real face. Marco always disguises himself when he appears in public.

Reid waited for Tristan to respond, but several minutes passed without a word. Instead, Tristan looked outside, lost in thought.

He continued to report, "We are now focused on monitoring the remaining members of Dark Skull in areas associated with the Dark Rose Club. I hope we will have results in a few days because we now have a clear goal. We know that these people are hiding under a new name."

Tristan finally returned his gaze to Reid and instructed, "Understood. You can prepare the main team. We need them to take action as we did a few years ago. I need to call my contact in the military. They need to be informed about this. Marco resurfacing could be a threat to our nation."

"Consider it done, sir!" Reid was about to leave, but Tristan stopped him.

"I will be moving out of this house in a few days. You need to talk to Geoffrey about assigning people to guard my old house. I want it completely secured and impenetrable," Tristan said.

"Yes, Boss, I will discuss and execute it with Geoffrey immediately," Reid responded. He was already aware of the plan and had everything prepared.

Tristan then discussed more details about his family's security team with Reid. He also asked Reid to guard a few members of his and Bella's family in another city. He was concerned that Mad Dog might target them.

After Reid left his office, Tristan didn't leave immediately. He made a few phone calls to his military friend who had helped him in the past and discussed their plan to clean up this threat.

He only left his office when Geoffrey came to inform him about dinner time.

Taken aback, he looked at the now dark sky; he had spoken too long with his old friend.

Only the three of them were in the dining room tonight, as Lewis and William had already left for their own houses.

Tristan joined them after he adjusted his expression. He didn't show his anxiety about what was happening out there to Bella.

"Everything is alright?" Bella asks Tristan when he sits beside her.

Tristan gently stroked her back before leaning closer and whispering, "Nothing to worry about. I need you to hurry to eat; we don't want the twins to protest again." He smiled at her before focusing on his son.

He started eating while having a light chat with Dax, occasionally putting a few slices of grilled steak on Bella's plate and pretending not to notice her doubts.

Many things were on Tristan's mind, but he tried not to show them, especially to Bella. He doesn't want her getting unnecessarily stressed.

The moving day finally arrived.

Lewis Sinclair was the most excited about the moving day. Early in the morning, he had already come to Tristan and Bella's residence, ready to welcome them.

"When are they coming?" Lewis asked, looking at his son, William Sinclair, sitting opposite him.

"Father, would you mind being more patient? You've asked about it ten times. I will tell you when they come, okay? Please, no need to ask again." William Sinclair calmly and patiently said.

William Sinclair felt amused as he looked at his father, who acted like a boy waiting for his present to arrive.

Lewis cleared his throat, ignoring William's words. He sat restlessly, looking outside, eager to be the first to know when Bella and Dax arrived.

Not long after, Alan, his butler, informed them that Tristan's car had crossed the gate.

Lewis Sinclair rushed to the main door, followed by William.

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"Mom, look, there are Grandpa and Great-Grandpa," Dax, excited in the car, saw them outside. "Why are they here? Are they going to live with us?" he asked innocently.

Bella smiled on hearing his words.

"No, they will not live with us. But we are moving near their house, just like Grandpa Isaac's house, in our old house. You can visit their house anytime you want."

"Wow! That sounds great."

"Hmm, you have a huge place to explore in this area. You will like it," Bella said.

"Alright, let's get off," Tristan said as he stopped the car near the main door. Then, he immediately stepped out and opened the door for them.

Within seconds, Dax was no longer visible; he had entered the house with his two grandfathers right by his side.

Meanwhile, Bella stood in her place, looking around the house's front yard to recollect her memories of the house. She noticed that not much had changed.

Being in this place made her feel like she had been transported to the past, but now, she no longer felt afraid or uncomfortable being here. Everything was

different now, with Tristan standing beside her, protecting her, and loving her unconditionally.

"Welcome back, my dear love—"

Tristan's words seemed to pull Bella out of her thoughts. She turned to look at him and went inside, following his lead while holding hands.