

# **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back**

## **#Chapter 491: Another Surprise Struck Her - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 491: Another Surprise Struck Her**

Bella and Tristan didn't see Dax in the living room.

Instead, she saw Geoffrey coming inside and informing her that Lewis and William Sinclair were now showing the house to Dax.

Bella chuckled, dismissed Geoffrey, and walked to Tristan, who was already waiting for her by the stairs to go upstairs.

"Let's see our bedroom, dear," Tristan said as he held out his hand to hold hers.

Bella followed him calmly, but her heartbeat raced. After so many years, she finally returned to the room that held many beautiful and unhappy memories for her. She tried to forget the sad memories since she knew they would return to this house. Now, in her mind, only good things remained.

"Are you ready to see our bedroom?" Tristan gently touched her shoulder. He smiled when he noticed how nervous she was.

"Yes. I'm ready—" Bella's words stopped when she was suddenly in Tristan's arms. He carried her.

"Think of this as our first time entering our bedroom..." Tristan whispered lovingly near her ear, causing her to blush.

She said nothing but put her arms around Tristan's neck while looking at the room, which now looked different from the bedroom in her memories.

She used this room alone in the past, but now they will share it. All the furniture is new and more modern, with Tristan's stuff in some places.

There is a massive bed with white sheets in the middle of the room, a modern sofa in the corner near the grand and vast glass wall, and a veranda overlooking the city below. The night view from this place would be amazing because it is on a mountain with an unobstructed city view.

After Tristan put her down, Bella slowly walked to check the walk-in closet. Her heart tightened when she saw her old things were still well-maintained.

What was different was that there was a particular area for Tristan's clothes. Not much had changed; only the ornaments and paint colors were now dominant with earth-tone colors.

"How is it? Do you like it?" Tristan asked, leaning casually on the door frame and smiling at her.

"Hmm, I like it. Thank you for keeping all of this for me," she said, her heart touched. Everything Tristan said to her when he chased her to get back together was proven. This man, indeed, started to love her after she left this house. He keeps all her things.

She rushed to approach him and wrapped her hand around him. "I love you, Tristan Sinclair."

A proud smile appears on his lips before he responds, "I love you more, Arabella Donovan. And you know that!" He wrapped his arms around her.

They hugged each other for a while until Bella remembered something and loosened her embrace, surprising him.

"Is there anything you want to ask?" he asked, slightly worried, looking at her curious expression.

"About the connecting door?" Bella said. She left the walk-in closet and looked at the door that could only be opened one way. The door was still there, and her curiosity kicked in again.

"Tristan, can I see your bedroom?"

Tristan stared at her without speaking, as if he wanted to protest her words.

Bella corrected her sentence, realizing she had asked him wrongly. "I mean, I want to see the room behind that door."

"Are you curious about what's in there?" Tristan held her hand and led her to the door. "You can try to open it yourself if you're curious."

"How can I open it if this door is locked? Only you know the door's PIN."

Tristan chuckled.

"Now, I'm sure you never tried to open it. Because if you tried, you could get in there."

"What do you mean?" Bella asked as she returned her gaze to the digital lock on the door.

In the past, Bella had wanted to enter a random number several times to see Tristan's room out of curiosity, but she never dared to do it. She was worried that Tristan would find out she entered his room without permission.

"Try entering any number that comes to your mind," Tristan said.

"How many numbers?"

"Four—" Tristan replied.

Though confused, Bella followed his instructions. However, her hand hesitated before she pressed the number she had in mind.

'It must be his birthday, right?' Bella thought. She smiled at him before pressing 1125—his birthday was November 25.

"Huh!? Why did it fail?" Bella asked, looking confused. "Tristan, didn't you use your birthday?"

Tristan only responded with a small smile as he touched her shoulder.

"Try another number," he encouraged her.

Bella's eyes widened as a number came to her mind. "No way!" She immediately pressed the number 1120.

The sound of the door opening was heard, making Bella gasp in surprise. She never imagined that Tristan would use the connecting door password with her birth date and month.

"Have you been using this number after we married or just now?" Bella asked curiously.

"Mrs. Sinclair, I'm not as good as you are regarding numbers. That number is the easiest for me to remember. And yes, I started using it after we got married."

She no longer asked anything but threw herself into his arms.

"I feel so stupid. If only I had tried, I wouldn't need to be curious..." She wanted to laugh at herself.

"Alright, let's see our new home office," Tristan said, changing the subject, not wanting her to feel sad.

The room Tristan used as a bedroom is now converted into a shared home office for him and Bella. The home office exudes an elegant, old-school charm, featuring vintage and luxury elements.

The room is dominated by classic wooden furniture, with dark black accents contrasting with warm nuances.

The shelves, large wooden tables, and luxurious armchairs are designed with intricate details, showcasing timeless craftsmanship. Gold-themed decorations, such as ornate picture frames, desk accessories, and light fixtures, give the room a luxurious feel.

A bookshelf in the corner near the cozy set of sofas, with a view of the mountains behind the house.

"What do you think about this room? Do you like it?"

"I do. I also have a space to work," Bella said, pointing to her desk near the book collection opposite Tristan's desk. "And, I could accompany you to work. I like it!"

"I'm glad you like it—"

Tristan couldn't continue his words as he saw Reid's incoming call.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 492: Mad Dog! We Finally Found You - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 492: Mad Dog! We Finally Found You**

Tristan couldn't continue speaking as he saw Reid's incoming call. He walked over to Bella, who looked at him with a slight frown.

"What is it, Tristan? Who's calling?" Bella asked anxiously.

"Dear, something happened at the office. I'm so sorry I can't accompany you on the room tour," he said with a sorry smile. "I need to take this call from Reid. If you don't mind?"

Bella smiled and nodded, "Of course not. Please go ahead. I won't bother you; I'll look for Dax..." She said as she tiptoed and kissed his cheek.

"I'll look for you after I finish this call."

"Hmm, no worries... take your time, hubby," she said, closing the door.

After Tristan saw Bella leave the room, he called Reid back as he stood by the glass window. His calm, loving expression was no longer there as he heard Reid's voice from the other end.

"Boss, we found their base camp. But we are not yet making a move. We wait for your instruction."

Tristan couldn't hide his excitement hearing Reid's words. A relieved smile finally appeared on his lips. 'Mad Dog! We finally found you!'

After many years, they will finally settle this matter and capture those Dark Skull gang leaders, especially Mad Dog!

"You can make a move tonight, Reid. The faster we capture them, the better," he instructed. "But you have to make sure there is no failure! Capture them tonight and report to me anything—"

"Yes, sir! I'll try my best," Reid said. He was experiencing the same tension as Tristan. Today, all of this will come to an end.

Reid continued, "Oh, right, sir. Mr. Murphy has already called me; he said he would assist us in an ambush if we find the Dark Skull's base. So I will contact him and report about it to make a sudden plan."

"Good! I'll also call him."

Tristan smiled as he thought about his best friend, Owen Murphy, the Black Eagle special force leader and Sam's former boss. Owen had helped him wipe out the Dark Skull's businesses in the country years ago.

This time, he will ensure they don't fail again to capture all of them and won't give them time to revive and cause a threat to society.

"Anything else to report?" Tristan asked as he heard nothing from Reid. But he also did not end the phone call.

"No, sir, but—" A hesitation could be heard from the other end, causing Tristan to worry that something was still troubling Reid.

"What is it, Reid?" Tristan asked.

"Sir, I just want to ask you: Do you want to join us tonight? I know we could handle the entire ambush without you. But with your presence, I can guarantee we won't fail this time," Reid voiced his thoughts.

He knew for sure how talented Tristan was in fighting, shooting, and making tactical plans for them to ambush; he was more capable of being a military leader than the president of a large corporation.

And Tristan being with them tonight would lift the team's mood. Besides, Reid looked forward to seeing him in action after many years of working behind his office desk.

Tristan didn't answer Reid immediately, but he didn't reject him either.

Deep down in his heart, Tristan wanted to join them, but the risk was that getting injured would cause massive damage to the company. He also had a woman he loved and a family to protect. He must be careful in his actions.

After thinking for a while, Tristan took a deep breath before responding to Reid. "I'll let you know later if I join. Just let me know when you guys move and send the coordinates to Geoffrey. I might come with him if I decide."

"Yes, sir! I will—" Reid's excited answer caused Tristan to smile faintly.

After the conversation with Reid ended, Tristan still stood by the window. His anxiety slowly disappeared when he saw Dax walking in the backyard with Bella.

They walked toward the path to the private mountain his family had owned for nearly a hundred years.

It was a safe place to hike to the peak without worrying about meeting other people or wild animals. It was the only safe place Tristan could think of for his wife and children to walk without a guard following them.

Tristan put his phone in his pocket before rushing to join them. He needed to clear his mind before deciding what to do that night.

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"Yeay! Dad's here! You finally joined us," Dax shouted excitedly as he saw his father walking toward them.

Bella also looked back to see Tristan. She smiled at him and reached out her hand to him.

"Are you done with work?" she asked.

Tristan held Bella's hand and leaned closer to kiss her cheek before walking, following Dax.

"Yes, dear," Tristan answered before looking at his son. "Buddy, let's go to the peak."

"Dad, you promised me you wouldn't work today..." Dax stopped his step and turned to face his parents.

Tristan felt Dax's words hit his heart like a sharp blow.

"I'm sorry, buddy. Uncle Reid had trouble at the office, so he asked Daddy a few questions. Don't worry, I won't go anywhere now. We'll play until you're tired, buddy," he said with a smile.

"Thank you, Daddy," Dax said and continued walking. He was so excited to explore a new place. He could imagine this place would be where he would train with his teacher, Geoffrey, in the future.

Bella laughed when she heard them. She looked at Dax.

"Baby, don't be mad at your daddy. He already took his day off today."

"I'm not mad, Mommy," Dax said, running to the peak, following the stone path.

"Hubby, don't worry about him. He's afraid you'll leave us again and head to your office," Bella tried to lift Tristan's mood. She could see his gloominess through his eyes.

"I know. That's why I feel guilty. I spend so much time outside. I wish I could just pay people to run the company and stay home with you and our child," Tristan said, returning her smile with a faint smile.

Bella didn't know how to comfort him about his company.

"Alright, go talk to him. I'll stroll to follow you guys. I want to enjoy the scenery," she changed the subject.

Tristan leaned closer to her and kissed her lips. After his quick kiss, he looked into her eyes and said, "Don't tire yourself. Go back to the house if you feel tired, alright?"

"I'm not that weak, hubby," Bella rolled her eyes and pushed him to follow Dax.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 493: Geoffrey's Identity Reveals - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 493: Geoffrey's Identity Reveals**

In the middle of the night, Geoffrey stood leaning against the black SUV, occasionally glancing at his watch and the door. He had been waiting for Tristan for a few minutes, but there was still no sign of him coming out.

Geoffrey wondered if his master had fallen asleep and forgotten they were supposed to leave as planned.

Another minute passed, but there was still no movement from inside. However, his phone vibrated shortly after, and he saw that Reid was calling.

He picked up right away.

"Geoffrey, are you and the Boss joining the mission?" Reid's curious voice came from the other end.

"I'm ready but unsure if we will join you. This afternoon, he asked me to be ready at eleven," Geoffrey answered, his eyes returning to the door. "It's been fifteen minutes, but he still hasn't come out."

"No worries, he might come out soon. Besides, we are not moving until after midnight; you guys still have plenty of time to get to this place."

"Understood!"

"Alright, man, let me know when you guys move."

"Sure!" Geoffrey hung up the phone, and simultaneously, the house door opened.

Geoffrey saw Tristan, in his dark outfit, appear behind the door.

Although Tristan's expression appeared calm, Geoffrey could see his master was not in a good mood.

"Sir, are you sure you will join them?" Geoffrey asked, opening the car door for him. "If you think this is dangerous, we better not go—"

"With you by my side guarding me, I'm not afraid of danger, Geoffrey. I just feel bad about lying to my wife." He took a deep breath and climbed into the vehicle.

"Aah..." Geoffrey let out a small sigh before he closed the car door for him and rushed to sit behind the wheel. "Sir, what did you tell your wife where we are going?" he curiously asked.

After asking that, Geoffrey felt terrible, as Tristan suddenly looked gloomy and perplexed about the question. He saw Tristan from the rearview mirror, leaning closer and closing his eyes.

"Sorry, sir, forgive my question," Geoffrey said as he smoothly drove the car out of the main gate. After he spotted their team cars now tailing their vehicles, he drove faster, heading to the city border.

A few moments later, Tristan's voice finally broke the silence.

"I told her there was a cybersecurity issue, and Max needed me at the office. So, she was worried something would happen to the company, and she asked me to rush to the office..." Tristan paused to take a deep breath.

He felt annoyed because he couldn't be honest with Bella about the danger lurking in their family; his old enemy had returned.



What worried him was that this news would stress his wife. And at this moment, stress was the last thing he wanted to see in his pregnant wife.

"I feel like a bad husband now, Geoffrey. I've been one five years ago and vowed to be a better husband since she's back in my life. So, this is hard for me. But I don't have the guts to tell her about Dark Skull, and I always imagine she might freak out if she knows."

Geoffrey glanced at Tristan through the rearview mirror; he could see how troubled Tristan was now.

"Master, do you mind if I say something?" Geoffrey asked.

Tristan frowned, "Sure!"

"I don't think the young madam would be freaking out. Have you forgotten she has experienced many unpleasant dangers? But she has always managed to face them calmly and has never been traumatized..."

Geoffrey paused as he focused on the road ahead before continuing.

"So, I think if you tell her about Mad Dog trying to uncover her identity, she might not freak out. Instead, she might use her resources to help you. You know that the Young Madam has capable friends out there."

"Hmm, I know. Recently, I discovered that the agency Sentinel Network was part of RDF Group. They are a huge organization; earlier this year, they established a network in this country."

"True. I talked with Samuel, the young madam's former bodyguard; he is now leading Sentinel Network. And, the surprising fact I found out, he is actually one of Owen's former team members. Did you also know about that?"

"Of course I know." Tristan chuckled. He was continually surprised by the people around Bella. Even her hacker, Stefan, was more powerful than his own hacker, Max.

"Oh, right, Geoffrey, you never met Sam when you were still active?" Tristan asked curiously.

He knew Sam was actually on the same team as Owen and Sean, but he was curious about Geoffrey. He didn't know exactly Geoffrey's role in the military, but he guessed he might have a high rank because he knew Jayson Spencer's father.

"Sir, you know my team is different, right? People address us as ghosts. No one knows our existence except a few higher-ups in the military and the president." A small laugh escaped Geoffrey's lips as he remembered his past before he retired.

"Ah, that's why Sean and Sam don't know your division?"

"Yes, they will never know."

"What about Owen?"

"Owen Murphy?" Geoffrey quickly glanced at the rearview mirror. Seeing Tristan's curiosity, he felt no need to hide anything from him. "Well, Owen was my subordinate before he finally had his own team." He explained.

Tristan pondered for a moment, looking outside after hearing Geoffrey's words. He never thought his butler was so high in the military. His position might be higher than Owen's if he is still active.

"Geoffrey, I'm sorry. I feel bad because your talent is being wasted now. You work as my butler and are now my son's teacher. You should have had a high-flying career in the military if you were still active," Tristan sincerely said as he returned to see Geoffrey driving the car.

"Well, sir, that's all in the past when I was a young and bold man. Now, I am old and slow. Besides, I wouldn't say I like working behind a desk like many commanding officers with old age and injuries. I enjoy my free time working for you and guarding your family," Geoffrey replied casually.

Talking about his past was enough to make Geoffrey feel slightly melancholy when he remembered he had suffered a severe injury that forced him to end his military career.

At that time, he was stressed and felt like his life was wasted until finally, Edward Spencer, the founding father of this nation and Sean Spencer's Grandpa, introduced him to Tristan. Since then, he has worked for Tristan Sinclair.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 494: Ambush Plan - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 494: Ambush Plan**

Tristan chuckled upon hearing Geoffrey respond.

"Geoffrey, I'm pretty sure you could kill someone with just one move, right?" He glances at him.

"Same goes for you, sir! Even though you only trained with the military for a short time, you are a born fighter. If you had joined the military and built your career there, you might have had a bright future there."

"Yeah, if only I had a brother. I probably wouldn't have chosen this path, becoming a businessman and taking over the family business. I don't like it, but I don't have a choice, Geoffrey," Tristan said, smiling bitterly.

He never wanted to become the CEO of Sinclair Group. He would rather live carefree without such broad spans of responsibility hanging on his shoulders.

While Tristan and Geoffrey conversed about their past, the car finally approached the location.

The two of them stopped talking because the tension in the car was getting worse. Not long after, the vehicle stopped near a few black cars parked in a hidden place.

They waited a mile in the woods before moving to the villa to avoid alerting people around it. However, Reid had already positioned a few spotters near the house.

Tristan smiled as he recognized his old friend, Owen Murphy, among them.

From a distance, Tristan could see Owen's surprise upon seeing him—well, unbeknownst to Tristan, he wasn't startled to see him but rather to see the man beside him, Geoffrey.

"Tristan Sinclair, long time no see. How do you know him?" Owen asked, tearing his gaze from Geoffrey to Tristan, but it was only a second before he looked back at Geoffrey again.

Instead of answering him, Tristan asked, "You know him?" pretending not to know the story he heard from Geoffrey earlier.

"Of course, I know him," Owen said before continuing to walk, stopping a few steps before Geoffrey. "I thought you were living in seclusion. You never even showed up at our old comrade reunion. No one could contact you. How did you appear here?" he asked, warmly embracing his old leader.

"Nice to meet you too, Owen. It's a long story for another time," Geoffrey accepts Owen's warm embrace. Then, he takes a few steps back before continuing, "But to put it simply, the man beside me is my Master."

Owen's jaw dropped upon hearing that. How could his former military leader, Geoffrey, now call Tristan Sinclair his master?

"Wow! Serious—"

"General Murphy," Tristan interrupted Owen. I know you guys are old pals, but can you put aside your reunion? We have pressing matters here," he reminded them.

"Sorry, Tristan," Owen responds, chuckling when he sees Tristan seems annoyed but ignores him. "It's nice to meet you again, sir!" he smiles at Geoffrey.

Not wanting to prolong the conversation, Geoffrey corrects him, "I'm not your leader anymore, Owen. I'm a commoner now." He insists that Owen not address him formally. "And my master was right. We better focus—"

Geoffrey and Owen chat like old friends at a reunion, which shocks Reid and the others. They didn't expect a military leader like Owen Murphy to refer to Geoffrey as a leader.

"Sir, who is Geoffrey, by the way?" Reid whispers to Tristan, unable to contain his curiosity any longer. He can't help but stare at Geoffrey.

Tristan frowns as he looks at Reid. "Did you forget? He's my butler and Dax's martial arts teacher. Why are you asking again?"

Reid was speechless, looking at his boss, who deliberated—didn't want to answer him.

"Alright, let me hear your plan," Tristan says, ignoring Reid and the others' curious gazes. He wants to wrap this up quickly and return home to cuddle his pretty wife. He doesn't want to worry her.

"Yes, sir."

Reid slowly returned to his usual self and focused on his goals. He took an iPad from his subordinates and started explaining it to Tristan. At the same time, Geoffrey and Owen came near him to hear the plan.

"This big villa has three exits with tight security. They also have sophisticated CCTV throughout the area, complete with motion detection. But don't worry, someone will take over their CCTV cameras once we move, so that's not a problem."

Reid quickly glanced at Tristan and the others, checking their expressions before continuing, "The problem is that they have trained German Shepherds dogs throughout the area. But don't worry; we also have an expert from General Owen's team who will make them sleep while our team enters the villa." He smiles.

Tristan listened to Reid's explanation in silence, but his eyes were fixed on the villa's layout on the iPad. He could see that no buildings were within a radius of several miles from the area. It was utterly remote, a private area that no one could enter except the landowner.

Even if they were to make a move to approach the villa, they couldn't bring cars close until they could take over the CCTV and silence the guards on duty, along with the guard dogs, to avoid triggering the alarm and waking up all the people inside the villa.

"There are around sixty people in the villa and area near that place, not including the Dark Skull leader. According to our spotter and spy, who is now inside the villa, there are four senior leaders, including Mad Dog. The plan is that we will enter all three entryways..." Reid continued to explain.

After a few more minutes, he was finally done and looked at Tristan and Geoffrey—the only ones who didn't know their plan.

"Any questions, sir?" Reid asked Tristan.

Tristan pointed to a specific place on the iPad with pictures of the building, and he could see the small path leading to the forest.

"This is a hiking path to the mountain, but according to our informants, it is no longer used. The road has been closed off. No one can get through. They use this way instead," Reid answered.

"I see," Tristan responded softly before looking at Reid and Owen. "You guys can make a move. I won't get involved with your plan. I will just stay behind and watch."

"Yes, sir!" Reid nodded and began giving orders to the entire team. He briefed them again before they disappeared into the darkness.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 495: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (1) - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 495: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (1)**

Reid nodded and began giving orders to the entire team. He briefed them again before they disappeared into the darkness.

Owen stayed behind with Tristan and Geoffrey. He would remain in the control room to lead the operation from there.

After the team separated and headed in different directions as ordered, Tristan turned to see Geoffrey as he received a gun from him.

Tristan casually checked the bullets while glancing at Owen. "How many soldiers do you have today?" he asked.

"Fifty, but there are backup teams near and surrounding the two main roads a few miles from here. Our backups have plenty of soldiers to envelop the area if anyone manages to escape our assault."

"I see. You made a good decision," Tristan said briefly. Then he looked at Geoffrey again, surprised to see he was ready but had not brought any weapon. "You didn't bring a gun?" he asked, confused.

"Tristan, Geoffrey doesn't need a gun. He's a martial arts master, and his mind is his deadliest weapon," Owen said, tapping Tristan's shoulder casually as he stood beside him. Then he looked at Geoffrey. "Don't underestimate my former leader; just with his gaze, he could send someone to nothingness."

Geoffrey rolled his eyes. Ignoring Owen's excessive praise, he asked Tristan, "Master, shall we go to that place?"

"What place?" Owen asked curiously. But Tristan and Geoffrey didn't answer him.

They walked and vanished into the dark, leaving Owen to shake his head and chuckle.

Owen didn't rush to leave his place. Still, he scanned his surroundings to ensure everyone was already moving before he walked a few meters toward a black van—their mobile control room—with two heavily armed men guarding the car.

He entered the van after responding to their formal greeting with slight nods. Two men were inside the temporary control room: his subordinate and Max.

Owen approached his man while looking at almost a hundred small videos on the flat screen—they controlled the CCTV from the villa.

Max didn't focus on the military camera. Instead, he focused on his three laptops in front of him, each equipped with multiple-screen cameras embedded in Reid and the others' bodies, including Tristan and Geoffrey.

He saw more than forty small screens, all showing live recordings with sound from the microphones. He could choose whose microphone he wanted to listen to.

For a moment, Max observed Tristan and Geoffrey. Still, when he saw them casually walking away from the villa, the view turning to darkness, he ignored them. He then shifted his attention to a few men who had arrived at the entrance.

Without any difficulty, the five guards at the three main gates lost consciousness after being hit by sleeping bullets. No Shepherd Dog was present; Max could see a few of them now sleeping, having been given anesthesia.

Everything happened so quickly; within a matter of minutes, the three entrances were smoothly locked down and secured without alerting anyone inside the villa.

Everyone in the house was now sound asleep, and only a few people in certain places were still awake or even making love to their loved one or maybe a whore.

"I will head to the main target on the third floor, and the others will follow the plan." Reid's commanding voice suddenly reached everyone on the team when he used a public channel to communicate with everyone.

Max focused his attention on Reid. He saw him in his black tactical suit, with his gun, entering the house through the main door. Five men followed him.

He felt tense and worried that something was not right with this mission. While waiting for Reid to approach the third floor, he looked at Tristan and Geoffrey's camera, which showed a path toward the mountain. The place had limited light, so that he couldn't see much.

Max couldn't even hear what they were discussing as he noticed the mic turned off.

'What are they doing there? Why did they move away from the house?' Max wondered, then went back to look at Reid's live video.

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Inside the building,

As Reid entered the building and advanced toward his target, he began to receive reports from the teams about their successful efforts in capturing their targets. Instead of killing the gangsters, they used drugs to make them sleep.

Walking through the large living room, which had dim lighting and no occupants in sight, they proceeded to climb the stairs.

Reid whispered, "Status?" as he activated his mic to communicate with the control room and waited in the shadows.

"The third floor is clear. You may proceed," Owen's voice came through.

Reid swiftly moved to the third floor, now accompanied by five of his men, and two soldiers joined him.

They reached the middle of the long corridor on the third floor effortlessly.

However, they did not move right away to check the room.

Reid scanned his surroundings.

The only light in the corridor came from small yellow lamps in several spots above the high ceiling. Only this floor had no CCTV installed. There are a total of eight doors; four doors are on the left and right.

A few seconds later, Reid made a hand signal asking the others to split up and ensure they didn't make a fuss to alert whoever was inside the room.

He knew this third floor as the resting place for the Dark Skull leaders and also their women. This was his main target: to capture Mad Dog!

Reid moved to the door at the end of the corridor. Some of his team members had already disappeared as they entered the other rooms to ambush.

However, before Reid could open the door before him, gunshots were suddenly heard from downstairs.

"What the heck! Who's shooting?" Reid silently cursed.

He instantly pressed his back against the wall near his target door and tried to listen for any movement inside the room.

But all he could hear was the increasing sound of gunshots from downstairs. And from the sound of it, he knows it's the enemy shooting.

They must've been exposed.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 496: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (2) - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 496: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (2)**

They must've been exposed.

Owen's voice and the others distracted him through the communication device.

"Team B, guard the door. Don't let anyone escape our encirclement!" Owen's voice came through the public channel.

"Yes, sir!"

"Team D is in the kitchen, with two armed men inside. Take them down, but be careful!"

"Team C, assist Team E on the second floor!"

"Team A!? Report your status?"

"Five rooms cleared. Three rooms left..." Reid answered Owen when he saw that his team had already given him a clear sign after they had captured their target.

Reid kicked open the door in a split second, but to his surprise, the bedroom was dark and empty.

He hurriedly checked the room, gun in hand, prepared to shoot anyone inside.

However, he stopped in his tracks when he saw the perfectly made bed with no signs of anyone using it.



"Clear!" he shouted, dashing out to assist in another room. He encountered several men standing outside the next room.

"What's going on?" Reid asked as he hurried toward them.

"Someone escaped through the window, sir!" one of them replied.

"And why are you still here?" he asked, displeased. He was about to rush toward the open window but paused when the man responded.

"Two men are already pursuing that person, Sir—"

Reid looked at the open window. He felt relieved and turned to them as he inquired, "How many people did you find?"

"Total of six, four men and two women."

After hearing their report, Reid instructed two people to detain them in one room. He asked the rest to assist another team on the second floor, where the gunfire had started.

As he watched them depart, Reid immediately opened his secure line to make a call.

"Max, someone escaped through the third-floor window. Please track that person. I think that person might be their leader. You know who—"

"Got it! I will track him."

Reid said nothing as he heard the sound of a keyboard from the other end; he knew Max must be working now.

He ended the call and walked toward the people they captured to see if Mad Dog or his leaders were among them.

When Reid entered the room, he was shocked to find them sleeping almost naked, including two women, wearing only something that covered their intimate parts.

"Damn it! Can you guys cover them!?" Reid snapped as he glanced at his two men standing at the door.

Immediately, one rushed to the bed, pulled the blanket, and covered all of them.

"Sorry, sir—" The man slightly bowed and returned to his place near the door.

After seeing their bodies covered up to the neck, Reid walked closer to the bed. He tried to check whether they could capture the Dark Skull sub-leader they had been looking for.

Reid only needed a few minutes to recognize that these three men were indeed sub-leaders of Dark Skull. He remembered their faces from the list they had to trace them all.

Even though they caught the three people they were looking for, Reid showed no joy or satisfaction because he was sure there was no Mad Dog among the four men in the room—he knew for sure Mad Dog had a tattoo from his neck down to his chest.

One man went undetected. He was probably a regular member sleeping on this floor, or he might have been a new guy working his way up the ranks.

He dismissed his curiosity and returned to their primary target, Mad Dog. However, remembering Mad Dog, his anger flared.

'Damn it! If we miss him again, it will be a real pain!' Reid couldn't help but vent his frustration in his heart.

Now Reid was more convinced that the man who escaped was Mad Dog.

Reid hurried down to the second floor to assist, but the gunfire had ceased when he arrived. Instead, he found some of his men and military personnel wounded and receiving medical help.

He quickly made his way to the first floor to assess the escape route. Still, as he was about to leave the building, he noticed several cars entering the villa area. His steps halted.

The command center vehicle stopped at a distance, and Owen rushed over to him.

"Reid, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. However, some men are injured inside, and we also have a person who managed to escape," Reid explained to Owen. He needed to speak to Max about contacting Tristan and Geoffrey.

"I'm aware. Max briefed me already. They are attempting to locate the individual using CCTV, but it seems that person is aware of the blind spots, leaving no trace of him on record. I've instructed my team to track him down," Owen explained.

Reid couldn't hide how disappointed he was now.

"I suspect it's Mad Dog!"

"Damn it! Have we lost him again?"

"Likely. However, we have his trusted person upstairs. You can investigate them. They might know much about him."

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Meanwhile, a tall man in a black robe with nothing under his feet dashed through the hidden stone path leading to the woods behind the villa.

He ran faster while holding his gun. When he thought no one could detect his escape route, suddenly, a man appeared a few meters ahead of him.

'Fuck! They also post someone here?' He cursed and pointed the gun at the man.

He couldn't see his face, but judging by how calm he was, he knew this man—one of the people who ambushed their base camp.

"Who are you? Block my way, and I'll blow your head off!" He hissed irritably while pointing his gun, his eyes sharp, trying to see his face, but the limited light made it impossible.

When he saw the man move forward instead of moving away, it shocked him. Tightening his grip on the gun, he snapped, "What the hell are you doing? You want me to blow your head off?"

He wanted to shoot him but was worried the gunfire would attract people.

"Show your face, or I'll shoot..." his voice faded when he saw the man's face. "T-Tristan Sinclair—"

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 497: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (3) - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 497: Bloody Fight At Dark Skull Headquarters (3)**

"T-Tristan Sinclair?" His voice shook. He knew this man for sure. They were mortal enemies. "So you are the one who attacked our base?" he continued to ask, feeling his anger spike.

Tristan ignored the man's question. Instead, he asked, "Why the rush?" as he moved forward, shortening the distance between them. He stopped a few steps from him, ignoring the gun still pointed toward his head.

The man clenched the gun even tighter, cursing Tristan Sinclair repeatedly in his mind when he saw how calm he remained, even though he had threatened him.

Since yesterday, he had been suspicious about why two of his members, who were being held captive by Tristan Sinclair, were suddenly released. Even though his people did not directly come to their main villa, Tristan Sinclair still found them in this secluded place.

He had predicted this would happen and planned to relocate their entire base tomorrow. Still, he hadn't anticipated Tristan Sinclair would attack them much earlier. Now, he regretted not acting by following his instincts.

"How do you know this path?" he asked, curiosity flooding him. This was a hidden path that only he and a few high-ranking leaders knew about. Even the entryway was well hidden.

He had been too confident that no one could trail or trace him here. After all, once he got to this ultra-hidden path, he only needed to walk a few miles behind the mountain before finding the stand-by car they had deliberately parked for emergencies like this, allowing them to escape from their pursuers.

Tristan chuckled, his sharp eyes locking onto the man. He hadn't seen his photo on the list of the most wanted leaders of Dark Skull. Still, finding him here made Tristan strongly suspect that this man was either Marco's most trusted lieutenant or perhaps Marco himself.

"You think of yourself slick...but the truth is you are predictable. That's why you can't escape me once you come into my sights," Tristan taunted.

The man gritted his teeth, feeling all his blood rush to his face, consumed by anger towards Tristan Sinclair.

"I'll finish you tonight, Tristan Sinclair. I don't care if your people hear the gunshot and encircle this place. I don't care anymore. At least I can drag you down to hell with me!" A wicked smile appeared on his lips as he slowly squeezed the trigger.

"Wait!"

"Hahaha," the man laughed sarcastically when he heard Tristan asking him to stop.

"Tristan Sinclair, are you afraid of me now? Tsk! Tsk! I thought you were brave enough to die by my hand and come here alone. Fine, fine, move aside. I don't have time to play with you.

I'll give you one last chance to escape your death. You'd better guard your wife because I'm coming for her next. I'll take her away from you!"

Tristan clenched his fists, his anger surging at the man's threat, but he tried to control his irritation, suppressing the urge to kill him. Instead, he smiled and said, "So you want to kill me?"

"Mr. Sinclair, if you ask me to, I'd be more than happy to oblige," the man said, feeling impatient as he started to hear movement approaching their position. "Damn it, Tristan Sinclair, move now!"

A small smile crept across Tristan's face as he spotted the man's weakness.

Tristan moved swiftly, his hand reaching out to grab the man's arm and twisting it so hard that the sound of bones breaking echoed in the silent night. The man's roar of pain pierced the silence, and his gun slipped from his hand.

Tristan snatched the gun out of mid-air before it hit the ground.

He released the man's wrist and, in a single fluid motion, stepped back two paces, raising the gun and aiming it at the man's head. His cold gaze met the man's, whose face had turned ghostly white as he held his broken wrist, his eyes wide with terror.

Everything had happened so fast that the man barely understood what had happened. One moment, he was in control; the next, Tristan had disarmed him and pointed his own gun at him.

"Y-You, how did you move so fast?" the man asked in a trembling voice, too stunned to process that Tristan had taken his gun in an instant.

A cold smile spread across Tristan's calm face. "You want to kill me? Well, go ahead—if you think you've got the ability."

The man no longer cared about the searing pain in his wrist. He knew he was finished. With Tristan Sinclair now possessing the gun, any thought of fighting back seemed futile.

Tristan didn't bother with more words. He looked in a specific direction and said, "You can handle him. Make him talk," before tossing the gun to Geoffrey, who appeared in the shadows.

The man's shock deepened. Only now did he realize Tristan Sinclair wasn't alone. Another figure had been lurking behind him all along. The man could tell from his presence that this newcomer might be even stronger than Tristan.

The newcomer kicked him before he could turn to get a better look.

"On your knees!"

"Argh!!" The man screamed in agony as the forceful kick sent him crashing to his knees in front of Tristan Sinclair, who stood just a few steps ahead.

"You don't have to torture me. I'm not going to say anything, Tristan... Arrgh, damn it..." he growled as the gun struck his skull. He felt like his brain had shattered, and a deafening ring filled his ears, leaving him unable to hear for a moment.

Internally, he cursed the man who hit him. How dare he strike his head?

"Speak nonsense again, and you'll kiss your skull goodbye!" Geoffrey's cold voice made the man shiver. He pressed his lips together tightly, gritting his teeth as blood began to trickle from the corner of his mouth.

"What's your name? How many leaders are there?" Geoffrey demanded.

The man clenched his fists, but before he could resist further, he realized he was out of options.

"Looks like you've accepted your fate, young man. Fine—"

"Four!" the man blurted out.

"Names?" Geoffrey pressed again.

Tristan and Geoffrey exchanged glances as the man, his voice trembling, listed several names.

"And you? What's your name?" Geoffrey asked once more.

"And you? What's your name?" Geoffrey asked once more.

The man looks at Tristan with his disgusted smile, slowly framing his lips.

"You don't seem to recognize me, Tristan Sinclair... argh..." A long groan escaped the man's lips as the man behind him kicked him hard in the back, causing him to be pushed forward. His unbalanced legs made him stagger and ultimately fall.

"You have to answer. Don't lie. And don't fucking ask back!" Geoffrey said coldly after kicking him hard. He saw that the man had now fallen to the ground with his face kissed on the stone road.

After the man's long groan in pain, no words could be heard from him anymore. He didn't even move.

Worried that he had kicked him so hard, Geoffrey hurried over and crouched down to examine the man, who was now motionless on the ground.

"Master, apologize I kicked him so hard. He will probably fall into a coma and die now—" he turns on his cell phone flashlight and directs it to the man's face.

Tristan was speechless. This man was so weak that even his wife, Bella, was probably stronger than him.

"No need to apologize. This man calls himself a gangster leader. But he is so brainless and weak. How can a light kick make him die?"

Tristan's words weren't enough to relieve Geoffrey, as he didn't want the man to die. Regardless of the man's identity, he is too vital for his master and Owen to capture him alive. This wicked man would be useless if death.

When Geoffrey saw dark, fresh blood pooling near the man's mouth, worry gripped him. He immediately placed his index finger near the man's ear to check his pulse. After a few seconds, a relieved smile appeared on his lips as he stood up to report to Tristan.

"He's not dead or in a coma, Master, but only fainted."

"I can't believe he's so incredibly weak for a bad guy his age. If Bella kicked him with all her full power, he might die," Tristan shook his head, amused, looking at the feeble gangster on the ground.

"You are right, master; this so-called gangster is way too weak. I only used a small fraction of my strength. If your little Dax kicked him like I did, he might faint too," Geoffrey said.

Tristan gave a proud father smile, hearing Geoffrey praise his son's strength.

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While in the Villa.

Owen, Reid, and several people hurried to follow the route of the fleeing Dark Skull members. However, in the middle, they meet two men who had previously pursued the fleeing man.

"Did you guys fail to catch him?" Reid asked when he saw them return as the only ones.

"Yes, sir. Sorry for that. He vanished behind the villa, and we couldn't find where he actually went. We canvassed several directions from the last point we saw him but found nothing. When we asked the guard stationed at the back entrance, they said they had not seen anyone passing the gate."

"I think there is a hidden path somewhere around here," Owen says. "Where was the last place you saw him?"

"Over there, sir."

Owen and Reid asked the two men to return to help the others in the villa while they advanced to check for the hidden path.

Reid followed Owen's lead and communicated with Max in the control room to guide them through the blind spot route. He believed the hidden door leading outside the villa must be in the blind spot of any CCTVs in the area.

Before long,

Reid suddenly remembered something after a few minutes of searching in the dark. It's about the map that caught Tristan's attention—an abandoned gate in the backyard a few meters from the main building.

"Damn it! How could I forget?" Reid stopped in his tracks and looked at Owen, who happened to look at him.

"Forget about what?"

"Boss Tristan. Earlier, he asked about the old entry gate."

"An old entry gate?"

"Yeah, he was asking me about the old entry gate," Reid said without explaining more details as he dashed to the gate. He couldn't believe he had forgotten about the path; earlier, he thought nothing suspicious about it.

After a few more minutes, they arrived. The place was indeed a dead end. The thick concrete wall overlapped the old iron door, and no CCTV was installed to cover its area.

"I don't like this place. This place is suspicious," Owen said as he tried to find something. Afterward, he asked his people to scatter and check for anything suspicious.

Owen also asked a few of his men at the back gate to check the location from outside. Although it would take time for them to reach, at least someone could pursue the person who had escaped.

"Max, are you there?" Reid contacted Max again.

"Yeah!?"

"Can you please contact Boss Tristan!"

"They've turned off their communication device. Their live video feed is also off. I'm not sure whether they are now far from my radar or if they deliberately turned it off," Max explained.

"What the heck, Max? How could that be?"

"If only I knew the answer, I would tell you, man!" Max took a deep sigh.

"And why do you sound helpless? Call his cell phone then."

"He left his cell phone in the car."

"How about Geoffrey?"

"Geoffrey was with him the last time I saw Boss Tristan. But Geoffrey's cell phone can't be reached," Max answered helplessly. He had already tried to contact them but failed. He now felt worried because the Dark Skull leader, who had escaped, could harm Tristan. His boss was alone with Geoffrey; they brought no guards with them.



Max and Reid were both worried because they had lost contact with Tristan and Geoffrey.

"Max, send a few men to their last location. I will also try to reach them," Reid instructed.

"What's going on?" Owen asked, pulling Reid away from his concerns.

"We lost contact with Tristan and Geoffrey. I will try to reach them through the back gate. I'm worried something might happen to them," Reid admitted, unable to conceal his anxiety, which made Owen smile.

"You really don't know who Geoffrey is, do you? Don't worry. As long as Tristan is with him, nothing dangerous or terrible can happen to Tristan. You can trust me," Owen assured him, but then his voice grew faint as he recalled something.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 498: Is He Dead? - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 498: Is He Dead?**

"And you? What's your name?" Geoffrey asked once more.

The man looks at Tristan with his disgusted smile, slowly framing his lips.

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## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 499: Blood Trail! - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 499: Blood Trail!**

"Unless an entire army division equipped with advanced weapons attacks them. Then you can worry. But if it's just one person or a platoon of soldiers, we have nothing to worry about." Owen continues his words.

"Alright. I trust you," Reid replied, although his expression revealed his doubts. "But I still need to go look after them even though they are that strong..." he said, tapping Owen's shoulder before leaving.

Reid still needed to find his boss for his own peace of mind. He was worried that if something happened to Tristan, his lady boss would kill him for sure.

At the same time, a soldier, checking the four-meter-high wall covered in vines with barbed wire on top, shouted, "Sir, I found something."

Owen and the others turned to look at him, including Reid, who stopped walking and turned back toward the wall.

"What's wrong?"

"I found a blood trail. But I don't know if it's human or animal blood—"

"Blood trail?"

"Yes, sir," the soldier said while pointing his cell phone flashlight at the blood trail.

"Looks like the person who ran away was in a hurry, so they didn't wear shoes."

"Yes, they might have injured his feet without knowing."

"Find the hidden door now!" Reid said quickly while he was also searching.

The area was very dark, and they had to rely on the light from their cell phone flashlights.

After a few more minutes, Owen finally found the hidden door. After opening it successfully, thorny and dense bushes greeted them; only a tiny path could fit one person.

They struggled through the path, and after a few more minutes, they finally escaped from the thorny bushes.

Later, they found a stone path. As they walked a few meters away from the villa, they heard human howls coming from the forest, causing Reid and Owen to stop and start running.

"Damn it! They're fighting," Reid clenched his teeth as he sprinted toward the source of the howls.

It didn't take long for the voices to become louder, and soon they spotted people. But a few meters ahead, Reid and Owen abruptly stopped, causing a few men behind them to stop.

What happened ahead of them was enough to stun Reid. He saw a man lying motionless on the ground, and what he heard from his master nearly caused him to trip on his own feet.

"Geoffrey, I can't believe how weak gangsters are nowadays; they're nothing like the ones I fought in the past."

Tristan took a deep sigh as he walked near the man and stepped on the man's uninjured hand so hard that the sound of breaking bones could be heard.

Geoffrey asked, "Master, why did you injure his other hand?"

"I just wanted to make sure this man wasn't pretending. You know... he might be good at acting too, right?"

"You're right, sir."

Tristan wanted to check whether the man was really unconscious or just faking it. However, after he crushed the man's wrist, the man didn't scream or move.

"Master, what do you want me to do with this man?" asked Geoffrey.

Tristan didn't reply. Instead, he frowned and looked in a specific direction.

"You guys finally came. Why so late? I thought you guys were the best trackers in the world?" Tristan greeted Reid and Owen in a sarcastic tone. He couldn't believe they had only come now. Why had they stood there without doing anything but watching?

"Sorry we're late, Tristan. We were dealing with, unsurprisingly, many unfriendly people inside. I wished they were more cooperative," Owen responded with a slight sarcasm as he approached.

"Oh my God, is this man dead? Is this Mad Dog?" Reid said as he rushed to check the man lying on the ground.

"I've checked. He's not dead, just unconscious. Geoffrey hit him not that hard. Well, maybe pretty hard for this weak man," Tristan replied as he saw Reid bend down to check the man.

"Boss," Reid said after checking the man's face. He looked at Tristan. "This man is Mad Dog! The tattoo matched our profile. We're so lucky to have finally captured him." He was sure this man was their primary target.

"Wrong. He's not, Mad Dog! Not the real one. Must be his body double." Geoffrey, who stood beside Tristan, answered Reid.

"What do you mean, Geoffrey? This man has the exact tattoo as Marco's..." Reid's mouth twitched as he turned to look at the motionless man on the ground again. He pointed his cell phone flashlight at the man's neck and chest.

"If you check carefully, the tattoo was newly made, and the scars are still fresh and visible. Also, there's no trace of this man wearing a mask. For someone like Mad Dog, who wears a mask often, there would be skin rashes on his face, but this man doesn't have any," Geoffrey explained.

Reid reexamined the man again and agreed with Geoffrey's assessment.

"Ah, you're right, Geoffrey. The tattoo is brand new," Reid said in frustration. "Damn it! I never thought Mad Dog was this slippery. It looks like he's already prepared several escape plans, including a body double. And he got this guy to get the same tattoo to be his double.

Fucking smart."

"Yup! He's smart," Geoffrey responded.

Reid took a deep sigh and then turned to look at Owen. "Do you recognize this man? Is he not the guy we are after? Mad Dog?"

"Yes, this man isn't Mad Dog, but his right-hand man. We have his profile; his name's Billy," Owen answered.

Tristan predicted that the man wasn't Mad Dog or Marco, but he still felt slightly disappointed after hearing Owen's confirmation. His expression slowly darkened, and anger flashed in his eyes as he looked at Billy.

Sighing deeply, he turned his gaze to Owen and Reid.

"I'll leave now. Owen, get valuable info from this man. Anything that we can use to track the real Mad Dog. And Reid, help Owen clear this place. Let's be sure not a single inch and nook and crank in this place was hidden from us."

They both nodded.

Tristan gestured for Geoffrey to follow him. However, before they could walk far, Reid stopped him.

"Boss, one more thing. Max needs to speak with you," he said, handing his cell phone to Tristan.

"What is it, Max?" Tristan asked.

"Boss, someone tried to access the CCTV in the villa—"

## Chapter 500: We Found Him!

"What is it, Max?" Tristan asked.

"Boss, someone tried to access the CCTV in the villa—"

Tristan's expression turned tense when he heard Max's explanation on the other end. After a few more seconds, he asked, "Did you find out who it was and their location?"

"I don't know who they are because they use fake IDs for their IP addresses, but I found the location of the computer they used to access the CCTV on the villa. That's why I've been trying to contact you. But your cellphone was inactive," Max said, sounding like he was scolding his boss.

Tristan ignored him as he was busy guessing that person's identity. Only one person who would try to check the CCTV at this hour came to his mind—Marco himself.

"Got it! Send the location to my phone. I'm heading there," Tristan immediately ordered.

"Boss, it will take you around one hour to get there."

"Ask Bryan and his team to head there. Make sure he arrives before I do."

"Yes, boss," Max responded.



After hanging up the phone, Tristan returned Reid's cell phone. He started walking again, but Owen chased after him.

"Tristan, what happened?" Owen, who had overheard Tristan's conversation, wanted to know more.

Glancing at Owen, Tristan's face looked calm again; there was no longer any tension in his gaze, unlike when he received the call. He stopped and turned to face him.

"Someone tried to access the Villa's CCTVs. And I'm sure that person might be the real Mad Dog."

"What?"

"Seriously?"

Reid and Owen exclaimed at the same time, shocked.

Tristan looked at them and replied, "I think so. I'm heading there now."

"Do you need extra men from here? I can spare some," Owen offered.

"No need. My backup team is ready and closer and heading there to check as we speak. Please take care of things here until all wrapped up," Tristan said before dashing off with Geoffrey, heading to their car.

Tristan's car sped away from the remote location at the foot of the mountain, heading quickly toward the city.

This time, only one car followed them from behind, as the others were helping clean the villa after the attack—they had to leave before dawn.

"Master, you can sleep. I'll make sure we get there faster."

Geoffrey's voice made Tristan look away from his cell phone. He looked at the empty, dark road ahead, worry flashing in his eyes.

The city center they were heading to was still far away. He feared the person might flee if they noticed anything suspicious at their base camp.

Tristan could only hope that the person believed what they saw—nothing happened, as Max had shown them a fake CCTV recording where nothing suspicious occurred.

"I'm fine, Geoffrey. I'm not tired, but I worry that person is suspicious and will flee again," Tristan finally spoke after a long pause.

Though his voice was calm, Geoffrey could see a flash of worry in his eyes through the rearview mirror. He said nothing, but his hands gripped the steering wheel tightly as he sped up. They needed to get there immediately.

Tristan turned his gaze to the window before continuing, "If that person escapes again, I'm sure they'll come after me or my family. My biggest concern is that they will use everything they have, including their lives, to hurt Bella or Dax..." A deep sigh escaped from his lips as fear gripped his heart.

Geoffrey nodded in agreement. Everything related to Dark Skull was dangerous.

A few days ago, Geoffrey had just learned this from Tristan, and he, too, had become worried for Dax and Bella, just as Tristan now felt. He thought they would finish the matter tonight. However, they had to wait longer because their primary target—Marco, a.k.a.

Mad Dog—was still out of the picture, either because he was already suspicious of the ambush tonight or because the goddess of luck was now on his side.

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Lights appeared in the distance. They were getting closer to the city, and Tristan's anxiety slowly faded.

Grabbing the phone at his side, Tristan called Max. "Where is Bryan?" he asked.

"They're already near the house, sir. But they haven't taken any action yet; they're waiting for your arrival," Max responded.

Tristan nodded and said, "Tell them to check around the house to ensure there's no escape route."

"Yes, sir, they've already done that."

"Good. What about the person trying to access the CCTV? He still tries?"  
Tristan asked curiously.

"He tried once," Max explained. "But, Boss, I think it will seem suspicious if they try to contact the base camp and no one answers."

Max further explained that the gangsters couldn't communicate outside because a signal jamming area had been set up at the villa. They had even cut the landline, completely isolating the villa.

"It's fine. Sooner or later, they'll find out we have taken over their secret base," Tristan said, rubbing his forehead. "Tell Owen and Reid to keep at least one team discreetly watching the villa. I believe someone will return to check."

"Yes, Boss—"

After another short conversation, Tristan finally ended the call.

Before long, the vehicle stopped behind a black SUV—Bryan's car.

Bryan got out of the car and greeted Tristan and Geoffrey. "Boss, please give your orders?" he asked.

Tristan didn't respond immediately. Instead, he looked around the house. They were now in the outer city district, near the harbor.

The surrounding houses were large, like the houses of rich people, and the distance between one house and another was several meters. The road was empty. No cars passed by.

Tristan checked his watch—it was only 4 AM.

"Did you see anything suspicious?" Tristan finally asked, looking at the two-meter-high wall in front of him. A few meters from their car, a black gate was tightly closed.

"I'm not sure anyone's in the house. The front guard seems to be missing," Bryan responded. "And from the back, my men report that there's only one light on inside. There aren't even any garden lights."

Tristan frowned. "Send someone in to open the way. Make sure no alarms are triggered."

"Yes, Boss," Bryan said, stepping back and communicating with someone through a small device embedded in his jacket.

Tristan leaned against the car, staring at the wall again. For some reason, a sense of dread began to grip his heart.