

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

Chapter 51

Emptiness

The atmosphere in the living room felt cold and dark as if the two elders had just had a big fight.

“Mom, are they fighting? Why do their expressions look terrible?” Dax whisper.

Bella shook her head. She didn’t understand either why the tension around them was so high.

“I’m not so sure. Let’s find out,” Bella said as she continued to walk.

Bella tried to get the two old men’s attention by clearing her throat slightly, hoping they would know about her presence. However, they did not respond to it in any way. It seemed they were still in a trance.

Despite Bella and Dax sitting on a two-seater sofa, the two old men seemed oblivious to their presence.

She was speechless.

“Mom, are they okay? Why do they look like statues?” Dax asked, looking at Old Donovan and Old Sinclair in return – curious to see why they weren’t moving.

Bella smiles, hearing Dax’s question. She loudly called them, “Grandpa... Grandpa Sinclair...” She slightly raises her voice. “Are you both fine?”

Both of them jumped in surprise when they heard Bella’s voice. They both looked at Bella.

“Huh, since when are you here?” Old Donovan asked.

“Since half an hour ago...” Bella tried to tease him.

“Mommy, don’t lie to Grandpa,” Dax corrected her. He glanced at his Grandpa and said, “We just join you, Gramps.” He smiled, then turned his gaze at Lewis Sinclair.

Before Dax could say anything, Bella interrupted. “Dax, let me introduce you...” she said, then looked at Lewis Sinclair. “Grandpa, this is my son. His name is Daxton,” Bella said, gazing at Dax. “This is your great-grandpa on your father’s side. Go greet him...”

Dax stood up from his seat and walked over to Lewis. “Hello, Great-Grandpa... My name is Daxton. You can call me Dax, and I’m four years old now.” He extended his chubby hand towards Lewis, intending to shake hands.

However, Lewis couldn’t help himself. He pulled Dax into his arms and hugged him to express his happiness.

His dream is to see Bella and Tristan’s child before he dies. A dream he had buried five years ago when his grandson divorced Bella.

He no longer hoped that Tristan would give him great-grandchildren, but now, unexpectedly, Bella returned and made his dream come true; Dax’s presence made him utterly happy. He didn’t wish for anything else; this beautiful gift from God was enough for him.

“My Dear Dax, you can drop the great and just call me grandpa...” Lewis whisper.

“G-Grandpa,” Dax’s voice sounded so soft it melted Lewis’ heart.

“I’m so grateful to have met you. Thank you for being born and growing up healthy like this,” Lewis said while looking at Bella; he felt so grateful to her. “Thank you, Bella. You allowed me to meet him—”

Bella didn’t say anything; she felt so touched and couldn’t hold back her tears.

After briefly speaking with Lewis about Dax, Bella left and allowed Dax to spend time with his great-grandparents while she returned to her bedroom.

At Capital.

A sleek black Bentley pulls up to the grand Sinclair Building on the main street of the capital's business district.

The security personnel swiftly opened the car door as Tristan Sinclair stepped out, prompting the guard to lower his head respectfully.

Tristan, looking handsome in his gray suit, strides through the empty office lobby that night as he heads towards the executive elevator.

Since his divorce from Bella, Tristan hasn't returned to their marital home. Instead, he's been living in this building for the past five years. He occupies a penthouse on the 40th floor and has an office on the 39th floor.

While entering the elevator, Tristan's attention is on his cell phone, engrossed in an important email from the branch office. However, as soon as the elevator doors close automatically, something triggers his memory.

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Tristan slowly raises his head, eyeing Dylan before him. "When can we expect the DNA test results?" he asked.

"Boss, I've requested the speed result, and we'll have them by tomorrow morning," Dylan explains.

"Tomorrow morning? That's not speedy at all! It's been over a day, Dylan!" Tristan furrows his brow in dissatisfaction upon hearing Dylan's update.

"Boss, this is the fastest we could manage. We might have had the results by tonight if we conducted the test at your hospital. However, doing so would risk your parents finding out—" Dylan patiently explained, having made a lot of effort to speed up the process.

He adds, "That's why I arranged the test at a different hospital. They've assured me we'll have the results by tomorrow morning."

Tristan fell silent, his sharp gaze showing his dissatisfaction with Dylan.

"Boss, I'll ensure you have the results before you head to the office," Dylan promises. It seems he'll be spending the night at the hospital awaiting the DNA test result.

"Hmm," Tristan responded before exiting the elevator.

"Master," a white, short-haired man greets him respectfully. Tristan merely nods and proceeds to his lavish penthouse, feeling deeply sad.

The emptiness he has felt since divorcing Bella returns to haunt him. Seeing her in person yesterday only worsened these feelings, yet he couldn't bring himself to talk to or even greet her. This feeling is really awful, and he despises it.

"Boss, do you still need anything from me? If not, I'll excuse myself. Good night..." Dylan says after handing Tristan's bag to Geoffrey, who remains in his place, smiling at him.

Tristan gives a slight wave in response as he heads toward his bedroom.

"Geoffrey, boss... He's not in a good mood. Take care of him. See ya..." Dylan adds before entering the elevator once again.

"Good night, Dylan," Geoffrey responds, then approaches Tristan.

"Master, would you like to have dinner?" he asks.

Tristan's steps halt before he opens the bedroom door; he turns to Geoffrey.

"No. You can put my bag in my study and take a rest. I don't need anything. I'll call you if I do."

As he gazes at his dim bedroom, Tristan's heart feels even emptier and colder, worsening his feelings. He can't wait for the DNA results because only then will he have a reason to meet her.

