

# My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

## Chapter 52

### DNA Test Result

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.

After cleaning his body and changing into his home clothes, Tristan didn't bother to glance at his bed because his mind was still thinking about work; it was the only option for him to ignore her presence in his mind.

Sit behind the computer, read some files, and do a few online meetings with other executives from his company in a few countries on the other side of the world.

Tristan worked non-stop. Without realizing it, the sun slowly appeared on the horizon.

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At the same time, Dylan returned to the 40th floor, holding a white envelope in his hand.

He was wearing the same clothes he had worn the previous night. His usually neatly combed hair looked slightly messy, and his usually fresh and clean face now appeared tired.

"Morning, Geoffrey." Dylan greeted him with a half smile, but seeing how dashing his Boss's butler looked now, his step halted, and he gazed at him.

Dylan couldn't help but comment. "You don't sleep? Or do you sleep dressed like this." He asked curiously. This was the first time Dylan had visited Tristan's apartment this early in the morning, and this butler was already neat in his formal black suit.

“Morning, Dylan. Of course, I’ve slept well since last night. Thank you for asking,” Geoffrey smiled at him. “Why did you come early.”

A few minutes ago, Geoffrey was surprised to receive a phone call from Dylan. He said he would be here in a few minutes. Seeing him still wearing the same clothes as last night was even more surprising. Geoffrey admires this young man as a really hardworking young man.

“Something serious happened in the office? Why did you not change?” Geoffrey asked again, gesturing for Dylan to enter the house and lead him to Tristan’s study.

“Yeah, a bit busy,” Dylan sighed deeply. The entire night, he didn’t sleep at all. He’s staying at the hospital waiting for the DNA test result. He felt so damn tired, and now, he missed his bed.

Dylan needs to put the DNA test results on Tristan’s desk himself. He couldn’t give it to Geoffrey because no one knew about this, only him and Max.

“How was he last night? Did he give you trouble?” Dylan asked again, following Geoffrey towards Tristan’s study.

“Trouble?” Geoffrey was slightly confused. “Of course not. He dismissed me early last night...”

“Tsk, Tsk... I envy you,” Dylan said while yawning; he was so sleepy and hungry.

“Thank you. You too, Dylan. You did a good job, as did Master Tristan. It seems Master hasn’t come out from his study room since last night,” Geoffrey said.

Geoffrey heard Tristan still talking when he was about to clean his office early this morning. Knowing his Master had worked all night made Geoffrey worried.

Suddenly, Dylan’s steps stopped. He turned to Geoffrey. “B-Boss didn’t sleep?” he was surprised. It seems his Boss is curious about the DNA test result.

“Yes. Master Tristan has been in the study since last night. Is there any problem at the office? That’s why you came so early to meet him?” Geoffrey asked. It was rare to see his Master working so hard like this; usually, he would be busy at the end of the year.

Dylan silently gulped as his throat became dry when he heard his Boss was still awake. He could guess that Boss’s mood must have worsened.

“Ugh, Geoffrey... I have to go home now. Can you please deliver this envelope to him?” Dylan turned around after placing the envelope in Geoffrey’s hand. He can’t meet Tristan now. If he stays here and the results don’t match Tristan’s expectations, he might go berserk.

“Wait, Dylan... are you sure you don’t want to meet him?” Geoffrey confused.

Dylan shook his head while grinning at Geoffrey; then, he ran to the elevator after giving Geoffrey the courage to stay strong.

“What a weird young man,” he chuckled, then knocked on the study door.

“Enter!”

Geoffrey faintly heard Tristan’s voice from inside. He immediately opened the door and saw Tristan standing near a large glass wall facing the sky.

He approached him and stopped a few steps behind, “Master, Dylan just came to deliver a letter for you.”

Tristan turned to Geoffrey with an impatient gaze. “Give me the letter,” he said as he walked towards him. Holding the DNA test result, he feels highly nervous. “You may leave now. I need some time alone,” he ordered.

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Geoffrey nodded slightly. He offered Tristan coffee, but Tristan quickly declined. Geoffrey said nothing else and left the room.

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Tristan sat in his chair, staring at the white envelope in his hand. After calming down, he opened it. His expression slowly changed from tense to happy once he saw the results written there.

[Probability of paternity: 99.9999998%]

Tristan leaned back in his chair, gazing up at the white ceiling with a wide smile. Happiness radiated from his eyes.

“He’s my boy!” His happy voice echoed in the room. “That little boy is my son—”

After four years of trying, Bella had not been able to get pregnant, so he never imagined they would have children together.

“Wait—” Tristan gasped, shocked when he realized something. Sitting straight, his cheerful facial expression suddenly turned dark, and his broad smile faded.

“Why didn’t she tell me? Why did she give up and sign the paper? Why?” Tristan asked no one, feeling confused about what had happened that time.

After struggling for a few minutes to recall what happened five years ago, he sighed deeply. He felt the urge to slap his past self for making such a foolish decision.

Sigh!

Then, his gaze fell on the small cupboard near his desk. He opened it and revealed a safe deposit box. After entering a series of numbers, he took a brown envelope and took out the paper.

“Marriage Annulment Letter—” his eyes fixed on Bella’s signature, and he rubbed the dry ink, feeling heartbroken.

“At least... We are still legally married, Bella Donovan!” Tristan muttered under his breath, tearing the paper and throwing it into the iron trash can. He then burned the paper to ashes.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 53**

Return To Capital  
Five Days Later.

In the last few days of living in this village, Bella has enjoyed nature and time with her family, including Lewis Sinclair.

Although she loved this peaceful place, her vacation ended today, and she had to return to the capital.

Knowing she was leaving Grandpa Sinclair alone made it hard for Bella to leave. She hoped he would return with them to the capital, but she couldn't make him move.

She had already bid him farewell yesterday, aware that Grandpa Sinclair would visit the city when they departed.

“We need to move now, or we'll miss our flight,” Isaac Donovan's voice pulled Bella from her thoughts. She nodded and entered the car. After everyone settled, Nick drove the car, left the lake-view villa, and headed toward the airport.

Bella sat alone in the middle row, while her grandfather and Dax sat in the back row. She tried to divert her sadness by reading something on her iPad. However, it didn't take long before she became distracted by the conversation between Dax and her Grandpa.

“Dax, are you happy we're finally moving to the Capital?” Suddenly, Isaac Donovan's voice echoes in the car as he chats with Dax.

“Yes! I can't wait to play on the sea, Grandpa. Mommy never takes me to the sea.”

Dax's words saddened Isaac. How could this little boy never go to the beach?

"Doesn't your mommy take you on trips?"

Dax shook his head. "We only travel around our village, never to another city or country. My first airplane ride was when we returned from Sweden to this country."

"Oh, dear... Don't worry. From now on, Gramps will take you wherever you want," Isaac said, glancing at Bella. "You should take him on vacation more often. If you're busy, let me go with him."

Bella, "..."

She couldn't believe her son was exposing her again like he usually did these past few days, talking so much to her Grandpa.

"Sure, Grandpa. We will travel a lot..." Bella answered with a smile. She let them continue chatting while reading some crucial files on her iPad.

Not long after, their car arrived at the airport.

Bella was surprised Nick had driven their vehicle to a private airport instead of the supposed commercial airport. She saw several jet parks in the distance, making her immediately realize that they would be using private planes, not commercial planes.

She looked at Nick with a confused look, "Do you realize you took the wrong airport, Nick? I remember I didn't book a private jet—"

"No, young miss. This is the correct airport." Nick explained.

Before Bella could say anything, Isaac interrupted, "We're at the correct airport, Bella. Someone offered me the use of his jet..."

Bella started to feel uneasy hearing her Grandpa's words and turned to look at him.

“Who? Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” She wouldn’t have needed to spend money on a commercial plane ticket if she knew they’d be flying on a jet.

“You’ll see him later—” Isaac replied, flashing a mysterious smile.

Bella, “...”

She had no choice but to follow them to the white jet parked a few meters from their car.

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“Wow! Grandpa has a rich friend?” Dax, who was walking in front of Noora, asked excitedly.

Noora leaned closer, her head to Dax’s, and whispered, “Did you forget who your grandpa’s best friend is?”

Dax was silent momentarily before gasping, realizing who his Grandpa’s friend was. It was his Grandpa from his father’s side.

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How could he forget they are super rich?

He no longer said anything, but the look in his eyes clearly showed that he was both amazed and worried that the jet in front of him belonged to his father, whom he had never seen before.

Since Dax knew about Tristan Sinclair, he searched for information about him almost every night, and the more Dax read about Tristan, the more his hatred toward him grew. Gossip media always wrote that he had many girlfriends, and they even said Tristan Sinclair was a playboy.

After reading those articles, Dax realized why his mother divorced his father — he had been unfaithful.

Suddenly, Dax’s face looked anxious. He glanced back to see his mother walking behind.

‘Will Mom be okay if Father is on that plane?’ Dax thought as he continued following Noora entering the jet.

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Bella was nervous.

She was worried that she would meet Tristan on the plane.

Even though Bella knew she couldn’t avoid Tristan forever, at least he didn’t show up today when Dax was with them.

“Grandpa, why did you use his jet without telling me?” Bella sounded disappointed. She feels her Grandpa betrayed her by communicating with Tristan behind her back.

“I don’t want to use anything related to him anymore.” She continued.

“Oh, dear... why do you overthink?” Isaac Donovan stopped his step and chuckled when he saw her worried expression. “You think Tristan owns this jet?”

Bella nods while looking at the Sinclair Corps logo on the jet tail.

“I could see that his company name is over there...” she said, gazing at her Grandpa again.

“Did you know Tristan is not the company’s true owner? I know Lewis still owns the majority of shares in the company. So, he has a right to use this jet, too...” Isaac calmly explained. He could sense her worry; she didn’t want to meet Tristan and deal with him.

Bella can’t utter anything even though she knows she still worries about encountering Tristan during their flight today. She’s not ready to meet him now.

“Why are you afraid to meet him? I’m here. He won’t dare do anything funny to you, my dear,” Isaac said.



“I know. I just... well... I’d feel awkward if he suddenly rides this jet before I tell him about Dax.”

“You should tell him sooner. After all, he has the right to know. And you can’t possibly keep avoiding him forever. You two will live in the same city—” Isaac stopped talking when he saw a black Maybach approaching them and stopping a few meters away.

“Who?” Bella’s eyes narrowed as she looked at the car. Her heart started to beat faster. She was nervous.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 54**

Phone Call From Tristan Sinclair

Isaac stopped talking when he saw a black Maybach approaching them and stopping a few meters away.

“Who!?” Bella’s eyes narrowed as she looked at the car. Her heart started to beat faster. She was nervous.

“That, of course, my best friend Lewis,” Isaac said as he gently patted Bella on the shoulder before he walked towards the car. He greeted Lewis warmly, “My friend, Lewis... Why did you come late? I thought you changed your mind again.”

They embrace each other while laughing.

“Hahaha, Isaac... No...no...I know I’m not late, alright!” Lewis said, pushing Isaac aside briefly to see Bella. “Why do you look so shocked, Bella?” Lewis asked.

“G-Grandpa, I’m so surprised to see you here. Yesterday, you refused my offer, but why did you suddenly change your mind?”

Lewis Sinclair laughed at Bella’s confused expression. “I just wanted to surprise you, dear...”

“This old geezer always pulls pranks like this, Bella. Next time, whenever this old geezer tells you something, believe the opposite,” Isaac said jokingly, but with a deadpan face while shaking his head.

“How could I stay here and let you play with Dax alone?” Lewis answered, narrowing his eyes at Isaac. “I won’t allow that... Isaac... I’m moving to the capital.”

“Do whatever you want. Just don’t move into our house,” Isaac chuckled.

“Hahaha, I’ll buy land near your house. No worries... You’re going to see me around a lot.”

Bella, “...”

It seems Bella’s peaceful life won’t remain peaceful for long.

She silently took a deep breath while maintaining her Mona Lisa smile, watching the two older men she respected the most chatting—it sounded like they were in agreement, but they actually weren’t.

“Grandpa, I’m glad you finally decided to move...” Bella walked over to him and put her arm around him. “Dax will be happy,” she said, glancing at the plane. Her son and Noora had been on board since earlier.

“Alright, let’s go now,” Lewis said.

They all boarded the jet and flew to the capital.

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While in the Capital.

Tristan received a call from Max when he was about to go down to his office. He picked up the call while walking to the elevator.

“Good morning, boss,” Max’s urgent tone could be heard.

“What is it!?”

“Boss, you need to see something I found out. This is about Ms. Bella...”

Hearing Bella’s name was enough to make Tristan fasten his step.

“Master, breakfast?” Geoffrey said as he followed Tristan to the elevator.

Tristan didn’t answer, but his gaze seemed to tell him that there were essential things more important than breakfast.

Geoffrey no longer said anything other than immediately pressing the elevator button and letting him enter.

The lift is open on the 39th floor.

Dylan, already waiting for him, led him to the control room.

The room was filled with high-tech computers, acting as a command center, and could access CCTV in the entire building. Besides, the room also has Max’s office as the IT director for Sinclair Corp.

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Max sat in a commanding-like chair in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the computer screen before him.

However, when he heard someone enter the room, he stood immediately and hurriedly greeted Tristan.

“Boss, your Grandpa booked a jet out from the East City to the Capital,” Max said.

The room became colder when Tristan heard Max’s words. He halted his step while rubbing his eyebrow. “This is the important matter you said?”

“Of course not, boss...” Max immediately answered. He sat back in his commanding chair. Then, his hands danced briefly on the keyboard. Not long after, several computer screens in front of them turned on. They showed CCTV footage of the private airport in East City.

Even without Max's explanation, Tristan's eyes widened when he saw Bella leave the car. He also saw his son and Isaac Donovan among them. Later, he saw his Grandpa also come.

"Ms. Bella and the others actually ride the jet, boss..." Max said proudly while glancing at Tristan, who still looked shocked looking at the monitor.

"I checked the flight radar; they will land in this city in about 10 minutes. I'm unsure where they will be heading, but I found another important clue..."

Tristan was surprised to hear Max found another clue.

"Speak!?"

"Isaac Donovan has a house in Little Heaven, and I found that they started cleaning and renovating it a week ago. It seems they will stay there."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, boss..." Dylan, who was standing behind, chimed in. "I already investigated and confirmed Ms. Bella will stay there with her grandpa."

When Tristan found out about this, a faint smile appeared on the edge of his lips. At least now he knew where Bella lived, but other information was still a secret. Max could not access her personal data at all.

Tristan glanced at Dylan, "Do I have property in that area? If I don't have it yet, buy it immediately. I also need to move to that area."

Max, "..."

Dylan, "..."

"Yes, Boss... I will check."

Tristan nods. Then he looks at Max again, "Max, send the CCTV footage to me."

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It only took 30 minutes of flight for the jet to land at Fort City's private airport.

Bella and the others headed straight to the Little Heaven area. They parted ways with Lewis Sinclair, who also headed to his house.

Not long after, their car arrived at a three-story modern-style house.

However, before Bella entered the house, her cell phone started ringing. She was shocked to see the number. Even though she deleted that number five years ago, she still remembers it.

Her hands clenched tightly into fists while she stared at her cell phone screen. 'What do you want, Tristan?' she muttered under her breath.

"Pick up. Maybe it's important," Isaac said before entering the house with Dax.

Bella didn't pick up immediately but waited until Grandpa and Dax disappeared behind the door.

After picking up the phone, no words came from her lips. She kept silent, waiting for him to say something.

"Hi, It's been a while, Bella." Tristan's enchanting voice came from the other end. Causing Bella to hold her cell phone tightly. "How are you?"

"What do you want?" She said coldly.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 55**

He Knows About Dax

"Hi, It's been a while, Bella." Tristan's enchanting voice came from the other end. Causing Bella to hold her cell phone tightly. "How are you?"

"What do you want?" She said coldly.

Tristan's smile slowly turned wry when he heard her cold response. "Can we meet? There's something I need to talk to you..."

Bella didn't say anything.

"I know about our son. We need to talk about him, Bella," he said calmly, though his heart felt hardened as he waited for her answer.

Bella was shocked to hear his words. Countless questions now fill her mind: How could he know about Dax? Did Grandpa Sinclair tell him?

Despite her shock, Bella couldn't find the words to respond. She just stood where she was while holding her cell phone tightly.

"Please give me a time and place. I'll come to you," he said patiently. "If you need more time, just let me know when you're willing to meet."

"I can't right now. I have so much to do. I'll let you know later," Bella said, ending the call. She could feel her knees weakening after she hung up the phone.

After speaking with Tristan, she didn't immediately enter the house. Instead, she tried to calm her upset heart and mind first. Bella didn't want her grandpa and Dax to see her gloomy expression now and worry about her, especially Dax.

Later, she finally walked inside the house.

She saw Grandpa and Dax still sitting in the living room as if they were waiting for her.

Trying to hide her anxiety about meeting Tristan behind her warm smile, she joined them in the seating area.

"Dax, do you like this house?" Bella asked in a cheerful tone as she sat next to Dax. Her smile grew wider as she watched him munching his chocolate cake, his eyes blinking at her.

"M-Mom—" Dax couldn't finish his words, his mouth still full of cake.

“Ugh, sorry baby...” Bella chuckled, finding him adorable. “You can finish your cake first, then talk...” She gently ruffled his smooth black hair.

After Dax finished his cake and drank his milk, he finally responded to Bella, “Yes, Mommy. This house is huge, and the backyard is also spacious. There’s a swimming pool there too. And, look... Look... at the sea view. It’s wonderful. I want to go there, mommy.”

Bella felt emotional seeing her son so happy. She stared at Dax for a while, mesmerized by his cuteness. Just looking at him was enough to calm her mind, and for a brief moment, she forgot about Tristan.

“Mommy, glad you like this place. We can go to the beach later. But for now, let’s check our room upstairs...” She said and excused herself to her grandpa.

Bella already knew from her grandpa that she would occupy the entire second floor while he would stay on the first floor.

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After accompanying Dax to his new room and helping him settle, Bella finally had time to settle into her own room.

When she entered, Bella was surprised to see Noora still there, unpacking her suitcase.

She walked to the walk-in closet and smiled, looking at the empty colossal room. She didn’t have much stuff.

The clothes and accessories there were almost everything she had brought to Sweden several years ago.

She realized she needed to go shopping to buy a few formal clothes. She would need them as she was starting work tomorrow.

“Young miss, you only have a few clothes. Looks like you need to go shopping,” Noora said, glancing at Bella.

“You read my mind, Aunty.” Bella chuckled. “Well, yes... I plan to go shopping later. How about Dax? Does he need new clothes?” She asked, standing near the end of the room and gazing at the scenery outside.

There’s a huge French window with a hill view. She could see greenery in the hills. The temperature in this area was warmer than the East City. The snow had melted, and spring seemed to be approaching faster.

“Of course, he needs a lot of new clothes, miss. Gosh... Young master has gained weight recently—” Noora explained what Dax needed.

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“Okay, I’ll set the time,” Bella said quietly, leaving the room.

Her mind filled with images of Tristan again, and her mood darkened again.

She had promised to text him but hadn’t sent a message. Now, she could only stare at her phone but dared not type anything.

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Standing near the glass window, Bella looked pensive, causing Noora, who had just come out from the walk-in closet, to become worried when she saw her expression.

“Young miss, is something bothering you?” Noora’s voice startled Bella.

She smiled at Noora before answering, “No. I’m fine. Nothing bothers me. Aunty, you can take a rest, too. I will take care of everything here.”

Noora didn’t leave the room right away because she knew Bella was hiding something.

“Miss, I have known you since you were a child, and I can see you are not telling the truth now...”

“Oh, please, Noora...” Bella chuckled, unable to hide anything from her. She walked to the sofa and gestured for Noora to join her.



Bella took a deep breath before saying, “You are so right. Something troubles me now.”

Noora started to worry, hearing the gloomy tone in Bella’s voice.

She still remembered Bella’s vulnerable side when they moved to Sweden. She recalled the most challenging part of moving to a foreign country – the first and second years were tough without any friends or family there, unable to contact anyone outside. Only in the third year did Bella begin to improve and enjoy her life there. She started to open up to her friends and contact her grandpa again.

However, Noora sensed that since returning to their home country, Bella had started to show signs of uneasiness and worry again through her gaze.

Several times, Noora had wanted to ask, but they never had much alone time as Dax was always around.

Today, however, Noora couldn’t hold it anymore. She had to ask, fearing Bella might keep it to herself, which wouldn’t be good for her mental health.

“You can share with me. Maybe it will lessen your worry,” Noora said sincerely.

“Tristan asked to meet...”