

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back

#Chapter 521: Grandpa Dying? - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 521: Grandpa Dying?

"Don't be sad, my dear Bella. Cheer up. I will leave this world happy if you don't cry," William lovingly looked at Bella. He smiled, though his smile still seemed weak.

Bella's lips trembled as she said, "Father, I promise to protect and love them with all my heart. Don't worry about it—" She wiped her tears and smiled at him.

"Thank you, Bella. Thank you so much..." William's voice sounded weak and shaky.

Bella's sob grew louder when she felt Tristan's hand land and squeeze her shoulder gently. She turned to see him, surprised to see his eyes getting even more red and tense.

Tristan was about to ask them to leave but was halted when Dax spoke, "Grandpa, where are you going? Why are you saying goodbye to Mommy and Daddy?" he asked while looking at all of them in return.

Dax, who had been confused all this time, couldn't wait to ask those questions. He knew his Grandpa was ill, but why did he seem weird, as if he was about to go somewhere far and not going to return to see them all?

"And why are you crying, Mommy?" Dax continued to ask, looking at his mother.

Tristan and Bella were lost for words. They could only look at Dax in a daze, unable to tell him what had really happened.

"My dear Little Dax," William smiled gently at his worried and confused grandchild. "I'm not going anywhere, my little man. I'll forever be by your side," he said while placing his hand on Dax's chest before continuing, "In here...in your heart."

Witnessing this, Bella cried even more internally; only her small sobs could be heard, but it was enough to worry Tristan.

He could see his wife struggling to breathe. He also noticed his father seemed to need to take another pain reliever.

Tristan took Bella's hand before looking at Dax, "Buddy, your Grandpa is exhausted now. Let Grandpa have some rest, okay?"

After Bella and Dax hugged William Sinclair, they left the room.

Holding Tristan and Dax's hands, Bella tried to maintain her composure as they left William Sinclair's room.

Tristan stopped before the temporary room that Bella used earlier. He leaned closer to Bella and whispered, "Darling, go inside and get some rest with Dax."

"Hmm..."

"And, please ask your mother and Noora to come here. Father also wanted to meet them."

Bella didn't rush to go inside; she nodded to him before throwing herself into his embrace and crying silently. She could feel Tristan kiss her head and tightly hug her back.

After a few more seconds, Tristan's voice could be heard near her ear:

"Please stop crying, dear. Dax and the twins will be even more confused if you continue crying. This is the best thing for my father. If he stays longer, his illness will only torture him."

Bella nodded and released her embrace. She looked up to see his eyes while smiling at him.

"I know."

"Alright, go inside. We don't have much time," Tristan said while opening the door for them.

After Natalie and Noora left the room, Bella sat on the three-seater sofa, and Dax sat on the single sofa opposite her.

Bella noticed her son was engrossed with something on his iPad, probably doing his coding course as usual.

She decided to let him be and leaned back on the sofa, trying to push away the sadness from her mind.

However, before she could dismiss her sad and frightened feelings, she suddenly heard Dax call her.

"Mom. Mom, are you sleeping?" Dax asked.

Bella slowly opened her eyes and slightly glanced at him, "No, I'm not sleeping, dear. I'm just trying to rest my eyes. Do you want Mommy to get you something?"

Dax shook his head slowly and placed his iPad on his lap. His tense eyes prompted Bella to wake up and face him.

"Is Grandpa dying?"

Bella was not surprised to hear her intelligent son, who had just turned five a few days ago, ask this question.

However, she was momentarily lost for words. She just stared at her son with mixed emotions.

"Mom?"

"Uhm, why do you ask if Grandpa is dying?" Bella asked hurriedly.

"No reason. I was trying to guess. Because since we moved into the new house, I often hear Uncle Daniel and Geoffrey talking about Grandpa's health condition," Dax explained. "And when Grandpa said his strange words earlier, it made me curious. So, I decided to search online and found out that Grandpa might be dying. Has his cancer finally become incurable?"

Although his voice sounded casual, his worry and gloomy gaze were enough to convey his inner feelings to Bella.

"Come here, Dax. Sit next to me," Bella tapped the seat beside her.

Bella decided not to hide anything from her son any longer.

Sooner or later, he would learn about his Grandpa's actual condition.

What worried her now was that she couldn't control her emotions to discuss something this sensitive with him. She might end up breaking into tears again. However, waiting for Tristan to tell Dax about it would take a long time because he was busy outside.

Bella turned to look at Dax as she placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Dax, your grandpa is indeed dying," Bella said. She paused momentarily to see his reaction. When she saw him appear calm, she continued. "The doctor can no longer help him heal. So, all we can do is pray that God will not let him suffer too much."

She felt like her words were cutting into her heart like a sharp knife.

"No wonder Grandpa was saying his last words to you and Dad," Dax said softly. He paused for a moment as if trying to hold back his tears. "Mom, I feel sorry for Grandpa. He must be in a lot of pain right now."

Bella felt hurt when she saw her son lower his gaze as if he didn't want her to see his red eyes.

"My son, you can cry if you want. It's fine," Bella said, turning her gaze to another place, giving him time to express his sorrow.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 522: The Final Announcement - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 522: The Final Announcement

They fell silent again for a few seconds. All Bella could hear was her son's quiet sobs, which made her tears start to wet her cheeks again.

After a long silence, Dax said, "Mom, I feel sad now because I only knew my Grandpa for a short time. And now...he will leave me again. Forever..."

Bella looked at her son; when she saw his tears wetting his cheeks, she smiled at him, saying, "Even if he has left us forever, he will always be with you, with us. Grandpa will always be in our hearts. As long as you remember and keep praying for him."

Dax nodded.

"I will pray for Grandpa and remember him forever so he will stay here forever," he said while putting his hand on his chest.

"Good, boy. You did well, my son..." Bella felt proud of him. He was handling this better than she was. "Alright, let's stop crying. Grandpa would be sad if he saw us cry, right?"

"Hmm, let's do that," Dax said, wiping away his last tears.

Not long after, a few pairs of steps enter the room.

Bella saw her mother and Noora return with her Grandpa, and Nick followed them.

They all sit in the living room with the same gloomy expression as they wait in sorrow to hear the final announcement about William Sinclair.

The next day.

The news of William Sinclair's death shocked the nation in the early morning.

Almost all television stations reported the news, and it also became a trending topic on the internet.

The media crew flooded the hospital to make a live report about William Sinclair's death.

Fortunately, Bella and her family had left the hospital early that morning and returned home before the news was released. So, no media could take a picture of them.

While Dax continued to rest in his room, Bella lay on the bed, hugging her husband. She worried about Tristan, who hadn't rested since yesterday and only slept after they arrived home.

Tristan had been busy accompanying his father during his last moments. He had to meet with a few influential people who knew about the news and came to visit the hospital right away, including the president of the nation, Jayson Spencer, and his wife, as well as a few of the country's founders. William's closest business partner, friends, and a few close family members were also there.

Bella lay still, trying not to wake Tristan, fitting herself into his arms. She could hear his steady heartbeat as he slept, but a few times, he seemed to cry in his sleep, which broke her heart again.

Bella didn't know when she also fell asleep again. She only woke up when her stomach made a loud growl, breaking the silence; at the same time, Tristan moved.

"Are you hungry?" Tristan's hoarse, deep voice echoed above her head.

Bella looked up and smiled.

"It seems our twin is asking me to eat now. What time is it?" she said, trying to glance at the digital clock on the bedside table. She was surprised to see it was almost nine.

Tristan tried to get up and said, "I will ask someone—"

Bella stopped him, "No. Go clean yourself. You have to be present in the hospital at ten. I'm sure Grandpa is already ready, waiting for you."

"Hmm, you're right," Tristan said while sitting on the edge of the bed and running his finger through his hair.

He glanced at her, "I will return to the hospital with Grandpa. You don't have to go there. Please wait here with Dax. We will have a funeral ceremony tomorrow morning..." he explained the funeral plan briefly.

Bella said nothing; she just nodded and let him clean up. After she prepared his suit, she left the room to use another bathroom to clean up before heading to the first floor.

She needed to prepare breakfast for Tristan before he left the house. He might be busy until afternoon receiving a few of their distant family members to give William a last moment. Tomorrow, they will have a private burial that only close family members can attend.

When Bella arrived in the dining area, she saw Dax sitting with her mother at the dining table. She also saw a chef and Noora busy preparing a warm meal in the dry kitchen near the dining room.

The room's atmosphere was still gloomy. No one spoke; they were all busy with their activities. Even her mother and Dax didn't talk about anything.

After adjusting her emotions and keeping her face calm, Bella walked into the room.

"Good morning, Mom, Dax..." She greeted them and sat beside Dax, facing the huge glass window and looking at the bright sky outside. However, inwardly, she still felt gloomy.

"Good morning, Mommy," Dax smiled back at his mother.

"Morning, Bella. What do you want to eat?" Natalie greeted her back. She could see Bella's exhausted gaze, which made her worry.

"Anything, mom. I'm hungry..." Bella said vaguely as she picked up a grape and ate it.

"Alright, I'll ask the chefs to make something warm and fast for you. How about Tristan?" Natalie asked before approaching Noora and the chef.

"He will join us in a minute. Give him something simple. He will rush to the hospital right away after breakfast."

Natalie said nothing and left hurriedly.

Bella silently smiled, looking at her mother. She felt grateful enough to have her mother stay with them in this situation; at least she had someone to talk to when Tristan was busy handling everything outside.

While waiting for her breakfast, Bella talks to Dax. She told him about the funeral plan and that his private class schedule would be stopped for a week.

"I know, Mom. Uncle Geoffrey already explained to us before you came."

Bella was surprised, "Where is Uncle Geoffrey now?"

"He prepared a car for Dad outside," Dax said while placing his cutlery.

He turned to look at his mother before continuing, "Mom, don't be stressed. It's not okay for the twins. Please relax. Daddy will take care of everything."

Bella, "..."

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 523: Investigation Progress - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 523: Investigation Progress

Dax turned to look at his mother before continuing, "Mom, don't be stressed. It's not okay for the twins. Please relax. Daddy will take care of everything."

Bella tried to hold back a laugh when she heard her son's advice.

She felt she was talking to Tristan, not her five-year-old son, Dax.

'Gosh! Why is this little man so similar to Tristan!?' she thought, amused.

Bella didn't want Dax to feel bad, so she smiled at him and said, "I will listen to my genius son. Alright, finish your muesli and milk..."

"Mom, I want to go with Dad to the hospital. May I go?" Dax visibly pleaded.

Before Bella could answer, Tristan appeared behind them, looking neat in his black suit. He smiled at them as he approached the dining table.

"Not today, buddy. I need you here to accompany Mommy and the twins. But I will take you with me tomorrow to take Grandpa to his forever resting place. How about that?" Tristan answered Dax, tapping his head gently before sitting next to Bella.

"Alright, Dad," Dax said as he finished breakfast. He thought he would never have the chance to see his grandfather again, so he wanted to go to the hospital.

"Tristan, what time will you come home?" Bella asked, concerned about his condition and worried he would be exhausted.

"Perhaps I will join you for dinner, but I will call before I return. Just to let you know when I will be on my way," he smiled at her before continuing, "And you must eat and rest. Don't exhaust yourself with too much work. Remember, tomorrow, we will be busy again."

"Okay, I promise I will," Bella answered without asking further. She already knew why Tristan hurriedly arranged his father's funeral. It was because that was his father's last wish—William's last wish was to be buried quietly in a simple funeral with only family and close friends attending, without any publicity, and to be buried by his mother's side.

After kissing Bella and Dax on their foreheads, Tristan finally left the house and headed to the hospital with Geoffrey.

In the afternoon of the same day, news about William Sinclair's death continued to circulate and dominate the media in the country.

Bella turned on her cell phone for the first time since last night and was instantly bombarded with notifications. She placed her cell phone on the table and patiently waited for the notifications to stop.

While waiting, she opened her laptop to browse the internet, wanting to read about her father-in-law.

However, as soon as she turned on her computer, Stefan's worried face appeared on the screen, startling her.

"Sister, you're finally online—"

"Stefan, what the? Why did you hack into my laptop?"

"Yeah, sorry about that. But I had to. I couldn't reach you, and no one else could contact you. They are all so worried after hearing the news. I'm so sorry for your loss, sister."

Bella smiled faintly, observing how worried Stefan appeared. "Thank you, Stefan."

"Sis, are you alright? Why is your cell phone not active?" Stefan asked, filled with concern.

"I'm fine. We are just shocked this happened too soon," Bella answered. She briefly paused to take a deep breath.

"I know, right? I met him several times when I stayed at your house; he looked fine. Why did he suddenly die? Even Harper and the others were shocked because they still saw him on Dax's birthday."

"He has already battled with his cancer for years but never shows it to others," Bella said, feeling gloomy as she talked about her father-in-law. After composing herself, she continued, "Well, we knew this time would arrive, but we didn't expect it to come so fast."

"I hope I can fly there, sis," Stefan said, his expression slowly gloomy. He wanted to return to Astington to support Bella and Dax but couldn't.

"Thank you, Stefan. But you don't have to force it. I understand you can't leave the headquarters because Jack is still out of the country..." Bella smiled when she saw him protest through his gaze.

She had heard Stefan complain since the day he knew he couldn't come to Dax's birthday party because Jack had decided to attend. Also, Harper was not in New York at that time. This is one

rule in the RDF Group to ensure everything was under control: at least one senior management member stayed at the office.

Stefan rubbed his neck, looking frustrated. "Yeah! Still...I wanted to be there."

"You can come here when Jack returns," Bella tried to cheer him up.

"I hope Jack returns much earlier than scheduled. He said he has business in Dubai and will only come a few days later."

"I see. So you can come here after he arrives."

"Yes. I will come to visit you, sister!"

"Good, good, I will wait. Ah, bro, can you help me?" Bella asked as she remembered Tristan's plan to capture Mad Dog. She had heard from Tristan that Stefan helped them locate that person.

"Sure! What kind of help, sis?"

"Tell me about the progress of your investigation regarding Mad Dog?"

"Damn it! This Mad Dog is completely cunning. He's just vanished as if the earth swallowed him! My best guess is that he has gone off-grid. He no longer uses any of the gadgets he usually uses. And he likely not in any places he has visited in the past.

So, we completely lost him. At least for now."

Bella's heart tightens. She knew how evil Marco, A.K.A Mad Dog, was. And, she would never have eased if this man had not been captured.

"Ah, sis, I found something interesting after investigating Marco's identity in more detail," Stefan said excitedly.

"What is it?" Bella asked curiously.

"That man was Laura Kiels, the fiance..."

"What the hell? Do you mean Marco? Laura's fiance?" Bella was shocked beyond words to hear that. "Are you serious?"

Stefan responded, "Yeah, he's the one who helped Laura out of her legal troubles. You remember her lawsuit against Jessica Spencer and our company?"

"Hmm, I remember," Bella said.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 524: Funeral Day - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 524: Funeral Day

Back then, Bella was puzzled that Laura still had the money to settle all the damages from the contract, including the payment to Jessica Sinclair's jewelry company. She also paid Stellar Entertainment for the money she used for personal matters.

"Actually, Marco is the one who helped her out of all that mess. Laura Kiels has been staying at his villa since she left her apartment. And a few days before she died in prison, a man visited her. I believe that was Marco in disguise."

Bella was utterly shocked.

Now, everything has become clear to her. It made sense why Dark Skull was interested in her right after she took over Quantum Capital; it was because Laura Kiels wanted to know about her. Not because that man was Tristan's mortal enemy.

She never expected Mad Dog A.K.A Marco, the leader of Dark Skull, to be Laura Kiels's fiancé.

The funeral day.

The sun shone brightly that day, and the air felt warm as William Sinclair was finally buried in the family cemetery next to his mother's tomb.

Only close family members were present at the Sinclair family funeral.

The funeral was deliberately kept very simple because William wanted to rest in peace without bothering other people to come to his last home.

The family left the location individually after the short and solemn funeral ceremony. The only ones left were Tristan and Bella—even Dax had returned earlier with his grandmother, Noora, and Geoffrey guarding them.

Although the burial location was on the Sinclair family's land, several guards seemed to be in a safe area not far from them.

Bella and Tristan were still sitting in silence under the shade. She let Tristan sink into his thoughts; she knew her husband needed to say something to his father.

She was also busy remembering William Sinclair's kindness in the past, but she couldn't remember anything. She only remembered the good memories with him when she finally forgot him a few months ago.

Bella felt sad like everyone else. The strange thing was that she also felt sorry for some unknown reason. But she would guess the feeling might come from her past relationship with William, which was far from good.

Before long,

Tristan's voice broke the silence of the place.

"Thank you, Bella..." His voice sounded shaking, and he looked at their entangled hands.

Bella looked at him, a thin line slowly appearing on her forehead. "Thank me? For what...?" she asked, puzzled.

Tristan turned to her with a faint smile. "Because you forgave my father before he died. It made him extremely happy to face his death when he received your forgiveness."

Hearing his words was enough to blur Bella's eyes. Unable to hold back her tears again, she let them fall before expressing her thoughts.

"Please don't make me remember those times," she said between sobs. "I feel hurt again because of those bad things that happened in the past. You know what, Tristan? If only nothing had happened between me and your mother, I might have many good memories with your father."

Tristan said nothing but wiped away her tears, finally allowing himself to cry for the first time in front of his wife.

Bella's sobs get louder.

"Now I regret why I didn't tell you about your mother sooner. Why did I keep that to myself for so long?" She wanted to say that, but those words stuck in her throat.

"Alright, don't cry again. No need to remember those things," He leaned closer and kissed her wet eyes before continuing his words. "Father feels relieved and happy when death takes him. Even in his last breath, he makes sure I will never hurt you again."

Bella finally could stop her tears; she tried to smile, hearing Tristan's words, "If you hurt me, I will break your legs, Tristan Sinclair. Never think about it, even in your dreams!"

Tristan smiled, looking at her teasing smile.

"You won't have the chance to break my leg, my love. I will never hurt you. I promise you," Tristan sincerely said while staring at her teary eyes. "I love you so much!"

"Hmm, I will keep that promise, Mr. Tristan Sinclair," Bella smiled when she saw him finally not as gloomy as before. His smile could now reach his eyes again.

Bella and Tristan stayed there, talking about many things. They both seemed to want to discuss anything good about William Sinclair.

However, not long after, Reid approached Tristan with a stiff expression.

"Boss..." Reid leaned closer and whispered something.

Suddenly, Tristan's facial expression hardened, causing Bella to become worried when she noticed the change. Tristan whispered something to Reid, but Bella couldn't hear what was said.

Her curiosity grew, and she started to worry that something had happened in their family, thinking about Mad Dog.

After Reid walked away, Bella couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong, Tristan? Is there a problem?" with a worried expression.

Tristan's smile widened as he warmly held her hand and stood up.

"My wife, the temperature in this area is dropping. We should head back now," Tristan calmly said, ignoring her worried question.

Bella sensed something terrible had happened, and Tristan was eager to leave the cemetery quickly. Sensing danger, she didn't press for more details and followed Tristan to the black Maybach parked a few meters from William's tomb.

The car promptly exited the cemetery, followed by three SUVs, intensifying Bella's unease.

As their car crossed the highway, Bella asked, "Tristan, can you explain why we must leave in such a hurry?"

Tristan gently stroked Bella's hand on his lap with his thumb. He was hesitant to tell her, but as he looked into her pleading gaze, he could no longer keep it to himself.

"Someone asked to see Father for the last time, so we should leave," he said.

His vague response left Bella even more confused. "Someone?" she asked.

As Bella tried to make sense of it, a face suddenly came to her mind, freezing her in place.

"Hmm..."

"Your mother?" Bella asked.

He nodded.

"I allowed her to see my father one last time as her punishment. I know she loved my father so much, and now that my father is no longer alive, she must be devastated," Tristan explained.

Bella says nothing but feels sorry for him, having such a mother.

"My father wanted me to forgive my mother, but how could I do that after what she did to you? To my granny—" Tristan's voice trailed off. He felt like he couldn't continue his sentence.

"Tristan, there's no need to explain. I understand," Bella said as she held Tristan's hand tighter to strengthen his broken heart.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 525: Her Birthday Approaching - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 525: Her Birthday Approaching

A few days later.

So much has happened since William Sinclair's funeral. His sudden death is still being discussed in public, and the A-Netz is demanding to know the cause.

Sinclair's family knew they couldn't stay still to keep it secret and let the doctor from their hospital address them in a press conference a few days after the funeral. Only after the press conference did the media and A-Netz no longer pressure them.

Despite William Sinclair's passing, the Sinclair Group continues to thrive. The price of its public shares on the stock market remains unchanged.

A week later, the family members gradually returned to their usual routines.

Lewis Sinclair has chosen to spend some time in seclusion at his Lake View Villa, planning to return to the capital at the end of the year.

Tristan has also returned to his usual routine after taking three days off at home. He is busy leading his company again.

Dax has also resumed his regular schedule and is learning various activities with a private teacher at home. He has also started taking martial arts lessons with Geoffrey.

Bella's baby bump is becoming more noticeable. She is now starting to do her morning exercises in their indoor gym.

As for her Quantum Capital matters, she can now trust Harper to lead the company. Lately, they seem able to handle the rest without her involvement. Harper only visited her twice with Leo to discuss company matters.

Freedom from Quantum Capital has given Bella so much free time. She feels happy because she is now starting to focus only on her pregnancy and her family.

Also, an exciting moment: She will turn thirty-two in two days. She didn't plan to celebrate her birthday like she usually did. However, Tristan insisted that he would give her something special.

Bella didn't know what it was, but she anticipated that because this was the first time after she had known him, she would accept his birthday gift.

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Sitting alone on the couch in the living room, Bella is doing a video call with Stefan. However, a few minutes have passed since he excused himself to pick up a call.

"Sister, are you sleeping?"

Bella opens her eyes when she hears Stefan's voice. She sits up straight, looking at her laptop on the coffee table.

"Why are you taking so long? Who's calling?" Bella asked curiously, slightly annoyed.

"Who else? It was Jack," Stefan shook his head while chuckling.

"And what does he want? Why is he calling you now?"

"Boss Jack ensures I'm not staying for too long at Astington. He also asked me to do many things before I fly tomorrow morning."

"What time will you arrive tomorrow? Did Sam know about your schedule?"

"At night. Yeah, Sam will pick me up at the airport," Stefan excitedly explained. "I'm so thrilled to fly now. And I'm so happy to finally celebrate your birthday again, sis."

"Well, bro, no party this time. But I will invite you and the others for dinner at home."

"That's much better. You know I don't like parties, right?" Stefan said.

"Yeah, I know. Any updates on that evil Mad Dog?" Bella inquired about Mad Dog. Since their last communication, there had been no significant news about him. She believed Tristan and his team were still trying to track him down.

"Negative! I'm starting to suspect Mad Dog has fled to another country because all his associates and businesses are no longer there." Stefan replied.

Bella remained silent, but her worried expression conveyed her feelings. She feared that Mad Dog might harm her or her family.

"Sis, don't worry. If he is abroad, our Sentinel Network will find him. We can't operate as effectively in your country due to your country's military involvement. Still, outside, he will have nowhere to hide," Stefan reassured her, trying to lessen her concerns.

"Thank you, bro. I just want him to be captured. I'm still worried about the possibility of him still being out there; what if he returns for revenge?"

"He's not foolish enough to act now, sis. I think he's waiting for an opportunity to escape. I heard from Max that your husband is working with army special forces in your country to capture him so that he might feel the ultimate pressure now."

"Yeah, I heard that too, and I hope so," Bella said, nodding slightly. "Alright, let's stop talking about him. You mentioned that you haven't started packing your things yet."

"Oops! I forgot about that. I have to go now. Bye, sis! See you soon."

"Bye..."

After ending the video call with Stefan, Bella rushed to Dax's activity room. However, before climbing to the third floor, she saw him descending with Noora.

"You're done?" Bella asked as she waited for them at the end of the stairs.

"Yes, Mom," Dax said as he walked faster to his mother. "Let's go to Granny's house. I'm hungry," he said excitedly as they went to his favorite place for lunch today.

They arrived at Natalie's house just as she put the last dish on the table.

"You guys are here?" Natalie smiled happily as she looked at her daughter and Dax. "Come on, hurry up and eat. You too, Noora, eat with us," she said, stopping Noora, who wanted to go to the kitchen to clean up.

"I just want to wash my hands, mam," Noora said with an awkward smile when she was caught trying to skip lunch with them.

"Alright, let's eat. This is the spicy beef stew, special for my little Dax," Natalie said as she served a bowl of soup to Dax and Bella.

"Granny, thanks for the food. But can you start removing 'little' before my name? I'm about to become a big brother," Dax politely said before starting to gobble excitedly.

Natalie and the others chuckled at his words.

"Alright, alright, Dax...granny will call you that," Natalie said as she ate with them.

They continue to talk about random things. But one subject seemingly piqued Dax's interest more than the rest: his mother's birthday, the day after tomorrow.

"Mom, why don't you celebrate your birthday?" Dax asked.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 526: The Shocking Birthday Gift From Tristan - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 526: The Shocking Birthday Gift From Tristan

Later, curious Dax suddenly chimed in, "Mom, why don't you celebrate your birthday?"

Natalie and Noora are also curious. They both look at Bella, who smiles back at them.

"How could we celebrate when I have just lost your Grandpa? Besides, you know I never celebrated my birthday." Bella said before she lowered her head and continued eating, trying to hide her sadness.

"True," Noora gloomily comments.

Natalie, upon hearing this, also feels sad. She knows that since childhood, her daughter has only celebrated her birthday twice. After that, they only have dinner with family members every time on her birthday. Remembering those times, she feels wronged because she never gives Bella happy memories on her birthday.

The room becomes silent as they all continue to finish their lunch.

However, not long after, sensing the room's gloomy vibe, Bella tries to divert the conversation. She looks at her mother and asks, "Mom, how's Henry?"

Natalie's eyes slowly lit up.

"Bella, your brother is doing well there. He now leads a small team that is expanding a company in the nearby town. And he is now living with your grandpa in his lake-view villa. Well, don't worry; no one knows about his identity in the office."

Bella smiled. This is what she wanted to hear.

"Sounds good to hear that, Mom. I hope Henry can learn in three months before I ask Auntie Emma to call him back to the headquarters."

"I'm proud of Master Henry now," Noora said.

"Thank you, Noora. I hope he can become a decent man," Natalie said, looking at Bella. "Oh right, Bella, I plan to visit your brother and Grandpa in December and return with them. I hear your Grandpa and Lewis will come here to celebrate the New Year, right?"

"Mom, of course you can. And yes, we will have a small family party here on New Year's Eve," Bella said, happy to see her mother finally not gloomy anymore. She turned to Noora. "Aunty, you have to go with Mother."

Noora was surprised to hear that. "Young madam, is that okay?"

"Yes, of course. You never go on holiday, Aunty Noora. You should go there to relax and accompany my mother this time. Help my mother relax, too," Bella insisted.

"Alright, ma'am. If you insist...I will gladly go there and accompany Old Madam," Noora giggled as she ate again.

"Can we go too, Mom?" Dax pleaded. She had only once visited that place, and he missed it again.

She also wanted to go there, but she knew Tristan would not allow her to go with only Dax after what happened recently. Mad Dog is still out there.

"I will ask your father first, Dax," Bella said.

"Okay, mom—"

November 20.

"Happy birthday, Bella..."

Bella tried to open her eyes when she heard Tristan's voice near her ear.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," Tristan said, wrapping his arms around her body and pulling her closer. He smiled when she heard her groan while hiding her face on his chest.

"What time is it?" Bella asked in a hoarse voice. Her eyes just refused to open.

"It's twelve past," Tristan felt guilty for waking her up, but he wanted to be the first to congratulate her. "I'm sorry to wake you up now."

"Hmm, it's fine. Can we sleep again?" Bella weakly said, barely opening her eyes. Last night, she tried not to fall asleep before twelve, but it seemed she couldn't take it anymore, and she fell asleep at who knows what time.

"I'm sorry, but please wait a bit. There's something I want to give you. Wait here a minute, I'll get it," Tristan said, immediately leaving the bed.

Bella opened her eyes and saw Tristan walking towards their office. She waited for him to return.

Not long after, he returned with a brown folder, sat on the edge of the bed, and handed it to her.

"What is this?" Bella asked as she sat beside Tristan, looking at him.

"Please check it yourself, dear," Tristan said with a smile as he turned on the reading light. "This is my birthday present for you."

Bella no longer asked but immediately opened the folder. She saw several sets of papers inside, and as she read them, the content shocked her.

She looked up to see Tristan smiling at her. "Why did you transfer the Sinclair share to me?"

Bella was shocked beyond words to see that the papers transferred twenty-five percent of Sinclair Group shares to her.

"As I said before, this is my birthday present for you, dear," Tristan said gently.

"But these shares?"

"These are the shares Grandpa gave me if I agreed to marry you..." Tristan paused for a moment to take a deep breath before continuing. "My dear, I want you to have all these shares because they were always meant to be yours, not mine. So please accept them as your wedding gift and also as a birthday gift."

"Tristan—" There were so many things Bella wanted to say, but somehow, all the sentences in her mind slowly disappeared when she saw his gaze. She couldn't say anything, just looking at him with teary eyes.

"My wife, Bella, I sincerely apologize for the difficulties at the beginning of our marriage. And as I have promised many times since the beginning of this year, I have told you that I will only give you happiness from now on," Tristan said sincerely while looking into her eyes.

"Thank you—" Only those words could leave her lips. She was still shocked at receiving such a large share for a company as big as Sinclair Group. "But is this too much, Tristan..."

"You deserve it. Please don't refuse. It's all yours now," Tristan assured her.

"Alright, I will accept it. But someday, I will give it to our child when they grow up." Bella said.

"You can do whatever you want, dear; that's yours."

"Hmm..." Bella smiled back at him, feeling grateful. However, later, something crossed her mind. "But, Tristan, if I have twenty-five percent share, how about you?" she asked.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 527: Touched By All Their Surprised Gifts - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 527: Touched By All Their Surprised Gifts

"But, Tristan, if I have twenty-five percent share, how about you?" Bella asked.

Tristan smiled lovingly at her. "I'm nearly penniless now because my wife is richer than me. Please don't leave me, huh?"

Bella remained silent. When he saw him not saying anything else, she asked worriedly, "Are you serious? Don't you have a share left there?"

Tristan smiles before touching her soft cheek and gently caressing it. He didn't rush to answer her.

"Seriously, no?" Bella asked again.

"Oh dear Bella, I don't need anything, only you and our children," Tristan said. When he saw her worries grow, he hurriedly continued, "Don't worry about me; Grandpa and my father have transferred all their shares to me. So, I have the rest for the company share..."

Bella can't help but narrow her eyes on him. 'Gosh! Why am I worried for nothing!?'

"Geez... You know, hubby, I'm not worried about you being penniless. Still, I just wanted to boss you around because I'm a big shareholder in the company," she grinned.

"Hahaha, you can do anything to me, dear. I won't refuse if you boss me around. In this house, you are the boss, not me," he said, leaning close to kiss her lips.

When their lips parted, she smiled at him, saying, "I'm just kidding. I'm not your boss, but your loving wife."

Tristan couldn't hide how happy he was hearing her words. He smiled at her before whispering near her face, "Happy Birthday, My love, Arabella Donovan. I hope you will only be blessed with happiness from now on. I love you—"

"Thank you, my husband, Tristan Sinclair. I love you more."

In the morning, Dax and Noora surprised Bella by entering their bedroom. They brought a birthday cake and sang "Happy Birthday."

Bella was surprised because Tristan usually locks their bedroom door. But why could they now open the door?

"You didn't lock the room?" Bella whispered while trying to straighten her nightgown under the blanket.

"No. Our son already warned me not to lock the door. He wanted to surprise you." Tristan smiled and helped her sit on the bed.

Bella smiled faintly. She hurriedly sat on the bed facing her son. A smile graced her sleepy face, even though she felt a terrible headache—lack of sleep because she had only slept a few hours before, and now she was awake again.

"Thank you, my dear boy," Bella smiled at him while accepting the cake and glanced at Noora. "Thank you, Noora... oh... Mother, you're here, too?!" She was surprised to see her mother standing at the end of the bed.

"Yes, we wanted to congratulate you last night, but Tristan said you had just slept, so we decided to come now," Natalie explained, smiling at Tristan. "Did we disturb your sleep?"

Bella was rendered speechless. It looks like Tristan didn't want others to bother his moment to congratulate her.

"No, Mom, I'm not that sleepy. Thank you..." Bella smiled at her mother.

"Ugh, come on, Mommy. Hurry up and blow the candle," Dax reminded her. "Wait, wait, Mom, you should make a wish first..."

Bella smiled at her son before she closed her eyes and made a wish, praying for happiness and health for all her family and friends.

After the warm morning birthday event, Bella's birthday didn't end there. Although there was no party to the celebration, all of her close family were there spending her morning until lunch.

Only Lewis Sinclair and Isaac Donovan are not there, as they both now stay in their villa at Lake View Village. But, of course, they are having a video call, and their birthday present for her makes its way to her hand.

It wasn't just gifts from Lewis Sinclair and Isaac Donovan that Bella received today, but also from Henry, her mother, and Dax.

Bella stares at the colorful present boxes on the coffee table, reluctant to open them.

"I can't believe it... Why did they give me presents when I told them they didn't have to prepare anything!?" Bella sighed deeply.

"Young madam, because this is your special day, they just wanted to make you happy. Hurry...hurry and open them," Noora excitedly waits to see what present Bella accept after so many years.

Bella feels amused looking at how excited Noora is now sitting opposite her.

"Oh, come on, Auntie Noora, did you encourage me to eat my afternoon snack earlier? Why are you asking me to open the gifts now?" Bella said.

Noora chuckled. "You still don't seem hungry, ma'am. So, let's check the presents first, huh?" she blinked, trying to persuade Bella.

Bella said nothing but nodded at her. She took a gift from her grandpa. The box was not too big—just like a tissue box—and she couldn't guess what it was.

She was surprised to see the content, "Ooh, how generous, Grandpa. He's giving me a ten-story building in East City," Bella smiles while passing the paper to Noora.

"Wow, this is a building on a main business street in the East City," Noora gasped in surprise to see the property transfer form.

"Yeah. Not bad. Grandpa knows me so well. I don't have property there, and I'm so grateful he gave me this one," Bella said while opening the gift from Lewis Sinclair, Tristan's grandpa.

"Young madam, what's the matter? What did old Sinclair give you?" Noora asked curiously when she saw Bella gasp while looking at the paper in her hand.

"Auntie Noora, it seems like my grandfather and Tristan's grandpa are trying to outdo each other," Bella said with a chuckle, looking at Auntie Noora. "They are competing to give me the best gift."

She turned her gaze to the property transfer form; Lewis Sinclair generously gave her a fifteen-story building in the East City, not far from her new building from her own grandpa.

"You're right—" Noora also had the same expression as Bella when she read the paper. "These two, so kind to you, mam."

"Mmm... They are." Bella smiled as she continued to open a gift from her mother.

However, her smile faded when she opened the box.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 528: The Wedding News - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 528: The Wedding News

Bella smiled as she continued to open a gift from her mother. However, her smile faded when she opened the box.

Slowly, she felt her heart swell when she saw a gold bangle in the black jewelry box. She recognized the jewelry as her mother's only possession before she married her father.

'Mom, why did you give me this? This is the only jewelry left by your parents...' Her eyes were blurry as she looked at the bangle, but she immediately distracted her mind and opened Henry's gift.

Bella also felt touched when she saw her brother give her a beautiful bag from a well-known brand. Even though the bag was not as expensive as her bag from Tristan, knowing her brother bought it now when he didn't have much money touched her heart deeply.

"He is so stupid! Why spend money on me? He doesn't even have money in his bank account..." Bella vented her frustration; She knew her brother only had a few thousand in his bank.

"Young madam, your brother's attitude toward you seemed different than when I saw him the last time. He has changed a lot..." Noora also felt touched when she looked at Henry's gift: a beautiful, ginger-colored cross-body bag.

"Maybe the divorce of our parents and how our mother battles her cancer in silence made him wake up from his arrogance and foolishness." Bella shook her head as she placed the bag and took the last gift from Dax — a small box like a phone box.

"What's this, Aunty Noora? Did you help my son wrap this one?" Bella asked Noora.

"No, I didn't, Young Madam. I think your husband did," Noora answered, also curious to know.

"Tristan?" Bella was taken aback. She opened the box and was surprised to see a barcode and Dax's handwriting, "Scan me!" inside.

Confused, Bella hurriedly grabbed her phone and scanned the barcode.

Instantly, a website appeared with video clips that made Bella cry. It featured pictures of her and Dax and a few video compilations of their life in Sweden. At the end of the video was a recent picture with Tristan present.

Her tears flowed more as she read the last credit of the video read:

"Happy Birthday, my pretty and kind Mommy. I created this website and video only for you. I wish you a delighted and blessed birthday. Love you so much—Your son Daxton Donovan Sinclair. Ps: Mom, I hope you like my present."

"What happened?" Noora was shocked when Bella suddenly cried, looking at her cell phone. "Please don't make me scared, Young Madam?" She rushed to see what Bella saw.

"Aunty Noora, Dax made a video for me," Bella said, giving her phone to Noora. While continuing to cry, she was overwhelmed with emotion, remembering their life in Sweden and the last picture there—Tristan included, with lovely poetic words by her son.

Bella feels so proud and happy because her four-year-old son created this video only for her.

For Bella, she didn't need expensive things. Only receiving this kind of video already made her super happy.

"Young master, he's such a sweetheart. How could he have planned to do this without us knowing?" Noora said between her tears.

"My son is so smart. This video is so good, it feels like watching a drama trailer..." Bella said proudly.

"You're right, Ma'am. I thought Max created this," Noora looked at Bella. "Ma'am, I think it's worth it that you allowed him to use your iPad early in his life. Now, he can make this pro video."

Bella smiled, looking at Noora. "He used the iPad for simple games, not to learn how to make videos. I guess Stefan or Max must have taught him to create the website and this video."

"Yeah, he learns so fast," Noora nodded and agreed with Bella.

...

The surprise and happiness that Bella received on her birthday continued as all her friends gathered for dinner with her family.

Leo came with Dana and surprised Bella with their wedding plans.

Sam also came with Stefan, and Bella was surprised to learn how close Sam and Bryan had become. They have become close friends.

Bella was even happier to see Sean arrive with Harper. Having all her friends and half of her family there made Bella feel completely blissful.

After dinner, all her friends didn't go home but continued to spend the night.

Later, all the women sat near the fireplace while the men headed to Tristan's playroom to play pool and continue drinking.

As Bella sat with only Harper and Dana, she noticed something shiny on Harper's hand.

"Oh, my lord!" Bella's eyes widened as she saw Harper. "Did he propose?" she asked.

Dana also looked at Harper's hand and gasped in surprise, waiting for her reply.

Harper pressed her lips tighter, holding her smile as she heard Bella's words.

"Harper Reed, spill it now," Bella pleaded with her gaze.

"Yes, Yes..." Harper said while trying to look around, checking that no one was around.

Harper felt too shy to tell them about Sean's proposal to her last night after he brought her to meet his Grandpa. She tells them everything.

"Oh dear Harper, I'm so happy for you. Congrats...congrats..." Bella said while standing from her seat and embracing her. "You will become part of Astington now, Harper. I'm utterly happy..."

"Miss Harper, congratulations on your engagement," Dana joined Bella to congratulate her.

"When are you guys planning to get married?" she asked.

"We will not wait long because we are both no longer young," Harper grinned. "We might have a party in the summer next year."

"Oh, you better plan your wedding after I give birth to the twin..." Bella was surprised to hear that. "I want to come to your wedding, Harper," she said and returned to her seat.

"No worries. We have already considered your timing. But probably not too long after. So, I'm sorry, dear, if I don't give you enough time to get your sexy curves back," Harper said, feeling genuinely sorry.

"Hahaha, I don't care how I look. I may still look like a dairy cow, but that won't stop me from attending your wedding."

"Hahaha! Thank you, girl!!"

"So, will your family come?"

"Of course, they all will come," Harper smiled happily. "They are the in-laws with the country's president."

"Hahaha, your father must be proud of you."

"Yeah. As a matter of fact, he's not just proud; he is shocked, too. Still can't believe his daughter can marry a man from a well-respected family."

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 529: Bella's Friend - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 529: Bella's Friend

A few days later.

In the middle of the forest, far from the nearby town, Lucas Donovan sets his camping chair by the cold river and starts fishing, as he usually does daily.

He enjoys the stunning scenery as far as his eyes can see, with a mountain in the distance. The once-green leaves now turn yellow and crimson. Snow covers the tip of the mountain, indicating that winter is coming. And this year, it seems to come sooner.

Lucas Donovan no longer remembers how many days he has stayed in this place.

His life in this place seems so slow. In the morning, he walks around the property, enjoying the sun and the sounds of birds. After his late breakfast, he spends his morning in the garden behind the cabin, watering his crops and harvesting the ripe ones. In the afternoon, he spends all day sitting on his deck chair by the river's bank, fishing, and often falling asleep.

Since he left everything behind, he has been surviving in this place, relying solely on the food the rich forest around him provides.

Only two times a month does he make the long journey to the nearest village, a 45-minute drive, to buy the essentials to keep him going.

But today, for some reason, he feels homesick. Utterly homesick to see his family. But, again, his promise to his daughter and wife buries his longing.

"This is your punishment, old man! Don't try it! Don't break what you have said. Or Bella will never trust you again," Lucas Donovan reminded himself.

This wasn't the first time he felt this way, but almost every day, when the darkness surrounded the place, and that time he remembered Natalie, his wife.

He smiled bitterly before taking a sip of his warm coffee. He continued waiting for the fish to bite, but after several minutes, there was no movement from his fishing rod.

Instead, he heard a faint car engine from afar; it seemed to be moving in his direction.

Lucas frowned while looking back toward his cabin, trying to hear clearly, but he still doubted his hearing. However, the sound became even more apparent.

"Who's coming!?"

He stood from his chair and walked toward his cabin. His heart raced as he waited for someone who was now approaching.

This place was secluded, private property, and hidden from everywhere. It was too far from any other place, and the only sounds he could hear were from the river a few meters from the cabin, the wind, and the animals around.

He couldn't even hear a car engine in the distance because this place was located three and a half miles from the road.

Sitting in the chair on the deck, he looked at the stone street ahead, waiting for the car to arrive.

Lucas believes that no one besides his father knows this place.

Now, he wonders if the person who has appeared might be someone his father sent or someone who got lost around this place.

"Why did my father send someone? Did something happen in the house?"

He feels alert because this is the first time something like this has happened.

A black jeep soon appeared, stopping not far from his car. Lucas squinted to try to identify the person. However, when he saw a young man emerge from the car, he didn't recall ever meeting him. He immediately stood from his seat, feeling alert with this man.

"Are you lost?" he calmly asked.

Even though the man looked harmless, the tattoo across his neck seemed slightly strange, making him uneasy. He subtly rubbed his chest to make sure his pistol was still under his jacket, ready in case this man tried to harm him.

"No, sir," the man stopped a few meters before Lucas. He smiled at him politely before continuing, "I'm here to meet you, Mr. Donovan."

Lucas was taken aback. "Did my father send you? Is something wrong in the capital?" Lucas asked, sounding worried.

"No, sir. But your daughter, Bella, actually asked me to stop by to check on you," the young man answered.

Instantly, Lucas's tense expression slowly faded upon hearing Bella's name. He felt his heart warm with happiness, knowing his daughter had asked her friend to check on him.

"So, you are Bella's friend..." A wide smile spread across his lips as he gestured to the young man to join him on the deck.

After they exchanged a warm handshake, Lucas asked him to sit, and he returned to his seat.

"Do you want a hot coffee?" Lucas politely offered him.

"No need, sir. I will not stay long here. I need to continue my trip before dark."

Lucas nodded slightly.

"Young man, thank you. It must be difficult for you to drive to this place," Lucas smiled apologetically at him. This area was so far away from other places that this man stopped by just because Bella asked him.

"It's fine, sir. I happen to have business not far from this place," he said with a smile, gazing at the beautiful trees in the distance.

"By the way, how did you know my daughter?" Lucas curiously asked, turning to see the young man again. He looked neat in his long black coat.

"I'm Bella's business partner," the man said, turning to meet Lucas's curious gaze. "Have you heard about Stellar Entertainment?"

"Yes, of course. That's my daughter's company," Lucas said proudly.

"I'm working with her at Stellar Entertainment. And now, I'm heading to the movie set in the north and passing this place. When Bella heard I was in this area, she asked me to stop by to check on you because she is worried about you, sir."

Lucas couldn't hide how happy he was hearing that Bella still cared for him.

"Thank you, young man. You are so kind," Lucas said with a smile. "She doesn't have to worry about me. I'm fine here."

"I can see that, sir. You look happy to stay in this heaven, surrounded by a beautiful view. But it looks like Bella is only sad because she just lost her father-in-law. So maybe she is worried about you, too," the man casually said.

Lucas Donovan was shocked to hear that. "What?" He didn't have the internet in this place, and there was no signal for his cell phone. This place was disconnected from the outside world—an off-grid place. "William Sinclair, dead?" he asked to confirm what he heard.

"Yes, sir."

Lucas Donovan could not believe what he heard. Why did that man suddenly die? He is the same age as him. Did he have a health problem? How about my father? Natalie?

Is she alright?

Countless questions were now dancing in Lucas' mind. He wanted to ask, but it seemed impolite. This man, Bella's colleague, might not know about their family matters.

"Thank you, young man, for telling me. I haven't returned home for the past few weeks, so I didn't know what happened outside," Lucas expressed his worry and sadness after hearing about William Sinclair.

"It's fine, sir. I understand," the man replied.

"Oh, right, I forgot to ask, what is your name?" Lucas smiled at him.

The man turned to look at Lucas. He slightly rubbed his eyebrow before answering, "I'm Marco Lombardi—"

Chapter 530: Another Devastating News

At Sinclair Tower.

Max was shocked when he looked at his 34-inch ultra-wide screen. It took him a few more seconds to understand what he saw.

"What the heck. Who has the nerve to do this?" Max shouted as he stood up from his seat, covering his mouth with his palm. His eyes were still fixed on his screen. "Darn it! How could this happen!?"

From the sofa in the corner, Bryan could hear Max cursing at someone. He glanced at Max's computer desk.

"Max? Something happens?" He asked while sitting, curious to see his dark expression as if someone had offended him.

"Bryan, we are in trouble!!" Max said before sitting back in his seat.

His eyes looked sharply at the monitor while his hands swung quickly at the keyboard, typing so fast.

"Bryan, prepare yourself. We're going to war soon. This mother fucker...whoever did this boss might kill him."

"What the fuck are you trying to say, Max?" Bryan sat up from the sofa. "Speak in human language. I can't understand if you speak in machine language." he scolded in annoyance while approaching him.

However, Max still didn't answer him. His hand was still dancing across the keyboard, and only the sound of clacking keys could be heard, making Bryan even more curious. He stood behind Max, looking at the screen.

Instantly, Bryan's face turned white with shock when he saw the picture in the right corner of the monitor.

"What the hell, who sent that picture?" Bryan asked, looking at Max, who seemed busy with some coding, trying to find something.

"Max?" Bryan asked again.

Suddenly, Max's fingers stopped moving, and he stood up from his chair. Grabbing the iPad on the table, he walked out of the room. "Bryan, follow me. I will explain what happened on the way to the boss's office. We have to tell him right away."

Bryan said nothing and hurriedly followed Max, heading to Tristan's office.

When they arrived at Tristan's office, Reid and Dylan left the room simultaneously.

"Why do you look so tense, Max?" Dylan asked, moving slightly to give way to Max and Bryan, who were walking towards them.

"Is everything okay?" Reid asked, curious to see Max and Bryan's unusual tense expressions.

However, Max did not answer them. Instead, he continued walking and said, "Dylan, Reid, could you please follow me inside—"

Dylan and Bryan exchange glances, confused.

After knocking on the door and hearing Tristan's voice, Max immediately entered the room, followed by Bryan.

Although confused, Dylan and Reid re-entered Tristan's room. They were both curious to see Max and Bryan's unusual expressions, scared and tense.

"Boss, there's something I want to report to you," Max said, standing before Tristan's desk. Seeing him still signing the paper and ignoring them made Max impatient.

"Boss, this is about your father-in-law, Lucas Donovan," Max added.

Tristan's hand stopped. He looked up to see Max before him.

"Have you found him?" Tristan asked, surprised by their speed and efficiency. He had just asked Reid to locate Lucas Donovan to protect him like the other family members. And now, when the day is still long, they return with his exact location?

Max was surprised to hear Tristan's question. "Boss, you already know about him?" he asked.

Before Tristan said anything, Reid stepped forward to stand beside Max. He looked at him with a slight frown.

"Man, you already found Lucas Donovan's location? Wow, you are a magician. I haven't even ordered you, but you already found him. Well done, Max! Well done..." Reid said while happily patting Max's shoulder.

"Reid, I'm not looking at Lucas Donovan's location," Max explained hurriedly before they misunderstood him. "But someone just sent a photo of Lucas Donovan's dead body to the company email. I already—"

"WHAT!?" Tristan stood up from his chair, his face pale hearing Max's words. "Lucas Donovan's dead body? Are you serious?"

Max didn't answer but handed the iPad to Tristan, "You can see it by yourself, boss."

Tristan took the iPad. His grip tightened when he saw Lucas lying on the wooden deck, his eyes open wide as if shocked to see something. From the cut on his neck, blood was seen flowing, wetting the wooden deck.

"Oh my God! He is indeed Lucas Donovan," Reid said after approaching Tristan and looking at the iPad screen. "Who the hell killed him?"

Tristan didn't answer, but he saw Max before him. "Any other clue who did this?"

Max frowned.

"No clue from the picture. However, the place where the person uploaded this picture seems intentionally exposed. I already secured the coordinates and found that your father-in-law actually owns the place," Max explained.

Tristan returned Max's iPad before he massaged his forehead, which suddenly felt tightened. He didn't expect this to happen now. After losing his father, is Bella's father now, too?

After a few seconds of thinking, Tristan looked at Reid. "Send people to that place. Make sure you guys find out the clue. Who is responsible for his death, and do it faster to bring him back."

"Yes, sir!" Reid answered right away. Before he looked at Max, he said, "Man, send the location to me."

"Bro, this place is so far away from the capital. You need to fly there and drive for long—"

"Where?" Reid asked impatiently.

"Alto City, Red Mountain, bordering the neighboring country."

Tristan, who heard it, became even more gloomy.

"No worries, boss," Reid said. "We have an office there in Alto City. I will contact them to go there immediately, and I will fly there by myself to bring back your father-in-law."

"Thank you, Reid. Please bring him back to—" Tristan could not continue his sentence. He needed to discuss this with Bella first, whether she wanted her father sent here or to East City. "Call me later if you find him."

"Yes, sir!"

Tristan instructed Dylan and the others on some critical things before asking them to leave him alone.

As soon as they all left the room, he felt his knee weaken. Sitting in his chair, he sighed deeply while looking at his cell phone.

He was now confused about whether to tell Bella by phone or in person.

A moment later, Tristan left his office and headed home.