

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

Chapter 56

Taking Dax From Her!

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

“Tristan asked to meet...”

Noora was shocked to hear that. “Oh my god... He... He... already knows you’re back? Who...who told him? Old Master Sinclair?”

“Hmm, I guess so. Tristan also seems to be aware of Dax,” Bella sighed softly. Although she was disappointed in Old Sinclair, she understood she couldn’t entirely blame him. The old man must have been eager to share this information with his grandson.

“I know it... It must have been Old Master Sinclair who told him—” Noora’s shoulders dropped, feeling worried.

Bella didn’t say anything. She just faintly smiled.

“—Or, his butler, Alan!?” Noora began to guess.

Bella shook her head.

“Well, Alan wouldn’t dare to do that. Your guess was right; only Grandpa Sinclair can tell Tristan about Dax and me.”

Bella sighed deeply before continuing, “Aunty, even though Old Sinclair told Tristan, I can’t blame him...”

Noora nodded in agreement. “You can’t avoid Master Tristan forever, miss.”

Bella narrowed her eyes at Noora for a slight moment before she uttered, “Tsk... Tsk... Aunty, you sound more like my grandpa by day. How could you say the same words as him?”

“Hahaha... did I?”

“Yeah. Grandpa also said that I can’t avoid Tristan forever. And he also urged me to meet him and tell him about Dax.”

Bella found it hard to contain her laughter as she observed Noora. She noticed how much Noora resembled her grandpa, which amused her.

They both laughed, causing the atmosphere in the room to become slightly warmer and less gloomy.

“So... Young miss... you will meet Tristan!?”

“Yes. I should meet him. If I delay meeting him, he might come here and see Dax without my consent, even behind my back...” Bella said calmly, but Noora could see the worry in her eyes.

“That’s good, miss. But, Young Miss... it seems something still bothers you,” Noora curiously asked.

Bella’s eyes blinked a few times without saying anything, which caused Noora even more worry.

After a long pause, Bella finally said, “What if Tristan takes Dax from me? This has been bothering me lately.”

Noora’s face turned pale when she heard Bella’s words. She never imagined it would come to that, and now she felt frightened to realize the possibility.

“Young Miss, does Tristan have the chance to do that? I mean, you and he are already divorced. You also gave birth alone without his help. And Dax’s name also doesn’t use his name... Could he still take Young Master from you?” Noora asked, her mind filled with so many questions. She stared at Bella, waiting for her response.

Bella truly hoped that Tristan wouldn’t have the chance to do that. But unfortunately, that wasn’t the case. Even though they were divorced, Tristan still had the legal right to do so.

Moreover, she had also committed the same offense by purposefully not informing him when she was pregnant. If Tristan took this matter to court, she would surely lose.

“Yes, he can...” Bella answered. This worry had been consuming her lately, and she feared what would happen if Tristan made her life difficult and took Dax from her.

“Young miss... please... please do something. Don’t let him take Dax from us. If he does, I will confront him. I won’t hesitate to take drastic measures, like kill him with my own hand!!” Noora’s eyes were slightly shaking, too angry to imagine the possibility of Tristan taking Dax from them.

Bella was rendered speechless. She was amused to hear how wild Noora’s imagination was. How could she consider murdering Tristan?

Gosh!

“Aunty, you don’t have to turn yourself into a murderer...” Bella couldn’t help but laugh. “That foolish Tristan isn’t worth dirtying your hands for.”

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Noora, “...”

“I’m serious, Young Miss... I will do anything to stop him.” She said.

“Oh dear, Aunty, I’m serious, too. There’s no need to resort to such extreme action,” Bella chuckled.

“But... but... what if he really takes Young Master!?” Noora whimpered, holding back tears as she stared at Bella.

“That’s why I need to meet him and find out what he truly wants. If he tries to take Dax, I’ll never allow it,” Bella said calmly, her eyes flickered with intense emotion. She refused to sit idly by and let it happen.

“Yes, Miss... please ensure Tristan never takes Dax from you... From us!”

“Hmm... But, aunty... I’m not so much worried about Tristan. However, I’m concerned about his parents,” Bella said.

“Ah, you’re right. How could I forget about your evil-in-laws!?” Noora couldn’t help but curse Tristan’s parents.

They were the source of Bella’s miserable life. Tristan’s parents could do anything to achieve what they wanted. If they found out about Dax, they would make Bella’s life miserable once more.

“Hmm, they are really evil!”

Silence hung in the air as if they were lost in their thoughts, seated together while gazing out the window.

“So, when are you going to meet him?” Noora’s voice seemed to pull Bella from her own thoughts.

She looked at Noora for a moment before answering, “Tonight.”

Sinclair Tower.

Tristan sat in the meeting room, listening to a report from the Finance Director.

Although his eyes were fixed on the screen before him, his mind was distracted by his cell phone on the table.

He glanced at his cell phone occasionally to ensure there was a signal and the battery was full.

It had been over three hours, and Bella hadn’t texted him as promised.

Tristan was starting to grow nervous, suspecting that Bella actually didn’t want to contact him. Maybe she just wanted to end the conversation, using such an excuse.

‘Should I text her to remind her?’ he pondered.

He had wanted to message her several times, but his mind stopped him each time. He didn't want Bella to become upset and block his number.

Tristan let out a deep sigh, feeling impatient.

"Damn it!!" A soft curse escaped his lips, suddenly drawing the attention of ten pairs of eyes.

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Finally, She Decided to Meet Tristan

Tristan let out a deep sigh, feeling impatient.

"Damn it!!" A soft curse escaped his lips, suddenly drawing the attention of ten pairs of eyes.

All the directors in the room were stunned to hear their boss curse during such an important meeting.

When they saw their Boss's expression darken, as if someone had just provoked his anger, no one dared make a sound.

Silence filled the room, causing Tristan to furrow his brow. He glanced at the Director of Finance, who was still standing at the head of the table, holding a pointer and staring back at him.

He narrowed his eyes at the Director before saying, "Why did you suddenly stop talking? Is your report finished?"

"Sir, you just cursed at me," the finance director said tremulously, noticing the anger in his Boss's expression.

When he saw that Tristan had not said anything, the Director continued, "Please give me a pointer as to which report didn't meet your expectations, sir?" He was worried that he had made a mistake in his report.

Tristan's sudden anger confused the Finance Director and shocked Dylan, who was sitting behind him. He stood up and walked near Tristan to check why his mood suddenly dropped below zero!? He could feel the room suddenly become freezing.

Dylan leaned closer to Tristan and whispered, "Boss, I'm sorry to ask... Why did you curse the Finance Director? Did he make any mistake?"

"Cursed? Why should I curse him?" Tristan frowned, looking at Dylan with his confused-looking eyes. He didn't remember cursing someone. Did he miss something?

"Y-You did, sir. Everyone heard that..." Dylan was puzzled by his words.

Tristan frowned for a while, trying to remember what happened. A second later, he laughed inwardly.

He couldn't believe he had made such a silly mistake, cursing without realizing it because Bella was filling his mind.

He sighed deeply and fixed his eyes on the Finance Director again.

"Continue!" Tristan said calmly.

"Y-Yes, sir—" The Finance Director resumed his report. However, he heard a cell phone ringing before moving to the next slide.

All eyes now turned to Tristan's cell phone on the table, waiting for him to turn it off.

Tristan's gaze remained fixed on his cell phone. When he saw Bella's name on the screen, he immediately stood up from his seat.

"Meeting dismissed..." he said as he walked out of the room, leaving all the Directors in the room looking shocked as they watched him leave.

They turned to Dylan, who wore the same expression as them—confused.

"What's wrong, Dylan? Why does Mr. Sinclair look strange today?" The Finance Director looked at Dylan with a frown.

“This is the first time I’ve heard Mr. Sinclair curse. And now he suddenly stops the meeting...” Another director asked.

“Is there any problem?”

“Something happened at home?”

“Can you ask Mr. Sinclair what we should do now? Should we wait or—”

Dylan was rendered speechless. He also didn’t know what had happened to their Boss.

He stood from his seat and walked to the door, but before he stepped out, Dylan stopped and looked at them all.

“Okay, gentlemen. You heard what Mr. Sinclair said, right? The meeting is ended... You may return to your office and await further instructions.” Dylan left the room and chased Tristan into his office.

When Dylan arrived, he saw the door still slightly open. He knocked on the door, “Boss, may I come in?” He said while waiting outside.

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“Yes,” Tristan said without looking at the door. His eyes were still on his phone screen, reading a text from Bella.

His heart felt slightly warm receive a text from her.

Tristan couldn’t stop reading the text.

[Bella:] 7 PM, Steak House, room #201, Mogul Mega Mall.

Dylan enters the room while observing Tristan’s expression. When he notices a faint smile on his face, he feels relieved, knowing his Boss is in a good mood.

‘It looks like... Boss received good news, so he stopped the meeting!?’ Dylan wonder.

“Boss, the directors are curious to know what happened... Why do you suddenly dismiss them?”

Tristan didn't bother to answer Dylan. He is too busy to reply to Bella's text message.

[Tristan:] Thank you, Bella. I appreciated it

[Tristan:] (Love Emoji)

After sending the text, a smile graced his handsome face.

Tristan can't believe what happened to him now. This is the first time he feels excited receiving a text message from a woman, and it makes him use emojis to reply to her for the first time in his life. How weird!

After placing his cell phone on the desk, he glances at Dylan.

“What are you ask earlier?”

Dylan, “....”

“Boss, the directors are curious to know what happened... Why do you suddenly dismiss them?”

“Ask the Finance director to send his report to my email. And the other Director, too...”

“Yes, boss, I will.”

“And cancel all my appointments this noon and night. I have to go somewhere!”

“Boss, you actually have dinner with your grandpa and parents in your grandpa's house. I don't think it would be wise if you cancel it...” Dylan panicked because his Boss had confirmed he would come.

Tristan shoots his death glare at Dylan, “Are you working for them or me?”

Dylan silently swallows before he flashes his smile. He said, “I will call them right away, Boss. No worries.”

“You might go now. Ah, I will drive alone. There is no need to accompany me.”

Dylan feels suspicious. It was rare to see Tristan drive without them. Is he meeting someone? Who?

He wanted to ask, but when he saw him immersed in reading something on his phone, he put aside his curiosity and left the room.

While at Little Heaven,

Bella was dumbfounded reading Tristan’s text message.

“Did someone else’s soul possess him? Why does he use this kind of emoji?”

This is the first time she received a text from him with a love emoji, and he also typed a long text.

“Gosh... How weird!”

Bella tossed her phone onto the bed and hurried to the bathroom to prepare for a shopping trip before meeting Tristan.

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Surprised to See Him!

At four in the afternoon, Bella was ready to go. She needed to arrive early at the Mogul Mega Mall to go shopping before meeting Tristan at 7 p.m.

However, before she went down to the first floor, Dax came out of his room simultaneously.

Bella was surprised to see her son rubbing his eyes while walking towards her.

“Oh, baby... I thought you were taking a nap. Why are you awake now?” Bella came closer and took his chubby hand. She took him to the sofa in the living room area on the second floor.

She smiled at how adorable he looked just waking up from his sleep, his thick black hair looking messy.

“I slept too much, Mom... I’m not sleepy anymore,” Dax said in a hoarse but sweet voice, looking at his mother.

Dax was surprised to see his mother wearing clothes that she rarely wears.

She wore a white turtleneck, skinny jeans, and a khaki trench coat on her shoulder. Her beautiful wavy black hair, which she usually tied up, now flowed beautifully down her back. She looked stunning, like an angel.

Seeing how beautiful his mother looked now made Dax worry.

“Are you going somewhere, Mom?” Dax asked, concerned that she might leave him.

“Yes. I have to go somewhere...”

“Where? You didn’t bring me with you?” he asked, disappointed.

“Baby, sorry... I didn’t ask you to come with me because you will hate that place.” Bella smiled, knowing her son disliked going to the supermarket or shopping center. He hated crowded places.

Dax frowned.

“Are you going to the supermarket?”

“No. Shopping mall. I need some clothes to wear and also yours. If you want to come with—”

“No, thanks. You can go now, mommies... But please buy a few cakes for me or anything delicious,” Dax said, his eyes beaming as he imagined his favorite chocolate cake.

Bella smiled. She felt amused looking at how adorable he was when discussing food.

She cupped his chubby cheeks with her hand and kissed his forehead gently.

“Dax, I will buy your favorite cake. Now, you can continue to sleep or play with Aunt Noora.”

After Bella finished accompanying Dax to his room, she immediately went downstairs.

She saw her grandpa waiting at the main entrance when she arrived on the first floor. She could see how worried he was now, making Bella smile to reassure him.

“Bella, are you sure you want to go alone?” Isaac asked, concerned for her. He was worried she would drive and meet Tristan alone.

Since she said she would meet Tristan, he had already asked her to go with Nick, but she refused.

“Yes, I’m fine. Please, Grandpa... I’m not a teenager but a mother. Don’t worry about me. I’ve lived in this city for almost ten years. I’m familiar with the places I visit. I will not get lost... trust me.” Bella chuckled; her grandpa still thought of her as a teenager.

“No... No...” Isaac paused. He glanced inside to see if Dax was around before he said, “What I mean... are you okay to meet Tristan alone? Why do I feel you need someone to accompany you?”

Bella’s face turned nervous as she remembered she would meet her ex-husband. But she dismissed her nervousness, not wanting her grandpa to feel even more worried.

“I’m fine. No worries... I already prepared myself for this day.” Bella said calmly, though her heart beat faster than usual.

Isaac couldn’t force Bella. He could only trust her and let her use his car.

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“Drive safely, Bella. If you think you can’t drive, just call me. I will ask someone to pick you up...” he said concernedly.

“Hmm, I’ll call if I need you,” Bella smiled and waved her hand as the SUV slowly left the yard.

This is the first time she has driven alone in this city since arriving in the country again, not since she married Tristan.

When she was still married to Tristan, a driver always accompanied her wherever she went, and it felt strange now to drive alone again.

But even though she rarely drives alone in this city, she knows the streets and her destination quite well. Mogul Mega Mall is a place she often visited before marrying Tristan.

She loves to visit Mogul Mega Mall because there are so many places to shop, restaurants, and cafes to hang out.

...

After driving for about thirty minutes, she finally arrived and parked her car in the basement.

“I’m Feeling so weird coming back to this place...” Bella says to herself as she presses the elevator to go upstairs. She still has two hours to shop before meeting with Tristan.

Ding!

The elevator opened, and she was shocked beyond words to see a man standing inside.

Even if the man stood there looking at his cell phone, he didn't see her. She recognized him in just one glance.

Bella didn't want to bump into him immediately, so she made a U-turn, pretending to forget something in her car.

But, unfortunately, the man already saw her. "Bella, stop—" his voice stops her.

Bella clenched her hands into tight fists, hearing his familiar voice. Before she turned to look at him, she tried to adjust her expression, not wanting to show her nervousness.

After taking a deep breath, she turned back and saw him standing, holding the elevator door, smiling at her.

She silently swallowed, ignoring his warm smile. However, when she saw his blue eyes, which had often fascinated her in the past, she could feel her legs weaken.

'Damn it!! Tristan Sinclair, why did you come so early!?' Bella could only vent her anger in her mind while giving him a forced half-smile.

"Come in," Tristan said again, gesturing for her to enter the elevator. She had no choice but to walk inside and stand beside him.

Standing in the same small space with him, Bella could immediately feel her throat dry. And all the courage she prepared before meeting him vanished right away.

Her hands tightened into fists, holding back her nerves.

"Which floor?" Tristan's voice broke the silence.

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Their First Meeting

Bella's hands tightened into fists, holding back her nerves.

"Which floor?" Tristan's voice broke the silence.

Bella didn't answer but pressed the number two. He couldn't help but smile when she ignored him.

"What are you doing here?" She asked coldly without looking at him.

"I'm going to a meeting. With you. Didn't we make an appointment here? Did you forget?" Tristan said calmly, ignoring her annoyance.

"I mean, aren't our meeting at 7 PM!? Why did you come so early?" She couldn't believe this busy man could attend their meeting two hours early.

Tristan raised his hand to touch his eyebrow and smiled. He replied, "Why not?"

Bella, "..."

"Mr. Sinclair, I find it hard to believe a CEO of a big company like you has that much free time..." she continued, looking at him through the mirror on the elevator door.

He smiled at her sarcastic comment.

"I'm famous for always arriving on time. I've never been late for an appointment with anyone, including you, Ms. Donovan..." he said thoughtfully.

Bella was left confused, unsure if the man was being truthful or just making a random excuse.

She couldn't help but chuckle inwardly when she saw his earnest gaze. She shook her head and ignored him.

However, Tristan didn't let her remain silent; he asked, "Same question... Why did you also come here two hours early?"

Bella secretly took a deep breath. She wanted to ignore him, but she couldn't.

"I need to go shopping before we meet," she said, feeling defeated.

Ding!

The elevator doors opened. Bella immediately walked away without giving him a chance to say something.

She quickened her pace, hoping Tristan would let her go. But she was wrong.

After a few steps, Bella breathed a sigh of relief, able to separate herself from Tristan. However, her relief only lasted a few seconds because Tristan's voice was heard from behind.

"What a coincidence, Bella! I also want to go shopping," Tristan said, walking fast to match her step. "Let's go shopping together," he said cheerfully.

Bella, "..."

She took a deep sigh.

Even children would know that he only made random excuses. Since when did a figure like him buy his clothes at the shopping mall?

She knew that Tristan had a personal shopper who provided his clothes and also had a personal tailor. He never buys his stuff alone.

Bella didn't want this man to follow her to go shopping. She stopped her step abruptly and turned to see him. They stood so close, only two steps away.

She looked up to meet his eyes, feeling annoyed.

However, when their eyes met, her heart started to beat faster than usual.

She clenched her hand while looking at him closely; she saw he was still wearing his formal dark gray suit. He looked like he had just come straight from his office.

After a few seconds of trying to calm her chaotic mind, she finally could express her frustration, "What do you want, Tristan Sinclair? If you want to talk, wait until seven!"

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Bella narrowed her eyes at him as if she wanted to let him know, just to leave her alone.

Tristan didn't answer her immediately; instead, he fed his eyes, looking at her beautiful face closely. Her beautiful gray eyes looked sharp, staring back at him; he could clearly see uneasiness there. Her dainty nose looked stunning, and her cherry-full lips were enough to make his heart flutter.

The memories of when he kissed her lips now filled his mind, torturing him as he wanted to pull her into his arms.

'Damn!! This woman, how could she stir my heart this way!?' Tristan could only vent his frustration in his mind. 'Calm, Tristan! Calm!!' he chanted in his mind, holding himself back from pulling her into his arms.

Looking at how she changed drastically from the last time they met was enough to convince him even more that he was starting to fall in love with her.

However, this time, he didn't want to rush; he would patiently make her fall in love again. And he would do it the right way, by chasing her, not the other way around.

"You know what, Bella?" He said in an unhurried tone, causing Bella to frown slightly.

He smiled warmly before continuing, "This is the first time I've seen you angry like this. And you look beautiful... gorgeous, that makes my heart flutter." Tristan's voice sounded soft.

Bella, “...”

She was speechless to hear this cold, icy man she had known in the past turn into a shameless man.

‘Gosh! This is not the Tristan I know. Someone might possess his soul!!’ She wondered while staring at him sharply.

Tristan was amused as she blinked, staring at him without words.

He continued, “Bella Donovan, I apologize for my past rudeness, ignorance, and unfaithfulness during our marriage. I know my mistakes are difficult for you to forgive; however, I hope you give me a chance this time.”

Bella was dumbfounded hearing his words.

‘Since when did this mighty cold man, Tristan Sinclair, change into this melancholic man and apologize to me?’ It was hard for her to believe she could witness this side of him.

‘No. No... This man is not Tristan Sinclair. Even if this man is really Tristan, he will never be sincere. Please don’t be swayed, Bella!’

Bella shook her head, trying to push aside her curiosity about this new Tristan Sinclair.

She smiled faintly while turning her gaze away from him.

‘Gosh! How could I almost wavered just hearing his apology!?’ Bella speaks to herself.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her mind. After a few seconds, she looked up to meet his eyes again.

“Tristan Sinclair, are you done talking!?”

He frowned.

When Bella saw Tristan didn't say anything, she turned her back and walked away. "Bye! See you at seven."

Bella headed toward the children's clothing section. She needed to buy Dax some clothes first before buying anything for herself.

Tristan can't help but smile; looking at Bella left him just like that.

'Oh boy, this is going to be harder, Tristan!' he laughs inwardly as he walks to follow her.

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Shopping Together

Tristan can't help but smile; looking at Bella left him just like that.

'Oh boy, this is going to be harder, Tristan!' he laughs inwardly as he walks to follow her while texting someone.

When Tristan saw Bella enter a children's clothing shop, his heart raced as he realized she wanted to buy clothes for their son.

He hastened his steps and entered the shop as well. There were no other customers, only them and two shopkeepers.

Tristan didn't approach Bella; instead, he sat in the seating area, his eyes never leaving her.

"Sir, do you need anything?" one of the shopkeepers asked him.

Tristan shook his head. "No, I'm just here with her."

"So, the madam over there is your wife..." the shopkeeper nodded slightly.

Instantly, Tristan felt a surge of satisfaction hearing the shopkeeper refer to Bella as his wife. He liked that!

“Yes. You can help my wife first. Give her anything she wants. And...”
Tristan took out his black card and handed it to the shopkeeper. “Use this card to pay for her purchases.”

The shopkeeper was surprised to see the Sinclair Corp logo on the card. She glanced at the man again to see if she recognized him. When she looked closely at his face, she was shocked.

Hurriedly, she accepted the card, bowed her head slightly, and then walked to the cashier area to inform her colleagues.

“Oh my god... You won’t believe who our customers are now. Look at that man over there. He... He’s Tristan Sinclair,” she whispered to her friend.

“What?” The cashier looked over at the seating area and was shocked to see a figure she usually saw on television news or the internet now sitting in their shop.

“That woman over there was his wife. Mr. Sinclair asked me to use this card if his wife is done shopping. So, you can process it with this card...”
She placed Tristan’s card on the cashier’s table.

“I’ll assist Ms. Sinclair first...” She said excitedly, knowing they might receive a substantial bonus if this wealthy couple made many purchases today.

“Go! I’ll call our manager to let him know. A big shot is now shopping in our store,” the cashier said as she took out her cell phone.

...

Bella was so absorbed in browsing the adorable children’s clothing that she didn’t notice Tristan in the shop.

She was too lost in her own world, captivated by the many cute items available to Dax. It was rare for Bella to shop for her son’s clothes in a physical store; back in Sweden, she usually bought them online.

However, the clothes often didn't match the website's pictures or descriptions. There were limited options, with only a few nearby clothing shops in their village.

Entering this shop, which specialized in children's clothing and carried well-known brands suited for Dax's age, made her want to buy everything in sight. Her shopping basket was nearly overflowing with Shirts, trousers, and winter jackets.

"Madam, do you need another basket?" the shop attendant asked politely.

"Yes, please," Bella replied with a slight smile. Then, she accepts the empty basket and continues browsing.

"Let me carry the basket," she offered, taking the full basket from Bella's hands and replacing it with an empty one.

"I need to buy shoes, too," Bella mentioned as she went to another section to look at boots.

Already familiar with Dax's size, Bella confidently chose several pairs of shoes, boots, and sneakers without worrying about getting the wrong size. The shopkeeper swiftly handed her another empty basket as she continued her shopping spree.

Just as Bella was about to fill her basket again, her eyes widened in surprise as she noticed Tristan casually sitting on the small couch in the middle of the shop, his eyes fixed on her with a warm smile gracing his lips.

'Damn! Why is this man still here?' Bella cursed inwardly when she saw him approaching her from his seat.

Bella opened her mouth to say something, but not a single word left her lips; she was perplexed by this situation.

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She was even more shocked when she heard the shopkeeper's words.

"Ms. Sinclair, let me carry your basket—"

Bella felt her throat dry when hearing the shopkeeper calling her Ms. Sinclair.

‘What the hell happened here? Why does this shopkeeper call me Ms. Sinclair? Did Tristan tell them like that?’ She was puzzled but didn’t say anything; she just let the basket move to the shopkeeper’s hand.

Bella turned her confused-looking gaze to Tristan, “W-Why are you here?” she asked in her low voice when Tristan stood right before her.

“Shopping, of course...” Tristan smiled, looking at her panicked expression.

“Y-You also buy children’s clothes?” Bella asked. She remembers this man had a child with his other woman. He must come here to buy clothes for his child, right?

Tristan leans closer to her, causing Bella to move a step behind, avoiding him. He chuckled.

“Yes. I come to buy clothes for our son...” he whispered.

Bella was speechless.

She took a deep breath while narrowing her eyes at him.

“Tristan, please... I don’t want to fight with you here. Can you leave me alone now? We can talk about it later. But now is not the time and place!” she said calmly, even though she wanted to scold him.

Tristan smiled as he stood straight. He put his hand on his trouser pocket while smiling at her. Looking at how angry she was now made him even more interested in her.

“Alright, let’s settle our shopping here...” Tristan calmly said, walking to the cashier’s desk. “You can process the payment,” he ordered to the cashier.

Bella was shocked. She didn't ask him to pay. Why did he order the cashier now? She hurried to the cashier, and before she said anything, Tristan held her hand and pulled her to stand beside him.

She looked up to see him, "I will—"

Tristan leaned closer to her. "He is my son too. Let me pay for everything. Please, Bella... Don't stop me..." He whispers gently, but Bella feels this man stating something she can't refuse.