

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

## **#Chapter 561: I Come To Fucking Kill You, JACK FOSTER!! - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 561: I Come To Fucking Kill You, JACK FOSTER!!**

"Boss Jack, if he shows up again, just throw him in jail," Sam said, sensing Jack's distress over having such a toxic ex-brother-in-law.

"That's why I must return to New York—to silence him. If I ignore him, he will only increase my headaches!" Jack said, forcing a bitter smile that revealed his stress to Bella and Sam.

"Alright, let's go..." Sam said, walking ahead. "We will ride in Boss Bella's car. Bryan is already waiting for us," he added, pointing to the black sedan parked outside.

The three of them approached the car.

"Oh, I recognize that type of car—a bulletproof one. Right, Bella?" Jack glanced at her.

"You're correct, Jack. My husband believes a civil war might break out, so he bought me this car..." Bella chuckled, still amused by her thoughts of Tristan's overprotectiveness.

"Bella, your husband is such a sweetheart. It's clear he values your safety above all else," Jack remarked, happy for Bella. He knew Tristan was devoted entirely to her, having changed drastically from what he had heard in the past.

"Thank you, Jack. Tristan is indeed sweet to me." Bella's smile widened as she thought of him. "By the way, how do you know about this car?"

"Well, yes, I do own a car like this..." Jack replied proudly.

"Cool! My husband has five cars like this." Bella casually said, but Jack felt shocked to hear that.

"Damn! Tristan Sinclair really knows how to spend his money. This car costs a lot, and I even thought about it ten times before buying one." Jack shook his head, feeling defeated.

Before Jack and the others could reach the car, another vehicle suddenly stopped behind theirs. The moment the door opened, they all halted as they recognized a familiar figure stepping out.

"What the—" Sam, standing in front of Bella and Jack, turned to them and asked, "Boss, Jack, I'm not seeing things, right? That man is your brother-in-law, isn't he? Andreas Corby?"

"Well, it looks like he's determined to meet you, Jack. He's chasing you all the way to this country," Bella playfully remarked, only to add Jack's annoyance.

Just a few minutes earlier, Jack had mentioned that Andreas was creating chaos at their head office in New York, all to ask to see Jack. And now, he was here?

'Does this guy really think the distance from New York to Astington is like the distance from Quantum Capital to my house in Little Heaven?' Bella was left speechless by Andreas's persistence in wanting to meet Jack.

Jack glanced at Andreas Corby as he walked toward them, stirring an unbearable urge to punch his ex-brother-in-law in the face. He didn't respond to anyone else. His eyes remained fixed on Andreas.

When they were just a few meters apart, Jack asked, "What are you doing in this country, Andreas? Why spend money on roundtrip airfare?"

Jack was sure that this man was on the verge of bankruptcy; after all, he had made foolish decisions without proper prior assessments. After returning from this country, he had invested all his money in a questionable venture. Now, all his money had gone with the wind. To make things worse, his wife had divorced him and taken their child with her.

Andreas Corby stopped and offered a faint smile at Jack.

"If you come here to ask for money, I won't give you anything!" Jack pinched his eyebrow, angry to speak to him.

A sneer crept onto Andreas's lips as he repeated Jack's question, "Why did I come here?"

No one answers, but they all now look at him, confused.

"I come to fucking kill you, JACK FOSTER!!" Andreas Corby shouted, pulled a pistol with a silencer under his coat, and shot in fast toward Jack's heart, "Die, you motherfucker!!"

Pop!

The bullet hit Jack's shoulder and threw him a few steps back, falling to the ground. Shocked Sam and Bella, as a few onlookers near the lobby.

Pop!

Another gunfire could be heard, and instantly, Sam, who was standing near Jack, threw his body to shield him, with his back facing Andreas Corby.

"Boss—" A mouth full of fresh blood burst out from Sam's mouth when a sharp bullet fiercely penetrated his skull.

"Fuck you, Samuel Brown! Go away! I need to kill that bastard Jack Fucking Foster..." Andreas Corby roared while shooting Sam's feet.

Unable to avoid the fire, Sam's massive body falls, with his face hitting the ground.

Jack Foster, already lying on the ground, tried to move but couldn't. His shoulder felt in pain, and somehow, he couldn't move his leg as Sam's massive body was over half of his feet.

"Run, Bella...run..." Jack said, staring in horror at Bella, who froze in her spot and looked in their direction. He could see the shock in her eyes; it made him feel like he wanted to fight back to make Andreas Corby pay for his actions, but he couldn't.

Bella tried to move, but her legs felt like a huge rock. Everything happened so fast. In a matter of seconds, three bullets had injured her friends. Her eyes were horrified to see Andreas Corby, who was now pointing his gun at her.

"Hello, Arabella Donovan. You are also one of my targets. Because of you, my life is now like hell! Now, go follow your friend to hell."

Pop!

Bella was too shocked by what happened. She tries to run to the car, but she still can't. She even lost her ability to scream, calling Bryan.

When she thought the bullet would hit her head, she felt her body push away to the side and fell to the ground. The impact of her back on the concrete floor felt unbearable, but what surprised her was that someone was above her.

She quickly opened her eyes and was shocked to see Bryan on top of her, looking at her with a calm yet frightening gaze.

Her body was entirely under Bryan, who shielded her with his massive body like he was in a plank position. But something does not feel right.

Why didn't she feel the pain of being shot?

Did Andreas Corby miss...?

"Ma'am, I'm sorry..." Bryan whispered. "I'm too late to know what happens outside. I can't hear anything. Please, please, don't move. Until back up comes..."

A mouth full of blood splattered from his mouth, almost hitting Bella's face.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 562: How Could I Die Like This? - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 562: How Could I Die Like This?**

Bella tried to say something, but when she felt hot liquid start to drip down her arm near her chest, she was shocked to realize that it was Bryan who took the bullet for her.

"B-Bryan... you... why..." Her eyes felt blurry, knowing this man was risking his life to protect her.

"WHAT THE FUCK!! WHO ARE YOU!?" Andreas Corby shouted in surprise, seeing a stranger jump so quickly to protect Bella. He walked closer to look for a chance to shoot Bella, but the man's body protected her completely. He couldn't even see her feet.

Pop!

Another bullet hit Bryan's abdomen, but he stayed in his position even though he felt like dying.

"Damn it! I will blow your head off if you don't move, mofo!" Andreas Corby cursed.

When Andreas Corby was about to shoot again, a few Quantum Capital guards stealthily approached him from behind. Still, before they got close enough, Andreas noticed them.

Only now did Andreas Corby realize that he was surrounded by several people ready to attack him. Seeing the many guards trying to be heroes, he laughed evilly. It made his blood boil, making him want to kill them all.

"Oi! Do you want to be a hero? Or do you want to be dead meat!?" Andreas Corby shouted while pointing his gun at a nearby guard. He didn't wait for them to react and squeezed his pistol.

Pop!

Pop!

Two guards immediately fell to the ground, causing the others to stop moving. Some onlookers even started running into the building, hiding to watch the tragic scene unfold before their eyes.

"Call the police..."

"Call an ambulance..."

"OMG! Why is this crazy man killing everyone?"

"Fuck! That's our former boss? Andreas Corby?"

The frightened whispers of the people in the lobby made the atmosphere in front of Quantum Capital increasingly tense and frightening.

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While Andreas Corby was dealing with the others, Bella tried to calm her mind. She had to do something to stay alive, or she will never meet Tristan and her children again. Instantly, her eyes felt damp as a fearful question echoed in her mind, 'How could I die like this?'

Bella tried harder to calm her mind, thinking fast about what she should do in this terrible situation. She knew no one would come closer to help them, and Andreas Corby seemed to have already lost his mind.

Somehow, her feet felt numb; she couldn't fight a man with a gun, or she'd also end up taking his bullet.

Thinking that no one had a gun in the Quantum Capital building added to Bella's stress. She remembered only Tristan's people had one. Since she no longer worked in this building, those people had been withdrawn and returned to work at his office.

...

Hearing what happened behind him frightened Bryan. He couldn't do anything to help. The only thing he could do now was shield Bella until backup arrived. Now, he hoped their Basecamp saw his urgent signal after he pressed the alarm before jumping to protect her.

"Ma'am, I feel nothing in my right shoulder and leg. I'm sorry I can't do anything to silence that bastard. Please wait for someone to come to help. Don't move—" Bryan's voice snapped Bella back to her sanity and senses.

'Wait, Bryan has a gun? He is Tristan's man!' A warm feeling slowly appeared in her heart. She still had hope to survive.

Bella returned her gaze to Bryan, and seeing him holding his pain broke her heart. She asked, "Do you have your gun?"

"I have it under my jacket, on the right side..." Bryan said, holding his pain and his plank position to avoid falling on her.

"GOOD!"

"Ma'am, make sure you shoot his hand first. One shot, one chance..." Bryan suggested. He didn't know what was happening behind him. How far was the distance to the man? But he knew that if Bella wanted to stop the man, she had to take care of his gun first.

Bella didn't say anything. She understood what Bryan was trying to tell her.

She slowly moved her hand under Bryan's jacket and touched a cold, hard metal there.

Her confidence instantly increased. For some reason, her body no longer felt as cold as before. It must be coming from her endorphins and survival instinct. But thanks to whatever it was, she felt her blood boil, her anger rising, and the killing intent to end Andreas Corby's crimes creeping into her heart and mind.

After Bella gripped the gun, she whispered, "Move—"

Bryan smiled, seeing the light in her eyes, which was no longer fearful but rage. He moved, throwing his body to the side to allow her a clear view of Andreas Corby.

With her back on the concrete floor, Bella pointed the gun at Andreas Corby with one hand and squeezed the trigger without second thought.

Bang!

The loud gunshot without the silencer echoed in the air. With one clear, precise shot, a bullet pierced Andreas Corby's hand, throwing his gun several meters away.

A long howl escaped Andreas Corby's lips as he screamed, trying to bear the nameless pain in his hand. Blood dripped, adding to his fright and anger.

"AAARGH!! YOU FUCKING BITCH!! HOW DARE YOU?"

Andreas Corby's enraged gaze fixed on Bella as he ran towards her. He managed to pull out another gun, and with his uninjured hand, he aimed it at her.

But Bella wasn't going to stay silent to accept his bullet; now, with both her hands holding the gun, she promptly aimed and squeezed the trigger again. This time, the bullet pierced Andreas Corby's forehead. His head slightly snapped backward, his body swayed, and instantly, he crashed onto the concrete floor. No sound. No movement. He died instantly.

Silence hung in the air.

Everyone waited.

Bella stood up. She slowly approached Andreas Corby, holding the gun tightly with both hands. Her gaze was sharp, fixed on Andreas Corby's lifeless body.

Once again, Bella squeezed the trigger, shooting repeatedly, ensuring that this man would never rise again. The sound of gunshots echoed, heightening the tense atmosphere.

Not long after, a man's hand gently touched Bella's arm, startling her as she continued to point an empty gun at Andreas Corby.

When Bella turned to see the person, she saw Leo smiling at her; the tears she had been holding back suddenly wet her cheeks.

"Bella, he's dead; you've killed that bastard and saved everyone," Leo said as he took the gun from Bella's hand. "Don't be scared. Everything will be okay."

Leo's calm voice slowly dissipated the anger that had controlled her. "Leo, please, please call an ambulance..."

"I've called the ambulance and the police."

"T-Thank you..." Bella said. Then she ran back to check on Sam.

Bella remembered Sam getting shot twice, and he hadn't moved since the second bullet hit him. She prayed it hadn't hit his vital organs.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 563: He's Still Having A Pulse! - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 563: He's Still Having A Pulse!**

A few minutes earlier.

Tristan typed something on his iPad while riding in a car to Sinclair Tower. However, Reid's loud voice distracted him.

"Boss, something happened to the young madam!"

Reid's tone was filled with dread, catching Tristan's attention. He paused as he saw Reid's frightening expression.

"What happened?" Tristan's heart tightened at the sight of Reid's expression, which looked like he had just encountered the Grim Reaper.

"Bryan pressed the emergency button," Reid replied, returning his gaze to his cellphone screen. He noticed the red icon, which shouldn't have been lit, still showing and causing his phone to vibrate.

Tristan's features suddenly turned pale, as if all the blood under his skin had disappeared without a trace.

He knew exactly what the meaning of 'Emergency Button' was. The button should not be pressed unless there's a terrible situation that Bryan can't handle by himself. In other words, his wife is in danger.

"Heading to the location. NOW!" Tristan roared, throwing his iPad aside and pulling out his cell phone.

While waiting for the connection, he asked, "Where is the car position?"

"Quantum Capital—" Reid answered after asking the driver to speed to the location immediately. He turned off the urgent alarm and checked his pistol.

Tristan's face became increasingly colorless as he waited for the ringtone to end, but Bryan's cell phone remained unanswered.

He made another call, this time only the first ring—the phone call connected.

"Max, check what happened in the Quantum Capital Building," he ordered quickly. "Do it NOW!"

Tristan didn't end the call. He waited, his worry-frightening gaze fixed on the street outside. He prayed that nothing had happened to his wife.

"Check my car position and clear the road toward Quantum!" Tristan added his instruction to Max.

Max did not respond on the other end, but Tristan could hear the keyboard sound from Max's side.

A few more seconds passed, and Max's surprising voice echoed from the other end.

"Oh my Lord! A crazy man is randomly shooting outside Quantum Capital!" His voice trailed off for a few seconds before he cursed loudly. "What the hell! This man, the former CEO of Stellar Entertainment, Andreas Corby, just shot Jack Foster! Damn it! He also shot Sam... Where is Madam? Wait... wait..."

Tristan felt his blood run cold after hearing Max's report, but his heartbeat stopped when Max didn't say if he had seen his wife in the CCTV footage.

"Boss... boss... I found Young Madam! After a closer look at a few seconds of the CCTV footage, I saw Bryan get out of the car and shield her from the crazy man's bullet. She is lying on her back, shielded by Bryan; I believe she is fine, but Bryan has taken the bullets meant for her. Confirmed! Young madam Bella is okay...repeat, she is okay..." Max immediately updated his report as he saw Bella in the footage.



Fright and anger consumed Tristan. He needed to get there faster. After signaling Reid to send for backup and asking the driver to speed up, Tristan focused on hearing Max's alarming live report again.

"Ooh...Boss, Boss, young madam, she took Bryan's gun. Yes, she shot the man's hand. And wow!! She killed him... Boss, they are safe; madam is so cool she looks like—"

Tristan ended the call. He heard what he wanted to hear. The shooter died, and his wife is okay.

"What the hell!? Why are you driving like a snail?" Tristan's icy voice sent a chill through the car. "Are you telling me to drive myself?" He couldn't believe they were still far from Quantum Capital. He needed to get there to see with his own eyes that his wife was alright.

The driver said nothing but pressed the gas pedal deeper, and the car began to move even faster.

Reid glanced at Tristan; he could see how dark his expression was now like the dark cloud now looming over him. He swallowed hard before reporting what he had just received from his contacts at Quantum Capital.

"Boss, I have just received information from our people at Quantum Capital: Two guards died on the spot; their identities are unknown, but they appear to be foreigners. The shooter also died at the scene."

Reid paused for a moment to take a deep breath.

"Jack Foster and Bryan were shot, but they are still alive, though they've lost a lot of blood. Sam is also alive but has lost consciousness. Your wife is fine, but she seems traumatized; she is just crying and not saying anything. Two ambulances have just arrived, and a few more are coming. They should arrive in about five minutes."

Tristan clenched his hand tightly as he spotted the Quantum Capital building in the distance. Finally, their car came to a stop.

The vehicle could not proceed because a crowd of onlookers tried to approach and check the situation, but a police line held them back.

Without waiting for the car to stop, Tristan jumped from his seat and ran toward the building, with Reid following closely behind.

When Tristan's people inside the police line saw him and Reid, they quickly opened a path for them to enter.

Tristan's heart sank when he saw Bella standing near the ambulance, crying as she watched the paramedics carry Sam into the vehicle. Her brown coat was now stained with blood, and fear gripped him as he rushed over to her.

"Bella, my dear..." Tristan called softly, taking her hand in his. He looked into her eyes, which were trembling as she stared back at him. Gently, he touched her cheek and felt her body shaking. Her sobs grew louder as she threw herself into his arms.

"Tristan, Andreas Corby, he, he, wanted to kill all of us. He shoots the guards," her shaking voice barely audible but enough for Tristan to hear her. "And Sam, Sam, he didn't open his eyes; they said he's still having a pulse! He's still having a pulse.... but why didn't he move?" she looked up to meet Tristan's gaze.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 564: Are You Injury? - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 564: Are You Injury?**

"Please ask the best doctor to make sure they are alive. I want them all to be safe, Tristan... Please..." Bella continued to speak through her sobs. "Please help them, huh!?"

"I will ask the best doctors to save them all," Tristan said, tightening his arms around her as she let out her sadness. He then lifted her into his arms and carried her toward his car.

After letting Bella sit in the car, Tristan didn't join her immediately. He closed the door and returned to speak to Reid. He asked him to handle the situation at that location and co-operated with the police.

Tristan ensured that Jack Foster and Bryan were sent to the hospital immediately because they had lost so much blood that they could be in critical condition without prompt treatment.

However, before Tristan returns to his car, Leo suddenly stops him.

"Tristan, please wait," Leo comes after Tristan.

"Ah, Leo, I'm sorry I didn't see you." Tristan nods slightly at him.

"It's okay. Earlier, I was busy speaking with the medic and a few police officers. I will handle everything here before heading to the hospital. However, please ensure they all receive the best treatment, Tristan, especially Jack and Sam," Leo said solemnly.

Leo was so stressed to see all his friends now injured, even two of Jack's guards die on the spot. He was afraid if Jack's family knew about this, they might be worried and blame this country's security.

"Sure, Leo, I'll do my best." Tristan had already ensured that the doctor at his hospital was prepared to receive three injured men, who were now heading to his hospital.

"Thanks, man." Leo nodded, feeling slightly relieved.

"Just one more thing, Leo. Make sure no news about this incident leaks to the public. I'll have my team monitor the internet news, but please ensure your staff does the same. I'm worried someone might post about it on their social media."

"I understand. I'll make sure that doesn't happen," Leo promised.

"Alright, Leo. I need to go now. If you need anything, just ask Reid; he'll assist you." Tristan waved goodbye and promptly got into his car to comfort his wife.

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Tristan was worried about seeing his wife.

Though she had turned her back to him, looking out of the car window, he could clearly hear her quiet sobs, and he noticed her shoulders trembling slightly.

Seeing her so sad hurt his heart as if he were sharing in her pain.

After taking a deep breath, Tristan placed his hand on her hair and stroked it gently, but his brow furrowed when he felt it was sticky. His hand stopped, frozen as he realized something. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

Tristan recalled the report he heard when Max watched the CCTV footage. Max mentioned that his wife fell on her back and hit the concrete floor. It must have been the impact that caused her head injury, right?

Bella turned to look at Tristan. His panicked and fearful gaze confused her. She shook her head quickly.

"No, Bryan protected me perfectly. That crazy Andreas Corby had no chance of hurting me. What makes you think I'm injured?"

"Really? Thank God. I thought you were injured. Because I smell blood on your hair," Tristan leaned closer to check her hair more closely. He could smell the sharp scent of metallic from the blood on her hair. His heartbeat raced as he checked her scalp, but he didn't see any wounds—no bruises, either.

"Oh, it must've been from Bryan's blood," Bella said sadly. "I feel grateful, terrified, and sad for him simultaneously. He courageously covers me from Andreas Corby's shots. And during that time, he vomited blood several times but still tried his best not to fall on me. I think some of his blood splattered and hit my hair. Oh God, I hope he's okay..."

Her hands on her lap clenched tightly, trying to forget the frightening moment in her life.

A wave of relief washed over Tristan as he listened to her words. Yet, when he noticed her somber expression, he felt a sense of sorrow for her.

Trying to distract himself from her sadness, his gaze shifted to Bella's long coat, and his worry deepened when he saw bloodstains.

Tristan took off his suit. "My dear, please take off your coat and put this on," he handed her his black suit.

Only then did Bella realize that her long coat was stained with blood. Her hands trembled slightly as she took in the sight of the blood. Without hesitation, she removed the coat and slipped on Tristan's suit.

She felt a sense of comfort as she wore Tristan's oversized suit. The shaking that had swallowed her moments ago began to subside, but the metallic scent of blood still hung heavily in the car. She wishes they could arrive faster at the hospital.

Bella glanced at Tristan, wanting to say something, but she noticed him speaking on the phone. While she waited, she overheard him asking someone to arrange a room and provide new clothes for her to change into when they arrived at the hospital.

Hearing this made Bella feel they were in sync; it was amusing that she was about to ask the same thing.

"I asked my assistant to bring your clothes to the hospital. You can shower once we get there if you feel like it," Tristan said, gently rubbing her cheeks. Seeing the color return to her face relieved him.

"Okay," Bella smiles back at him, but later, something crosses her mind. "Tristan, do you have any news about Sam?"

Bella was anxious about Sam's condition. She still remembers earlier, when she was waiting for the ambulance to arrive, she cradled his head and attempted to talk to him, but he didn't respond. He opened his eyes briefly before losing consciousness completely.

Tristan was about to answer her when a text message pinged on his phone. He quickly shared the news with Bella.

"Carlos just sent a message. The first ambulance has arrived – it's Sam's. I replied, asking him to make Sam a priority."

"He's going to be okay, right?" Bella gripped Tristan's hand tightly.

"I know he will be okay. He's the strongest man I know," Tristan smiled to reassure her.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 565: Am I a Murderer? - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 565: Am I a Murderer?**

At Sinclair International Hospital, in the VIP wardroom, Bella finished her shower and changed out of her bloody clothes into something clean.

She stepped out of the bathroom and found Tristan waiting for her in the living room. Her movement paused, and all the pain she had momentarily escaped swallowed her again.

Bella approached him, trying to appear casual as if nothing had happened. However, her efforts failed; Tristan could see the sorrow reflected in her eyes.

Tristan felt sorry for her but chose not to pry into the details of the incident. He decided to wait for her to share when she was ready.

There was an urgent matter he needed to address now. Tristan stood up from his seat and approached her.

"Dear, let's eat first. I heard from Leo that you haven't had anything to eat yet." He took her hand and led her to the dining table. "They just served this for us. Let's eat."

Bella didn't refuse him. Even though she lacked an appetite, she knew she needed to eat, or she might collapse soon.

However, after only half of the food she had eaten, Bella suddenly felt like she wanted to vomit, remembering the strange and scary feeling she had been harboring in her heart. The sense of satisfaction in killing Andreas Corby didn't feel right because now she felt like she was a sinner and deserved to be punished.

She tried hard to suppress this feeling, telling herself, 'You are not a murder, but you just tried to protect yourself...' but failed.

That feeling kept appearing to torture her.

Silently sighing, she put her cutlery on the plate and glanced at Tristan.

Bella's worried gaze was enough to attract Tristan's attention. He also stopped eating and observed her for a while before asking, "Do you feel uncomfortable somewhere? Do you want to lie on the bed?" he offered.

She shook her head and met his gaze.

"Tristan, why do I feel like a murderer, a sinner? Do the police need me to come to their office? What happens to our children if they find out their mother killed someone?"

Her words trembled as she expressed all the questions that were now filling her mind, torturing her inside.

When Bella saw the shock in Tristan's gaze, it hurt her. She lowered her eyes and looked at another place, clenching her fist tightly.

Tristan placed his hand on her back, rubbing it gently. "Of course, you are not. That person deserved it. He took people's lives and injured so many of you. What you did was just an attempt to protect yourself. You are not a sinner..."

Bella knew that, but even after hearing Tristan's words, her inner self still blamed herself, frightened of her sin.

"I took someone else's life. I killed someone. I am a murderer..." Her voice trembled, and she still couldn't bring herself to meet Tristan's gaze.

Tristan was stunned. He had completely forgotten that his wife might also need a psychologist to get through this. After all, this was her first kill.

He didn't want his wife to bear the burden of her suffering alone. He made her chair face him. He took her hands and rubbed them gently.

"Can you see my eyes?" Tristan gently asked.

Bella slowly lifted her head.

"My wife, you are not defined by your thoughts. You are not ending someone's life; rather, you are aiding in God's punishment of that person to prevent him from taking another innocent life."

He added, "Don't worry about anything else—the police won't ask you to come to their office; someone will handle that. They will come to you if they need to ask you something."

Bella listened quietly as Tristan explained, and she gradually felt her mind lifting from the shadows; the dark smoke that once clouded her thoughts began to dissipate.

"And our child? They will be proud of you. No one will judge you or speak about your thoughts or fears. You are their mother, their hero. And not just their hero, you are a hero to others too because you have helped others... right?" Tristan smiled.

A barely noticed smile appeared on Bella's lips.

"Please, you might have shot someone, but that's because you have to stop him from killing others. Be confident in yourself. You are not what you think: a killer. You are my brave and kind wife, Arabella Donovan." He finished, gently squeezing her hand before pulling her into a hug.

"Thank you, Tristan..." Bella whispered. She needed to hear those words from him, and now she was starting to feel better.

"Alright, continue your lunch. You want to see Jack and the others, right?" Tristan asked as he released her from his embrace.

Seeing his wife nod quickly, he noticed that her look was no longer filled with confusion and fear. He felt relieved.

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Not long after, Tristan and Bella arrived in front of the surgery room—a small lounge where the patient's family could wait.

Bella noticed Leo and Dana already there, sitting on the couch with their backs turned to her.

Some of Tristan's people in the corner appeared to be discussing something serious—no one noticed their presence.

She approached Leo and Dana, trying to maintain her composure, but her trembling hand betrayed her. Clenching her fists tightly, she greeted them, "Leo, Dana..."

They both looked in her direction, surprised. "Bella, I'm glad you finally made it," Leo said, standing up to face her.

Leo added, "I wanted to visit your room but was afraid to leave this place; I worried that the doctor would look for Jack and Sam's family." He felt relieved to see she hadn't been injured after that man, Andreas Corby, had tried to kill them all.

"It's fine. I also planned to come here, but I had to shower first. You know there was blood all over me, right?" Bella said with a faint smile as she glanced at Dana. Her smile vanished when she saw Dana's appearance.

Worried about Dana's pregnancy, Bella turned her gaze back to Leo. "You need to care and pay more attention to your wife. She doesn't look well, Leo."

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 566: The News She Had Hoped For - Read My Billionaire**

## **Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 566: The News She Had Hoped For**

Leo glanced at Dana and was shocked to realize what Bella had just told him; his wife looked pale and appeared to be in pain. Earlier, his mind had been too distracted by thoughts of Jack and the others, causing him to forget about his pregnant wife.

"I'll ask Tristan to provide a room for Dana. She must get some rest and eat something healthy for her and the baby inside her," Bella said anxiously.

"Thank you, Bella. Please..." Leo replied.

While Leo spoke to Dana, Bella approached Tristan. She requested a VIP room for Dana and an OB-GYN to check her condition.

It didn't take long before a few nurses arrived to escort Dana for some rest and a few check-ups.

Observing Leo's distressed expression as he watched Dana being taken away by the nurses, Bella smiled at him. "If you want to accompany her, that's fine. Go ahead. I'll wait here..." she offered, but Leo shook his head. He felt he needed to stay.

"Don't worry. My husband owns this hospital. The hospital staff is well aware that Dana is his friend. So, they will provide extra care and prepare more people for Dana," Bella said, trying to reassure Leo.

"Hmm, I know. I just feel sorry for my wife. She was utterly shocked by what happened," Leo muttered, struggling to calm himself.

After a brief silence, Bella broke the tension. "Does Jack's family know? What about Sam? Did you know his family?" she asked.

Leo turned to her, shaking his head. "Jack warned me not to tell his family anything. And about Sam, no one knows where his family is..." He worries about Sam, especially since that man is the only one who has lost consciousness.

Bella's expression turned gloomy again after she heard Leo mention Sam. Leo was right; Sam has always kept his family identity a secret. But if something happens to him, she knows how to look after Sam's family through Sean.

"How about Stefan and Harper? Do they know about this?"

"They know. This incident would have been beyond our control if it had happened in the public area. Because it happened on our property, Stefan managed to erase all the news on the internet about this incident. Oh, he also has notified Harper. We will need her here because she is close to Jack's family. I'm worried that something might happen to Jack. So—"



Leo shrugs, unable to continue his words, too frightened that something might happen to Jack.

Bella fell silent but agreed with Leo about notifying Harper. She was one of the founders of the RDF Group, and her presence here will provide significant help.

"Leo..." Bella suddenly grabbed Leo's arms as the light above the surgery door turned green.  
"Are they done with the surgery?"

"Hmm, I think so—"

Standing up from her seat, Bella saw the door swing open. Carlos Montana emerged, followed by his fellow doctors. His expression was not as cheerful as usual, making Bella tense up.

"Let's hear the results," Bella mumbled as she approached Carlos and Tristan.

Carlos pauses briefly to offer Bella a faint smile before turning to Tristan to explain the surgery results.

"Mr. Foster and Bryan's condition is stable," Carlos reported. "The bullet has been successfully removed without any complications. However, they are still receiving blood transfusions because they lost a significant amount of blood at the scene and on the operating table. Overall, though, their condition remains stable. They will wake up soon once the anesthesia wears off and will be moved to the recovery room. You can visit them later."

Carlos paused for a moment, looking at Bella with concern before continuing to explain Sam's condition.

"The bullet that struck Sam's head was in a tricky location and has damaged a fraction of his brain. We have removed the bullet, but we need more time to observe and assess if the surgery has fixed and limited the damage." He halted again when he noticed Bella's eyes welling up with tears.

"Sister-in-law, don't worry. Other than the scarring brain, Sam's overall is stable. He will live." Carlos added gently before shifting his gaze to Tristan. "Tristan, that's all I have for now. I will return with some updates."

"Alright, much appreciated, Carlos. Thank you for your and your team's excellent work," Tristan replied, nodding to all the doctors to express his gratitude for their efforts.

After watching the doctors return to the surgery room, Tristan led his wife to their VIP room.

Meanwhile, Leo dragged his heavy feet to check on his wife. Even though he tried to remain optimistic about Sam's situation, his heart was filled with the worry he never had before.

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Today, Bella decided to stay at the hospital instead of returning home. She couldn't leave the hospital while Jack and the others were still unconscious after their surgeries.

With no other option, she asked her mother and Noora to join her with the twins and Dax at the hospital. They took over almost an entire VVIP floor.

Throughout the day, Bella anxiously awaited updates on Jack and the others' conditions. To keep her mind occupied, she played with her children.

As evening approached, Tristan finally delivered the news she had hoped for: Jack and Bryan were awake.

Bella visited Bryan first to thank him for what he had done for her. If it weren't for Bryan protecting her from Jack Corby's sudden attack, she might not have had the chance to see her husband and children again.

With Tristan following closely behind her, Bella entered Bryan's room and saw Reid and Dylan standing by the bed. Seeing Bryan still asleep in bed, with bandages covering several areas of his body, made her feel sorry for him.

Approaching the bed, Bryan and the others finally noticed her; they stopped chatting and moved aside to give her space to approach.

"How's your condition, Bryan?" Tristan asked, standing on the side of the bed closer to him.

"Boss, I feel healthy. Sorry to make you worry..." Bryan replied, forcing a smile as he attempted to sit up. Tristan, however, insisted that he stay lying down.

Looking at Bryan, no longer trying to sit, Tristan continued, "Thank you for protecting my wife." He sincerely expressed his gratitude.

Tristan would never stop being grateful to Bryan for shielding her from the bullet and risking his own life. However, something had been bothering him after he had seen the CCTV footage of the incident.

'Why did Bryan react so slowly? He could take care of Andreas Corby when he took out his gun. But he did nothing.'

Before Tristan could ask, Bella spoke beside him, causing him to halt and glance at her.

**My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 567: Bella's Gratitude - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 567: Bella's Gratitude**

"Bryan, thank you. Thank you..." Bella said in a trembling voice, tears streaming down her face. After trying to calm her emotions, she continued, "I will never forget your sacrifice and bravery, Bryan. Tristan and I are forever grateful and in debt to you."

"Ma'am, please don't say that. You and Boss Tristan don't owe me anything. Protecting you with my life is my ultimate duty," Bryan replied awkwardly, concerned to see her cry.

"Still, Tristan and I are very grateful you didn't even think twice when you put your life in danger for me. Thank you so much, Bryan." Bella managed a smile through her tears. She would never forget everything Bryan had done for her; in her heart, she had already considered him her family member.

Tristan, who saw his wife cry, put his hand on her waist and pulled her to stand close to her, afraid she might collapse again.

Bryan said nothing but nodded, smiling warmly at her. However, his smile faded when Tristan asked, "Bryan, why did you react so slowly that time? Why didn't you act when Andreas Corby appeared on the scene?"

This has troubled Bryan ever since it happened. If only he had heard what happened outside the car, he might have been able to stop Andreas Corby from shooting Jack and Sam. Unfortunately, he couldn't turn back time to correct his mistake.

"Sir, before the incident, Madam and the others were only a few meters away from the car. I saw Sam with them, and it made me let my guard down while testing the new car's capabilities..." Bryan sighed deeply as he recounted his oversight.

He continued, "At that moment, the soundproof function was activated, so I couldn't hear anything from outside, even when the man fired his first bullet. I didn't have much time to react when I realized something was wrong. All I could do was press the 'Emergency Button' and throw myself in front of Madam to shield her, as that man was aiming a gun at her."

Tristan no longer asked Bryan any further questions because he had already guessed what happened. He only wanted to hear it directly from Bryan.

Bella, who was listening to their conversation, was stunned. She hadn't considered the reasons behind Bryan's inaction. Still, after hearing his explanation, she could understand why he hadn't reacted more quickly.

'Gosh! That stupid car!' Bella couldn't help but blame the vehicle.

Sam might not have been in critical condition if they had used their usual car. Bryan would have had a better chance to react and subdue Andreas Corby.

After talking with Bryan for a few more minutes, Bella finally excused herself to visit Jack.

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In Jack's wardroom,

Bella was no longer surprised to see Jack looking healthy; he was already sitting on the bed and looked serious as he spoke with Leo, who sat on the chair by the bed.

Despite her concern about Sam, who still hadn't woken up, Bella couldn't hide her gratitude for Jack's condition.

As Bella and Tristan approached them, she said, "I'm glad you're okay, boss."

Jack smiled at Bella as he embraced her warmly.

"Oh, stop crying over me. I'm not going to die yet, my friend," Jack said, trying to cheer her up after noticing her damp eyes.

Bella shook her head at his words. "I won't let you die, Jack. Don't worry about it."

Jack felt relieved to see her smile returning to her eyes, so different from when he had seen her crying a lot after knowing Sam had a severe injury.

"Yeah, I know that, Bella. Thanks to you, we all could survive," Jack sincerely expressed his gratitude. He couldn't imagine what would have happened if she hadn't killed that bastard Andreas Corby.

"Ugh, can't we skip talking about that?"

"Sure. Where have you been? Why did you just arrive now?" Jack asked, trying to change the subject.

"I visited Bryan," Bella replied, settling into the chair by the bed after Leo gestured for her to sit.

Suddenly, Jack's expression tensed at the mention of Bryan. He was curious to hear more since Leo hadn't updated him. "How is he?"

"He's fine. He's awake now but still can't sit up properly like you," Bella said.

"I'm glad he's alright. That man really does his job well as your bodyguard."

Bella's expression darkened. Whenever they discussed that incident, the memories flooded back.

"Yeah, he's amazing," Bella said, managing a bitter smile. Then, as if remembering something important, she added, "Jack, about your bodyguard, I'm sorry..."

"Thanks..." Jack's face turns dark, recalling two of his bodyguards died.

"But why weren't they with you at the time? Why did they only show up after Andreas Corby shot you!?"

Another small sigh escaped Jack's lips as he stared at Bella before responding.

"They were waiting in the car, ready to follow us. This was my mistake. I thought I would be safe here, with no threats lurking around. You know that not many people know that RDF has business here, right?"

"Yeah, I know..." Bella replied.

"My visit to this country wasn't scheduled as part of the company agenda; it was to attend Harper's wedding for personal reasons. If I recall correctly, only my trusted assistant knows I'm here," Jack explained, sharing his suspicions about someone leaking his schedule to Andreas Corby.

"And how did Andreas find out you were here?" Tristan interjected, stepping forward from behind Bella.

Jack turned to Tristan.

"I've already asked Stefan to investigate. I'm sure someone in the office leaked my agenda." Jack took a deep sigh, trying to think of the person.

Tristan fell silent, and Bella also stopped asking about it.

They shifted their conversation to Sam's condition, which had not shown any significant changes so far, which stressed them all.

Not long after, when Bella and Tristan were saying goodbye and preparing to return to their room, the door to Jack's room suddenly opened. Harper rushed in, her face pale and tears welling in her eyes, followed closely by Sean.

Everyone in the room was shocked that she had arrived in the country so soon.

"Harper, Sean—"

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back #Chapter 568: This is The Best I Could Ask For - Read My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 568: This is The Best I Could Ask For**

Two weeks later.

After the shooting incident, Bella rarely left her house. She only went outside when she visited the hospital. Tristan or Geoffrey would accompany her wherever she went. Like today, Geoffrey sits beside the driver as they head to the hospital to see Sam.

After Sam finally awakened from his brief coma, Bella, Harper, and Leo visited him almost every day.

Sam was recovering well, but his healing process was taking longer than expected, preventing him from engaging in his everyday activities. To keep him company and uplift his spirits, the three of them made it their daily schedule to cheer him up, especially since Sam had no family.

They learned from Sean Spencer about Sam's tragic past; his entire family had been killed when he was still serving in the military. This loss was one of the reasons he left the army, moved to the USA, and ultimately met Jack.

Understanding his background, Bella and the others wanted to support him. Still, in the end, Sam chooses to stay with Harper and Sean's family because he feels a stronger connection with Sean. Perhaps camaraderie between soldiers. This bond also allowed him to reconnect with his former colleagues from the military.

As for Jack, just a few days after the incident, his father discovered what had happened and sent a private jet to bring him back to the US for continued medical treatment.

Meanwhile, Bryan was discharged from the hospital a week ago and stayed on Tristan's property under the care of Tristan's most trusted medical staff to recover more quickly. Since his injuries are not as severe as Sam's, he may return to work with Tristan soon, although he won't guard Bella for now.

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Heading to the VIP wardroom on the 20th floor, Bella was surprised to encounter Harper, who had just emerged from the other elevator.

"Harper?"

"Oh, Bella! I thought you had already arrived!" Harper said as she rushed to Bella. They linked their arms together, making their way to Sam's room.

"Why did you come so early? Didn't you say you would come in the afternoon after work?" Bella smiled, happy to see Harper.

"There's a family event tonight, so I decided to come over now. I missed you anyway," Harper giggled as they entered Sam's bedroom.

Sam's smile widened upon seeing them enter, mainly as they carried various shopping bags.

"Sam! You look very healthy! I brought your favorite chocolates from Europe!" Harper shouted, placing several boxes of chocolates on the table beside the bed before settling on the edge of the hospital bed. She took one box and slowly opened it.

"Oh my goodness, Harper Reed, you don't have to shout like that. Even though one of Sam's ears isn't working, he can still hear you," Bella shook her head while putting fresh fruits in the fridge and glancing at Sam. "Isn't that right, Sam?"

Sam smiled at Bella before looking at Harper, who had already opened the box of chocolates.

"That's right, I can still hear you, even if you speak normally. No need to shout," Sam said softly as he glanced at Geoffrey sitting on the couch. "Geoffrey, thank you for coming by to see me. I'm glad to see you, man..."

Harper shrugged and began to eat a cranberry chocolate.

Geoffrey lifted his head from the magazine in his hand and glanced at Sam. "I'm not visiting you, Sam. I'm just accompanying my madam," he replied casually before returning to his magazine.

Bella, who overheard Geoffrey's words, chuckled and settled on the other side of Sam's bed.

"How's your walk therapy going today, Sam?" Bella asked curiously.

Sam's leg had been seriously injured, hitting a vital bone, which made it challenging for him to walk normally. However, his therapist emphasized that with hard work, he could eventually walk again without any aid.

"He tortured me, but it's fine. As long as I can run again and kick someone else's butt, I will stick with my therapist," Sam replied.

"How about your eye?" Harper asked before popping another piece of chocolate into her mouth.

"Honestly, there's no hope for my right eye and ear. They just don't work anymore," Sam replied bitterly. Despite this, he felt grateful for being alive. Losing one eye and hearing in one ear didn't seem like a big deal to him.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sam. But don't be too down about it; at least you can still see and hear with the other ones, right?" Harper attempted to cheer him up.

"I'm not down, boss. I'm grateful that God allows me to be alive and spend time with all of you. This is the best I could ask for," Sam said with a smile. However, his expression slowly faded as he fixed his gaze on the chocolate box in Harper's lap.

Before Harper could respond, Sam chuckled, narrowing his eyes at her. "Boss Harper, isn't that chocolate for me? Why are you eating it? My God, you've almost finished the whole box..."

Bella watched as Harper froze, her hands suspended in the air, just moments before she popped a piece of chocolate into her mouth. Unable to contain her laughter, Bella found her best friend's expression comical as she was caught red-handed stealing Sam's chocolate.

"Harper, Harper... you're so hilarious, my friend," Bella giggled.

Harper quickly finished the chocolate in her hand, glaring at Bella before shifting her gaze to Sam.

With a smile, she answered Sam, "Well, Sam, this is my chocolate. Yours are the four boxes over there." She pointed to the remaining boxes on the bedside table.

Sam and Bella exchanged amused glances, shaking their heads at Harper's flimsy excuse.

However, a moment later, Bella's expression turned to one of surprise as she recalled a crucial detail. She remembered that her best friend had never liked sweets or chocolate because she was strict about maintaining her weight.

Yet now, Harper was nearly finished crunching a box of Belgian dark chocolates in just a few minutes.

Narrowing her eyes at Harper while suppressing a smile, Bella asked, "Harper Reed, are you pregnant?"

Harper was shocked to hear Bella's question. "Pregnant?" she repeated, trembling.

Bella nodded. "Have you ever taken a test? When was your last period?" she asked.

Instantly, Harper felt all the blood drain from her face as she realized she had been late for three weeks now.

Chapter 569: The Best Decision For Their Future (END)

November 25.



"Happy Birthday, Tristan Sinclair..." Bella leaned closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his cheek repeatedly.

Tristan smiled, keeping his eyes on the road as he tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

"You've already said that countless times, dear."

"I know! And you'll hear me say those words all day until today ends," she giggled.

Bella showered him with a few more kisses before returning to her seat, not wanting to distract him while driving.

"Hubby, can you tell me where we're going now?" Bella glanced at him again, noticing that the route was unfamiliar.

"I'm sorry, but it's a secret!" A playful smile appeared on his lips as he saw her roll her eyes.

Bella could hardly believe it. That morning, after celebrating Tristan's birthday at home with family, he announced they would go on a honeymoon—just the two of them. She was shocked and unprepared because she knew nothing about it.

Bella was even more surprised to learn that her entire family, including Dax, was already aware of her honeymoon plans and had helped Tristan make them happen. She was left speechless by their grand scheme but thrilled with happiness, eagerly anticipating what was to come.

Before long, Bella recognized their direction.

"Oh, I know this place," she said, turning to Tristan. "Are we going to ride in a helicopter?"

"Hmm, we are—"

Bella felt defeated by Tristan's brief response. Not wanting to press further, she decided to keep silent and follow him wherever he led.

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Soon, they were flying above the city, and she realized they were heading to the North City—the coldest place in the nation.

'Why did you choose a cold destination for our honeymoon, Tristan?' Bella wondered. 'Did he plan to keep me indoors all day?' She felt her cheeks warm as she imagined her husband would keep her in the bedroom all day. Shaking her head lightly, she pushed aside her wild thoughts.

During their journey to their destination, Bella tried to recall everything that had happened in the years since she returned to the country and reunited with her husband, Tristan.

So much had happened with her family and close friends. They endured many hardships together, but they also shared countless joys. Bella would never complain about what God had given her in this life.

All the hardships she had experienced were now behind her, and a bright and beautiful future awaited her. With Tristan always by her side, she felt no fear about what lay ahead.

'Bella, you did it! You finally did it...' she thought, feeling a deep pride for the journey that had brought her to this happy moment.

She smiled silently while squeezing Tristan's hand tightly, causing him to turn and look at her with concern, worried that she might be frightened by the helicopter ride.

"Are you okay?" Tristan spoke into the headset mic. "Are you uncomfortable? No worries; we'll arrive soon."

Bella nodded and gave him a thumbs-up. Although she wasn't fond of flying in a helicopter, having Tristan by her side made her feel safe.

After a smooth flight, the helicopter finally landed in a mountainous area. The helipad is near a large building.

They immediately got into a black sedan waiting for them, and the car sped toward the white building Bella had seen from above earlier.

When Bella saw the name of the building in front of the white wall fence, her expression changed. She frowned and looked at Tristan.

"Tristan, why did you bring me to this mental hospital?" she asked.

Tristan turned to her with a thin smile, but he didn't say a word, adding to Bella's confusion.

"Tristan, please don't confuse and scare me like this. Why are we here?" Bella asked again.

But then, she recalled something, and the fear that had wrapped around her began to dissipate.

"Ah, we stopped by here so I could accompany you to work before we head to our honeymoon location, right?"

That was all Bella could think about; their honeymoon destination was near the Sinclair Group's mental hospital area, so it made sense that Tristan brought her here—he might have some business to attend to.

"You'll see later..." was all Tristan said as they walked toward the hospital entrance.

Several hospital officials who were aware of his visit greeted Tristan. Still, he asked them to leave him alone with his wife.

Bella felt confused again when she realized this was not a work visit; Tristan had brought her here for another reason.

But the question is, why? Who did he want to see?

Giving up on trying to guess, Bella simply followed Tristan as he walked toward the expansive back garden, which offered a stunning view of the mountains. The temperature was quite chilly, as it was now autumn.

Even though the air was cold, the beauty of the autumn colors from the surrounding trees made people forget the chilly temperature.

For a moment, Bella tried to appreciate the stunning scenery before her. Still, Tristan's steps eventually stopped, prompting her to halt beside him.

She looked up and was taken aback by Tristan's difficult-to-describe expression. His eyes seemed sad and pitiful as they gazed in a specific direction.

Curious about what made her husband look so gloomy, Bella followed his line of sight and was shocked to see the woman she despised the most sitting on a wooden garden bench just a few meters away.

'Is that Jessica? W-Why is she here?'

Bella's heart tightened at the sight of Jessica. It had been so long since she last saw her or even heard any news about her.

Countless questions flooded her mind, but one stood out. 'Does Jessica have a severe mental health issue? Is that why she's here?' The thought alone made her tense up.

She observed Jessica, who always appeared arrogant, sitting on a park bench, talking to herself and holding a doll. All the confusion in Bella's mind began to make sense.

'Oh my God! Jessica has a severe mental health problem. Seriously?'

Taking a deep breath, she asked Tristan, "T-Tristan... Why is your mother here? Is her mental health in some kind of sickness?"

Tristan smiled slightly as he turned his head toward Bella and explained, "Hmm, she lost all her memories and now behaves like a three-year-old child."

Bella was at a loss for words upon hearing this.

They looked at Jessica again. She was still sitting there, laughing and giggling as if she were talking to an imaginary friend.

"Since when has she been like this?" Bella finally asked, managing to control her shock at Jessica's condition.

"Since returning from my father's grave last year. She started to change..."  
Tristan took a deep breath before continuing. "Her maid called me and



explained everything. So, I arranged for her to stay in this place for her safety and as my last filial duty as her son."

Tristan paused for a moment, looking at Bella with concern. "I hope you don't mind if I help her...?"

Bella immediately shook her head. "No, I don't mind. I'm glad you helped and provided her with a proper place to stay. Here, she won't be alone and in danger since many medical personnel will take care of her."

Even though Bella harbored strong feelings of resentment toward Jessica, she couldn't ignore the fact that Jessica was the one who had given birth to her husband.

"Thank you, Bella," Tristan said, pulling her into his arms while glancing at her mother. "I'm so glad to hear that from you. All this time, I was afraid to be honest with you about what I did to her, worried that you would hate me for helping her. But before we head to our honeymoon destination on my birthday, I no longer want to hide it from you. I want you to see this... in person."

Bella looked up at Tristan, a smile spreading across her face as she appreciated him finally expressing his feelings about his mother—a topic he rarely discussed.

"Tristan, I'm glad you brought me here and shared your deep feelings about her. Thank you so much..."

Tristan smiled wider for the first time since they arrived at this place, and his sadness faded.

"Alright, let's go to our honeymoon destination. You'll be happy to know where we're headed," he said, a mysterious grin appearing on his lips.

Bella's smile widened, and her cheeks warmed as she imagined where this man would take her for their romantic honeymoon, just the two of them.

"Let's go!" Bella replied happily.

...

As Bella walked beside Tristan toward the hospital entrance, she heard a buzzing sound from her coat pocket. She quickly checked her cell phone and was shocked to see a text from Stefan.

Her steps came to a halt, prompting Tristan to stop as well.

"What's wrong?" Tristan asked, a look of concern crossing his face as he noticed her intently reading something on her phone.

"Did you do it?" Bella asked, a frown forming on her lips.

"Do what?" Tristan replied, confusion heard in his voice.

Without answering, Bella handed her phone to him.

Though puzzled, Tristan took the phone and read the article titled:

[Marco Lombardi Declared Dead in His Cell Due to Heart Attack.]

"Did you do it?" Bella repeated.

After returning the phone to her, Tristan smiled faintly and encouraged her to continue walking to the car.

"I'll do anything for the safety of my family..." he said calmly, opening the car door for her.

Bella remained silent but smiled back at him. He was right—this was the best decision for their future.

[END]

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Author notes:

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After ten months of writing without a single day off, I am thrilled to announce that this book is finally finished.

I want to extend my heartfelt thanks to all of you for your support throughout this journey. I couldn't have done it without you. I hope you enjoy reading this book as much as I enjoyed writing the story of Bella and Tristan.

Once again, thank you so much!