

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back

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.

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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]

Author notes:

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!