

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

Chapter 61

Shameless Tristan

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.

Bella felt angry, but she couldn’t do anything. She silently took a deep breath, looking at the shopkeeper packing everything she had chosen for Dax.

‘Only this time, Bella!! Never give him a chance!’ Bella reminds herself.

When Bella saw seven large paper bags lined up, almost filling the cashier’s desk, she could only laugh bitterly in her heart. ‘Gosh, how can I buy that much?’

...

“Mr. Sinclair, do you want us to send this to your address?” the cashier asked.

“Let me—” Bella couldn’t finish her words because Tristan chimed in.

“No need, thank you. Someone will pick it up...” Tristan said while glancing at the door. He saw Dylan standing there with two men in black suits. He gestured for them to enter and took the paper bag.

Bella, “...”

She was surprised to see three men appear to take the paper bag. She recognized the man with glasses; it was Dylan, Tristan’s assistant.

In the past, Dylan never talked to her casually; he always spoke to her seriously and formally, and he never even showed his smile at her.

But Bella was surprised to see Dylan warmly smile at her just now. He even greeted her politely.

Bella couldn't help but think; Dylan and his boss acted strangely as if someone possessed them.

"Thank you, Mr. Sinclair, Ms. Sinclair, for shopping in our store..." the cashier said politely while returning his card and the receipt.

But Tristan did not accept it. He said, "Give it to my wife..."

Bella still glanced at Dylan, shocked beyond words, when she heard Tristan's words. She glared at him as if wanting to say through her gaze, "Are you forgetting something? We are not husband and wife anymore!! And why should I save your card!?"

Tristan smiled, looking at her annoyed expression. He turned his eyes to Dylan, ignoring her protesting gaze.

Before Bella could voice her thoughts, the cashier said, "Ms. Sinclair, this is our membership VVIP card. You could get a discount if you shop in our store in any city." She said politely while handing off Tristan's card, the store VVIP card, and the receipt.

Bella didn't take it right away but glanced at Tristan again.

However, Tristan seemed to ignore her as he spoke to Dylan and two bodyguards as they walked out of the store.

She had no choice but to accept the card, saying, "Thank you..." And placing it in her bag.

When Bella joined Tristan at the store entrance, she hadn't spotted Dylan and the two men earlier.

"Where are they? What about the stuff we bought?" she asked confusedly while looking around, but she didn't see them.

"They will send the stuff to your house," Tristan casually said.

Another surprise hit her, “You know my house?”

“Let’s go to the restaurant and talk...” he said, walking away.

Bella sighed deeply.

“This is not yet seven. I still need to buy something,” she said, heading to the third floor. She couldn’t delay buying her stuff because she would start work tomorrow and needed her formal suit.

Tristan halted his step and turned to see her. He smiled when he saw her walk toward the escalator in the opposite direction from him.

He strode towards her. “Do you need anything?” he asked, standing behind her on the escalator. Bella didn’t answer. “What do you want? You can tell me; maybe I could ask someone to deliver it to you...” He asked again.

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Bella is having trouble dealing with Tristan’s shamelessness.

The more she ignores him, the more he tries to find ways to talk to her.

Sigh!

‘Oh, God... can you silence this shameless Tristan for me? Or can you make him leave me alone?’

Bella vented her frustration while walking and looking at the store she wanted to visit — the famous local brand she had liked to wear before she married this shameless Tristan.

She glanced at him, who walked beside her, trying to calm her annoyance.

Walking beside Tristan caused a few people to glance at them. Bella started to worry that she would be in trouble if someone took a picture of them and uploaded it to social media.

She didn't want to become a trending topic on social media just because she walked with this Playboy!

"Tristan, can you walk a little further away from me?"

"Why?"

"I'm worried that someone will take our photo and upload it on social media. I don't want my face to appear on the internet!"

"Why? Am I not handsome enough to walk with you?" He asked with a small smile appearing on the corner of his lips.

"Can you stop asking every time I ask? Could you please just do... it?" She asked nicely, hoping he would agree.

Tristan felt amused hearing her words.

"Don't worry. I will ask someone to make sure no one takes a picture of us," he said calmly, not wanting to make her angrier.

"Thank you." She answered in a very soft voice, almost inaudible.

Of course, Tristan heard it, and that made him even happier.

Tristan no longer tried to tease her. He let her enter the women's formal wear boutique.

However, when he noticed the brand, he was surprised. This famous local brand is one of their subsidiaries.

The shop manager who knew him immediately approached him. Still, Tristan shook his head slowly, asking him not to greet him loudly.

"Sir, welcome..." The shop manager whispered as he stood near Tristan.

"Don't expose this brand as one of my companies. You can help my wife choose whatever she wants..." He orders.

The manager nodded slightly and left Tristan sitting in the corner of the waiting area.

Bella didn't bother to check on Tristan. She already knew that man would not leave her alone. The more she asked him to leave, the more he would stay. It was better just to ignore him. If he got bored, he would definitely leave on his own.

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Happy to See Her Smile

Bella really admires this local brand, FLYTE. Their style matches her style. Offering formal suits with an elegant yet understated feel, their preference for monochrome colors is very much in line with her taste.

She's purchased several suit sets, high heels, and boots, all from the same brand.

Bella was familiar with the products she wanted to buy, so she only needed thirty minutes to complete her shopping.

As she prepared to pay, Bella noticed Tristan seated on one of the sofas, engrossed in something on his cell phone. She felt relieved that he hadn't noticed she'd finished shopping, as she preferred not to have him pay for her clothes as he did for Dax.

However, something happened when Bella arrived at the cashier's desk. When she handed over her card, the cashier told her that her card had been declined.

Bella felt strange hearing that a card with unlimited usage could be rejected.

"I'm sorry... Can you try again? The card I gave you is not a credit card. There's no limit on that card..." Bella tried to explain.

There was no way her card had been rejected; even if she bought everything in this shop, she could still afford it and still had plenty of money left on her card.

The cashier tried again, and the result was the same. “Ma’am, I’m sorry, but this machine said decline. I don’t know what happened. Maybe you have another card? You can try it...” the cashier said politely.

Bella took a deep sigh before she took out her other card. This time, the credit card that Jack gave her was the company card she could use for her daily expenses. She had never used this card since Jack gave it to her five years ago.

“Try this card,” Bella said confidently, believing Jack wouldn’t give her a card with a small limit.

“Ma’am, I apologize; this card also declined.” The cashier smiled awkwardly, feeling bad for this young lady. “Ma’am, do you have another card?”

‘Damn! What is this? Why are all the cards rejected?’ Bella feels annoyed. She didn’t have any more cards now.

How could she cancel buying everything she had already chosen?

She felt disappointed because she would have to cancel buying these clothes now.

Bella put her wallet back into her bag, and at that moment, the Black Card that Tristan had given her earlier appeared at the bottom of her bag.

‘This... Can I use his card?’ Bella felt tempted to use it to determine whether his card would be declined.

After thinking for a few more seconds, she took the card but didn’t immediately give it to the cashier. She turned to see Tristan, who was still sitting relaxed on the sofa, as if he was in his own world, ignoring her.

“Try this card...” She finally gave the cashier Tristan’s card. She felt a little tense, worried that Tristan’s card would be rejected, too. She would be forced to cancel today’s shopping if the card were rejected.

Her only option is to return tomorrow with cash because she doesn’t have much cash to pay for her expensive purchases.

“M’am, thank you for your purchase...” the cashier’s voice surprised Bella. With confused eyes, she accepted the card and the long receipt from the cashier.

‘Heaven!! How on earth is my card getting rejected but his card not?’ Bella became suspicious; Maybe Tristan got her card rejected on purpose. However, seeing that Tristan had not moved from the sofa, she put aside her suspicions.

She took a deep breath before putting the card back in her bag.

“Thank you,” Bella smiled at the cashier. Just as she reached for the four shopping bags, a hand suddenly stopped her. She was surprised to see Tristan already standing beside her.

“Let me carry those for you...” Tristan said, taking all her shopping bags. Bella, “...”

She followed her out of the store.

“Tristan... I...” Bella couldn’t finish her words because Dylan suddenly appeared and took the shopping bags from Tristan.

‘Do his people have ninja skills? They can appear and disappear without notice!’ Bella faintly smiled as she saw Dylan nod at her and walk away, disappearing from her line of sight once again.

While Bella was lost in thought, Tristan looked at her with a faint smile. He was so happy to see her smile for the first time since they met again.

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Tristan let her drown in her thoughts for a moment before he called her, “Bella, do you still want to go shopping?” he asked softly.

Bella was surprised to hear Tristan’s voice sound so close. She turned towards him and how surprised she was when she found Tristan’s face almost touching hers. Spontaneously, she stepped back but didn’t see someone walking behind her.

Before she hit the person, Tristan’s hand grabbed her waist and pulled her towards him. Everything happened so fast, and she was already in his arms.

“Be careful. You might hit someone...” Tristan whispered near his ear.

Bella silently swallowed. No words came out of her mouth, as she was simply shocked and speechless by the situation. She didn’t dare move in his arms.

She lowered her head, hiding her blushing face. However, her heart beat even faster when she could smell his familiar fragrance again.

After a few seconds, Bella regained her calm; she pushed him away and looked up to meet his gaze. They didn’t say anything momentarily, only looking at each other silently.

“Do you still want to buy something?” Tristan finally asked after satisfying his eyes, looking at her blushing face.

“Hmm, I’m done,” she answered, turning her gaze elsewhere to calm her heart.

“Okay, let’s go to the restaurant. It’s almost seven...” he said, then walked. Bella followed him toward the elevator.

When they arrived at the Steak House restaurant, the restaurant manager recognized Tristan. He hurriedly greeted him and led them to their VIP room.

Bella felt weird because she had booked this place and hosted this meeting. Still, Tristan actually knew the restaurant manager and had often been to this place. So, she just let him arrange everything.

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Dating With Your Granddaughter-In-Law

After the manager left the room, Bella finally had the courage to start the conversation with Tristan.

“You can ask anything you want, Tristan.”

Tristan stared at her with a smile. “What is our...” He paused when his phone vibrated. When he saw the caller, he looked at Bella with an apologetic gaze. “I’m sorry, but I must pick up this phone first. Do you mind?”

She shook her head, “Sure, go ahead.”

Tristan answered while his eyes were still on her, “Grandpa!? Why did you call?”

Suddenly, Bella became nervous upon realizing that the caller was Lewis Sinclair. She lowered her gaze and listened to their conversation in silence.

“BRAT! You know I’m back in town, but you don’t welcome me?” Lewis Sinclair snapped. “Why did you cancel our dinner plans without telling me? You have to give me a good reason why you canceled coming here...” Lewis Sinclair’s voice sounded so loud from the other end that Bella could hear it clearly.

Tristan opened his mouth to speak, but Lewis spoke again, “This is why I don’t want to return. Because you weren’t sincere in asking me to come back!”

Tristan put the phone away from his ears. His Grandpa's voice was so loud it made his ears hurt.

"Hello... Tristan Sinclair... are you there? Why didn't you answer me?"

"Grandpa, how can I speak if you don't give me a chance!?" Tristan was amused hearing his Grandpa venting his anger.

Bella pretended to look at her cell phone but actually laughed silently at their conversation.

Lewis cleared his throat before saying, "Why did you suddenly cancel to come to my house? Are you more concerned about meeting other people than your grandfather?" His annoyance was still clearly heard in the tone of his old hoarse voice.

"Grandpa, my date tonight is also the most important person," Tristan smiled, hearing his own words. He couldn't believe he had said that when Bella sat opposite him.

'You are so bold, man...' He chuckled inwardly. However, his smile vanished as he felt a pair of sharp eyes fixed on him.

Tristan turned to look at Bella and was taken aback by the intensity of her gaze. He rested his back against the chair and rubbed his forehead with one hand while avoiding eye contact with her.

"Stop talking about dating. Why do you keep meeting women who are only interested in your wealth and power?" Lewis asked, feeling angry. He was getting tired of reading news about Tristan's girlfriends. If this Brat didn't stop now, Bella would never return to like him.

"Did you know your reputation out there is getting worse? Almost all media and netizens say you are a Cassanova! And that is NOT a compliment, young man!" Lewis continued.

Tristan was speechless. He couldn't let his grandfather talk about something that wasn't true.

“Grandpa, please stop reading gossip news. Alright, I will call you later. My date is hungry...” He said while smiling at Bella, who was still glaring at him.

“Who? Who is the woman you are having dinner with?” Lewis asked curiously.

Tristan couldn’t help but take a deep sigh. He leaned closer to Bella and whispered, “Can I tell him?”

Bella didn’t have a choice. She could only nod while scolding herself for meeting him now. If she knew he had a dinner plan with his Grandpa, she would have set another day to meet him.

“I’m dating your granddaughter-in-law...” Tristan’s voice sounded cheerful. But Bella felt like she wanted to disappear from that place. She couldn’t believe this shameless Tristan could say that before his grandfather.

Bella, “...”

“Can you add ‘EX’ before granddaughter? Or would just saying my name be nicer?” Bella wanted to say that, but hearing Lewis’s response made her even more speechless.

“Hahaha... Brat, I don’t believe you. There’s no way Bella will meet you today; she just landed in the capital and doesn’t have time to meet you. You must be trying to lie to me, right?”

Tristan took a deep breath. “Grandpa, how could I lie to you? I’m not lying. I’m having dinner with Bella now.” He tried to convince his Grandpa.

“You can video call me to make me believe,” Lewis said and ended the call.

Bella, “...”

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Tristan gazes apologetically at Bella.

“It looks like we need to make a video call. You know Grandpa will bother us again if we don’t do that now...” Tristan said, feeling sorry to her for his grandfather’s unreasonable request. “You don’t mind, right?”

Bella could only answer him through her gaze — do whatever you want.

It was too late to run away from this place. She had fallen into this man’s trap. Earlier, he laid his trap nicely; he called her his wife in front of other people and gave her his black card. And now, he addressed her as a granddaughter-in-law in front of his grandfather without hesitation.

Gosh!

Bella emptied a glass of water to moisten her suddenly dry throat, preparing herself for the video call with Lewis Sinclair. When Tristan offered her his cell phone, she smiled upon seeing Lewis on the screen.

“Hello Grandpa...” She greeted him politely.

“Oh, Bella... Is that you? Hahaha... So Tristan is actually meeting you today?” Lewis’s voice sounded excited, causing Bella to feel embarrassed. “Bella, thank you for giving my good-for-nothing grandson a chance.”

Tristan, “...”

Bella felt a bit awkward.

“This time, you can make him suffer first before accepting him. And if he ignores you or makes you sad again, you must tell me. I’ll teach him a lesson if he does that!”

Tristan immediately cleared his throat to stop his Grandpa from continuing his words, “Grandpa—”

Bella felt puzzled. Why did Grandpa Lewis seem to think she and Tristan would be getting back together?

“Okay, I won’t disturb your date. My dear Bella... enjoy your time,” Lewis said with a wide smile. She returned his smile, even though she was confused about what had happened now.

“Bella, please give the phone to Tristan.” After Tristan took his cell phone, Lewis warned him, “Brat, do NOT mess with Bella. If you even slightly upset her this time, I will come to you and break your leg MYSELF!”

Before Tristan could say anything, Lewis ended the call.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 64

Tristan Sincerely Apologized
At Mogul Mega Mall, in the basement parking lot,

Dylan sat behind the wheel of a luxury black Mercedes van, looking bored. At the same time, Max, who sat beside him, busy typing on his laptop, seemed oblivious to Dylan’s boredom.

An hour had passed, and Tristan had not given any instructions. Increasingly agitated, Dylan wonders if Tristan has forgotten about them for a cozy dinner with his ex-wife.

Glancing over at Max, Dylan breaks the silence. “Man, you finished clear boss picture!?”

“I did,” Max replied absentmindedly, his fingers dancing across the keyboard, his attention divided between Dylan and a heated exchange with his online gaming buddy.

[X4D] Wanna play?

[Bitter_Coffee] Nah, man. On duty.

[X4D] Seriously? It’s Friday night! No one works on Friday nights!

[X4D] Just one game, come on.

[X4D] I'm dying of boredom waiting here.

[Bitter_Coffee] Who are you waiting for? Your gaming buddy?

[X4D] Nah, a stunning girl (peace emoji)

[Bitter_Coffee] Damn! You got a date, bro?

[Bitter_Coffee] Seriously? Seriously?

[X4D] Are you playing or not?

Max sighed. His mood plummeted as he read X4D's response. Even his gaming buddy has found love, leaving him as the single dog in a romantic relationship.

X4D had a girl. His boss was probably going to return to his ex-wife. Max's mind turned to Dylan.

'Does Dylan have a girl?' he wondered, unable to contain his curiosity anymore. He asked, "Dylan, do you have a girlfriend?"

Dylan blinked in surprise at Max's sudden question. "Why the sudden interest, Max? Are you trying to set me up or something like that?"

Max shook his head and glanced at his computer screen once more. Observing his gaming buddy, now logged out, he also decided to close his laptop.

"Man, I'm in a good mood now. Looks like you and I are still solo," Max chuckled, noting Dylan's sour expression.

"Speaking of our single life... it seems our boss will return to his ex-wife. Our days of misery might finally be over," Dylan said.

"Yeah, that's a good sign, right!? It means we'll have more time alone without work..."

“Oops! Speak about it. The boss just texted...” Dylan immediately checked his cell phone.

“Huh!? He wants us to head over to his new place and wait,” he said, glancing at Max.

“You mean his place in Little Heaven?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, well! It looks like he’s making moves now...” Max laughed, remembering how his boss quickly instructed Dylan to clean the house because he was also planning to move there.

While in the VVIP room of the Steak House restaurant.

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The arrival of the waiter serving their dinner broke the awkward silence between Bella and Tristan after Lewis Sinclair hung up the phone.

But not long after, Bella was stunned when she saw Tristan quickly cut the meat on his plate and replace it with the plate in front of her.

Never before had Bella witnessed such a gesture from Tristan during their marriage.

‘Geez... This man is really trying hard to impress me,’ Bella thought, holding back her laugh. She simply murmured, “Thank you.” And start eating her steak.

Not long after, Tristan saw Bella’s plate was almost empty, “Can we talk now?” he asked.

Bella wiped her lips with a napkin before she nodded slowly in response.

When Tristan saw Bella finally relaxed, not nervous like before, he asked, “What’s our son’s name?”

“Daxton Donovan,” a faint smile appeared on the corner of her lips when she remembered her sweet son, Dax. She really wanted to go home now.

“Why didn’t you use my name?” Tristan’s voice sounded calm, but Bella could see the disappointment through his gaze.

“Did you forget that we are divorced?” Bella took a deep breath before continuing. “How can I use your last name? We’re not married anymore, Tristan.”

Tristan’s hands clenched into tight fists, remembering what had happened five years ago. The pain he inflicted on her lingered heavily in his mind.

“I’m sorry for what I did in the past, Bella...” Tristan paused, noticing her lowering her head to avoid his gaze. “I know my parents weren’t kind to you, and I chose to ignore it, allowing them to hurt you...”

Bella took a deep breath, trying to ease the tightness in her chest before responding, “It’s okay, I forgive you. That’s all in the past. I’d rather not dwell on those memories...”

“Thank you, Bella,” Her forgiveness eased his heart slightly. Yet, a troubling thought nagged at him.

Tristan couldn’t suppress his curiosity any longer. He asked, “Bella, something’s been bothering me... If you were pregnant, why agree to the divorce? Surely you knew why we divorced, right?”

Bella was taken aback by his question. Slowly, she lifted her head to meet his gaze.

“I didn’t know I was pregnant at the time. When I found out, I considered telling you. However, when rumors of you with another woman surfaced, I decided to step back. I also feared facing your parents and decided to leave...” She recounted everything to him.

Tristan listened quietly, each word piercing his heart like a knife. He felt a deep sadness imagining her struggles, regretting not being there to support her.

After a prolonged silence, lost in their thoughts, Tristan looked at Bella again.

“Bella, I want you and our son to return to me. I understand it may seem unreasonable, but for Dax’s sake, please consider it...” His tone was gentle yet carried an undeniable urgency that unsettled her.

Her expression shifted from calm to shock, then realization, followed by worry.

Before she could respond, Tristan interjected, “Please, don’t answer now, Bella. Take your time to think. But remember, it’s for our son’s sake... Daxton needs a father figure to grow up.”

Bella averted her gaze, silently releasing her frustration within her heart. This was precisely what she feared—Tristan using their son to influence her decision.

Despite feeling worried, she refused to let the situation cloud her judgment. She knew she needed to answer him now.

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 65

Chapter 65: Surprised to Find Out They Are Neighbors

Despite feeling worried, Bella refused to let the situation cloud her judgment. She knew she needed to answer him now.

“Tristan, I’m sorry... I can’t. I...I just can’t. I refuse to return to you, and never in a million years... I plan to return to you and your toxic parents. It’s for my sanity and Dax’s well-being,” she stated calmly, though her heart ached with the weight of her words.

When hearing her refusal, Tristan felt like a thousand nails stabbed his heart. However, he could only maintain his calm smile.

He had imagined this would happen — Bella's refusal — because he knew how he and his parents had hurt her. Winning her back would not be easy. However, he would not give up easily or force her.

Tristan didn't rush to respond; instead, he stared at her silently. When he noticed her eyes were slightly red, it worried him.

"I'm going to forget what you said earlier. You don't have to answer now, Bella. I will wait until you're ready..."

"Tristan, you and I—"

"Alright, let's go home," Tristan interrupted before she could finish her sentence, rising from his seat. "It's almost nine. Our son will be worried about you..."

Bella immediately stood up as if someone had struck her head when she heard Tristan mention 'our son.' He was right. Dax must have been worried because she had left at noon and had not yet returned.

Bella grabbed her bag and left the VIP room, finding Tristan waiting outside. When he saw her, Tristan started walking towards the entrance.

"No need to pay," Tristan stopped her as she was about to head to the cashier.

Bella was surprised to hear that. She turned to see him with a frown on her forehead.

"You already paid?" she asked, following him towards the elevator.

"No, but we don't have to pay," he replied, glancing at her, who stood beside him, waiting for their elevator.

"Why? Do you have a membership at that restaurant?"

Tristan put his hand on his trousers and smiled upon hearing her words. He turned his gaze away from her, ignoring her curiosity.

"Is that so!?" Bella asked again.

“Nope. I only said today is your birthday, which happens to be the same as their restaurant’s anniversary. So that’s why they said we don’t have to pay...” Tristan casually said with his deadpan expression. He didn’t have to pay anything because he owned the restaurant.

Bella, “...”

She narrowed her eyes at him.

‘Gosh! Tristan Sinclair, you are such a terrible liar!’

She couldn’t believe this man was completely different from the Tristan Sinclair she had known in the past. He was cold and distant, while the man beside her was approachable and shameless.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” he chuckled as he saw her enter the elevator without a word. He also stepped into the elevator and stood behind her.

She ignores him.

When Bella arrived at the parking lot, Tristan followed her out of the elevator, causing Bella to stop in her tracks and look at him.

“I will go home now, Tristan. You don’t need to walk me to my car. Bye!” Bella said, walking briskly toward her car while searching for her car keys in her bag.

However, she only took a few steps when something crossed her mind. She turned to ask Tristan but was surprised to see him already standing right behind her.

“Why are you following me?”

“Well, Bella... Just to let you know, I don’t have my car. Dylan had already gone home driving it. So, I have to ride in your car...If you don’t mind,” he said with a slightly pitiful expression.

Bella was speechless.

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She looked at him with a confused expression before saying, "Did you know that there is a thing called a cell phone? You can use it to call your driver, right?"

"It's already very late. They're likely too close to home now."

"How about taking a taxi?" Bella will not let him ride in her car. "I can call a taxi for you if your cell phone battery runs out." She could guess Tristan would use that excuse.

Tristan shook his head slowly as he drew his head closer to her. He chuckled, observing how red her face had become.

Bella was nervous and didn't dare to move. She could feel her heart stopping, worried that he would do something shameless, like kiss her.

"How could you ask me to take a taxi? If someone knows I ride a taxi, they might try to kidnap me..." He sighs deeply, trying to look worried.

Bella, "..."

She couldn't win arguing with him. Not when he looked so shameless and desperate like now. And the way he gazed looked like a kitten staring lovely at her. It's just impossible to say no.

"So...let me drive...." Tristan said, taking the car keys from her hand.

"Tristan, you—" Bella gritted her teeth as she followed him.

She couldn't believe this shameless and desperate Tristan tricked her into being unable to say no again.

Gosh!

...

For the first time, Bella saw Tristan driving a car. When they were married, he always used a driver. And, sitting beside him now, she feels unreal.

Bella didn't say anything at all. She only stared at the street ahead. Hoping Tristan would drive faster to his house, and then she would drive herself to her house.

However, after a few minutes leaving Mogul Mega Mall, Bella realized that Tristan was actually driving towards Little Heaven, her house.

She can't help but ask, "Do you know where you are going? Did you take the wrong road?"

"Yes and no," Tristan said, "Why?" he asked while glancing at her.

"Even though I haven't been to your house for a long time, I still remember the way..."

"Ah, I have moved..." Tristan said, taking a deep breath and gazing again at the street ahead. "My wife sold our marital house. That's why I moved." He said in his pitiful tone.

Bella, "..."