

# My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

## Chapter 81

Chapter 81: Jealousy

“And Tristan, I want to ask you about something.”

He frowned, looking at her.

“Can you explain why you haven’t announced your marriage to Laura Kiels?”

Tristan’s face turned stiff as he heard Bella’s question.

‘Why would she assume I’m married to Laura? Did Mother tell her that? To make her angry!?’ He wonders.

After a few seconds of thinking, suddenly, everything clicked into place. From their first encounter at Sushi Tei, Bella’s cynical demeanor now made sense to him.

‘She must be jealous, right?’

Tristan gazed into Bella’s eyes, trying to find any trace of jealousy in them. At the same time, Bella was looking at him, and a frown appeared on her forehead as she seemed pondering something.

Later,

A charming-warm smile slowly appeared on Tristan’s lips when he saw confusion flash through her gaze.

“Bella, I know you are jealous. But you don’t have to worry about that woman. I don’t have any relationship with her, and I never even lay a finger on her...”

Bella, “...”

No words came out of her mouth, as she was simply speechless hearing his words.

‘What was he thinking? Who could possibly be jealous of him?’ She narrowed her eyes and looked at him, but he just smiled at her, wearing the best smile she had ever seen from him.

Sigh!

She shook her head slightly, trying to let her mind focus again, not to fall into his trap.

“I’m not jealous!” Bella clarify. She didn’t want this shameless Tristan to think like that and also as a reminder to herself that this man was just a part of her past.

Tristan grinned, taking his time before addressing her words. He leisurely leaned back against the couch, crossing his feet. His index finger tapped rhythmically on the sofa arm.

As Bella’s puzzled gaze met his, he finally opened his mouth, “Oh, really? Then why do I sense a hint of jealousy in your eyes?” a playful glint appeared in his eyes.

Bella couldn’t help but feel baffled by his behavior.

‘Gosh... this man! Why is he acting so strangely?’ she wondered silently, struggling to keep her calmness.

After meeting him again, Bella feels she doesn’t know him anymore. He was different from the Tristan she knew.

Bella opened her mouth several times but couldn’t bring out any words to refute him.

Sigh!

Worried this man would twist her words again, she decided not to utter anything. But her gaze was enough to tell him she didn’t believe him.

“Alright, I’ll be honest with you, Bella...” His tone shifted to seriousness. “I know her, but we weren’t close. Our interactions were purely

professional. She's among the many top celebrities who have become our company's brand ambassador. So—"

'Why are you explaining this to me? I don't care, alright!' Bella could only answer him in her mind, too exhausted to engage in further conversation. This man is capable of twisting her words.

Seeing Bella's continued silence worried him. Tristan speaks again, "Bella, if you're uncomfortable with me being close to her or any other woman out there, I'll avoid them. I promise."

She became puzzled when she heard this man's words getting wilder. If she kept quiet, his imagination might run wild.

"Tristan, you've got it all wrong... I'm not jealous of you. Why would I be!?" She wanted to express this, but once again, Tristan Shameless Sinclair didn't give her a chance to speak. She could only swallow her words, listening to his nonsensical rambling.

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"Come on, Bella, say something... Don't just give me those intimidating looks. And could you please stop reading that trash news!? I never had a close relationship with her. And earlier, you said I married her? No, of course not. Trust me!"

Now, Bella feels confused.

She vividly remembered what she had overheard five years ago in the hospital. A few nurses gossiped about Tristan and Laura. And when she checked the hospital CCTV footage, she saw Tristan at Promise Hospital that day.

However, judging how sincere and serious Tristan denies he has a relationship with Laura, Bella feels too exhausted to talk about it.

She decides to drop this topic.

Still, this shameless Tristan, once again, flares her annoyance. He said, "You know what, Bella? I once heard someone say, 'silent' means yes.

Because you are just keeping silent and not saying anything, I assume you are really... really... jealous of me.”

His words nearly caused her to curse him. She tried hard to maintain her calmness before saying, “I’m not! And I also didn’t read the news about you and Laura on the internet, but I—” her voice trailed off, afraid he would twist her words again.

She turned her gaze outside, avoiding his curious-looking gaze.

“But, What?” he asked.

After a few seconds of thinking, Bella decides not to discuss this matter again. She already feels grateful for Tristan’s promise — he will not separate her from Dax. Besides, she didn’t have a relationship with him. Why would she care!?

“Never mind.”

“Are you sure?” Tristan could see her doubt flash through her eyes.

“Yes.” She said firmly.

Before Tristan could speak, something crossed Bella’s mind.

“Tristan, you know where I work, right?” Bella asked. She needed to clarify something before she took care of that bitch, Laura Kiels.

How can a lowly celebrity like her be able to make the company suffer? No wonder Stellar Entertainment always loses money; her professionalism must be questioned.

“Of course, I know. This morning, Grandpa told me that you work at Quantum Capital. Why you asked?”

“Did you know that Laura Kiels is actually under my subsidiary company? Stellar Entertainment?”

“I just found out about that today...” a thin line slowly appears on his forehead, trying to figure out what she is trying to say.

“Because you said she is not your wife and also don’t have a special relationship with her, it makes me relieved—” Bella couldn’t finish her words because, at the same time, Tristan’s laugh echoed in the room.

“Hahaha, I knew it...”

‘Why did he laugh!?’ Bella was puzzled. ‘Did I say something that could make him twist my words... again!?’

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 82**

Chapter 82: You’re Late!

Bella couldn’t finish her words because, at the same time, Tristan’s laugh echoed in the room.

“Hahaha, I knew it...”

‘Why did he laugh!?’ Bella was puzzled. ‘Did I say something that could make him twist my words... again!?’

“I knew it...you are jealous of her! Oh, Bella... I already told you I didn’t have a relationship with that woman. You should trust me.”

Bella was rendered speechless.

“Tristan Sinclair, you can say goodbye to your wild imagination!” She said, annoyed. She immediately continued her sentence when she saw Tristan open his mouth and want to speak, “—I’m not talking about that. But I only want to let you know I plan to sue her!”

She will put Laura Kiels in her place before she becomes a top celebrity in this country. How dare she mess with Quantum Capital!?

“You want to sue Laura Kiels?” Even though Tristan didn’t have a relationship with Laura, as a businessman, he was surprised to hear her words.

For entertainment agencies that do not even enter the top five in this country, losing Laura Kiels could guarantee bankruptcy for her company.

Instantly, countless thoughts swirled in Tristan's mind, heightening his concern. Moreover, he was aware that she had recently joined Quantum Capital.

'Why would she do that... Is it jealousy toward Laura Kiels...!?' he pondered, trying to make sense of it all.

"Hmm, I plan to do that," Bella answered firmly.

"Why?" His curiosity arises.

"I'm sorry, Tristan, I cannot disclose that information. It is confidential to the company," she said with a shrug and a smile.

He frowned slightly upon witnessing Bella's confidence.

'How can she appear so calm when she plans to sue the company's top talent?'

After a few minutes in silence, he asked again, "Bella, if you don't mind answering, may I know your position at Quantum Capital?"

He was unaware of her role at the company, as there had been no news of Bella Donovan joining Quantum Capital; she was likely just an ordinary employee. Did she join the Legal team? That's why she knows the legal terms for Laura Kiels.

"My main office appointed me as CEO of Quantum Capital," Bella said.

She had no intention of hiding it from him, even though she chose not to reveal her involvement with the RDF Group.

Her reply surprised him. As far as he knew, Quantum Capital didn't have a CEO; they only had a COO and CFO working in the country. She hadn't replaced anyone in the company; instead, the head office had assigned her to assume the CEO role.

Tristan was aware of Bella's educational background in business and management. Still, he never imagined she would have the opportunity to take over such a big company.

And, hearing about her decision to fire the company's source of income, he could imagine the disdain from the previous executives.

This fact troubled him; she seemed to be acting like a villain in her own office on her first day.

However, seeing Bella's calm demeanor and confident smile astounded him.

"I see. No wonder you're so confident about taking her to court," Tristan remarked, a smile playing on his lips.

Bella responded to Tristan's words with a smile while glancing at her watch. She was surprised as she realized how much time had passed since she had arrived at this house to talk to him.

"Tristan, I should go home now," she retrieved her bag and stood up.

"So soon? It's not even five yet..." Tristan's disappointment was clearly heard in his voice. "Why not stay for dinner? I'll have Geoffrey prepare your favorite dish."

He still wanted to spend more time with her.

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Bella chuckled inwardly upon hearing his offer.

"Tristan, how do you know my favorite food?" she asked, recalling that they rarely dined together during their marriage, let alone discussed each other's hobbies or favorite foods.

"Aren't you a foodie? You like to eat anything, right?" Tristan asked.

“Ah, you are right... But this time, I’ll have to decline your dinner invitation... I need to get home,” she replied, suppressing a laugh as she noticed his gloomy expression.

“Tristan, don’t forget I need to talk to Dax. If I stay here longer, he might be asleep by the time I return.”

“Hmm, you go home now, Bella.” He immediately escorted Bella to the first floor, urging her to pick up her pace toward her car.

He was eager to explain the situation to Dax. The thought of his own son seeing him as a playboy, a womanizer, gnawed at him.

Bella could only smile at Tristan’s insistence on hurrying her to the car. Tristan even took the initiative to open the car door for her. He closed it gently after ensuring she was safely seated behind the wheel.

However, she heard a knock on the window before she could turn on the car engine.

“Knock... Knock...”

Tristan tapped on the car window, signaling Bella to lower it.

“Yes? Is there something you need?”

“Drive safely, don’t speed. And call me once you arrive,” Tristan said with concern. He had wanted to drive her himself, but since she declined, he had no choice but to watch her drive off.

“...”

Bella was surprised by his unusual behavior.

“Mr. Sinclair, my house is just across from yours. I won’t even be driving on the main road. Save your worry for someone else,” she reassured him coldly as she started the engine.

Tristan, with a deadpan expression, replied, “Very well. But please promise me you’ll contact me when you arrive at your home...”



“Hmm... If you insist, I will—” Bella waved her hand as she pressed the gas pedal, leaving Tristan’s yard behind.

In the rearview mirror, Bella saw Tristan still standing there, his worried gaze fixed on her departing car.

Sigh!

“If only you had treated me this well when we were married, Tristan Sinclair... I would’ve never let you go. But, you are too late now...”

She could only smile wryly at her own words.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 83**

Chapter 83: Visit Sinclair Mansion

When Bella parked her car, she was surprised to see Dax and Noora waiting for her at the entrance.

Distracted by her son’s cuteness, she instantly forgot to text a man who now only stared at his cell phone with his tense expression.

Feeling disappointed because Bella hadn’t called or sent a message to him, Tristan went up to the second floor with a grim expression, intending to rest before dinner.

But he only climbed a few steps, and his phone vibrated.

He smiled as he took his phone from his pocket, feeling happy, wondering if Bella finally texted him. However, his smile gradually faded when he saw the cell phone screen.

Reluctantly, he answered, “He-Hello Grandpa—”

“Brat—” Lewis’s angry tone echoed through the phone. Causing Tristan pulled the device away from his ear but still heard his grandpa’s rumblings.

“You promised to come to my house for dinner... Don’t try to cancel again. If you do, I will ask my daughter-in-law and my cute great-grandson not to meet you forever!”

Tristan paused, contemplating his next move. He shook his head slightly a second later, descending to the first floor.

He completely forgets about this dinner plan. If his grandpa hadn’t called now, he might end up sleeping.

“Why do you keep silent? Did you hear me or not?”

“Grandpa, if you can’t control your anger like now, you might end up in the emergency room,” Tristan casually remarked, gesturing to Geoffrey to prepare a car for him.

“Yo-You—” Lewis can’t help but pause to take a deep breath.

“Take a deep breath, Grandpa...” Tristan chuckled upon hearing his grandpa’s attempt at calming down. “Yes... Yes... Like that. All right, talk to you later. I’m about to drive there. Bye—”

Beep!

Tristan shook his head slightly as he walked toward the yard. He saw Geoffrey and his driver already standing beside his Maybach.

“Master, you will dine at the Old Master’s house?” Geoffrey asked while opening the car door for him.

Tristan didn’t immediately get into the car; he turned to face Geoffrey.

“Yes. But, I will return to sleep here. And, could you please buy a few of the best and most expensive gifts for a four-year-old boy?” Tristan instructed. He wanted to give his son their first meet gift.

Geoffrey was shocked to hear Tristan’s order. This was the first time he had been asked to buy such a gift for children.

“Master, for a young boy aged four?” Geoffrey repeated the order to make sure he didn’t hear it wrong.

“Yes. And also, talk to the chef to prepare healthy food for children that age,” Tristan’s smile widened as his mind filled with thoughts of his son. He had already imagined their meeting tomorrow and couldn’t wait any longer.

Geoffrey became increasingly curious.

“If I may ask, who is this young boy, Master?”

Tristan’s eyebrow slightly raised as he stared at Geoffrey. “Of course, my son...”

“WHAT!” This was the first time Geoffrey raised his tone before his Master. He was utterly shocked.

Since when did Tristan have children?

Wait, four years?

When something crossed Geoffrey’s mind, instantly, his knees felt weak.

“Ma-Master, your son with young madam!?” Geoffrey asked. He still couldn’t believe what he was thinking at that moment.

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“Yes, my son with Bella. Sorry, Geoffrey, if I didn’t tell you earlier...” Tristan said while patting Geoffrey’s shoulder lightly.

A faint smile appeared on his lips before he continued, “Because this is a secret. And I hope you don’t share this news with anyone, including my parents. So far, in the family, only grandfather and you know about my son.”

“M-Master...” Geoffrey’s voice trembled. He stared at Tristan with teary eyes; he was so touched to hear that his Master finally had offspring. He even got a boy. This was like a blessing coming from heaven.

“Congratulations, I’m so happy for you, Master. I can’t wait to meet young Master... What is his name?”

“My son’s name is Daxton.” A proud smile framed Tristan’s handsome face. “Alright, I shall go now. Or Grandpa will send his bodyguard to capture me...” He chuckled and entered the car.

“Yes, master...” Geoffrey, slightly bowed, looked at the car left the yard. He immediately rushed inside and made a call to buy a present for the young Master. He couldn’t wait to welcome his Master’s son.

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When Tristan’s car entered Sinclair Mansion’s front yard, instantly, his expression turned dark. He saw his parents’ car parked near the entrance.

Sigh.

“Should I just go back now?” He mumbled while looking at Alan, his grandpa’s butler, approaching his car. After he saw Alan standing near the door, he stepped out of the vehicle.

“Young Master, welcome...” Alan slightly bowed his head.

“Why did Grandpa invite them too?” Tristan asked while looking at his parents’ car.

“Old Master didn’t invite them, but they came uninvited,” Alan explained.

Tristan sighed deeply as he placed his hand in his coat pocket. His gaze was now fixed on the door.

“Should I enter or not, Alan?”

“Yes, Young Master, you may enter... Old Master has already been waiting for you since he arrived in this city. If you didn’t join their dinner, he might be angry, and his blood pressure—” Alan couldn’t continue his words, too afraid to imagine Old Master sick because of being overly angry.

“Come on, Alan... If I enter, Grandpa will not end up in the ER, but me. You know my parents, right!?”

Alan nodded. He felt sorry for Young Master Tristan. He tried to think about what could make him stay.

After a few seconds, Alan finally remembered something. “Young Master, I just remember something. Your parents came to inform the old Master about Young Madam.”

Tristan snapped upon hearing his words. He needed to meet his mother, asking her not to appear in front of Bella again. He didn’t want Bella to be scared and have his hopes of reuniting with her dashed.

He said nothing to Alan and entered the house.

Alan trailed Tristan from behind with a smile on his face. He felt relieved that the young Master didn’t cancel this dinner again.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 84**

Chapter 84: Jessica Sinclair’s Concern

Tristan said nothing to Alan and entered the house.

Alan trailed Tristan from behind with a smile on his face. He felt relieved that the young Master didn’t cancel this dinner, unlike the last time.

When Tristan entered the living room, Jessica was the first to notice him. She stood up from her seat, and with a broad smile, she walked over to him.

“My son, you are finally here. Oh, dear, you look so handsome as always... come, come... give your mother hugs. Oh my, I miss you so much, Tristan.” She said while opening her arms.

“Mother,” Tristan accepted her hug gently, but his expression remained the same, calm but expressionless.

Jessica released her hug and looked at Tristan, “Why didn’t you come to meet us sooner? You already know we returned from our holiday, right?”

“Mother, I know. But I’m so busy with the company. I don’t have free time.”

“Oh dear, please... spare some free time for yourself. Or you will be stressed and exhausted. Don’t force yourself with your work—”

“Enough, Jessica!” A commanding, deep voice from behind caused Jessica to stop talking and look at the voice.

Jessica smiled, “William, can you just let me speak to our only son?” she pouted to her husband, but William ignored her and looked at Tristan.

He smiles at him, “Tristan, sit with us...” William Sinclair said.

Tristan looked at his father with a half-smile on his lips, “Father—”

Before Tristan could join his father and Grandpa, he stopped when his mother held his hand. He turned to look at her, “What is it, Mother!?”

“Son, I need to talk to you... There’s something important we need to discuss,” Jessica whispered.

He merely nodded and then walked toward the seating area. After he sat near his Grandpa, he finally looked at him.

“Grandpa, why are you still wearing your angry expression!? I already arrived...” Tristan chuckled, trying to humor his annoyed Grandpa.

“Brat, if I didn’t force you to come, you would never come to this house... Why do you seem to be avoiding me?”

Tristan could only smile as he looked at his Grandpa. He didn’t answer his question. Instead, he said, “I’m starving, Grandpa. Shall we start our dinner now?”

He didn't plan to stay longer in this place. He only needed to dine, speak to his mother, and return to his house. He needed to prepare many things before meeting his son, Dax.

"It's not even seven, and you're already hungry?" Lewis replied as he checked his Rolex. "You skip your lunch again? Why?"

"Hmm, I've not eaten anything since morning. Someone ruined my mood!" Tristan wanted to say that but held his anger as he glanced at his mother.

Tristan felt a slight anger appear in his heart when he remembered what had happened that noon between Bella and his mother.

"Tristan, follow me inside. There's something I want to say to you." Suddenly, Jessica speaks, surprising everyone. She stood from her seat, politely apologizing to Lewis and William before leaving the room.

"Hurry, dear..." She urged Tristan to follow her.

"Grandpa, father... I need to go with Mother first..." Tristan left after seeing them nod. He knew what his mother wanted to talk about, too. He also expected this opportunity to speak to her.

Tristan followed her into his Grandpa's home office.

When they were finally in the room, Tristan could see the worry through her gaze when she sat across from him.

"What is it, mother?" He asked, pretending he didn't know what his mother was about to say.

Jessica's eyes blinked several times, looking at Tristan; she felt nervous to tell him about Bella. Afraid his reaction would be happy to know about Bella's return.

"Tristan... This noon, I met someone I haven't met for quite a long time."

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“Who?”

“That shameless woman, Bella, she finally returned to this city. Did you know that?” Jessica’s worried tone sounded through her words.

“So!?” Tristan wanted to hear what she was trying to say.

“That woman has a new boyfriend or maybe husband...” she paused, waiting for Tristan to say something.

“And then?” Tristan asked as if he didn’t care about it. He knew that man’s identity; he didn’t care because he was her secretary.

“Sorry, dear son, I know... you have already forgotten about her. But mom just worries that woman will return to ruin our life. I could predict that she would return to ask for money.”

Tristan couldn’t help but sigh deeply, hearing his mother rant Bella. But, he says nothing, only hears.

“You know about her family company having a hard time after your father stopped cooperating with them, right? Well, I guess—” Jessica continued to tell him that Bella wanted to return and use Sinclair money to make another deal again.

Tristan could only laugh inwardly as he heard his mother saying nonsense about Bella and Donovan’s family.

The more he heard, the more he felt hurt for Bella. He knew exactly what happened to Donovan’s Family, and what his mother said now was entirely wrong.

He knew Bella never cared and had a relationship with her family company. What he heard from his Grandpa, Bella even wanted to sever ties with her father if her father still mistreated her and blamed her because of her divorce.

“—My dear son, you must be careful if that shameless woman suddenly contacts you one day!” Jessica closed her sentence with a sharp gaze, looking at her expressionless son.



Jessica couldn't read what Tristan was thinking; this made her worry. What made her more afraid was that Bella now looked so different; she seemed more confident and beautiful. Her son would waver if he met Bella and agreed to what she demanded.

She didn't want their property to turn into Bella's name again.

Tristan's eyes fixed on his mother.

"Mother, stop bothering Bella. No one knows her better than me. So, everything you said was not entirely true," he calmly said.

However, his words shocked Jessica.

"Oh my god!! That bitch already met you? And she successfully brainwashed you—" Jessica gasped, shocked to know Bella was already making a move to approach her son.

Tristan almost choked hearing her words.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 85**

Chapter 85: Threatening Him!

"Tristan Sinclair! How did you fall into his trap!?" Jessica was shocked to realize that her son had already met with Bella. "Do not try to meet her again. She might use our family again to help her own family..."

"Enough, Mother. Enough!" Tristan raised his voice while his eyes stared coldly at her. He couldn't hold back his anger any longer after hearing his mother insult Bella.

Jessica's previously calm expression shifted dramatically from shock to gloom instantly.

It was the first time in her entire life that she had ever heard her only son's voice scolding her, and even his eyes looked intensely cold as if he wanted to strike her with his sharp glare.

It's hard for Jessica to believe that Tristan, who was once kind and gentle, had turned cruel and angry with her only because of Bella Donovan.

"Y-You really..." Jessica's voice trailed off as sadness overcame her.

"Please, Mom, could you stop speaking negatively about Bella? This is my first and final warning to you. I don't want to become disrespectful to you, but I can't tolerate hearing you insult the woman I love. It hurts me to have to talk to you like this..."

In the past, he never cared about his parents verbally abusing Bella because he never cared about her and their marriage. But now? It is Different.

He saw her differently from the past. He started to have feelings for her since she left his life. Bella is his woman—a person who gave birth to his son.

How could he ignore someone who insulted her and spoke ill of her? He knew Bella wasn't like that.

He was willing to stand up to anyone, including his parents, to protect Bella from insults.

...

At this moment, not even her well-defined features could hide the shock on her face hearing Tristan already falling in love with Bella. Though she opened her mouth several times, she could not find any words to reply to him.

She sat silently, gazing into Tristan's eyes. Her hands clenched tightly, holding back her emotions and sadness.

How could she lose her son because of that damn woman!?

A woman who cannot bear children for their family. A woman who only wants to get money from them.

She couldn't let them get back together.

She had to stop them!

'My lord... Please... Don't do this to my family. Stop them from reuniting!' Jessica prayed in her heart. She couldn't imagine what would happen to the Sinclair family if Tristan returned to Bella's arms.

Jessica gritted her teeth before finally saying,

"T-Tristan, how can you talk to your mother like that?" her voice sounded shaky, and her eyes reddened as she held back tears. "I'm your mother. I gave birth to you. Why are you angry with me because of that woman?"

Tristan closed his eyes, feeling frustrated when he saw his mother whimpering, almost crying.

With tears in her eyes, Jessica pleaded to Tristan not to tear their family apart by returning to Bella and bringing her back into the family.

"Tristan, I beg you... just this once, please think carefully, huh!?" She asked between tears. "If you return to Bella, you won't have children with her. Tristan, you're thirty-six years old; you can't waste your time with her..."

Tristan remained silent.

When Jessica saw Tristan not saying anything, she tried to plead again with tears. Maybe he would falter if he saw her cry. She would do anything to save this family.

"Alright... Alright...Do whatever you like... I'm only a poor mother," Jessica said while wiping her tears. "And I love you, my son. If you still want to be with her, I will bless you—"

Tristan slightly raised his eyes, surprised to hear that.

'Huh! Did she already give in? That's so fast!?' He felt suspicious.

“—but, you have to marry Laura Kiels. Make Laura your legal wife. Let her give birth to an heir to our family. You know she can get pregnant. She’s a very healthy lady. In the past, if she wasn’t stressed because you ignored her, you already have a child with her...”

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Tristan was shocked beyond words to hear her words. If a sharp glare could kill, his mother before him would be in pieces already.

His hand clenched into a fist before saying, “Mother, if you still tell such vile lies, then I’m sorry you will lose your son forever!”

His words were like a blow to Jessica’s head. She couldn’t help but started to cry again.

“Hua...hua... Tristan, how dare you want to sever your tie with your mother!?”

Tristan stood from his seat and walked ahead without saying a word, ignoring his mother, who cried while screaming his name.

“Stop right here, Tristan Sinclair!” Jessica shouted. “If you choose her, offer me... I will go to the mountains to become a monk... No, I will commit suicide. I am a useless mother because I have a son who doesn’t love me anymore...” she continued between sobs.

She could no longer hold back her tears, too hurt to know her only son chose that bitch.

Instantly, Tristan’s steps stopped.

He took a deep breath before turning to look at his mother, who was walking towards him, her eyes now bloodshot, and her makeup faded from her tears.

“Tristan, listen to me... I will kill myself if you choose her...” Jessica’s voice was cracking as she cried and sobbed.

“Mother, why do you hate Bella so much? Has she ever hurt you?” Tristan was confused.

Jessica’s eyes blinked several times as she looked at him, “This... This... family needs a successor, Tristan. And you are our only hope...” She said, avoiding Tristan’s question.

Tristan took a deep breath while pinching his forehead before saying coldly, “Why bother, Mother? Even grandfather, who should be worried about not having a successor to carry on his name, never forced me to have children...”

“That’s because he didn’t want to stress you.”

“We will end the discussion about this any longer. And remember, never ever try to hurt Bella again.” His sharp eyes locked with her confused gaze. “If you do that, I will not stay still!”

Tristan didn’t allow his mother to speak as he left the room.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 86**

### **Chapter 86: Dax’s Decision**

Supposedly, this night was meant to be a happy dinner with his family after so many years of not sitting at the same table. But Tristan’s mood dropped below zero, and sitting with his parents felt like a disaster.

Tristan couldn’t enjoy his dinner at all. He finished his food as if he had eaten tasteless fare.

While his parents chatted, everything they discussed seemed to pass from his right to his left ear.

Tristan’s earlier conversation with Jessica had successfully created discord between them. He didn’t say a word to Jessica, and vice versa.

After dinner, Tristan immediately bid them goodbye. But before he left the house, he had already warned his grandfather not to expose any information about his son, Dax, to his parents.

Deep inside, he began to suspect that there was something that made his mother hate Bella so much. Before allowing his son to enter his family, he needed to discover what happened and act based on it.

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While at Bella's house.

Bella asked Dax to come to her bedroom. She needs to speak to him about Tristan's plan to meet him.

When they sat on the sofa side by side, she didn't talk to him immediately about her intention. Still, she tried to make Dax to tell her about what he did today with his Great-Grandpa.

"Mommy, today Grandpa Sinclair brought us to his seaside house. Even though the house didn't have a white sandy beach, there's a long dock on the sea..."

He continues telling his mother everything he did with his two great-grandparents.

They enjoy fishing, eating, and playing chess like they usually did when they were still in the Lake View Village.

Bella's heart felt warm as she heard the joy in his tone and saw the light beaming from his eyes. She couldn't help but smile, feeling his happiness.

"Are you happy to spend your day with them?"

"Yes, Mommy, I'm so happy. Great Grandpa Sinclair said he would take me to his island so I can play on the white, sandy beach."

"I am so happy to hear that, Baby," she said while rubbing his chubby, blushing cheeks. "But if you go outside next time, wear sunscreen, alright? Your skin is sensitive. Look... how red your cheeks are now."

Dax crossed his arms and let out a sigh. "Aunty Noora forgot to bring it for me."

"I will remind her next time."

"Oh, Mom, you wanted to talk to me about something?" Dax's beautiful blue eyes blinked as he looked at his mother, curious to know what was on her mind.

She smiled before telling him, "Yes. Actually, I met your father and talked about you," She paused when she saw his expression slowly turn stiff. "He wants to meet you..."

"He wants to meet me?" Dax repeated his mother's words.

"Yes. But I didn't agree right away before asking you. So—" Bella's voice hung in the air, waiting for him to respond.

She couldn't force him to meet Tristan because Dax was very sensitive, and his way of thinking was unlike that of children his age. She had to be careful with him. She didn't want him to feel hurt because of what had happened between her and Tristan.

"When?"

"Whenever you are ready," Bella answered. Looking at how calm he was now, she felt slightly relieved. At least his stiff expression had faded.

Dax was silent for a moment as if he was thinking about something.

"Baby, if you don't want to see him now, I won't force you," she smiled at him, trying to make him feel less burdened.

"I didn't say... I don't want to meet him, Mom," Dax answered.

Bella was surprised. She tilted her head slightly to see his face, to know his expression, "Seriously, you want to meet him?"

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“Hmm, of course. Why should I refuse?” He said.

Dax would not refuse to meet his father because he had something to ask him. Something that his mother never answered every time he asked.

Bella was amazed to hear his answer. When she was about to say something, Dax spoke again,

“I’m just trying to remember if I have an appointment tomorrow to play online games with my gaming friends...”

Bella, “...”

“And, did you have an appointment?” She asked calmly. Even though inwardly, she held back her laugh after knowing Tristan was only number two on Dax’s agenda. Her son preferred his gaming friend to his father. Sigh!

Dax took a deep breath, remembering he had an appointment to stream a game with Bitter\_Coffee.

The man had been asking him to play all day, but he was too busy playing with his great-grandfather, so he didn’t have time to go online with him.

And before dinner, he had promised to play with Bitter\_Coffee tomorrow, but now his father wanted to meet. He felt slightly puzzled.

“Mommy, can you ask him if I can bring my laptop!? I mean, I want to play for one hour. I’ve made a promise to my friend, and it would be rude if I cancel again...”

Bella nodded immediately when she saw how adorable her son was pleading to play the game.

“But, Baby... I want you to remember something. I only allow you to play games suitable for your age!” She warned him.

“No worries, mom. We just played Roblox and Online Chess.”



“You’re playing with Bitter\_Coffee again?” Bella asked. She knew some of his gaming friends because she had peeked several times while they were playing.

“Yeah. He is so stupid! Tomorrow, I promise to teach him a few tricks—” Dax continued to explain his gaming to her.

However, Bella couldn’t understand the games he played. She only smiled at him, pretending to understand what he said.

“Ok. That’s very nice of you, Dax. Your friend must be excited. Anyway..., tomorrow, we will meet your father. Are you excited about that?”

“Really? Of course, mom. He’s my father nonetheless.”

“Very well, I’ll contact him,” Bella said while pulling him into her arms. And she hugged him tightly until he struggled to get free.

“Ugh, mommy... stop... I’m not a baby anymore, alright!”

“You are still a baby. You will always be my baby, little man!!” She said while kissing his cheeks.

Dax, “...”

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 87**

### **Chapter 87: Good News**

After spending some time in Dax’s room accompanying him to sleep, Bella immediately returned to her own room. She needed to make a call to Tristan to share the good news.

When Bella was about to call Tristan, her phone rang, and she saw his name on the screen.

“Oh my goodness! How did he know I was going to call him?”

Bella immediately picks up his call.

“Hi, Tristan...” Bella said as she walked towards the window and looked towards his house — coincidentally, the window faced his house.

Even though Bella couldn’t see anything, only the shadow of the tree under the moonlight, she felt like she was speaking before him.

“Hi Bella, I’m sorry to call you now. I worry something might happen to you because you didn’t text me as you promised...”

Bella lightly slapped her forehead. After returning from his house, she was mesmerized by Dax’s cuteness, causing her to forget about him completely.

“Ugh, apologies, Tristan. Earlier, I forgot to text you.”

“It’s fine. Now I feel relieved you are safe at your house.”

Bella smiled while shaking her head slightly. She felt odd hearing Tristan worrying too much about her as if someone was after her life.

“Well, I just talked to Dax. And he agreed to meet you tomorrow.”

“Re-Really?” Tristan felt like he was on cloud nine, so happy. Finally, the moment he had wished for had come true — meeting Daxton, his son.

“Yes. So, where can we meet?”

Tristan thought for a moment. He planned to meet them at his house but worried Dax would be bored. He also considered meeting at another place, like a theme park.

After thinking for a few seconds, he decided to meet them at his house because he needed to spend quality time with his son and Bella.

“Bella, how about meeting at my house? This house is near your house, so it will make it easier for you to get here,” He asked, worried that Bella would refuse. “—or would you prefer to meet somewhere else?”

“I guess it would be okay if we met at your house. Besides...” Bella told Tristan about Dax’s request. He needed to bring his laptop, which meant he needed a desk to play with.

Tristan was shocked to hear his son already had a laptop; he was not even five.

“H-He already knows how to play online games?” Tristan asked, puzzled. He thought a four-year-old boy would play with action figures or watch cartoons.

Bella chuckled when she heard his shocked expression.

“You seem to forget what I told you before. Well, Dax was different from the other kids. He can read and has been interested in computers. I will not tell you now; you could see and speak to him tomorrow.”

Tristan nodded. He can’t wait any longer. He was too excited.

“Alright. I will arrange for you guys to have lunch and dinner here. Is that fine?”

“Yeah... that’s fine. Just make sure you provide a room for him to take his nap—”

“Do you want me to pick you up?”

“No need,” Bella was speechless. She didn’t even need to drive there. “I will drive by myself. Besides, my Grandpa will scold you if he sees you.”

Tristan silently gulped. He was aware that Isaac Donovan really hated him.

The last time he met Isaac Donovan was when his grandfather forced him to meet him to beg forgiveness for mistreating Bella.

He vividly remembers Isaac’s last words for him, “I don’t want to see your face appear in front of me again!”

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Now, Tristan feels in trouble because he has plans to return to his granddaughter.

He rubbed his brows, feeling depressed remembering those moments and thinking about the harsh path he would take to get her back.

“Very well. So, what time will you guys come?” He asked.

“Maybe eleven.”

“Okay. See you tomorrow, Bella,” Tristan said. He needed to end the call to inform Geoffrey to prepare everything. “Alright, you must be tired. Go sleep now, let’s talk again tomorrow.”

Bella didn’t refute. She is indeed feeling tired. Since arriving in this city, she has been busy with office matters.

She feels exhausted.

\*\*\*\*

The next morning.

Bella needs to start physical training again because she hasn’t done it since returning to this country. Now, she worries that her body will return to being as fat as before.

When she arrived at the first floor, she was surprised to see that her Grandpa had already woken up and was wearing his usual home clothes, a turtleneck green.

He was immersed in reading a book near the window with the backyard garden view.

She approaches him. “Good morning, Grandpa,” When Isaac saw her, she continued. “Why do you wake up early? This is not even seven?”

Isaac smiled when he saw Bella. He was surprised to see her wearing her running outfit.

“Morning, dear... You don’t seem to know!? We old people can’t sleep much. We sleep early, and we also wake up early.”

“Ah, I see...” She said while trying to set her running watch.

“You will run outside or in the gym?” Isaac asked, curious to see her even wearing his windbreaker jacket.

After she sets her watch, she looks at her Grandpa again, “I will run outside. I plan to run to the peak of the hill behind. Nick said the scenery there was stunning...”

“Yes, true. You should go there to see the sunrise.”

Isaac feels happy to see Bella now, looking so much healthier. He heard from Noora that a year after Bella gave birth to Dax, she started doing physical exercise and also learned martial arts.

But looking at how skinny she was now worried him.

“Bella, don’t force yourself to exercise,” Isaac didn’t want her to do the extreme diet again and force herself to learn martial arts.

“It’s only five miles round trip, don’t worry, this easy for me.” She chuckled. “Oh, right... I forget to tell you. I will go out with Dax today.”

“Go out?” Isaac was surprised. “Where?”

“To meet Tristan...”

Suddenly, Isaac’s expression turns sour.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 88**

Chapter 88: She Becomes Weak

“Go out?” Isaac was surprised. “Where?”

“To meet Tristan...”

Suddenly, Isaac's expression turned sour. He looked Bella in the eyes, feeling confused.

"Why didn't he come here? Why meet outside?"

Isaac felt concerned about Bella meeting outside, especially when it was an official meeting between Dax and Tristan. The paparazzi might take pictures of them. Meeting in a private place like this house would be better.

Bella was left speechless upon hearing his question. She still remembers his Grandpa telling her that he would beat Tristan if he appeared before him again.

"Grandpa, maybe Tristan is afraid of you..." Bella casually said, but Isaac's expression darkened. He cleared his throat and turned to the book on his lap.

"Didn't you say you will run? Why do you cosplay into a dummy!" he said without looking at her.

Bella smiled before she excused herself and vanished from Isaac's line of sight.

When he heard Bella walk out, Isaac could only take a deep breath.

"Nick—"

Suddenly, Nick appeared from the connecting door to the dining room.  
"Yes, master?"

"Did you hear?"

"Yes. I heard," Nick replied. He is standing beside Isaac.

"It seems like that old geezer Lewis is telling the truth. They will get back together again," Isaac took another deep breath as if trying to feel as much air as possible in his stuffy chest.

As Bella's Grandpa, he felt concerned about his granddaughter. He didn't want Bella to suffer again if she entered the Sinclair Family.

"I also think it's possible, Master. I could see Master Tristan had greatly changed."

Isaac closed the book again and turned to see Nick. "What do you mean? Did you ever meet him again?"

"No, I have not met him again. However, I recently discovered that the empty house next to us has a new occupant," Nick said with a smile. "Last night, I found out who the owner is."

"Who?" Isaac asked, puzzled by what Tristan had to do with the empty house next door.

"Young Master Tristan. He moved the same day we moved here."

Isaac gasped in surprise. He couldn't believe that brat was making a move that fast. He even moved next door to their house!

"Are you sure?" Isaac asked again. It was hard for him to believe.

"Yes, I'm sure. Last night, I bumped into Geoffrey, Young Master Tristan's Butler. He seems busy preparing a party. He buys so much stuff..." Nick explained everything he knew.

Isaac was speechless hearing that. He shook his head lightly while looking at the garden outside, lost in his own thoughts.

After a few moments, Nick asked again, "Sir, why do you look concerned, Young Lady and Master Tristan getting back together?"

Isaac turned his gaze to Nick. The light in his eyes slowly turns gloomy, causing Nick to grow concerned about his Master's stress level.

"I'm not worried about Tristan. But, his parents. Especially his mother, even Lewis can't stand with his daughter-in-law."

“I see,” Nick didn’t ask anymore; he knew what his Master was referring to.

Nick didn’t stay longer in that room. He immediately excused himself to return to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the family.

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Bella regretted chatting too long with her Grandpa because the sky now looked brighter. She had missed the sunrise.

She did a few simple stretching movements before running to the main gate.

When Bella arrived at the house’s main gate, she met two houseguards. They were both shocked to see her. They immediately greeted her respectfully before opening the gate.

“Young Miss, are you going to run alone? Do you need company?” The guard asked, worried to see their young miss about to run alone in this place for the first time.

Bella turned to him, “Is this area unsafe?”

What she knew was that Little Heaven was restricted. Only the homeowner could enter this place.

“It’s safe, don’t worry.”

“Okay. You don’t need to accompany me. I’ll run myself...” She said and started running toward the hills.

Bella was happy because Little Heaven had special walking, running, and cycling paths under shady trees. So she didn’t need to run in the streets.

However, with facilities as good as this, she didn’t see anyone exercising like her after a few minutes of running.



Rich people here didn't have time for sports. Even if they did, they would choose to build their gym, like her grandfather.

But, as someone who used to live in the wild while still residing in northern Sweden, Bella preferred activities outside the home.

Going for a run in the mountains or the forest would be fantastic, and it could also calm her mind if she were alone in a place like this.

After fifteen minutes, Bella finally arrived at the top and was surprised to see the view from there.

In front of her, Bella witnessed an open blue sea stretching as far as her eyes could see. And when she looked back, she saw the city.

"What a nice view..." She mumbled while catching her breath, which fell short.

Bella wasn't happy with her current running results. After running only two and a half miles, she was already panting.

Luckily, this morning's weather was pleasant; the sun was shining, and the temperature was not so cold; it tended to be warm.

"Gosh! Looks like I'm falling behind..."

Bella was worried about her weak condition after arriving in this country. It would be troublesome if that person knew.

Sigh!

She put aside her worries for now and ran back to her house. This time, she sprinted, raising her pace.

At a different speed than when she had run to the peak, she only took eight minutes to arrive at the area near her house.

"Not bad!" She smiled, looking at her sports watch. While walking toward her house gate, she saw Geoffrey driving a car and waving at her before she entered.

“Good Morning, Young Madam...” Geoffrey politely greeted her and stopped his car near her. He was happy to see her again after discovering she had given birth to his Master’s son.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 89**

Chapter 89: The House Next Door

“Hi, morning Geoffrey,” Bella smiled back at him. “You’re out this early?”

“Yes. We just returned from the market to buy ingredients for lunch...” Geoffrey explained.

Geoffrey was not supposed to buy them himself. But his Master urged him not to make any mistakes. So, he didn’t have a choice but to accompany the chef.

“Ah...” Bella could only give him a sympathetic smile, feeling sorry for Geoffrey; he had to be busy.

“Please let him know we will arrive at eleven.”

“Yes, mam.”

Bella smiled at Geoffrey, then excused herself and entered her house gate.

....

Geoffrey drove his car back to their house. After helping the chef and maid unload their stuff, he immediately entered the house to wait for his Master to wake up.

However, when Geoffrey entered the living room area, he was surprised to see Tristan sitting on the sofa while reading something on his iPad.

‘Huh!? Master already awake?’

Geoffrey was stunned at how handsome Tristan looked in his white shirt with long sleeves that he had folded to his elbows, paired with khaki trousers.

It was rare to see Tristan in this outfit while he was home on a Sunday, specifically when the sun was still shy in the morning.

Geoffrey put aside his surprise and walked toward him.

When Tristan heard footsteps approaching, he lifted his head to look. He turned back his gaze to his iPad upon seeing Geoffrey.

“Good morning, Master,” Geoffrey said, standing a few steps away.

“Hmm, morning, Geoffrey!”

“Master, I think you woke up too early. We still have—” Geoffrey checked his watch. “—more than three hours before Young Madam and Master arrive, and the breakfasts are still being prepared. It would be best if you rested again in your room, Master. I will call you once your breakfast is ready...”

“Don’t worry, Geoffrey. It’s fine. I will wait here,” Tristan said without looking at Geoffrey.

“Yes, Master. In that case, please excuse me... I will expedite the preparation of your breakfast now,” Geoffrey bowed slightly and retreated. But before he walked far, he stopped and looked at Tristan again. “Master, I forgot to tell you... Just now, I met Young Madam outside. She just returned from her morning run.”

“Bella, doing a morning run?” Tristan was surprised to hear that. He never knew she liked exercise during their marriage. He glanced outside, “I thought it was still cold... And she still runs?”

“Yes. I guess she ran to the peak earlier.”

“She runs alone?”

“Yes, Master, I don’t see anybody else with her. I think Young Madam ran alone.”

Tristan didn’t say anything. He dismissed Geoffrey to leave him alone.

As Geoffrey left, a smile spread across his face. He thought about running to get closer to her as well.

He feels excited.

Tristan took his cell phone and made a call. On the first ring, Dylan’s polite voice was heard.

“Hello, Boss, good morning. Is there anything you want me to do?”

“Yes. Could you buy outdoor running clothes and accessories for me? Buy every piece of clothes and accessories runners usually wear these days. Buy the best brands and several pairs...or sets for spares.”

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Dylan, who had just woken up in his apartment, was shocked to hear Tristan’s order.

‘Boss, want to do an outdoor run?’ Worried that this was not real and he was dreaming, Dylan pinched his cheek and was shocked when he felt the pain.

“Bo-Boss, since when have you wanted to exercise outdoors!?”

“I didn’t call you to discuss it, Dylan. I called you to order you to buy it for me.”

Dylan scolded himself inwardly for asking that. “Hahaha, sorry, boss. Consider it done...”

“Bring it to my house this afternoon!” Tristan said, ending the call without giving Dylan a chance to speak.

After Tristan hung up the phone, he made another call.

...

Max crawled under the blanket and sat on the edge of the bed, squinting at his phone, which was still ringing on the nightstand.

When Max saw Tristan's name there, he sat up straight and immediately picked up the call.

"Morning Boss..."

"Max, has Geoffrey called you yet about today's schedule?" Tristan asked.

Last night, he had heard that Dax was interested in computer science. He needed Max in his house to teach his son about computers.

"Yes, boss."

"Don't be late to come here. You have to arrive at ten."

"Ugh, Boss... I've been at your house since last night. I slept in the guest pavilion at the back," Max explained.

"That's good. You can come to the main house at ten. I need to talk to you first before you meet Dax."

"Yes, Boss. I will."

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Before eleven, Bella and Dax were ready to go to Tristan's house.

When they arrived downstairs, they met Isaac Donovan, who seemed to be waiting for them.

"Are you guys ready to go?" Isaac asked. His eyes fixed on Dax, and he smiled, admiring how handsome Dax looked in his gray hoodie training set and white sneakers.

“Yes, Grandpa. We don’t want to be late for our lunch...” Bella felt terrible about lying to her grandpa, but she also felt odd telling him that Tristan’s house was beside theirs.

“I see. Are you sure you don’t want Nick to drive you there?” He asked, maintaining his calm expression, holding back his laughter. He knew they were going to the house next door.

“No, thank you, Grandpa. I will drive...” Bella immediately answered.

“Alright, you guys can go now.”

Bella, in a hurry, walked out with Dax. Soon, their car left the yard, and Dax felt excited. He glanced at her.

“Mommy, are we going to the city!?” Dax asked, curious to see this city. “My Father lives in the apartment?”

Bella didn’t answer him. She drove in silence; not long after, their car turned left. Soon, they saw a massive black gated door.

“Huh... Why...!?” Dax was confused as he looked at the street behind him. This house was right next to theirs.

He looked at his mother again and asked, “Didn’t you say we were going to Tristan Sinclair’s house... I mean, my father’s house?”

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 90**

Chapter 90: Finally, Meet His Son

Dax looked at his mother again and asked, “Didn’t you say we were going to Tristan Sinclair’s house... I mean, my father’s house?”

“This is your father’s house,” Bella answered.

Surprised, He gasped as he watched the massive black gate slowly open, and the car finally drove in.

“Are you excited?” Bella asked while glancing at him.

“Yeah, a little. But I’m not nervous because I’ve seen his face many times before and already know about him.”

“That’s good—” Bella’s voice trailed off when she saw Tristan standing at the main entrance with Geoffrey beside him.

Her heart began to beat a little faster as she gazed at him.

He looked exceptionally handsome in his casual white shirt, and his hair appeared slightly disheveled as if he hadn’t styled it as usual. This made him seem much more approachable than when he wore his formal outfit in the last few days when they met.

Bella didn’t know why, but she felt nervous looking at Tristan for the first time after she returned to this country.

She tried to calm her mind; she didn’t want Tristan to see her nervousness.

‘Gosh, Bella... Calm... Calm... Alright... Calm!! How could you be nervous to meet him while Dax looks so relaxed?’ Bella could only vent her frustration in her mind while parking the car in the usual spot.

When Tristan and Geoffrey approached their car, she turned off the engine while looking at Dax.

“Are you ready, Dax?”

“Hmm,” Dax answered without turning his gaze from Tristan. Seeing this man up close, he felt something strange in his heart.

Second later,

A smile graced Dax’s face. He glanced at his mother quickly, “Mommy, I didn’t understand. Why did you divorce him? I think he is handsome—” he said and immediately opened the car door.

He stepped out of the car and didn’t allow his mother to say anything.

Bella, “....”

She could only laugh inwardly hearing Dax’s words.

Taking a deep breath, Bella immediately followed her son out of the car.

However, she was stunned by what she saw. She witnessed Tristan and Dax speaking formally.

They didn’t look like father and son who had just met for the first time. Instead, they seemed more like business partners meeting for the first time to negotiate a deal.

She stood behind Dax, suppressing her laughter.

...

“Hallo Dax... I’m so happy to meet you finally,” Tristan smiled warmly at him. He wanted to pull him into his embrace, but he held himself back, not wanting to scare him.

Tristan continued to greet him, “I’m Tristan Sinclair, your father. You can call me Dad, Daddy, Dada, Father, or whatever suits you.”

With a flat expression, Dax greeted him back. “Hello,” reaching out his hand for a handshake. It confused Tristan, but he didn’t make him wait as he accepted his tiny, chubby hand for a handshake.

“I’m Daxton Donovan. It’s nice to meet you, too... Dad!” He said softly.

Tristan silently felt like a sharp dagger stabbed his heart when he heard Dax’s last name. He used Donovan’s name, not his own. But when he heard Dax’s last word, instantly, his upset faded.

‘He, call me... DAD!!’ He rejoices in his heart.

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“Alright, let’s continue talking inside...” Tristan paused, thinking of something. When he glanced at Bella, who looked relaxed behind Dax, he returned his gaze to Dax. “Can I carry you?”

Tristan finally expressed what he wanted: to carry and hug his son.

But it looked like his wish would not happen anytime soon because Dax immediately refused.

“I’m sorry, I’m not a child. I can walk...” Dax answered politely, but it sounded like a firm rejection in Tristan’s ears. Even though he felt sad, he could only smile at the rejection.

Bella, who was standing behind Dax, couldn’t help but speak. “Baby, you are still a child, alright!”

Dax frowned as he looked at Bella. “Mommy, I’m not a child anymore. I’m a big boy now. I can walk by myself. No need to be carried around...” He protested with a stern expression.

“—But you’re still a child in my eyes, baby,” Bella ruffles his hair gently. She never resists looking at how cute he is when he is annoyed.

Dax pouted. His eyebrows furrowed. He opened his mouth a few times to answer her, but no words escaped his lips.

Bella leaned closer to him and kissed him on his cheek. “I know... I only want to help you relax. I can see you’re nervous now,” she whispers.

Dax remained silent for a moment before responding, “I’m not nervous, Mom,” he said, but his hand slightly raised, holding Bella’s hand.

Geoffrey stood beside Tristan, leaned closer, and whispered, “Master, have you noticed the resemblance between you and Young Master Dax? When you were his age, you looked just like him. Your faces, how you talk, and even your thoughts are so similar.”

Hearing Geoffrey’s words was enough to make Tristan’s mood arise. He feels proud because his child is very similar to him.

“Really?” Tristan asks, even though he knows the answer. He sees himself in Dax.

“Yes. You should watch your childhood videos, and you’ll understand what I’m saying.” Geoffrey answer.

A wide smile now graced Tristan’s handsome face. He chimed in to join Bella and Dax’s conversation.

“Bella, my son is indeed not a child.” When Dax looks at him with a half smile, he continues, “Little man, how about holding hands?”

Tristan offers his hand to Dax. He felt so happy when he saw his little hand raise and hold his hand.

“Hmm,” Dax said.

“Let’s go inside...” Tristan glanced at Bella as he gestured for her to follow them.

Bella followed behind, watching Tristan and Dax holding hands in front of her. Happiness filled her heart, and soon tears blurred her vision.

These were not tears of sadness but joy, overwhelmed that Dax could finally meet his father after so much drama in their life.

She didn’t want them to know she was crying. She turns her gaze away to hold back her tears.