

# My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back -

## Chapter 91

Chapter 91: Can We Talk? Alone!

And just before they arrived at the living room, Geoffrey appeared and walked beside her. She was somewhat surprised but quickly hid her teary eyes.

“Young madam, thank you for giving birth to Young Master Dax. Thank you very much,” Geoffrey said in a hushed but grateful tone.

Geoffrey knew what had happened in the past, how the Sinclair family had abused Bella. Knowing she was still giving birth to Sinclair’s successor touched him deeply. She was strong, managing her pregnancy, giving birth, and raising her child alone.

Bella remained silent, struggling to hold back her tears of joy as she watched her son meet Tristan. But seeing Geoffrey’s tearful expression only served to sadden her further.

She smiled gently at him before turning her gaze away, once again fighting back her tears. Thinking she had succeeded in hiding her emotions, she was surprised to hear Tristan’s voice close to her ear.

“Bella, why are you crying?” he asked, his face filled with concern as he tilted his head to look at her.

Dax’s worries were similar to Tristan’s. Immediately, he approached Bella and held her hand.

“Mommy? Are you alright? Did this uncle make you cry!?” Dax’s concerned voice sounds icy, like his cold gaze at Geoffrey.

‘Huh!? Why he thought like that?’ Bella was surprised. She opened her mouth to explain. However, Tristan chimed in.

Seeing Bella wipe away her tears, Tristan shot a glare at Geoffrey. He asked, “Why are you making her cry, Geoffrey!?”

Geoffrey gasped in shock and shook his head to deny Tristan's accusation.

'Heaven! How can Master Tristan and Young Master Dax not see that I am also crying now?' He felt helpless.

"M-Master, Y-Young Master... Of course not. Why would I dare to do that!?" Geoffrey explained in a hurry.

When Geoffrey noticed Tristan and Dax didn't believe him, he continued, "I'm serious, master, please believe me... Y-Young Madam, please... Please explain..." He turned to Bella, seeking her assistance.

With three pairs of eyes now on her, Bella smiled at them. "Tristan, you misunderstand. We were merely exchanging caring words to each other," she said, pulling Dax into a hug before fixing her gaze on Geoffrey again.

"Could you perhaps fetch us something sweet to eat? My low blood sugar is acting up again..." Bella tries to divert the awkward situation.

"Ma'am, do you suffer from anemia?" Geoffrey asked in a panic.

Bella could only respond with a slight nod, feeling guilty for lying to him.

'Gosh!'

Geoffrey nodded hurriedly before excusing himself to find a cake and chocolates from the kitchen.

"Thank you," Bella smiled at him, though her smile seemed forced.

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The three of them now sat in the living room. Bella sat side by side with Dax while Tristan sat across from them. His eyes never left Dax.

Tristan wanted to talk to him about many things, but Dax ignored him and only looked at Bella.

“Mom,” Dax leaned his head closer to her, “—is it true that you have low blood? Why do I feel worried about you?”

Bella felt stunned when she noticed the worry in his eyes. She silently scolded herself for lying when Dax was around.

She smiled at him, gently sandwiching his chubby cheeks with both hands before answering him in a whisper, “No. I’m fine. I just ordered it because you like cake, right!?”

Dax’s eyes lit up when he heard about food. He nodded hurriedly, “Thank you, Mommy,” he smiled.

“It’s okay, baby. I also feel like eating something,” Bella said, then looked at Tristan. “Tristan, are you just going to stare at him? You guys can start to speak...”

Bella struggles to contain her laughter as she sees Tristan, who appears awestruck by his son. He stares at Dax without saying a word as if looking at his idol.

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Tristan snaps out of his own thoughts. He has never felt this nervous, not even when meeting top entrepreneurs worldwide or the president of his country.

Yet, encountering the cute and intelligent Daxton, Tristan feels as though his mind has betrayed him as if an invisible void has just sucked his thoughts away. Despite this, he finds this foreign feeling rather amusing.

When Tristan notices Bella smiling at him, he feels even more flustered. His heart began to beat faster and more loudly as if war drums were beating inside.

With these two precious people in his life now sitting in his home, he feels he has already achieved everything.

He returns her smile before fixing his gaze on Dax. “Hi, Dax—”

“Can we talk alone?” Dax interrupts before Tristan can finish his sentence.

“Sure,” Tristan replies, feeling excited. However, Dax’s request causes Bella to furrow her brow slightly. She tilts her head to look at Dax.

“Baby, can’t you talk here? Why do you want to speak alone?” She narrowed her eyes, looking into his eyes, trying to know what he was thinking. “Don’t say... you trying to make a deal with your father?”

Bella knew her son better, smart enough to go after what he wanted. She fears he might request something she hasn’t permitted, like a gaming room, one of the birthday gifts he wanted for his fourth birthday last November.

However, at that time, she only gave him a laptop.

Now, she worries Dax might ask Tristan for that very thing. Or perhaps he plans to negotiate something else?

“Mommy, sorry...” Dax’s expression is serious as he looks at Bella. There’s no trace of him being a typical four-year-old boy. “This is a conversation for men. I’m sorry, Mommy... you’ll just have to wait here for a moment.”

Bella remains silent, wanting to express her thoughts but holding back when she sees his seriousness. She only smiles at him while tousling his hair.

“Alright, alright. Just don’t keep me waiting too long, baby...”

Tristan inwardly chuckles at the interaction between Bella and Dax. It’s no wonder Bella says their son is different. Indeed, this young man is unique, resembling him, but in miniature form. Somehow, he feels proud of that.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 92**

## Chapter 92: Completely Confused

Tristan immediately stood up from his chair.

“Okay, son... Let’s talk in my office.” Tristan said to Dax. He then looked at Bella. “You may go upstairs if you want, Bella. There’s a room you can use to rest, and about your cake, I will ask Geoffrey to take your cake upstairs.”

His lips revealed a barely noticeable smile when he saw her eyes slightly open wide, suprised.

Bella tore her gaze away from him, feeling a strange sensation in her heart as she looked into his eyes.

‘Damn, Bells! Don’t lose focus!’ She mentally scolds herself while trying to calm her mind.

“Hmm, okay,” she accepts his offer, realizing she does need a private space to wait. There’s a call she needs to make.

Later, Bella follows them upstairs.

This isn’t Bella’s first visit to this house or ascent to the second floor. She’s no longer as nervous as before, especially with Dax by her side.

What worried her now was the topic Dax wished to discuss with Tristan. That’s what piques her curiosity.

“Your room is here. The door in front of it leads to our son’s bedroom; he can use it whenever he’s here,” Tristan explains casually.

However, Bella is momentarily speechless at his words.

She feels reassured hearing him refer to Dax as “our son” in front of the boy. She notices a smile forming on Dax’s face upon hearing that.

“Alright, we’ll catch up with you later, Bella,” Tristan excuses himself, then asks Dax to accompany him to his home office.

Bella needed a few minutes to collect herself when she realized something.

‘Did Tristan prepare a special room for me? Why... Why did he do that!?’

It was hard for Bella to understand. She would have understood if Tristan had made room for Dax because he is his son.

But why did he also provide a room exclusively for her?

Bella frowned as her eyes lingered on Tristan’s home office door for a few more seconds before she finally turned to look at the bedroom Tristan said was for her.

Before she knew it, she was standing in front of the door.

Slowly, her hand reached to open it. When the door finally swung open, what she saw shocked her.

“T-This—” Bella felt a surge of emotions overwhelm her.

The room was decorated just like her bedroom when they were still married. She stepped inside and checked to see if he had also moved all the same furniture into this room.

When Bella saw the familiar sofa in the corner, she could only gasp, too surprised to believe it was the same sofa she had once seen. Now, she realized even the bed was the same.

Gosh!

“Did he move all the furniture from my room to this place!? He must be... Why did he do that?” She was speechless as she scanned the room.

When she noticed another door in the corner, her eyes narrowed.

“That room must be a walk-in closet, right?”

Bella’s heart beat slightly faster as she approached the door.

When she opened it, another wave of shock engulfed her.

She took a deep breath when she saw that all the clothes and other belongings she had left behind years ago were in this room.

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After checking the room for a few more minutes, Bella walked out.

She sat on the sofa and once again surveyed the whole room from where she was sitting.

Being in this room felt like stepping back into the past when she was still married to Tristan. Everything she saw in the room was still the same.

However, what sets this room apart from the old one is that it doesn't have a connecting door to Tristan's room. Also, there were no wedding photos in this room, as Bella had asked Aunt Noora to burn them all in the past.

"Tristan Sinclair, what is the meaning of all this? Why do you insist on keeping all of this in your house?" Bella muttered to herself, feeling puzzled by Tristan's attitude.

Since meeting with Tristan, Bella has noticed a significant change in him.

He seemed entirely different from the one she once knew — almost like they were two different individuals. Such thoughts often crossed Bella's mind, leaving her completely confused about the situation.

Deciding to set aside her curiosity for the time being, Bella reached for her cell phone.

She had to take care of something important before starting her new job as the CEO of Quantum Capital.

Bella dialed a number, and after the second ring, Leo's hoarse voice greeted her from the other end, sounding as if he had just woken up from sleep.

“Wow, Leo, it’s almost lunchtime, and you’re just waking up?”

“What? Why are you calling me?” Leo asked, ignoring her question.

Bella’s expression shifted as something dawned on her.

“Did I call at the wrong time?” Bella asked. She starts to feel worried and wonders if Leo might be with someone.

With no response from Leo, only a small groan from the other end, Bella’s face flushed at the thought of Leo still in bed with his partner.

Lightly slapping her head, she hurriedly said, “Ugh, sorry Leo, I’ll call you later... or... you can call me.”

Beep!

Bella promptly ended the call.

“Oh no! What have I done?” Bella chuckled to herself, making a mental note to text Leo before calling him over the weekend.

...

Glancing at her watch, she could guess that Tristan and Dax would need more time to speak.

Bella decided to lay on the bed. However, before she could rise from the sofa, her cell phone, which she had tossed beside her, vibrated.

Seeing Leo’s name on the screen made her hesitate to answer. But, remembering the urgent matter she wished to discuss, she picked up the call.

Before Bella could utter a word, Leo’s slightly irritated voice came through, “Boss, you’re so heartless! How could you hang up the phone after I just woke up?”

“Oh, come on... we’re not in the office. Talk to me like you usually do,” Bella replied, ignoring his irate.



Leo sighed deeply before asking, “—alright, what do you want?”

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 93**

Chapter 93: Father And Son Talk (1)

Leo sighed deeply before asking, “—what do you want?”

“Are you sure you can talk with me now? I thought you were with your woman...” Bella asked hesitantly.

There was a chuckle from the other end. “And why are you concerned about my love life?” Leo’s voice sounded more cheerful than before.

Bella, “...”

She tried to hear the voice on the other end. She could hear him walking and opening the curtains but didn’t hear any woman’s voice on the other end.

“Leo, I just want to be a kind friend. I didn’t want to bother you when you were with your woman... Ugh, well, not like what happened in the past, bro.” Bella grinned, remembering that stupid past.

When they were both still in college pursuing their master’s degrees, she once arrived at Leo’s apartment one morning. She saw a gorgeous woman leaving his place. The woman then scolded her, claiming that it was because of her that Leo had asked that woman to leave his apartment immediately.

Upon thinking about the incident, Bella felt her face heat up again, embarrassed at the memory.

She shook her head, trying to forget what had happened.

“Hahaha, you like to poke someone else’s wounds, huh!?” Leo laughs bitterly, hearing her words.

Bella rolled her eyes, hearing his casual remarks, but somehow, his words stunned her.

“I’m sorry—”

“I told you before, I just broke up with my woman. That’s why I decided to move here. Bella, you might forget, but... I’m a man who doesn’t fall in love easily!”

Bella, “....”

‘Oh, God... Why was I ever falling in love with him?’

“Yeah, I know...” Bella smiled bitterly. This man was the first man who ever rejected her. And the second one is that icy prince, Tristan Sinclair.

Bella took a deep breath, wishing to return to her past to correct everything — not to fall with them. This is a failure, tainting her love story. What a shame!

“I’m in my apartment,” Leo’s voice slowly changed from annoyed to gentle. He sighed deeply before continuing, “—a certain man from the head office forced me to work till morning. That’s why I could only climb into my bed when the sun rises on the horizon.”

Bella was surprised.

“Wait! You still work for Jack, too?”

“I told him last night was the last. Because tomorrow, I will only work for you and will not bother if he calls me.” Leo explained.

“You did the right thing!” Bella said in annoyance. “How dare he make you work again!? That foolish Jack already promised to let you go... But still, he makes you work for him!?”

“Yeah!”

“Don’t worry, Leo, I will call him later and give him a piece of mind—”

“Hahaha, no need to waste your time and spend your international roaming to talk to him. He will still be as shameless as before,” Leo can’t help but laugh.

“Ugh, you’re right! Jack never changes!”

“By the way, why did you call me?”

Bella immediately told him what she learned from the report she read yesterday.

The office matter she wanted to solve first was Stellar Entertainment.

That company only makes them suffer. They have high operating costs, but their income never crosses the target they set.

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After she had investigated, many problems needed to be fixed. If the problem was complex, she planned to close that company. She doesn’t want to maintain a company that operates in the entertainment sector.

Her plan, Quantum Capital, will only focus on the other sectors that don’t need too much public exposure, like the Entertainment Industry.

Owning the entertainment industry worries her because the company is often exposed on the internet – one mistake from the talents will make netizens find out about Stellar Entertainment related to RDF Group. This worries her.

Their initial plan to establish RDF Group as its parent company was to remain hidden behind the scenes. That was why, ever since their RDF started, she had firmly rejected the idea of Jack wanting to enter the entertainment industry.

However,

She couldn’t stop Jack because a company like that could generate significant income for their company. But she asked him never to open in

her country. Still, that foolish Jack opened Stellar Entertainment in this country.

And now, what Bella feared came true. This company actually became a thorn in the company's side. What's worse is that one of their talents, although not directly related to her, is related to her ex-husband.

How troublesome!

After hearing her explanation, Leo finally said, "So, you want to clean up Stellar Entertainment for those reasons? Isn't it because we met Laura Kiels the other day?"

A soft chuckle escapes Bella's lips.

"Come on, Leo... that's ridiculous, alright! I never do business using my feelings. Obviously, I do that because she is an eyesore!"

"Hahaha, I know it! That Laura must have bled your eyes. Alright... Alright... I will prepare everything you ask for," Leo replied. He knows Bella; she is ruthless in doing business but very talented in managing finance and risk. That's why Jack wants her to return to the company again.

However, unlike other women he knows, this girl is not ambitious regarding wealth, power, and other pleasures — she always refuses to return. Despite everything, the only thing that makes her enthusiastic enough to abandon everything is food.

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Meanwhile, in another room, Tristan and Dax sat facing each other.

Several minutes had passed, and the two stared at each other without a word.

The tension in the room rose when Dax asked Tristan, "Why did you divorce my mom while she was pregnant?"

This question left Tristan unsure of where to start. He was afraid that his answer would hurt Dax and Bella, too.

He didn't want his response to jeopardize his chances of winning Bella's heart.

However, seeing Dax's eyes looking anxious and disappointed, no longer as calm as before, made Tristan have no choice but to be honest with him.

"Is the answer to that question important to you?" Tristan asked as gently as possible, not wanting to upset him.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 94**

Chapter 94: Father And Son Talk (2)

"Yes. This is very important to me. Because mommy never told me even though I asked many times," Dax explained.

Once again, Tristan swallowed hard.

After a few moments of silence, Tristan finally started to speak, "I don't know if you understand about arranged marriages. However, your mother and I got married because of that."

"I know that." Dax's firm answer shocked Tristan.

"Y-You already know about your mother and me being matched?"

"Hmm... I know... I always hear Great Grandpa gossiping about you and Mom when I pretend to sleep."

Tristan, "..."

It looks like he needs to warn his Grandpa about it. He was afraid Dax would learn anything terrible from his Grandpa.

"You already know but still ask?" A faint smile appears on his lips.

Dax looks at Tristan silently before saying, “Dad, it looks like you didn’t hear my question. OK, I’ll repeat, why did you divorce my mom while she was pregnant?”

Tristan, “....”

Sigh!

Tristan can’t help but take another deep breath.

Now, Tristan understands what Geoffrey said; Dax is indeed the reflection of him. He will never stop to ask if what he wants to know hasn’t been answered. He will look for ways to find that answer until he is satisfied.

Now, he had no choice but to tell him the truth.

“—Your mother and I entered into an arranged marriage without any romantic feelings involved. Despite being married, we were unable to develop any love between us. This situation led to suffering for both of us. Eventually, I made the difficult decision to let her go and end our marriage...”

Tristan’s heart tensed as he saw Dax frown, fearing he might say something hurtful.

He carefully continued his words, “I decided to end the marriage so that your mother would be free... because only then could your mother find happiness.”

“Why did you divorce her when she was pregnant?” Dax is having a hard time understanding this. “If you don’t love my mother, at least you didn’t let her go when she was pregnant, right!?”

Tristan’s face slowly darkened, imagining those moments.

“I know I made a big mistake by letting your mother go. But, I’m not going to defend myself by saying that I didn’t know she was pregnant at the time... Or saying she never told me.” Tristan said.

“Mom, never told you?” Dax was surprised to know this. Another question arises. Why did his mother not let him know?

“Hmm, if I knew, I would never let her go. Even if she begged me, I wouldn’t let her,” Tristan’s voice trembled as the emotional wall he had built crumbled.

No one knew that he had started to fall in love with Bella the moment she left, except for him. And soon, perhaps their son would know as well. It was hard to hide anything from him.

“And I started to fall in love with your mother when she left...”

Dax’s calmness slowly changed. His gaze showed a flash of confusion and curiosity – he wanted to know what his father meant.

As if he knew Dax’s confusion, Tristan explained further, “I started looking for your mother’s whereabouts since we separated. But I was late... your mother had already left the country. She even hid in a place I couldn’t find.”

A bitter smile graced Tristan’s lips before he continued, “I only found out about you in the last few days. That’s why I asked to meet your mother and, of course, you.”

Tristan paused to take a deep breath while observing Dax’s reaction. He could feel Dax’s emotions stirring up; his eyes were slightly red, and it seemed like his defenses were slowly collapsing like his own.

He stood up from his seat and moved to sit next to his son before continuing,

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“I was wrong... My son, I want to apologize to you for my actions in the past, for making your mother suffer, and for leaving you without a father beside you. I’m really sorry—”

Tristan no longer cared if Dax would refuse, but he wanted to hold him at that moment. He pulled Dax onto his lap and hugged him tightly.

“I’m sorry, son... I’m sorry. I promise you I will correct everything. I will not let you and your mother suffer again,” Tristan whispered in his trembling voice.

They hugged without saying a word for a long time. Tristan couldn’t hold back his tears when he felt his son’s body shaking in his arms.

‘He’s crying!’ Tristan realized Dax was crying.

He simply let him cry in silence. Just like him, he also cried in silence for the first time in his life.

Before long,

Dax finally stopped crying. He looked up slightly to see Tristan’s face. When their teary eyes met, a faint smile graced their faces. Their smiles seemed to convey a promise to no longer blame each other.

“Do you forgive me?” Tristan asked after seeing that his son was not as tense and cold as before. Dax even smiled at him.

“I don’t think you need to apologize to me, Dad...” Dax said in his serious tone. “But, you should ask Mommy for forgiveness...”

Tristan couldn’t help but smile upon hearing his son’s answer. He gently ruffled Dax’s soft black hair. He is indeed correct.

“Well, son... I’ve begged your mommy for forgiveness a few times. But it seems like your mommy still hasn’t forgiven me completely. But don’t worry, son, I will try harder to earn her forgiveness and trust again.” Tristan said.

“Yeah, Dad, I will cheer for you,” Dax smiled.

“Thank you, son.”

“Oh, right, Dad, I read so much nasty news about you out there,” Dax narrowed his blue eyes at his father. “Are all the reports true?”



The smile gracing Tristan's face immediately disappeared after hearing Dax's question.

"No! It's all rumors. Please, don't believe the gossip. I... also already explained this to your mom. I hope she understands."

Dax was satisfied to hear his father's answer. This is what he wanted to hear. He didn't want to have a playboy father. He feared, one day, many new mothers would appear before him, claiming to be his father's wife. He couldn't imagine that happening.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 95**

Chapter 95: Father And Son Talk (3)

After a short while, Tristan said, "I need your help, son—"

"My help?" Dax was confused when he heard his father's words.

"Yes, I want to pursue your mother back. I want us to be a family again. I really want us to live in the same house as other families," Tristan's eyes beamed when he uttered his deepest wish.

"Are you serious, Dad? You know I'm just a toddler, right?" Instantly, Dax's face turned tense, and he worried at the same time that his father's wishes would not happen.

Even though he wanted that to happen, to have an average family like other children, he couldn't force his mother to accept his father back.

"Yes. But you are brilliant for your age, Dax. And this has been my wish even before I knew you were born. I already wanted to chase your mom back the moment she left me," a hopeful smile tugged at the corners of Tristan's lips, hoping his wish would come true.

Dax took a deep breath. He looked at his father with pitying eyes, causing Tristan, who saw him, to look confused; his smile slowly faded.

Tristan gently placed his hand on Dax's shoulder, staring into Dax's eyes with his gentle look.

He said, "Son, you don't seem happy to hear that? You didn't want us to live in the same house? As one family?" Tristan's voice sounded gloomy. "I wanted to reunite with you and your mother. Three of us living under the same roof..."

Dax just shrugged and smiled before responding to his father. "Dad, of course, I want that. But it will be difficult for you to win Mom's heart back. Hmm... I think Mom already has another man—" He felt sorry for his father.

He knew his mother now had a close relationship with Uncle Sean. They were not just friends but more than that. And a few times, Uncle Sean had told him they would soon become family. He would not reject anyone who approached his mother as long as they sincerely loved her.

'Sean Spencer!' Tristan could only vent his frustration in his heart when Sean Spencer's face appeared in his mind. Right now, only he was the person close to Bella.

"You mean, your mom's other man is Sean!?" Tristan asked calmly, even though he was jealous of Sean.

Dax's eyes blinked a few times, too shocked to hear that his father actually knew Uncle Sean.

"D-Dad... You know Uncle Sean?" He asked.

"I'm not close to him. However, I know his parents well. Do you know who his family is?" Tristan was curious to know whether Dax had already met Sean's family.

Dax slightly shook his head. He never knew Sean's last name and forgot to ask. "No, I didn't know..."

Tristan felt relieved when he heard Dax's answer.

“Well, son... you don’t have to worry about Sean being my rival. He will never be successful in winning your mother,” Tristan said confidently.

He was sure that Sean’s parents would never accept her into their royal family. Sean didn’t stand a chance to marry Bella.

Dax narrowed his eyes at his father. He noticed his father was too confident in winning back his mother.

‘Does he not see Uncle Sean as a threat?’ Dax wondered.

“Dad, Uncle Sean is handsome. He’s also rich. And, he is a soldier—” He only wanted to warn his father not to be too confident.

Tristan couldn’t help but laugh, seeing how adorable his son was talking to him now. He could see how concerned Dax was for him. Once again, Tristan hugged Dax in his arms to feel his warmth.

“Thanks, my son... for worrying about your daddy. That means now you are on my side. You will stand by my side to win your mother’s heart, right!?” Tristan smiled warmly while tightening his hug.

Dax, in Tristan’s embrace, felt confused. ‘What does he mean? I never said that!’

Before Dax could correct his father, a knock on the door could be heard.

“Yes!?” Tristan asks while loosening his embrace on Dax. They both looked at the door.

“Master, it’s me—” Geoffrey’s voice could be heard from behind the door. “I just want to bring cake and milk for the young master.”

Tristan turned his gaze lovingly at Dax. “Do you want to eat your cake now? Or later after lunch?”

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“Now, please...” Dax answered in a hurry. Chatting with his father was draining his energy. He needed to eat sweets and drink his milk.

“Alright,” Tristan smiled, noticing Dax’s eyes were no longer as calm and cold as he usually saw. Now, he noticed Dax’s eyes beaming as if there was a star in his eyes, just like Bella’s when she saw food and was eating.

Tristan looked at the door again. “You may enter!”

...

Geoffrey entered the room with a round tray in his hand; however, after just a few steps, he abruptly stopped. Shocked by what he saw, Young Master Dax was now sitting on Master Tristan’s lap.

He felt touched by what he witnessed; his Master could finally hold his son. Since yesterday, he could sense how worried his Master was about meeting his son. His Master was afraid his son would hate him. But seeing how close they were now, it relieved him.

“Why are you only standing there?” Tristan snapped.

A barely noticeable smile graced Geoffrey’s face before answering, “M-Master, I’m sorry. I just felt something sting my eyes, and I felt like my eyes were teary—” he walked toward the seating area.

Tristan gazed at Geoffrey. He said, “If you want to cry again, do it outside.”

“Yes, sir...” Geoffrey smiled awkwardly at Tristan before he looked at his adorable young Master. He still found it hard to believe this cute, intelligent little boy was his Master’s son.

“Young Master Dax, this is your favorite chocolate cake and warm milk,” Geoffrey said while placing them on the coffee table.

“Thank you, uncle—”

“Young Master, please just call me Geoffrey,” He corrected him right away, worried his Master would not be happy.

“Uncle, my mommy taught me... it’s impolite to call older people by their names. So, I will just call you Uncle Geoffrey.” Dax calmly said, and he slipped from his father’s lap to take his cake.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 96**

Chapter 96: Father And Son Talk (4)

After he took the plate, Dax returned to sit beside Tristan and started munching his chocolate cake, ignoring Geoffrey’s worried gaze.

Geoffrey, still stunned hearing Dax’s words, smiled worriedly as he looked at Tristan. When he saw Tristan nod, confirming it was okay, Dax addressed him like that. He smiled and excused himself.

However, before leaving, Tristan asked him, “Have you delivered the cake to Young Madam?” He remembered it was Bella who had asked for it.

“Yes, sir. I served the cake to Young Madam before coming here. Young Madam was on the phone, so I just put the cake in Young Madam’s room and didn’t talk to her,” Geoffrey explained.

“I see,” Tristan said, curious about who she spoke with. Sean? He shook his head slightly, trying to dispel his jealousy. “How about our lunch, Geoffrey?” he asked again.

“Will be ready in thirty minutes, sir.”

“Marvelous,” Tristan said, gently waving his hand to let Geoffrey know he may excuse himself from the room.

Tristan held his chin with one hand while watching his son eat his cake. He didn’t ask Dax anything and just let him finish his cake.

Seeing how adorable he ate, mouthing his cake with his tiny mouth was amusing. Tristan could spot a few stains of chocolate near his lips.

Dax devoured the four delicious slices of chocolate cake in just a few minutes; just before he wanted to take the last slice, he realized his father was staring at him. He turned to see him.

“Dad, do you want to eat too?” Dax asked, looking at the last piece of cake on the coffee table as if he wanted to offer it to his father, but the look in his eyes betrayed him.

Tristan tried to suppress his laugh, looking at his expression; he smiled at him before saying, “No, you go on eat.”

“Thank you.” Dax took the last cake and continued to eat again.

“Do you want some more?”

Dax shook his head, “No. Mommy will scold me if I eat too much cake before lunch...or right after.”

Tristan couldn’t help but laugh inwardly, seeing that his son had just finished five slices of chocolate cake.

And now, he was worried that if Bella found out, she would definitely complain to him to let their son eat too much.

Tristan put aside his worries and took out his handkerchief to clean a few traces of chocolate on Dax’s mouth.

They continued to talk about various things. Tristan asked Dax about his hobbies and was surprised to learn that he liked computers, gaming, and eating.

When it came to music, Dax mentioned he merely learned to pass the time. He confessed he didn’t like sports or any physical activity.

This amused Tristan because it mirrored his own interests, except for the eating part. It seemed his son inherited his mother’s genes. Tristan recalled how Bella enjoyed eating many kinds of food — this is all he remembers about her besides her birthday.

...

Not long after, Tristan began to feel worried about keeping Bella waiting for them for so long. A few minutes later, he suggested they check on Bella, fearing she might be bored from being left alone for too long.

“Yes, Dad. Let’s go...” Dax agreed, slipping from his seat and immediately heading to Bella’s room.

They were both surprised to find Bella sleeping when they opened the door.

“Huh, Mommy was asleep?” Dax frowned slightly.

“Looks like she’s tired,” Tristan said with concern. “Did she not sleep well last night?”

Dax didn’t answer immediately, but he stepped towards the bed. Tristan followed behind and was stunned to see Bella sleeping peacefully, looking beautiful and innocent.

Tristan couldn’t tear his gaze away from Bella. It was the first time he had seen her sleep so peacefully at this hour.

In the past, he could only catch glimpses of her in their dimly lit or dark bedroom, as he only came into her bedroom after midnight and left early in the morning.

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‘You’re such a fool, Tristan Sinclair! How could you not notice how beautiful she is? Just because you hated the idea of arranged marriage doesn’t mean you should’ve ignored her!’

Tristan desperately wished he could travel back in time and give his past self a firm smack on the head to jolt him awake from his foolishness.

How stupid!

...

Dax called Tristan a few times, but he didn't respond. His father seems in a trance, gazing at his mother; he smiles before taking his father's hand.

When their eyes met, Dax said, "Dad, it looks like Mommy had too much food... That's why she fell asleep," He gestured toward the empty plate on the coffee table.

Dax was sure Geoffrey would've given his mother the same slice of cake.

Tristan turned to glance at the table, unable to suppress a smile when he saw the empty plate.

"Shall we go outside? I'm afraid she'll wake up if we stay here," Tristan suggested, and Dax responded with a nod.

As they approached the door, Bella's voice called out to them.

"—You guys finished?" Her voice sounded hoarse.

Tristan and Dax turned to see Bella sitting on the edge of the bed, surprising them both.

"Mommy," Dax approached her with a concerned expression. "You can sleep more if you're still tired..."

Bella tied her messy hair before smiling at Dax, her hand gently resting on his chubby cheek.

Before she could answer Dax, she stole a quick glance at Tristan. Their eyes met briefly before she redirected her attention to Dax.

"I've slept quite a while. Have you finished chatting with Dad?" Bella whispered. She can't hold her curiosity about their conversation. Despite seeing them leave the room hand in hand when she woke up, she still wanted to hear from Dax.

"Hmm, we had a nice chat. Don't worry, Mommy..." Dax reassured her, sensing her concern. "We came here because we were worried you might be bored waiting for us."



“You did well, my son...” Bella said proudly to Dax.

While they were chatting, Geoffrey appeared at the door, informing them that lunch was ready.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 97**

Chapter 97: Sudden Arival

The three of them walked down to the first floor.

Once again, Bella felt touched as she witnessed Dax’s closeness to Tristan.

Bella was amazed at how quickly Tristan had captured Dax’s heart. Usually, Dax’s introverted personality and dislike of socializing made it difficult for others to approach him.

She remembers when they arrived, Dax strongly objected when Tristan wanted to carry him.

‘But... why is this little guy so willing now!?’

...

When they arrive at the first floor, she walks fast to match Tristan’s step, “Tristan, Dax is not a child anymore; he is four years old and can walk alone...” Bella said while shooting a sharp gaze at Dax, who glanced back at her, his eyes reflecting his protest.

Bella, “....”

“Baby, I recall you saying you’re not a child anymore?” She reminds him.

Tristan calmly reassured Bella, “It’s fine. It’s my first time carrying him. Please don’t stop me.”

He was willing to carry his four-year-old son to make up for the lost time he had missed in the past. He deeply regretted not being there to witness his son's growth.

Dax casually rested his head on Tristan's shoulder, his arms wrapped tightly around his neck, feeling content to hear his father's words. He glanced back at his mother, smiling.

Bella was starting to get suspicious about what they were talking about. She needs to talk to Tristan about this matter. She is afraid they make a deal.

As soon as they entered the dining room, the aroma of food made Bella and Dax smile.

After seeing the rows of dishes carefully arranged on the table, Bella gasped in surprised.

"Tristan, are you expecting more guests? Why did you prepare so many dishes?"

She could see that there was enough food to serve twelve people.

"No, this lunch is only for the three of us. But I asked my chef to prepare a special healthy dish for our son," Tristan explained as he pulled out a chair for Dax.

After seating Dax, Tristan assisted Bella in settling beside their son before taking his own seat across from them.

Geoffrey stood nearby, ready to serve them their drinks, while another maid entered the room, adding a few more dishes to the table.

Bella was speechless.

Did Tristan genuinely believe they could finish all this food? Why he seems wanted to make her fat again with this much food? Gosh!

"Alright, let's eat..." Tristan said, his gaze fixed on Dax as he asked about the dish he wanted to try.

Bella remained silent while Tristan assisted Dax. She also started to feel hungry when her eyes landed on the honey-grill lobster on the table.

Just before they began to eat, another maid entered the room, whispering something to Geoffrey, who stood by in the corner.

Instantly, Geoffrey's calm expression turned stiff.

Geoffrey hurried over to Tristan, leaning in to whisper something urgently.

Tristan's smile vanished.

A shift in Tristan's expression was enough for Bella to notice something disturbing had happened.

"Tristan, what's wrong?" Bella asks anxiously.

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He didn't respond immediately; instead, he exchanged a few words with Geoffrey before the latter disappeared from view. Finally, Tristan turned his attention to Bella.

In a calm tone, he reassured her, "It's nothing. Please, you can start eating..." He smiles at her.

Bella didn't buy his words. She could clearly see the annoyance in his eyes.

"I could tell something was bothering you, Tristan. I—" Bella's words trailed off as a burst of familiar laughter reached her ears from behind. She recognized the voice instantly.

Not only did Bella recognize the voice, but Dax, too. He paused mid-bite, turning his attention towards the source of the laughter.

"G-Great Grandpa," Dax said in surprise. "You also come..."

When Bella's gaze fell on Lewis Sinclair, who suddenly appeared here, she was at a loss for words.

'Hadn't Tristan insisted that he hadn't invited anyone?' Bella wondered while turning her gaze at Tristan. She intended to ask Tristan about the situation.

Still, she was speechless when she saw his sharp focus on Lewis Sinclair as if he was expressing his anger at him.

Bella instantly realized Lewis Sinclair had come to this house without being invited. No wonder Tristan looks displeased.

However, another question appears on her mind.

'Why did Lewis suddenly appear here? Did someone tell him that we were visiting Tristan's house? Did My Grandpa tell him!?'

Looking at Lewis, she was shocked to notice the two men still engaged in a silent staring contest. They seemed to communicate through their eyes, without uttering any words, as if they were having a tense conversation.

Not wanting any tension between the two men, especially in front of Dax, Bella promptly rose from her seat and warmly greeted Lewis Sinclair.

"Grandpa, you came at the right time," Bella greeted him warmly while guiding him to the chair, "—Come join us for lunch."

When Bella wanted to direct Lewis to an empty chair, he refused and sat in her seat instead. She was stunned. Before she could say anything, Lewis called Geoffrey.

"Geoffrey, can you move Bella's plate beside Tristan?" Lewis asked casually, but Bella felt dumbfounded hearing his instruction.

"Yes, old master," Geoffrey swiftly moved Bella's plate and cutlery right next to Tristan.

Bella, feeling flustered looking at how swiftly they change her seating next to Tristan.

“...”

She felt like this old man was trying something shameless again, like setting her up with his grandson. Again!?

Somehow, she felt like she wanted to vanish from this place.

Bella wanted to refuse, but when she saw Lewis ignore her and start conversing with Dax, she dismissed the idea and turned her gaze to Tristan. When she saw him smile sweetly at her, she swallowed silently, averting her gaze and walking to her seat.

...

Tristan was annoyed with his grandfather's sudden arrival earlier, but now he slowly softened when he saw Bella sitting beside him.

A satisfied smile appeared on the edge of his lips as they all started eating as a family. He felt blessed.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 98**

Chapter 98: Completely Speechless

Family lunch continued with Lewis Sinclair joining them.

Lewis insisted on helping Dax with his lunch even though Dax seemed slightly annoyed by his Grandpa's help.

On the contrary, Tristan felt excited because Bella sat next to him. His smile never left him; however, he was taken aback when he glanced at her, seeing her fierce gaze.

Tristan put his cutlery on the plate and drew his head closer to ask, “Why do you look at me like you want to eat me?”

When Bella wants to reply, Tristan speaks again, “Well, I don’t mind if you want to devour me, Bella. Just say so—” A soft chuckle escaped his lips, causing Bella to roll her eyes.

“Are you saying this lunch is just for us? Why did Grandpa suddenly appear?” Bella asked in her barely audible voice. Only Tristan would hear her.

Bella wondered whether this shameless Tristan had again arranged a trap for her. She narrowed her eyes, looking at him.

“Did you believe if I said... I also didn’t have the answer to your question!? I have no idea how he found out I stayed in this place because I told them I was living in my apartment all this time.” He answers while feeding his eyes with her beauty.

Looking at Tristan’s gaze’s seriousness, Bella was slightly puzzled.

“This is odd, right!?” She still doubted that Old Sinclair knew Tristan was here without someone telling him.

‘Did Jessica Sinclair already know Tristan lived next to my house?’ This thought started to worry her. If her evil ex-mother-in-law found out, she might come here. And she would definitely know about Dax.

“Yeah! I’m suspicious he’s tailing me now—” Tristan sighed deeply while glancing at his Grandpa, who looked so happy talking with Dax.

Bella continued to eat again. But it didn’t take long for a thought to cross her mind. She paused and looked at Tristan, “—Did he know this place was one of your properties?”

“Hmm, he knows. Frankly speaking, Your Grandpa’s house was—” Tristan paused when Geoffrey suddenly appeared beside him. He looked at him, “What is it?”

It took a few seconds for Tristan’s expression to turn ashen upon hearing Geoffrey’s words.

Everyone in the room was surprised to see Tristan’s expression change.

“What happened, Tristan?” Bella asked. She had the same expression as Lewis. They both looked at Tristan in worry.

“Nothing,” Tristan said. He wiped his mouth with a napkin before standing from his seat and glancing at her, “I will be back,” He excused himself and walked outside, with Geoffrey trailing behind.

“Everything alright, Tristan?” Lewis asked when he saw Tristan left outside. He was also starting to feel worried.

Tristan halted, looking at his Grandpa and Dax. Everything was alright. You guys continue to eat. I will be back soon—”

Dax continued eating his food. While Lewis and Bella both thoroughly couldn’t enjoy their meal. Their eyes were still fixed on the door leading to the main entrance.

“It seems someone is coming,” Suddenly, Lewis’s voice echoed in the room, breaking the silence. “Is he waiting for someone?”

Bella was slightly surprised to hear Lewis’ question because she didn’t know the answer.

Bella was getting tense, wanting to know who would show up next. She hoped whoever would come was not the person she had in mind, Jessica Sinclair. If that woman appeared, Bella could picture her days no longer peaceful.

She silently sighed deeply before answering Lewis, “I didn’t know, Grandpa.” Then glance at her son.

Dax seemed to sense his mother’s gaze and turned to look at her. They exchange smiles.

Bella knew that even though Dax didn’t seem to care about what they were discussing, he had heard everything and understood the situation. That boy was exceptionally perceptive for his age.

She tries to lift the mood and distract her worry.

“Baby, do you need anything else to eat?”

Dax shook his head.

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“I’m full, Mom. But I still have room for dessert...” His eyes blinked at her.

Bella was amused at how adorable Dax looked now, wanting his dessert.

“Sure—”

“Oh, my dear Dax, want dessert?” Lewis chimed in. When he saw Dax nod, he called a maid who stood in the corner. “You can bring out dessert for the young master.”

The maid nodded and immediately returned to the kitchen area.

...

Shortly after, several pairs of footsteps could be heard from the family room, causing Bella to turn her eyes towards the door.

Bella’s nervous hands were tightly clenched in her lap, anxious to know who that person would join them.

Not only was Bella curious, but Lewis was too; he looked at the door with a deep frown.

Before long, they both gasped in shock when Tristan appeared, followed by an unexpected figure.

Upon seeing Bella, Tristan could only offer an awkward smile as he led the man behind him to sit beside his Grandpa.

“Old geezer, why did you come!?” Lewis Sinclair asked in disbelief when he saw his best friend Isaac Donovan at this house.



“You’re so heartless, Lewis!” Isaac Donovan shook his head, feeling disappointed. “After I told you about this house, you didn’t even tell me you would come. You betrayed me!”

Lewis remained silent; he just smiled, ignoring Isaac.

Isaac continued to vent his anger, “If Nick hadn’t seen your car enter this house, I wouldn’t know that you guys had a lovely family lunch—” He paused, looking at his granddaughter, who appeared to gasp in shock at him.

“Bella, my dear... it would be nice if you closed your mouth now,” Isaac chuckled.

Bella returned to reality and let out a deep sigh. She was confused; since when did her Grandpa know this house was Tristan’s house? Did he pretend not to know when they talked this morning?

She narrowed her eyes at her Grandpa. However, he ignored her; he turned his gaze to Dax.

“Dax, have you finished your lunch?” Isaac asked.

“Yes, Gramps. But now I’m waiting for my dessert—”

Just as Bella was about to say something to her Grandpa, she felt a warm hand holding hers under the table. She blinked a few times before slowly gazing at Tristan beside her. Puzzled.

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 99**

Chapter 99: Holding Hand

Bella blinked a few times before slowly gazing at Tristan beside her, puzzled.

As if she wanted to convey through her gaze, “What the hell are you doing, Tristan Sinclair?”

When Bella saw no reaction from him, only a calm look directed at her, she was speechless. She tried to pull her hand away; however, Tristan Shameless Sinclair's grip tightened.

'Damn you, Tristan!' She couldn't help but curse him.

Her eyes were shaking. She felt annoyed. But she couldn't get angry at that moment; Dax and their elder were at the table. She endured his grip while scolding him through her gaze.

But once more, Bella felt nervous when she saw him lean closer to her.

"Please, don't ask anything..." He whispered near her ear, causing Bella to feel goosebumps as his warm breath brushed her neck.

Their faces were so close that Lewis and the others sitting opposite them could see them intimately as if they were kissing.

Bella tilted her head slightly so she could look directly into his eyes. Her teeth clenched before she said in a low voice, "Please let go of my hand, Tristan!"

She couldn't believe it; this man was holding her hand at a time like this when their two grandfathers were with them. What would they say if they saw it?

However, the shameless Tristan didn't heed her request at all. Instead, he was seen putting on a miserable face, making Bella's forehead furrow, confused by his expression.

'Why did he suddenly turn gloomy again? What is his plan again?'

Before Bella could say anything, Tristan said, "Did you know? Outside, your grandfather almost beat me. He warned me he would break my leg if I hurt you again, and he also said, for the sake of Dax, he will allow me to meet you—"

Bella was utterly shocked hearing that.

Is it true that her Grandpa did that to Tristan? She felt touched. But also worried because her Grandpa had given hope to this shameless Tristan.

“Please, Bella...” His eyes flashed sincerity and begged, causing Bella to waver once more. “Don’t ask anything of him. Just stay still. I’m worried our son will be sad if he sees our family fighting...”

Bella opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but not a single word managed to escape her throat. She knew what Tristan said was true.

She could only take a deep breath, trying to hold her frustration towards this man while making a mental note that she would talk to him later to draw a line between them.

“Alright, I will not ask him. But release your grip!” Bella insisted. Looking at her determination, Tristan smiled while slowly releasing her hand.

...

“Well... Well... Tristan, Bella...” Suddenly, Lewis Sinclair’s baritone voice echoed in the room, surprising Tristan and Bella.

They immediately sat upright, pretending nothing had happened before. Then, they are looking at Lewis.

When Lewis met with their eyes, he continued calmly, “—if you two want to make out. Do it somewhere else; there is a minor here. Please behave...”

Bella couldn’t help but scold Tristan in her mind while trying to calm her embarrassment.

“Grandpa, please don’t mind us...” Tristan calmly replied, smiling proudly. He felt in a good mood now. “—continue eating, Grandpa, you too, Grandpa Isaac.” He said politely.

Bella remained silent.

‘Why does this shameless Tristan sound so happy?’ She glanced at him, rendered speechless by how cheerful he was. His smile grew wider.

“Dax, do you want more cake or ice cream? I will ask someone to bring some cake for you,” Tristan looked at Dax, who was still enjoying his cake.

“No, Dad. I’m full now...” Dax said, then glanced at his mother. “Mommy, can I go to my room first? I need to do something—” he didn’t finish his words, but he was sure his mother knew what he meant — he needed to check on his gaming friend.

“Alright, Mommy will accompany you.” Bella immediately stood from her seat and excused herself to the two elders, now engaged in earnest conversation.

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...

Soon, Bella and Dax climbed to the second floor, but they heard Tristan’s voice calling them before they arrived.

“Wait, let me lead you both... Something I need to show you.” He ran to approach them.

Tristan reached out his hand to hold Dax’s hand as they continued walking toward the room he had prepared for him.

Bella didn’t say anything. She followed them from behind, curious about what Tristan wanted to show their son.

“Dax, I have a gift for you. I prepared it for our first meeting. I hope you like it,” Tristan said, his eyes beaming with excitement.

“A gift...” Dax became curious about the gift his father would give him.

Tristan nodded, glancing at Bella before he opened the bedroom door.

When Bella and Dax saw the room, they were shocked and unable to utter a single word. They could only gaze in awe at the spacious room dominated by blue and red colors.

What surprised them even more was seeing various action figures of Marvel superheroes in several corners of the room.

A large glass cabinet was attached to the entire wall near the bed, displaying expensive action figures of all the Marvel characters in various sizes.

Bella couldn't help but laugh inwardly. She couldn't believe Tristan had decorated their son's room like this. But even though she appreciated his effort. In just a short time, he could create this bedroom for Dax.

"Dax, do you like this room!?" Tristan asked excitedly. He knew that Dax would like the room; this is what a young boy likes nowadays.

With only twenty-four hours, he had to ask Geoffrey to prepare everything quickly. Luckily, this room was finished this morning before Bella and Dax arrived.

...

Dax didn't answer his father, who looked beaming joyfully at him.

Instead, he looked at his mother, who was standing behind him, as if he wanted to ask his mother through his gaze, "Mommy, you didn't tell him that I don't like unimportant stuff like this!?"

## **My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back - Chapter 100**

Chapter 100: Welcome Gift

Bella seemed to see her son's dislike of the room from the look in his eyes.

She could only smile sympathetically at him while gently stroking his hair. Then, she leaned closer and whispered, “Baby, can you just accept it... And pretend that you like the room?”

Bella worried that Tristan would be disappointed if Dax were honest with him. She could sense happiness flash in Tristan’s gaze. Besides, she also felt touched by his effort to quickly provide this room for their son.

Dax blinked, looking at his mother, trying to understand her meaning.

“—Well, at least your daddy already made an effort to create this special room for you, dear...” She gently continued her words, trying to convince him.

“Hmm,” Dax nodded and smiled at his mother before gazing at Tristan. “Dad... I like it,” he said, smiling even though it seemed forced.

“I’m so happy you like the room, my son,” Tristan said while ruffling Dax’s hair lovingly. “—All right, you can look around...” he continued before approaching Bella, who was standing near the window with her back facing them.

Tristan stood beside her, following her line of sight to the garden behind the house. When Bella looked up to see him, he turned to meet her eyes.

Looking at her calm gaze made Tristan say in his hushed voice, “He didn’t like this room, right?” The corners of his lips lifted, revealing a faint smile.

Earlier, he could see the dislike in Dax’s eyes, but he just pretended not to be aware of it.

Bella was rendered speechless. She felt sorry for him and could only nod slightly in response.

Tristan tugged his hand in his trouser pocket, sighed deeply, and turned his gaze back to the garden outside.

After a few more seconds, Bella said, “I told you before, he is different from the children the same age as him.”

Bella follows his line of sight.

“Hmm, I just remembered that. Well, at least I still have another surprise for him. I hope this time, he will not be disappointed.”

A smile slowly graced Tristan’s face again. He had already thought about it, so he prepared a backup plan to make his son happy.

Bella was surprised to hear his words. She turned to look at him in a hurry, “Another surprise?” she asked, puzzled.

Tristan nodded with a mysterious smile gracing his handsome face. Bella narrowed her eyes at Tristan, suspicious about what he had prepared for Dax.

Worry this man will disappointed again, she said, “Tell me before you give it to him. Afraid you will make a mistake again.”

However, Tristan shook his head and refused to tell her.

Bella grew more suspicious. Before she could ask further, Dax approached her.

“Mommy, is my bag still in your car?” Dax asked. He wanted to check his iPad and contact his gaming friend.

“No, but it’s in my room. Baby, wait a minute, let me get it for you...”  
Bella immediately left the room.

Not long after, she reappeared carrying a black backpack and handed it to Dax.

“Thank you, Mommy...” After receiving his bag, Dax went straight to the study table in the corner, pulling out his iPad.

....

“What’s that?” Tristan asked curiously, seeing his son looking enthusiastic about his backpack.

“His laptop and iPad,” Bella answered while glancing at Dax, who was busy behind his iPad.

Then, Bella looked at Tristan. “I told you before, our son is different from other children his age... You still remember it, right?”

“Yes. Can you tell me more about it?”

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Bella nodded, inviting Tristan to follow her to the two-seater sofa near the window.

She began to explain after Tristan sat beside her.

“When Dax turned one, he could speak with good articulation, although not yet perfect, and his vocabulary was still limited, but he spoke well. By age two, he could speak clearly and had a wide vocabulary; even Aunt Noora and I were amazed to hear him speak...”

Tristan was stunned. He listened to Bella while his eyes never left Dax, who seemed immersed in his iPad, ignoring them.

“When he was three... One day, I lent him my cell phone to watch a cartoon. However, I was shocked to learn that he didn’t watch cartoons. Instead, he started to play a few games I had installed on my phone.”

Bella shook her head, smiling as she remembered when she found out Dax could play a difficult game.

“What game?” Tristan asked curiously.

“Minesweeper and Chess. What shocked me was that he beat my best record, even though I never taught him how to play those games...”

Tristan was shocked. He knew the game was challenging even for adults and required strategy to play.



“Since then, I bought an iPad for him. With strict usage limits for children, of course...” Bella emphasized the strict limits for children to reassure him.

He smiled at her.

“I only installed a few games that could hone his cognitive skills. And every day, his abilities surprised me. He mastered all the games I installed for him in a short time. Last November, on his fourth birthday, I gave him a laptop. Since then, he has started to study a few things about coding. And I signed him up for online coding lessons...”

Tristan was once again stunned to hear that. “He’s interested in coding? Did he perform well in his coding lesson?” he asked.

“Hahaha...” Bella couldn’t help but laugh.

She leaned closer to Tristan and whispered, “—He actually stopped taking online lessons, even though I had already paid for a year’s package for him.”

He frowned, “Why? Wasn’t he interested?”

“He was interested, but he said his teacher taught him the material he could learn on his own. He got bored and didn’t want to study there anymore. He downloaded all the materials and studied them. All by himself. He could master their one-year curriculum in an hour...”

Tristan was even more amazed to hear that.

“And he is just four years old...” Bella said, smiling proudly as she saw her son.