

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 10

Chapter 10: Shocked

Bella was stunned beyond words by what she heard. She didn't expect Jessica, her mother-in-law, to be the one who asked Tristan to divorce her.

Unbelievable!

Bella smiled faintly, trying to cover her shock. She didn't want to make this cruel woman satisfied with what she did.

"Well, I already knew that..." Bella lied, pretending she already knew. "Did you also send Laura Kiels to seduce your son?" she asked casually, but Jessica's answer surprised her.

Jessica's eyes widened, looking at Bella. She paused momentarily to show Bella her guilty expression before saying, "Oh, Bella... y-you know about her?"

'Tsk, Tsk, what a bitch! I know you are just pretending to feel guilty...' Bella could only curse Jessica in her mind.

"I'm sorry, Bella... But what Tristan and I did to you merely for the best of our family. You can't blame us because you know the reason, right? Sinclair needs a successor. And Tristan is our only hope because he has no siblings." Jessica said regretfully, but Bella could see her ridiculed gaze.

1

Bella maintained an—I'm not interested—expression as she waited for Jessica to continue speaking.

"I hope you didn't say anything outside about your marriage to my son, Bella. You already sign the papers, right?" Jessica paused to wait for her confirmation. When she saw Bella nod, she smiled again before continuing her words, "You must remember, if you violate the agreement, your family company will be affected..."

Bella laughs in her heart. She never wanted her marriage to Tristan to be known by others, too. This is the best for her because it would be troublesome if the media knew she had a child with Tristan Sinclair, the CEO of Sinclair Corp.

"I understand," Bella said. "Any other thing you want to say?"

Bella didn't want to stay here longer. The more she shared the same air with Jessica, the more suffocated she was.

Jessica was hesitant to ask, but after seeing Bella looked so calm. It made her worry; this girl had other motives. She wanted to make Bella completely disappear from their lives and accept Laura Kiels in their family.

"When are you going to leave this house?" Jessica asked. Before Bella answered, she continued, "I hope you don't stay here too long. Your status is no longer Tristan's wife, and it doesn't feel right if you still live in this house, right!?"

3

No matter how angry Bella was, she tried to control her emotions. She didn't want to lower herself to fight with this woman.

Bella smiled, looking at Jessica before responding, "Ms. Sinclair, it looks like you didn't know anything..."

Jessica's eyebrows knit, confused when she heard Bella's words. "What do you mean?"

"You can't ask me to leave this house because your son has given this house to me," said Bella. She was amused when she saw Jessica's face look pale as if she had just witnessed a ghost appear in the room. "But you don't need to worry, Ms. Sinclair. Even though your son gave me this house, I will not stay here. Do you want to know why?"

Jessica opened her mouth, but no words came out of her lips. She was too annoyed with Tristan. How could he give this house to this woman!?

"Because I can't stand being around you, Miss Sinclair..." Bella continued, then she stood up from her seat with a smile on her lips. She suddenly felt happy seeing Jessica's expression about to explode.

"Ah, Ms. Sinclair, I'm sorry I can not talk to you longer; I still have a lot to do," Bella turned around and walked while continuing her words, "Ms. Sinclair, you know the door; I won't send you out..." She said without looking at Jessica.

Jessica couldn't believe what had just happened. Her face turned red; her eyes stared sharply at Bella's back as she disappeared behind the door.

This is the first time she has witnessed Bella being impolite to her.

'Did a ghost take over her soul? How dare she have the guts to act like that before me?' Jessica's hands clenched into tight fists. 'Arabella Donovan!! You wait... I will make sure you suffer!'

3

Jessica stood up from her seat while dialing Tristan's number. She needed to ask her son to cancel this house. She didn't want this house to fall into Bella's hands!

Seeing the bedroom she had lived in for the past four years for the last time instantly made Bella feel a little sad.

Many memories were stored in this room, ranging from beautiful memories she would never forget to torturous ones she wanted to forget but couldn't.

Remember those painful memories, enough to make her want to cry, but no tears come out. She could only sigh silently while looking around.

Bella felt this bedroom was empty. She saw no trace of herself in the room after Noora packed her belongings.

Later, her gaze fixed on the bed with white bedding in the middle of the room.

A bitter smile framed her face when she realized the bed was the only place Tristan touched when he came to this room.

Sigh!

Bella took a deep breath before walking to her walk-in closet.

She saw a few beautiful gowns from famous brands still hanging with label tags. She didn't bring all the dresses; Tristan was buying them. The funny thing is that she never wears all the dresses because she has no chance to wear them. Tristan never asks her to accompany him to public events like a gala or party.

After that, Bella walked toward the connecting door between her bedroom and Tristan's.

Looking at the tightly closed door before her, she couldn't help but smile bitterly.

This door can only be opened freely from Tristan's side. She can't enter Tristan's room because she doesn't know the password.

2

After taking another deep sigh, Bella slowly moved to the bedside table. Her eyes landed on the diamond ring on her finger. She released the ring and placed it on the table.

"Bye, Tristan!" Bella whispered while holding back the sadness that was starting to swallow her.

Bella turned, walked fast out of the room, and left everything about Tristan there.

When she passed through the main door, she felt gradually better. She no longer felt the despair and sadness that almost overwhelmed her.

Her eyes fixed on Aunty Noora, who opened the car for her.

"Young miss, I will drive," Noora said. Bella didn't utter anything; she nodded and entered the back row. She just wanted to leave that place.

...

A man appeared from the corner when the car left the front yard. He took out his cell phone and made a call.

"Master, Ms. Donovan left with her maid—"