

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 1

May 2018.

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The sun had just dipped below the horizon as a Maybach sped towards Fort City's business district amid heavy rain.

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Surprisingly, the main street seemed less busy as the Maybach quickly approached Platinum Restaurant.

In the passenger row, a woman in her mid-twenties couldn't contain her smile as she read her husband's text message. How happy she was; this was the first time her husband had asked her to meet at a restaurant to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

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Immersed with her cell phone, she didn't notice the car had already stopped.

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"Madam..."

The woman was startled to see the chauffeur opening the car door. Hurriedly, she grabbed her Birkin bag and stepped out.

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"You can head home. I'll return with my husband," she asked the chauffeur before striding towards the building.

Brimming with happiness, she made her way toward the VIP room. However, the joy she looked forward to quickly became a nightmare when she entered the room.

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Instead of her husband, she found a middle-aged man seated in the room, clad in formal attire—a black suit typically worn by executives in large companies.

"Did I enter the wrong room?" the woman's gentle voice resounds as she checks the door number.

"Ms. Arabella Donovan, you are in the right room. Please come in and take a seat," the middle-aged man said as he stood up.

He was surprised that the beautiful woman he had seen four years ago had now become a typical housewife. They had gained much weight and didn't care about their appearance, even though her flawless beauty was still there.

"Ms. Donovan, you might enter—" The middle-aged man gestured for Bella to join him in the room.

Bella didn't move from her place. She was reluctant to enter the room because she didn't remember ever meeting this person, and she was afraid this man was a terrible person who wanted to scam her.

However, another question bothers her.

Since she was married, Bella had barely heard anyone calling her by her full name; they usually called her by her husband's name.

Bella appeared worried. "Sir, may I know who you are?"

"Ms. Donovan, sorry I forgot to introduce myself. I am John Turner, Mr. Tristan Sinclair's lawyer," he said while extending his hand for a handshake.

Bella awkwardly accepted his handshake, confused about why Tristan had sent his lawyer to meet her.

Despite her confusion, Bella sat opposite John Turner and observed him place a piece of A4 paper on the table.

When she read its contents, shock struck her—it was a marriage annulment letter. She was confused, why did this man give her this letter!?

Even after reading the letter multiple times, hoping she had misread it, John's baritone voice confirmed her worst fears.

"Ms. Donovan, this marriage annulment letter was prepared by my client, Mr. Tristan Sinclair. Please sign it if you have finished reading."

Hearing John's words, she felt everything in her mind was blank as if consumed by an invisible black hole.

'Tristan, seeking a divorce? Why? Why did he do that?'

Bella can't understand why Tristan suddenly wants a divorce. She thought their marriage was fine.

'No. This must be a mistake, right!?'

Refusing to believe what she read, Bella raised her head, narrowing her eyes at John Turner, holding back her anger and hurt.

How dare this man rudely address her by her family name when she hasn't signed the divorce papers yet?

She strongly wanted to vent her anger to John Turner, but she controlled her emotions, not wanting to reveal how hurt and angry she was.

After her emotions were calm and her mind clear, she placed the paper on the table.

"Where's your client!? Why didn't he come here and send you instead?" Bella asks calmly, but inside her heart, she feels shattered, as if someone had blown her heart.

"Mr. Sinclair can't come. He is swamped with his work." John Turner said impatiently.

"Could you please sign the paper without any more delay? I have a tight schedule, Ms. Donovan."

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Bella tried hard not to lose her temper as she clenched her hand into a fist.

"Mr. Turner, let me remind you," she said. "I've not yet signed the paper; it means I'm still part of Sinclair!" Her eyes were filled with an icy look.

John Turner's face turns stiff upon hearing her warning. Just before he wanted to say something, Bella spoke again with a firm and commanding tone.

"I will not sign anything before your busy client talks to me. You better call him now, or you will return home without anything!"

"Ma'am, I apologize for my rudeness," John Turner said politely, though internally cursing Bella. "Mr. Sinclair can't talk to you now. He sent me here to bring this letter to represent him."

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Bella silently laughed, hearing his words.

"So, you're his mail courier now, Mr. Turner?"

John Turner, "..."

"Mam, I'm—"

"I don't want to hear your reason," Bella didn't give John a chance to say anything. "Mr. Turner, I just need to talk to him personally. You had better call him now, or you would get nothing from me. I won't sign anything." She said coldly.

Deeply hurt by receiving divorce papers on their fourth wedding anniversary, Bella only wanted to ask Tristan's reason. Why did he divorce her? Yet, this lawyer didn't even try to reach him.

Bella didn't want to wait any longer. She dialed Tristan's number, but her face slowly turned dark. No words could describe her anger upon knowing Tristan had blocked her phone number.

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'Tristan Sinclair!! You are so mean! How dare you do this to me?'

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Suppressing her anger, Bella clenched her fist tightly, stowed her phone, and stood, ready to leave. She couldn't stay in that room any longer.

"Mam, please sign the paper before you go," John Turner stood and followed her, blocking her path. "You can't leave until you sign the paper, mam." His eyes sharply looked at her.

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John Tuner's face, which had previously been friendly, turned fierce. He no longer looked like a classy lawyer but like a thug in a suit.

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"Mr. Turner, move! Don't block my way..." Bella was so pissed off looking at John Turner blocking her way.

"You will not go anywhere before signing the paper, Mam. Please, just sign the damn paper!" John's voice sounded threatening, but Bella didn't flinch at his rising voice.

Bella chuckled, "Mr. Turner, are you really a lawyer?"

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John Turner frowned, hearing her question, "Of course I am. Do you want to see my ID?"

"No need. I'm only confused because you look more like a lowly bandit than a lawyer!?" She smiles.

John's facial expression dropped, and he looked like he'd just witnessed someone spit on his food. Hearing her words, he opened his mouth and wanted to counter them, but again, this woman stopped him.

"Well, Mr. Turner, I clearly stated my reason. I won't sign anything until I speak with your client!"

"Mam, why insist on meeting my client when he doesn't want to see you again?" John Turner asked politely, but Bella felt like this man had just slapped her using his words.

Bella clenched tightly as she fought the urge to return his slap, but at the last moment, she restrained herself.

She took a deep sigh before calmly saying, "Sir, if you keep blocking me, I'll count to three... I'll scream and claim you're harassing me!"

John Turner didn't buy this woman's threat. He knows she was only bluffing.

Seeing that, John Turner didn't move but smiled at her, making Bella's annoyance flare.

"Fine if you don't want to move. But, Mr. Turner, you can't blame me later if you end up in the police office," The corners of her lips lifted, revealing an evil and charming cold smile before she shouted, "Three... HELP... HELP... SOME—"

'What the hell!!!' John Turner cursed inwardly. 'Is she foolish? Why jump straight to three? Can't she count?'

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"Ma'am, please stop. Please don't scream... Ok, ok... I will call Mr. Sinclair now," John Turner had no choice but to call his boss.

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Bella felt amused seeing John Turner's shocked expression.

"Mr. Turner, you should have done that earlier. Why make me waste my energy screaming and hurting my throat?" Bella said while rubbing her smooth neck. "I might sue you if my vocal cords are damaged."

John was speechless.

Bella ignored him and walked back into the room. She sat on her chair while glancing at John.

A bitter smile formed on her lips when she faintly heard John Turner speak on the phone.

She still couldn't believe Tristan had blocked her phone number.

Feeling annoyed, she empties a glass of water to suppress her anger while waiting for John Turner to finish talking to Tristan.

Later,

Bella saw John approaching her.

Her heartbeat raced faster than usual for unknown reasons, and she felt nervous about speaking to Tristan.

"Ma'am," John Turner said, offering his cell phone to Bella. "You can talk to Mr. Sinclair..."

Bella's hands shook slightly when she took the cell phone. After taking a deep breath, she placed the phone on her ear.

Before Bella could say anything, she heard Tristan's cold tone on the other end, "You said you wanted to talk to me. Why are you silent now?"

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Tristan's attitude made Bella reconsider asking him to stop the divorce.

She clenched her cell phone tightly, holding back her anger.

"Why did you send your lawyer to give me this divorce paper?"

"Let's get straight to the point. Do you need more money as alimony?" Tristan asked casually, but his words felt like nails piercing Bella's heart.

Bella fought the urge to curse him.

"Did you think I married you for your money?" She asked coldly.