

My Billionaire Ex-Husband Chase Me Back Chapter 6

Seeing how that person had written her name sent shivers down her spine.

[Hi Bells,

It's been a while since our last meeting. And we met again in such a weird situation.

I'm sorry, Bells. I can not wait until you wake up. You know, I have my duty to take care of, right!?

Give me a call if you find this letter.

SS]

Bella read the letter countless times. Just reading that letter, she feels like facing and talking to him directly. After her terrible day yesterday, this is the first time she smiles widely, like spring comes after the winter season.

It's hard to believe Sean Spencer helped and brought her here. Their encounter this time was indeed weird.

After marrying Tristan Sinclair, one by one, Bella's friends drifted apart from her life as she stopped contacting them to focus on her new life.

"Thank you, Sean..." Bella whispers while looking at her cell phone.

She needs to call him. However, her cell phone rang just before she dialed Sean's number.

Bella was surprised to see 'Aunty Noora' appear on the cell phone screen. She picked up the phone immediately but didn't have a chance to speak, as she heard Noora speak like a pro rapper.

"Oh my god!! Oh my god!! Young Miss Bella... You finally answered my call. Where have you been? I have tried calling you since yesterday but can't reach you. Are you alright?" Noora's voice sounds rushed and shaking. "Miss Bella, please answer me, huh!? Why aren't you talking? Please say something, Miss—"

"Auntie, calm down," Bella felt warm inside when hearing Aunt Noora's panicked tone from the other end. "How could I speak if you didn't allow me to speak?" she chuckled.

Bella feels so happy to be able to speak to someone. Noora was her nanny since she was a child. And when she marries Tristan, Noora follows her to stay at their house.

In this world, Noora is the only person Bella trusts the most. Their bond is very close; even her parents are not that close to her because both parents are busy in their own world.

"Ugh... Well... young Miss, this is almost morning. Why have you not returned yet? I tried to call you many times but—"

Bella didn't give her a chance to continue her words, "Aunty Noora, I never knew you had a talent," she laughed.

"What?" Noora was confused when she heard Bella's words. "Talent? Young Miss... what do you mean?" she asked.

"You sound like a female rapper. How can you talk so fast? I'm impressed."

Noora almost choked at her words. "Oh please, Miss Bella, stop teasing me. Answer me first... Where are you now?"

"I will explain later—" Before Bella could finish, she heard Noora ask again.

"Miss, are you with your—" a pause hangs in the air. Bella couldn't help but smile; she knew what Noora wanted to ask, and her question seemed abrupt.

"—Are you with your husband?" Noora finally asked. She knows Tristan will never ask Bella out for a night over. But she knows Tristan invited her young Miss to celebrate their 4th anniversary yesterday.

A bitter smile appears on Bella's face before she answers, "Nope, Aunty... I'm alone. But don't worry, I'm in a safe place."

Bella didn't want to make Aunty Noora worry too long; she continued to explain, "Aunty, I will return. But right now, I want you to do something for me. Bring some clothes to Promise Hospital, room number #2024..."

Bella's words sound like thunder in Noora's ears.

Since last night, Noora had been afraid Bella had an accident. Noora's worry increased when she tried calling Bella a few times, but her cell phone was inactive.

If the driver had not mentioned that Bella would return home with her husband, Noora would possibly have reported her missing to the police.

"Y-Young Miss, you...you...what—" Noora couldn't finish her sentence, her mind filled with terrifying accident scenarios. Her hand trembled as she held her cell phone. "Why are you in Hospital? Are you alright?"

"Auntie, I told you I'm fine. Ugh, well... I can't explain now what happened to me. But I want you to come here soon. And make sure you don't tell anyone you'll be meeting me here!"

"Ok, young Miss," Noora immediately ended the call and prepared Bella's clothes.

It was still dark outside when Noora hailed a taxi, rushing from the house to the Hospital.

After talking with Noora, Bella continued scrolling through her cell phone, checking her email and text messages. However, she found only numerous sales and marketing promotions there.

'What a pitiful life you have now, Bells!' she muttered, sad at herself.

Married to Tristan Sinclair, Bella had abandoned all her business and lost touch with her college friends. She rarely received updates from them until today.

Bella truly hated herself for abandoning her dream to focus solely on building a small, happy family with Tristan. Her life has only revolved around Tristan for the last four years.

However, after everything she had done for him, she felt betrayed and humiliated by this divorce. How could he have another woman?

Bella can't help but scold herself because of her own stupidity. "You are stupid Bells! Now, you must strike back and pursue what you dream of!"

It didn't take long for Noora to arrive at Promise Hospital. Her cries echoed through the room when she saw Bella lying on the bed.

Rushing to Bella's side, Noora sobbed loudly while tightly holding her hand.

"Huahua... young Miss, why are you in the Hospital? Are you really sick? Please don't make me worry, huh!? You know, I couldn't sleep all night worrying about you. And just thinking about you in this Hospital raised my blood pressure and weakened my heart," Noora said between her sobs.

Bella found it amusing to look at Noora crying like a baby. She sat on the bed while trying to stop Noora from crying.

She was worried the nurse and doctor would rush to her room and thought she was dead.

"Aunty Noora... Can you please hold back your tears!?" Bella said as she watched her frown while wiping her tears away. She continued, "I'm not dead yet; you can cry like this when I pass away..."

Bella thought Noora would laugh at her humor, but her crying grew louder.

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