

Surprised 1141

Chapter 1141 Tristan's Heroic Deed

The passengers all gasped for her. Claire was frightened too when she heard something like bone cracking. She hoped the person was alright.

"Madam, please return to your seat." At this time, the stewardess came over to erase the tension, "The plane might bounce due to airflow. For your safety, you might better get back to your seat."

"Yeah, but he is not letting me go!" The woman was in so much pain that she couldn't even speak fluently.

The stewardess looked at Tristan pleadingly, "Sir..." she was amazed by his masculinity! His eyes were as deep as an ancient well, like a whirlpool, full of attraction.

"Well..." Claire said softly, "Forget it, I guess she has learned her lesson. Don't be angry. She doesn't worth it."

Tristan gave the middle-aged woman a warning look, let go of her hand, and pushed her away!

She stood firm, then pointed at Tristan and Claire, still angry, "Alright, you guys, just wait! My son is a manager at the Marsh Group! He is very close with Mr. Marsh! Don't make me meet you guys in

Arkpool City! "

Tristan said indifferently, "If you make any more noise, I will seal your mouth with tape."

He was Ivan's brother-in-law!

The woman felt chill upon seeing his eyes. He didn't look like he was joking. She didn't dare to provoke again.

"Ma'am, please return to your seat." The stewardess reminded.

"Rude girl!" The woman looked at Claire with disdain before returning to her seat.

"Calling me rude when you are the one making noises on the plane? How shameless you are!" Claire couldn't help talking back.

"Are you insulting me?"

"Exactly!"

Seeing that the two were about to quarrel again, Tristan stared at the middle-aged woman, his eyes looking deeper. The woman, despite being angry, didn't dare to speak again.

"OK! You and your boyfriends are bullying me. We'll handle this when we're back to Arkpool City!" The woman looked at them viciously.

The stewardess took the woman back to her seat.

Claire and Tristan sat down.

The cabin became quiet again. People finally got to rest and they were all grateful for the young couple.

They did them a great favor.

Time seemed to stand still for a few seconds. Claire took a deep breath. Turning aside, she saw

Tristan's side profile.

He was leaning against the back of the chair, his short hair dark and smooth. His nose was pointing.

His lips were slightly pursed. He looked very gentle.

The handmade suit made him look noble and unapproachable.

"You are very brave." Sensing her gaze, Tristan looked at her too. The moment their eyes met, it

seemed time had paused.

His voice was deep, strong, and reassuring.

Claire regained her senses, and responded politely, "Thank you for just now." She didn't expect him to

help.

Tristan didn't say anything else, his face was gentle and calm.

After a few seconds, she looked away.

Tristan looked at her for a few more seconds. The girl left him with a deep impression.

Along the way, they didn't talk again but they didn't feel embarrassed. They didn't even exchange numbers. They both thought it was the first and also the last time that they met.

They got off the plane.

Claire walked out of the airport with her small suitcase. Before she got a taxi, she saw a familiar figure not far away. She held her breath and stopped, her eyes widened!

Afterward, the anger in her eyes became more and more intense!

Chapter 1142 Impulsive Claire

Seeing them go away, Claire quickly followed with her suitcase and soon reached them.

She was trembling with anger, but she still had a semblance of reason. She took out her phone and turned on the camera, started recording.

"Baby, look. We're in New York, do you like this birthday surprise?" The man put his arms around the shoulders of a woman with blond hair, looking very intimate.

Claire was furious when she saw that he was smiling, not guilty at all.

"Parker, will she know?" The girl twisted her waist and said coquettishly, "When are you going to tell her? Are you still hiding it from her?"

The man said, "She is rich. We can use her money. What's the harm? I've promised you that I will never marry her."

Having recorded that, Claire stood still, turned off the camera, and called Saskia!

"Hey, Claire, how are your feet? I'm going to visit you in the hospital." The girl sounds normal.

"Where's Parker?" Claire asked, "Where's that jerk?"

"Stop scolding him, he has apologized." Saskia pleaded for her boyfriend, sighed, and felt conflicted in her heart, "His mother is sick in the hospital, so he went home. When he comes back, he will hand in his bank cards and we will talk about the engagement."

Claire was so angry that she was capable of killing.

"I have a video! Take a look. Stop being stupid! What if he sleeps with others? Would you think he is just practicing sex skills so he can please you better?"

Having said that angrily, she hung up.

She sent the video she recorded just now, and then quickly chased after them with her small luggage,

"Damn it! Women in love are so stupid!"

"Honey, I've booked the best restaurant in New York. The dinner will be romantic."

"I love you, honey. This must be my most memorable birthday."

Not far away, a black Lamborghini had parked aside the road. The driver opened the passenger door

for Tristan. Tristan was about to get into the car when he accidentally saw the scene not far away...

The girl next to her on the plane threw her suitcase at the head of a man and a woman in front of her!

Tristan widened his eyes, startled!

She hit them on the head. That was almost murdering.

"Go to hell! Jerk!" Claire growled, didn't think about the consequences at all.

"Ah!"

The sudden attack caught them off guard!

The woman lost her balance and fell into the man's arms.

The suitcase passed over Parker's head and made him dizzy.

They both felt a hot stream behind their heads. It was blood.

"What the hell, who is it?" Parker hugged the woman, covered his head, and turned around, only to see the petite Claire.

Parker froze for a moment, his anger faded by half, "Why are you here?" He let go of the woman in his arms and looked around for Saskia.

"Who is she?" The woman looked at Claire, who looked unfriendly, with jealousy, "Is she one of your lovers?"

At this time, Tristan ran to Claire, put his arms around her shoulders, and pushed her back a few steps,

"This is in the United States, don't be stupid things. Things will be tricky if the cops get you." He kindly reminded.

Parker understood that Saskia was not there!

"You want to go to jail, don't you?" He yelled at Claire.

"Help!" At this time, Parker's lover started screaming, "Murder! We are bleeding! Call the police!"

Not far away, several police officers came after hearing that!

Chapter 1143 Protective Boyfriend

Hearing that the police came, Claire panicked!

She had no friends in this country. She didn't speak the native language here well. She had no one to bail her out!

Tristan realized that things were going wrong. He grabbed her wrist, "Go!" He took her suitcase with another hand and ran away with her.

They looked back while running, and saw three policemen after them.

They felt like fugitives. It was thrilling, but Claire felt very secure. She wasn't afraid at all.

"Sir, miss, are you all right?" The police saw the blood running down from Parker and his girlfriend's heads to their fingers. They seemed to be seriously injured.

The woman screamed with hatred, "Get them! quickly!"

Several policemen had been chasing.

Tristan was tall and strong. He ran fast. But Claire was a girl. He must consider her situation.

He pulled and protected her while running. At the same time, they saw several strong policemen chasing over!

They were about to be caught.

"Get in the car. Quickly!"

The rear doors of the Lamborghini were already open. Claire and her suitcase were stuffed into it.

At the same time, the police chased over too. Tristan held the car door with one hand and kicked one of the policemen away.

The driver was a good fighter, and he also started to fight with the police!

Claire was intimidated by what she saw. She didn't want to get Tristan involved. The consequences of fighting with the police in New York were unimaginable.

Sitting in the car, she watched this scene anxiously, stupefied!

How was this going to end?

"Get in the car!" Tristan said to the driver.

The driver quickly returned to the car after defeating one police officer. After Tristan defeated the two nearest police officers, he jumped into the car and closed the door. Then the car drove away!!

Claire looked at his profile in surprise, and then looked at his scratched hand that was soaked in blood,

"You're hurt..."

At a certain moment, she felt touched and sorry.

"It's okay." Tristan took out a handkerchief from his suit pocket and bandaged the wound briefly.

Claire came back to her senses, looked at the rapidly receding scenery outside the car window,

recalled what happened just now, then looked at the man driving, and then at the car logo...

Lamborghini!!

That was the type of luxury car driven by the hero in romantic novels.

She'd been writing it for years, but she'd never... been in a car like this!!

Was he a big shot?

"You're young, it's normal to meet some bad guys. Just be careful with guys next time." Tristan's voice

was gentle, and a bit cold.

Claire was taken aback, "What? Wait!"

"Don't lose faith in men after being dumped," Tristan spoke like an elder.

"It is not me!" Claire got it. And she quickly explained, "He's not my boyfriend, he's my best friend's

boyfriend! A few days ago, he injured my foot when I caught him cheating. And now he is in New York!

Tristan was not surprised when he heard this, as if it was men's nature.

He smiled without looking at her, "Not everybody has such sincere friends. Your best friend is lucky."

At this moment, Claire's phone rang. She took it out. It was Saskia calling.

She answered it.

"Claire..." Saskia was crying, sounding heartbroken, "How could he be so heartless? How could he?"

Saskia's questioning voice was deafening, Claire took the phone away from her ear, but accidentally touched Tristan's face!

"Sorry!" She apologized with embarrassment.

Chapter 1144 Hello, My Name Is Tristan

Tristan turned his eyes, "It's okay." His voice was cold and magnetic, like a glass of aged wine.

It was very quiet inside the car. Tristan heard the crying girl questioning on the other end of the phone just now.

"Where are you?" Saskia calmed down and asked, "Who are you with? Claire, are you dating someone?"

"No no." The girl looked away and said awkwardly, "I'm in New York for an activity held by the Writers Association. The past few hours were a bit weird. I'll tell you later."

Saskia started crying again, "Claire, why would he treat me like that? He said his mother was sick... He

said he would come to my house to propose marriage, he said he would marry me. "

Tristan also heard these words clearly, he leaned back on the seat and looked ahead.

Claire couldn't comfort Saskia in the car, "He has been caught in bed, and you just forgave him. Think about it!"

After speaking, she hung up the phone.

Sighing, she turned to look out the window again, and suddenly became nervous, "Oops, I'm going to Times Square!"

Then she turned to look at Tristan, "Sir, thank you for today, I will treat you to dinner when we're back in Arkpool City! Please put me down by the roadside, I have something to do! "

"The Writers' Association?" Tristan turned to her and asked, "Are you a writer?"

Claire was a little embarrassed, the subject had been embarrassing her.

She was a writer, but she was kind of ashamed to call herself that.

Tristan believed that she was.

He could feel that she got an aura.

"My name is Tristan." He reached out and looked into her eyes.

Tristan?

That name fit

him well.

She also extended her hand generously, "Claire."

Their palms intertwined for a short while, and then they let go. The car stopped, and Tristan pointed out, "That's Times Square."

Claire was stunned, "It seems that you are familiar with New York?" With a smile on her face, she opened the door and said to him, "Goodbye!"

Tristan watched her run towards the square like a bunny.

When the car started, he looked out the window until her petite figure disappeared.

Arkpool City.

Charity Medical Center.

Jennifer and Eason were enjoying the scenery next to the artificial lake downstairs. She was giving him

vocal training.

"Try to blow up this ball, will you?"

The little boy sat quietly on the bench. After receiving treatment for a while, he stopped drooling and looked much cleaner.

His hair was black and thick. His face was quite delicate.

Jennifer crouched in front of him, handing a professional vocal trainer to his lips.

They looked at each other.

Eason slowly raised his hand, took the trainer from his sister, opened his mouth, bit it, and started to blow.

He understood his sister's words and acted on orders.

This made Jennifer feel very relieved, a smile appeared on her beautiful face, "Eason, you are brilliant.

Try and see if you can blow it up?"

"Well, that's great, let's go on!"

"I will count for you, three, four..."

After blowing for a while, Jennifer felt that he was working hard and his cheeks were tired, "Alright.

That's it."

Taking the trainer from her younger brother, Jennifer stood up and stroked his head lovingly, "Eason, I

am proud of you."

Chapter 1145 Not Being Blindly Jealous

Not far away, Rowan came out of the patient building. With his hands in his pockets, he looked in the

direction of the artificial lake and saw Jennifer and Eason at a glance.

Then walked towards them.

He was handsome. The smile on his face under the sun looked sincere and warm.

"Eason, you have made great progress recently. I am so glad." Jennifer took his younger brother's

hand and rubbed it in her palm, planning to take him back to his room to rest.

Before the siblings left, Rowan came over.

The eyes of the two met. Jennifer stopped walking. The gentle wind from the lake blew her hair and his

clothes.

"He is going to have a vocal cord examination today. The experts are from France. They will arrive in

half an hour."

Rowan glanced at Eason, and then looked at Jennifer again, "Don't worry, it's all high-tech testing. He

will be fine."

"Thanks a lot." Jennifer smiled slightly, "You are always so thoughtful."

Rowan said from the bottom of his heart, "Because I also hope that he can get better soon."

Jennifer bent down and shook the little boy's shoulder, "Eason, who is he? do you remember? "

Eason looked at Rowan slowly, blinking his eyes.

Not far away, Daphne came out from the patient building. She came out for Rowan because the nurse

said he had just come out.

She saw him beside the artificial lake.

Rowan and Jennifer were standing together...

With a smile on his face, Rowan bent down and fondled the little boy's head. Jennifer was also smiling.

They were talking.

Daphne felt upset. She turned around and entered the lobby, the image of Rowan and Jennifer

together was still in her mind.

Judging by a woman's instincts, she knew that Rowan liked Jennifer. His eyes were full of love.

But Daphne was not afraid at all, nor would she hate Jennifer. Because Jennifer was Ivan's wife. And

Rowan wouldn't be able to do anything no matter how much he liked Jennifer.

Back in her office, Daphne was very dedicated and patient.

"Mrs. Martis, how are you feeling today?" She came to the ward with a notebook. "Do you feel sick anywhere?"

"I'm much better today, Dr. Wells, when can I be discharged?"

Daphne flipped through the notebook and checked the hospital records, "If you feel better, you can be discharged tomorrow. I've seen your medical reports. You are fine."

"I haven't done the abdominal CT, Dr. Wells, do you think it's necessary? I can take it as a physical examination. " Patients were always worried about their health.

Rowan came up, walked down the corridor, and walked this way.

When he came to the door, he saw Daphne inside and heard her say...

"Mrs. Martis, let me put it this way. I know it's hard to make money. This examination are not necessary.

Abdominal CT is to rule out tumors and cancers."

Daphne said patiently, "However, if you really have a tumor or cancer, the blood test will show it. Your hemoglobin and white blood cells index will be high."

"Your blood indexes are normal so there is no need to do the abdominal CT. But if it will make you feel better, you can have a test."

"No, no, no." The patient said gratefully, "I believe in you, Dr. Wells, you are such a good person! I feel less sick through talking to you."

At the door, Rowan was relieved to hear Daphne's communication with the patient.

Chapter 1146 Meeting again

His hospital needed patient doctors like her.

Doctors should treat patients with this kind of attitude.

Sometimes a word of reassurance can make the patient feel much better. Combined with drugs, they would heal quicker.

For that, Rowan was content about Daphne.

After Rowan left, several female doctors came over.

They were all wondering why Rowan had been watching outside the door for so long but didn't go in.

When they passed the door, they saw Daphne communicating with patients inside.

"So Rowan was watching Dr. Wells just now?" Some people couldn't help smiling, covering their mouths, as if they understood something.

They walked hurriedly and couldn't help whispering, "Dr. Wells and Rowan seem to have a good relationship."

"Good? It is said that they lived together before. But to save time, he rents her an apartment nearby the hospital."

"The house is rented by Rowan?"

"Yes, the landlord is my aunt."

"Then I guess, Dr. Wells is very likely to become Mrs. Watson."

"Yes, they are a good match."

The two chatted very deeply and walked slowly. Daphne, who came out and passed by them overheard their conversation.

"You..." Daphne asked softly with suspicion, "Were you talking about me just now?"

There was no blame in her look.

The two nurses froze and looked at her in disbelief. When did she come out? What had she heard?

They felt embarrassed, yet seeing Dr. Wells' easy-going face, one of them smiled and said, "We were saying that you and Rowan are a perfect match."

Daphne looked serious as she reminded, "Don't gossip in the hospital. We should focus on the patients. If the dean heard this, he will probably fire you guys."

The nurse was scared!

"Okay, thanks for the reminder, Dr. Wells." They were grateful. After saluting her respectfully, they walked away.

New York, USA.

After Claire got out of Tristan's car, she quickly found the event in Times Square. This time, the people who attended were all leaders of the Writers' Association.

Some were very prestigious writers in the industry.

Claire had met them before and added them on Facebook. Although they were not very close, they knew each other at least.

They were all easy-going and modest.

So Claire didn't feel embarrassed at all. Although she was the youngest, she quickly integrated into the group. And people took good care of her.

"Claire, Mr. Wilson is going to meet an old friend tonight, will you accompany him?" A middle-aged female writer found her, "He likes to be quiet and is a bit old, so only goes to four or five representatives."

"Who? Is he also a writer?" asked Claire.

"Jill Burton."

"The winner of the last Nobel Prize in Literature?" Claire was so excited that her heart missed half a beat, "Mr. Burton?"

"Yes."

Claire raised her hand and said with great honor, "Sure."

"Okay, it's a deal." The female author waved to Mr. Wilson, "Claire is in!"

"OK."

Although Claire was young, her works were quite meaningful, so everyone in the association appreciates her very much.

At dusk.

At the peaceful castle-style manor which looked golden under the sunset. This place with large lawns was Jill's residence.

The most distinctive feature was the wooden piles left after the removal of the old pier.

They stand in a piece of water behind the manor, and many seagulls would stand on the wooden stakes. Under the smudge of the setting sun, their feathers were so beautiful.

There was a Lamborghini parked in the yard.

Chapter 1147 Blind Date

In a certain car heading here, Claire was sitting next to Mr. Wilson. She turned to look at the scenery outside the window and suddenly remembered something.

How was she going to thank Tristan? She didn't even have his number.

He came from Arkpool City, but would he return to Arkpool City?

He was sitting in a Lamborghini, so he must live here, right? At least he can't be traveling here.

Claire didn't like owing people. She wouldn't be able to enjoy herself without thanking Tristan properly.

She owed Tristan a big favor.

If it weren't for him, she would have been taken away by the American police, and she would be locked somewhere now.

"Claire, how's your income recently?" Mr. Wilson's concerned voice pulled her back from her thoughts.

Claire replied modestly, "I sold a few small copyrights, and they are being filmed. I'm lucky this year."

"You are young and creative. You know what young people prefer. Good job, keep going!"

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson, for your encouragement. I will study your work and improve myself. I believe that I will gain a lot from meeting Mr. Burton today too."

"Even if you can't improve your writhing in a minute, I am sure you will get the spirit." Mr. Wilson told her.

He then added, "Mr. Burton gets up at six o'clock every day to read, and exercise, and starts writing at ten o'clock in the morning. He writes for eight hours. He has a schedule table on the wall, from which you can see how much he cherishes his time."

"I see."

Claire was greatly inspired. If she worked harder, she could write two books at the same time.

Five minutes later, they arrived.

In a beautiful manor of classic style.

There was an avenue leading to the manor beside which were green trees. Beautiful sunset fell from the gaps in the leaves, mottled on the clean road.

The asphalt road was 1000 feet long, at the end of which was a large piece of green grass. A

Lamborghini was parked in front of the castle.

The huge retro living room was lit up by a large crystal lamp.

"Tristan, I need to tell you something." Jill, in a brown suit, appeared at the corner of the stairs. He gradually walked downstairs.

"Yes, father?" Tristan stood by the sofa and met his gaze.

"Do you remember Mr. Fritz?"

"Yes, he is the Attorney General of New York State."

Jill walked towards him. They sat down on the sofa. Jill said, "He has a daughter named Lydia, who is about your age. He wants me to introduce her to you."

Tristan frowned slightly. He understood what Jill meant. Although he didn't like the idea, he didn't interrupt Jill at once.

"She will be here soon, you guys can get to know each other first."

Jill leaned forward and poured a cup of tea, "Some of my writer friends will be here tonight too. With many people here, it won't be too awkward. Just treat it as a mission."

Jill took a sip of tea and looked up at him, "You'll decide if you like her. I will never force you about that."

Love and freedom were all that Jill pursued in life.

He wouldn't force Tristan.

"Okay."

Tristan responded lightly, looking very calm.

Since it was a mission, he would complete it.

At this time, Claire's car was driving on the asphalt road that led to the manor. The scenery outside the window was beautiful, looking like a dreamland.

The car soon stopped behind the Lamborghini.

Chapter 1148 Because This Is My Home

"My writer friends arrived." Jill put down his teacup, got up, and walked straight out of the living room to

greet the guests. He was smiling, looking energetic.

Tristan also stood up and looked into the yard. Jill was very hospitable. He must be very happy to receive writer friends coming from another country.

Tristan came back to his senses and said to a servant, "Go prepare some fruit and snacks. Dinner must be strictly in accordance with my father's recipe."

"Okay, sir, I'll arrange it right away!" The servant went off.

The manor is dyed with the afterglow of the sunset, the magnificent natural pool, the library with a collection of hundreds of thousands of books, Mr. Burton's private studio...

The furniture and decorations inside the manor were unique.

In the yard, Claire, who got out of the car with several elders, was amazed by the scenery!

The manor was so beautiful! It looked like a painting.

The environment was fantastic. Such a place must be very inspiring.

No wonder he got the Nobel Prize.

The young Claire was envious.

Looking back from a distance, Claire saw the Lamborghini parked in front of her at a glance. She didn't remember the license plate but remembered the car.

It was Lamborghini.

She thought to herself, "Is everyone here so rich?"

She wrote about luxury cars in novels, but today she saw two in a row. And she had even sat in one.

Maybe she would have romantic intercourse here and marry a rich guy.

"Hi, Mr. Burton!"

"Hi, Mr. Burton!"

"How was the trip? Please come in." Jill reached out his hand. "Mr. Wilson, is this event far from here?"

Why don't we all live here? "

"No, no, we don't want to bother you." Mr. Wilson was flattered, even though they were old friends,

"There are nearly a hundred writers here for the event, only a few came with me tonight.."

"Thank you. Is this young lady a writer too?" Jill noticed Claire, who was the youngest among the

writers.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Burton." Claire smiled, "I like writing, and I have been doing it. I won't call myself a writer yet. It's an honor to meet you. Can I take a photo with you later?"

"Of course!" Jill was very kind. He found the girl looking smart.

People walked towards the castle, Mr. Wilson added, "Claire is very good, she is a celebrity in our association, and several of her books have been made into TV dramas. The ratings are very good."

"Wow!" Jill looked surprised. He couldn't help but look at her more, "You are the future Nobel prize winner."

Claire smiled shyly, that sounded like a dream for her.

People chatted and walked into the living room.

Tristan was standing next to the sofa. The moment Claire entered the door, they saw each other.

Claire stopped in her tracks and widened her eyes in shock.

Tristan was tall. He stood there without many expressions, looking pure and distant. Standing under the crystal lamp, he looked aristocratic.

Just as Jill was about to introduce her, she followed Tristan's gaze, and her eyes fell on Claire again,

"Tristan, do you know each other?"

Claire took a few steps forward, "Tristan, why are you here?" She was surprised.

Tristan also came back to his senses. Smiling slightly, he said, "Because this is my home."

Claire was even more shocked!

She looked around, and then at him. Was he a billionaire?

He did have the temperament of a billionaire. She shouldn't be surprised.

Chapter 1149 Super Bright Light Bulb

"You know each other?" Jill was also surprised. He said happily, "That's great, it won't be embarrassing

when Lydia comes later, you young people have plenty to talk about."

Lydia?

Claire was confused, but she didn't ask.

"Mr. Burton, we..." Claire recalled what happened a few hours ago and giggled, "We met less than 24

hours ago."

"Oh?" Jill looked at them suspiciously.

Tristan took a step towards me and said with a gentle expression, "Yea, we know each other, I've

helped you a lot."

"Right." Claire scratched her head, "We should have dinner together so I can express my gratitude."

Jill introduced Tristan, "Tristan, this is Mr. Wilson, these are his friends, well-known writers from the motherland."

Tristan shook hands with everyone one by one, "Welcome."

"Thank you. Your son is really handsome."

When Tristan stretched out his hand in front of Claire, Claire patted the back of his hand and then patted his palm, "Thank you!"

Tristan thought it fit her personality perfectly.

Jill took everyone upstairs to his study and showed them his recent artwork.

For the guest, that was a rare chance.

Claire naturally also went up.

Tristan didn't go, because Lydia was coming soon. He had to wait there.

About half an hour later, Claire went downstairs with them full of shock. Jill was really self-disciplined.

There was a schedule in the study. He got up at six in the morning!

He was not only good at writing but also at the artwork.

Moreover, the manor was spotless. It was quiet, even the carpets were as clean as new. There was no sound at all.

"I am making my own wine recently." On the stairs, Jill said to her friends, "Would you like to visit my wine cellar? You can each take a bottle."

"You are so established! It looks like you are proficient in every area."

"Life is limited, we should try new things all the time."

When they went downstairs, Jill stopped and turned to look at Claire. He said kindly, "Claire, you are a girl. Don't go to the wine cellar. Be here with your friend."

Claire followed his gaze and saw Tristan sitting on the sofa with a girl, they were talking about something.

Then Jill took Mr. Wilson straightly to the wine cellar.

Claire was stunned for a moment looking at people's backs. Then she had no choice but to walk to Tristan.

"Tristan, I often hear my father mention you. He described your appearance to me, show me your photos. But you are much more handsome than you are in the photos."

Tristan poured her a fifth cup of tea.

"Thanks!" Lydia leaned forward and took the tea with both hands, then drank it.

She talked so much. No wonder she was thirsty.

Claire walked to her step by step, feeling awkward, like a light bulb.

She looked at the girl. Judging from her experience in writing novels, it seemed that they were... on a blind date.

It wasn't until she stood still in front of the coffee table that Lydia noticed her presence. Lydia turned to her with displeasure, "Who are you?"

Claire looked at Tristan, then at the girl, and explained softly, "Mr. Burton asked me to come over."

"Then sit down!" Lydia immediately smiled, and quickly made room for her, "Sit next to me!"

Claire was embarrassed. She sat down next to Lydia and bumped into Tristan's deep gaze when she raised her eyes.

Chapter 1150 What Is Happiness?

"I've said a lot. Tristan, I don't know much about you yet. Would you like to say something?" Lydia was

in a good mood. "For example, your hobbies, your relationship history, your life goals, and so on."

Claire's first impression of Lydia was that she was talkative, maybe too much. She should take it slowly.

But Tristan was very calm. He didn't talk much.

They were completely the opposite.

Claire watched them chatting like an audience.

Tristan looked at Lydia. She smiled and looked at him expectantly, "Speak, I'm listening! Since I was a

child, my father has been speaking highly of you. But I have never met you. "

Tristan's thin lips parted slightly, "I don't like reports, I have nothing to say."

Claire was slightly startled. She looked at him intently. He looked elegant and proud, and his gaze was

as serene as a deep well. He said, "It takes time and effort to understand a person."

"Then will you give me time?" Lydia wasn't embarrassed at all, her head turned quickly, "I'm very

interested in you!"

Sure enough, it was a blind date. Claire felt that she was inspired to write.

But based on her years of experience in studying relationships, she felt that these two people won't make it.

"So, what do you think happiness is?" Tristan closed his eyes, then picked up the teacup and looked at it carefully, "To be happy, two people must be at the same channel first."

Lydia was stumped.

She thought about it seriously, "Feeling happy is happiness."

Tristan was silent.

She continued to add, "Having enough money, being with loved ones."

Claire turned to look at her.

Lydia added, "I grow up under my parents' protection. And I am happy. So I guess happiness is the feeling of security."

What is happiness?

Claire was also thinking about this question for the first time. Maybe happiness was having her parents alive.

Tristan looked up and looked at Claire, realizing she was thinking about this question too.

So, he said softly, "Claire, what do you think happiness is?"

The girl raised her eyes and bumped into his sight again, "Why do you ask me?" She smiled, "You are on a blind date with her, don't mind about me."

"I'd like to discuss it with a writer." Tristan said in a gentle voice, "Because there is no single answer to this question. Everyone feels differently."

Lydia looked at Claire, suddenly very interested, "Oh, so you are a writer? So what do you think? Tell us. But don't put it too complicated. Say something we can understand. Otherwise, he wouldn't understand what I was saying."

"Writer? Hey no, I just like writing novels. " Claire was kind of embarrassed. She looked at the girl next to her, then at the man sitting across from her, and said casually, "Home, lover, food."

The room was in silence...

"That's it?" Lydia's eyes widened. She wasn't in the mood yet.

"Yup." Claire nodded, "Just three words, shall I repeat?"

Tristan was very satisfied with her answer, his day was lit up.

At this time, after talking a lot and drinking five cups of tea, Lydia finally couldn't hold back the urge to use the bathroom. She got up and said, "I'm going to the bathroom. You guys go on."

Then she walked towards the bathroom.

Tristan looked at Claire, and found her smiling, "What are you laughing at?" He was very curious.

"Is it true that rich kids all have face-blind dates?" She asked.

Tristan frowned slightly, and explained, "I guess we can't really change our parents' minds. But it's alright, just a task. I won't waste my time on people I am not into. I'll make things clear before she leaves."

Claire thought of what he said, and she suddenly had a bold guess, "Are you in love with someone else?"