

## Surprised 1171

### Chapter 1171 What Is Your Impression of Mr. Watson?

Back in the ward, Claire told Violet, "Aunt Violet, I got the appointment."

"That's great, why don't you go back and dress up?" Excited, Violet advised, "Like change your dress?"

"It's just a meal." Claire didn't care at all, "It's not a date. This is no point in being so serious. And he

knows what I'm wearing today. It'd feel weird if I dress up on purpose."

Violet agreed.

"Claire, don't just eat. Remember to talk." Violet gave Claire some tips based on her own experience,

"Get to know each other, understand?"

"Aunt Violet." Claire vaguely understood. She looked shy, "What are you talking about? It's just a meal.

We are not dating."

"Alright." Violet was happy, "I'm glad that you know everything so you don't need more reminders. But

there is one more thing I must tell you."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Watson is single. He is not in a relationship with Dr. Wells. He told me they were just colleagues."

Claire looked at Violet, who was smiling, and jumped up from her chair, "What? Did you even ask him this?"

"I did." Violet smiled, "Can't I? It's a very common question."

Claire was dying of embarrassment, "Aunt Violet..."

"Come on, don't worry about it. You are not a child anymore. Mr. Watson is a nice guy."

At this time, the door of the ward was opened slightly. They looked over and saw Ivan and Jennifer.

"Mrs. Russel, Claire." Jennifer smiled, with some fruits in her hand, "Are you feeling better, Mrs.

Russel?"

Ivan also politely greeted the middle-aged woman on the hospital bed, "Mrs. Russel."

"I am doing much better, Mr. Marsh and Ms. Brooks, you guys must be busy. Thanks for taking the time to visit me. Take a seat."

Jennifer and Ivan's arrival interrupted the conversation in the ward.

At half past five in the evening.

"Claire, it's time for your dinner with Mr. Watson." Violet had been keeping an eye on the time.

Claire took out her phone and glanced at it, "There is half an hour left, I don't want to be there too early.

It'll make me look like I can't wait."

"Yes, you should be more reserved, but don't be too much. Just grab the chance."

Violet sat up and asked her seriously, "Claire, so, what is your impression of Mr. Watson?"

Claire knew she would ask this question and she had asked herself the same one.

But she just didn't know how to answer.

"You are silent. Does that mean you like him?" Violet observed Claire.

Claire thought about it, and then answered, "I mean, I don't hate him."

"So you like him?" Violet said bluntly, "I know that Mr. Watson is a trustworthy person the first time I

saw him. I would wish nothing more if you guys end up together!"

Claire didn't respond. Twenty minutes passed in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, it was five-fifty.

Claire was a little nervous. That wasn't like her.

"Hurry up, it's six o'clock soon." Violet urged her again like an alarm clock.

Claire got up and walked out of the ward. In the corridor, she found that her heartbeat had sped up.

The more she tried to restrain it, the worst it got.

In Rowan's office, Daphne was also there.

She was revising a patient document and found that Rowan kept checking his watch as if waiting for something.

Chapter 1172 Are We Dating

He checked his watch more than a dozen times in about ten minutes. He was rarely so absent-minded.

Rowan had taken off his white coat, washed his hands with gel, and tidied his already meticulous shirt.

It looked like he was going out. Who was he waiting for?

Claire appeared at the door, she knocked on the open door, "Mr. Watson, are you done?" She ignored

Daphne.

Daphne looked up at the sound.

Rowan didn't answer. He got up and walked out without even saying goodbye to Daphne.

Holding the pen, staring blankly at the backs of the two, Daphne instantly understood that he was waiting for Claire.

A sense of loss welled up... Daphne didn't recover after a long time.

She couldn't help but wonder if her hardworking made any sense.

What could change even if she got better?

Would Rowan even notice it?

Were they going out for dinner?

What was their relationship?

Daphne had a lot of questions to which she couldn't find the answers.

Rowan lent Clarie his PC again and over again. They couldn't just be friends.

Rowan just checked his watch a dozen times in ten minutes, it turns out he was waiting for her...

Daphne was frustrated. Her throat was so dry that she couldn't speak.

God, Rowan liked Claire too!

This detail made Daphne lose her sense of security. She didn't even know what to do next. She lost all her confidence.

Twenty minutes later.

At a fancy restaurant opposite the hospital, there were hollow screens next to each table, making it quiet.

It was a nice place to chat and eat. The tables were far apart from each other.

Claire and Rowan sat down by the window. There were several freshly made dishes on the table, smelling great.

There were two cups of warm milk as well because Rowan said it was good for the stomach.

It looked like a blind date.

Claire believed she was very social but now she felt dumb.

Her head, which can hold several million words of stories, was empty from time to time. In front of him, under his holy light, she, who was full of confidence seemed a little nervous.

"I asked you out for dinner today, mainly to thank you."

Claire picked up the milk and took a sip, then she said softly, "Thank you for treating my leg, and helping Aunt Violet with her stomach problem, as well as lending me your laptop."

Rowan didn't speak. He put down the milk and picked up the spoon.

When he was silent, he seemed distant. No one knew what was on his mind.

Claire felt embarrassed whenever Rowan was silent.

He didn't speak, and neither did she. She focused on eating.

After an unknown amount of time, Rowan asked her, "Are you dating Tristan?"

The girl dropped the fork sadly, she raised her eyes and looked at him in astonishment, "Says who?"

Rowan looked at her, "You came out of the restaurant together that day." That picture troubled him for several days.

"Does eating together mean we were dating?" Claire changed her fork, "We are eating together too now. Are we dating too? And that day, you were with Daphne. So you are a couple?"

Rowan was at a loss for words.

They looked each other in the eye and Claire said seriously, "Tristan and I are just friends. He helped me a few times. I invited him to dinner that day to thank him, just like I am thanking you now."

She meant that there was no difference.

These words made Rowan frown slightly, "What did he do for you? Did he save your life? Or saved your aunt's life? "

Chapter 1173 A Blind Date

Come on!

Claire felt like he was jealous.

"He..." Claire noticed that Rowan had been staring at her, waiting for her answer. So she made a random answer. "Well, kind of. He saved my life in New York."

"New York?" Rowan's handsome face was calm, "You guys went to New York together?"

"Well, no!" She was speechless, "What do you mean together? We met on the plane to New York and that was the first time we met."

Rowan stared at her. Rowan felt much better seeing no lies in her eyes, yet his expression remained the same.

"Hey, why should I explain to you?" Claire suddenly realized. She took a sip of milk, "You're no one to me."

Rowan smiled and then went on eating. He was no one to her just for now.

At the end of dinner, Rowan said to her, "Don't spread rumors about me, Daphne and I are just colleagues."

She was slightly taken aback, but he stood up.

Before Claire could react, he came to the cashier and paid the bill.



"Hey!" She rushed over and tugged on his sleeve, "It's on me."

"Next time." With a pale face, he walked out.

Claire followed.

Daphne, who was standing not far across the road, saw him coming out with Claire, who was even tugging on his sleeve. Such an intimate gesture did not arouse Rowan's disgust.

Daphne's heart skipped a beat, and she pursed her lips sadly.

Going down the steps, Claire almost stepped on the air. Rowan instinctively gave her a hand.

This made Daphne even more unhappy.

"Your aunt is recovering well," Rowan told her when crossing the road. He watched out for vehicles on both sides, "But she can stay in the hospital for a few more days."

"Okay, thank you." Claire really didn't know what to say.

Rowan turned to look at her while walking, "How do you write novels? Your vocabulary seems so poor.

Is there anything else you know except thank you? "

"What else should I say?"

Rowan looked at her but didn't answer. He looked cold and distant again.

The sky was getting darker.

Tristan had been living in Clark's villa these days although his identity hadn't been announced yet.

Today was Friday, and there was a dinner tomorrow.

Tristan didn't understand what it was for. All he needed to do was to go there with his father.

Tristan missed Claire a little these two days, which caused him insomnia.

If he didn't ask her out, he didn't know when would they meet again.

Tristan saw that the light in the study was off, and his father was not in the bedroom. He walked

downstairs, and before he passed the corner of the stairs, he heard his father's phone call.

"Don't worry, I will definitely bring Tristan."

Tristan paused, listening silently.

He heard Zack say with a smile again, "I know your daughter is very good and beautiful. I met her two

years ago. She was stunning amid the crowd."

"Yeah. I wish they will hit it off."

So, tomorrow's dinner was a blind date?

Tristan's face changed slightly. He took two steps back, turned around, and walked up the stairs lightly.

Back in the bedroom, he hesitated again and again, then picked up his phone and called Claire.

After a short ring, Claire answered, "Hello, Tristan." Her soft voice came.

"Are you asleep?" He felt her voice was very small.

"Not yet, Aunt Violet had just fallen asleep. I am with her in the hospital." Claire walked out of the ward,

and closed the door softly, "So, why are you calling me at such a late hour? I'm in the corridor. "

Her voice returned to normal.

"Can you do me a favor tomorrow at noon? It won't take long, just two hours." Tristan went straight to

the point.

Chapter 1174 Tristan Asks Claire for Help

"What's it?" Everybody would ask so.

"It's simple. It's not about money." Tristan said humorously, "Just one meal. Please don't refuse me, I

can't find a suitable person for a while."

His tone was casual and relaxed as if it was really just a small favor.

Claire couldn't refuse him.

After all, Tristan was not a messy man, if he didn't encounter some problems, he wouldn't have asked her for help.

Besides, she owed him a favor and now it was just her chance to pay him back.

Tristan asked again, "Is your aunt alright? Why is she hospitalized? Is it serious?" There was worry in his calm tone.

"It's not serious, it's just her stomach problem. She is getting better." The girl asked, "What time is it tomorrow? Where can I find you? "

She agreed.

Tristan was very happy. He smiled, "I'll pick you up from the hospital and visit your aunt by the way.

Good night."

After finishing speaking, he hung up the phone directly, giving her no chance to refuse.

Claire, holding her phone, stood in the corridor with a dazed expression.

He wanted to visit Aunt Violet.

What would Aunt Violet think?

Would she misunderstand their relationship? Aunt Violet couldn't wait to see her get married right away!

So, she hurriedly called Tristan back, and the ring rang over and over again, but he didn't answer.

Claire had no choice but to return to the ward somehow frustrated.

Violet woke up and was drinking water, "It's so late, who's calling? You even went out to answer it."

How did she wake up?

"A friend. I didn't want to wake you up." Claire told her, "Aunt Violet, I may have to leave tomorrow for a

while. A friend asked me for a favor, it won't take long."

"Male?" Violet looked at Claire with the cup in her hand.

Claire couldn't lie facing her gaze.

"Yea." She confessed, besides, Tristan was coming tomorrow. So she couldn't lie.

Just when Violet was about to ask more questions, Claire quickly explained, "Just a friend! He did me a favor, so I am repaying him this time."

After looking at each other for a while, Violet believed her words. She took a sip of water, "It's normal to

have male friends. Don't be too nervous."

"I'm not nervous, Aunt Violet."

Violet knew that if Claire fell in love, she would definitely tell her.

"Aunt Violet, aren't you going back to sleep?" Claire saw that she was getting more and more energetic.

Violet smiled and waved to her. Only a small lamp was on, making the room look cozy.

Claire sat down next to her, "What's the matter?"

"How was your dinner with Mr. Watson?"

Violet lowered her voice, her eyes sparkled, and she pulled Claire to sit down on the edge of the bed,

"Do you have feelings for him?" She was as impatient as a mother.

In the flickering light, Claire blushed. "It's getting late, go to sleep, you are a patient. You need to rest more."

"Answer me, why are you escaping my question?" Violet stared at her solemnly, "Don't you have anything to tell me? Must I guess? How am I going to fall asleep like that?"

"It's just a meal, what do you want to know?" Claire said vaguely, "Anyway, I don't hate him."

"So you like him?" Violet was very happy, "I remember asking you the same question about someone else, you said you hated him!"

Claire forgot it. She stood up, urged Violet to sleep, and then lay down herself.

It was very quiet in the ward, but she couldn't sleep. She thought of Rowan's gentle face, that cold and alienated feeling, and his "I am here."

Chapter 1175 Honey, Please!

At night, in a villa, the lights were brightly lit.

Rowan took a shower and leaned against the living room door wearing a white sweater. He looked up at the moon in the sky with a goblet in his hand.

He had finished half of the red wine in it.

His eyes were a little sad, gloomy, and indifferent. He never talked much. He had a quiet world of his own.

Few people could enter his world, therefore he had been living in solitude.

The same night, at Emerald Bay.

Jennifer was wearing a silk nightgown. She stood on the terrace facing the wind, holding a glass of milk

in her hand, and took several sips.

The moon was so beautiful tonight.

Ivan came out of the bathroom, went behind her, put his arms around her waist, and rested his chin

lightly on her shoulder, "Honey, I miss you so much these days."

"Yes?" Jennifer was slightly surprised, and asked, "Don't we meet every day? We sleep together every night."

"But you're not by my side during the day, and I always feel that something is missing." Ivan acted like a child, and said seriously, "I'm a little jealous of Eason."

"He's just a kid and my brother." Jennifer took a sip of milk and laughed at him, "You used to be jealous of my older brother, and now of my younger brother. Who is the next? My son?"

"Why do you have to care about them more than me?" Ivan was complaining, holding her tightly, not letting go.

He loved her.

His love was engraved in his bone.



Jennifer turned around, put the milk cup lightly on the coffee table, then put her arms around his waist, tiptoed, and kissed his lips.

Aroused by desire, Ivan clasped the back of her head with his big palm, and closed his eyes, deepening the kiss.

The evening breeze was slightly cool, with the fragrance of flowers blowing gently, passing through her robe and her long hair.

The kiss was over.

Jennifer put her hands on his shoulders, staring into the man's deep eyes, "Honey, I'd like to discuss something with you."

Ivan frowned slightly, "You kissed me just now, do you have something too much to ask?"

She blinked her eyes and fell silent.

Ivan was curious, "You can tell me and I'll think about it."

"Eason made a request." Jennifer told him, "But only you can do it."

"Tell me?"

"He wants to see his mother tomorrow."

When Ivan heard this, his eyes turned sharp and cold.

Jennifer hurriedly added, "Only you can do this. After all, she is in prison now."

Ivan didn't agree right away. Thinking of Joan, he wanted to kill her.

"Don't be angry. Look, I am fine. She got her punishment. " Jennifer took his hand.

The man's eyes were sharp and complicated.

Jennifer was anxious, "Honey!" Pulling his sleeve and shaking it, "Please, this is the first time Eason has requested something. If we don't help him, it will affect his follow-up treatment!"

Ivan looked at her, already compromised in his heart.

"Honey, please!" Jennifer took out her trump card, "We'll have more babies? Let's make a deal, okay?"

Ivan looked at her intently and couldn't help but smile.

"Why are you laughing?" Jennifer was puzzled, "Isn't this what you all hoped for? I am satisfied!"

Ivan reached out and pinched her cheek, "Fool, I'm your husband, how could I make a deal with you? I won't force you if you don't want to give birth."

"Then you agreed?" Jennifer's eyes lit up, she was happy.

"What else can I do?" Ivan seemed to have encountered a big problem as he said mockingly, "How can

I say no to my wife?"

She smiled brightly.

"Not to mention seeing Joan." Ivan said, "Even if it takes my life, if you asked, I will do it."

Jennifer was very happy, "Thank you." She wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her cheek

against his warm and firm chest.

Chapter 1176 Whimsical Woman

The next morning, the sun rose.

Ivan drove Jennifer to Charity Medical Center. She barely went to the company currently. After all,

nothing was more important than Eason's health.

The best treatment period was this year. The effect wouldn't be so obvious after that.

Ivan understood and supported her.

Jennifer wanted to heal Eason, giving him a chance to live his own life. She did this also for Zack. She

wanted Zack to have a normal son, so he could enjoy his old years without any regrets.

"Are you going to jail now?" Jennifer asked him or reminded him.

"Right." Ivan nodded, "Tell Eason. He will see his mother in less than an hour."

"I am relieved to hear that!" Jennifer felt very relieved, "I'd like to thank you on behalf of my brother!"

Then she waved to him. Ivan also blew her a kiss. Then the Lamborghini drove away.

Jennifer went to the hospital.

In the car, Ivan, who was wearing a black shirt, narrowed his eyes, like the king of hell. He looked a little scary when he wasn't smiling.

Thinking of Joan, that bald woman, he was very angry!

If Tristan hadn't appeared in time that day, it wouldn't be Georgia who suffered severe brain damage and was locked up in a madhouse now.

This incident made Ivan feel scared whenever he thought about it now.

In prison.

Joan got up at six o'clock. She had done handwork for two hours. Now it was time for breakfast.

Every day was the same. It felt endless.

"56393, come here!"

Joan turned her eyes suddenly and looked at the prison guard in a daze and panic. She had been here

for so long, but the guards had never asked her.

She only had one number, and almost forgot her own name, "What's the matter?" She was a little timid and used to being scolded.

After being pampered and spoiled for so many years, she was not used to working in prison, and no one gave her special care. It would be fine if Ivan didn't kill her.

So Joan lived in fear every day.

"Walk! Come meet someone with me! Stop eating. " The prison guard took the bowl from her hand, put it away, and walked away.

Joan felt uneasy. Meeting whom?

Was she getting out of prison? Did Zack come to rescue her?

Joan was overjoyed, and couldn't help speeding up her pace, "Excuse me... who wants to see me?"

"Mr. Marsh."

... Joan's footsteps faltered, her face turned pale, and even her heart missed half a beat!

Seeing that she didn't follow, the prison guard stopped and turned his eyes, and scolded, "What's wrong with you? Hurry up! Don't keep him waiting! "

With an uneasy heart, Joan took another step, but her head was in a mess.

What to do?

Ivan came... Joan was wrapped in panic, and he could even imagine his expression and his killing eyes.

Before they met, she began to tremble.

Ivan's car was parked outside the prison, and he was in the reception room at this time.

Someone made him some tea, "Mr. Marsh, have you had breakfast?" The other person bowed and obeyed him.

Ivan didn't answer, but stood still with his hands in his pockets, staring at the door.

"Mr. Marsh, why don't you sit down for a while? She will be brought here quickly. "

Ivan narrowed his eyes slightly, "No need." He watched as the prison guard came over with a woman in a prison uniform.

Ivan stared at her coldly, his aura sank slightly.

Joan didn't dare to breathe, nor look him in the eyes. She felt her scalp numb.

"Mr. Marsh, here is she." The prison guard immediately stepped aside. He didn't want to be involved.

Joan knew that Ivan came here for her, but if she didn't speak, she didn't know what to say.

Every second was suffering.

She raised her eyes boldly. But she didn't dare to make any sound when she saw his intimidating eyes.

"Change her clothes and comb her hair," Ivan said lightly.

Joan's eyes brightened as if she had seen hope again, "Mr. Marsh, are you going to take me out of

here? Am I... can I get out of prison? "

Chapter 1177 Tristan Comes to Claire

After being held in prison for a long time, Joan suddenly became a little whimsical, and her eyes lit up.

She refused to let go of any hope.

Ivan stared at her coldly.

"Now go change your clothes!" Seeing that Mr. Marsh's face was not good, the prison guards began to

urge her.

Joan was very excited, but also a little apprehensive. She could do anything as long as she could leave

this place.

Did Zack ask Ivan for help?

Did Jennifer forgive her?

Otherwise, why would Ivan pick her up in person?

Joan couldn't figure it out, but she was really excited. After changing her clothes and combing her hair,

she went out and Ivan was still standing in the same position.

Even though he didn't speak, his strong air was imposing.

Joan came to him step by step with a worried heart, and said boldly, "Mr. Marsh... I'm fine... Can I leave here?"

"You will leave for two hours." Ivan said slightly, "Your son wants to see you." After speaking, Ivan turned and left, not wanting to waste one word with her.

At this moment, joy and sorrow mixed in Joan's heart, and her feeling was extremely complicated.

Just two hours? She would be sent back again?

What? Eason wanted to see her?

She was about to see her son?

"Why are you still standing there? Go! Don't keep Mr. Marsh waiting for you! " The prison guards urged.



Joan came back to her senses and took a step outside.

Sitting in the backseat of Ivan's Lamborghini, Joan clasped her hands together cautiously. Her feeling was extremely complicated. She looked at the city view outside the window, everything was familiar yet unfamiliar.

It was the freedom she longed for in her dreams. But unfortunately, it was an illusion. It did not really belong to her.

During these two hours, she breathed the freest air, which was very sweet.

The car drove in the direction of the hospital.

When he was about to arrive, Ivan said, "Eason is recovering. He was poisoned. There is a great possibility of recovery."

"What?" Joan was stunned. She couldn't believe it, "Eason was poisoned? Who? Who did that to him?"

As a mother, hearing such news, her heart was bleeding.

"You don't have to worry about this, I will investigate." There was a hint of warning in Ivan's cold voice,

"Don't try to escape, I will watch you, you can't escape in this hospital."

Joan was not in the mood to listen to what he said just now. She was still immersed in the sentence

that her son was poisoned... Who could it be? Who could hurt a child?

"Mr. Marsh." After a while, Joan came back to her senses, and she asked with a trembling voice, "Did you say that there is a possibility that he will be cured?"

"Yes, so you'd better control your emotions later."

Ivan's tone was light, "He just wanted to see his mother. It's not a strong desire. But since she said so, I must do it. After all, he is my brother-in-law."

Joan's eyes were moist.

Eason finally remembered her.

During these days in prison, she worried about her son all the time.

When they were together before, sometimes she even found him annoying, but after they separated, she missed him very much.

At this time, a Maybach stopped downstairs at the Charity Medical Center.

The door opened and Tristan got out.

He was carrying two bags, one of which was some porridge good for the stomach.

He also brought a small cake. Jennifer liked it, so he guess Claire would like it too.

Tristan, who was wearing a long black coat, closed the car door and walked towards the hospital hall.

His straight collar made him look very handsome today, but it didn't affect his calmness.

In the elevator, he called Claire, asking for the ward number.

When Tristan stepped out of the elevator, he was accidentally seen by Rowan not far away. Rowan

looked at him intently.

Tristan entered Violet's ward.

Chapter 1178 Aunt Violet Is in a Dilemma

Rowan stood in the corridor, thinking of the bag Tristan had in his hand, what did he bring?

"Mr. Watson." A young doctor came over, "Do you have time now? I'd like to analyze the situation of a patient. "

"Urgent?"

"Not really."

"Come to me in half an hour." After speaking, Rowan stepped forward as if there was something important.

The doctor was stunned, "Okay." Then she left.

Rowan first went to the office, put a small tester for a full body examination in his pocket, then took the registration book and walked toward Violet's ward.

In the ward.

Violet was sitting on the bed. When she saw Tristan, she became inexplicably energetic.

He was so tall and so handsome.

He looked mature and calm. Violet instantly had a good impression of him.

"Aunt Violet, I cooked some porridge. It's healthier than the ones bought in a restaurant. Would you like to have a try?" Tristan took out the thermos bowl and handed her a spoon. "I guess you haven't had breakfast yet?"

He called her Aunt Violet.

Violet's brain went empty for a while. She lost her composure for a while, "Not yet." She smiled and then took the porridge. "Thank you, that's a very good gesture."

"You're welcome."

Tristan then took out the cake and said to Claire, "Claire, come and try the cake. It's delicious. To get it,

people have to queue for half an hour. I went early today, I hope you like it."

Violet took a sip of porridge, it tasted very good!

She didn't expect that Tristan could cook. Violet couldn't help but look at him a few times more. His side

face was also very handsome.

Rowan walked into the ward...

"Come, try the cake." Tristan handed a small slice of the cake to Claire as if to feed her.

She took a step back and awkwardly reached out to take it, "Thank you." She liked cakes, especially

the thin layer of cream on the cake.

Rowan happened to see this scene. His face looked gloomy.

"Mr. Watson."

Violet, who was sitting on the bedside having porridge, called out to Rowan. She then looked at Tristan

and Claire, feeling a little embarrassed.

"Mrs. Russell, I'm here to give you a check-up." With that said Rowan started preparing the

instruments.

Claire picked out a piece of cake and put it into her mouth. Then she chased over and asked suspiciously, "Haven't you checked this morning? Why again?"

Tristan turned his eyes, and when his eyes met Rowan's, he nodded politely.

Rowan's lips twitched slightly, the way men greet each other was always so unique, especially rivals in love.

While arranging the equipment, Rowan replied to Claire's words, "Just to make sure. And it does no harm to the body anyway."

Well...

Violet felt that she heard something unusual.

Rowan dawdled, seemingly busy with work, but secretly observed Tristan and Claire, feeling a little bit angry.

Didn't she say they were not dating?

Then why did he bring her cake? Why did he come here early in the morning?

Violet's expression calmed down a lot. She felt awkward when she looked at Tristan and also felt awkward when she saw Rowan, these two men... Were both good!

They were both good choices for Claire.

She had been looking for boyfriends for Claire for many years, Tristan and Rowan were the best choices. Violet liked them at first glance.

They made her feel so good!

One was a doctor, kind, responsible, and gentle.

She didn't know who the other one was, but she could tell that he was careful and calm. It was innate.

Chapter 1179 Slipped Under Rowan's nose

"Claire, let's go after the cake."

Tristan's gentle eyes fell on the girl, and it seemed that he was saying this in front of Rowan on purpose.

As expected, Rowan looked up at Claire.

"Didn't you say noon? Are we leaving now?" Claire ate the cake, blinking her eyes.

Tristan told her, "We need to make some preparations."

So what were they going to do?

Rowan came too late, he only heard the end of the story.

"Aunt Violet, how does the porridge taste? Do you like it?" Tristan's voice was gentle. He addressed

Violet as Aunt Violet naturally, smiling.

Rowan called her Mrs. Russell.

Rowan thought Tristan was too scheming!

"It's delicious." Violet nodded, smiling admiringly, "I haven't had such delicious porridge for a long time."

Violet said, "Thank you, by the way, what's your name?"

"My name is Tristan, and I'm Mr. Clarke's special assistant."

"Special Assistant, so is my son Finnley!" Violet seemed to have found a topic, "Then you're also busy

at work, right?"

"Kind of." Tristan's voice was soft.

"You must be brilliant to get in touch with the core figures of the group," Violet said approvingly.

Tristan was smiling. He remained humble, "I am still learning."

Rowan also felt Violet's high recognition for Tristan, but what about Claire?

She was eating cake, without obvious intentions. But she was going out with Tristan later. That was not



a good idea.

Rowan couldn't find a suitable reason to make her stay.

"By the way, Mr. Watson."

Claire, who was eating the cake, suddenly came to Rowan, "please take care of Aunt Violet for me. I'll

be back soon, you can call me if there is anything."

"Sure."

So he could call.

Rowan seemed to have found a breakthrough.

He smiled and didn't leave. He connected the tester to Violet's hand. No one could understand the data

on the dashboard.

After a while, Violet finished his porridge.

Tristan took the bowl and put it down.

Claire also had half of the cake, "Aunt Violet, then see you later?" She wiped her mouth with a tissue.

There was still cream on the tip of her nose. Tristan reached out and wiped it off under Rowan's gaze,

"Kitten."

Claire instinctively took a step back, feeling awkward, especially with Violet around.

Violet could see that Tristan liked Claire.

"Go." Violet couldn't refuse, after all, it was agreed last night.

So Claire and Tristan walked together under Rowan's nose. Rowan was in a bad mood, so he put away the tester and wrote down the time.

"Mrs. Russel, where are they going?"

"I don't know. Tristan asked Claire for help. He called last night."

Rowan came back to his senses, "Your body is recovering very well, call me if you need anything."

"Alright."

At this time, Ivan took Joan to the hospital.

After staying in prison for a long time, she was a little uncomfortable seeing people. She seemed a little

timid, a little at a loss, but her eyes were full of longing.

Ivan's aura was cold, his hands were in his pockets, and his eyes were as deep as the galaxy. No one can see any trace of emotion.

In the elevator, Joan was far away from him, not even daring to breathe. She felt that his eyes were capable of killing.

Of course, Joan knew Ivan's hatred for her.

Stepping out of the elevator, she followed him toward the suite where her son was... She was looking forward to it, but also a little nervous.

At Charity Medical Center's quietest patient room.

Eason was sitting on the sofa. Jennifer was squatting in front of him, tying his shoelaces.

"Sister, where is my mother?" Eason can already his thoughts fluently, he said, "I want to see my mother."

Chapter 1180 Meeting

"Your brother-in-law went to pick up your mother, they will be there in a while." With an extremely gentle

voice, Jennifer tied his shoelaces, and took his cool little hand, "Eason, do you want to put on another layer? Are you cold?"

The little guy shook his head, staring at her with big eyes, "I am not cold."

At this time, Ivan came in through the door with Joan.

Jennifer turned her eyes when she heard the sound. Eason raised her eyes too.

Joan saw her son at a glance. Time seemed to be still. Her excitement was beyond words.

Joan could only see her son at the moment as if everything in the world had nothing to do with her.

For a moment, she was overwhelmed, her heart was full of sourness. Tears gathered in her eyes, and her lips trembled, but she couldn't say anything.

Joan walked towards his son step by step.

Jennifer stood up and stepped back a few steps to the side. When her eyes met Ivan's, Ivan's eyes softened a bit, but his face remained cold.

Jennifer knew that he had been restraining his urge to kill Joan.

Jennifer walked towards him and took his arm, hoping he could calm down.

Ivan's hatred for Joan was not hard to see.

Eason, sitting on the sofa, looked up at his mother for a moment. Joan was a bit strange, but also a little familiar to him. It's been a long while since they last met.

Eason was thinking slowly, not very excited.

"Eason", Joan whispered as she knelt down in front of the sofa, and held the little boy's hands tightly,

"Eason, I am your mother, do you remember me?"

Eason looked at his tearful mother and pursed his lips, "Mom." His throat was a little dry.

Joan lost control of her emotions. She hugged him into her arms, "Yes, I'm mom, Eason, I miss you so much, do you miss me?"

She was shaking and crying.

Eason didn't seem to have any emotional changes. He just wanted to see his mother, and he wasn't very happy.

Perhaps he vaguely knew what his mother had done from the chats of the adults.

"Eason, stand up, let me have a look."

Joan knew that time was precious. Tears rolled down her face. She reluctantly let go of him, and held his small shoulders, suppressing her sadness.

Eason understood, and he obediently stood up.

"You are taller..." Joan was relieved, and she also stood up, "Eason, you are obviously taller! You are almost as tall as my chest. "

Eason looked up at her, "My sister has been taking care of me."

Joan came back to his senses and turned to look at Jennifer.

Even though the little boy was calm, his tone showed his concern. He said, "Mom, don't cry."

Joan wiped away tears with a smile.

She knew how precious every second was at this moment.

She stared at her son, knowing this was probably the last time that she saw him.

Her heart ached like it was being torn apart.

"Mom, don't cry," Eason repeated this sentence again, raised his chubby little hand, and wiped away

the tears from her face.

Jennifer was also a mother. Even though Joan was a bad person, Jennifer was moved when she saw

this scene.

Ivan remained cold. Joan deserved to die. He had no sympathy! She was tasting her own medicine.

After a while, Zack came over, which Ivan and Jennifer did not expect.

He saw Joan and Eason hugging.

"Dad." Jennifer's chest shrank, "Aren't you ... supposed to be at the company today?"

"Dad." Ivan also greeted me warmly.

Joan turned her eyes when she heard the sound, then she saw the middle-aged man.

Zack's eyes fell on Joan. Although he was slightly shocked, overall, he looked calm.