

Surprised 1181

Chapter 1181 No Point in Pleading

Joan cried and felt bitter. She put her arm around her son's shoulder and looked at the man who she had shared bed with for twenty years.

How she wished he could forgive her for the sake of their son.

Since she went to jail, he hadn't gone to see her once.

She released her son and walked up to Zack, "Zack, I want to talk to you alone." She was pleading, afraid that he would refuse.

Ivan and Jennifer looked at each other but didn't say anything.

However, there was cruelty in Ivan's eyes. No matter what she said today, she couldn't get out of jail.

He wouldn't let her go.

And neither would Jennifer. There were too many troubles and she didn't want one more.

After all, it was not a secret anymore who Tristan was. If Joan were let out, it would only make things even more complicated.

She was a vicious woman, she wouldn't change but get worse.

Zack didn't say anything but frowned and left.

Joan looked at Ivan warily and Ivan gave her a warning glance.

Since Joan was out, she didn't want to let go of the opportunity. This was her instinct to survive.

She looked away, wiped her tears, calmed down and followed Zack out.

Ivan turned around but was stopped by Jennifer, "Give her more time. Dad must have a lot to say to

her."

Ivan stated his attitude, "I won't let her go. I was kind enough to just send her to jail."

"I know," Jennifer replied, "I don't want her to make us trouble as well. I'm on Tristan's side."

At the end of the corridor was a balcony where a few people came. It was usually quiet.

Green plants were around the railings and the cool wind blew.

Zack stood by the railing.

He took a deep breath and frowned as he heard the closing footsteps.

"Honey..." Joan grabbed his hand and knelt down in front of him. She looked sincere as if she had

really repented herself.

Not far away, Jennifer frowned upon seeing this.

Ivan was still calm and expressionless.

He looked at his watch. Five minutes later, he would send her back to jail.

"Honey, I don't want to go back to jail..."

Joan begged him with sobs, "It's a terrible place. It's dark and stinky. We are requested to do chores every day and the food there is really bad..."

Thinking of the days in jail, she shivered and cried, "Honey, for the sake of our son, help me!"

She looked up at the frowned but unmoved man, cried and continued, "Eason is your only son and he might be cured one day. He needs his mother to grow up healthily..."

"With such a mom like you, it will never happen," Zack replied coldly.

Joan shook her head in tears, "Honey, I've learned my mistake..."

"Joan," Zack looked down at her in rage, "If this is what you want to say to me, you're wasting both our time."

Joan couldn't see any love in his eyes, but disgust.

"I really thought you've repented," Zack was disappointed in her and said coldly, "Joan, you disappoint

me."

Joan was stunned and her last hope was gone.

Chapter 1182 Buy New Clothes

Zack shook away her hand grabbing his, "I don't ever want to see you again in my life." Then he left.

Joan looked over at his back and couldn't even cry out anymore, she just kept shedding tears. In her

blurry sight, Zack walked further and further away.

She sat down on the ground and felt heartbroken.

A while later, Ivan walked over.

Seeing a pair of shining leather shoes, Joan didn't even look up and started shivering. She stood up

slowly.

"Alright, let's go." Ivan looked cold and didn't feel any sympathy for her.

Joan wiped her tears and followed him.

Zack was so ruthless to her, and Jennifer, she wouldn't let her go as well.

Joan finally realized that there was no hope for her anymore. Not even Eason needed her.

When they walked past the ward, Joan couldn't help slowing down. She saw Zack picking up Eason.

They were watching the view out of the window in harmony. Eason did grow taller.

The best news was that he was getting better every day.

This was also the only good news for Joan.

Maybe after Eason grew up, he would be able to get her out.

She followed Ivan downstairs. After walking out of the hospital, Joan, who had been silent, finally

plucked up the courage to ask, "Mr. Marsh, can I ask you for a favor?"

"I'm not obliged to do anything for you. Get in the car," Ivan said calmly.

Joan immediately shut her mouth and dared not say a word.

She opened the door and got into the back seat of the Lamborghini.

It was kind enough for Ivan to let her take his car.

Getting in the car, Joan looked out the window at the scenery, shedding tears.

"Georgia has gone mad," on the way to jail, Ivan said, "Thanks to you. So what if you met her? She

doesn't recognize you anymore."

Joan was stunned. How did she know she was going to ask him to let her meet Georgia?

This man was horrible.

Tears fell down her eyes. Joan was overwhelmed by remorse.

Mad?

Georgia had gone mad?

"You are still alive because Georgia was the one who got hurt," Ivan drove and suppressed his anger,

"If it were my wife who got hurt, you, your son and daughter would never survive!"

Joan's heart skipped a beat. She might be living in remorse and pain for the rest of her life.

Her husband was indifferent to her, Ivan didn't forgive her. Her daughter was mad and her son's future was uncertain.

At this moment.

Claire was taken to a clothing store by Tristan.

Looking at all the clothes in the store, she asked in astonishment, "Why did you take me here?"

"Pick your own clothes," Tristan said to her, "I will tell you my opinions."

"Why? Are we meeting someone?"

She had often written such a plot in her novels. Claire looked at him suspiciously, "Tell me, where are

you taking me?"

"Pick the clothes first and I will tell you later."

"No, tell me first," Claire pouted, "I refuse to do you the favor if you didn't tell me."

"I need you to go to dinner with me," Tristan said, looking at her, "I need you to wear formal clothes, it's a formal occasion. Don't worry, I will pay for the clothes."

"You want me to set you off?" Claire glanced at him, "You don't need to pay for the clothes, but you have to tell me who there will be."

Tristan touched the tip of his nose. He knew that Claire was a smart woman.

"Tell me!" Claire rushed him.

Tristan said honestly, "I don't really know. All I know is that I have dinner to go to."

Chapter 1183 Like A Couple

"What?" Claire was stunned, "I didn't catch you."

"Since you are already here, just help me," Tristan pleaded, "I woke up so early and I made your aunt breakfast. She seemed to love it, I can make her breakfast every day."

"Stop!" Claire was startled by his offer, "Don't show up in front of her. She has been trying to set me up

with someone. If she sees you, we will be doomed."

"Really?" Tristan was pleased, "Pick the clothes. You have to help me. Otherwise, I will show up in front of her frequently."

What?

Was he threatening her?

Claire didn't refuse. They were friends and it was only a tiny favor.

Therefore, she started to pick the clothes, "I will pay myself. I haven't gone shopping for a long time anyway."

Tristan didn't say a word but waited.

As a man, how could he let her pay?

"Miss, what is your favorite color?"

The saleswoman was enthusiastic and introduced for her in detail, "These are all the latest styles. You should wear small size. I'm sure they will fit you perfectly."

"Thank you," Claire said, "Let me take a look."

"Sure," the saleswoman didn't say anything more.

In the end, she picked a pink dress.

When the saleswoman took it out for her, Tristan's eyes lit up, "It's perfect for you. Try it on!"

"I like it," Claire took off her coat and threw it into his arms, "My phone's in the pocket, don't drop it."

"Got it," Tristan looked gentle and said with a smile, "Go. I'll be waiting."

Claire followed the saleswoman into the changing room.

Claire's phone started vibrating, after a few seconds of hesitation, Tristan took it out and found it was

Rowan calling.

Dr. Watson.

Tristan wasn't happy about it. Staring at the numbers, he thought for a while.

Claire's aunt looked healthy.

And Rowan had just checked for her before they came out. She was fine.

So, he didn't call because of Claire's aunt.

Tristan didn't hang up, nor did he answer. He put the phone back into his pocket.

A while later, Claire got changed and came out.

The dress was perfect on her.

It set off her temperament.

Especially the collar, which was in the shape of a bowknot, made her look fresh and cute.

"How do I look?" Claire walked up to him and stood still. She made a circle carrying the hem of the dress, "Am I beautiful in this?"

"Yes." Tristan looked at her with gentle eyes, as if looking at his princess.

At this moment, the saleswoman spoke, "It's made of cotton and it's soft for the skin. It looks great on you, miss."

Claire loved the dress and felt good about the fabric. "This one it is. I'll pay."

When she took her coat and was about to pay with her credit card, the cashier had walked over with a shopping bag, "Miss, the sir here has paid for it. Just put the dress in the bag."

Then she opened the bag and the saleswoman put it in.

Claire was stunned, grabbing her coat. She looked at Tristan, "Didn't we agree..."

"It's just a dress."

Tristan said with a gentle smile, "Besides, you are doing me a favor, I should pay for your dress as

thanking you, right?"

Chapter 1184 Faking His Girlfriend

"I guess so, but..."

"But what?" Tristan took her coat, folded it and put it into the bag, "Let's go."

The phone was in the pocket. Claire shouldn't be able to hear anything even if it vibrated again.

Tristan put his arm around her shoulder, "Let's go!"

"I will pay you back," Claire got out of his arm and said seriously, "I'm not used to taking things from others."

"Claire, if you keep thinking about that, I will start showing up in front of your aunt every day from tomorrow on."

She was threatened again.

Going downstairs, Tristan opened the door of the passenger seat for her, Claire got in, fastened the seat belt, looked at him and asked, "Where are we going? Is it far?"

"It shouldn't be far."

"Shouldn't?" Claire widened her eyes, "What the hell? You don't know that?"

"Let me call and ask," then Tristan called Zack, "Mr. Clarke, will you send me the address?"

"I was going to call you." After that, Zack hung up and sent Tristan the location.

Of course, Claire knew who Mr. Clarke was. She had met him once and knew he was Tristan's father.

However, she was really curious. "It's a business lunch? Why are you taking me there? I don't know anything about business."

Tristan was no longer afraid she would turn him down.

After all, she was already dressed and in his car. She couldn't escape now.

Tristan started the car and replied casually, "You're just my date. Don't worry, I will protect you from any embarrassment."

"It's not a prom or a dinner party. And it's at noon. Why do you need a date?" Claire didn't think much about it but simply complained.

If she had known she was going to fake his girlfriend, she wouldn't have agreed to come.

Tristan didn't say anything more, "Some music?" He asked and turned on the music.

It was a beautiful song with gentle music, it attracted Claire's attention almost immediately.

Somehow, Rowan's face came to her mind. He was always so gentle and thoughtful, making her feel at home.

Although he wasn't seeing Daphne, she knew Daphne liked him.

Thinking of this, she was a bit unhappy.

Claire slowly got distracted as she was lost in thought.

In the VIP hall in a hotel, a tall and robust man in suit had arrived early with his daughter.

The man was Mr. Swain, he seemed to be in a good mood, wearing a bright smile.

His daughter seemed to be in her twenties, well-dressed. She wore light makeup and looked stunning.

She wore a simply-designed gown.

She was although young, she had the charm of a grown woman. The dress was well-cut and set off her nice figure.

"Dad, we came early," the girl had a beautiful voice, holding her father's arm, "It's not good, is it?"

"It's better early than late," the middle-aged man said to her, "Mr. Clarke and I have been friends for

years. I know his son. He is his assistant whose true identity has been kept from the public. He told me

the secret."

"Tristan?" The girl murmured the name, "I like the name."

"Yes," the man put his arm around his daughter's shoulder, "I often mentioned him to you. He's an excellent young man. There are a few men like him in Arkpool. And he's single!"

Chapter 1185 Who Is She?

"Excellent how?"

The girl's eyes lit up and she seemed to admire Tristan.

Her father did often mention Tristan and she loved to hear stories about him. She had even seen photos of Tristan before on her father's phone.

He was tall and handsome, exactly her type.

He seemed to be a really capable and responsible man.

"Well, you have seen his photos. He's 6 feet tall and handsome."

The girl smiled sheepishly.

The man continued, "But I love his quality more. He's good at his job, smart and sensitive. He's kind to everyone and I think he will make a great son-in-law."

"Dad, do you think he will like me?"

She tilted her head and asked expectantly, "What kind of girl will he like?"

"Let's have lunch together first and you can get to know each other first," Mr. Swain said dotingly,

"You're so perfect and you have so many admirers. Don't worry, he will definitely like you."

Hearing this, his daughter was delighted.

Although she hadn't met Tristan, she had been admiring him. She even dreamed of him for days.

Zack soon arrived.

"Mr. Swain!" He hurried over, "Sorry to keep you waiting."

In the box, Mr. Swain looked back, "Mr. Clarke, why did you come alone? Where's your son?"

"He will be here soon," Zack smiled, "I've just called him."

"Mr. Clarke, nice to meet you!" The girl stood up and said hello. She smiled beautifully and brightly.

Zack had met her before and liked her, "Monica, you've grown more beautiful."

"Thank you, sir," Monica Swain replied with a sweet voice.

"Well, take your seat. I will ask the waiter to serve the dishes."

Monica looked over at the door, "Aren't we waiting for Tristan?" She was anxious and excited.

Zack replied, "I've sent him the address. He's on his way and should be here soon."

Monica was delighted. She took out the mini mirror from her purse. Her makeup was perfect today.

The box was a classy one, the chandelier shimmering.

The wooden table smelled good.

There were authentic paintings of famous painters on the walls.

It was quiet and classy, a good place for talks.

Soon, waiters in uniforms served the dishes. Zack had reserved the room days ago.

The dishes were all exquisite.

Even the wine was whisky that worth tens of thousands a bottle. Zack treated him like an honored friend.

Downstairs, a Maybach was parked.

Tristan saw Zack's car at a glance. He got out of the car with Claire.

"I've been here before," Claire looked up at the tall hotel building, "It has great environment and it's expensive to have a meal here."

She seemed to be familiar with classy occasions.

"Let's go," Tristan put his arm around her shoulder and was about to walk in.

"Wait!" Claire suddenly said, "I forgot my phone." She opened the door of the passenger seat and took her phone out of her pocket.

Tristan looked calm.

After closing the car door, Claire was stunned, looking at her phone, "Dr. Watson called me?"

"Let's go upstairs first," Tristan rushed her, "We shouldn't keep them waiting."

Claire then walked in with Tristan. She had intended to call Rowan back, but there shouldn't be an emergency since he had only called her once.

Maybe he was busy?

Therefore, she didn't call back eventually.

It was exactly what Tristan wanted.

When the two of them walked into the private room, everyone was dumbfounded, especially Monica, who stood up in an instant, "Who is she?"

She had a strong instinct and couldn't take it.

Chapter 1186 Confession of Feelings

"I'm sorry, everyone. I was picking up my girlfriend and came a few minutes late," Tristan said gently,

with his arm around Claire's shoulder.

Claire instantly looked over at him.

"Girlfriend?" Monica stood there in anger, "You have a girlfriend?" She looked un disbelief, feeling

heartbroken.

Mr. Swain and Zack were also shocked.

Claire was dumbfounded. When she was about to explain, Tristan pulled her to sit down on a chair. He

grabbed her shoulder hard, hinting her to cooperate.

"Yes, I do." Tristan said in a relaxed tone.

Claire looked at Monica, who was dressed up and wearing light makeup, and suddenly realized that

this was a blind date.

And she was being used as a shield!

She complained about Tristan in her mind.

"What?" Zack looked both surprised and serious, "Tristan?"

Tristan grabbed Claire's hand with one hand and put the other on her shoulder, he said to him

apologetically, "I thought this was a casual dinner and I could bring my girlfriend."

He once again stressed that Claire was his girlfriend.

"When did you have a girlfriend?" Zack was shocked, looked at Tristan and at the girl sitting across the

table, "I have never heard you mention you have a girlfriend before."

He had met Claire, in the Russell family.

As a father, he was simply surprised and didn't blame Tristan.

"You never asked," Tristan replied.

There was silence.

Monica was so angry that she was about to storm out, "This is ridiculous."

Her father immediately stood up to catch up with her, "Monica!"

Claire felt that she had caused a big trouble, she didn't know what to do.

"Tristan, you..." Zack didn't know what to say about Tristan and went after the Swains, "Mr. Swain!" He

proposed the dinner and he had to give an explanation even if they were old friends.

Tristan's hand was still on Claire's shoulder and the other hand of his was still holding Claire's hand.

He looked calm and indifferent.

Claire took back her hand in anger and looked back at him, "This is the favor you asked me to do for you?" They were so close that when she turned her head, their lips almost touched.

Tristan stared at her, ignoring her anger.

Claire instinctively leaned back, "I am very angry with you now. I trusted you!" Then she stood up and was about to leave.

Tristan strode over and pulled her into his arms, "Claire, I like you." He said seriously.

They locked eyes and time seemed to have stood still. Claire was stunned when she saw how serious he looked.

Two seconds later, she struggled out of his arms.

She took two steps back, looked at him, didn't know what to say and left. "I will give you the money back for the clothes."

Tristan could tell she was really angry and caught up with her, "Claire!" He grabbed her arm again and said, "Why reject me? Consider dating me."

He saw a trace of estrangement in her eyes just now, it seemed he freaked her.

"I like you. I have lived for 30 years and have never felt this way about anyone before," Tristan didn't want to let go, "I was attracted by your uniqueness since I met you for the first time."

Claire stopped, turned around and looked at him, "Tristan, I am mad at you now and you are saying this to me?"

Tristan was stunned. What was wrong with that?

Claire was distraught, frowned and questioned, "Why didn't you tell me I was here to fake your girlfriend?"

"You wouldn't have agreed if I told you the truth," Tristan replied straightforwardly, "I just want to take you to my dad."

"Your dad?" Claire was stunned.

Tristan realized he had a slip of tongue, but since he liked her, he didn't mind letting her know the truth.

He admitted it, "Yes, If Mr. Clarke's son and Jennifer's brother."

He added, "I can give you a future with no worries but happiness."

Chapter 1187 Escape

Claire was even more shocked to hear this and immediately wanted to leave.

"Claire!" Tristan went after her, "Claire, listen to me!"

At the elevator, Claire kept pushing the button, "Tristan, stop following me! I need some time alone! I

see you as a friend and you like me and lied to me!"

She hated being lied to the most, it was such a disrespectful behavior.

When the elevator doors were opened, she almost rushed in.

If that girl hadn't stormed out, if her father and Mr. Clarke didn't go after her, it would have been a

torturing night for her.

She resented Tristan at this moment.

Watching her walk into the elevator and the doors closing, Tristan didn't know what to do and he looked

distressed.

It wasn't perfect timing but he did it.

For a man like him, opening up to someone about his feelings was a hard task.

Taking several steps back, he stood by the window.

He grabbed the railing and looked out at the bustling city, he was really distressed.

He liked her, a lot.

A while later, someone walked out of the elevator. Zack walked out and saw his son standing there, looking lonely, he was stunned and stopped walking.

As a father, he was, of course, happy that his son was seeing someone, after all, Tristan had been single for a long time.

Although the way he found it was surprising.

And, where was that girl?

He looked around but there was only Tristan there.

He walked up to Tristan, put his hand on his shoulder and had a bad feeling. He asked in a deep voice,

"Tristan, where's your girlfriend?"

Tristan turned his head, the sad expression on his face had given him away.

"What happened?" Zack felt something wrong and asked in a gentler voice, "Tristan, you can tell me, it's okay." He looked like a loving father.

"I'm sorry, dad." Tristan had calmed down and felt sorry about screwing up dinner.

Zack shook his head and said with a smile, "It's okay. We are old friends, he won't mind."

Tristan let go of the railing, stood straight and said sincerely, "Claire is not my girlfriend yet, but she will be."

Then he looked at Zack and walked into the elevator. He also needed some time alone as he had just done the most impulsive thing in his life.

Zack was dumbfounded. Not his girlfriend yet?

So, he made that girl mad just now?

Watching Tristan leaving, Zack immediately understood that he must have lied to Claire about why he brought her here.

He frowned, looking worried.

The Tristan today was not like the Tristan he knew.

That girl could make him lose his composure, which could be both good news and bad.

In the taxi heading towards the Charity Health Center, Claire was still wearing the dress that Tristan bought for her. She looked out of the window at the passing streets.

She had calmed down and was no longer angry.

She seemed expressionless, but in fact, she was still in shock.

How could Tristan like her? They hadn't even known each other for long.

After his words tonight, how was she supposed to get along with him?

It was so embarrassing.

At the moment, her phone rang. She came to herself and saw it was Tristan calling.

She stared at the number but dared not answer the phone.

Her mind was in a mess again.

In the Maybach, Tristan was holding the steering wheel with one hand and his phone with the other.

She didn't answer.

Please, answer the phone.

He needed to talk to her.

He wanted to explain and apologize.

Chapter 1188 Rowan's Love

However, she didn't answer it.

Tristan had to put down the phone and was regretting what he had done.

Would what he had done push her closer to Rowan?

On the other side, in the taxi, Claire had muted her phone.

It had only been one minute since Tristan stopped calling, her phone started vibrating again.

She had intended to hang up, but she saw Dr. Watson's name on the screen.

It was Rowan's call.

Claire took a deep breath and answered it, "I'm on my way to the hospital and will be there soon."

Before Rowan could say anything, she hung up.

In the brightly-lit doctor's office in the Charity Health Center.

Rowan was in his doctor's clothes, holding the hung-up phone in his hand, the words were stuck in his throat as he was lost in thought.

Was she in a bad mood?

As a doctor and someone who cared about her, Rowan was sensitive.

He stood by the window for a long time, wondering what might have happened to her.

She looked at the time, it was not dinner time yet.

She shouldn't have had dinner.

Therefore, he called a friend of his who was the owner of a restaurant. "Josh, will you deliver me a cut steak? It's for me."

"Of course!"

He hung up then.

Rowan turned around and sat back in his chair. He held the mouse and started to work. He was checking the medical records of several patients who were terminally ill.

He sighed. How he wished he could save all their lives.

The taxi soon stopped at the hospital building.

Claire paid, got out of the car, walked into the building and took the elevator upstairs.

When the doors were opened, even before she walked out, she saw Rowan at the door.

They looked at each other. Rowan didn't move but stared at her gently, as if he had been waiting for her.

Seeing that he wasn't walking in, Claire walked out, "What's wrong?"

Rowan could tell she wasn't in a good mood and said, "Come to my office." Then he walked

towards his office.

Claire was confused, "Is it my aunt..." She followed him.

"No," Rowan cut it, "She's fine." He didn't want her to worry.

Claire breathed a sigh of relief.

They didn't talk on the way.

When they arrived in his office, before Claire said anything, Rowan handed her the delivered cut steak,

"Have dinner first."

Claire was stunned and took out, "How do you know I haven't had dinner?" She stared at him.

Rowan took a medicine purchase list, sat down in his chair, confirmed it and didn't answer.

Claire stared at him, stunned for a moment.

The steak was still warm.

Claire was indeed hungry, "Thank you." She sat down and started eating.

Rowan didn't ask any question. But since Tristan didn't come along and from her tone on the phone

just now, he guessed something unpleasant happened.

"Have you had dinner?" Claire looked at his handsome side face.

She wondered if it was impolite to eat alone.

Rowan said without raising his head, "I have." He sounded distant.

Claire didn't say anything more, for fear of interrupting him.

He looked handsome when he was working.

A while later, Daphne came in. She saw Claire eating steak in Rowan's office.

She was surprised and then unhappy.

It made the whole office smell. Rowan was always a neat freak.

Chapter 1189 Tristan Came with Roses

Rowan looked up at Daphne and asked lightly, "What's up?"

Claire was stunned, looked up at him, found that he wasn't looking at her, followed his eyes, then saw

Daphne standing behind her.

Daphne looked down at her mouth still with steak inside and was mad with jealousy!

Rowan stared at her.

Daphne came to herself and passed Rowan a file, "Dr. Watson, this is the medical records of patient

32, you can take a look at it."

Rowan took it.

Daphne turned around to leave, before leaving, he took a look at Claire. The anger in her eyes was like

a sharp knife.

Even if front of Rowan, this woman ate like a savage.

Daphne was pissed off.

Her aunt's stomach problem was not serious.

Why did she keep showing up here?

When Daphne passed by Violet's ward, she stopped.

She hesitated for a while and opened the door, "Mrs. Russell," she said with a smile, "You are free to

be discharged."

Standing by the window and struggling whether she should set Claire up with Dr. Watson or Tristan,

Violet looked back.

Daphne believed she had heard her words and smiled, "There are no spare beds here, a few new

patients arrived today."

Violet was stunned and watched her leave.

By a bustling street, a Maybach was parked over and Tristan walked out of a flower store.

With a bouquet of flowers, he got into the car and started it, heading towards the Charity Health Center.

In the dean's office in the hospital.

Claire had just finished the steak when Rowan handed her a bottle of water.

She looked up and saw his handsome face, "Thank you." She took it, only to find that the lid had been unscrewed and the water was full.

Claire was lost in thought by his action and couldn't help looking up at him. He had gone back to work.

Seeing that she had finished eating and drinking water, he turned off the computer and stood up, "Let's go see Mrs. Russell."

"Okay," Claire was in a much better mood now and walked behind him, "Where did you buy the steak?"

It was tasty."

She somehow wanted to know him better.

Rowan put his hands inside his pockets and said seriously, "You should eat less takeout food from now

on. It's an exception today."

Claire was again stunned, "Are you caring about me?"

"I'm a doctor," Rowan replied, "I think everyone should have perfect health."

Claire didn't know what to say.

She suddenly felt that he was like a saint and couldn't help glancing at him again. He was so charming

and gentle. And he was a doctor.

As they were walking, they suddenly saw Tristan walk out of the elevator and walk towards them.

Claire was a bit embarrassed. But she didn't assume the flowers were for her, after all, Eason was

here. Tristan might have bought the flowers for him.

Rowan looked calm, thought for a while but didn't stop.

However, Tristan stopped at the door of Violet's ward, looking at the two of them.

Roses. It couldn't be for Violet.

They also stopped two meters away from Tristan.

Rowan stood next to Claire calmly.

Not far away, Jennifer happened to walk out of the ward and was stunned when she saw this. What

was going on here? She also stood still.

The door to Violet's ward wasn't closed.

Through the crack, she saw this, immediately put on her shoes and walked to the door to eavesdrop.

Something big seemed to be happening.

Chapter 1190 Failed

Seeing Tristan with roses, Violet wondered if he was going to confess his feelings after all.

She was suddenly delighted.

Although she liked Rowan, she liked Tristan equally the same.

He was such a considerate, handsome, and responsible young man, which were very rare now. And

his sincerity was the most precious in a man.

She put her ear against the door and listened carefully.

"I'm sorry, Claire," Tristan ignored everyone here and there was only Claire that he could see right now.

His apology somehow made Claire nervous.

He continued, "I was out of line today. I didn't consider how you would feel and I want to apologize to

you, hoping you can forgive me."

Hearing this, Claire felt bad. Moreover, Rowan was right next to her.

She felt a bit awkward, "It's not really a big deal." She smiled, "It's over now, don't take it to the heart."

Hearing this, Tristan breathed a sigh of relief.

"But..." Claire thought she should make it clear to him, and said gently, "But I don't want such a thing to happen again." She didn't mean to blame him.

Tristan walked over and stuffed the flowers into her arms, "Claire, be my girlfriend, will you?"

Rowan frowned and pursed his lips in displeasure.

Behind the door, Violet was extremely nervous.

Claire widened her eyes in shock.

Why was he confessing?

She was trying to be nice, but did he keep pushing her?

Jennifer, who was walking over, also stopped. Tristan liked Claire?

Time seemed to stand still, and everyone was stunned.

Tristan fixed his eyes on her face, "I am serious and I hope you can think about it." He waited for her

answer.

Claire got a headache. Her mind was in a mess, and she didn't want to reject him again in front of

everyone.

She didn't want him to be embarrassed.

Therefore, she stuffed the flowers back into his arms, "I don't want to be in a relationship yet." Then she

walked into the ward.

Bang!

She closed and locked the door.

Violet was taken aback by her.

Tristan didn't know what to do now. Holding the roses in one arm and the doorknob, he frowned and

didn't know what else he could say.

Rowan had been fixing his eyes on him.

Tristan didn't raise his eyes but looked disappointed. Claire rejected him again.

Rowan looked away and left without saying a word.

In the brightly-lit hall, he saw Jennifer and Jennifer saw him too.

Their eyes met for a brief moment.

When he saw her again, he felt nothing. He walked past her and Jennifer walked forward.

Jennifer had a guess that Rowan also liked Claire. It was obvious from the look in his eyes.

Tristan stood by the door and was sad. He had never felt so heartbroken before.

She didn't like him... He could feel it.

But he couldn't help the growing fondness inside of him for her. So, he confessed his feelings to her.

He remembered what she said to him in New York that he should tell the girl he liked about his feelings for her.

She said that if he waited for too long, she might be stolen by someone else. He agreed with her, so he had been trying to find a chance.

After coming back to the country, he found that an excellent doctor was also her admirer, he couldn't wait anymore and decided to make a move.

Rowan made him insecure.

If it were another man, he wouldn't feel threatened at all.