

## **Surprised 1231**

### Chapter 1231 My Heart Full of Joy

Violet was unprepared, standing up subconsciously. "Why didn't you call me earlier, girl?" She hurriedly asked a maid, "Has the kitchen prepared enough food?"

"Yes, Madam Violet."

Violet checked on the dining table and didn't think the dishes could fully express her hospitality as it was Dr. Watson's first visit. However, she could only make do with it.

Others also stood up the next second--Claire and Rowan appeared at the door of the dining room.

With a joyful smile, she announced, "Uncle Albert, Aunt Violet, Finnley, Mya, I brought my boyfriend home. Please add one more chair for us." Her tone was full of enthusiasm.

Beside her, Rowan was holding gifts with a gentle smile. Although he didn't look embarrassed, he couldn't remain to be the clinical, aloof man as usual due to Claire's influence.

"Come on in, please!" Violet was delighted.

Albert also greeted Rowan, "Hurry! Please have a seat, Dr. Watson."

"Grace, please add one more set of utensils." Finnley was also joyful, pulling out an extra white dining

chair for Rowan.

Mya nodded at Rowan with a smile while stroking her bulging belly.

"Claire, why didn't you inform us earlier when you came back for dinner with Dr. Watson? I'd have let

Grace prepare more dishes," Violet grumbled.

A maid took over the gifts from Rowan's hands.

"It doesn't matter, Aunt Violet." Claire took Rowan to the dining table.

Rowan said, "Mrs. Russell, I apologize for not making an appointment ahead. It's my fault."

"Nah!" Claire immediately explained, "I actually wanted to wow them."

"Come on. Sit down." Albert beamed at them.

Although Rowan came to the house unexpectedly, everyone welcomed him merrily.

"How's your gastric problem, Mrs. Russell? Are you feeling all right?" Rowan could tell a few dishes

were made according to his recipe. It meant Violet had kept his reminders in mind.

Violet answered, "Thanks for your recipe, Dr. Watson. I've been doing excellent recently. All of them

also pay attention to their stomachs. We prepare food according to your recipe all the time."

"Dr. Watson, please make yourself home. We'll be family in the future."

"Dr. Watson, feel free to drop by."

Outside the window, the night breeze was gentle, and the moonlight was bright.

The house was full of joy and laughter.

Rowan quickly integrated with the Russells during dinner. He took the initiative to make promises. "Mr.

and Mr. s Russell, although I'm always busy at work due to my job, I won't mistreat Claire. Please rest

assured."

His words sent Claire into joy. She reminded her to treasure him as he could make time for her, though

his hands were always full.

After dinner, Claire tiptoed and whispered in Rowan's ear before going upstairs. Rowan darted to

others and followed her.

When their footsteps were gone. Violet suddenly became worried. "Will he stay here overnight as well?

Isn't it too soon for them to live together?" she muttered.

Albert sat on the couch, picked up the coffee pot, and poured himself a cup. "Relax. They are dating

now and know what they are doing. Don't be nosey."

During dinner, Albert could tell Rowan was a reliable man.

"That's too soon." Violet sat next to him, looking anxious. "I'm afraid he'll take advantage of Claire.

They've just started dating. What if she's pregnant?"

"They are both grownups. They know what to do." Albert didn't quite agree with her. He was

occasionally stubborn but always open-minded and easygoing. He was a loving father.

As a woman, Violet was more considerate and always cared about the children.

Clair's bedroom, the second floor.

Claire pulled out a book with her autograph from the bookshelf excitedly. "I wrote this one. There's also

my signature on it. It's a limited edition. For you." Her eyes glittered with exuberance.

Rowan took the book over and read the book title--My Heart Full of Joy. Instead of thanking her, he

embraced her dearly as if she was his priceless treasure. "Claire, my heart is also full of joy for

encountering you."

Chapter 1232 Harmony

Rowan's words almost stopped Claire from breathing. She raised her head, staring at his charming

face.

His eyebrows were straight, his eyes were intense, and his nose was straight. The longer she studied him, the more she was attracted.

"May I see your hands?" Claire asked softly after being enlightened suddenly.

Rowan looked down into her eyes. "Why do you suddenly want to see my hands?"

Claire smiled at him. Circling, she grabbed his hands and studied them carefully. "Your hands are really pleasant to the eyes."

They were warm and soft. His fingers were slender, fair, and knuckled.

"Why do you want to see my hands?" Rowan was still confused.

Claire answered, "I wanted to see what a surgeon's hands are like. They are pretty."

Rowan chuckled in amusement, "Can you give me your phone?"

"Why?" Claire asked, blinking her eyes.

Rowan reached out and replied bluntly, "I want to see my caller ID on your contact list."

"Caller ID?" Claire didn't have any secrets in her phone, so she pulled it out and passed it to him after unlocking the screen. "Here you go."

Rowan browsed her contact list and saw his caller ID was "Dr. Watson." Furrowing his eyebrows

slightly, he changed it for her.

"Wait!" Claire poked her head. "What are you doing? You can't mess up my contact list."

"No, I'm not." Rowan entered his caller ID quickly and passed the phone back to her.

Claire immediately took a look. "Rowan?"

"Isn't it more intimate?" asked Rowan. "We're dating."

Claire didn't retort, sweetness surging in her heart. Reaching out to him, she asked, "What about your phone? Let me take a look. Have you changed my caller ID already?"

"No. I don't want you to see it," Rowan refused purposely, which was out of her expectation.

"You can't do that to me," Claire objected, "Hurry! I want to see my caller ID on your contact list."

Rowan intentionally dodged to avoid her checking.

Claire wanted to grab his phone.

Rowan held her tightly. While they were fighting for the phone childishly, they fell onto Claire's bed altogether.

Rowan fell onto Claire while she was tripped over. He quickly reacted to plant his hands on either side

of her to avoid pressing her. Their gazes met in the short distance, and their eyes glimmered in love.

Claire could feel her heart racing. The next second, she carefully reached her hand into his pocket and pulled it out under his tacit approval.

"Unlock your screen." She let him face the camera and scanned his face.

"Little girl?" Claire exclaimed after seeing her caller ID. "Why? I'm not a little girl."

"You are, Claire." Rowan stood up, pulled his phone back, and put it into his pocket. "In my heart, you are also a little angel. You have your inner world and use your power to spread love, kindness, and beauty, which is also the core of my profession."

While the lovebirds were chatting about their hobbies, habits, and future plans in the room, Violet was still worried in the living room downstairs.

"They can't live together so soon. A girl should be reserved." She anxiously checked the clock on the wall. "I'll give them another 30 minutes. Then I'll go upstairs to check on them."

"Don't worry, Violet. Or it's easy for you to get aged." Albert read a newspaper calmly. "Dr. Watson must have his principles. Relax." He implied Rowan was decent, so his wife didn't need to worry.

In the yard under the moonlight, Finnley was having a walk with Mya hand-in-hand. They did it every

night after dinner for digesting and enjoying their private moment.

Chapter 1233 We All Shall Be Happy

"How do you like staying with my parents recently?" Finnley asked with concern. "Do let me know if you want to go home."

"I like staying here. I play chess with Mom and have antenatal training for two hours daily, following my schedules all the time." Mya took his arm happily. "Have you been busy recently? Is everything all right?"

"I've been a bit busy. Everything is fine." Finnley never bothered her with his job. He burdened the pressure himself.

"Take good care of yourself, Finn. Our family relies on you." Mya stared at him. "Honey, you've become more and more handsome."

Finnley was amused by her and poked her nose tip. "Mya, you've changed."

"Have I?" Mya was curious. "In what way?"

"You've become gentler."

Mya chuckled.



Finnley added, "You are more womanish as a mother instead of the fashionable girl who always

dressed uniquely with dreadlocks." Then he recalled the first time encountered Mya.

For defending Jennifer, Mya aggressively rushed into Ivan's office, sat on the chair, and rested her legs

on the desk. Upon her dress code and attitude that day, Finnley thought she was like a gangster.

After the tragedy happened to the Saunders family, Mya experienced many things and became much

low-key. She also learned more meanings of life.

"Everyone changes." Mya sighed, "And everyone needs to grow up."

Finnley caressed her shoulder.

"Honey, I heard Dad could be commuted. Jennie told me so." Mya suddenly asked, "How many years

can he be commuted? Can you help me ask Mr. Marsh?"

"I haven't heard about it yet." Nodding, Finnley answered, "Sure. I'll check with Mr. Marsh tomorrow."

"I only wish time can pass faster." While walking, Mya looked up at the bright moon in the sky. "I'm also

willing to become 10 years older in a blink."

Finnley understood she looked forward to seeing her father be set free.

"Dad has been taken good care of in jail. No worries. He should have been used to the life in there now."

"That's true." Mya appreciated Ivan for his help from the bottom of her heart and didn't think she could return his favor.

"By the way, I went to see Mom after work." Finnley referred to Shirley.

"I want to stay with her for a few days later. May I?" Mya asked.

"Of course." Finnley propped his arm on her shoulders and said, "I'll join you guys for dinner after work every day. Clair is dating Rowan, so they will come back often. Dad and Mom won't feel lonely."

Mya was moved as he was way too understanding, staring at him lovingly.

"By the way, have you considered the name for our baby, Mya?"

"Do you prefer a girl or a boy, Honey?"

"Gender doesn't matter. It's our baby," Finnley answered. "I thought of a few names in my spare time."

"Really? What are they?"

The young couple talked about their baby in the yard, looking harmonious.

The night was deep.

While Violet felt too uneasy to stay in the living room, Claire and Rowan showed up at the stair corner, heading for the first floor.

"Mr. and Mrs. Russell," Rowan called the Russell couple politely while holding Claire's book. "I gotta go home. I'll visit you some other day."

"OK. See you around, Rowan." Violet finally felt relieved.

Albert stood up. "Sure. Feel free to drop by when you have time."

"I will."

Rowan bowed at the Russell couple and stroked Claire's hair. "I'm taking off. You don't need to walk me out."

"Be careful when driving." Claire looked at him, her eyes glittering with admiration.

"Good night, Claire," Rowan said gently, "We'll go jogging at 6 A. M. tomorrow." Then he left the house.

Chapter 1234 She Threw Herself Into His Arms

Violet watched Rowan sit in the car, which vanished from her sight soon.

'6 A. M.? Jogging?'

She gaped. "Claire, will he jog with you tomorrow? Can you get up so early?"

"Of course, I can," Claire answered delightfully, "I must get up." She was like a lark, her eyes

glimmering in happiness. "Good night, Uncle Albert, Aunt Violet. I must go to bed. Early to bed, early to rise." Then she trotted upstairs.

After she was gone, Albert chuckled to his wife, "Look! I told you the youngsters knew what they were doing."

Violet said in relief, "I can tell Claire likes Dr. Watson a lot as she's willing to change for him."

"Right. That's so-called the power of love."

Albert didn't mind Rowan would be too busy as long as Claire liked him. The onlookers couldn't understand what was happening between the lovebirds.

As the elders, Violet and Albert cared about the personality of Claire's boyfriend the most.

The following morning, Rowan parked his car outside Russell's Residence on time. Wearing a white shirt, he got off, waiting for his girlfriend while leaning against the car.

Shortly after, Claire walked out of the house with a sports bag on her shoulder. Seeing him, she trotted across the yard and towards him joyfully.

Curling his lips up, Rowan greeted her, "Morning, my love."

"Morning, Dr. Watson."

"Shall we go to the river bank? Sit in." He pulled the door open for her.

"OK." Claire quickly sat in.

Rowan went back to the driver's seat. Soon the car was pulled away.

A few minutes later, they watched the sunrise on the river. The morning glory colored the sky scarlet. It was a magnificent view.

The morning breeze was cool, and the air was fresh.

Rowan deliberately slowed down to jog next to Claire as he could tell she didn't work out often.

Under the golden morning sun, Rowan suddenly held her hand while jogging. "Are you tired? Hang on for a moment."

"I'm all right." Claire panted, feeling the soreness in her legs. She didn't exercise often. After running 1.2 miles, she sweated. However, in her beloved man's presence, Claire wanted to continue to prove she wasn't worthless.

"Hang on..." Rowan repeated. "We'll leave after finishing 1.8 miles. We can't give up on the way."

"OK." Claire nodded without giving up, gritting her teeth.

When they finally finished the 1.8 miles, Claire felt as if all her bones had been scattered.

Rowan fetched a bottle of water from the car trunk, opened the lid, and passed it to her. "Slow down,

Claire. Don't choke yourself."

"Thanks." Claire took the bottle over, thinking he was indeed gentle.

Rowan added, "I hope you could be healthy. You should keep working out."

"I will."

They had breakfast together.

"Want to go to my hospital today?" asked Rowan.

"Why not?" Claire chirped, "I can update my novel on your laptop."

"No problem."

Rowan drove her to the hospital.

Nearby the medical center, Claire saw a newly opened flower store while sitting in the passenger's

seat. "Can you pull over for a moment? I want to buy something."

Rowan's phone rang suddenly. While pulling over the car, Rowan swiped to answer. After listening shortly on the phone, he answered, "OK. I'll be right there."

"Go ahead to work. I'll go to your office later. You don't need to wait for me," said Claire. She got off, closed the door, and waved him goodbye.

Rowan had an urgency, so he checked on her deciding figure and restarted the engine, heading toward the hospital.

Claire entered the flower store and sniffed the fragrance, feeling refreshed and spirited while browsing the blossoms. She wanted to decorate Rowan's office with some flowers.

Claire loved life, and there was a little girl inside her. She loved flowers and green plants especially.

Outside the hospital entrance, Rowan got down from his car. Suddenly, Daphne appeared from nowhere. "Ouch!" Wearing high heels, she twisted her foot and threw herself into Rowan's arms.

Rowan had just turned around after locking the door, so he didn't realize what was happening.

Chapter 1235 A Fight

"Ouch! It hurts so much, Rowan... My ankle..." Daphne couldn't stand up, taking several deep breaths.

She rested her hands on Rowan's shoulders with a twisted face in pain as if she was half dead.

Rowan asked calmly, "What happened?" In his eyes, Daphne was his patient only.

However, Tristan happened to see the scene after getting off his car nearby. He even forgot to close the door of his car. From his angle, he saw Daphne approach Rowan intimately, but Rowan didn't push her away.

While Rowan held Daphne's arm to keep her balance, Tristan strode towards them with anger flames in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Claire left the flower store while holding a bouquet. She sniffed the flowers, walking towards the hospital in a good mood.

Tristan angrily grabbed Daphne's hair and tossed her away rudely.

"Argh!" Daphne fell to Rowan's car and her high heels twisted again. This time, the piercing pain made her unable to stand up while hunching on the car. Her belly was also hit violently, and the pain made her dizzy.

Tristan grabbed Rowan's collar and questioned, "Don't you remember you have a girlfriend?" The next second, he threw a punch at Rowan's face.

Rowan's head tilted under his violence. Before Tristan hit him again, Rowan returned to his senses and



fought back quickly.

The two men started a fight at the hospital entrance.

"Are you out of your mind, Tristan Norwell?" Rowan was enraged as his face had been hit, so he didn't have mercy while fighting back.

Therefore, they both hit each other mercilessly.

"Stop it!" Daphne returned to her senses. Without checking on her twisted ankles, she tried to separate them while tolerating the pain. "Please stop fighting!" She wanted to stop them but dared not to approach.

Both men were injured and became furious. They hit each other desperately to vent the anger that they had repressed for a long time.

At the entrance, Claire arrived while holding the bouquet and watched the scene. Her eyes widened.

She tossed the flowers away and ran towards the fighting men immediately.

"Stop it! It's all my fault." Daphne shed tears in anxiety. "Tristan! Please stop it!" Her shout attracted many doctors on the way to work. However, they were not good at combating and dared not stop the

two men. They could tell both men seemed to want to kill each other.

"Stop it!" Claire screamed, and her voice brought the two men back to their senses. They looked over at her in unison.

"What are you doing?" Claire hurriedly separated them, standing between two men. Her gaze swept between Rowan and Tristan. Both handsome faces were injured.

Gazing at Rowan, Tristan warned him, "You'd better remember you have a girlfriend all the time."

"Who do you think you are to remind me?" Rowan retorted.

"What happened?" Claire was confused. "No matter what made you angry, you cannot fight."

A Lamborghini was parked in the parking lot. Ivan and Jennifer got off and also noticed the scene. They could tell something wrong. After exchanging a glance, they strode towards the three.

"I'm a doctor," Rowan explained and emphasized, "Anyone injured is only my patient. Besides, you don't have the right to put your nose into my business."

Tristan boiled up again. Raising his hand, he wanted to hit Rowan.

Claire closed her eyes in fear and subconsciously opened up her arms to stand protectively before Rowan.

Ivan happened to arrive at the scene and grabbed Tristan's fist in time.

Chapter 1236 Warning Daphne

"Tristan!" Jennifer took Tristan's arm and saw his red, swollen lips, feeling sorry for him. Then she checked on Rowan and saw his face was also wounded. "You guys... Alas..." she sighed in frustration.

Ivan gazed at Tristan determinedly. Finally, Tristan gave up, repressed his fury, and put down his fist.

Ivan wouldn't let the two men fight again, thinking they were too childish.

Rowan glanced around coldly, so the onlookers hurriedly left the scene.

After calming down, Tristan darted to Daphne icily.

The latter visibly shuddered under his gaze, and her expression changed. Daphne was afraid he would disclose what had happened in the bar the previous night.

"You'd better behave yourself!" Tristan warned her sternly.

Daphne almost stopped breathing in fear.

Others didn't know what had happened, looking at her.

Tristan warned her, stressing each syllable, "If you still play dirty tricks, you'd better find someone to bury your corpse first. I won't let go of you easily."

Daphne paled, her heart sinking.

Tristan pulled his arm from Jennifer's hands and turned away angrily.

"Tristan!" Jennifer immediately stopped him. "You are injured. Come with me. Let me deal with your wounds," she said anxiously in worry.

Tristan was in a lousy mood. He wouldn't have been here if Eason hadn't stayed in Rowan's hospital.

"Please, Tristan..." Jennifer knew he disliked being here. "If you go to work like this, how will you respond to others? There's a special medicine here for your wounds and will cover them at least."

Although she didn't know what had happened, she could tell Tristan was seething with anger.

Tristan was always calm and mature and seldom did he become so angry.

Seeing Tristan hesitate, Jennifer forcibly dragged her into the hospital and ignored others.

Claire darted to Daphne, and the latter dodged her gaze in a sense of guilt. Then Claire pulled Rowan into the lobby as well. Although many questions simmered on her lips, she didn't ask him anything, feeling terribly sorry for him.

She couldn't understand why men liked hitting each other's faces.

A few minutes later, in Eason's ward suite, Tristan sat on the couch with a frown, looking sullen.

Squatting before him, Jennifer personally applied the ointment to his wounds. "Fortunately, no paparazzi were around earlier. Otherwise, I wonder what they'll write in the news again. Why did you fight with Rowan, Tristan? For Claire?"

Jennifer sighed, "Love cannot be pushed. Since they love each other and are dating now, you should send them your blessings generously."

Tristan still looked stern. "I can send them my blessings, but why did he hold Daphne Wells tightly?"

Raising her head, Jennifer was taken aback. "It can't be possible."

"I saw them in person. I've let Claire be with him. He betrayed her."

"Was it a misunderstanding?" Jennifer trusted Rowan. "He's not that kind of man."

"Seeing is believing," Tristan looked at her and answered stubbornly, "That's what I saw."

Jennifer was tongue-tied.

In the dean's office, a female doctor applied an ointment to Rowan's wounds, feeling sorry for him.

"Dean Watson, it'll hurt a bit. Please tolerate it." She tried her best to do it as gently as possible.

Standing next to them, Claire was worried but couldn't do anything. She also wondered if Tristan was

doing OK, worried about him as a friend.

"I'm sorry," Claire said in self-blame. "It's all because of me." Tears welled up in her eyes.

Rowan held her hand and explained, "No, it's my fault. Daphne twisted her ankle and fell on me. I didn't push her on time, so Tristan misunderstood us."

"You only considered her as your patient at that moment, right?" Claire was pretty understanding and not jealous at all.

Rowan answered bluntly, "Exactly."

"I'm not jealous. Why is he so angry?" Claire was puzzled, feeling she had owed Tristan too many favors. "You guys were too reckless. How could you fight for such a trifle?"

Chapter 1237 Rowan Wanted to Fire Her

"He hit me first." Rowan was still angry. He wanted to explain it to her so she wouldn't misunderstand him.

Claire was upset. "I don't care who started it. It's wrong to fight."

Rowan looked up at her. "I can tell how much he cares about you."

Meanwhile, he also realized Tristan was a powerful rival in love, afraid Tristan would steal Claire away

from him. Rowan felt uneasy in the sense of crisis.

"I only consider him as my friend." Claire lacked words to explain. "I also feel sorry for what has happened. I didn't do anything."

"I know, Claire," Rowan replied, "You don't need to say sorry. It's not your fault."

However, Claire was still in a bad mood.

After his wounds were dealt with, Rowan stood up. "Go ahead to use my laptop. I'll go for the ward round now." He calmly put on his white gown, picked up a notebook, and left the office.

Standing, Claire stared at his receding figure while signing, having no mood to update her novel.

In the corridor, Daphne held the wall with a hand and held her high heels with the other, walking towards her office with difficulty. She looked miserable and was scared by Tristan. His disdainful and warning gaze repeatedly appeared in her mind. Daphne decided to avoid him in the future.

While moving forward, Daphne felt a chill somehow. She paused her pace and raised her head, only to find Tristan gazing at her sternly in front.

Daphne felt suffocated, and her heart skipped a beat. If Tristan hadn't appeared on the scene earlier,

her trick might work as she planned because Rowan was kind-hearted. She felt Tristan was her nemesis.

"Daphne Wells." Tristan walked towards her and said solemnly in an icy tone, "Listen carefully. If you dare to play dirty tricks again, I'll make your life hell."

Daphne met his deadly gaze and held her breath. She was utterly frightened by him.

Meanwhile, Claire received Violet's call. "OK. I'll go home now." She left the office and called Rowan. "I need to go home. Another aunt of mine went to the house."

"OK. Be careful on the way."

"Sure. Later!"

In the corridor, Claire saw Daphne moving while holding the wall. The two women's gazes met in the mid-air, and they both stopped.

Daphne looked messy while holding her high heels but stared daggers at Claire. Particularly, she was warned by Tristan again, so her hatred towards Claire increased.

Ignoring her, Claire bypassed her and strode forward.

Daphne didn't look back, her eyes dim. Holding the wall, she felt a sharp pang in her ankle. Whenever



she took a step forward, she would nearly burst into tears. She had never been so tragic before.

Shortly after, Rowan appeared in the corner, heading towards her. He saw Daphne after taking a few steps, his eyes steely.

Daphne looked at him pitifully.

Rowan stood at his office door. He didn't ask if she was doing OK, although he could see her holding her high heels while moving barefoot.

"Listen, Daphne. Leave me alone in the future," Rowan said bluntly, "I don't care if you did it unintentionally or purposely. I hope this won't happen again. Otherwise..." He broke off.

Daphne's heart sank, looking at him in reluctance.

Rowan continued sternly, "Otherwise, I'll fire you from my hospital."

'He wants to fire me?' Daphne couldn't accept it at all, freezing. She watched him enter his office. As a doctor, he didn't care if she had been injured.

She hadn't made any mistakes at work, but Rowan wanted to fire her.

Chapter 1238 Tristan Gave Her a Ride

Daphne wondered if Rowan had lost his compassion for her due to his disgust toward her. The thought

made her heart sink.

According to how much she knew about Rowan, he was a sentimental, soft-hearted man who would be upset when seeing a cat shed. He became a doctor because he was a loving man.

"Dr. Wells?" A male doctor strode towards her. "What happened to your foot?" He looked surprised and worried.

"I twisted my ankle downstairs by accident." Daphne almost burst into tears, feeling too aggrieved.

"Come on. I'll check up on you." The male doctor hurriedly helped her walk. "Be careful." While heading for the office, he remarked, "You seem to be severely injured."

Gritting her teeth, Daphne leaned against his shoulder while tolerating the pain. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

Claire took Rowan's car to the hospital earlier, so she didn't drive. After leaving the hospital, she wanted to take a taxi, but Tristan happened to walk out. Claire stopped mid-step.

In the morning breeze, their gazes met.

Claire could see the bruises on his face, thinking he fought to defend her. She felt sorry with a lump in

her throat. Standing rooted to the spot, she didn't know how to start a topic.

Tristan also stared at her intensely, mixed feelings surging in his chest. He didn't expect to see her so

soon. Feeling delighted, he also became more and more frustrated while approaching her.

Looking into his eyes, Claire watched him walk toward her step by step, her mind jumbled.

Tristan stopped before her.

Seeing the sorrow in his eyes, Claire parted her lips. "Tri..."

Before she was about to apologize, Tristan embraced her tightly.

Claire stopped breathing, becoming stiff.

"Claire, you must be happy." Tristan curled his lips into a sincere smile, although tears sprung to his

eyes. "If you are unhappy, please come to me."

His last words raised a sharp pang in her heart. Claire felt his intense affection.

"Tristan..." Claire froze and couldn't move in his arms. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." She

suddenly wanted to shed tears.

"You don't need to apologize to me. You didn't do anything wrong. Claire, you are true and

straightforward, and that's why I like you." Tristan was reasonable. With a smile, he added, "You only

followed the choice from your heart. You are with the man you love."

Claire was too tongue-tied to respond, pushing him gently. "Tristan..." She didn't want to cause unnecessary misunderstandings.

After a while, Tristan let go of her. "Claire, I hope we'll still be friends in the future."

"Ehn." She nodded hard.

"Where are you going?" Tristan put away his frustration and asked in a relaxed tone, "I can give you a ride."

"I..."

"You can't reject me. We're friends, aren't we?"

Claire pressed her lips and answered, "I'm going home."

"Wait for me. I'll drive my car over." Tristan turned away.

Claire didn't know how she felt, her mind messy.

Soon, Tristan returned to his car.

Claire sat in. She had considered several words to speak to him. After Tristan started the engine, Claire

looked at him. "Tristan, you don't need to panic and be patient. In this world, there must be someone waiting for you in a corner somewhere."

"Really?" Tristan darted at her with a smile. "I believe it's truth."

"Besides, she's a perfect match for you. Please don't be persistent with me," Claire said, "If you let go of me, you'll meet your Miss Right soon. Then you can hold her hands. Really. She's waiting for you in the destined place."

Her voice cheered up Tristan.

"Thank you for your kind words." Tristan felt much better while driving. "I just like you so very much."

Chapter 1239 I'll Let Go of It

"You'll know your current feeling is an illusion after meeting the right one." Claire beamed at him and continued affirmatively, "Although I haven't dated many boys, I've seen a lot of cases and written many romance novels. I believe my analysis makes sense."

Tristan couldn't have any other option now. "Claire, to be honest, I've never had the same feelings for another girl before. It's wonderful, and I'm also delighted about it."

Unfortunately, Claire didn't have any special feelings for Tristan.

Therefore, love by mutual consent was pretty rare. Since Claire had found it, she decided to cherish the man.

Tristan parked his car outside the gate of Russell's Residence. He turned to her and said, "Claire, I hope you'll be happy."

"Tristan, I hope you can let go of it."

They looked into each other's eyes. Tristan replied, "I'll let go of it after you've become happy."

Claire didn't answer, mixed feelings in her heart. She could feel how deep his love and reluctance were.

"Cheer up, Claire." Tristan pretended to be relaxed. "You looked gorgeous when smiling."

Claire curled her lips into a smile, got off, and waved at him goodbye. "You will be happy, and so will I."

"Promise."

"See you."

Tristan watched her trot into the yard like a rabbit, his eyes intense. He suddenly became sentimental, somehow.

Since he couldn't gain her heart, he decided to guard her like a friend. After all, a friendship could last

forever. If they dated, they might break up. People seldom married their first boyfriends or girlfriends.

Besides, the divorce rate was pretty high.

After Claire entered the living room, Tristan returned to the present and drove away.

Jennifer used the best ointment on him. After the medicine took effect, the bruises faded off Tristan's face.

When Tristan went to work, no one could tell he had experienced a fight.

The morning was the same as usual.

After entering his office under the morning sunlight, Tristan sat at his desk. Keven strode in while

holding a file folder. "Morning, Mr. Norwell. Here are all the documents you need."

Tristan took the folder over, quickly opened it, and browsed each copy quickly. "How about the agreement?" He looked up at Kevin. "Draft the negotiated agreements. Make two copies."

"It's still under printing."

"OK." Tristan put the documents back.

After a thought, Kevin asked, "Mr. Norwell, would you like to take a few subordinates with you?"

"No, thanks." Tristan didn't change his mind. "I'm not going for a war. I also want to go on a trip after going abroad."

Kevin didn't insist. After all, he could tell Tristan had been in a poor mood recently. "Your flight will take off at 3 P. M. today. Wish you a pleasant journey, Mr. Norwell. Don't forget your passport."

"Ehn."

Tristan still worked as usual in the morning.

On the other side, Rowan was lost in thought while working.

Tristan could have fought with him despite his public image just because of Claire. After all, he had taken over the Clarke Corp not long ago. If the paparazzi exposed it on the news, his reputation would be ruined definitely.

Rowan couldn't help wondering how much Tristan liked Claire.

1 P. M.

A coffee shop at the airport terminal building was full of youngsters, who were waiting to board their flights. They all dressed up fashionably. Most of them wore earplugs while sipping coffee to avoid being interrupted. Therefore, the coffee shop was quiet, although fully packed.



"Lady Monica is over there," a man in a suite exclaimed excitedly while pointing into the coffee shop at the door.

Monica, reading a fashion magazine on a window seat, looked up, only to find the man rushing towards her. She immediately grabbed the suitcase next to her and was about to run away.

When she turned around, she bumped into a firm chest. Rubbing her painful forehead, she raised her head. "Dad?"

#### Chapter 1240 Trying to Escape

"Monica, where do you want to go?" Algerone Swain asked her in a helpless tone, staring at her lovingly.

Monica glanced around. Several bodyguards had surrounded her, so she couldn't escape at all. A few of them started to let other patrons leave the coffee shop.

Monica looked at her father while choking on her words.

"Sit down. Let's talk." Algerone sat opposite the booth where she sat earlier, unbuttoning his suit jacket.

Monica compromised, muted her phone, and sat down with a helpless look.

Algerone reached out to his bodyguards, and one passed him a photo album. After taking it over,

Algerone passed it to Monica and said with a flattering smile, "Take a look."

"No!" Monica refused stubbornly. "As I said, you are too unreliable. You'd better stay away from my marriage in the future."

"I put much effort into making the photo album. Besides those young men's photos, each of them has a profile and an over-1000-words introduction, including their occupation, annual income, and characters.

Also, their profiles include their ex-girlfriends and why they've broken up. Everything is real."

"Your credit has become zero. I don't buy it." Monica glared at him unhappily and grumbled, "On my first blind date, the boy you introduced me had a girlfriend already. As Mom said, you are indeed unreliable."

"Alas... That's not the case." Algerone said in chagrin, "It's my fault last time, Monica. I've learned the lesson."

"You made me feel as if I couldn't find a boyfriend. You showed me Tristan's photos all the time. When I was interested to meet him, he took his girlfriend on our blind date. Humph!"

"Monica, can you let go of it? It's my fault. I'm sorry, Monica. Please give me another chance to find you

a boyfriend."

Monica grumbled, "If Mom knows it, she'll never let me meet you again."

"That's why I decided to change my attitude. I've already done detailed research on those men. No

mistake. I promise." Algerone also felt helpless. "You can't blame me for the blind date, though.

Tristan's father even didn't know he had a girlfriend. That boy is way too good at hiding it."

Monica had no interest in knowing the truth. "I don't want to have a boyfriend now. I'm still young. Can

you leave me in peace?"

"You are my daughter. I cannot." Algerone sighed, "Although I divorced your mother, I still love you,

sweetheart."

Monica had a manicure before coming to the airport. Studying her fingernails, she seemed not to listen

to him seriously.

"Monica..." Algerone heaved a sigh. "I know I've owed you too much over the years. You are my only

child. After marrying Luciana, we don't have children. It's because I love you, sweetie."

"Stop it!" Monica raised her head and wore a wry smile. "Everyone has his or her right to be happy. I'm

not an affiliate for you or my mother. I'm a person who can think independently. Thank you both for

bringing me to this world."

"Can you stay, Monica?" Algerone was anxious. "All the single men are outstanding. 80% of them are company presidents. They are young and competent, also as handsome as Tristan."

"Stop pushing me! I don't want any blind dates," Monica told him straightforwardly. "My flight takes off at 3 P. M."

"Where are you going?" Algerone widened his eyes in fear. "Back to your mother?"

"Nah. I'll go to see my friends in the UK."