

Surprised 1271

Chapter 1271 It's a Misunderstanding

The study. The second floor.

William walked out hurriedly with his subordinates and bumped into Ivan at the stair entrance.

"Mr. Marsh?"

William was frightened by the scene as there was an armed troop behind Ivan. It was said each of them was adept at combating and could fight against over a hundred foes at the same time.

Before William explained, Jennifer asked, "Where is Tristan?" She couldn't wait to see her older brother.

William swallowed and answered bluntly, "On the third floor."

Taking Jennifer's hand, Ivan strode upstairs with his bodyguards.

Daniel, who went to the third floor earlier, knocked at the door.

Tristan opened it. He had already put on his clothes, but Monica was still in bed. Daniel's gaze passed over Tristan's shoulders and saw the scene.

"My father..." Daniel immediately withdrew her gaze and said, "My father has agreed to let you go. The

wedding is canceled, and the cooperation continues."

She believed it was also partially because of her efforts.

Suddenly, they heard eager footsteps.

Tristan looked in that direction, and so did Daniel. Many people appeared in the corridor.

"Tristan!"

Seeing Tristan was safe and sound, Jennifer was relieved and quickened her pace.

"Michelle!" Tristan was delighted as they had come to him for real. "Hi, Mr. Marsh."

"Tristan." Ivan could tell he was well, breathing a sigh of relief. His frown was loosened, and a gentle smile touched his iceberg face.

'So he's the legendary Ivan Marsh.' Daniel's gaze fell on Ivan's face.

The next second, Daniel moved aside as she was frightened by Ivan's aggressive aura.

Ivan and Jennifer stood before Tristan. With a single glimpse, they saw the girl sitting on the bed and were taken aback. Then their gazes fell back on Tristan's face.

Tristan looked back before walking out of the room and closing the door, so Monica could have enough time to adjust her mood and get changed.

'What's going on?' Monica was baffled.

She didn't expect Jennifer and Ivan to arrive so soon, afraid there might be misunderstandings.

In a hurry, Monica lifted the quilt, put on her slippers, and dragged her suitcase into the bathroom to straighten herself up. She was still dumbfounded all the time.

Jennifer and Ivan were Tristan's younger sister and brother-in-law. Monica wanted to maintain her personal image.

Half an hour later, Ivan, Jennifer, Tristan, and William sat at a coffee table in a big lounge on the second floor.

The decoration in the room was vintage with an antique carpet and famous artworks. The air was full of solemnness.

After serving coffee and pastries, a maid left quietly.

Ivan's troops guarded the door, and so did William's bodyguards.

Although it was William's territory, Ivan's troops had a stronger vibe.

In a black handcraft suit, Ivan sat on the couch while staring daggers at William. Although Tristan was

safe and sound, Ivan didn't forget William at all.

William seemed to realize what he had done wrong suddenly. Dodging Ivan's eye contact, he tried to sort out his wording after making the terrible mistake.

A moment later, he said with a flattering smile, "It's a misunderstanding, Mr. Marsh. I didn't expect you to drop by. Sorry for wasting your time."

"If I hadn't come here today, what would have happened?" Ivan said deeply, his eyes full of ice. "Mr. Hawson, you've made a childish move."

William felt extremely ashamed. "It's my bad. If you didn't come here, I would let Mr. Norwell leave without stopping him."

Tristan believed him as Daniel told him the same words earlier.

Right then, Monica had straightened herself up. Starting at the bed, she couldn't remember what had happened the previous night and whether she had slept on it. Her memory was lost. Monica wondered if she had slept too soundly.

Then she shook her thoughts off as the game had ended.

After leaving the bedroom, she didn't see William's bodyguards, so she was confirmed the game had

ended. In depression, she walked toward the first floor.

Chapter 1272 Who Is This Girl?

Monica entered the hall on the first floor and saw a familiar figure at the door.

Upon hearing her footsteps, Daniel looked back silently. Monica could tell from her expression that

Daniel had been waiting for her.

Pressing her lips together, Monica felt sorry for her friend while walking towards her.

"Monica, shall we have a walk under the sunlight?" Daniel invited her. "The kitchen is preparing

breakfast now."

"Sure."

Monica followed Daniel into the yard. Millions of words simmered on her lips, but she didn't know how

to start the topic.

She could understand how Daniel felt now, as Monica had the same feelings on her blind date with

Tristan. She had been attracted to him by his photos and profile, but Tristan tricked her. She still

remembered how furious she was back then.

"Daniel, I hope you'll be happy," Monica said to break the silence, "Not only on your birthday."

"Thank you, Monica." Daniel asked in a low voice while staring at her, "You didn't have sex last night, did you?" Her hunch told her so.

Monica was slightly taken aback but didn't answer her questions as she didn't want to lie. Nor did she want the show last night to be in vain.

While walking on the lawn, Daniel looked up at the clouds in the sky. The morning glory reddened them. It was a gorgeous view.

Although she was young, she had her own judgment. Besides, she was precocious.

"You two arrived there in the same taxi," Daniel continued, "Also, you accidentally met each other on the flight instead of coming here together purposely. Remember you still wanted to wire him the taxi fare?"

Monica suddenly wanted to stop acting. "You are right, Daniel. We have no relationship." Anyway,

Tristan's helpers had arrived, so she didn't mind admitting it.

Her words didn't surprise Daniel.

Monica didn't want to hide anything from her, so she added, "Daniel, I have a crush on him. The same

as you."

Daniel was slightly surprised, smiling at her gently. "Can you tell me when you started to like him? Last night?"

"I met him earlier than that," Monica looked into her eyes and answered frankly, "He has a girlfriend, and it's another girl."

The smile was frozen on Daniel's lips. "Impossible!" Tristan's profile didn't mention it.

"I'm not lying. I've met her."

Seeing the affirmative look on Monica's face, Daniel was upset. "Who is that girl?"

Monica recalled Claire. When they met, Claire wore a pretty dress, and Monica had an excellent impression of her.

"That girl deserves him, and he loves her deeply." Monica envied Claire for a moment, a pang rising in her heart. "I'll give them my blessings instead of breaking them up."

Daniel chuckled in self-mockery, "I don't know why I have a crush on him. I only saw his photos and read his profile. My father told me his stories. Then I fancy about him very much."

She added, "I'm also outstanding, but I don't think he likes me. I should stop fancying about him."

Neither girl had dated Tristan but seemed to have experienced all trouble in love, suffering from disappointment. They both sighed pathetically for themselves.

Soon, a maid called them back for breakfast.

Ivan, Jennifer, Tristan, and William also went to the first floor.

Ivy was waiting for them in the big dining hall. The atmosphere was weird, although Ivan and others had forgiven William after he apologized to Tristan.

The incident had a certain effect, so the air was full of awkwardness.

Sitting at the table, Daniel dared not to look at Tristan.

Ivan and Jennifer stared at Monica in confusion, wondering who the girl was. Monica appeared in the room behind Tristan earlier, and there was only one bed there.

Chapter 1273 Tristan Was Considerate

Under the Marsh couple's gazes, Monica was tense. Feeling embarrassed to greet them, she nodded at the couple with a smile before sitting next to Daniel. Then she lowered her head to dodge their eye contact.

When breakfast started, Monica only focused on eating without speaking or looking at anyone.

At least 20 dishes had been prepared for breakfast today, including milk, bacon, toast, Haggis, black pudding, and sun egg.

William asked the kitchen to prepare so many dishes to show his apology. In the business field, he also used to work with Ivan's company. After all, they both were business tycoons.

While munching the food, Ivan looked gentle. However, the temperament he was born with made him look solemn. If he didn't start talking, no one dared to speak.

William didn't want to repeatedly apologize at the table as there were juniors together, and especially his daughter was also in the presence.

Jennifer sipped the milk, her gaze sweeping between Tristan and Monica in confusion. She couldn't help wondering why the two had spent the night together and if the girl was Tristan's girlfriend. Jennifer didn't believe so.

Tristan had a crush on Claire, so he couldn't have dated a girl so soon.

Finally, the depressing breakfast ended.

In the hall, Ivan said to William, "We can have a further negotiation on the cooperation. Please do such

a stupid thing in the future. Marriage is a lifetime decision. You should get your daughter's full agreement before doing anything. She's so young, and she cannot think about love and marriage separately."

William knew Daniel looked forward to marrying Tristan but couldn't explain it to Ivan.

"I agree, Mr. Marsh," William nodded and echoed, "Thank you for all the kind suggestions."

He knew how valuable Ivan's time was, and also, Ivan told him bluntly he would return to Arkpool City right after breakfast. Therefore, William didn't try to keep him staying.

Monica looked at the sky while standing in the yard, lost in thought. She wondered if she should leave the manor before Tristan did, as she was afraid of William. In her opinion, William was too extreme.

"Monica?" a gentle voice sounded.

Monica looked back and met Tristan's gaze.

Tristan asked, "Your mother's birthday is coming soon. When will you return to Canada?"

"When will you guys leave?" Monica didn't want to stay in the manor any longer. "I want to go back now."

"We're leaving now," Tristan said, "Pack your suitcase. We'll send you back home first."

"Send me back home?" Monica was shocked. "No, thanks. You can drop me off at the airport. I know how busy you are." She knew their time was valuable.

Tristan hesitated for a moment. "OK." Then he checked the time on his watch. "Get your suitcase ready. I'll arrange the car for you. Message me after you boarded the flight."

"OK." Monica was grateful for him but didn't know how to express it.

She had done Tristan a big favor, so he also appreciated her for it. Also, he felt sorry for tricking her on their blind date.

Before the blind date, Tristan eavesdropped on his father's call, so he knew it was a blind date arranged for him. Instead of refusing Zack, he took Claire together. Tristan regretted his childish behavior.

Monica withdrew her gaze. "I'll get my suitcase ready." She strode into the house.

At the entrance, she saw Jennifer gazing at her without blinking.

Jennifer also saw her chatting with Tristan in the yard.

Monica felt a little bit awkward while walking toward her. When bypassing Jennifer, Monica smiled at

her in greetings.

Jennifer offered her a smile in response. Monica strode upstairs.

Chapter 1274 They Missed Tristan

Jennifer walked toward Tristan, standing behind him. "What's her name, Tristan?" she asked. In fact,

she had a good impression of Monica.

"Just a friend." Tristan read her mind and said, "We'll drop her off at the airport before leaving. I'm

afraid William will give her a hard time."

He implied Jennifer didn't have to know the girl's name.

Jennifer looked at him with a smile as she could tell Tristan cared about Monica.

Tristan asked in confusion, "What are you laughing about?"

"It's my first time seeing you care so much about a girl." Jennifer shifted her gaze. Her hunch told her it

wasn't the ending between Tristan and that girl yet.

Tristan, however, shook his head without explaining anything. Then he turned back into the house and

asked William to arrange a car to give Monica a ride.

Monica packed her suitcase quickly as she only brought a few clothes. When she dragged the suitcase

out of the room, Daniel hugged her gently at the door. "I'm sorry, Monica. You must have had a bad experience staying in my house," Daniel apologized and had started missing her friend already.

"It's not your fault, Daniel." Monica didn't take the incident to heart, patting her back. "Let's travel together when we have time. My mother's birthday is coming. I need to return home."

"I hope this won't break up our friendship." Daniel liked her deeply. "I wish you could be happy and worry-free. We shall gather frequently in the future."

"Ehn. I hope you could be happy as well, Daniel."

After bidding each other farewell, Daniel held her hand and went to the first floor with her.

William had arranged a car for Monica. Tristan helped her put her suitcase into the trunk. "You should check the air ticket now."

"I checked the flights. There are plenty of tickets."

"Message me after boarding the plane," Tristan repeatedly reminded her, afraid William would do something.

His consideration and gentle tone gave Monica the illusion that they were in love.

"I will." Monica quickly returned to her senses, daring not to dart at him again.

Tristan pulled the rear door open, and Monica bent over to sit in. Her intuition told her this might be the last time she could see him.

Monica dared not to return to Arkpool City anymore, afraid her mother would be angry.

Before the car was pulled away, Monica peered out of the window, seeing Tristan and Daniel waving at her goodbye. Monica waved at them back without speaking. The car roared away.

At a short distance, Jennifer watched them interact with each other. After the car left, Tristan stood in the yard while watching it leave.

Furrowing his brows slightly, Ivan stood with his hands in the pockets of his slacks.

Soon, Tristan walked toward the Marsh couple. Ivan asked, "Who is she? Why didn't she return to Arkpool City with us?"

"Her mother is in Canada," Tristan explained, "She's going home to celebrate her mother's birthday."

Ivan nodded thoughtfully, recalling the scene where the girl was on the bed in Tristan's room. He didn't insist on getting an answer but wondered if that girl would go to Arkpool City again in the future.

About three hours later, Tristan received Monica's message. Right then, they had just bid farewell to

William and his family before boarding the private jet.

In the airport, Daniel reluctantly watched the jet slide and take off. It headed to Arkpool City. She thought her first crush ended.

In the cabin of the flight heading for Canada, Monica watched the clouds outside the window in a window seat. Disappointment overwhelmed her, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Somehow, she missed Tristan deeply.

Chapter 1275 Missing Him

In the private jet, Tristan and Ivan half-lying in their seats. Jennifer was making fruit tea for them.

"Tristan, you are indeed attractive. William is conceited, but he wants you to be his son-in-law."

"That old man always looks down his nose at others," Ivan echoed, "He started looking for Daniel's husband when she was still a child."

Tristan felt annoyed, however. Heaving a sigh, he replied, "I didn't expect him to play such a trick. Is he still living in Middle Ages? Besides, his daughter is only 18."

"If you hadn't called me earlier or I hadn't realized your situation back then..." Jennifer looked at him while making tea. "I can't imagine if you'd already married his daughter under his pressure."

Before Tristan answered, Ivan asked, "Who is that girl on your bed, Tristan? Why wasn't his daughter there?" He had been wondering this question for a long time.

Ivan couldn't figure out the answer as it looked too illogical.

Tristan's heart jolted. He explained, "The girl on my bed... She's... It's a long story. She's just a friend of mine who has done me a favor, anyway."

"Did you spend the night together?"

"In a simple way, we stayed in the same room."

"Did she pretend to be your girlfriend?" Jennifer blurted out.

Tristan explained, "Nothing has happened between us. She slept on the bed, and I slept on the couch."

"Did William believe it?"

"Not completely."

"Does the girl have a crush on you?" Jennifer remarked in a woman's shoe, "Otherwise, how could she have agreed to pretend to be your girlfriend? Besides, she was willing to spend a whole night with you in the room. Didn't she concern about her reputation?"

Tristan didn't tell them about his dramatic blind date when he first met Monica. Taking over the teacup

from Jennifer, he replied flatly, "Stop being so curious." He did appreciate Ivan and Jennifer for helping him so quickly.

"Don't mention it. We're family." Ivan smiled at him. "Andrew is working harder than Finnley. I've trained

another competent assistant."

Talking about Finnley, Tristan couldn't help missing Claire. He would return to the familiar city soon.

Probably, he would meet her again. Tristan was expectant and depressed as he couldn't do anything even if they reencountered.

He had promised to let go of her and wished her to be happy.

While sipping the tea, Tristan peered out of the window, lost in thought.

"Honey, will Finnley return to his home and take over his family company soon?" Jennifer asked gently,

"When exactly?"

"By the end of this year." Ivan was reluctant to let him go. However, nothing would last forever in one's life.

He said, "Finnley is going to have a baby. His father is aging. As the only child in the Russell family,

Finnley has to take over the family company ASAP, so his father can enjoy his retirement."

"Finnley is competent. I believe his company will develop well." Jennifer trusted Finnley.

"I agree. He's smart and working hard," Ivan complimented him, "After marrying, he became more responsible. He's become more and more excellent."

Everyone could tell Finnley increasingly became more outstanding.

"If a man meets a good woman and has a happy marriage, he'll become better."

Russell's Residence, Arkpool City.

It was evening.

Holding her phone, Claire paced in her bedroom back and forth. Rowan hadn't messaged her for a whole day. She couldn't help wondering what he was doing.

After writing her draft absentmindedly, she revised it and uploaded it online but wasn't in the mood to reply to the readers' comments.

"Is he busy?"

"Even if so, he should be able to make time to message me, right?"

While walking back and forth, Claire missed him deeply. Then she sat on the couch with her legs

crossed, tabbed to open Facebook, and sent him a private message. "Hey, what are you busy with?"

Chapter 1276 She Couldn't Stop Thinking of Him

If one sent such a message, it implied the person missed the recipient.

After staring at her phone for a long time, Claire still didn't get any response from Rowan. She even

didn't see his status change on Facebook. She wondered if he was indeed busy.

Claire pouted in chagrin after sending the message, thinking Rowan would take initiative to message

her if he missed her.

Since he hadn't messaged her for a whole day, Claire wondered if meant he didn't miss her.

They had just started dating, so he might not like her THAT much. However, Claire was super favor of

him, wishing to be with him all the time.

Nestling on the couch, Claire sighed again while staring at her phone screen. She regretted taking the

initiative to message him just now.

A girl was supposed to be reserved. She guessed a man like Rowan must prefer a reserved girl more.

Time passed, but Rowan still didn't reply to her.

Claire tossed her phone to the couch, stood up, and applied some eye cream to her eyes while sitting at the dresser. She was still bothered about Rowan's reaction.

She even doubted if he was with Daphne.

After applying the eye cream, Claire put the hand essence on her palms. Suddenly, she heard the message tone of her Facebook.

Immediately, she jumped to her feet and trotted to the sofa. While checking her phone, her smile froze.

The message wasn't from Rowan but from Saskia.

Sitting on the couch, Claire listened to Saskia's voice message. "Claire, care for a walk in the evening. I want to have later supper with you."

Claire wanted to date Rowan tonight but hadn't received his reply yet. Holding her phone for almost a half minute, she decided to wait longer.

"I'll answer you a bit later," Claire spoke and sent her voice message. She always followed her heart, and she wanted to wait for Rowan's response.

"No problem. Have you been busy recently?"

"Same old, same old," Claire replied, "I hope Parker Stone, the bastard, hasn't bothered you recently."

"Nah. I blocked him in every way. No worries. I'm not THAT stupid to trust him again. If I fell into his trap again, I would deserve it."

"Good job!"

"Claire, how is it going between you and the doctor? Do you get along?"

"Not bad. He's super busy."

"You finally date a boy, and you guys are in the same city, but why do you sound like having a long-distance relationship? My mother is right. She always reminds me not to date a boy who's occupied by his work. If he only cares about his career, he won't care about you."

"I like him. What else can I do?" Claire said helplessly. "My heart told me to do it. I couldn't object."

"Gosh! You are done for him," Saskia remarked, "I wish you happy."

Claire and Saskia chatted for half an hour, and their conversation ended.

However, Rowan still hadn't replied to her.

Gazing at their chatbox, Claire felt frustrated. "Is he really THAT busy? He can't even reply to my message."

Charity Medical Center.

Rowan was in a doctor's gown, the knot of his necktie and his shirt collars exposed. A stethoscope was hanging on his neck. He had just finished surgery.

Rowan looked like a superhero as he was always easygoing and optimistic.

When the patients' families talked to him, he always looked into their eyes sincerely while making notes in his notebook.

He was constantly busy. Therefore, he muted his phone, so no messages or calls would be shown on his screen.

"Dr. Watson, can you please talk to my husband more? He only listens to doctors now and doesn't think he'll be recovered. I know it takes time for him to recover, but as long as he takes medicine and obeys your reminders, he will."

"Sure. I'll check on him later," Rowan agreed gently and patiently.

The patient's wife thanked him again before heading for the ward.

Rowan also entered his office. After pulling out his phone, he saw Claire's message, which was sent to him an hour ago.

Hurriedly, he called her back.

Chapter 1277 Differences

Right then, Claire was overthinking at home, feeling extremely frustrated.

Upon hearing the ringing tone of her phone, she checked the caller ID without expectation. Much to her surprise, Rowan was calling her.

After being taken aback for a moment, Claire immediately swiped to answer, "Hello?" Her voice was soft, and her mood became much better.

"Sorry, Claire. I didn't see your message until just now," Rowan explained, "I've been too busy today.

Had two urgent surgeries."

"You must be exhausted." Claire felt sorry for him and wasn't angry with him anymore.

"I'm OK. It's my duty."

"You must take good care of yourself." Claire wished she could share his burdens. "I can't be any help to you. Do you have assistants?"

"Yep." Rowan asked, "Why did you message me?"

Claire was amused. If she was sick, she would go to see him in the hospital. She messaged him

because she missed him.

"Well..." Claire quickly returned to the present and asked, "Will you work overtime tonight?"

"Why?"

"If you have time, shall we have dinner together?" Claire couldn't stop missing him at all. Somehow, the more she wanted to repress her feelings, the more she thought of him.

"Sure. As you wish," Rowan answered gently, "Send me the restaurant address and time."

Suddenly, Claire overheard someone calling Rowan and realized he needed to return to work again.

"Sure. Go ahead to work. I'll send you the information later," she agreed joyfully.

Their phone conversation ended.

Holding her phone, Claire curled her lips into a smile. Her happiness that had been gone for a whole day returned.

Although love was tough, love brought joy.

After receiving Rowan's call and hearing his voice, Claire felt spirited and energetic. She was enveloped by love.

No matter how busy Rowan was, if he could reply to her messages or return her calls on time, it would mean how much he loved and cared about her.

That was the attitude Claire looked forward to seeing in their relationship.

She was always idle, and Rowan was super busy, so she understood he wouldn't be with her all the time. However, she understood him and didn't think it was a big matter because she loved him.

Rowan was the superhero to guard human beings, so she would guard him.

Later in the evening, Claire estimated the time Rowan got off work and she needed for dressing up.

She sent the restaurant address and time to Rowan and told him she would wait for him at the hospital entrance.

Then she entered her cloakroom.

Claire picked up a new dress and put it on, looking fashionable and adorable.

After taking a bath and putting on makeup, she left home.

Daphne knew Rowan had been super busy recently and had seen Rowan working overtime every day.

Therefore, she didn't think it was an exception for him today.

Thinking that Rowan skipped dinner last night, Daphne felt sorry for him.

Therefore, she made time to order three dishes, soup, and some spaghetti from a restaurant nearby.

Then she carried the lunchboxes to the dean's office.

Right then, Rowan had taken off his doctor's gown, ready to get off.

When Daphne stood at the door with the lunchboxes in a daze, Rowan darted to her and withdrew his gaze immediately. Then he rinsed his hands carefully before the sink.

Daphne gently put down the lunchboxes on his desk. "Rowan, are you getting off work now?"

"Ehn."

Daphne felt disappointed. Gazing at his back with a smile, she said, "I brought you dinner. Thought you would work overtime."

"Thanks. Please keep it yourself," Rowan said, "I've talked to other doctors. I'm not working overtime tonight." Then he dried his hands and left his office.

Daphne stood aside to make way, watching him bypass her.

Chapter 1278 They Both Loved Dr. Watson Deeply

Daphne thought Rowan was too cold to her. She seemed to receive a heavy blow and started overthinking, wondering if he was out to date Claire.

"That woman is jobless. What's so good in her?" Daphne wondered what charm Claire had to make

such a genius doctor fall in love with her. Daphne was angry, jealous, and reluctant.

Love suffers. Especially, since she wasn't loved in return.

"Excuse me, Dr. Wells." A young nurse saw her and asked in confusion, "Why are you in the dean's

office? Dean Watson has knocked off. I'm afraid you can only see him tomorrow."

Daphne returned to her senses. Without the mood to work overtime, she asked, "Do you work overtime

tonight?"

"Yes, I do," the nurse answered.

"Had dinner?"

The nurse shook her head. "Not yet."

Daphne picked up the bag of lunchboxes and passed it to her. "Take them. They are freshly made and

still warm."

The nurse took over the bag in a daze. Before she thanked Daphne, the latter left without looking back.

Daphne's eyes reddened, tears welling up in her eyes. She didn't want to work overtime anymore.

If Rowan was in the hospital, she felt spirited at work, even though she could only look at him from afar.

When Rowan left, her heart was taken away as well.

Daphne angrily took off her doctor's gown in the office. One of the buttons was almost torn off. After

rinsing her hands and combing her hair, she grabbed her red windbreaker and left her office.

At the elevator door, she met a patient's family.

"Good evening, Dr. Wells. You get off work early today," the mid-aged woman said to her with a kind smile.

"Yeah." Daphne offered her a doctor's smile.

"That's great. My husband and I want to invite you for dinner. What do you think? We want to appreciate your help. Please don't reject us."

The couple came to the hospital to see Daphne on purpose.

"Dr. Wells, thank you for curing my father. We should have invited you for dinner long ago, but you've been too busy. It's great you don't work overtime tonight."

"You are welcome," Daphne rejected them politely, "I'm a doctor. It's my duty to cure my patients."

However, the patient's family insisted. Therefore, Daphne failed to reject them and agreed to dine out

with them.

In a high-end restaurant, the lobby was lit brightly, and food fragrance spreading in the air.

Rowan and Claire sat opposite at a table. After ordering the dishes, a waitress served them drinks.

"You became prettier, Claire." Rowan looked at his girlfriend up and down. "I love your dress."

"Awe! You are a charming man who knows how to please a girl." Claire chuckled, feeling sweetness in her chest. Beauty lies in the lover's eyes.

They picked up their drinks and clinked.

"You must have been super busy recently." Claire put down the glass, staring at him in worship. "I hope everything is all right with you."

"Ehn. I've been used to it. I often work out." Rowan always looked spirited.

"You can stop taking me out for jogging. Then you'll have more hours to sleep." Claire felt sorry for him as she could tell he had lost some weight.

She believed Rowan also had worries, but she couldn't share his burdens, unfortunately,

Rowan stared at her, his eyes glittering with love. "What about you? How's it going with your novel? Do

you always have enough inspiration?"

Claire's status wasn't good, as a matter of fact. Without Rowan beside her, she was always

absentminded. However, Claire nodded while smiling. "I'm very well. I enjoy my life every day." She

loved him so much that she didn't want to make him worry.

Also, Claire didn't hope their relationship would give them too much mental pressure.

"Dr. Wells, let's sit at this table. It's vacant."

Upon hearing the voice, Rowan and Claire looked over, only to find someone taking Daphne toward

them.

Chapter 1279 Daphne Was in a Lousy Mood

Daphne happened to see the two lovebirds coincidentally, her face solemn.

Seeing Claire dress up and sit opposite Rowan, she felt a pang in her heart. Daphne felt jealous again.

"Please sit here, Dr. Wells." The patient's family didn't notice Rowan. They also didn't know him. They

warmly asked Daphne to take the seat.

The table was right next to Rowan and Claire. Indeed close.

That meant Daphne could overhear the two's conversation.

Claire withdrew her gaze, feeling awkward and disappointed somehow. After all, Daphne was her rival in love.

A waitress served dishes.

Rowan looked away calmly. Daphne was only his coworker in his eyes.

The first dish was fish.

Rowan picked up the fish belly with his fork and put it on Claire's plate. "It has no bones. Be careful when chewing."

Daphne felt frustrated when hearing his words. Whenever she took a breath, she felt a piercing pain in her chest. Although she didn't gaze at them, she felt extremely reluctant. After all, Claire met Rowan later than she did.

Claire wasn't in the mood of talking with Rowan. She munched the food picked up by him, fully concentrated.

"Keep the food to yourself. I can't eat too much." Claire looked up finally.

Rowan praised with a gentle smile, "You look so lovely when munching."

Claire was baffled, wondering how to respond. She didn't expect Rowan to flirt with her suddenly.

Daphne, nearby them, looked at the tableful of dishes but had no appetite. Therefore, she didn't enjoy the meal at all.

"Dr. Wells, don't you like the dishes? You seem to lack appetite."

"Yes. I do like them." Daphne hurriedly wore a smile. "I'm not hungry yet."

"You've worked hard for a whole day. You must be starved. Please help yourself."

Daphne felt suffocated. She couldn't help being all her ears when Claire and Rowan talked to each other. Their conversation frustrated her.

After dinner, Rowan and Claire stood up to leave.

Daphne gazed at their backs, only to find they were holding hands. She felt a lump in her throat.

"I'm full. Thank you for the meal." Daphne couldn't stay any longer as she found it hard to breathe in the restaurant. With a wry smile, she said, "I'm afraid I have to go now. See you."

Then she turned away.

Actually, she only took a few bites. Daphne was too upset to have an appetite.

"What happened to her?"

"No idea..."

Daphne took the escalator to the first floor and rushed out of the restaurant. When the night breeze blew, her broken heart ached more. Then she saw Rowan's car in the parking lot but didn't see him.

Daphne took a few steps and circled, looking around.

Finally, she saw the two walking on the street hand-in-hand. Claire took Rowan's arm, staring up at him in worship from time to time. Rowan caressed her head. They were talking while laughing.

The scene was romantic, especially under the dim, yellowish light of the street lamps. Daphne was upset.

She wondered if they would break up in the future.

Meanwhile, a private jet landed on the private parking apron of Emerald Bay. Tristan, Jennifer, and Ivan arrived in Arkpool City safely.

The kitchen had prepared abundant dishes for welcoming them home.

Zack had no idea what had happened in England.

Monica also returned to Canada. When she arrived at her apartment building while dragging her suitcase into the entrance, she called her father.

"Hello, Dad. Have you called Belinda? Her birthday is coming soon."

"Not yet," Algerone answered frankly. "Where are you now?"

"Why haven't called her yet?" Monica paused her pace, frowning angrily. "I wonder how much time it takes for you to call her. Do you want to improve your relationship or not? Do you still care about your daughter?"

"Calm down, Monica. It's not..." Algerone feared the most when Monica was angry and ignored him. He choked his words anxiously.

"I don't care what excuse you have. I'm in Canada now, downstairs in my mom's apartment building. She took a day off today. In half an hour, you must call her. I'll be listening." Then Monica ended the call.

Chapter 1280 Algerone's Call

While entering the elevator, Monica grumbled, "He has forgotten his ex-wife after having a young girlfriend, huh? Why isn't he cooperative? Alas!"

Knowing Monica would return home today, Belinda prepared many dishes after spending several hours in the kitchen.

"I'm home, Belinda!"

Monica pressed her finger on the lock. In the 5500-square-foot living room, she pushed her suitcase and let it slide.

"Wash your hands. We'll have pasta today." Belinda walked to the dining room with freshly cooked pasta. "I cooked it myself."

Belinda was in her fifties but looked young and fashionable. Her casual clothes were of good quality at a high price.

She looked spirited as she was an independent woman who knew what she wanted.

"OK." Monica trotted to rinse her hands. "Wow! The food smells good. I'm starved."

Belinda put the dishes onto the table one after another.

"Where is Jona?" Monica looked around. "Why did you cook in person?"

"I gave her a few days off. I'm alone at home, so I let her take a break." Belinda smiled at her daughter.

"Monica, I'll introduce a friend of mine to you a few days later."

"No. Not interested," Monica refused. Instinctively, she could tell it would be a blind date.

"Why not? Don't you trust my taste? I won't make a mistake." Belinda didn't lie to her. "I have high standards for my son-in-law. No worries. The boy I like is really outstanding."

"Marriage isn't a trade. Besides, I'll be the one who gets married." Monica didn't want to go on any blind date after the unpleasant experience last time.

"You haven't met him yet. Why do you think so? Can't you stop being so willful? Honey, have the pasta. Do you like it? I won't harm you, anyway."

Monica sighed silently. Her father asked her to obey his decision, and her mother asked her to obey hers. Monica understood why they had divorced.

Belinda also sat at the table. The fresh roses in the vase were blossoming, their fragrance spreading in the room.

Suddenly, Monica heard the ringing tone of her mother's phone and felt delighted. Belinda picked it up and muttered, "An unknown number."

It was her private phone.

In the past several years, Belinda didn't keep in touch with Algerone.

"Hurry! Answer it. Your friend might ask you for a favor," Monica remarked leisurely. She shoved pasta

into her mouth. "Ehn. I like it so much. I can have two plates."

Her remark pleased Belinda. She darted at Monica and said, "Eat more. It's more healthy than the takeouts."

Then she swiped to answer, "Hello?"

"Hello, Belinda. This is Algerone..."

Belinda's expression changed. Algerone hurriedly said, "Please don't hang up. Let me finish my words." He hadn't kept in touch with his ex-wife for years but still could imagine her reaction.

Since Monica was in her presence, Belinda repressed her anger and prompted, "Make it short and quick."

Her tone made Monica look up and wonder if the call was from her father.

Belinda was always kind and elegant, so her tone had never been so rude except for talking to

Algerone.

"Your birthday is coming soon. Do you plan to travel or celebrate it at home?" Algerone asked gently and didn't get angry with her tone. After all, he had betrayed her.

Belinda didn't expect him to remember her birthday. Widening her eyes in surprise, this tough

businesswoman felt soreness in her heart and was taken aback.