

## Surprised 1281

### Chapter 1281 Taking the Daughter Is Not Allowed

Algerone seemed to be able to guess her mood at the moment, his voice still full of patience. "Here's the thing, if you're planning to come to Arkpool City for a visit, I can arrange for accommodations."

He chuckled, "After all, we were once a married couple, and Monica is my daughter too. Besides, Monica has grown up now; there's no need for us to be at each other's throats."

"What are you trying to say?" Belinda had no time for his ramblings. "Can you get to the point?"

"The point is that I want to improve our relationship. After all, we're not young any more, and we should be more rational in our approach to things than we were when we were younger, right?"

"What's happened?" Belinda asked bluntly. "Are you divorced?"

"..." Algerone was at a loss for words, not knowing how to respond.

Belinda scoffed, "Now you remember how good your ex-wife was? Now that your child has grown up, you want to improve your relationship? Where have you been all these years?"

"Have you ever picked up our daughter from school even once?"

"Have you ever bought her a single piece of clothing?"

"Have you ever taken her to the hospital when she was sick with a cold?"

"Have you ever attended a single parent-teacher conference at her school?"

"Nothing! You've been absent all this time!" Belinda couldn't help but accuse him. "Now that our daughter has grown up, become successful, and doesn't need our care, you want to improve your relationship? Are you hoping she'll support you in your old age? Ask yourself, do you deserve it?"

"No, you can't say that!" Algerone, both angry and wronged, naturally had to refute her. "I've always wanted to fulfill my duties as a father, but you wouldn't let me contact her! I can't even make a phone call to my own daughter!"

"So if I don't let you contact her, you just won't? If I tell you to die, will you die?"

Monica almost bit her fork, looking up at her mother.

"Can't you figure it out?" Belinda was exasperated. "Algerone! If you really wanted to see your daughter, if you still had even a shred of responsibility, as long as we're both on this Earth, wouldn't you find a way to see her? If your heart truly wanted to fulfill your obligations, could I even stop you?"

"..." These words completely confused the middle-aged man's logic.

At that moment, he was in his office, holding his phone in one hand and scratching his head with the

other. "Belinda, you win!"

"Where did you get my number?" The woman said unhappily. "Let me tell you, we're better off never seeing each other again. Thank you very much!"

With that, she hung up the phone.

Monica chewed on her pasta, thinking that Algerone was much easier to communicate with than her mother.

It was so hard for them to have a phone conversation, how did it fall apart like that?

Belinda put her phone down on the table, her gaze fell on her daughter's face, and suddenly she lost her appetite. "Tell me, how did he get my number?"

Her tone was interrogative, her eyes clearly suspicious.

"Huh?" The girl met her mother's gaze, "You're asking me?" Then she blinked her big, innocent eyes,

"How would I know?"

Belinda stared at her for a few seconds, then stopped doubting her. After all, this was her own daughter, whom she had raised single-handedly. Moreover, obtaining a phone number could be done

through many means.

"Algerone's purpose this time is too obvious; he just wants to take my daughter away. After all, he doesn't have any children of his own, and he'll need you to take care of him when he's old."

It was a very practical issue.

"Belinda, I don't mean to criticize you, but what do you mean by 'taking your daughter away'? I am his daughter too."

"Did he give birth to you?!" Belinda frowned.

"..." Monica suddenly didn't dare to speak, reminding herself not to add fuel to the fire!

So, she slowly put down her fork, took a napkin and wiped her lips, "Actually, you don't need to be so hostile. How many years have passed? Can't you let it go?"

Chapter 1282 Can't Escape the Fate of Blind Dating?

"Who says I can't let it go?" Belinda scoffed again. "Would I ever be unable to let go of him? How could that be possible?"

"Don't... Don't hide it," Monica smiled and spoke gently, "After all, he was once a man you loved and chose, the one you shared a bed with..."

"Monica!!"

"Alright, alright... I was wrong." The girl instantly backed down.

The mother and daughter looked at each other, an atmosphere of tension brewing between them.

It took a full thirty seconds before Belinda managed to calm herself, sighing.

The girl also looked away, picking up her fork again. "I just think that only a calm and peaceful attitude

can prove that you've let go. The more you act like this, the more it looks like you still love him. Maybe

he's jumping in joy right now, you know how possessive men can be."

These words quietly poked at Belinda's heart, stirring a mix of emotions.

Yeah, why should she be angry?

They had been divorced for so many years!

"Eat now," Belinda said, trying to hide her inner turmoil. "The reason I'm angry is that I know your

father's intentions, and it's not because I still have lingering feelings for him! I'm just angry about him

trying to take you away."

Monica prepared herself to listen to her mother's nagging and didn't plan to argue.

"I won't let your father interfere with your marriage or introduce you to any boyfriends! No matter how

good those boys could be, it's not acceptable!"

"Why?" the girl asked curiously. "What if... the guy is really my true love? You still wouldn't allow it?"

"Right! I won't allow it!"

Belinda continued eating her pasta, grumbling, "After all these years of not caring, now he wants to take a ready-made daughter back home? Didn't he remarry? If he's so capable, let him have his own child!"

"..." Monica was speechless, feeling that she had encountered a huge problem. How could she even mediate between her fiery parents?

"Monica, after I finish my work in the coming days, I'll introduce you to a high-quality man! I promise you'll like him and fall for him at first sight!"

Monica already had Tristan in her heart, so she had no interest in any other "high-quality" man. She guessed that she would go on a trip in a couple of days.

"You're not too young or too old, but you're at a marriageable age. You can try dating, get to know each other, and then get married and settle down! I have a good eye for people."

"But your marriage failed."

"You're..."

Monica didn't argue anymore, "This pasta is delicious..." But she definitely wouldn't go along with her mother to meet any high-quality man.

In Arkpool City at night, the bright moon cast a cold light in the sky.

Daphne followed Rowan and Claire, seemingly forgetting her own identity. Watching them holding hands and occasionally exchanging glances... she felt envious and her mood became heavy.

The feeling of unattainable love would devour a perfectly fine person, making every second incredibly agonizing.

She didn't know how long she had been following them. It wasn't until they prepared to turn back that

Daphne gathered her thoughts and quickly hid beside a car.

She didn't want Claire to see her like this because it would be embarrassing.

Rowan led Claire to the parking area; both of them had driven there and would soon part ways.

Claire didn't know what Rowan was feeling, but she was reluctant to leave.

"People say that men don't have true love, what do you think?" Walking along, Claire looked at him with

curiosity.

Rowan asked in return, "Who are 'they'? Everyone has love; it's just that each person's understanding of love might be different."

"Then..." she asked with a smile, "Can you tell me your understanding of love? What do you think love is?"

Chapter 1283 There's Going to Be Trouble Tonight

"I think the best kind of love is when you miss someone so much that one day apart feels like years,"

Rowan said, holding her hand tightly, their palms warm together. "But also, there's trust that remains unchanged even after years have passed."

Claire was moved by these words and fell into deep thought. This was the kind of love that Rowan hoped for, and she would do her best to give it to him because she loved him.

She didn't respond, and Rowan looked at her with a smile, "What do you think? Do you have a better understanding?"

"I think..." she was afraid that her thoughts might sound too simple.

For a moment, the girl who wrote romance novels was actually afraid to speak up, "Tell me more. I



want to hear more of your understanding, and maybe it will inspire me."

"I think that people who truly love each other don't need to be together every moment."

"Because life is not just about being in love; there are other responsibilities and pursuits."

"Love is just a part of life, maybe even a small part. The presence of another person can make our lives more complete and fulfilling."

"Mm-hmm," she nodded in agreement.

Rowan said, "Good love is about helping each other grow, not consuming each other."

"I think people should gain strength and happiness from the person they love," Claire leaned on his arm and looked at him with admiration in her eyes, "rather than spending all their strength and happiness on loving someone."

"Yes, that's the best kind of love, a mature love," Rowan said. "When someone joins your life, it should make your original life better, not worse."

"Trust is the foundation, right?"

"Yes, it's the most important thing in a relationship."

Not far away, several journalists who were lying in wait found the right angle and began taking pictures of Rowan and Claire.

They whispered to each other:

"Dr. Watson's love life has always been a matter of public interest. After all, everyone loves a good gossip."

"Make sure the pictures are clear; we'll put them on the front page tomorrow!"

"Isn't this an unexpected gain? We just came out for dinner and bumped into them."

"That's why you should always carry a camera!"

Then, Rowan and Claire began to say their goodbyes.

He saw her off to her car, waving at her, "Drive safely, and send me a message when you get home."

He watched her drive away.

Rowan stood in the evening breeze for a while before getting into his own car.

As he prepared to start the car-

The journalists noticed Daphne, who had appeared from somewhere. She anxiously glanced at Dr.

Watson's departing car and quickly got into another car.

The journalists, with their experience, could tell that this girl had some connection to Dr. Watson.

They got into their cars and followed them, only to find that the girl's car was closely following Dr.

Watson's car!

"What's going on?" the journalists were puzzled and filled with speculations.

"Goodness, is he a womanizer? Is he taking her home?"

"It might not be him taking her; she could be following him. They're not in the same car, after all."

"But that doesn't make sense logically."

"Quick, follow them and find out what's going on." The journalists were anxious, hoping to capture more photos.

Halfway through, with Daphne following Rowan and the journalists following them both, they all headed in the same direction.

Relying on their professional instincts, one journalist said, "Do any of you know where Dr. Watson lives? Let's take a detour. I'm sure they're going home!"

The next moment, the journalists' car began taking a detour at high speed.

Following them so blatantly at night would make it easy for them to be noticed.

If they could arrive before Rowan and stake out a spot, they might be able to capture something newsworthy.

On the way home, Rowan held the steering wheel with both hands, his gentle gaze fixed on the night ahead.

In matters of love, he admitted he wasn't as sensitive as Claire.

But he truly liked her.

Chapter 1284 She Went in with Him

It wasn't until Rowan parked the car in the yard in front of his villa that he unbuckled his seatbelt and sat for a moment in the driver's seat, thinking of Claire's innocent and adorable face, a smile lifting the corners of his calm expression.

He opened the door and got out of the car, only to notice another car parked behind him, its headlights still on.

Under the bright moonlight.

Rowan glanced at the license plate and knew it was Daphne.

Then, the car door opened, and Daphne got out.

Closing the car door, she looked at him uneasily, unsure why she had followed him and worried that he would be angry, making their relationship even more strained.

For a moment, her feet seemed rooted to the ground, standing there blankly, not knowing what to say to him.

Rowan really hadn't expected her to follow him. He knew it wasn't for work-related reasons but rather a personal matter.

At this moment, the journalists hiding in the shadows of the yard were inexplicably excited to witness this scene!

What was going on??

One question after another popped into their heads, and they began taking pictures.

A sudden gust of wind blew through the yard.

The evening breeze tousled Daphne's hair and ruffled Rowan's bangs, snapping them both to soberness.

"Rowan..." Daphne put her hands in the pockets of her jacket, afraid that if she remained silent any

longer, he would turn and go inside.

So, she bravely stepped towards him, "Can we talk?"

"What do you want to talk about?" Rowan didn't seem particularly interested.

Daphne looked at the beautiful villa and recalled the times she had lived there.

Eating, sleeping, and bathing in this place were all vivid memories.

She composed herself, a faint smile on her lips, and asked in a friendly tone, "Can I come in for a cup of tea? I've come all this way."

Rowan didn't try to guess her thoughts. He just looked at her, then turned his gaze away and walked towards the villa.

Daphne followed him, every cell in her body pondering what to say to him next.

The journalists hiding in the shadows were shocked!

Damn, he even invited her in?

Snap, snap, snap! They quickly took photos, adjusting their camera lenses and capturing several clear images from the moment they looked at each other in the yard to their entrance into the villa together.

Then, in the brightly lit living room, the journalists saw two figures.

"What's going on? Who is Dr. Watson's girlfriend?"

"Did he just send one away and have a date with another? That's too seamless!"

"Is he really a womanizer? You really can't tell."

"If that's the case, Dr. Watson's image will collapse..."

"It's impossible to discuss work at home in the evening, right?" Someone began to doubt, "If this gets out... A man and woman alone..."

"Just take the pictures. Don't worry about it. This will make the headlines tomorrow!"

"He's my ideal man! A genius doctor. Although I'm a journalist, I really don't want to capture his other side. Sigh..."

The voice of a heartbroken girl echoed in the yard, the scene inside the house piercing her heart.

In the brightly lit, spacious living room.

Rowan prepared a cup of tea and gently placed it on the coffee table in front of Daphne, who was sitting on the sofa in a spot she had once occupied.

Daphne regretted not seizing the opportunity during the time she lived there, not making the most of

her proximity to him.

"What do you want?" Rowan sat down opposite her, asking calmly.

Daphne's gaze fell on his handsome, refined face. "What do you like about Claire?"

This question made a sharp glint flash in Rowan's eyes, as if telling her there was no need to report to

her.

"I like the feeling she gives me," he replied nonetheless.

Chapter 1285 The Terrifying Woman

Daphne was quite satisfied with this answer, as novelty has its appeal, and perhaps after some time,

the liking would fade away.

"Because of her job, right?" Daphne asked with a smile on her lips. "Because there's no novelist girl

around you, so you think she's different."

"There's no need to analyze my feelings here," Rowan said coldly.

"Rowan, I like you!" Daphne confessed once again, her eyes firm, and she even thought she was quite

brave!

For Rowan, however, this confession did not stir any emotions in his heart. "I have a girlfriend."



Daphne, like competing for a job, did not hold back at all. "I think I'm more suitable for you! I can be your assistant! I can help you!"

Rowan found these words amusing, and there was some impatience in his eyes. "Have you forgotten?

I told you before, there's no possibility between us."

"I'm afraid you might forget, so I reminded you, we're more suitable!" Daphne was a little agitated. "I don't want you to be blinded by a moment of passion."

"I never even had you in my heart, how could I forget?" Rowan was blunt. "Daphne, I hope this is the last time you show up at my house."

Facing his rejection and disdain, the girl felt truly heartbroken.

Looking around the familiar surroundings, she once slept here, but Claire hadn't yet, had she?

How could she let her get ahead?

She just couldn't understand.

"If you want to discuss work, we can talk at the hospital," Rowan said soberly. "I have a girlfriend now, and I don't want Claire to have any misunderstandings, so don't come here again."

"Are you sure you like her? You've only known her for a short time!" Daphne still couldn't believe it.

"How could someone as outstanding as you like her? She's not worthy of you at all!"

"I won't allow you to talk about her like that!" The man's voice was cold and stern.

Daphne was emotional. "I just can't understand!"

"You don't need to understand!"

Daphne: "..."

She believed that she was a thousand times better than Claire, having a solid job and not looking bad

at all.

Moreover, she thought that to be worthy of Rowan, she needed to keep working hard!

How could Claire get it all so effortlessly?

"Right now, I'm only sure of one thing." Rowan stood up, clearly losing his patience.

Daphne looked up expectantly and asked, "What is it?"

"I'm sure I don't like you."

"..." The girl stiffened, her back tense with embarrassment.

Rowan spoke very directly, perhaps a bit hurtful, but he wanted her to understand clearly and not

pester him about his feelings anymore.

"Close the door on your way out." Having said this coldly, Rowan turned and walked upstairs.

Daphne watched his tall and refined figure walk away without looking back. She forcibly suppressed

her admiration and affection for him, her eyes reddening involuntarily.

It seemed like he didn't like her at all... how could this be?

If he didn't like her, why would he let her, a stranger in Arkpool City, stay in his house?

Why would he let her, someone with insufficient experience who still needed to learn, join his hospital?

He was clearly helping her, wasn't that a sign of affection?

The reporters were all very experienced, capturing Dr. Watson as he went upstairs because the

curtains were not drawn.

"What's going on? Did they have a fight?"

"Let's wait and see if that woman comes out. If she doesn't leave tonight, it'll be big news."

However, at that moment in the living room, Daphne gritted her teeth and followed Rowan upstairs, her

footsteps so light that even she couldn't hear them.

The reporters then saw the living room light go out.

"My god..."

"Is she not coming out?"

"Who exactly is Rowan Watson's girlfriend?"

"It is absolutely true that no men in this world can be trusted."

Half an hour later, the reporters got into their car, and before leaving, some still hoped, staring unwillingly at the villa.

"Don't bother, I bet they're already in bed." With that said, the car drove away.

Chapter 1286 Daphne Didn't Leave All Night

"I don't believe in love anymore..."

In the departing car, a girl was greatly shaken. She sighed and leaned back in her seat, feeling like swearing.

"Unless Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh get divorced, I'll still believe in love!"

Another girl laughed and said, "I'm a fan of them too, and I believe they'll carry their love through to the end!"

"Maybe they'll even have two more children?"

"That would be big news indeed, a nationwide celebration."

"Dr. Watson has a great image, there must be some misunderstanding." Some still held out hope, "He's handsome and talented, how could he possibly be some two-timer?"

"Oh no!"

Suddenly, the girl with the camera shrieked, "..."

"What's wrong?" All eyes turned to her.

"I only managed to capture this last part, but not the girl walking with Dr. Watson earlier. There isn't a single photo of her in here! What happened?" She was puzzled as well.

There was silence in the car for a few seconds.

"How did you mess that up?" Someone felt regretful, "The headline should have been a comparison!

Tonight's explosive news! Do you think you'll ever get a chance like this again?"

"I'm sorry..."

The reporter was extremely annoyed. In all her years of work, she had never made such a mistake.

"So, what are we going to write for tomorrow's news?" Someone quietly asked.

"First, find out who this woman is. You got the license plate, right?"

"We have the license plate."

"This woman staying with Dr. Watson is enough to generate traffic!"

"..."

Nighttime.

In a cozy bedroom on the second floor of Russell's Villa.

The main light was off.

Wearing a pink nightgown and a facial mask, Claire sat at her desk in front of an open laptop displaying

a novel-editing page.

Having had dinner with Rowan and taken a walk afterward, she was filled with happiness and energy.

Although he wasn't by her side, the air still seemed sweet.

The storyline under her pen was particularly vivid, each word and sentence infused with the sweetness

and bliss of love.

That night, she was brimming with inspiration.

She wrote five thousand words in one go and immediately published them.

Sweet love songs played through her headphones as her delicate, jade-like hands danced on the keyboard like playing a piano. She was in an exceptionally good mood...

The night grew deeper.

In Rowan's villa, he was busy working alone in the laboratory on the third floor, wearing sterile clothing, and was fully focused on developing a new drug.

Words like humble, composed, and professional were probably created to describe him.

On the second floor, Daphne was in the guest room, having closed the door and not daring to turn on the lights.

She stood by the window for a long time, staring at the two cars in the yard.

Images from recent times filled her mind, and every day she lived here was a happy one.

Why did Rowan start disliking her as soon as Claire was involved?

The villa was so large, yet he still asked her to rent a place outside.

Daphne blamed everything on Claire, attributing all her bad feelings to her presence, which had changed everything.

Daphne didn't think about what the situation would be like the next morning. She was determined not to

leave tonight!

She wanted to stay, to sleep here!

To be closer to him!

So sometimes, loving someone can make you lose your reason, even if the situation becomes unmanageable, consequences are disregarded.

The next morning came early.

Rowan didn't need an alarm, waking up promptly at six o'clock.

Opening his eyes in bed, he picked up the remote and pressed a button, and the heavy blackout curtains slowly opened.

As he got up and changed out of his pajamas, he glanced at the two cars in the yard. His fingers paused while buttoning his shirt, and his gaze narrowed.

Judging by the distance between the cars, one of them had been parked there since last night.

The aura emanating from his eyes was rarely chilling!



## Chapter 1287 Rowan's Fury

In the adjacent guest room, an alarm went off.

Daphne was startled awake from her sweet dream and instantly became alert. She turned off the alarm

in a panic, feeling as if her soul had almost left her body.

And she didn't dare sleep any longer.

The next moment, she threw off the covers and got out of bed. As she was putting on her shoes, she

felt an inexplicable sense of unease in her heart.

Even regarding her impulsive decision to stay overnight, she couldn't understand why she had been so

impulsive and made such a ridiculous move. If Rowan found out, he would definitely be very angry,

wouldn't he? So she had to leave before he knew about it! Daphne really sobered up in an instant, put

on her slippers, and quickly folded the blankets. Just as she was about to escape through the door!

The door was forcefully pushed open! The heavy door panel almost hit her face! Her steps faltered, her

heart pounding! The violent sound of the door being pushed open broke the tranquility of the morning.

Daphne's steps faltered, and she nervously faced Rowan's icy, knife-like gaze, which seemed to want

to devour her.

As expected, she was here!

"Are you out of your mind?!" Rowan stormed over, grabbed her wrist, and pushed her onto the bed,

"Daphne!"

"Ah-"

Daphne was hurt by the fall, caught off guard and tumbling onto the bed, the force seemingly enough to

kill her. Rowan stood in front of the bed, his casual glance clearly mixed with unpleasant emotions, "It

seems your thoughts have been open for a long time! You can even do such shameless things!"

Daphne saw deep contempt in his eyes.

"Get out!" Rowan was extremely disappointed in her.

The woman propped herself up halfway, trembling as she met his gaze, "I'm sorry, Rowan, I didn't

mean anything else."

Daphne was frightened by his appearance, and she stood up with her heart in her throat, "I didn't want

to cause you any trouble at all, I just..."

"Get out!" Rowan roared in anger.

Daphne didn't dare to stay any longer, but before leaving, she still spoke the unfinished words, "I just really like you." After saying that, she quickly left!

Rowan's face darkened; she was really confessing with her life!

Daphne hurried downstairs, almost spraining her ankle while holding the railing. Her eyes filled with tears of grievance as she rushed out of the living room.

In the courtyard in the early morning, she opened the car door, sat in the driver's seat, and gripped the steering wheel, her chest heaving violently.

Looking up at that bedroom, her heart was also torn with pain.

After a while, she regained her composure and drove the car away.

Rowan deeply regretted it; how could he have let her in last night? She didn't know her place even when he treated her as an ordinary friend. On the way to the hospital, although Rowan's mood was terrible, he didn't reveal much of it.

In the doctor's office, Daphne, wearing a white coat and absent-mindedly putting on her name tag, had a bad feeling. She recalled Rowan's gaze that morning-it was truly terrifying. She had never seen him so angry before. So... maybe she should wait for him to calm down a bit and then sincerely apologize

to him?

In the hospital corridor, Rowan, wearing a white shirt, walked briskly and expressionlessly toward the office.

"Good morning, Dr. Watson," the assistant came out of the room in front and greeted him respectfully.

As he walked, he asked, "Are you busy now?"

"I just finished, it's not too bad for now," the assistant kept up with his pace.

"Help me draft a resignation agreement for Dr. Wells," Rowan said calmly.

This startled the assistant, but when he looked at the man beside him in surprise, his face had already said it all—he didn't want Dr. Wells to stay in the hospital any longer. And everyone knew that the reason

Dr. Wells was able to join Charity Medical Center was entirely because of Dr. Watson. Was this... the end of their relationship?

"Didn't you hear?" Rowan glanced at him as he entered the door, "Do you need me to say it a second time?"

"No need, I'll do it right away!"

Chapter 1288 On the News

At this moment, as Rowan entered the conference room to discuss an upcoming major surgery with his team members, news about him and Daphne had already come out. One headline after another caught the eyes of the people:

"Dean's Night Meeting with His Young Girlfriend, Already Living Together!"

"Dr. Watson's Girlfriend Finally Showed Up, A Doctor from His Hospital!"

"Genius Doctor Rowan Watson Finally Falls in Love, Takes Girlfriend Home Overnight!"

"Breaking News: Dr. Watson's Romance Stories!"

For people who liked browsing on their phone, they could in no time see this news. It had already made it to the front page headlines, and the playback and reposting went everywhere like a virus.

In the hospital, news spread like wildfire, reaching almost every department. Everyone had seen the news!

"Dr. Wells??"

If it weren't for the photos as proof, it would have been hard for anyone to believe. "How could this be?"

"Isn't our dean dating that novelist girl?"

"How strange..."

"Dr. Wells stayed the night at Dr. Watson's house... This... This is just too unbelievable!"

"They didn't catch any intimate actions, so they might not be a couple, right? Nowadays, media stories are all made up, you can't believe everything!"

"But staying at his house is a fact. If Dr. Watson has a girlfriend, then this matter... is not that simple."

"What is their relationship?"

As everyone was puzzled, Daphne walked in. She calmly asked, "Does Dr. Watson have surgery this morning?"

She wanted to sincerely apologize to him but couldn't find him.

"Dr. Wells! What's your relationship with our dean?!" someone stood up and asked directly, "Why did you spend the night at his house last night?"

Daphne froze, facing everyone's curious gazes. "How did you know?" Rowan would never reveal this kind of thing!

In the next second, everyone showed her their phone screens. "Look, it's in the news! The whole city

must know by now!"

"..." Daphne stiffened, her face full of deep fear.

Her pale appearance left her colleagues puzzled. Why did she look as if she had done something

wrong?

Daphne didn't linger. She just turned and left!

Her colleagues were left in confusion, gossiping again.

Daphne returned to her office, frantically taking out her phone to check the news. Clear photos were

displayed one after another!

From the yard to the living room.

The headlines were even more ridiculous!

"How could this happen? How could there be reporters?" Daphne couldn't believe it, feeling

overwhelmed, and had trouble breathing. "How am I going to explain this to Rowan?"

"He wouldn't think... that I brought the reporters, would he?"

It was over...

Deflated like a punctured ball, she sat down in her office chair, having no motivation to work.

Thinking about Rowan's attitude in the morning, he would be furious with her, wouldn't he?

At the mansion.

Claire finished her breakfast and continued her good mood from the night before. Her fingers flew across the keyboard, typing another three thousand words. The plot pleased her.

When in a good mood, the manuscript really came out well!

Just as she was about to take a break, she picked up her phone and casually opened Twitter.

The first push notification was about Daphne spending the night at Rowan's house last night!

The anchor's explanation was clear, and the tone was full of astonishment. She listened with a ringing in her ears!

Staring at the scrolling photos on the screen and the bold, eye-catching headlines.

Claire's thick eyelashes trembled!

"..." Her throat tightened, and she couldn't utter a single word for a moment.

The news played repeatedly as she held her phone, her lips as pale as her face.

So, last night, after having dinner with her, Rowan took Daphne home to spend the night.

Chapter 1289 Deleting Rowan



The clichéd drama of being cheated on had actually happened to Claire! Her first feeling was not anger, but rather, a piercing pain in her heart, a pain that was quite pronounced. She took a deep breath, and it was as if the air was filled with shards of glass, each breath stabbing her lungs.

She didn't know how much time had passed before she managed to close TikTok with trembling fingers. The whole world seemed to quiet down, but at the same time, it didn't. She stood there for a long, long time...

Until the corners of her lips curled up, and she laughed – a laugh filled with disbelief. "I'm such a joke!" she exclaimed. After writing romance novels for years, she had no experience in love, but she thought she was an expert in matters of relations.

Sitting cross-legged on the sofa, Claire furrowed her brow, and tears welled up in her eyes. A headache came over her, and she felt exhausted – the kind of exhaustion that affected her body and soul. A simple meal together had made her happy for such a long time, even lifting her spirits while she wrote.

In Claire's heart, Rowan had always been like a ray of light, his brilliance illuminating her world.

Suddenly, that light was extinguished. It wasn't that he no longer shone, but rather... he had gone to light up someone else's life.

How could Claire, who had wholeheartedly loved him, accept this? Her faith had collapsed. But Claire didn't immediately call Rowan to confront him. She understood his choice to be with Daphne instead of her. They were a better match, more suitable for each other. But he was insincere!

After a while, she took out her phone and opened the news page. News about Rowan and Daphne filled the screen, their pictures crystal clear. Each image stabbed her heart. Daphne had gone home with him and spent the night at his place – an irrefutable fact.

She didn't know how much more time had passed when Claire opened her phone and stared at her chat with Rowan. There wasn't even a single new message. With the news making such a commotion, how could he not know? Did he really not care about her feelings? Was he too lazy to even offer an explanation?

Why did he accompany her to dinner last night? He had even taken a walk with her and discussed their views on love. After an agonizing hour of waiting, Claire's emotions were in turmoil, and she hadn't received even a single punctuation mark from Rowan. Her sadness doubled, and she felt like crying.

Even though she was reluctant and genuinely loved him, Claire resolutely deleted Rowan's contact information, removed him from Facebook, deleted his phone number, and turned off her phone. She thought this should be the most dignified exit, right? After all, she was the one who had fallen in love first.

Putting down her phone, she embraced a pillow and cried her heart out on the sofa. Then she picked out a beautiful outfit, took a hot bath, and tried her best to adjust and compose herself.

Meanwhile, Rowan was in the operating room. The operating light was bright, and the scalpel in his hand was thin. Despite the high difficulty of the brain surgery, he and his team of doctors were dedicated and had held three rigorous meetings to develop the surgical plan. Everyone cooperated seamlessly.

There were always risks involved in surgery, and the patient had encountered some complications. Everyone's nerves were on edge, so it was truly a test of their professionalism and ability. In other words, Rowan was still unaware of the news.

Daphne had heard from another doctor that Rowan was in the operating room, and the surgery that

day was particularly challenging. She was worried about his emotional state. However, she also had enough time to think about how to clean up this mess. Making such a scandalous news headline was not what she wanted. She had just been confused last night.

"Dr. Wells, are you dating Dr. Watson?" People were always curious about others' affairs, and someone couldn't help but ask directly.

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Daphne was exasperated. "No, we're not," she replied, feeling annoyed and uneasy.

"Why did you spend the night at his place? You clearly live right across from the hospital!" To Daphne, this question felt more like an interrogation, and she didn't know how to answer it.

She couldn't admit that she had taken it upon herself to stay in his guest room for the night without his permission, could she? She was a woman too and had her dignity!

"Stop asking! Go check your patients!" Daphne's face turned livid, struggling to control her emotions.

"And don't ask Dr. Watson either! We don't need to explain our affairs to anyone!" Seeing her genuinely angry, her colleagues didn't dare to ask any more questions.

At Russell's Villa, Claire had deleted all contact information for Rowan but still hadn't received a call

from him. Her memories and affection for him couldn't be erased. She still hoped he would call and explain everything to her. So, every moment was incredibly agonizing for Claire.

She felt her world had lost its light, and everything she did seemed dull, even sleeping felt like a torment.

At two in the afternoon, Rowan finally emerged from the operating room after six hours of surgery. The patient's condition had stabilized, and he and his team members breathed a sigh of relief. The subsequent recovery and treatment were long processes, and they still had to develop a plan for the patient.

"Dr. Watson," his assistant handed him the resignation agreement in the office. "It's ready, do you want to review it?"

"No need to look, just give it to her directly," Rowan said. "Tell her to sign it and leave immediately."

The assistant hesitated with the agreement, wondering what had happened to make him so angry.

"What's wrong?" Rowan noticed his reluctance to speak.

The assistant asked cautiously, "Did you two have a fight last night?"

Rowan was slightly taken aback, catching the words 'last night.'

"Why are you firing her? She didn't do anything wrong at work. Don't make decisions when you're impulsive."

Rowan's eyebrows furrowed slightly, and he looked at his assistant with a mix of emotions in his eyes.

"How did you know we met last night?"

The assistant blurted out, "It's all over the news. Dr. Wells spent the night at your house! By now, perhaps the whole Arkpool City knows, if not the entire world."

Rowan stared at his assistant, his eyes filled with astonishment. His elegant eyebrows furrowed, and his mind was filled with disbelief.

"What... you didn't know?" The assistant was surprised but immediately realized it was normal since Rowan had just come out of the operating room and hadn't even had lunch yet.

Rowan's face held a subtle mix of emotions, with a faint coldness emanating from his eyes. The next second, he picked up his phone and opened the news page. Headlines and photos of him and Daphne filled the screen! The titles made him angry and speechless.

Taking the resignation agreement from his assistant, Rowan left the office.

Daphne had a bad feeling. The news put a lot of pressure on her, and she hadn't even gone to eat lunch, not knowing whether the surgery had ended. It was only when Rowan entered the room that she tensed up, seeing the anger in his eyes.

"Rowan..." she stood up, wanting to explain.

He slammed the resignation agreement on the table, angrily grabbing her wrist. "You're really malicious enough! You actually brought reporters with you!"

"It wasn't me, it wasn't..." She didn't care about the pain in her wrist.

"Daphne, I really underestimated you!" Rowan suppressed the raging anger in his heart as if he wanted to destroy her. "You must find a way to clarify the situation with the media and reveal the truth!"

"..." Daphne was terrified, tears in her eyes as she faced his hateful gaze.

"Also, sign this!" Rowan maintained a shred of rationality as he let go of her hand and pushed her away. "I don't want to see you again!"