

Surprised 1291

Chapter 1291 Poor Dr. Watson

That disgust and anger were something Daphne had never experienced in her life.

"I'm sorry, I was wrong!" Fearing that Rowan wouldn't even give her a chance to apologize, Daphne

quickly knelt down and grabbed his wrist. "Rowan, please don't fire me! I didn't bring those reporters! I

didn't expect it to turn out like this!"

"Rowan, please believe me!"

Rowan coldly shook off her hand. "I don't believe a single word you say!"

"It really wasn't me!"

"Go clear things up with the media about what happened last night!" Rowan lowered his eyes,

resentfully spitting out, "And secondly, sign the resignation agreement and don't let me see you again!"

"No..." Daphne's thoughts were in disarray. "Please don't do this..." She knew he wasn't joking; he was

genuinely angry.

Rowan had no time to waste with her. "Disappear now!" He gave her a particularly disdainful glance

before turning and leaving.

"Rowan!" Daphne's heart trembled, her mind going blank.

Outside the door, passing medical staff happened to witness the scene and were also frightened.

Dr. Watson angrily left, while Dr. Wells knelt in the office...

My goodness, what on earth happened?

However, they didn't dare to linger and left hurriedly with their doubts, as they were all quite busy.

In the office.

After Rowan left, Daphne felt as if all her strength had been drained, and she slumped to the floor,

leaning against the corner of the desk, swallowing back tears.

Unable to make a sound for a long time, her tears of grievance flowed like broken beads.

In the hallway.

Rowan strode quickly towards his own office!

It was almost three in the afternoon, and he hadn't even had time for lunch. He took out his phone and

immediately dialed Claire's number, only to find it was turned off.

Rowan realized something was wrong; she must have seen the news.

As soon as he entered his office, a patient's family member approached him. "Dr. Watson..."

Then, his colleague Dr. Gilkes entered.

Rowan said to him, "Help me check what's going on." Then he addressed the family member, "Talk to Dr. Gilkes!"

With that, he turned and left with his phone.

Rowan quickly arrived at a large terrace where few people were and it was quiet. He stood by the railing and opened Claire's chat.

After thinking for a moment, his slender fingers rapidly typed a message:

"Claire, I just finished an operation today. I know you must have seen the news and you must be very angry right now, but please calm down and let me explain. Daphne followed me last night, confessed her feelings to me, but I clearly rejected her again and asked her to close the door when she left. Yet, she went upstairs and slept in the guest room without permission. Nothing happened between us. I only discovered her car in the morning, and I was furious with her. I just gave her a resignation form."

Having typed so much, Rowan didn't send the message right away. He read it again, thinking it was too long, and she might not have the patience to read it all.

So, he pressed the backspace key, deleting all the text.

Rowan's usually calm and collected heart felt a bit unsettled.

She had turned off her phone... He was trying to guess her current mood.

After thinking for a moment, he typed a few more words: Claire, can you turn on your phone and give me a call?

Staring at the line of text for a long time... he finally pressed the send button.

The message shockingly failed to send!

A sinking feeling in Rowan's heart made him realize: had she deleted him?

Just then, an anxious voice came from nearby:

"Dr. Watson! Dr. Watson is over there! Hurry!"

Rowan, clutching his phone, turned to look and saw two medical staff members running towards him in a panic. "Dr. Watson! A patient is bleeding heavily! The situation is extremely critical!"

Without a second thought, Rowan dashed towards them with long strides!

At a time when lives were at stake, Rowan naturally set aside his personal emotions.

Chapter 1292 Daphne Really Is Cunning

Inside the president's office at Clarke Corp., an air of seriousness and transparency pervaded. Tristan sat at his spacious Western-style desk, holding a newspaper in his hands. He stared grimly at the bold headline and the photos of Rowan and Daphne. If looks could kill, the two of them would have been dead already!

With a forceful grip, the newspaper crumpled into a ball in his fingertips. Tristan wondered, how Claire must be feeling right now? She loved Rowan so much, so passionately, so sincerely. Her love was unwavering, and her heart and eyes were filled with only Rowan. Rather than anger, Tristan now felt more heartache for Claire, genuinely worried about her emotional state.

He picked up his phone, then put it down, then picked it up again. Over and over, Tristan wanted to call her, but he didn't know in what capacity. After a brief inner struggle, he realized that his consolation would be of no use to her, given the extent of her hurt.

"President," Assistant Kevin entered the room, holding a stack of documents. "Mr. Toichi will arrive at the club soon. Should we prepare to leave?"

"Yes," Tristan collected his thoughts and asked, "Is the contract ready?"

"Everything is ready."

"Let's go, then." Tristan tossed the newspaper into the trash and walked out, his ocean-deep eyes filled with a hint of anger. The assistant followed with the document bag in hand.

Five minutes later, on their way to the club in a Maybach, the assistant drove while Tristan sat in the backseat. His eyes were deep, lips tightly pursed, and a trace of worry furrowed his brow. No one knew what he was thinking.

Meanwhile, at Charity Medical Center, Daphne was kicked out by security. She almost twisted her ankle when she was pushed away. Weak and helpless, she felt too embarrassed to make a scene at the hospital entrance, as it would only attract more attention. But she never expected Rowan to be so ruthless!

Daphne looked at the security guards guarding the entrance, and with resentment in her heart, turned and left. It wasn't her fault that the reporters were there, and she hadn't brought them! But Rowan didn't believe her, which frustrated her greatly.

As soon as she left the hospital, Daphne was surrounded by a group of reporters who blocked her way. Questions like "Dr. Wells, are you dating Dr. Watson?" and "When will you two officially announce your

relationship? Neither of you have posted anything today!" bombarded her.

Rowan had asked her to explain the situation to the media, and now the reporters were right in front of her. However, once she cleared things up, it would be like slapping herself in the face.

Standing still, Daphne remained silent, trying to calm her emotions and regain her rationality. As the reporters continued to pester her about her relationship with Rowan, she thought to herself, since her relationship with Rowan had already broken down, she wouldn't let Claire off the hook either!

Questions like "When did you and Dr. Watson get together? Can you share any details?" and "Do you have plans to get married?" continued to rain down on her.

Daphne's lips curled into a slight smile, and she kindly looked at everyone before taking one of the microphones. The scene suddenly fell silent. Everyone was waiting for her to speak, and cameras were snapping away.

As the Maybach passed by the hospital, it slowed down due to traffic and came to a stop. Tristan's gaze shifted, and he spotted Daphne surrounded by reporters at the hospital entrance, wearing a smile on her face. His expression, however, was icy and his lips tightly pursed.

"Dr. Wells, please tell us when you and Dr. Watson plan to get married," a reporter eagerly asked.

Chapter 1293 Heart-wrenching Pain

"Yes, everyone is very concerned about this issue!"

Daphne's lips curved slightly upward, her calm demeanor tinged with a hint of shyness. "I think it's

better to ask Dr. Watson about this matter, but he's been very busy lately. I hope everyone won't disturb

him and give us some space."

After saying this, she returned the microphone and squeezed her way out of the crowd of reporters.

Her words were loaded with information!

Tristan's cold gaze fell upon her retreating figure. He couldn't quite understand - if Rowan didn't love

Claire, why did he start a relationship with her? Did Rowan really love Claire or not?

Tristan's hands, resting on his knees, tightened slightly, as a hidden anger welled up in his heart. But

no matter how he looked at Daphne, he didn't think she was a good person. Having been in the

workplace for so many years, Tristan had become quite adept at judging people.

Gradually, the traffic cleared and the Maybach slowly moved forward, leaving the hospital and heading

to the club. Inside the car, Tristan took out his phone and opened Claire's chat box again, staring at her

familiar profile picture for a long time...

He was reluctant to disturb her but was also worried about her condition. His mind was filled with thoughts of her. In the end, despite his inner struggle, Tristan chose to remain silent. He didn't want to hurt Claire's self-esteem. Being cheated on, no one would feel good about it. Tristan felt sorry for her, so he was also unhappy, his mood gloomy throughout the day.

Every hour, he would pick up his phone countless times, checking her updates to see if she would post anything about her feelings. However, she didn't post anything.

In a bedroom on the second floor of Russell's Villa, Claire, who hadn't eaten lunch, sat on the sofa with her knees hugged to her chest. Her gaze was empty as she looked up at the afterglow of the setting sun, not feeling hungry at all. Her eyes were devoid of tears, appearing calm, but it was as if she had suffered a heavy blow, her mental state particularly poor.

Her phone was clasped in her hand, always holding it, but no calls came in... She was waiting, expecting. She had deleted Rowan from her Facebook, and he hadn't added her back. Had her first love ended just like that?

Claire, who once had infinite longing for love, felt unbearably miserable in her heart. How could the man she adored with all her heart and soul betray her? She wanted to trust him, give him a chance to explain, but he didn't look for her...

And Claire, with her novelist's mind, couldn't guess why Daphne had spent the night at his place, because no matter how she tried to explain it, it was unreasonable and self-deceiving. Having spent the night meant she had spent the night. Thinking too much only gave her a headache.

"Miss." The door was knocked on, and the maid Holly's voice came in. "It's time for dinner. Can you eat something?"

Claire pulled herself together and replied, "Okay, I'll be right there!"

Anyway, no matter what happened, she couldn't abuse herself, and she wouldn't let her family worry.

At this time, downstairs, Violet paced back and forth, puzzled. "Is Claire in a bad mood today? She didn't even eat lunch."

Albert had just returned and replied, "Is she sick? Is something bothering her?"

"It shouldn't be. She was fine this morning, lively as a rabbit."

At that moment, a car stopped in the courtyard. Mya and Finnley got out together, hand in hand,

walking toward the living room. They had also seen the news earlier and were worried about Claire's situation, so they had come home.

Chapter 1294 Russell's Villa – Everyone Found Out

As soon as they entered the door, Mya, who was pregnant, asked, "Dad, Mom, where is Claire?"

At that moment, Holly appeared at the staircase, "Miss will be here shortly. I don't know if she's feeling unwell, but she didn't eat lunch." There was a hint of concern in her voice.

Mya looked up at Holly and shared her concern.

"Should we consult Dr. Watson later?" Violet was worried, "If there's an illness, it's best to treat it early.

Young people often stay up late, which can lead to health problems."

It seemed they hadn't seen the news and didn't know that something had happened with Dr. Watson.

"Mom." Finnley spoke softly, revealing the truth, "Dr. Watson brought a girl home last night, and it's all over the news."

Violet and Albert were utterly shocked, exchanging glances.

Rowan's promise to Claire during their last dinner together was still fresh in their minds.

A brief silence fell upon the living room.

Everyone's hearts sank, worried about Claire's feelings.

Soon, footsteps could be heard coming from upstairs.

Everyone looked toward the staircase and quickly saw the girl descending.

Claire had changed out of her pajamas, put on some light makeup, and carefully combed her hair, appearing in better spirits than they had imagined.

"Brother, sister-in-law."

With a smile on her face, Claire stepped down the stairs, "You're back? Let's have dinner together."

Seeing her in good spirits, the worried Mya was puzzled but relieved, "Claire."

Violet was still in a state of shock. What was going on with Rowan? He wasn't a bad guy!

What was written in the news?

"Dinner is ready, everyone goes to the dining room!"

Violet snapped out of it, smiling at everyone, "I'll be right there after a quick visit to the restroom."

With that, she turned and headed to the restroom.

The moment she closed the door, she quickly pulled out her phone and opened the news page.

She saw not only the headline from the morning, but also the photos – Rowan and Daphne exchanging glances and talking in the yard, sitting together on the couch in the living room, and then heading upstairs.

She also saw the interview Daphne had given an hour ago, surrounded by reporters outside the hospital. Her words indirectly confirmed her relationship with Dr. Watson.

Violet clutched her phone, her heart trembling slightly. She also felt guilty – had she misjudged the situation?

No one knew how much Claire liked Dr. Watson, but as her aunt, Violet understood.

How heartbroken must Claire be to see such news?

Claire hadn't left the house today, and Rowan hadn't come over either. Had they talked on the phone?

In the dining room, Claire tried to hide her sadness. She hadn't eaten lunch, and facing a table full of delicious food, she had no appetite.

She picked up her fork, took a bite of noodles, and couldn't help but tear up. She held back, not wanting to be laughed at or to worry her family.

But everyone saw her pain and felt it in their hearts.

Violet sat down at the table as well.

The family ate in silence. Albert, concerned for Claire, personally served her a bowl of soup, "Here, Claire, if you can't eat the noodles, have some soup. It's nutritious."

Tears the size of beans rolled down Claire's face and splashed into the soup.

Claire put down her fork, picked up the soup bowl, and drained it in one gulp. Then she picked up her fork again.

She didn't speak or look at anyone, afraid they would see the sadness in her eyes.

"Why would he bring another woman home?" Violet put down her utensils, speaking angrily, "Rowan must give us an explanation for this! He can fool others, but not our Claire!"

Chapter 1295 Rowan Arrives

At that moment, the silent Albert sighed and asked discontentedly, "Claire, didn't he give you a reasonable explanation? It's been a whole day."

Claire's nose tingled, having waited for half a day without receiving his call or seeing him re-add her on Facebook. She didn't know how he treated their relationship. Later, she turned off her phone, and he seemed to have disappeared completely.

"Claire?" As her brother, Finnley felt distressed seeing her like this. He reached out and held her shoulder, speaking softly, "Even if you want to break up, you should know what's going on. Maybe it's just a misunderstanding? What do you think?"

Claire looked up with a wronged heart, "Misunderstanding?" The thought of those photos stabbed her heart again, "Have you seen the pictures? Were they just photoshopped? Isn't it a fact that Daphne stayed overnight at his house?"

The girl took a deep breath, feeling heartbroken.

Finnley's brows furrowed slightly as he analyzed the situation rationally, "But I don't think he's that kind of person. If he liked Daphne, why would he be with you? He could have rejected you."

"Typical scum. What man doesn't want to have more than one woman?" Claire huffed, put down her fork, and stood up, "Isn't that the dream of all you men?"

As Finnley was speechless and Claire was about to leave, Holly appeared at the entrance of the dining room, reporting with slight excitement, "Dr. Watson is here."

In the brightly lit dining room, everyone turned their gaze to the floor-to-ceiling windows, watching the

car park and the headlights go out.

Claire's heart tightened as she quickly ran to the living room, then hurriedly went upstairs. Her mind was in a fog, angry, wronged, and even more heartbroken.

She feared Rowan would say to her, "I don't love you anymore. I'm sorry, Claire."

The Russells put down their utensils and stood up, heading to the living room. They were as concerned and worried as if there were problems in the marriage of their younger generation.

They stood at the entrance of the living room, watching Rowan get out of the driver's seat, close the car door, and walk towards them.

In the evening breeze and under the night sky, Rowan's figure appeared somewhat frail.

Claire stood by the window of the upstairs bedroom, staring at his figure, her vision blurred by tears.

Rowan had been busy until now, not even having time for dinner, and came here as soon as he left the hospital.

As he walked, he saw a crowd at the entrance of the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Russel were there, as well as Finnley and Mya. Even the servants were present, but there was no sign of Claire.

As he got closer, everyone could see the subtle expressions on Rowan's face. Violet's mood calmed

down a bit; he seemed to have come to apologize and make peace.

" Mr. and Mrs. Russel." Rowan stopped at the entrance of the living room, well aware that everyone must have seen the news, "Where is Claire? Her phone is off, and I can't reach her."

Rowan's attitude was sincere, and his handsome face showed a trace of fatigue.

Violet suddenly felt sympathy, understanding the demands of a doctor's profession. But the news, especially the photos, had indeed angered her. So, she asked coldly, "Tell me, did that woman stay at your house last night?"

Rowan couldn't lie, "Yes."

Everyone's chests tightened, and Violet's face fell.

But he explained, "I did ask her to leave and closed the door. I didn't expect her to go upstairs and stay in the guest room for the night. I didn't allow it, but I am responsible."

The explanation was true, but it seemed weak and powerless. Rowan had been regretting and blaming himself.

As expected, Albert asked, "Why did you take her home in the first place?"

Chapter 1296 She Probably Doesn't Want to See You

Rowan didn't want to explain anymore. Any explanation would be an excuse. He looked up at the staircase and said, "Please let me see Claire, alright? I'll explain everything to her."

He had come with sincerity and a humble attitude today, which everyone at the entrance could feel. He had deeply reflected on the fact that letting Daphne in had started this misunderstanding, and he had been wrong.

"Who do you really like? I'll ask you one last question," Violet didn't want Claire to be hurt a second time. "Are you here to make peace? Or to apologize? Do you have feelings for that woman?"

"I only like Claire," Rowan replied without hesitation, his tone sincere. "I will explain to her what happened last night. I'll make up for the hurt I've caused her and work hard to repair our relationship."

Mya, who had been watching Dr. Watson, could sense his exhaustion and sincerity. She thought he must be tired today, both mentally and physically from his work. Being a doctor was truly difficult.

Finnley also believed Rowan's words. All couples at least had some misunderstandings. Clear explanations and timely communication were all that were needed.

Finnley then said, "Claire is upstairs. She's been in a bad mood all day. She didn't eat lunch and only

had a little dinner. When she saw you coming, she turned and went upstairs. She probably... doesn't really want to see you." He told him all this in the hope that he'd be prepared.

Rowan nodded, "Thank you."

Finnley stepped aside, and Rowan politely glanced at Mr. and Mrs. Russel before entering the living room and quickly heading upstairs. He had been in Claire's room before, so he knew which one it was.

Downstairs, the Russells didn't follow. Instead, they returned to the dining room, worried that the conversation might break down.

"Don't worry, Mom," Finnley said, seeing his mother's concern. "Relationships need to be tested, so you can find out if your partner is right for you."

"Yesterday, Claire invited Dr. Watson to dinner, and she was so happy when she returned," Violet sighed, understanding the girl's disappointment. "This situation today is killing her."

Mya picked up her fork again. "I believe Dr. Watson can explain everything. From the interview, that woman seems to have a lot of issues."

Finnley sided with his wife. "She didn't answer any of the reporter's questions. Maybe she really couldn't, but she said some vague things that revealed her malicious intentions."

"Dad, Mom, we all believe in Dr. Watson's character," Mya said without any ulterior motives, just expressing her opinion. "A genius doctor with such achievements in the medical field can't be a scumbag. His righteousness alone proves his character."

Upstairs.

Claire hadn't locked her door because she wanted to see him too. She wanted to hear his explanation after waiting and being upset for a day.

Outside the door, Rowan stood for a while, pursing his lips as he organized his thoughts.

Without knocking, he reached for the doorknob and opened the door with determination.

Claire stood by the window, staring unblinkingly at the doorway. As he appeared in her line of sight, she was even more nervous than him, though she appeared calm.

Rowan closed the door behind him after entering.

Seeing her, the tired Rowan felt a bit comforted. She hadn't locked the door, which was the best attitude she could have.

Rowan gazed deeply at her, feeling as if they hadn't seen each other for ages, even though it had only

been a day.

He took steps towards her.

Claire stood still, her mind a bit blank. Images of him and Daphne played in her head one after another.

Thinking about Daphne staying at his place last night made her feel jealous.

Rowan stopped in front of her, reached out to hold her shoulders, and then gently pulled her into his

embrace.

Chapter 1297 I'm Sorry, It's My Fault

He said, "Claire, I've thought about coming to see you ten thousand times today, but patients kept

having problems, I finished two surgeries and took three emergency cases, and only just now was able

to get away."

His tone also revealed exhaustion.

The kind-hearted Claire, upon hearing this, immediately felt heartache for him and even forgot how she

had endured the day.

Leaning against his chest, feeling the warmth of his body, Claire's hardened heart melted. She reached

out and held the shirt at his waist, feeling a pain like a needle prick inside her heart.

"Last night..." Claire tried to remain calm, not wanting to be unreasonable with him, "Did Daphne really stay overnight at your house?"

Claire was a novelist, and she knew that misunderstandings had to be cleared up as soon as possible.

Sometimes a little stubbornness could cost a good relationship.

She loved him and didn't want to miss a good match if there were no principled mistakes.

She loved the most honest communication between people, simple and effective.

Rowan tightened his arm around her, holding her close, feeling her sadness and grievance.

"She followed me home in her own car, and in the yard, she said she wanted to talk, so I let her into the living room."

Claire didn't interrupt him, even though she was sad and her eyes were filled with tears, she still calmly listened.

But the fact that Daphne stayed overnight was true.

Rowan said, "I made it clear to her that there was no possibility between us, and then I went upstairs first and told her to close the door when she left. I really didn't want to see her for even a second."

Claire was surprised and looked up at him from his embrace.

Rowan held her shoulders and sincerely said to her, "I really didn't expect her to sneak upstairs and spend the night in the guest room, and even bring a reporter along."

It sounded unbelievable, but... what was Daphne's purpose in doing this?

If Rowan didn't like her, wouldn't this just make her more annoying?

"Claire."

Rowan's deep voice fell on her head as he gently pressed his chin against her soft hair, carrying his sincerest apology, "I'm sorry, it's my fault, please forgive me."

Claire's defenses broke, and the sour tears swirled in her eyes, of course she would believe him.

"So..." Her fingers clutching his shirt at the waist, the girl pouted, "How do you plan to deal with her?"

You still have to see each other often."

"I've already fired her." Rowan hugged her tightly once more, speaking softly, "She won't appear in our sight ever again."

His decision reassured Claire.

She put her arms around his waist and held him tightly, too. Though her eyes were filled with tears, the

corners of her lips lifted, "You must be exhausted today, right? Were you so busy that you didn't even eat properly?"

No.

Rowan hadn't had lunch or dinner.

But seeing her not angry anymore and willing to listen to his explanation, he felt like his heart was filled with honey.

"Claire, have you forgiven me?" Rowan exhaled in relief, gripping her shoulders once more.

Claire looked up from his embrace, staring into his deep eyes, "I believe in you, and I believe in my own judgment."

Rowan was touched.

The weight in his heart finally lifted, "Claire, promise me that whatever happens, we'll give each other a chance to explain, okay? Don't let the bad guys win."

The girl nodded, her eyes filled with determination.

He held her hand tightly, their fingers interlocked.

Claire needed this reassurance too. Facing his sincere gaze, she led him outside, "I'll take you to eat, I

haven't eaten either!"

As they descended the stairs, the scene was harmonious, with the two walking hand in hand, side by side. A smile appeared on Claire's face.

Chapter 1298 Love is Tolerance and Understanding

In the living room, the Russells were speechless, surprised at the speed of the reconciliation between Rowan and Claire. They watched as the couple went downstairs and headed for the dining room.

"Holly!" Claire called out.

"I am here, Miss!"

"Is the food ready?"

"Yeah, you better come and eat now while it's still hot!"

During the meal, although Rowan and Claire didn't have much interaction, the atmosphere was noticeably more relaxed. Rowan was genuinely hungry, as if his stomach was stuck to his back.

In the living room, the Russells exchanged glances and breathed a sigh of relief.

So this was what love was like?

You could be in pain and suffering one moment, then beaming with smiles the next?

Mya's lips curled with a constant smile. "Honey, you should learn from Dr. Watson."

"What do you mean?" Finnley asked, puzzled. "What should I learn? Please enlighten me, my dear wife."

The elders turned their curious gazes upon their daughter-in-law. Mya looped her arm through

Finnley's. "Clear up misunderstandings as soon as possible!"

"Is this really the first opportunity he had?" Finnley countered. "He took almost 24 hours! I can't learn that kind of attitude! Look how long Claire was upset!"

"..." Mya met his gaze, and for a moment, she was at a loss for words.

Finnley patted his chest confidently. "If this had happened to me, no, no, no, this kind of thing would never happen to me in the first place! I wouldn't let any woman through the door! Trust me, my dear wife!"

Pff!

Mya burst into laughter, and the two elders joined in as well. The relationship between this son and daughter-in-law was so good that there were no worries for family conflicts. The atmosphere in the

living room became light and cheerful.

"How's your work handover going?" Albert asked. "When will you be back to take over the family business?"

"By the end of the year."

"Alright, I'll wait a little longer, but don't fool me."

"Dad, I'm not fooling you. I've already told Mr. Marsh, and I've been training Xiang Heng lately."

Half an hour later, Rowan and Claire emerged from the dining room. The Russells were sitting on the sofa, and Holly had just brewed tea. Everyone looked at them, especially Rowan.

For a moment, Rowan seemed to be nervous, unsure of what to say.

"You should go home," Claire said, turning to him. "You've had a long day, and you need to rest. How else will you save the people tomorrow?"

With that, she pulled him towards the door, helping him out of the awkward situation. Love was a matter

between two people, and there was no need to report every detail to the family.

"Goodbye, uncle and aunt!" Rowan, pushed by Claire, quickly bid farewell.

"Goodbye! Come visit again when you have time!"

They all stood up and watched the couple leave, still surprised at the speed of their reconciliation.

"Who would have thought that Claire would be so good-tempered?" Violet remarked. "I thought she'd be angry for at least half a month."

Finnley chimed in, "That's love, so it can be infinitely tolerance."

As his words fell, he embraced Mya's shoulders, secretly vowing to be good to his wife for a lifetime.

In the courtyard, a gentle evening breeze blew, stars twinkling beside the bright moon. The scene was picturesque.

Rowan stopped beside the driver's seat and turned to hold her shoulders. "Claire, get some rest early."

He then leaned forward and placed a light kiss on her forehead.

Claire closed her eyes to enjoy the moment, then looked up at him. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed his cheek. "Good night, my Dr. Watson."

"Good night."

He opened the car door and sat in the driver's seat as she watched. Fastening his seatbelt, he waved to her. "Go inside, it's getting windy out here."

The late autumn breeze blew through her hair, the strands faintly concealing the smile on her lips.

"Drive safe."

"Mhm."

Claire watched as Rowan started the car and drove away.

Chapter 1299 This Night

The smile on her face gradually faded, and her expression turned a bit solemn. Claire could feel his exhaustion; he must have been really tired today. His fatigue made her feel heartache, and she loved him even more, this angel who saved humanity. Her love for him was filled with admiration and adoration.

Yet, as his girlfriend, she really cared about what had happened last night. Her anger came from jealousy. To truly let go of these matters might take some time... After all, she was a perfectionist, stubborn and serious about love. However, she would try her best to adjust and not affect his mood or work. After all, she had fallen in love with a doctor. Some things were her responsibility to bear.

Under the night sky, Rowan drove home. After explaining everything to Claire, the weight in his heart was lifted. But today had been exhausting, and as he sat in the driver's seat gripping the steering

wheel, an unprecedented wave of fatigue enveloped him. Work had not gone smoothly, and there were always unexpected situations. After each surgery, he had to come up with a follow-up treatment plan and hold different meetings for different patients. The hospital was just getting started, and many patients came to see him specifically. So even though there were other doctors in the hospital, Rowan was always busy.

As they were about to reach home, he felt his head grow heavy, and the streetlights in front of him began to blur. Gripping the steering wheel tightly, Rowan furrowed his brows and steadied himself. The car quickly entered the yard, and he pressed the brakes. With his head bowed and his grip on the steering wheel, his breathing suddenly became restricted. It took him a while to recover.

When Rowan opened his eyes again, his vision returned to normal. He got out of the car, went into the house, and headed straight to the bedroom, collapsing into bed exhausted. Today had been so tiring...

His body felt completely drained.

On the same night, Claire sat on the bedroom sofa with a headband, a facial mask, and her laptop. She was writing a novel, her fingers constantly tapping the keyboard. Her focus wasn't great, but it was

better than during the day. She wrote about a topic related to trust in her novel and expressed her own views, hoping to resonate with her readers.

Under the night sky of Arkpool City, the lights were dazzling, and the whole city was bustling. Daphne stood by the window of the house Rowan had rented for her, holding a wine glass. She looked at the myriad lights and couldn't help but take out her phone. The news had cooled down by evening, and it had already been taken off the trending topics on Twitter. However, she had saved a few photos on her phone. Sipping her red wine, she flipped through the photos, gradually accepting the fact that she had been fired.

Daphne thought Claire must be feeling bad too, right? After all, they had just gotten together, and their relationship was still unstable when this happened. Writers were emotionally sensitive, always striving for perfection. With a slight smile, she drained her wine glass, and her heart felt more at ease. If she couldn't have it, neither could Claire.

Tristan was also having a sleepless night. He hadn't worked overtime and had returned home early. He read for a while to calm his emotions. After dinner, he took a bath and now stood on the balcony in his bathrobe, admiring the moon alone. He was worried about Claire's current state. However, even now,

after checking her Instagram hundreds of times, he hadn't seen her post any updates. Because of his concern, his grip on the railing tightened involuntarily. Tristan took a deep breath; tonight's wind could ripple the river and scatter the flowers, but it could not blow away the sorrow in his heart.

If he could, he wished to stand in front of her and give her the purest hug.

Chapter 1300 Ivan is Really Nice

At night, Emerald Bay.

Ivan and Jennifer came out of the bathroom. He wrapped his arm around her shoulder and sat on the sofa on the terrace, chatting about today's news.

"The topic's gone on the Internet," Ivan said, crossing his legs and flipping through his phone.

"Basically, you won't see similar reports tomorrow."

Jennifer glanced at him and asked softly, "Did you suppress it?"

"I just suppressed it appropriately," Ivan nodded and told her. "Rowan just got started with his hospital, and these things taking up too much public resources is not good."

He truly considered Rowan a friend.

Jennifer's gaze fell on the man's cold and stunning profile, and she was a bit puzzled. "Isn't he with

Claire? Given his character, how could he possibly bring another woman home for the night?"

Yet, the woman spending the night at his home was a fact.

For the entire day, the two parties involved didn't refute it.

Ivan was quite calm about this matter. He put down his phone with a smile, "So the problem lies with that woman. Sometimes what we see is not necessarily the truth, especially when we're angry."

"Are you saying all of this is an illusion?"

Jennifer pondered, "Entering the same building doesn't mean they would enter the same room, let alone sleep together?"

"You just said it yourself, Rowan is not that kind of person." Ivan picked up his teacup and smiled. "So where the problem lies, only that woman knows."

"Why is every relationship full of twists and turns?" Jennifer leaned against his shoulder and sighed.

"Perhaps the love at first sight and joy only exists in fairy tales."

After so many tests, it was really tiring.

Ivan enjoyed the time alone with her. He held her hand and caressed her slender fingers. "It's because

humans are always full of suspicion, and trust is as thin as a piece of paper."

"People also have desires. Even though something doesn't belong to them, they still want to have it,"

Jennifer shared her opinion. "That woman used unscrupulous means for her own selfish desires and ended up with nothing."

"Some people are bad because they can't get what they want and won't let others be happy," Ivan analyzed intuitively. "The best thing Rowan can do, if he truly loves Claire, is to fire her to eliminate any future troubles."

He didn't know if Rowan had done that. After all, it was someone else's private affair, and Ivan couldn't interfere too much.

"Darling, after we finish this busy period, let's go abroad to see our son and daughter, okay?"

"Missing our babies?"

"Mm, a little."

"You haven't even completed your task of getting them a brother or sister. How can you face our son and daughter?" Ivan teased, "They're all looking forward to that."

"Annoying!"

"..." He indulgently hugged her into his embrace.

Claire wrote until two in the morning, finishing eight thousand words in one go... Unknowingly, she was immersed in the plot, which revolved around the themes of worship, love, and trust.

The male and female protagonists in the story had been separated for several days due to a misunderstanding. Claire cleared up their misunderstanding.

After writing so much, she was truly tired!

So tired that she couldn't even open her eyes.

Without turning off her computer, she fell asleep and quickly entered her dream world.

The moon set and the sun rose, and a beautiful new day soon arrived.

The sound of her phone ringing shattered Claire's unfinished dream.

In the dream, on a fresh and lush lawn, she wore a pristine white wedding dress, walking towards the man she loved in the center of the stage.

The wedding march played in her ears, and her heart was filled with joy.

Before she could see the man's face clearly, the dream shattered.

The ringing continued, pulling her back to reality.