

Surprised 1341

Chapter 1341: Tristan Arrived

"I came here today to accompany my mom for the blind date with you!" Monica said bluntly, "But don't worry, I'm a very easygoing daughter!"

Tom Fritz wasn't angry, just curious as he looked at her, wondering what else she would say.

"Moreover, when I grow up, I'll get married and won't interfere in your lives. My dad won't interfere either. They haven't been in contact for twenty years, and most importantly, my dad is already married!"

As Tom Fritz found the situation amusing and was about to say something, a car drove into the courtyard.

Monica and Tom both turned their gaze to the car.

The car came to a stop, the driver's door opened, and a tall, handsome man stepped out.

It was Tristan!

Monica's eyes lit up; she had finally seen hope!

Just as Tom Fritz was puzzled about why Tristan had suddenly appeared, Monica turned to him and said, "My boyfriend is here!" After saying that, she ran towards Tristan.

Tom Fritz's deep eyes flashed with astonishment. What?

Tristan was her boyfriend?

But Tristan had said he was single just yesterday!

Even though Tom Fritz was puzzled, he took a step forward and saw the girl hopping like a rabbit to

Tristan, happily linking her arm through his.

Monica tiptoed, her face full of happiness as she kissed Tristan's cheek!

This scene was seen by both mothers in the living room, their smiles stiffening, shocked and puzzled!

The hot-tempered Belinda's face darkened, and she stood up immediately!

In the courtyard full of blooming flowers, Tom Fritz's deep gaze flashed with something, but he didn't stop walking.

He was a gentleman, intelligent and could roughly guess what was going on.

As for Monica's kiss, Tristan was surprised, but it was a brief touch, leaving him no time to stop her.

Monica looked at Tristan with a smile, linking her arm through his, "You finally made it!" Her eyes seemed to sparkle, and her mood was ecstatic.

Turning her gaze back to Tom Fritz, she introduced, "Dear, let me introduce you to the man who is here

for the blind date with my mom! He might become my stepdad in the future!"

This statement left both men dumbfounded! Was there anything she wouldn't say?

But both Tristan and Tom Fritz understood that this wasn't the case.

At this moment, the two elders in the living room came out.

"Monica! What's going on with you?!" Belinda walked briskly, anger in her heart, "Who is he?!" Her cold

gaze stared at Tristan!

However, the girl proudly answered, "He's my boyfriend!"

"You...!" Belinda was about to explode.

"Hello, Auntie." Tristan's voice was low and magnetic, and he greeted her like a gentleman.

Mrs. Fritz was also shocked, looking at her son beside her, but Tom seemed calm, understanding many

things in an instant.

"Mom." Monica wanted to stir things up and make it awkward, not afraid to say, "I know you've always

liked Tom Fritz! I just talked to him, and I think he's quite a good person! You two don't mind the age

difference, so you can really try dating! I fully support it!"

Mrs. Fritz's smile vanished.

Tristan's face was slightly cold, and Belinda's heart shuddered!

But Monica still raised her voice with a smile, "Please rest assured! I, as a daughter, will not interfere!"

When she was furious and helpless, Belinda exclaimed, "Monica! You've gone too far!" She raised her hand to slap her daughter's lovely cheek!

Tristan's eyebrows furrowed slightly, and he quickly grabbed Belinda's raised wrist!

Chapter 1342: Tom Fritz is Truly Amazing

Belinda's sharp gaze stared at Tristan! She calmed down a bit, knowing she couldn't bring herself to hurt her own daughter, but as an elder, she felt she had lost face!

Before her anger had completely subsided, Tristan didn't let go of her hand. He bravely faced her gaze with calmness.

Monica was shocked! Tristan had actually taken action!

Looking at Tristan, then at her mother, and then back at Tristan, her heart was filled with indescribable joy.

Seeing the anger in the middle-aged woman's eyes fade, Tristan gradually reduced his force and released her wrist. "Auntie, nice to meet you," he said, extending his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

Belinda's face changed several times, but she didn't shake his hand.

Tom Fritz didn't feel embarrassed at all. He clenched his fist and tapped his nose lightly.

Even Mrs. Fritz couldn't understand her son's feelings at this moment. She guessed that a large flock of crows must have flown through his heart. Could this situation be any more clichéd?

Belinda's chest heaved violently as she glared at her daughter!

Monica timidly clung to Tristan's arm, half-hiding behind him. Her position was clear, so she didn't say anything inappropriate anymore.

In any case, she had a boyfriend. She didn't want to go on a blind date!

In Tom Fritz's eyes, the girl was quite mischievous, her little tricks were impressive, and she was so candid that she didn't care about the occasion.

He raised the corner of his lips and gently diffused the awkwardness with his warm voice. "Monica is very candid. When we were admiring roses just now, she told me she had a very handsome boyfriend."

As he spoke, he looked at Tristan's face, smiling, and said, "I just didn't expect it to be Tristan. I've known Tristan for many years, so it's perfect. Let's go inside for some tea?"

What?

They knew each other?

Monica looked at Tristan in astonishment. Judging from his expression, Tom Fritz was not lying.

Oh my!

They actually knew each other?!

Seeing her son's open-mindedness, Mrs. Fritz felt relieved.

But Belinda was still embarrassed. Mrs. Fritz patted her shoulder to comfort her, saying, "You have to accept reality. A forced melon is not sweet."

In a short while, everyone took steps toward the interior.

Monica clung to Tristan's arm the entire time, almost hanging her whole body on his shoulder. Recalling how he had just blocked her mother's slap for her, she felt warmth in her heart.

It was so cool!

Although Tom Fritz didn't say it, he could see everything clearly, like a mirror.

Yesterday, when he talked to Tristan about relationships, Tristan said he was single. How come he found a girlfriend overnight?

But he could see that the girl liked Tristan. So, he decided to play the role of a matchmaker and help them.

"I always knew you had a girlfriend," Tom Fritz said softly as they walked toward the living room, looking at Tristan. "I just didn't expect it to be Monica. Her mother and my mother are good friends." He deliberately said this for the two elders to hear.

What kind of talk was this? He always knew?

Tristan met the man's gaze and naturally understood his meaning. Tom Fritz actually wanted to help Monica?

Seeing that today's protagonist didn't care, Belinda couldn't say much. There was no use in her insisting on her own opinion.

Everyone around was smiling, and the atmosphere was warm, as if nothing had happened.

Especially Tom Fritz and Tristan, both gentlemen with good manners, their conversation pleasant.

"Let's all stay for lunch. Since we're family, let's take the opportunity to get together."

It must be said that Tom Fritz was very good at resolving awkward situations. His words left Monica

feeling confused. Were they really that close?

"Mother, you should talk with your friends. It's been a long time since you've seen each other. Catch up and don't worry about us young people."

Entering the living room, Tom Fritz led Tristan and Monica to the backyard.

Mrs. Fritz pulled Belinda to sit down on the sofa. "How did you raise your daughter? How could there be such a big misunderstanding? Your daughter has a boyfriend, and you still dragged her to a blind date?"

This wasn't a blame, just curiosity. Because their relationship was good, she asked.

Chapter 1343: Just Fulfill Their Wishes

"I know." Belinda sighed and looked back at her, "Monica told me, but I didn't believe it."

So, such a big misunderstanding had occurred!

"I'm sorry." Belinda held her hand and apologized sincerely, "I caused trouble for you, it's all my fault."

"It's alright, it's alright." Mrs. Fritz was very open-minded, "Do you think Tom looks like someone with a problem? He's enjoying this, and Tristan is his friend, so it's not awkward at all. Just clarify the situation and it's fine."

In the end, she added, "Besides, I think Monica and Tristan are quite a good match."

The scenery in the backyard was pleasant, and the three young people took their seats in the outdoor sofa.

A gentle breeze carried the fragrance of flowers.

A servant brought tea and snacks, bowed respectfully to them, and then turned and left.

A large expanse of roses filled their view, swaying in the wind.

Tom Fritz thought to himself that since she didn't want to go on a blind date and would find someone to pretend, he might as well let Belinda's mother give up completely and not arrange another gentleman for her.

Monica was well aware of his thoughts, so she was full of gratitude for him.

But she couldn't say it directly in front of Tristan, because the act had to go on, and it would be embarrassing to expose it herself, right?

Tristan sat in the chair, elegantly crossing his legs. He held a teacup, his deep gaze looking at the sea of roses, his face gentle and slightly distant.

He had actually been kissed! With his eyes half-closed, Tristan savored the fleeting moment like a

dragonfly touching the water.

Monica took a sip of tea, the silence making her feel a bit awkward.

Thinking of how she had kissed him openly in the courtyard, she dared not look into his eyes anymore,

her heart pounding like a deer.

In the living room, Belinda chatted with her best friend while secretly checking Google on her phone,

entering Tristan's name in the search bar.

A lot of information about him came up.

Rows of resume entries held Belinda's gaze, and she was astonished inside.

"What's up?" Mrs. Fritz noticed her being obviously lost in thought, "What are you looking at? It's so

fascinating?"

She didn't hide it, and directly showed her the phone, "Tristan."

"What's wrong with Tristan?" Mrs. Fritz raised her teacup, the corner of her lips lifting, "Is he

handsome?"

"He's actually Zack Clarke's son, with a rich resume and outstanding abilities." Belinda was truly

shocked by him, "He's on par with your family's Tom."

Yes, in that moment, she acknowledged Tristan.

"How else would they be friends? Both are equally outstanding and have similar magnetic fields." Mrs.

Fritz advised her, "You should stop focusing on our Tom. Since Tristan and your Monica are in love, just

agree to this marriage. It's hard to find such a high-quality man these days, there aren't many in the

entire Arkpool City."

"..." Belinda felt a bit conflicted inside, or rather, embarrassed.

Perhaps she should have believed her daughter's words yesterday.

It felt like the clown was actually herself.

Anyway, with Tom Fritz's help, Belinda finally believed that her daughter was in love and accepted the

fact.

However, she still felt sorry for Mrs. Fritz, even though they were friends.

Fortunately, Mrs. Fritz was magnanimous and thought that once the misunderstanding was over, it was

over and not to dwell on it.

They had lunch here.

Mrs. Fritz had the chef prepare many dishes, and the atmosphere had clearly eased a lot.

Tristan and Belinda also had some simple exchanges. Monica was very satisfied with Tristan's

performance because he cooperated very well and didn't make things worse.

When it was time to leave, Mrs. Fritz took her son to see them off in the courtyard.

There were two cars and three people, so who would Monica go with?

Chapter 1344: Can't Get Off the Car

In the courtyard filled with the scent of roses, Belinda and Tristan opened the passenger doors of their

respective cars together, both casting their eyes on Monica at the same time.

Monica was both shocked and overjoyed that Tristan had opened the passenger door for her too. Was

he going to take her with him?

"Get in?" Tristan's thin lips parted, speaking first.

Monica immediately stepped forward, hooked his arm and then looked back at her mother. "Mom, you

go back to the hotel first. The room key is in your bag."

Having said that, she turned around and got into Tristan's car. She liked him and wanted to spend more

time with him.

Tristan helped her close the car door, nodded to everyone, especially Belinda, as a gesture.

Then he walked around the car and got into the driver's seat. Tristan was always like this, a gentleman who seemed polite but a little distant.

Belinda closed the passenger door, said goodbye to Mrs. Fritz, and got in her car.

The two cars left almost simultaneously, with Tristan slightly ahead and Belinda following behind.

Inside the departing Maybach, Monica sat in the passenger seat. Once again, she found herself in a relatively small space with him, feeling as if the air was sweet.

Tristan focused on the road ahead, driving seriously, the sunlight coming through the window making his face even more handsome.

The girl stole a few glances at him. "Thank... thank you for today." Thinking back to that kiss, she couldn't help but blush.

"Hmm." Tristan didn't look at her.

Just listening to this single word, she couldn't tell what he was feeling.

After a brief silence, Monica found a topic. "How much do I owe you?"

"Forget it." Tristan still looked ahead. "This amount of money is nothing to you or me."

"But I don't want to owe you a favor!" the girl blurted out. "I still owe you."

Tristan finally looked at her. "You want to settle accounts with me? What about the kiss you just gave me without my permission? How do you count that?"

"..." Monica was slightly taken aback, her innocent eyes wide. Did he still remember that?

"Can you calculate it?" Tristan asked, then took his gaze away.

The girl thought for a moment. "You... you can kiss me back if you want." She said this on impulse, too.

"You wish." Tristan blurted out, but he wasn't angry.

His low and magnetic voice, his tone, made Monica feel warm inside and couldn't help but smile.

She looked out the window, feeling that the scenery on the side of the road had become much more pleasant.

After a while, Monica broke the silence again. "Thank you for today. You must be very busy, right? Just drop me off anywhere."

"Your mom's car is following behind," Tristan said, asking, "Are you sure you want to get off?"

The girl's heart tightened, and she quickly looked in the rearview mirror. Oh my god! It was true!

"No, no, no! I'm not getting off!!" Monica took a deep breath and exhaled, then asked curiously, "Do you

think my mom believes it or not?"

"Do you want her to believe it or not?"

"Of course, I hope she believes it! That way, I won't have to endure blind dates anymore."

"With Tom going to such lengths to act with you, even disregarding his own feelings, how could your mom not believe it?" Tristan couldn't help but tease. "Even I almost believed it."

In the courtyard, under the public eye, her arm had been sore from being held by him! It had almost been pulled off!

"Tom is actually a good person," Tristan said.

Monica told him, "But I don't want to be with him."

Tristan looked at her and asked, "Who do you want to be with then?"

Chapter 1345: Tristan Didn't Treat Her as a Stranger

"..." The girl looked into his eyes, falling silent, but her heart was filled with doubts. Could she really be with anyone she wanted to be with? Tristan looked away, and the car headed towards Charity Medical Center.

Monica glanced at the rearview mirror again. Her mother had been following them. "What do we do now?" she asked him. "Where can we go to be safe?"

"I need to go to the hospital to see my younger brother," Tristan told her. "I'll park at Charity Medical Center, and you can do as you please after getting out of the car."

The girl, however, asked with concern, "What happened to your brother? You have a younger brother? How old is he? Why is he in the hospital? Is he sick?"

A series of questions revealed her concern. As for family matters, with Tristan's personality, he wouldn't tell outsiders. But facing Monica, he didn't hesitate to admit, "He's my half-brother from a different mother. He's had a strange illness since he was young, which has caused his brain to develop slowly and his body not to grow tall. However, due to timely treatment, he has improved significantly."

From all the words, Monica only grasped one key point- "A half-brother?" she expressed her opinion.

"You're such a caring brother. My dad also married another woman, although they didn't have children.

But if they did, I definitely wouldn't like them!"

Tristan's eyes darkened slightly, and he spoke softly, "The child is innocent." He was indeed very mature.

"No!" Monica retorted. "The child is evil! He's not the crystallization of love! Once there's a child, my mom and dad can't possibly remarry!"

Tristan understood that she hoped for her parents to reconcile. "Every family's situation is different,"

Tristan said.

She turned her eyes to him and asked, "What's the difference? Isn't the original spouse always the best?"

"My mother has already passed away," Tristan revealed his private matter to her. "So there's no chance for them to remarry."

His mother was no longer in this world? How sad and desolate was that? Monica, being in love with him, empathized and felt inexplicably sad. "I'm sorry..." she thought she had touched his wound. "I didn't mean to ask."

"My mother's death has nothing to do with you." Tristan's lips curled up slightly, lightening the atmosphere. "Why do you need to apologize? I've long accepted the reality, and who dares to say that heaven isn't beautiful?"

At such words, Monica, who was feeling guilty, didn't know how to respond. But she thought he was a good person, not getting angry even when touching the softest part of his heart.

Monica didn't ask further, but Tristan took the initiative to tell her, "My brother is quite pitiful. His mother

is in prison and is unlikely to ever get out. Prison is not as beautiful as heaven."

"..." Monica was taken aback once more.

Soon, the car came to a stop in front of Charity Medical Center. She watched Tristan unbuckle his seatbelt and get out of the car, and she immediately followed.

Tristan glanced at her before closing the car door and heading towards the hospital lobby.

"Hey!" She hurriedly caught up and grabbed his arm, glancing around cautiously. Sure enough, she saw Belinda's car parked outside.

Not only Monica saw it, but Tristan did too.

"Let's go, let's go." She pulled him towards the hospital lobby, urging him on, and then said to him,

"Take me with you, please? Let's see this act through, okay?"

Tristan didn't say a word, his face calm as he walked into the hospital lobby.

Monica still held onto his arm, showing no intention of letting go. "My mom is really shrewd. Just be a good person to the end, okay? Take me with you."

Chapter 1346: The Feeling of Being Misunderstood Feels Good

Tristan stopped in front of the elevator, his well-defined fingers pressing the button to go up. He didn't refuse. During the wait for the elevator, he didn't let go of the girl's hand either.

Monica was secretly delighted, but also nervous. Standing in front of him, especially when he was silent, there was always an inexplicable sense of oppression. In no time, the elevator doors opened.

Tristan stepped inside, and Monica followed him like a clingy little rabbit.

The elevator ascended and soon stopped at the designated floor. The doors opened again. Monica continued to cling to Tristan's arm as if it was a habit and followed him out. Tristan glanced at her as they walked and didn't seem to mind. "Can you let go now? I'm sure your mom didn't follow us."

Just as Monica's heart sank and she was about to let go, Claire, dressed in a light and elegant dress, appeared in the hallway and walked towards them. Claire saw them too.

Monica tightened her grip on Tristan's arm, feeling awkward as she recalled the incident from the other day. Tristan stopped and calmly looked at the girl approaching them with his tall, slender frame. The girl beside him also stopped and looked at Claire.

Claire's smile was bright and charming as she walked up to them, her composure and grace evident.

Seeing the girl holding onto Tristan's arm, she was genuinely happy. Had Tristan found a girlfriend?

With a smile full of blessings, she stopped about a meter away from the pair.

She looked at Tristan, then at the girl beside him, and finally back at Tristan's handsome face. Smiling,

she asked, "Are you here to see Eason today?"

"Yes," Tristan nodded, his expression calm as if his heart was unruffled.

Monica blinked her beautiful eyes, full of curiosity, and sincerely apologized to Claire, "I'm sorry, Miss."

Claire was taken aback for a moment, then smiled again as if she had forgotten about the incident. "I

didn't take it to heart. Why are you being so formal?" She then extended her hand to Monica, "Hi, I'm

Claire."

Surprised by Claire's amicability, Monica quickly shook her hand, "Hi, I'm Monica!" Her smile was

especially beautiful.

Claire looked at her for a few moments and found her adorable. She suddenly had new creative

inspiration – a girl with such an honest and straightforward personality would surely be popular among

boys, right?

When Tristan saw Claire again, he felt more at ease – after all, they were both adults in their thirties.

Soon enough, Rowan appeared in their line of sight and walked towards them.

Upon seeing them, Rowan slowed his pace, came to Claire's side, and put his arm around her

shoulder. Claire turned to look at him, "Finished with work?"

"Yes."

Tristan and Rowan exchanged glances, and the atmosphere was a bit strange, but Monica didn't

notice. Rowan noticed the girl next to Tristan and the intimate gesture of her holding his arm. Had he

found someone too?

With a slight smile, Rowan said to Tristan, "Congratulations on finding your other half."

"Thank you," Tristan replied with a smile, graciously accepting the blessing.

Monica smiled foolishly and looked at his handsome profile again. From this angle, he looked incredibly

attractive.

"Shall we go?" Rowan hugged Claire's shoulder and said to Tristan, "We'll catch up later, I have some

things to do."

"Alright," Tristan nodded.

Rowan then left with Claire. Monica pursed her lips.

Tristan continued walking, and Monica followed him. For the first time, she thought that the feeling of

being misunderstood was really nice!

Chapter 1347: Daphne is Stimulated Again

Inside the elevator, Rowan seemed to finally relax, laughing and remarking, "I can't believe he found a girlfriend too."

"Why not? He's excellent, and it's not like he couldn't find one," Claire said, disagreeing with his tone.

"It was bound to happen eventually."

Rowan asked, "Claire, if you had the chance to choose again, would you still choose me, this busy doctor?" She had just waited for him for three hours.

"Why ask such a question? Aren't you bored?" Claire replied, "Even if I had to choose ten thousand times, it would still be you."

Hearing this, Dr. Watson was delighted. He put his arm around her shoulder, "Tristan is excellent, as you've said, and it's widely recognized."

"There are so many outstanding people in the world, you can't like them all, can you?" Claire became anxious and lectured him again, "Do you understand? Love is a feeling! The feeling of being moved!"

Rowan particularly enjoyed hearing this and teased, "Then tell me quickly, how did it move?"

"Pfft! You're a doctor! Don't you know better than me how the heart moves?"

As they left the elevator, Rowan took her hand and led her out, regardless of the occasion. "This is my first time in love. If there's anything I'm not doing well, please point it out, Miss Russell. Don't be upset, we need to communicate and solve problems in a timely manner, just like treating an illness. If it's delayed, it's hard to cure."

"This is a typical straight man!" Claire also liked this simplicity and directness, at least there was no need to guess, no heartache.

She loved him and would unconditionally accommodate him, knowing that he was a doctor, an angel to mankind, and she would think from his perspective.

As long as he loved her and was worth it, she would be willing to go without hesitation.

She wouldn't be bothered by the first cup of milk tea in autumn, nor care about ten grilled sausages in winter.

He was a doctor, and while he belonged to her, he also belonged to all of humanity.

Following Rowan out of the bustling hospital lobby, Rowan opened the car door for her, "Miss Russell, please!"

Before getting into the car, Claire gave him a bright and sunny smile, "You don't have to be so attentive.

When I write my autobiography, I'll write good things about you!"

"Then I want to be your first reader."

"To supervise? Are you afraid I'll write bad things about you?"

They looked at each other and laughed. She bent down to get in the car, and in Rowan's eyes, she was the most genuine and adorable.

Not far away, Daphne, who had been standing there for a long time, watched as Claire got into his car, saw them holding hands as they walked out, and saw them laughing and talking all the way.

Each scene, like a knife, pierced her heart!

Daphne had lost a lot of weight in the past few days, relying on sleeping pills every night, yet still unable to sleep well, with Rowan's figure filling her dreams.

As she watched the car drive away, her heart felt empty again.

She had originally come to wait for Rowan and wanted to talk to him.

But now, Daphne felt that Claire had ruined Rowan.

Because he actually left work early on a weekday! This did not match his dedicated work style.

His relationship had made him neglect his duties.

So, Daphne's dislike for Claire increased a bit more!

She felt that only she could help Rowan. She could devote herself to work, share his worries, and solve problems, while Claire, an unemployed vagrant, would only hold Rowan back.

At Charity Medical Center, upstairs.

Monica, arm in arm with Tristan, followed him quickly to the door when Tristan stopped, his cold gaze falling on her hands, "Let go?"

Monica snapped back to reality and hurriedly let go.

Tristan took two steps forward, turned around, and walked into the room, with Monica following him.

Chapter 1348: Zack Clarke is delighted

At the moment, only Zack Clarke and Eason were inside.

Zack Clarke had met Monica before, after all, they had met for a blind date with Tristan.

So when Zack Clarke saw her, especially when she came in with Tristan, Zack Clarke's heart was filled with countless question marks, and at the same time, he was overjoyed!

Monica followed with a broad grin, and when she caught Zack Clarke's eye, she quickly put away her smile, her mind going blank!

"Dad." Tristan greeted him, and then looked at the girl behind him, introducing, "Monica, this is my father, whom you've met before."

"Hello, Uncle!" Monica bowed politely, showing great respect.

At this moment, the bold and casual girl felt nervous, as if she were meeting her boyfriend's parents.

Is she really Algerone Swain's daughter??

Zack Clarke's face immediately lit up with a kind smile, "Hello, hello, we meet again." He was delighted inside.

"Yeah, we meet again." Monica was a little restrained, smiling, and not knowing what to say in front of the elder.

Zack Clarke hurriedly made a cup of tea for Monica. "Here, Monica, have some tea. Aiden went to

prepare Eason's foot-soaking medicine; she had to go to the pharmacy to get it."

"Thank you, Uncle," Monica said as she took the cup with both hands. Her eyes were bright, and her voice was pleasant.

"You're welcome," Zack Clarke replied, feeling happy as a father because his son's love life was finally settling down. Tristan was no longer a young boy!

Eason sat on the edge of the bed, holding a fluffy yellow duck toy, looking up at Tristan with a touch of resentment in his eyes.

Tristan took a step towards him, squatted down in front of him, held his little hand, and apologized,

"Eason, your brother is here to see you."

Hearing his voice, Monica turned her attention to this half-brother of Tristan. The little boy was quite good-looking.

"Brother!" The little fellow looked at him and said in a childish voice, "It's been a long time since you came."

Feeling happy that Eason was showing emotion and expressing himself, Tristan replied, "I'm sorry.

From now on, your brother will come every week, okay?"

The little boy nodded, "Eason likes brother, and sister too."

Jennifer had been spending a lot of time in the hospital to care for Eason's emotions after he lost his mother, but she had to go to the company today.

"We like Eason too," Tristan reassured him.

At this moment, the Aiden entered the room carrying a basin of steaming hot foot-soaking water. The scent of the herbal medicine was detectable from a distance.

Upon seeing Tristan, she greeted him, "Young Master is here?"

Tristan looked back, "Hello, Aiden." He also greeted her and, seeing the steaming basin in her hands, quickly got up to make room.

Aiden smiled at Monica, who was holding her teacup, and Monica politely returned the smile.

"This is the medicinal water for the young master's foot soak," Aiden reported to Tristan, in case he didn't know. She bent down and gently placed the basin in front of the bed.

Tristan squatted down again. "Let me do it. I'll help him wash."

Monica watched as Tristan carefully took off the little boy's shoes and socks, his movements gentle and

practiced, like a father.

"The water temperature has been tested; it's just right," the housekeeper reminded them.

Tristan was about to test the water himself but, hearing her say this, looked up and gave her a smile.

"Thank you for your hard work lately." He then tried to put Eason's plump little feet into the water.

"It's not hard; it's my duty," Aiden said with a genuine smile.

"Eason, is it too hot?" Tristan asked him.

Even though Aiden had already checked, children's skin was more delicate.

Eason shook his head. This time, when he looked at his brother, his expression was no longer gloomy

but full of smiles. "Eason likes brother."

As Monica stood nearby sipping her tea, she wondered if the child lacked love.

Chapter 1349: Monica and Eason Get Along

In just a few minutes, Eason had expressed his affection twice.

In the past, Eason's mother, Joan Houghton, had never taken him out for social events due to her

vanity. His famous actress half-sister, Georgia Clarke, despised him even more.

No matter how hard he tried to get close, his sister would never look at him properly.

Kind-hearted Monica didn't know the inside story but felt sympathy for him.

She used to think Tristan was cold, but now she saw that he had a warm side too.

If he were to become a father for the first time, there would be no need for him to learn anything - he was completely capable! As she thought this, Monica couldn't help but smile.

Monica continued to drink her tea and observe Eason. Though he and Tristan shared a father, the little boy was not annoying at all; he was quite endearing.

In that moment, many of Monica's preconceptions changed.

There was a light in the little boy's eyes.

As he soaked his feet, he finally looked up at Monica, and the two strangers had their first, very formal eye contact.

Tristan gently poured the medicinal water onto Eason's calves, trying to let him absorb as much as possible.

Eason was not used to interacting with strangers, often even rejecting them.

However, when it came to Monica, he couldn't help but stare at her, unable to feel any aversion.

When Monica smiled warmly at the little one, the little one responded with a smile too. Tristan

happened to glance up and saw the happy smile on his brother's face. Following his gaze, Tristan saw Monica's gentle, beautiful smile, and for a moment, he was lost in the unprecedented warmth of the scene. Seeing this, Zack Clarke was pleased, as it showed that Monica got along well with the Clarke family. This also proved that Miss Swain was a loving and compassionate girl. Such a girl, with a soft and kind heart, would be well-suited for Tristan.

Zack Clarke, who had many years of experience in the business world, had seen all sorts of schemes.

After Eason had soaked his feet, Aiden, the housekeeper, handed Tristan a soft, dry towel. Tristan

helped Eason dry his feet, put on a pair of clean socks, and then his shoes. "Thank you, brother,"

Eason said politely, showing his significant progress. Tristan was very pleased; it seemed he needed to see his brother in a new light.

As he patted Eason's head again, Tristan said, "You're welcome." As the little one looked at Monica

again, she smiled at him. Then Tristan stood up and approached her, saying, "Could you stay with

Eason for a while? I need to chat with my father." He knew his brother didn't mind her company. "Sure,

no problem!" Monica was happy to oblige. She sat down in the chair by the bed, took Eason's small

hand, and greeted him warmly, just like Tristan had done earlier.

To Aiden's surprise, the young master didn't pull his hand away and showed no sign of discomfort. It seemed the two got along quite well! Tristan and Zack Clarke were also pleased, and they went to another room to chat.

The door was left open, allowing them to see the girl sitting in the chair by the bed. Zack wanted to ask his son about their relationship, but ultimately restrained himself. The fact that Tristan brought her here must mean something, right?

"Father, the company has been running smoothly lately," Tristan began, reporting on their business.

"Our collaboration with the Fritz Group on Rose Court was topped off two days ago. I've visited the community, and the landscaping is excellent, with three large swimming pools."

"Mainly focus on fire safety," Zack advised, speaking from experience. "That's the most important thing.

So many customers trust us, and we have to take full responsibility for everyone's safety."

"Don't worry, I'll make sure to keep an eye on it," Tristan assured him.

Zack nodded in satisfaction, and the two continued their conversation in the room.

Meanwhile, Monica sat in the chair, blinking her beautiful eyes, and asked, "What's your name? Mine is

Monica Swain, and you can call me Monica."

Chapter 1350: Thank you! Eason!

"I'm Eason," the little boy answered, but he didn't call her Monica, keeping his lips tightly shut. He didn't dislike her, but he hadn't completely opened up to her yet.

Monica nodded happily, "Eason, what a lovely name!" She had learned from Tristan that his brother

had been seriously ill when he was younger, so the fact that he told her his name meant he didn't

dislike her. She thought that if she could get along well with Eason, her relationship with Tristan might

improve as well. So, she decided to focus on winning Eason over first. She had to work hard for her

happiness in Arkpool City without Daniel!

"Can I ask, does Eason get a chance to go outside and play?" she inquired curiously.

It took Eason a while to understand her question. He shook his head, his lips pressed tightly together,

not saying a word. Monica thought for a moment and asked, "So, does Eason spend all day in this

room? Never even going outside?"

The little boy nodded.

She couldn't help but think how boring that must be, with no childhood fun or anyone to play games

with. "But I have classes; a teacher comes every day to teach me," Eason shared enthusiastically.

Monica nodded thoughtfully, "Has Eason learned math? Math can be a lot of fun!"

"Yes, I've learned math. Math is about Arabic numerals, right?"

"Yeah! How about Monica plays a number game with you?" Monica didn't want the conversation to go

cold, and she wanted to make sure the child didn't find her boring. She also didn't know how long

Tristan would be talking with Uncle Ding, so she needed to keep Eason entertained.

"Do you want to play?" the girl asked. "It's okay if you don't know how. At first, I didn't either, but I

learned gradually." The little boy nodded. "I want to play." Who wouldn't want to play games? Especially

a special child like him who had been living in the hospital for a long time, almost isolated from the

world, spending his days in monotony.

"Well, I'll teach you the rules first, so listen carefully!" The little boy nodded with interest and listened

intently as she spoke. "1+1=2, can you read it with me?" Her eyes were filled with encouragement.

Eason tried to speak, "1+1=2."

"Great, let's continue! 2+2=4."

"2+2=4."

"Well done, $4+4=8!$ "

" $4+4=8.$ "

" $8+8=16.$ "

"..."

" $64+64=128...$ "

Under Monica's guidance, Eason not only spoke up but quickly grew to love this game. As they played, bursts of laughter and joy spread throughout the room. There was no denying that Monica would have made an excellent kindergarten teacher. "Eason, you're doing great! Let's do it again!" Hearing her praise, the little boy couldn't have been happier. "I don't know any more than this, can you teach me more?" "Of course," Monica nodded.

At that moment, Kevin called Tristan's cell phone, and they exchanged a few words. Tristan hung up and said goodbye to Zack Clarke, then walked out, "Monica, let's go. There's something at the company." The girl sitting in the chair looked at him, then let go of Eason's hand. "Eason, we have to go now. Bye-" Eason, still immersed in the fun, had a reluctant look in his beautiful black eyes. Knowing that Tristan, as the president of Clarke Group, had a very valuable time, Eason suddenly grabbed

Monica's hand as she stood up. This action surprised everyone present, and they all looked at them.

Eason was not good at socializing and had social anxiety.

"Monica," he stood up, looking up at her, addressing her for the first time like this, "Can I see you again tomorrow?"