

## **Surprised 1351**

### Chapter 1351: Fathers' Excitement

In his innocent black eyes, there was anticipation. Monica was slightly taken aback, and she... was at a loss. It seemed as if he wouldn't let go of her hand or let her leave unless she agreed, his gaze locked onto her. But this question... Monica couldn't answer it! So she turned to Tristan with the question, "..."

You heard the question earlier, why don't you answer it?

So Tristan nodded, "Yes." He looked at Eason. "Let go of your sister's hand, and we'll definitely come tomorrow." Eason happily let go, "Goodbye, Monica!" Monica was flattered and smiled, "Goodbye,

Eason." Then, before leaving, she said goodbye to Zack Clarke, "Goodbye, Uncle Clarke." She also

glanced at Aiden and gave him a smile, truly being polite to everyone. "Goodbye, Monica," Zack Clarke liked her a lot.

Tristan had brought her to see his brother, and these two were probably together, right? And he had his heart set on this daughter-in-law! As Tristan walked out, Monica turned and quickly followed, not daring

to delay his time, as he was a busy CEO managing countless affairs daily. Not long after they left, Zack

Clarke took out his cell phone and eagerly dialed Algerone Swain's number! In the few seconds waiting

for the call to connect, he was overjoyed, thinking they were about to become in-laws!

Soon, the other party answered, surprised and delighted, "Zack! It's been a long time since we last

spoke. What brings you to call? Are you going to send me money?" "What money?" Zack Clarke joked.

"I haven't been involved in company projects for a long time, but I must send a betrothal gift!" "How can

you say that? Monica finally agreed to a blind date, and I had a rare opportunity to hold my daughter's

marriage in my hands, but you messed it up!" Despite the complaining, he wasn't really angry.

"Alright, alright, are you still complaining? If I hadn't met them today, I'd still be feeling guilty about it!"

"Met what?" Algerone Swain asked, confused. "Tell me, when did your daughter get together with my

son?" As a father, Zack Clarke felt like he was the only one kept in the dark. "What?" Hearing this,

Algerone Swain was also stunned. "What are you talking about? Monica and Tristan are together?"

"I didn't talk nonsense this time. How can you be a father like this? How? Don't you know?"

Algerone Swain was taken aback, "What did you see?"

Zack Clarke told him, "Your daughter was brought to me by my son. How could I have seen it wrong?"

"You must have seen it wrong. My daughter is in Canada!" Algerone Swain didn't believe it at all.

Zack Clarke didn't want to waste time arguing with him, "I'll send you a photo on Facebook. Take a look

yourself and see if it's your daughter or not!"

After saying that, he hung up the phone directly.

Soon, a photo of Monica and Eason chatting was sent over. The picture was warm and loving. Yes, he had taken it secretly.

In no time, Algerone Swain called back!

Without waiting for Zack Clarke to ask, the other party was extremely shocked, "Where is my daughter? Let her talk on the phone! Why didn't she contact me, her old father, when she came to Arkpool City? Where is she staying? Is she living with your son?"

"I don't know if they are living together or not. They just left, so I had time to call and ask."

Although Zack Clarke had his answer, he still asked, "Is this your daughter?"

"Yes, it's Monica! Is she with Tristan?" Algerone Swain was shocked and delighted, "Such a big happy event, why didn't she inform me? This is the boyfriend I introduced to her! Shouldn't she at least thank her old father a little?"

Zack Clarke's mood was the same as Algerone Swain's.

However, Algerone Swain was even happier because Belinda had always been trying to seize control

and interfere in their daughter's marriage.

Now, she definitely couldn't win on their daughter's wedding matter, right?

Hahaha! Heaven was really helping him!

Chapter 1352: Being with him makes my head spin.

"It's great! Really great! Now that my daughter is with your son, I can finally rest assured!"

"You can definitely rest assured. My son Tristan is 100% reliable. However, he hasn't announced it to me yet. He just brought her here. I guess young people have their own ideas. They want to wait for the relationship to stabilize before making it official. This kind of thing will happen naturally, no need to urge. We don't have to worry. Let's just wait patiently for the good news together!"

"Why not urge? It's best to have the wedding before the end of the year!" Algerone Swain was more anxious, "I've set my sights on your son Tristan!" He laughed heartily, in a great mood, "We must urge, let's do it together!"

Zack Clarke couldn't help but laugh, and the two old friends chatted about their families again.

Downstairs, Monica originally planned to take a taxi and leave.

But Tristan opened the passenger door and looked at her.

Monica had no choice but to get into Tristan's car. As soon as the car started, she said to him, "Drop me off at the bookstore when you pass by." She guessed that he must be very busy.

"What do you need to buy?" Tristan asked, holding the steering wheel with both hands and not looking away.

"I need to buy some digital cards for Eason." The girl didn't hide it, "I promised to play games with him.

He's too bored every day."

There was a brief silence in the car, and Tristan didn't continue the conversation.

Monica suddenly felt a little awkward. Did he think... that she was taking herself too seriously?

She turned to look at him and explained, "I think promises made to children must be kept, otherwise they will always hope."

He drove the car and still didn't speak.

"If you think it's not appropriate for me to go to the hospital again, you can take the cards there yourself and tell him I hurt my leg and will visit him when it's better." She made it up, trying to find a way out for herself.

Tristan's lips curled up slightly, and he smiled, "If you're injured, shouldn't you be in the hospital? Then

he'll come to find you."

"There are so many hospitals. How big is Arkpool City? I don't have to be in this hospital." Monica's

face was awkward, and she stuttered as she spoke.

"So, you'd rather curse yourself to be injured than go to see him again?"

"Of course not!" Monica nearly jumped up, suddenly turning her eyes and staring with her bright, expressive eyes as she explained, "I'm just... just worried you might be upset! After all... we're just acting."

"The hospital isn't mine, what would I have to be upset about?" He replied.

"But he is your brother!" Monica looked at him, what kind of attitude was this? Was he allowing her to go or not?

Only then did Tristan turn his gaze and glance at her, his expression calm and indifferent, "Don't overthink." There was no emotion on his face.

Don't overthink?

What did these four words mean?

Monica was still awkward, and as she withdrew her gaze, she inadvertently saw a bookstore not far away, "Stop, stop, stop! We're at the bookstore!!"

Although the car almost sped past, Tristan reacted quickly, stepping on the brake with his long legs, and the Maybach stopped steadily at the entrance of the Xinhua Bookstore.

"You go ahead, no need to wait for me!" The girl quickly unbuckled her seatbelt, not wanting to waste his precious time.

He didn't say anything.

Before getting out of the car, she glanced at him, quickly opened the door, got out, closed the door, and headed straight for the bookstore without looking back!

My goodness! The air in the car was too stifling! It was suffocating.

When he was silent and sparing with his words, it really felt cold!

Chapter 1353: Tristan probably likes her too, right?

The bookstore, with five storefronts, was located next to a bank, and through the clean floor-to-ceiling windows, the warm yellow lights inside were visible.

Rows upon rows of wooden bookshelves were neatly filled with various famous works.

The bookstore was very large, elegantly and stylishly decorated, and had a complete range of books

and reference materials.

It was also very quiet here, as today was a workday, adults had to work and children had to go to school, so there were hardly any customers.

And the bookstore's staff had chosen a corner to read their own books.

After entering, Monica searched on her own, wondering which section the digital cards might belong to.

She scanned with her eyes.

As she searched through several rows of bookshelves and finally found the small red box containing the cards, she was overjoyed, and the corners of her lips couldn't help but reveal a smile.

Reaching for the box on top, she opened it and looked inside. The digital cards were new and the printing was very clear.

And they were already in order.

"Oh, this one!" She turned around happily with the box, but collided with a solid, warm chest.

Her forehead bumped, and her body bounced back as Tristan caught her waist in one hand!

But the box in her hand was knocked out, landing on the ground with a clatter, and more than a



hundred cards scattered like petals from a fairy.

Monica was stunned as she collided with his deep, cold gaze, and as their eyes met, she felt dizzy!

Tristan's arm was wrapped around her soft body, unintentionally pressing his solid build against her softness.

A salesperson heard the noise and hurried over, just in time to witness the scene behind the bookshelf.

Monica came to her senses, quickly stood up, and pushed him away.

Tristan also let go.

"I'm sorry, I'll pick them up, and I'll buy them!" Monica apologized to the salesgirl with a smile, covering her inner panic, and then squatted down to pick up the small cards scattered all over the floor.

Perhaps it was Tristan's presence that made the female sales staff stare, none daring to approach or reproach, and they all turned and left one by one.

In general, it's better not to disturb in such situations.

As Monica picked up the cards, a distinct hand appeared in her field of vision, and she looked up to see Tristan squatting down as well, though he wasn't looking at her.

She quickly averted her gaze, eager to clean up the mess. She wondered, wasn't he busy? Why hadn't

he left?

But she found... her heart was in disarray.

Her heart raced like a startled deer, but she struggled to maintain steady breathing, trying hard to control her inner turmoil.

Monica didn't need to know the answer anymore because he had come, and the answer was related to her.

As they picked up the last card, their fingers met, and their movements paused. Both of them looked up at the same time, and in the moment their eyes met, it seemed as if everything had come to a standstill.

Eventually, Monica let go, feeling as if she had been burned. Tristan collected the last card, and they both stood up. He handed her the stack they had picked up, and she carefully placed them in a box before walking to the cashier. Tristan followed behind her.

As he took out his phone, Monica pushed his hand away. "I'll do it. I promised to buy this for Eason."

She handed over her phone, and with a beep, the payment was successful. Tristan didn't argue with

her over the small amount of money, and her thoughtfulness touched him inexplicably, but he didn't say anything.

They left the bookstore, and Monica didn't dare look at him, but it seemed like she could feel his gaze.

Unsure of his thoughts, she asked, "Aren't you in a hurry to get to the company?" She changed the subject. "Isn't the company on the way to the hotel?" he asked casually, then took a step forward.

Chapter 1354: Continue the Act

Monica came to her senses and remembered that it was on the way. But even though it was on the way, didn't waiting for she take time? Thinking back to when he left the hospital, he clearly encountered something urgent. The girl pursed her lips and hurriedly followed.

Tristan remained the gentleman, helping her open the passenger door, then walked around the car and sat in the driver's seat. Monica got in the car herself, closed the door, and fastened her seatbelt. The car sped away!

Throughout the journey, Monica held the box of cards, her thoughts uneasy, involuntarily recalling the scene in the bookstore just now. He could have left first, but he had gone into the bookstore to find her.

Tristan drove seriously, not knowing what he was thinking. Suddenly, he asked, "What do you think of

Tom Fritz?"

Monica hadn't quite reacted yet. She turned her eyes to him, her gaze filled with doubt. She listened to him ask again, "He's so outstanding, didn't you like him?"

His words seemed probing. But hearing them in Monica's ears, coming from Tristan's mouth, made her feel very uncomfortable.

Why? Did he want her to like Tom Fritz? Although she felt a little disappointed, she still turned her gaze to him and asked, "What do you mean by this? Do you want me to like him? Or not?"

She asked three questions in a row, then looked at him like that, waiting for his reply. A minute passed, and even when Tristan glanced at her, he still answered with silence. The car continued moving forward.

Soon, Monica's phone rang. It was Belinda calling. Monica collected her emotions and answered,

"Hello, Belinda."

"When are you coming back? Are you with Tristan?" Belinda had already returned to the hotel and was waiting.

"Yes," Monica replied, "We're on our way back to the hotel. He's driving me."

"That's good. Invite Tristan for dinner tonight." Belinda's tone was calm and a bit serious, "There were some things I couldn't say at the Fritz family gathering today. Since you two are together, and I don't object, Tristan is indeed outstanding. But there are still some topics that need to be discussed, such as him becoming my son-in-law."

Monica was very anxious. Did they have to have dinner? How to wrap this up?

"Monica, are you listening or not? Why aren't you saying anything?"

"I heard you." She said, then glanced at him, "I understand." And then she hung up the phone.

A full two minutes passed, and Tristan still didn't hear her speak. He observed her expression through the rearview mirror, "What's the matter?" Because she always seemed hesitant to speak.

He didn't expect him to take the initiative. Monica turned her gaze, but he didn't look at her, focusing on driving seriously. But since he had spoken, she went ahead and voiced her request, "My mother wants to invite you to dinner. She really thinks we're together... She said that there were outsiders at the Fritz family gathering today, so some things were hard to say."

Tristan remained silent, as if it were his habit. Monica pursed her lips, her eyebrows slightly furrowed,

"What do we do now? I feel like we can't end this." Today was dinner, what would the request be

tomorrow?

She never would have thought that their fathers directly urged them to marry and have children! She hadn't even gotten Tristan's response when his phone rang again. Kevin's call came through.

Tristan glanced at the caller ID and rejected the call. She could feel his noticeably faster driving speed, so Monica felt even more apologetic, as she had indeed delayed him.

She thought that he was so busy, and it was already three or four o'clock, how could he have time for dinner? Just as Monica didn't hold out hope for him and didn't know how to deal with her mother,

Tristan spoke softly, saying, "I'll arrange dinner. Keep your phone on, just wait for my call."

Astonished! The girl turned her eyes to him incredulously, for a moment doubting whether she had misheard.

Chapter 1355: Are You Pregnant?

As she gazed at him, Tristan drove seriously, his eyes focused on the road. For a fleeting moment,

Monica felt dazed, finding his cold and stern profile, illuminated by the backlight, exuding a uniquely masculine charm that was warm and gentle.

In the brief silence, she was filled with emotion, still lost in her reverie. Tristan didn't hear her respond,

so he turned his gaze and asked, "What's the matter? Didn't hear me clearly just now? Need me to repeat myself?"

Meeting his gaze, she quickly shook her head, and then nodded hurriedly, her inner turmoil inexplicable, "No, I heard you clearly. I will wait for your call!"

The man shifted his eyes back to the road and continued driving. After a while, she whispered softly, "Thank you."

Tristan didn't reply, and the car fell silent again, the Maybach speeding along the road. Monica glanced at the card in her hand, thought about it for a while, and then hesitated to ask, "Should I give this card to you or..." She knew that her visit to the hospital today was under special circumstances.

She didn't have any identity to be there and it wouldn't be appropriate to go tomorrow either. More importantly, she liked him and didn't want to be a nuisance.

Afraid that Tristan would be upset, she was actually overthinking it. "What do you need it for?" the man asked in a low voice, "You promised him, so you have to keep your word. If you don't go tomorrow, what will I do if Eason comes looking for me?"

So, his point was-she had to go.

Upon hearing this, Monica clenched the card box tightly, her head bowed, "I understand."

After a while, she heard him say, "Tomorrow at two in the afternoon, I'll pick you up at the hotel."

"Alright." The girl turned her gaze to him, finding his profile softened, the faint sunlight haloing his features, a mix of firmness and tenderness.

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, Tristan hit the brakes, and the car came to a stop. The girl came back to her senses and looked out the window, realizing they had arrived at the hotel, "Thank you for bringing me back." She unbuckled her seatbelt, got out of the car, and waved to him through the car window, "See you tonight!"

Tristan glanced at her and didn't say anything, as the car sped away. Everything that needed to be said had been made clear.

Inside the hotel lobby, Belinda watched her daughter get out of Tristan's car and walk towards her, noticing the smile on her face that she couldn't hide.

Upon entering, Monica saw her mother, her smile faded, and she hesitated, "Belinda?"

The middle-aged woman stared at her, seemingly worried. "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me



like that?" The girl was puzzled, "What are you worrying about? Are you afraid I'll get lost during the day?"

Belinda locked her gaze on her and asked seriously, "What were you doing at the hospital? Are you pregnant?"

"What???" Monica was shocked, "How could you think that?" Her face flushed instantly.

"Why else would you go to the hospital?" Belinda reached out to her daughter, "Give me the examination report!"

"There's no report! We just went to visit a friend." Monica half-truthfully explained, not wanting to share

more about Tristan's family affairs, "You can really believe me this time, I'm not pregnant!"

Her mother's eyes were full of doubt.

The questioning gaze lingered on her daughter's face, and she thought that as her daughter grew older, she seemed capable of anything.

"You don't believe me?" Monica's heart skipped a beat, and she widened her eyes in disbelief.

Thinking that the misunderstanding couldn't be allowed to escalate, lest her mother ask Tristan and

create an awkward situation, Monica decided to prove that she wasn't pregnant by jumping in the hotel lobby!

She leaped three feet high, as if playing on a trampoline!

Belinda was dumbfounded!

"Belinda! Have you ever seen a pregnant woman jump like this?" She asked while continuing to jump.

"Stop, stop, stop! Monica, that's enough!" It was so embarrassing in front of everyone in the lobby!

Seeing her daughter couldn't stop, Belinda rushed forward, grabbed her shoulder, and said, "That's

enough! Go upstairs now!"

Chapter 1356: Just Wait for His Message

"Ouch! That hurts!" Monica was dragged away by her mother, laughing as she asked, "I'm proving it by my actions! What made you not believe me?"

She was a grown-up, still making a spectacle of herself here!

This was the hotel lobby!

Belinda dragged her daughter into the elevator without another word, pressed the floor button, and only

let go of her hand when the elevator doors closed.

Monica turned her gaze to her mother, "Belinda, do you believe me now?"

"Fine, fine, just stop making a scene!" Belinda rolled her eyes at her, "It's embarrassing! Don't get on my nerves!"

As the elevator ascended, Monica looked at her mother with a mix of trust and doubt.

To prevent any misunderstandings at the dinner appointment later, Monica felt the need to explain herself again, so Belinda would fully believe her!

The mother and daughter exited the elevator and returned to their hotel suite.

Monica cleared her throat, "Belinda, I'll perform a split for you now! Watch closely!" At that, she went straight into the split.

"What are you doing? Get up!" Belinda was frightened, "You've always had tight ligaments; don't strain yourself!" She still cared about her daughter.

Monica was pulled up by her mother again, still insisting, "Do you really believe me now? I'm not pregnant! Don't just assume such serious matters, it could scare me to death! I could never handle being pregnant before marriage!"

Belinda nodded, now genuinely believing her.

After all, she was her daughter, and she had basic upbringing; it was a matter of principle.

She grabbed her daughter's arm and asked seriously, "Does Tristan have time for dinner?" They had just left his car; there should be news about it, right?

"Now you're asking if he has time?" Monica complained about her mother, "When you called earlier, it was all in a commanding tone. But did you ever consider that, as the head of a large company, his schedule might be packed?"

"People with packed schedules still have to eat, right?" Belinda could understand that kind of busyness, as she managed a company herself, "And I'm the one inviting him. Is he planning to refuse?"

Monica had no counterargument to her mother's reasoning, but... this was all based on a misunderstanding!

Tristan had nothing to do with her!

He could definitely refuse!

"Monica, let me tell you, if he refuses me today, it can only mean one thing," Belinda said confidently,

"He doesn't love you enough!"

"He didn't refuse," Monica assured her mother with certainty, "Let's just wait for his message. He'll arrange everything. You can rest for now."

"Well, that's good, at least he has manners," Belinda said, then asked, "When did you two get together?"

"We... haven't been together long, but our relationship is stable, and I like him," the girl said, "I'm committed to him for life, so Mom, please don't make me go on blind dates anymore. No matter who it is, I won't even give them a glance."

Belinda looked into her eyes, sensing her resolve, and said nothing more.

She just examined her daughter with a scrutinizing gaze, taking a few extra looks before heading to her room, her feelings unclear.

But Monica was pondering her mother's earlier words, if Tristan refused today, it would mean he didn't love her.

Since Tristan didn't refuse, could it prove that his feelings for her were... more than just ordinary friends?

He cared about her, right?

He was afraid she couldn't handle it, afraid she'd go on blind dates with other men?

Chapter 1357: Tristan's Focus is on Monica

Clarke Corp, a towering skyscraper stood under the sunlight, magnificent and grand.

This place also carries the dreams of countless young people.

Under Tristan's leadership, the company was operating as usual.

A limited-edition Maybach was parked downstairs, and the tall and imposing Tristan had just entered the CEO's office. Kevin quickly stood up, took a thick file from the drawer, and brought it to Tristan's desk.

Tristan sat down in his office chair, elegantly crossing his legs, and reached out to take the file from

Kevin, quickly scanning it with his eyes.

Kevin stood to the side, whispering his report, "Not only did they fail to complete the Plum Bay project on time as stipulated by the contract, but they were two months late, and there were serious quality issues as well."

Listening to his assistant's report and examining the detailed issues pointed out in the documents,

Tristan's handsome face looked cold, and the atmosphere around him seemed chilly as well.

"But Mr. Lee said it wasn't his fault; his supervision was in place, and it was the construction company's problem," Kevin reported nervously, his heart pounding. "Mr. Lee has invited you to dinner tonight, saying he'll give you a reasonable explanation and discuss a solution for the future."

As Tristan listened, he continued to flip through the detailed information in the documents, his handsome face growing even more somber.

So many problems! And proper supervision? How thick-skinned could one be?

"But...", Kevin continued, feeling a chill in the air, "no matter how reasonable the explanation, the quality issues remain and will require reworking. Not to mention the excessive investment of funds, the lack of time, and the issue of breach of contract penalties."

Tristan looked at the documents without uttering a word, giving no indication that he had heard Kevin's words.

Not far from them, at a desk, Saskia Holt was organizing data on her computer.

Although she was not involved in the matter and didn't need to handle it, the low pressure in the office made it difficult for her to even breathe, let alone raise her head.

She was aware of the severity of the situation.

Standing nearby with his head bowed, Kevin remained silent as Mr. Norwell didn't speak.

Tristan's brow furrowed, his expression tense but icy.

He quickly scanned the documents, then turned back to the first page and read through them more carefully.

Five minutes passed...

Kevin observed the CEO reading the last word of the document.

Tristan closed the file, placed it on the desk, and looked up at Kevin. "Arrange dinner for me, for three people. Highest standard. The location is important, with a view overlooking the entire Arkpool City skyline. The cuisine must be top-notch. You take care of the rest."

Confused, Kevin asked, "With such a big problem, we still have to entertain him?"

"I'm hosting a dinner tonight; who said anything about entertaining him?" Tristan said coldly, standing up with his hands in his pockets. "You handle Mr. Lee's matter and bring a lawyer from the legal department."

With that, he strode out of the room.



"Mr. Norwell! You have a meeting tonight! It's clearly stated in your schedule!" Kevin chased after him, overwhelmed. "It's the president of Cherry Port Corporation! They specifically requested to see you tonight, or they'll terminate the contract!"

"Then let them terminate it," Tristan stopped at the doorway, turning to ask Kevin, "Did I not make myself clear just now? I'm having a dinner tonight, for three people, with the highest standard. Arrange it and send me the details."

With that, he left without looking back.

Watching Tristan's cold, imposing figure, Kevin, who had been with him for so long, was puzzled for the first time. Who could be such an important guest?

But as the CEO's order, Kevin could only comply and quickly took out his phone to make a reservation.

Chapter 1358 Get Ready for Dinner

In the hotel, Belinda tidied herself up, looking much younger than her age due to her proper maintenance. She mentally prepared for the topics she would discuss that evening.

In her heart, she had already accepted Tristan.

Tristan was excellent in his own right, his abilities and skills on par with Tom Fritz.

Moreover, Belinda believed Monica's words; she was definitely not pregnant, indicating that Tristan was

not a reckless person, and his character was quite good.

Inside the room, Monica was no longer as excited and nervous as when she first met Tristan. It was already the afternoon, and she would soon see Tristan, but she hadn't taken a shower or changed her clothes.

Regardless of her state, her natural, untouched face was incredibly beautiful.

Her good personality also made her inherently charming.

Monica sat in a chair by the window, sipping on a cup of warm water. She gazed at the clouds in the sky and couldn't help but wonder-

What did Tristan mean when he mentioned Tom Fritz in the car today?

Was he jealous?

Thinking back to that moment, it seemed somewhat possible, but he was always so aloof and concise, making it difficult to guess his thoughts.

So the girl wasn't quite sure what Tristan was really thinking...

She felt that this man's thoughts were somewhat enigmatic, yet it seemed that he liked her.

However, as she thought about it, a faint smile appeared on Monica's lips.

Whenever she thought of him, she felt overjoyed and warmth filled her heart.

Soon, a knock on the door and her mother's voice came in unison-

"Monica, what are you doing? Are you ready to leave? It's almost five o'clock!"

The girl looked back, "The door is unlocked, come in."

The door opened, and Belinda entered, making Monica's eyes light up. She quickly put down her cup

and stood up, "Aren't you dressed up a bit too much?"

"I just put some effort into my appearance." The middle-aged woman walked over, scrutinizing her,

"You haven't even changed your clothes? Are we still having dinner tonight? Why? It's already five

o'clock, and he hasn't called yet?"

Monica's chest tightened, and at her mother's questioning, she became a little worried. Tristan hadn't

called yet... Did he have a last-minute emergency?

After all, he had left the hospital in such a hurry.

Belinda's suspicious gaze fixed on her daughter, and Monica took out her phone. She discovered that

Tristan had sent her a message five minutes ago!

She quickly opened it and, holding back her excitement, told her mother, "He's made the arrangements and sent the address."

"Then why don't you start getting ready?"

"Okay! Right away!"

The girl put down her phone and rushed into the bathroom!

She changed her clothes, put on earrings, and applied a light everyday makeup.

She thought to herself, Tristan surely wouldn't like girls with heavy makeup, right? Being such an outstanding man, he must have his own unique taste.

As a woman, Belinda observed her daughter's every move and realized that she genuinely liked Tristan.

Because her face showed the shyness of a young girl.

Before long, Monica's phone rang. She quickly picked it up and said excitedly to her mother, "It's Tristan!" Then she slid her finger to answer the call.

"Hello~" her voice was exceptionally gentle, even dragging out a cute tone at the end.

"Should I come pick you up?" Tristan asked.

Monica looked at her mother and whispered, "Do you want him to come pick us up?"

"No need." Belinda said, "We'll drive there ourselves." She still had some things to ask her daughter on the way.

She then conveyed her mother's decision to Tristan and thanked him.

"See you later," Tristan said. "I'll leave now, and it'll take about twenty minutes to get there."

"See you later," Monica replied before hanging up the phone.

"Belinda, shall we go?" Monica picked up her purse from the couch.

"Yes." The middle-aged woman nodded, gave her daughter a deep look, and headed toward the door,

"I have a few questions to ask you later."

Chapter 1359: The Call Comes at a Bad Time

"What questions? Ask me now! Don't wait until we're in front of Tristan." Monica was particularly afraid that her mother would act out of the ordinary, "As long as I know the answer, I'll tell you everything!"

"Of course, I won't ask in front of him." Belinda said, "That's why I'm driving. I just want to get some information from you."

The mother and daughter took the elevator downstairs.

Monica also had something to tell her, "Tonight is just a simple dinner, so don't ask too many questions.

It'll be awkward since we're not at the stage of formally meeting the parents."

"I know," Belinda thought. As the girl's mother, she had to ask what needed to be asked.

"Mom." Monica took her arm as they left the elevator and reminded her again, "Tristan and I haven't been dating for very long, so you don't have to discuss deep topics. It's not time yet."

But Belinda said to her, "I know what I should do. However, whether it's dating or getting married, there are some things I need to discuss with him as your mother. This is based on my love for you."

"Ah??" The girl was startled, "What do I need to explain? It's a free love era now. Parents don't worry about it much, as long as we think it's appropriate."

Getting in the car, Belinda started the engine and asked her, "Does he have a romantic history? I couldn't find anything online, did he deliberately erase it?"

"I don't think so?" She didn't know either, she wasn't even Tristan's girlfriend, how could she know about his past?

"I don't think so?" Belinda emphasized the word 'think,' casting a doubtful glance at her daughter, "You

don't even know his past? Does he have ex-girlfriends? How many ex-girlfriends? Do you know that men can never forget their first love?"

"No, no, there's none." Monica was not looking forward to dinner tonight, worried that things might go wrong, "He has no romantic history!" She declared confidently, though it was just a guess.

Belinda started the car, asked her daughter for the restaurant's location, and started the navigation.

She couldn't help but sigh, "It seems sincere enough, a good location. This meal will cost at least a hundred thousand."

Monica became increasingly uneasy. Was Tristan really this formal? She felt like she owed him so much!

Her right eyelid kept twitching, as if something bad was about to happen.

It wasn't until the phone in her hand rang that Monica was taken aback, thinking it was Tristan calling.

She glanced at the screen, and it was actually her father!

Instinctively, she rejected the call. Before she could mute her phone, Algerone Swain called again.

"Who is it? Why don't you pick up?" Belinda glanced at her while driving, "What are you trying to hide from me?"

"My dad..."

Monica confessed in a low voice while holding the ringing phone, "I didn't want to answer because it might upset you, but I can guarantee that I didn't tell him I came to Arkpool City! This is the first call."

"Answer it!" Belinda instructed while driving, "Turn on the speakerphone for me."

The phone continued to ring.

Monica took a deep breath and didn't think much about it. She slid her finger over the answer button,

"Hello, Dad," and turned on the speakerphone.

"You're in Arkpool City?" Algerone Swain asked excitedly, "When did you come?"

Monica was happy to hear that and glanced at her mother, as if to say, see, I didn't lie to you just now, did I?

Belinda's face was cold, and she listened attentively.

Her daughter replied, "I just arrived, how did you know?"

"When did you get together with Tristan?" The middle-aged man asked with a chuckle, "Your Uncle

Clarke called me and said you two were together. Is it true?"



"Yes." Monica didn't want to talk about her feelings, because it was all lies; she felt guilty lying.

"I'm so happy!" Her father laughed, "How is it? Isn't the boy I introduced to you good? When it comes to marriage, you must listen to your father!"

Hearing this, Belinda's face changed, and she slammed on the brakes!

The car came to a sudden stop by the roadside!

Due to inertia, Monica, who was wearing a seatbelt, was flung forward, and her phone almost flew out of her hand while she was on the call.

Chapter 1360: Belinda Strongly Opposed

"Monica, what's going on over there?" Algerone Swain became anxious, as if he had sensed something and asked worriedly, "Are you in a car?"

The girl looked at her mother in shock, seeing her mother's dark face, she realized something and quickly told her father, "I'm fine, I'm fine."

Algerone Swain then laughed with relief, he was truly overjoyed!

"I'll be at ease now that you're with Tristan. Over the years, your mother has always wanted to introduce you to a boyfriend and control your marriage, making me feel like I don't exist. Do you think women can judge men accurately? Men can judge men better, right? My baby, isn't the boy I introduced

to you not bad?"

Belinda's dark face showed a subtle expression, and the next second, she turned the steering wheel around!

"Mom!" Monica didn't care whether her father had finished talking or not; she hung up the phone,

"Mom! Don't turn back!"

Belinda was furious!

So, Tristan was introduced by Algerone Swain!

"Mom!" The girl was anxious but didn't dare to touch her mother's hand on the steering wheel. Instead, she fretfully said, "Listen to my explanation! We can't just run away like this! Tristan arranged this dinner in his busy schedule! He's very busy!"

Tristan was helping her, so she couldn't just stand him up, right?

"Break up with him!! Immediately! Right now!" Belinda was so angry that her voice trembled!

She felt a fire burning inside her, "Is this how you show your filial piety to me? Algerone Swain's introduction is good enough! How is Tom worse than Tristan?!"

"Mom! That's not what I meant!" Monica was anxious but didn't dare to touch her mother. She screamed, "Stop the car first! Let me explain!! Don't drive back!" She guessed that Tristan, who was always punctual, must have already arrived.

Belinda stomped on the brake again!

Squeak--!

The tires left two black marks on the ground!

When the car came to a stop, Belinda suddenly turned her head, "How long were you going to keep it from me? You've been in contact all along! Even letting him decide on your marriage! Is he a qualified father?! Do you trust him so much?!"

"Mom, it's not what you think!" Monica hurriedly said, "Can we go to dinner first? I'll explain everything back at the hotel!"

"What dinner? Tristan was introduced to you by him! Let me tell you, I really don't agree with you dating now!" Belinda felt her sovereignty had been violated, "You must listen to me when it comes to marriage!"

Facing her mother's gaze and seeing her mother's furious expression,

Monica felt a little disheartened, knowing that it would be impossible to explain everything clearly in a short time.

"Are you going to see Tristan?" She asked her mother.

"No!"

Monica didn't say anything else, she opened the car door and got out.

Belinda looked at her in shock, "What are you doing?" She saw her daughter standing by the side of the road, using her phone.

"What are you doing? Monica, do you not care about my feelings at all?"

In no time, a taxi came by, and the girl flagged it down. She got in without looking back.

Belinda realized something was wrong, she unbuckled her seatbelt and hurried out of the car,

"Monica!" But she could only watch as the taxi sped away!

She couldn't stop it.

Standing outside the driver's seat, Belinda smoothed her wind-blown hair, feeling extremely depressed!

In the back seat of the taxi, Monica looked out the window, her mood a bit gloomy. She never thought

her parents' relationship would affect her own feelings.

Her relationship with Tristan hadn't even properly started. With Eason's help, it might have improved,

but now her mother strongly opposed it.

Her father was really something, calling at the worst possible time!

At this moment, in a high-end restaurant on the busiest street in Arkpool City, on the 58th floor with an

excellent view by the window, Tristan had already arrived.

He stood by the window, wearing a black suit with a white shirt, his tall and upright figure stood out

instantly in that space.