

## **Surprised 1361**

### Chapter 1361: Monica Faces Tristan Alone

Outside the window, the last hint of twilight disappeared, and the city's lights began to shine. The early winter night always arrived quickly.

The entire curved glass window was clean and bright, without any reflection, offering a clear view of the bustling night scene.

Tristan arrived early, as a matter of etiquette.

He left all his work to Kevin and glanced at his watch, estimating that Monica and her mother should be arriving soon.

Somehow, Tristan felt a bit nervous, as this was the first time he was meeting Monica's mother.

He treated the situation cautiously.

Thinking of Monica, many scenes played like a film in his mind: their first blind date, their encounter in England, and when she dragged Claire in front of him...

Unknowingly, they had spent so much time together.

She was straightforward and genuine. Her expressions, her words, and her actions all left a unique impression on Tristan.

He agreed to pretend to be her boyfriend and help her avoid blind dates because he didn't dislike her.

"Mr. Norwell, may we serve the dishes now?" The waiter at the door asked as a reminder.

Tristan came back to his senses, glanced at the time, and then looked at the waiter, "Yes, you may."

"Alright, Mr. Norwell." One of the female waitresses smiled and nodded, then stepped away.

In a short while, the taxi stopped downstairs. The driver reminded the girl in the backseat that they had arrived. Monica came back to her senses, "Oh, okay." She paid the fare and got out of the car.

Tristan had mentioned that it was the 58th floor. She looked up at the skyscraper in front of her and, feeling down, walked into the first-floor shopping mall lobby to take the elevator up.

Monica was the only person in the elevator, and her mood was clearly not good, very heavy.

She sensed the calm before the storm.

She pursed her lips, wondering how she would explain things to Tristan when she saw him.

This was a dinner he had carefully arranged amidst his busy schedule, he was helping her out, and yet her mother hadn't come.

In a private room with a window on the 58th floor, Tristan stood with his back to the window. His

posture was straight, his dark eyes shimmering with a faint light, noble and cold.

Upon hearing footsteps, he turned his gaze.

"Miss, please come in," the waiter at the door said respectfully.

Monica entered his line of sight, with no one else behind her.

Upon entering, she saw that all the dishes were already served – more than a dozen, clearly

meticulously prepared, the aroma of food filled the air.

She was touched, but also apologetic, her expression a bit complicated.

Belinda's mother hadn't come, but Tristan didn't seem puzzled. Instead, he waved to the waiters at the door.

The waiters understood, bowed respectfully, and left. They considerately closed the door behind them.

Monica stood at a distance, feeling wronged and wanting to speak to him, but found she had no standing and didn't know where to begin. "I'm sorry, I wasted your preparation..."

Tristan noticed her swollen eyes and walked towards her, stopping in front of her. "What happened?"

His gentle voice was like a spring breeze, expressing more concern than curiosity.

The girl looked up, holding back her grievances as she tried to explain, "My mother was supposed to

come, but..."

She didn't know what to say, as adults' matters were inherently complicated.

Sighing, she said, "Tristan, I didn't lie. It wasn't me who asked you out, it was my mother."

He believed her, of course. When she had answered her mother's call, she was still sitting in his car.

"What happened?" Tristan asked patiently, not in a rush. "Let me see what I can do to help."

Monica looked up and saw sincerity in his dark eyes.

After thinking for a moment, she told him the whole story, including the contents of her father's phone call.

"My dad said Uncle Clarke called him, and now both of our parents think we're together."

After saying that, she looked up apologetically, "I'm sorry, I didn't expect to cause you trouble. I'll go back and explain everything to my parents."

"What then?" Tristan asked directly, "Will you be dragged off by your mother to meet Tom Fritz?

Become a pawn in your parents' war?"

Chapter 1362: Willing to Face It Together

Monica's heart was in turmoil as well.

"Is that it?" Tristan's gaze locked onto her, wanting to know her inner thoughts.

"Of course not." Monica avoided his eyes, then looked down again, her tone firm. "I won't go on any more blind dates with anyone unless they kill me and drag my corpse along!"

Tristan looked at her with a mix of pity and happiness, as if seeing the sadness in her heart. But her words made him happy.

"Don't worry, I'll explain everything!" Monica bravely looked up, thinking that it would only give her a headache. "I won't waste your time anymore, I'll take care of everything and not cause you any more trouble."

Upon hearing this, Tristan wasn't happy. What was she trying to do? Distance herself from him?

As their eyes met, the man's gaze was dark and deep. "Monica, actually..."

Just then, Monica's phone rang, the ringtone interrupting Tristan's unfinished words.

She glanced at the screen and saw that it was her mother calling. Looking at the caller ID, she hesitated.

Tristan saw the note on the screen too. "Answer it," he told her.

Monica's head felt overwhelmed, and her heart was troubled. Her parents' issues had already affected

her.

Under Tristan's watchful gaze, she finally answered, "..."

"Which floor?" Belinda's icy voice came through. "I'm downstairs at the restaurant."

The girl's chest tightened suddenly as she looked up and met Tristan's gaze!

The private room was quiet, so even without the speakerphone on, Tristan could hear the cold tone in

Belinda's mother's voice. Before the girl could speak, he replied gently, "Auntie, we are on the 58th

floor, turn left after exiting the elevator, and it's the first room. I will meet you at the door."

Belinda didn't respond; she hung up the phone directly. Monica clutched her phone nervously, her heart

filled with a hint of panic. "Tristan, I..."

"It's alright." He had already handed over the company's affairs to Kevin; tonight's time belonged to

him. "Facing it together is better than facing it alone. Sit down first." After saying that, he strode towards

the door.

He thought to himself that since she could leave her mother alone to come here, it meant Monica cared

about him. She hadn't stood him up. Monica closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and bit her lip. Given

her mother's personality, it was hard to imagine what would happen next. But with her ability, it seemed

she could not stop it.

Feeling embarrassed that Tristan would learn about her family affairs, she wondered if even Tristan would be dragged into her parents' battles. To prevent her father's call from coming in again and making the situation worse, she silenced her phone.

Soon, Tristan saw the elevator door open at the entrance, and Belinda's mother emerged with a cold expression. "Hello, Auntie," Tristan greeted her warmly and politely. "Please come in."

Belinda glanced at him and walked towards them in her high heels, her mood clearly written on her face, not hiding it at all. She passed by Tristan and entered the private room directly.

She was furious about her daughter's departure! If her daughter was with Tristan, it meant she was siding with Algerone Swain. This was something Belinda couldn't bear! Her daughter was raised with her own hard work!

Monica stood in front of the dining table, looking at her mother's hostile appearance and whispered, "Mom." Tristan entered the room as well. He glanced at the table full of dishes and spoke like a

gentleman, "Let's sit and eat while we talk. I've cleared my schedule for tonight, so there's no rush."

The words were meant for Belinda's mother.

Belinda sat down in the chair, putting her purse aside and looked up at him. "That's good because there are a few things I want to say to both of you. In summary, I don't agree with the two of you being together."

Chapter 1363: Tristan's Attitude

Belinda's mother didn't mince words, even before Tristan and Monica could sit down. Monica had already anticipated her mother's attitude. Tristan went behind Monica, pulled out a chair for her, and said softly, "Sit down first." Then he sat down next to her.

The girl's complaining gaze was fixed on her mother, who didn't look at her. Although Tristan's protection made Monica feel supported, the atmosphere in the room was strange. After all, it was her mother she was opposing.

Facing the abundant dishes on the table, no one picked up their chopsticks. Monica stared at her mother without blinking and finally spoke, "Mom..."

"Auntie," Tristan interrupted her gently. He looked at the middle-aged woman across from him, his



voice humble and gentle. "Monica just told me everything."

The girl turned her gaze to see Tristan's calm expression. "You originally agreed, and this sudden disagreement is not because I'm not good enough."

Belinda looked up at him, her face cold. She wondered what else he could say. Tristan continued, "So we won't break up because of your opposition. As an adult, you should sort out your own emotional issues first. It's wrong to involve the younger generation."

Not only was Belinda shocked, but even Monica stared at him in amazement. She couldn't believe what he had just said! Though his tone was calm, Tristan was very bold. He picked up his cup and looked at Belinda warmly. "Auntie, what do you think? Just because I was introduced by Uncle Swain, you completely denied me. Is that fair to me?"

"Tristan, Tom is no worse than you." Belinda suppressed her anger, trying to be patient. "I'm not denying you; I just have a more suitable candidate. I hope you won't persist."

Monica felt embarrassed; Tristan hadn't been persistent. "Why don't you ask Monica who she would choose?" Tristan's lips curved into a confident smile as he looked at the girl sitting next to him, a faint grin on his face.

Monica felt the scene was all too real... she was even moved on behalf of Tristan.

"I know what she would choose." Belinda smiled and answered for her daughter, "Women are all love-minded. I came to see you today to make you give up and not listen to her thoughts."

However, Tristan took Monica's hand, startling her. She recoiled slightly, turning her gaze toward him.

As their eyes met once more, Monica steadied herself. She saw Tristan smile and say, "As long as

Monica doesn't say 'give up,' I won't give up either."

So was he willing to play this game with her to the end? Simply because he hoped she would take his brother along? That was Monica's thought.

But Tristan felt that he liked her and that this time, he wouldn't miss his chance again.

Belinda hadn't expected Tristan to say such a thing. She only smiled, took a sip of tea from her cup, and stood up to say, "Don't worry, you'll give up."

With that, she left.

Her mother's strange tone made the girl's chest tighten. Was she going to threaten Tristan? Monica stood up but was stopped by Tristan.

They watched her mother leave.

She pulled her hand from his and didn't want to involve him any further. "My mom is not an easy person to deal with. You don't have to offend her just to go along with my act. I don't know what she's going to do that's detrimental to you."

It was clear she was genuinely worried about him.

"Are you worried about me?" Tristan's gaze was gentle as he looked at her.

Facing his gaze, she blurted out, "I already owe you enough; I can't drag you down too, right? Our family situation is chaotic, and I can't handle it myself, of course, I don't want you to get involved."

"Well..." Tristan thought about it. He hesitated because he wasn't sure if the timing was right.

"What do you mean?"

"What if, I mean if." He looked into her eyes and asked seriously, "What if I want to help you handle it together?"

She was taken aback.

He said, "I'm not afraid of getting involved."

Chapter 1364: Father and Daughter Meet

What did he mean?

Monica stared at him, her heart momentarily stunned.

There was a rare tenderness in Tristan's eyes, but he quickly came to his senses, worried that she would be unprepared and frightened.

So he retracted his gaze and smiled at her, "Let's eat quickly; the food is getting cold." As he spoke, he picked up his fork.

The girl sat down beside him, but couldn't help thinking of her mother's attitude just now, making her even more worried for him.

"I'm sorry." Facing the carefully prepared dishes on the table, kind-hearted Monica felt that she owed him a lot, had no appetite, and was in a terrible mood.

Money wasn't the issue; it was his time, which was undoubtedly very precious.

"Stop saying that," Tristan said casually to make her feel better. "Don't feel indebted; we can consider this an equal exchange. Tomorrow afternoon at two, I'll pick you up at the hotel."

Monica sobered up from her illusion of love at the words "equal exchange," which made her feel a bit lost.

"Okay," she replied softly. She wouldn't refuse this favor, after all, she had promised Eason and had already wasted Tristan's time today.

The atmosphere during dinner was a bit chilly. Tristan didn't speak, and Monica didn't know what to say.

She couldn't help but wonder, in his heart, was this just an equal exchange?

Then why did he say earlier that he wanted to help her and wasn't afraid of getting involved?

So what was he thinking?

Why did it seem like love one moment and so cold the next?

After dinner, Tristan drove her back to the hotel. They didn't have much conversation on the way.

When she got out of the car, Tristan reminded her, "See you tomorrow at two."

"Okay," Monica waved at him, "Drive safely." Then she watched the car drive away.

The girl put away her smile, took a deep breath, and checked her phone. A series of missed calls were all from her father!

There were 48 of them!

Instead of going upstairs right away, she called her father back in front of the hotel, "Hello, Dad."

"Monica, what's going on? I've been calling you, but you didn't answer." The anxious voice of a middle-aged man came through.

"My phone was on silent."

Upon hearing that his daughter was safe, he breathed a sigh of relief and asked incredulously, "Your mother came to Arkpool City too? What for?"

"It's a long story, where are you?" Monica was in a bad mood and wanted someone to talk to.

Her father gave her an address and asked for her specific location, sensing that his daughter was willing to meet up.

So Algerone Swain said, "Find a nearby café, and I'll be right there."

"Is it convenient for you at this late hour?" Monica asked softly. He was a married man, after all, with a wife at home.

"Huh?" The middle-aged man didn't react at first, but soon said, "Of course, it's convenient. I'll be right there, just wait for me."

"Alright."

After ending the call, Monica glanced back at the hotel and then headed to a nearby café.

Soon, Algerone Swain arrived by car and quickly entered the café, where he saw his daughter.

"Dad." Monica held a cup of coffee, gazing at him with a touch of sadness. It had been a long time since they had seen each other.

The middle-aged man sat down across from her and asked directly, "Where are you staying?"

"At a nearby hotel."

"When did you arrive?" There was concern in his voice.

"A few days ago." Monica told her father about her mother's attempts to set her up with Tom Fritz, her own feelings for Tristan, and how she had asked Tristan to be her shield.

She also mentioned how her mother had initially agreed to let her be with Tristan, but a single phone call from her father had ruined everything.

The daughter didn't blame him, she just laid out the facts and wanted to find a solution.

Algerone Swain listened carefully, and in the end, he felt terrible, "I'm sorry."

Chapter 1365: A Good Father Provides Solutions

"I don't want an apology." Monica looked up, placing her hope on her father. "Dad, I don't know what

Mom might do to hurt Tristan. She doesn't have the power to impose sanctions on his company, right?"

She was very worried and anxious for Tristan.

"Of course not." Algerone Swain, who had weathered many storms, appeared somewhat calm as he analyzed the situation. "Knowing your mother, she only has one trump card."

The girl gripped her coffee cup tightly, eager to know, "What is it?"

"Threatening to sever your mother-daughter relationship." Algerone Swain picked up his cup, calmly sipped his coffee, and continued his analysis. "You're her pride and joy, and she values your relationship deeply. Even though you two may argue, she's still your mother."

"Really?" The girl was surprised. "She would sever our relationship?"

"Of course, she won't really do it. She'll just use it to threaten you. So when you have to choose between the two, who will you pick?"

"I choose Tristan!" Monica didn't hesitate.

Her father was taken aback, "..."

Then he listened as his daughter explained her reasoning. "The mother-daughter bond cannot be broken. It's a fact. But if I miss out on Tristan, I might miss him forever."



Algerone Swain looked at his daughter, fully understanding her feelings. After a while, he sighed softly,

"Your mother is just stubborn."

The girl thought for a moment, then confided in him, "Dad, I'm not actually with Tristan yet. We're still just friends."

Hearing this, Algerone Swain was a bit surprised, and he looked intently at her, "Not together?"

"..." The girl met her father's gaze, shook her head, and then slightly pursed her lips in embarrassment.

In a soft voice, he asked tentatively, "Do you like him?"

"I do." The girl nodded without hesitation. Every time she thought of Tristan, Monica felt overjoyed.

How could there be such an outstanding man in this world?

As an elder, Algerone Swain had a strong sense of right and wrong. It seemed as though he suddenly remembered something, "Doesn't he have a girlfriend? What about that young lady? Monica, no matter how much you like someone, you can't be a homewrecker."

"He doesn't have a girlfriend." Monica told her father. "Tristan brought that girl because he didn't want to go on a blind date either. She has a boyfriend."

"Oh, I see." Algerone Swain felt relieved, and after some thought, he asked, "So, does he like you?"

That question... was hard to answer. After all, she wasn't Tristan.

"It's not that I dislike him, I guess I like him too, but I'm not quite sure." Sometimes she couldn't even believe her own feelings.

Algerone Swain took a sip of coffee. "Don't worry, your dad is on your side in this matter, and Uncle Clarke will support you too."

The girl looked up, somewhat startled. "Dad, I don't want you to side with me just to oppose my mom! You are both my parents, dear to me just the same, even if you are divorced. I hope you can be like ordinary friends and not be incompatible!"

"Of course." Algerone Swain's mind was open. "The reason your mother is being stubborn in this matter is that she's angry with me. So I'll handle it."

Actually, Monica had arranged to meet her father tonight to hear him say these words. "Dad, thank you." Only her father could untie the knot in her mother's heart.

"Don't thank me; it's what I should do." Algerone Swain gave a soft smile, his mood heavy. "Over the years, I've not only owed you but also her."

Chapter 1366: What if Love is Humble?

Upon hearing these words and seeing her father's remorseful expression, Monica was deeply moved.

At the same time, she felt regret.

If her father hadn't remarried, she would have really wished for her parents to get back together. In

Monica's eyes, they were a perfect match.

Their initial separation wasn't because they had stopped loving each other, but because they were both angry. Otherwise, why would they still be thinking about each other?

Father and daughter drank coffee together, chatting about their daily lives. Seeing his daughter grow up so much, becoming elegant and graceful, her father felt very proud.

"Don't stay in the hotel anymore. I have an empty house. You can take your mom there. Your fingerprint is recorded in the fingerprint lock." Algerone Swain extended his most sincere invitation.

Monica had stayed in that house before. "Let's talk about it later. Mom won't accept it right now. When the time is right, you can invite her yourself."

"Alright."

Father and daughter left the café together. A cool evening breeze blew, and Monica turned to see the

wrinkles on her father's face. She was deeply touched.

However, when facing her, Algerone Swain always felt apologetic and wore a kind expression.

After a brief farewell, the daughter watched her father's car drive away. Belinda called.

Monica glanced at the caller ID and quickly answered. "Mom."

"How long does it take to eat a meal?" The middle-aged woman's displeased voice came through. "Do you not care about my feelings at all?"

"I'm downstairs at the hotel. I'll be right up." With that, the girl hung up.

She knew her mother was a strong woman on the outside but soft on the inside. Their mother-daughter relationship had always been good, so she wanted to see if she could solve the problem herself first.

Monica pondered as she walked towards the elevator.

In a room upstairs, Belinda sat on the sofa, staring at a magnified photo of Tristan on her tablet.

Suddenly, she remembered a detail-

When her daughter was at the manor that night, she saw Tristan during the video call!

Yes, that man was Tristan!

So... had they been together since then?

If so, they might already be living together. If they had been intimate, it wouldn't be easy to separate them.

Should she really let Algerone Swain spoil their mother-daughter relationship again?

The kind-hearted Belinda hesitated. Just then, the door opened, and her daughter entered.

Belinda glanced at her and regained her composure.

Monica walked towards her mother without looking at her expression. When she reached her mother, she knelt down directly. "Mom, please don't make things difficult for Tristan, okay?"

Her daughter's actions stunned Belinda!

Monica had always been carefree, never yielding in the face of challenges. She rarely called her mom and always referred to her as Belinda. But today, she was actually kneeling... for that man?

Belinda stood up from the sofa, her feet seemingly rooted to the floor as she looked down at her daughter, utterly shocked.

"Monica, get up!" Belinda was emotional. "Who allowed you to kneel?!"

The girl looked up, her eyes filled with determined tears. "I like him. From childhood, no man has ever

caught my eye like him. There has never been anyone and there will never be anyone again. Please, let us be together."

Upon hearing this, Belinda was a bit annoyed. "Have you gone mad? Kneeling for him? Do you have no dignity left?"

"What's wrong with loving humbly?" Monica's nose turned sour. "I want to spend the rest of my life with

him! I don't want him to be hurt!"

"The more you like him, the less important you'll be in this relationship!" Belinda was infuriated by her daughter. "Get up right now!" she yelled, reaching out to pull her up.

Monica was lifted up by her mother. "Mom, everyone's love and marriage is different. Just because you stumbled doesn't mean I will. Even if I do, I'll own it! This is my life!"

Chapter 1367: Loving Very Cautiously

"You own it?" Belinda looked at her and laughed angrily. "How can you own it? You're already in so deep before you're even married? What if you have a child after marriage? How can you get away unscathed if you're hurt? Do you think it's easy to be a single mother?"

"Mom!" Monica was unhappy and a bit emotional after hearing this. "Why do you always think of the worst? Can't you just hope for the best for me? My relationship hasn't even started yet, and you're talking about divorce before we're even married?"

"Do you plan to only date and not get married?" Belinda asked. "Or do you want to get married, but he doesn't plan to marry you? You're not teenagers anymore, you're adults. Aren't you heading towards marriage?"

"I..."

"Because I know better than you what marriage truly is! What it can bring to a woman!" Belinda's emotions were all over the place. "How much did I love your father back then? I would have given my life for him, but he took it for granted!"

"I am me, and you are you. Our lives can't be mixed together!"

Monica kept rebutting. "I'm not a casualty of your war with my dad! If Tristan hadn't been introduced by my dad, you would have agreed! You were clearly satisfied with him! You've been checking his background these days!"

As an elder, Belinda couldn't admit her own little thoughts, but a hint of guilt flashed in her eyes.

"Yes, he's excellent." Belinda kept emphasizing. "Monica, it's not that I have to oppose it. It's just that Tristan seems cold and aloof. Ordinary people can't get into the heart of someone like him. He'll be on guard. But Tom is different. Tom is casual, gentle, and easy to get along with."

"Love isn't about making choices, it's not about picking one or the other. Love is about following your initial feelings!" The girl spoke firmly. "No matter what, I will choose Tristan, even if he doesn't want me!"

With that, Monica turned and entered her room, feeling exhausted and not wanting to argue anymore.

Belinda looked at her daughter's retreating figure, wanting to communicate further but unable to find a suitable reason.

Back in her room, Monica locked the door and sat on the sofa with her knees hugged, tears welling up in her eyes, her heart sour.

She liked Tristan, liked him very, very much-a feeling only she knew.

But she and Tristan were just ordinary friends.

She was willing to start as friends with him, no matter how cold he was, she was willing to take the



initiative to approach him, to love him, to protect him.

After all, he didn't have a girlfriend.

Thinking about the dinner Tristan had arranged for her tonight, and the words he had said, her heart warmed up again, giving her a sense of being in love.

Arguing with her mother, she felt wronged, and couldn't help but think of him.

She opened his Facebook profile on her phone, not intending to send him a message, assuming he'd be busy.

She checked his stories, although they were mostly just occasional official links, no personal shares or selfies.

But she went through them one by one, as if this was the closest she could get to him.

Her love was always so cautious, afraid to involve him, disturb him, or ruin their hard-earned friendship.

At night, Kevin was still working overtime at the company, and Tristan had also gone to the office.

Kevin was highly capable, and he had already dealt with most of the mess the president had left behind.

So, as soon as Tristan entered the office, Kevin began to report.

After he finished reporting, Tristan looked up and asked, "Have you ever pursued a girl?"

"Huh?" Kevin was taken aback. Where did that come from? Had the topic changed so abruptly?

Tristan then asked, "Do you understand girls?"

Chapter 1368: I Guess It's Her

Kevin seemed to understand something and dared to ask, "Mr. Norwell, do you... have a girl you like

now?" Not far away, Saskia Holt looked up, glancing in their direction with curiosity. What kind of

outstanding girl could catch the eye of Mr. Norwell?

Tristan was sitting at a western-style desk, and he cast a sidelong glance at Kevin with a smile, waiting

for his answer with a serious expression. Kevin thought for a moment and honestly said, "I had a

girlfriend when I was in college." So, it was in the past?

Seeing that the president was still staring at him, Kevin braced himself and thought back to the past.

"Girls' minds are hard to understand. They won't say what they're thinking and expect men to guess. If

you guess right, it's love; if you guess wrong, it's not. She'll argue with you for a long time. In short, I

think girls are a strange creature."

"Should I not directly say if I like a girl?" Tristan asked him, for he had suffered from this problem before

with Claire. Saskia Holt was secretly shocked. Oh my god, who did Mr. Norwell fall for? Whose

daughter was so lucky? Saskia Holt envisioned a fairy-like girl in her mind.

Kevin stood beside the president's desk and thought seriously, "Hmm, how should I put it? Actually...

with your charm, I think you can say it directly. How many girls have been dreaming of you, right?" "Am

I shallow?" Tristan's face turned serious, and his tone became cold. "Would I like such a shallow girl?"

So, Mr. Norwell was unsure? Oh my god! Not only was Saskia Holt shocked, but even Kevin was taken

aback. Kevin put away his embarrassment and thought carefully, "Well... if you have concerns and are

afraid she will reject you, you can get to know each other as friends for a while. After all, when it comes

to feelings, it would indeed be awkward if you confess and she's not interested in you."

That's right; Tristan had already experienced awkwardness once, so he didn't dare to act rashly. He

could feel that Monica had some affection for him, but due to his lack of experience in love, he didn't

know whether this affection meant she wanted to be together. So... let's just get to know each other as

friends for now.

"I understand," Tristan stood up, put his hands in his pockets, glanced at Saskia Holt, and then at

Kevin, gently saying, "You guys should get off work early too." After saying that, he walked out. It

wasn't until Tristan left that Saskia Holt stood up and said with a gossiping tone, "Master, did Mr.

Norwell come just to ask about this?"

"..." Kevin found it strange too. Saskia Holt guessed, "Could it be Miss Swain?" Kevin finally realized

and connected everything, then nodded thoughtfully, "I guess it's her."

"Haha!" Saskia Holt laughed and tidied up her desk, feeling relaxed. "I think they're quite compatible!"

"Don't gossip. Let's pretend we don't know anything," Kevin reminded her. "Mr. Norwell doesn't like

people prying into his privacy." "We didn't want to pry, he brought it up himself!" Saskia Holt tidied her

desk and glanced at him. "Actually, if you want to know a girl's mind, you should ask me! What do you

men know? If you really understood, that girl wouldn't have become your ex-girlfriend, right?"

Saskia Holt was joking, having completely moved on from her heartbreak. As for Parker Stone, that

scumbag, she had no lingering feelings for him! Who hasn't made mistakes when they were young?

Chapter 1369: For His Daughter, Swain's Dad Takes the Initiative

Under the night sky, the dazzling city lights shone as the departing Maybach car moved at a moderate

pace. Tristan sat in the spacious driver's seat, his face illuminated by a soft light that made him even

more captivating. A song played in the car, its lyrics particularly fitting and calming. Somehow, Monica had entered Tristan's heart, replacing Claire's position.

The car window rolled down, and the vehicle moved at a leisurely pace, allowing the cool breeze to blow in. Tristan's smile was incredibly gentle, and he suddenly enjoyed the present situation, liking the slower pace of this relationship. Taking things slow wasn't impulsive; it was sincere, full of ritual, and particularly thoughtful. It also allowed them to better understand their own hearts.

That night, in a luxurious and tidy suite at a hotel, Belinda's daughter locked the door, leaving her mother outside. The mother-daughter relationship had reached an impasse. Belinda's mood wasn't great either; she opened the wine cabinet, took a bottle of red wine, and sat on the sofa. Her thoughts involuntarily went back twenty years, as she breathed in the same air as him in this city. Memories of her time with Algerone Swain surfaced, causing the strong woman's eyes to moisten. Those beautiful moments were buried deep in her heart, but she dared not reminisce.

Belinda's stubbornness about her daughter's issue was because she was angry with Algerone Swain, and she was angry because she cared. On the same night, at the Swain family villa, the house was brightly lit but seemed somewhat desolate. Algerone Swain stood alone on the balcony, his tall figure

backlit, a lit cigarette between his fingers. With one hand on the railing and the cool evening breeze

unable to dispel his worry and anxiety, he took a deep drag of his cigarette. No one knew what he was thinking.

But for the sake of his daughter's happiness, his relationship with Belinda couldn't continue like this.

Life was short, and it was time for reconciliation. That night, the once-loving couple had a sleepless night, both thinking of each other.

The next morning, the hotel doorbell rang. Belinda, who had risen early since she couldn't sleep, went to the door, thinking it was the cleaning lady. As she opened the door, preparing to say there was no need for cleaning, she saw Algerone Swain, dressed in a suit and holding a large bouquet of roses.

Belinda's eyes widened in shock, as they hadn't seen each other in nearly twenty years.

He had clearly aged, with white hair at his temples and traces of time etched on his face. In Algerone

Swain's eyes, his ex-wife was still as beautiful as ever, whether in figure or clothing. As their eyes met,

Belinda felt a soft ache in her heart. Algerone Swain looked at her with a gentle expression.

The grievances suffered by a single mother all these years came flooding back, causing her to quickly

react and try to close the door. Algerone Swain, however, quickly raised his hand to stop it, their powers quite different. The two remained in a standoff.

Despite Belinda's attempt to block the door with her entire body, she didn't want to see him-or rather, she wasn't prepared to see him that day. Since Algerone Swain had come, he couldn't just leave, and ultimately, he pushed his way in. Fearing that Belinda would be knocked down, he gallantly grabbed her hand as he entered, pulling her to the side so she wouldn't be hit by the door.

Belinda compromised, withdrawing her hand and turning around with her arms crossed, refusing to look at him directly. After so many years, she was still angry. Algerone Swain sighed softly, closing the door behind him.

Holding the bouquet of roses, he approached her with a sincere gaze that Belinda deliberately avoided.

"I remember your favorite flowers are roses," Algerone Swain said, looking at the flowers in his arms, a faint smile on his lips. "I didn't buy these from a flower shop. I went to the Fritz family's garden early in the morning and cut them for you myself." He had chosen that garden because it had rare and precious varieties, and their fragrance was particularly rich.

Chapter 1370: If You're Unhappy, Take It Out on Me

Belinda was startled by his words. Originally, she didn't plan to respond, but her expression changed slightly, and she couldn't help but ask, "Did you get their permission?"

"Of course!" Finally, she spoke, and Algerone Swain was delighted.

Now that she was willing to engage with him, the man smiled and said, "If they hadn't agreed, wouldn't that be stealing? I couldn't do such a thing." As he spoke, he held the bouquet of roses with one hand and grabbed her hand with the other, smoothly placing the roses in Belinda's arms.

The rich fragrance of the flowers filled the air, and the beautiful roses were now in her arms, impossible to return. Algerone Swain walked towards the window, looking around and asking, "Do you plan to stay in the hotel indefinitely?" He paused and continued, "I have an empty house available. If you don't mind, you can move in there. It's much more convenient than staying in a hotel."

Belinda arrived at the coffee table, bent down to put down the roses, and quietly asked, "How did you find me?"

She had no interest in his house. She immediately suspected, "Did you see our daughter again?" It must be said that women's intuition was strong.

"No, no, it has nothing to do with our daughter!" Algerone Swain seemed to suddenly remember, "By



the way, where's Monica? Is she out, or hasn't she gotten up yet?" He looked around once more.

At that moment, Monica, who had just gotten up, opened her door and immediately saw her parents in the living room. She was shocked, her drowsiness vanishing as she quickly took a step back and closed the door with a bang!

My goodness! Her father was here?

Hearing the door close, Algerone Swain glanced over and instantly understood. Belinda was embarrassed, her face cold and distant, giving off an unwelcoming aura. "Are you here for me or for Monica?" she asked coldly.

"Of course, I'm here for you." The man looked at her firmly and then sat down on the sofa.

Belinda thought to herself, he wouldn't leave anytime soon, would he?

Algerone Swain poured tea for himself. "You can vent your anger at me, but don't take it out on our daughter."

Upon hearing this, Belinda was very unhappy. "Did she complain to you about me?"

"Does she need to?" The man looked up, his expression suggesting he knew her well. "Given your

personality, would you let her be with Tristan if I introduced him?"

Belinda rolled her eyes at him, hating how he assumed he knew her so well. However, she was also slightly shocked. After so many years, and even after his second marriage, he still remembered her personality.

She didn't know whether to be touched or find it ironic. In any case, her heart felt a strange, bitter ache.

Inside the room, Monica held her breath and pressed her ear to the door, trying to eavesdrop, but the soundproofing was too effective. She couldn't hear anything. Not daring to go out and disturb them, she decided to look out the window at the bustling cityscape.

She prayed and hoped that her father's initiative could soften her mother's heart of stone. How wonderful would it be if they could reconcile?

In the living room outside, Algerone Swain candidly said, "Tristan isn't exactly someone I introduced."

Then, he told Belinda about the drama that occurred during their first blind date.

Belinda listened, shocked and unsure whether to believe him.

He continued, "Perhaps the two children really have a connection. Now that they're developing in a positive direction and our daughter likes him so much, I think we, as parents, should support them."

Belinda had been thinking about it alone last night. Seeing her daughter kneel down, she was

extremely shocked. She even questioned herself: what had she done to her daughter to make her feel

so helpless?

Belinda listened without refuting.

Algerone Swain spoke again, "If you're unhappy, take it out on me. You can ask me to do anything, but

don't make things difficult for our daughter, alright?"