

## **Surprised 1371**

### Chapter 1371: Thrown Out

When he spoke so bluntly, Belinda couldn't help but feel embarrassed, as if she were being portrayed as unreasonable. "I just have a better candidate in mind. It's not as complicated as you think."

"Although Monica was raised by you alone," Algerone Swain looked up, his voice heavy and filled with suppressed sorrow, "can you say that you don't owe her anything?"

Belinda had been busy with work and seldom communicated with her daughter.

His words struck Belinda to the core, causing a sudden pang in her heart, and something flashed across her eyes. However, she crossed her arms and deliberately turned away, avoiding his gaze.

Belinda was unwilling to admit it.

Admitting it meant acknowledging her debt.

She stood by the coffee table, and he sat on the sofa. A brief silence fell over the spacious living room.

"Even if we hadn't divorced, parents always owe their children," Algerone Swain said with deep emotion. "We're busy with work and neglect companionship. It's a common problem in modern families."

Kids were Belinda's soft spot, and he kept playing on her emotions!

"What exactly are you trying to say?!" Belinda asked, displeased.

Algerone Swain's tone was full of patience. "As parents, don't we all want our children to be happy?"

"I never said I didn't want her to be happy!" They were all adults, so she understood what he was saying. But hearing it from him, it felt like a lecture.

"Are you done?" Belinda still had her arms crossed, looking down at him. "If you're done, then please leave! You're not welcome here!"

Algerone Swain was taken aback. How did her temper explode so suddenly?

Faced with his ex-wife's impatient stare, Belinda didn't wait for Algerone Swain to say anything else.

She marched over, grabbed him, and said, "Get out! This isn't the place for you! Go wherever you're supposed to be!"

She had no patience left to listen to him. The longer she saw him, the more irritated she became!

"Get out! Did you hear me?" Belinda yelled at him, thinking about his current wife, and her anger grew.

Confronted with his suddenly enraged wife, Algerone Swain couldn't find the words to speak. He had intended to explain further, but she threw him out like a madwoman!

"Belinda!"

"Get out of here! I don't want to see you again!"

Hearing the commotion, Monica anxiously opened her bedroom door just in time to see her father being pushed out.

The suite door slammed shut with a bang!

Belinda, furious, turned around and found herself face to face with her daughter at the doorway. Their gazes met briefly.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Monica stepped out, her voice and expression filled with dissatisfaction.

"Why are you treating Dad like this? Can't you communicate properly?"

"Monica! Did you go behind my back to see him?!" Belinda glared at her. "You traitor!"

With that, she rushed to the coffee table, grabbed the roses, and furiously threw them at the newly closed door!

The sudden noise scared Monica, who hunched her shoulders and closed her eyes.

Soon after, she heard the door slam again.

Monica's eyes squeezed shut, and when she opened them again, her mother was nowhere to be seen.

She couldn't possibly follow, so... she must have gone back to her room.

Monica let her arms hang by her sides, looking at the scattered flowers by the door, feeling a sense of exhaustion...

She couldn't handle her own affairs, and her parents' situation was a mess too.

Was it true that the only emotions between people were love and hate?

Couldn't they get along, even just as friends?

Monica was grateful for her father's appearance today, but her mother had a bad temper.

With her mother treating him like this, he probably wouldn't come again, would he?

As a daughter, she felt too embarrassed to ask him a second time. Monica felt disheartened, as if she had fallen into a whirlpool again, with no glimmer of hope in sight.

Chapter 1372: Monica Escapes

Just then, her phone rang, the sound pulling her thoughts back to reality. Monica took out her phone and saw that it was Tristan calling. She immediately chased away all the negative emotions and joy began to grow in her heart. Her entire mood shifted.

Belinda, in her room, also heard the phone ring and thought it was Algerone Swain calling, so she gently cracked open her door. She watched as her daughter answered the call with a smile, holding the phone to her ear, "Good morning."

"Good morning," Tristan's voice was low and gentle, "I'm done with my work now and planning to go to the hospital. Can I come pick you up now?"

Now??

Monica wasn't prepared at all, but she was still looking forward to seeing him, so she smiled and said,

"Sure, I don't have anything else going on anyway."

"Alright, see you soon." In truth, Tristan had already set off, his car heading towards the hotel, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

That quickly??

"Okay, I'll come down right away." Monica felt a bit flustered, thinking she should change her clothes or redo her hairstyle, or perhaps apply her makeup a bit more delicately. But there was no time for that now.

After hanging up, she turned around and went back to her room. As she came out with her bag, she

bumped into her mother, who was glaring at her with a murderous expression!

Monica's footsteps faltered, "..."

"You're not going." Belinda emphasized again, "I don't agree with you being with Tristan!"

"I'm sorry." Monica gripped her bag tightly, facing her mother's gaze with an unusually firm tone, "I can listen to you on everything else, but not when it comes to matters of the heart! I can't stop what my heart decides!"

As soon as she spoke, Monica rushed to the door before her mother could catch her, opening it and running out!

Belinda chased after her but came up empty, "Monica!!"

The girl didn't go to the elevator but dashed into the stairwell, her figure soon disappearing from her mother's sight.

Belinda was furious! But she was also worried that Monica might have twisted her ankle running so fast! Angry and worried at the same time!

Unable to contain her anger, she stomped on the roses thrown at the door, crushing them!

Her heart was full of rage towards Algerone Swain!

He was already married, yet he still used roses to disgust her!

Monica ran down the stairs and out of the hotel lobby, just in time to see her father preparing to get in his car not far away.

Algerone Swain inadvertently turned his gaze and saw his daughter at once. He had just opened the driver's side door, then closed it, "Monica?"

"Dad!" The girl looked around, Tristan hadn't arrived yet, so she jogged towards her father, "I'm sorry, I apologize to you on behalf of mom!"

"What apology? I know her temper all too well," Algerone Swain didn't seem to take it to heart. He stepped forward, looking at his daughter panting, and asked with concern, "What's going on? Why are you running so fast?"

"Tristan asked me out, but mom wouldn't let me go, so I ran down the stairs," the girl told her father honestly, "We're going to the hospital to see his brother. I promised yesterday, and I don't want to break

my word. He'll be here soon."

"Dad supports you two being together." The middle-aged man patted her shoulder, "We'll slowly influence your mom's side. Let's work together."

"She threw away the roses. Next time... don't send flowers." Monica said this, actually trying to test if he would still take the initiative.

The man laughed, "It's already good enough to let me in. Let's take it slow, we're not in a hurry. With so many people working together, we're not afraid of not being able to convince her, right?"

The girl was amused by her father's demeanor, and the initially unhappy morning suddenly became more relaxed and comfortable.

#### Chapter 1373: Taking Her to Breakfast

In a short while, a Maybach stopped not far away. Tristan didn't get out of the car in a hurry because he spotted Monica and her father talking and laughing together. The scene was warm and cozy.

After a while, Tristan saw Algerone Swain get into his car. Monica waved at him, and once the car had driven away, Tristan unbuckled his seatbelt and opened the car door.

Monica saw him and her smile changed, becoming gentle and shy. The tall and handsome Tristan walked towards her, their gazes meeting, and Monica felt an inexplicable excitement, mixed with a bit



of nervousness. She pursed her lips, her smile still radiant.

"Did Uncle Swain need you for something?" Tristan stopped in front of her, worried that she had refused her father in order to see him.

Monica shook her head. "No, he came to see my mom."

Tristan was taken aback for a moment. He knew about her family situation, that her parents had divorced long ago. So, Swain's dad was looking for Belinda...

"It's alright, he's already found her," Monica said, worried that he would overthink it. Her lips curved into

a smile. "Should we go to the hospital now?"

"Sure." Tristan glanced at her and then walked towards his car. Monica followed, and he helped her open the passenger door, acting like a gentleman as he helped her into the car.

As Monica buckled her seatbelt, Tristan returned to the driver's seat. The early winter morning was a bit cold, with a slight chill in the air. When the car started, the windows rolled up and the heater came on.

Monica was touched by his small gesture and couldn't help but look at him. At the same time, Tristan turned his gaze to Monica, locking his eyes on her beautiful face. A hidden smile flashed in his deep

eyes.

Monica withdrew her gaze, feeling a bit embarrassed. She didn't want to appear too smitten. At that moment, her stomach let out an uncontrollable growl.

The car was very quiet, so the sound was quite noticeable, abruptly reaching Tristan's ears. While driving, he paused for a moment, realizing the sound came from her stomach.

He pulled over to the side and asked, "Haven't you had breakfast?"

"..." Monica felt slightly embarrassed. Just then, her stomach grumbled uncontrollably again. How awkward!

"I... just got up," she admitted shyly.

Tristan's lips curved into a gentle smile. "Let's go. I'll take you to breakfast. I know a great breakfast place nearby."

With that, the car started once more. Monica pursed her lips but didn't say anything. She hadn't eaten breakfast and didn't want to feel hungry.

After about five minutes, the car stopped in front of a small breakfast place. Monica followed Tristan out of the car. The breakfast place wasn't big, but it looked clean and tidy.

Since the morning rush had passed, there weren't many customers.

"The noodles here are delicious," Tristan introduced to her.

Monica didn't have many preferences, so she casually ordered a bowl of noodles. Then, she asked

him, "What do you want to eat?"

"I've already eaten," he answered.

So, was he going to watch her eat? Wouldn't that be... embarrassing?

But she didn't want to say anything else.

Soon, a steaming bowl of beef noodles was ready. Tristan accompanied her to a wooden table, even

thoughtfully pouring her a cup of warm water.

"Thank you," Monica looked up at him, her face showing a smile, a bit restrained.

Tristan didn't speak, his gentle gaze fixed on her face. Seeing her brought an inexplicable sense of

reassurance to his heart.

Monica's heart raced, feeling incredibly awkward!

In front of the person she liked, she would always be conscious of her appearance. But eating... one

careless move could make her look ungraceful.

#### Chapter 1374: Meeting the Family

Monica buried her head in her noodles, trying her best to ignore him sitting across from her. It was just... too difficult!

"Don't rush, be careful not to burn yourself," Tristan kindly reminded her.

When the girl looked up, she found that his gaze had never left her.

The more he reminded her and stared at her, the more embarrassed she felt!

So, today's breakfast was an unforgettable experience for Monica.

She hoped that time would pass slower and faster at the same time! Her whole heart was full of contradictions.

Inside the president's office at the Clarke Corp,

Kevin, dressed in a black suit, was working methodically. Saskia Holt had made significant progress recently, and she could handle many things independently.

As a result, some work was quickly completed, and they found themselves with some free time.

"Did Mr. Norwell go on a date?" Saskia Holt had been pondering this question. As a girl, who doesn't

love gossip?

Kevin, now familiar with her and confident that Mr. Norwell wouldn't come in at this moment, teased,  
"If

you think so, then it is."

The two looked at each other and laughed.

Saskia Holt happily said, "Mr. Norwell should settle down. He's not getting any younger."

"Why are you so happy?"

"Maybe when he gets married, the company will give out benefits? Like discounts at the mall, or

directly giving employees big red envelopes?"

"Can you avoid giving a gift?" Kevin asked her, "Do you know your status?"

"..." Saskia Holt's face stiffened, and she shut her mouth.

Kevin laughed at her, "With your status, you can't take advantage of this situation. Not only do you

need to prepare a gift, but the president will also be very busy during the wedding. All the work will fall

on our shoulders, and it will exhaust you!"

Saskia Holt thought for a moment and laughed again, "In that case, I still wish him well! I hope he

settles down soon! He's such an outstanding person; he deserves to be loved!"

In the company, Tristan was like a male god. Everyone hoped for his happiness.

The Maybach stopped at the entrance of the hospital. Tristan and Monica got out of the car and were about to walk towards the hospital lobby when Ivan and Jennifer just happened to come out of the glass door.

They also saw Tristan and Monica.

"Brother," Jennifer walked over, greeting them first, and then cast a friendly glance at the girl beside her brother. It seemed like something was up!

Monica met her gaze, and although she smiled, she couldn't help but feel a little nervous. She had never met her before, but she knew she was Mrs. Marsh, Tristan's sister.

After all, this bit of news was no longer fresh in Arkpool City.

Ivan also came over. He didn't have that aloof feeling around strangers. Monica thought he was very down-to-earth.

"Mr. Marsh, Michelle," Tristan called out softly, then turned his eyes to the girl beside him and introduced her, "This is Monica, my friend."

His future girlfriend, perhaps?

Both Ivan and Jennifer had this idea because they saw a hint of shyness on the girl's face.

And there had never been a woman by Tristan's side, let alone one he brought to the hospital.

"Monica, nice to meet you," Jennifer reached out her hand, her smile friendly and gentle.

Monica also smiled slightly, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Marsh," and shook her hand.

"Call me Michelle, please don't call me Mrs. Marsh," Jennifer said with a smile, "My brother's friend is naturally my friend." She thought to herself, maybe in the future, we'll even be family.

Being brought to the hospital by her brother to meet Eason, her status must be extraordinary.

"Michelle," Monica called out softly, feeling that this title was very intimate.

Jennifer was pleased and, after looking at Monica, said to Tristan, "Go up, Eason is waiting for you.

We're heading to the company now."

Chapter 1375: Expectations From The Little One

After Ivan and Jennifer left, Monica finally felt the pressure lessen, and she secretly breathed a sigh of relief. The presence of the couple was too powerful, constantly giving people an invisible sense of pressure.

A pair of large hands wrapped around her shoulders, and Monica's thoughts were pulled back to the present. She looked into Tristan's deep eyes as he said, "Let's go." Then, he casually released his grasp and walked towards the hospital lobby with his hands in his pockets.

Monica hesitated for a moment before following him. She couldn't help but recall the last time she saw Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh; they probably didn't have a deep impression of her, right? They had flown to England amidst their busy schedules to save Tristan, and the scene that day represented the weight of their family bonds.

She knew that Tristan had a good relationship with his sister and that Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh got along well too. What a harmonious and loving family they were.

Inside the Lamborghini headed to the Marsh Group, with the driver at the wheel, Ivan and Jennifer sat in the spacious back seat, their fingers lightly intertwined. The beautiful morning sunlight streamed through the windows, illuminating their faces.

Jennifer rested her head on Ivan's shoulder, and the corner of her lips couldn't help but curl into a smile. "Do you remember the last time at Darci Manor? That girl appeared in the room where Tristan



was staying."

"It wasn't just the room; it was the bed," Ivan corrected in a deep, assertive voice.

Jennifer couldn't help but laugh, remembering the scene. Ivan spoke with a hint of certainty, "In my

opinion, this girl is going to be your future sister-in-law. There's no doubt about it."

"I find it strange too," Jennifer said, slightly lost in thought and frowning with confusion. "Since they're

together and the relationship is extraordinary, why did he only introduce her as a friend? Is it not good

to openly admit that she's his girlfriend? We're not against wishing them well."

Ivan turned his gaze and gently caressed her cheek. "It's because Tristan loves her and wants to

protect her. He must have his own considerations."

"What needs to be considered? Dad is so open-minded," the woman said, even more puzzled. "Is this

normal thinking for you men?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Tristan is cautious because he values this relationship. If it's not in a particularly

stable state, he won't make it public. If it becomes stable, then there's a high likelihood they'll step into

the marriage hall."

This was consistent with his brother's mature and steady personality. Jennifer thought of Monica's

appearance and felt delighted. "This girl is quite good, beautiful and kind-hearted."

"Eyes are the windows to the soul," Ivan had observed her too. "Her character is acceptable, not like those scheming women who deliberately try to get close to him."

"I feel the same way," Jennifer trusted her own judgment. "I look forward to my brother's happiness.

He's had enough hardship in the first half of his life; he needs a good girl to warm the second half."

"Your brother is a warm-hearted man himself. As long as it's someone he likes, he'll give his all."

"Right, so they'll be happy together, right?"

"..."

In the morning at Charity Medical Center, inside the innermost room of the suite, Eason sat in a chair.

He held his father's hand and looked up, shaking it insistently. "Brother said he would come today. Will he forget? Will he really come?"

"He will," Zack Clarke, knowing that there were many matters at the company for his son to handle, patiently explained with a kind expression. "Brother always remembers what he promised Eason, but he has to go to the company to take care of work first."

"Will Monica come today, too?" The little one tilted his head and asked expectantly, as if this was the key point.

Zack Clarke, wearing a smile, still answered with certainty, "She will!"

Chapter 1376: Are You Dating Monica?

As the father and son were talking, Monica entered with Tristan. Aiden, who was in the hall, quickly stopped what he was doing and greeted them with a smile. "Hello, young master, Miss Swain!"

Her voice rang out, and everyone in the room heard it.

"Hello," Monica replied, smiling warmly and being particularly polite.

Hearing the voices, Eason rushed out excitedly. "Brother! Monica! You're finally here!"

His mood was perfectly normal, with happiness and joy written all over his face. His recovery was going quite well.

As the two of them greeted each other with smiles, Eason ran over and took Monica's hand. "Monica, come play games with me! I learned a few new ones yesterday!"

"Sure."

As the girl agreed, Zack Clarke emerged as well.

"Dad."

The girl looked up. "Hello, Uncle Clarke."

Upon seeing Monica, Zack's mood naturally brightened. He thought that the young lady and his son

looked perfect together, becoming more and more compatible.

"Hello, Monica," Zack Clarke said with a kind smile, clearly fond of her.

"Monica, come with me!" Eason pulled her toward the inner room.

As they walked, Monica glanced back at Tristan, who slightly raised the corner of his lips to signal that

she could go in.

Both Zack Clarke and Tristan felt relieved because Eason had rarely been so happy. Ever since

meeting Monica, the little guy's entire demeanor had changed.

At least, he had something to look forward to.

Inside the room, they played number games, with Monica patiently teaching Eason, who sometimes

struggled to respond quickly.

Meanwhile, in the hall, Aiden prepared a pot of tea, and the father and son sat down to discuss work

matters.

The scene was one of harmony and happiness.

An hour later, when the work discussion was almost over and Zack Clarke was satisfied with his son's report, he mentioned the upcoming Christmas holiday.

Over the past year, the company had thrived under Tristan's management, with profits skyrocketing.

"Tristan," the father called his son's name softly, then glanced toward the room where Monica was.

Lowering his voice, he asked, "Are you dating Monica?"

How should he answer that question?

As Tristan pondered and tried to find the right words, his father, Zack Clarke, saw right through him.

He told his son, "If you like her, cherish her. Although Algerone Swain's daughter grew up in Canada, her character is still good. I had already inquired about her before arranging the blind date for you two."

Tristan didn't say anything. His expression remained gentle. "Dad, when it comes to relationships, I

only trust my own feelings and don't care about what you've heard."

"Alright, well, about that project, you need to personally inspect it when you get a chance."

Zack Clarke steered the conversation back to work. "Take Monica with you."

"From a woman's perspective, she might have some unique ideas, which could be incorporated into the project and possibly enhance it." Although he spoke of the project, Zack Clarke actually hoped to give them some alone time.

Tristan understood the double meaning behind his father's words.

Seeing that his son had understood, Zack Clarke didn't say more. He just smiled and continued to enjoy his tea in a good mood.

"Now that Eason's condition is improving, my greatest wish is to see you married."

Tristan lifted his teacup and smiled as well.

At noon, Tristan and Monica took Eason out for lunch.

Zack Clarke had to leave early due to other matters.

After lunch, the brother and sister held Eason's hand as they strolled along the tree-lined avenue. The dappled sunlight created a warm and cozy scene.

"The weather is nice today. It's quite pleasant to take a walk after lunch," Monica said, glancing at

Tristan. "Do you have to rush to the company? If you're busy, you can go ahead, and I'll take Eason back to the hospital."

"I'm not busy," Tristan replied. Just as he finished speaking, his phone rang. Seeing that it was Kevin calling, he declined the call and then silenced his phone.

#### Chapter 1377: Tristan Asks Her Out

The girl unintentionally caught a glimpse of his incoming call from the corner of her eye. It was Kevin, and he had rejected the call, but she didn't say anything. Her heart felt inexplicably warm, just like the sun of that day.

The early winter streets were lined with trees. As the wind blew, large patches of leaves remaining on the branches fell, resembling dancing butterflies. The scene was bleak yet pleasing to the eye.

The dappled sunlight shone selflessly on them.

Eason was a child, and he didn't talk much. From time to time, he used the support of both sides to lift his whole body, and occasionally kicked the large patches of leaves on the ground with his little feet.

His thoughts were empty, and he had no worries.

"Is it tiring to take care of a child?" Tristan started a conversation, glancing at the girl.

"Not tiring at all. I think children are fun and innocent," she said with a beaming smile. "Sometimes, when talking with Eason, you'll find it's a kind of spiritual baptism."

Except for Jennifer occasionally taking him out for a stroll, he had no chance to leave the hospital and was confined there day after day.

So Eason was extraordinarily happy today!

Tristan took the opportunity to ask the girl beside him, "Have you been busy lately?"

Monica looked at him, but he was looking straight ahead. Who was he asking? It couldn't be Eason, so she quickly regained her composure. "Not busy, what's up?"

She was delighted and somewhat expectant. Was he going to ask her out?

"I have to go on a business trip to a nearby town. My assistant is quite busy recently, so..." As he

spoke, Tristan finally looked at her. "Could you accompany me there?"

She was puzzled by his request. Why did he want her to go with him?

Although she was more than willing.

Tristan realized it was abrupt and quickly explained, "There's a project there, and sometimes, from a girl's perspective, you might be able to give me some advice."

This explanation made Monica feel a little disappointed, but she still replied, "Sure, when?"



"How about tomorrow?" Tristan hadn't actually arranged it yet, and he had a schedule for tomorrow.

However, since she agreed, he decided to postpone his plans.

He said, "I'll pick you up at the hotel lobby tomorrow, and we'll take the high-speed train there."

"Alright."

Then they remained silent for the rest of the walk.

Monica felt that the sunlight was especially warm today, and she couldn't help but smile.

Tristan's mood was calm, perhaps related to his slow-to-warm-up personality.

At this point, Belinda, who had been waiting at the hotel, couldn't wait for her daughter to return. She

grew angrier and angrier as she thought about it. How uncontrollable her daughter had become as she

grew up!

Since she didn't need the housekeeper to clean the room, the roses scattered at the door were still

there, becoming somewhat dry and wilted from dehydration.

The sight of the roses stung her eyes.

At that moment, the doorbell rang. Belinda collected her thoughts and got up to open the door, thinking

it was her daughter returning.

Unexpectedly, it was Algerone Swain again!

Just as she instinctively tried to close the door, the scene from the morning played out once more, and the man's raised palm blocked the solid door!

After a brief standoff, Belinda simply let go, and Algerone Swain smoothly entered the room.

He carried a large bag and walked toward the tea table. "Are you cultivating yourself? Can't even eat a meal?"

The woman turned her gaze, slammed the door shut, and coldly stared at him. "What's wrong with you? As a married man, do you plan to squat in the hotel every day and observe my every move?"

"You're the child's mother, not someone else." He put the bag down and opened it. "Eat something first.

Women get angry in a vicious cycle, and it's easy to get sick."

Belinda was indeed hungry. As soon as the covers were lifted from the few bowls, the aroma of the dishes wafted out, stimulating her taste buds.

Chapter 1378: The Generous and Attentive Swain

However, Belinda didn't give Algerone Swain a friendly look. She kept a straight face, showing no signs of hunger, even appearing rather disgusted, and still wore an unwelcoming expression as she looked at

him.

As for Algerone Swain, he seemed quite magnanimous, having already put the unpleasantness of the morning behind him. He didn't want to create any tension with her, so he took off all the lids from the dishes, arranged the chopsticks, and then stood up. "You should eat while it's hot. I know you can't eat while I'm here, so I'll leave first." He had a charming self-awareness.

No sooner had he finished speaking than Algerone Swain gave her a gentle smile and walked out on his own, bending down at the door to pick up the scattered roses.

Belinda didn't look back, her heart still weighed down by the resentment and anger of the past twenty years! It wasn't until she heard the sound of his footsteps fading away, followed by the door closing, that she finally turned to look.

The room was empty, and so was her heart. The aroma of the dishes filled the air. Belinda came to her senses and gazed at the various bowls on the tea table, each exquisite bowl containing a different delicious dish, all still steaming hot.

She sat down on the sofa and slowly picked up a fork. She was hungry, truly hungry. Holding a bowl full

of food, Belinda's hardened heart softened for a moment. She really hadn't expected him to come.

In Belinda's memory, Algerone Swain had always been a considerate and good man. Downstairs in the hotel, the golden elevator doors opened in the magnificent lobby, and the suave Algerone Swain stepped out. He strode directly to the front desk, his steps strong and his handmade leather shoes spotless.

"Good day, Mr. Swain." The receptionist saw him and quickly stopped her work, smiling and respectfully greeting him.

"Call me when the lady returns," Algerone Swain said in a deep voice, standing in front of the counter with one hand in his pocket and the other tapping the counter lightly, looking in good spirits.

"Understood," the receptionist replied, her demeanor and appearance excellent.

The middle-aged man thought for a moment and said, "Also, if my wife doesn't come down for dinner, call me again."

"Understood!" The girl smiled brightly.

Algerone Swain smiled back, "If the information is collected properly in the next few days, I'll give you a bonus at the end of the year!" With that, he turned and left.

"Thank you, boss!" Watching his tall figure, the receptionist was overjoyed.

The boss was indeed generous and charming, even with his temples graying. Yes, the hotel's owner was Algerone Swain. Belinda didn't know, nor did Monica, and Tristan probably wasn't aware either.

Kevin had chosen this place simply because it was close to the Clarke Corp.

In a room upstairs, Belinda didn't care about her appearance; after all, she was alone. One by one, the small and large bowls in front of her became empty. Stir-fried beef with celery, cucumber rolls, salmon, and garlic shrimp – all of her favorites, with a taste that took her back many years.

Algerone Swain actually remembered...

This detail warmed her heart, making her eyes swell and her nose tingle.

At the Charity Medical Center, Monica and Tristan walked out of the lobby, the warm sunlight shining on them. They had just sent Eason back to the hospital.

The little guy needed an IV drip in the afternoon, and a teacher would come to give him one-on-one tutoring.

As they were leaving, he asked expectantly, "Will Monica still come here in the future?"

Without waiting for the girl to answer, Tristan bent down and patted his little brother's head, saying,

"Tomorrow, I'll take Monica to a town for a business trip. It's part of our work, so we'll come back to see you after we finish, okay?"

Eason pouted, not knowing how long they would be gone, but eventually nodded obediently. "I'll wait for you here. Be sure to come back."

Chapter 1379: The Air is Filled with the Scent of Love

For a moment, Monica wondered if Eason was somehow helping her get closer to Tristan. It seemed that he couldn't do without her, giving her more opportunities to interact with her crush. Even if they weren't in a romantic relationship, as long as she was by Tristan's side, and there were no other women around him, she felt a sense of love, as if he belonged to her.

As they left the hospital, Monica's happiness had reached its peak. So, she considerably told Tristan,

"You can go back to the company. I don't want to hold you back any longer. I can go back to the hotel by myself."

Tristan didn't say anything. He simply opened the passenger's side door of the car and looked at her

with warm, determined eyes. Monica hesitated for a moment, meeting his gaze, and time seemed to

stand still. She looked at him and then at the open door. Tristan didn't say anything; he was just waiting for her to get in.

Not wanting to waste any more of his time, Monica pursed her lips and quickly walked towards him, her heart pounding as she got into the passenger seat. The corner of Tristan's lips curved into an almost imperceptible smile as he closed the door for her and walked around the car to sit in the driver's seat.

He was tall and slender, with thick, prominent eyebrows that gave him a naturally refined and meticulous air. He started the car, and Monica glanced at him. His eyelashes were long and dark, like black feathers, and his eyes were deep and black.

Throughout the drive, the car's speed remained steady. A gentle breeze fluttered in through the window, stirring Monica's hair and making her heart flutter. Time seemed to fly by when she was with him. Neither of them broke the silence.

Perhaps these sweet, silent moments were enough for both of them. There was no need for words; just being together was enough. It wasn't until the car came to a stop outside the hotel that Monica snapped out of her reverie. She looked out the window, then back at Tristan. "Thank you," she said.

Her politeness made him feel distant. "I'll pick you up tomorrow morning. Pack your things," Tristan told

her. "We'll be gone for about a week."

"A whole week?" Monica was slightly taken aback but thrilled inside. "Do you have the time?" Tristan frowned, slightly puzzled.

"No, no, I'm free," she assured him, more than eager to go.

He smiled at her, and she quickly unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car. "See you tomorrow!" she called, waving at him before closing the door.

As the car drove away, Monica turned and headed towards the hotel lobby, her heart leaping with joy.

The Maybach headed in the direction of the Clarke Corp. Tristan's gentle expression vanished as he checked his phone. His deep eyes narrowed at the sight of 32 missed calls.

They were all from Kevin. Tristan had silenced his phone earlier. He didn't call back right away. Instead, he put the phone down, gripped the steering wheel with both hands, and accelerated.

Humming a tune, Monica bounced her way through the hotel lobby. The receptionist cautiously glanced at her before picking up the phone and dialing a number. As Monica entered the elevator, the call connected, and the receptionist quietly reported, "Mr. Swain, the young lady has returned."



"Is she alone?"

"Yes, she just went upstairs and entered the elevator."

"Alright. If they don't come down for dinner, prepare the dishes according to the menu. I'll come and deliver it personally."

"Understood."

The call ended. Algerone Swain was doing his best to please Belinda, for the sake of his daughter's happiness. He had once married this woman and knew her well. She had a sharp tongue but a soft heart, and with some time and effort, he could win her over.

In the elevator, Monica pondered a question: should she tell Belinda that she would be away for a week? If she didn't explain, would Belinda think she was sneaking around? And then blame Tristan for everything?

But if she told the truth, there was a high chance Belinda wouldn't approve, right?

Chapter 1380: A Good Father-Daughter Relationship

\*Ding-\*

The elevator stopped, the door opened, and Monica stepped out, swiping her card to enter her room.

Belinda was sitting on the sofa, and when she saw her daughter suddenly return, she stood up somewhat uneasily. The tableware on the table hadn't been cleared away yet, and she felt inexplicably guilty.

Monica immediately noticed the scene on the coffee table. "...". She walked over, puzzled and shocked.

"Weren't you on a diet? When did you eat so much? There's only one set of tableware! You finished all these dishes?"

Belinda felt a little awkward. What embarrassed her wasn't eating too much, but the fact that she had finished the dishes Algerone Swain had sent. This was simply her post-divorce life's shame!

"How is this packed?" Monica stood by the coffee table, bending down and staring at the empty bowls in surprise. "This isn't a takeout box, it's a bowl!"

"..." Belinda couldn't answer, so she quickly bent down to clean up and coldly asked, "Monica, after all the effort I put into raising you, is this how you repay me?"

Back to this topic? The girl sighed, sat down on the sofa, casually placed her legs on the coffee table, and leaned back. She crossed her arms, glanced at her mother, and said, "Mom, from tomorrow on, I'll be busy for a week, so I won't be able to accompany you at the hotel."

Belinda, who was cleaning up, suddenly turned her eyes and asked cautiously, "Where are you going?"

"To a nearby town with a friend to clear my mind," she said calmly. "I'll use this opportunity to think about my life. Think of it as self-reflection, and when I'm done, I'll contact you!"

"Will you consider being with Tom Fritz?" The middle-aged woman hesitated, seemingly seeing a glimmer of hope. Otherwise, what was there to reflect on?

"Yes, I'll consider it!" Monica nodded and smiled, then praised, "You're right, Tristan is too cold. It's not easy to get into his inner world. Maybe Tom Fritz is a better fit?"

Belinda looked at her disbelievingly, trying to figure out something from her eyes. After all, this girl was cunning, and it was hard to tell which of her words were true and which were false.

"I'm tired!" To prevent her mother from seeing through her, the girl stood up and said, "I'm going to take

a nap!" Then she headed for the bedroom.

In fact, Monica was very smart. After much thought, she figured that Belinda's meal was likely sent by her father. Bringing the bowls back didn't make sense. She took out her phone to send a message to her father, but he called first. She quickly answered and quietly locked the door.

"Hello, Dad." She lowered her voice and tiptoed to the window.

"Where are you?" Why was she acting so secretive?

"I just got back to the hotel, I'm in the room." She asked directly, "Did you send Belinda lunch?"

"Did she tell you?"

"No, I guessed. Is it true?"

Algerone Swain laughed and admitted, "How about it? Did she finish it all?"

"Yes, she finished everything. I'm shocked! She's been controlling her diet recently." Monica was

delighted. "You're really great, Dad! After she threw away your roses, you rushed over without a break."

"Well, she's not just anyone; she's my daughter's mother." Algerone Swain said somewhat emotionally,

"Besides, it's the first time my daughter asked me to do something. I must do it properly, right?"

Hearing this, Monica was very happy. "Long live Dad! By the way, I have something else to tell you."

"What is it?"

She trusted her father completely. So, she told him about her plan to go to the town with Tristan for a

week. She said, "Can you find a chance to take my mom away from the hotel? Don't you have an

empty apartment there?"

She didn't want to reunite her parents, but she hoped that their relationship could improve.