

Surprised 1381

Chapter 1381: Trouble at the Door

"This might be a bit difficult, but I can try," Monica said.

"Thank you," she continued. "By the way, I haven't told Mom about going out with Tristan yet. I told her

I'd be going with a friend to clear my mind."

"I understand," Algerone Swain said, knowing they were on the same side.

Father and daughter chatted briefly before hanging up, as their father was a busy man.

At the entrance of the Clarke Corp building, there were many people gathered, some standing and

some squatting. It seemed as if something was the center of attention, and there was a lot of

commotion, as if something significant had happened.

Tristan stepped on the brake, and his Maybach stopped at a distance. He looked ahead, his eyes

narrowed slightly, and he unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

Seeing Kevin and Saskia Holt surrounded by bodyguards, Tristan had a bad feeling, especially when

he saw an ambulance nearby.

He quickened his pace, and the sound of sad crying reached his ears.

Saskia Holt was the first to spot him and pulled on Kevin's arm, whispering, "Mr. Norwell is here."

Kevin looked over, as if seeing hope.

Tristan stood next to him and, without asking what had happened, saw an old man with white hair lying on the ground.

"Father, how tragic is your death! Wake up!" people cried.

"Uncle, uncle..."

"Old man, wake up! You can't leave me behind!"

A dead person?

Though Tristan felt sympathy, he still looked at Kevin with confusion.

Kevin reported in a low voice, "Finally, you're here. You didn't answer the phone, and our partners are arriving soon. I can't handle this situation alone."

"What happened?" Tristan asked calmly.

Kevin answered, "The old man suddenly died here. He wasn't an employee; he was just passing by.

His family members suddenly appeared, demanding compensation and refusing to leave without money."

As soon as Kevin finished reporting, the family members who had been crying and wailing around the old man saw Tristan.

They hesitated for a moment, and sensing his presence was extraordinary, they rushed over like a swarm.

Before Tristan could react, they surrounded him.

"Are you the person in charge? My father died at your company's doorstep. What are you going to do about it?"

"We can't let him escape!"

"Old man, I'll get justice for you."

"Pay up, pay up!"

Tristan was particularly clean and resistant to such grabbing.

But these people seemed glued to him. "Let's talk about it. I won't run! Let go of me first!"

The nearby bodyguards quickly came over and pulled them away.

Meanwhile, at the hotel.

Monica, who was about to sleep, opened Twitter and was about to enjoy some gossip when she accidentally saw a video related to the Clarke Corp.

There was a crowd at the entrance, and Tristan had just walked over when he was grabbed by some people.

The Twitter post said that someone had died at the company's entrance, and the family was causing trouble.

Someone died?

Monica was shocked.

Seeing Tristan almost being stripped of a layer of skin, she didn't hesitate to get out of bed, put on her shoes, and rush out the door.

"Where are you going?!" Belinda stood up from the sofa and watched her daughter dash to the door like a gust of wind. Before she could get an answer, Monica was gone.

Worried, Belinda chased after her, but her daughter had already disappeared from sight.

Out of a mother's concern, she quickly called her daughter, not to stop her but to find out what had happened that made her so anxious.

Chapter 1382: Does She Seem To Care About Me?

In the elevator, Monica stared at the decreasing numbers, wishing it would just plunge down directly!

Her phone rang, and she glanced at the caller ID before answering quickly, "Hello, Mom, I have an urgent matter and need to go out for a bit. Don't worry, nothing happened to me, so I'll be back soon.

You don't need to worry!"

After speaking, she hung up the phone without wasting any more words.

Belinda's heart, which had been in her throat, settled a bit. If it wasn't Monica, then who was it?

Could it be Algerone Swain?

As the name flashed through her mind, Belinda's heart tightened, and she held her breath as she thought.

Feeling somewhat uneasy, she sat down on the couch.

The more she thought about it, the more worried she became. After hesitating for a moment, she dialed his number for the first time, her mind a bit muddled.

At that moment, Algerone Swain was in a meeting with the executives at the company. It was the last major project before the end of the year, and they needed to discuss some plans.

His phone suddenly rang, and it was actually Belinda calling??

He was indeed shocked, and the meeting was interrupted. He quickly picked up the phone, glanced at the executives sitting on both sides of the table, and answered, "Hello, what's the matter?" His voice was very gentle.

"Where... where are you?" Belinda sounded panicked.

"I'm at the company, specifically in the conference room. Do you need something?" He seemed to be reporting.

Belinda heard his tone was calm, not like something had happened.

So... it wasn't him?

She had been rash, impulsive, and her mind went blank. Of course, she wouldn't admit that she cared about him. "It's nothing, I just wanted to ask." After speaking, she hung up the phone.

Algerone Swain was puzzled. How could it be nothing?

So, he thought for a moment and immediately called his daughter.

Soon, Monica, who was already in the car, answered, "Hello, Dad, what's up?" From her tone, she

seemed a bit anxious.

"Where are you?" Algerone Swain asked, "Did something happen?"

"Huh?" The girl was surprised, "How did you know?"

"Your mom just called me, but she didn't say anything."

Algerone Swain sat down in the chairman's seat, and with his other hand, he tapped his fingers lightly

on the table, "She seemed... a little concerned about me?"

These words, which seemed to be spoken without any audience in mind, fell into the ears of all the

executives sitting around the conference table. Everyone looked at each other in shock, their

expressions varied.

Was this... a major development??

Monica understood something. Belinda had misunderstood, thinking it was her father who had an

accident?

So Belinda cared about her dad!

"That's right, there's a small issue with Tristan. I'm going over to check it out. I left in a hurry and didn't

have time to explain to Mom, so she must have thought you were in trouble."

Although the girl was worried, the corner of her lips curled up, "Not bad, she actually called you proactively. This just shows that you're in her heart."

"What happened to Tristan?" As the future father-in-law, Algerone Swain was, of course, concerned.

To not worry her father, Monica replied, "It's nothing serious, just a small matter. I have to hang up now; I'm almost there."

At that moment, at the entrance of the Clarke Corp building, the family members who had been pulling at Tristan had been pulled away and restrained by the bodyguards.

Because a police car had arrived as well.

But Tristan didn't want to leave; he was still there.

As the president, he should handle such matters, especially when it involved a life.

"Father, oh, my father, please wake up!"

The cries and wails continued, and the scene was still chaotic, as if they were shrewish women.

Tristan looked at the doctors in white coats, who shook their heads helplessly, clearly meaning the old man was already dead.

Tristan looked away and said to Kevin, "Take the family members to the reception room; I'll talk to them."

"Huh?" Kevin didn't understand, "What's there to talk about?"

Tristan just looked at him and didn't answer, walking toward the inside.

Chapter 1383: Monica Worries About Tristan

"Mr. Norwell, they're clearly trying to scam us. If we just pay them off, similar incidents will happen again!" Saskia Holt was anxious as she caught up with Tristan, clearly not agreeing with the idea of using money to solve the problem.

Tristan, with his calm and handsome face, walked briskly, paying no attention to her. Whatever Saskia Holt could think of, Tristan had already considered.

It was the sight of the shabbily dressed family members and their worn, aged faces that did not match their years that had stirred pity in Tristan's heart. He couldn't bring himself to use the most forceful means against them.

In the hall, Tristan strode towards the reception room with his hands in his pockets. Saskia Holt stopped in her tracks, as the family members were brought in, still desperately throwing themselves at

him, crying and shouting. Bodyguards and police officers held them back.

The family members were all emotionally charged, as if they saw hope for compensation, and yet as if there was no hope at all. Kevin also followed them into the room, unable to help but raise his voice to them-

"If you keep causing a commotion, we'll proceed legally! Now, Mr. Norwell is willing to talk to you. This is your only chance! I advise you to cherish it!"

Hearing his stern words, the family members quieted down somewhat.

Soon, someone arrived at the entrance to take the elderly person's body to the funeral home. The police were also helping to handle the situation, following standard procedures and retrieving footage from the entrance's surveillance cameras. Everything was handled with exceptional humaneness.

So when Monica arrived, the scene at the entrance was no longer the chaotic, wailing one from the viral video...

It was quiet and empty, as if nothing had happened. Still, she continued forward with a puzzled expression. At that moment, Kevin came out and saw her, and she noticed several black-clad bodyguards standing inside the glass doors of the hall.

It seemed the situation wasn't as simple as it appeared, with an inexplicable atmosphere. Kevin also saw her and stopped.

Monica quickly walked towards him, "Kevin, where's Tristan? I saw..." She looked around, unsure how to describe it, "I saw the video. It seems like something happened?"

Kevin told her, "Mr. Norwell is in the reception room, dealing with a bit of trouble."

"I'd like..." She glanced at the heavily guarded entrance, "I'd like to see him. Can I? I can wait."

Although she couldn't offer much help, she was truly worried and just wanted to check on him. Kevin knew her identity was special. Though Mr. Norwell hadn't made any official announcement, this woman was very likely to be the future CEO's wife.

Kevin didn't dare to neglect her. So, he nodded and made a decision on his own, "Miss Swain, please come in with me."

"Thank you." Monica was filled with gratitude and followed him inside.

Inside the spacious reception room, the police had said something to the deceased's family members before they entered. They were all frightened, realizing that no amount of wailing would get them any

money, and they might even break the law.

Once they were inside, Tristan told them to sit down, showing that he was still quite patient. The family members sat on the sofas, with no one else present, as the police had left the room.

Only Tristan stood nearby, dressed in a dark, handmade suit. His deep eyes gazed at them calmly, and with just a simple look, they all felt incredibly guilty.

"The elderly person has indeed passed away, which is undoubtedly a tragedy for a family," Tristan began, his thin lips parting slightly as his eyebrows furrowed. "But, whether his death has anything to do with my company or me personally, you all know better than anyone else."

In the end, he added a reminder, "There are surveillance cameras at the entrance."

Now, the family members didn't dare to respond, because the police had made it clear earlier that this was illegal, and excessive harassment could result in imprisonment.

Every large company had its own team of lawyers and legal departments.

Chapter 1384: They Met Again

"If I just give you money like this, it proves that I am condoning your behavior," Tristan said calmly. "If I allow extortion to happen, then similar incidents will probably occur from time to time. You'll extort

others, and others will extort me."

He had a firm grasp of their mentality, making the family members feel guilty...

Tristan wasn't angry, and he spoke logically, "How the elderly person died can be determined through an investigation. I think you wouldn't want the results to come out."

The family members didn't dare to speak...

But Tristan was kindhearted. He wanted to settle the matter and not waste any more time, as he had a meeting with business partners later.

So he told them, "I will give you some money."

The family members, who were sitting on the sofa, looked up at him in disbelief.

Tristan met their gazes and made his own judgment, "Perhaps you encountered difficulties and resorted to this as a last resort." He said this because they didn't seem like evil people.

Hearing such magnanimous words from the man, the family members were shocked for a few seconds before sliding to their knees in gratitude.

"Thank you... Thank you, Mr. Norwell."

"We have a sick child at home. We really did this out of desperation. We spent all our savings on his

treatment."

Outside the door, Monica peeked inside, watching the scene play out clearly.

When she had come in earlier, Kevin had briefly explained what happened.

She was initially furious, thinking that this was blatant extortion. Did they have any shame?

She thought Tristan would coldly follow legal procedures and not let the wrongdoers take advantage,

but instead, he reasoned with them and agreed to give them some money.

The family members knelt and kowtowed, full of gratitude. Monica was moved but didn't know what to say.

Then the family members left the room, and Monica stepped aside to let them pass.

As for Tristan? He was still in the reception room.

Monica didn't know what he was thinking, only seeing the tall figure with his hands in his pockets. She

felt a strange sense of pity for him.

The police guarding the door left, and Kevin received a call, going to the entrance to meet the business partners.

Monica saw that he was fine, so she felt relieved.

Just as she was about to sneak away, a voice came from the hallway-

"Miss Swain!"

Not only did Saskia Holt's voice make Monica's footsteps falter, but it also reached Tristan's ears. He turned to look upon hearing the voice.

In the hallway, Monica's heart skipped a beat as she turned to see Saskia Holt. "Hey~" she greeted with an awkward smile.

She glanced subconsciously at the door of the reception room, and sure enough, Tristan had come out.

He saw her at once, and their eyes met.

Saskia Holt hesitated for a moment and then quickly slipped away, realizing that it was not the right time for a third person to appear.

Tristan just looked at her, his hands in his pockets as he stepped towards her.

His aura wasn't oppressive, but as he approached her step by step, Monica's heart began to race. She tried to control herself, searching her mind for a reason to be at the company.

"Um, I..." She didn't know how to explain, but Tristan stopped in front of her, looking down at her with

his considerable height advantage. They stood less than half a meter apart.

He didn't ask anything, his expression gentle and his gaze deep, as if he just wanted to hear what she had to say.

Chapter 1385: Today's Charming Mr. Norwell

Monica raised her eyes, meeting the man's deep gaze, and her mind went blank, "..."

As for Tristan?

His beautifully shaped thin lips were slightly pursed, as if he didn't plan to say anything and just wanted to listen to her.

The two stared at each other... time passed by, second by second.

Monica grew more and more embarrassed, while a gentle expression appeared on his calm face.

"I..." She still had to explain, after all, this was his territory, and she had come uninvited.

Blinking her watery eyes, she decided to be straightforward, "I saw the video at the entrance of your company and just wanted to come and watch the commotion...!"

Her determined gaze emphasized that she was not worried about him! Really, she was just here to watch the commotion!

"You came all the way to the reception hall just to watch the commotion? So, does Miss Swain have any thoughts on this?" He looked as if he wanted to hear her thoughts, leaning forward slightly with his tall frame.

Monica chuckled and praised, "Mr. Norwell has great taste!" Then she gave him a thumbs up, "Great taste...!"

At that moment, the sound of footsteps approached. Monica turned her head to see Kevin bringing a group of people over.

Among them was a man who seemed to have an unusual identity, with an extraordinary presence.

Kevin was introducing something to the man as they walked.

Tristan's gaze, however, remained on the girl's face. He could feel that she had come out of concern for him, but how did she know?

Was her information so accurate?

As the group approached, Monica also looked away.

"Mr. Norwell!" The head of the partnering company was beaming, older than Tristan and energetic,

"Long time no see!"

Monica quickly stepped aside, her petite figure leaning gently against the wall. She looked up at

Tristan, thinking he must be very busy, right?

"Mr. Tim, long time no see." Tristan's lips curled up, and then he withdrew his gaze, lightly patting the girl's head.

Monica was startled by the gesture in front of so many people and quickly looked at him.

She saw the rare tenderness in his eyes and heard him say to her, "If you're going to wait for me, go to the office. I'll finish up as soon as possible."

She was dumbfounded! Had she heard wrong?

Mr. Tim stopped in his tracks, seeing the scene and understanding the situation. His hearty smile was full of blessings as he took a few more glances at the lucky girl.

When did Mr. Norwell have a woman by his side?

Despite being right in front of them, Mr. Zhang didn't interrupt, his time suddenly not so precious anymore.

Monica leaned against the wall, staring blankly at Tristan, her beautiful eyes filled with disbelief.

"Miss Swain, let me take you to Mr. Norwell's office!"

Saskia Holt suddenly appeared from behind Tristan, laughing as she grabbed Monica's arm and pulled her away! The girl hadn't even agreed yet!

Tristan was also taken aback for a moment, turning his eyes to the girl and seeing Monica hesitating to speak when she looked back at him. The smile on his lips deepened.

Mr. Tim's blessings fell on Tristan's face, "Hahaha, Mr. Norwell, when did you meet your sweetheart?"

Judging by the looks, I'll be receiving an invitation soon."

Tristan smiled but did not answer, extending his hand to shake Mr. Tim's, "Please, this way."

Then they entered the highest-standard reception hall in the Clarke Corp. Tea was brought in by the staff, Kevin accompanied them throughout, bringing Mr. Norwell's computer and some relevant documents.

The last partnership project before Christmas was about to be discussed here... and they were expected to sign the contract smoothly.

Upstairs.

Monica followed Saskia Holt out of the elevator, the entire floor had an extraordinary layout, especially luxurious, with every detail being perfect.

The reflective marble floor, the green plants everywhere, the faint fragrance of flowers in the air, and the spotless environment all reflected Tristan's taste and pursuit.

Chapter 1386: Can't Leave For A Moment

"Miss Swain, our Mr. Norwell has an extremely high taste," Saskia Holt praised as she led Monica into the president's office.

The room was spacious and bright, with a casual and natural layout. The sound of flowing water filled the air, and a large tank housed turtles and fish.

Monica's expression softened as she slowly looked around the room. Her gaze landed on his desk.

Although Tristan was not there, she could imagine him making plans and strategizing in the office.

She envisioned his tall, slender figure standing by the floor-to-ceiling windows with his hands behind his back.

She felt his presence in the air. Being in his office made her feel very close to him. Monica suddenly felt a bit envious of Saskia Holt.

Being the president's assistant and working closely with Tristan day and night seemed like such a happy experience.

"Miss Swain, what would you like to drink? We only have mocha and latte here," Saskia Holt asked warmly, closing the computer.

An important guest could not be neglected!

Because she knew that this girl was undoubtedly the future president's wife, her intuition and that of her

master couldn't be wrong. Mr. Norwell's dotting head pat had confirmed it.

"I'll have a mocha, thank you," Monica replied with a smile, her demeanor appearing particularly polite and well-mannered.

"Alright, please make yourself comfortable," Saskia Holt said with a smile before leaving to make the coffee.

Watching her back, Monica felt envious but not jealous or resentful.

She could faintly feel Tristan's affection for her.

Earlier downstairs, he had given her an affectionate head pat in front of so many people.

Remembering that moment, her cheeks flushed, and she took a deep breath to calm herself.

Soon, Saskia Holt brought over a cup of mocha. "Thank you," Monica said, taking it with both hands as she sat down on the sofa by the window.

"You're welcome, Miss Swain."

Before she could take a sip, familiar footsteps approached from the doorway. Monica looked up and saw Tristan entering, her eyes widening.

Saskia Holt was also surprised. "Hello, Mr. Norwell," she greeted him quickly, grabbing a document from the table and swiftly leaving the room.

In the spacious office, only the two of them remained.

Tristan's gaze fell on Monica as he walked toward her, his aura incredibly gentle.

"Aren't you supposed to be working?" Monica asked, noting that he didn't seem to be here to fetch anything. If he needed documents, Kevin could have brought them to him.

He smiled and sat down on the sofa across from her. "I don't need to do much for the work. I just greet them, and Kevin will sign the contract with them."

So, he was done with his work.

As he spoke, his deep, gentle gaze stayed on her face.

Seeing her always made him inexplicably happy.

Holding her coffee cup, Monica felt awkward again. Why had she come here? Was she worried about

him? She couldn't say that outright, could she?

Had he figured it out?

Was he still seeking an answer?

Was he that persistent?

Monica carefully took a sip of her coffee, feeling a little nervous as she looked at him. "... Her mind

went blank again.

"Monica, do you have any wishes in this lifetime?"

Tristan leaned back in his chair, elegantly crossing his legs, his gaze fixed on the girl across from him.

"..." Monica was taken aback. "Wishes?"

What did he mean by that?

What did he want to do?

Why was he asking this?

Her little head was filled with a hundred thousand whys.

Tristan, however, stared at her with interest, his smile warm and gentle. He particularly enjoyed her flustered and well-behaved appearance.

Chapter 1387: The Third Visit

The girl's mind raced as Tristan still awaited her answer. Monica leaned forward slightly, putting down her coffee cup, trusting him because he was her friend and a reliable person. So, she opened her heart to him and spoke with a hint of frustration, "My wish may be very difficult to realize."

"What is it?" Tristan looked at her dejected expression, suddenly curious.

Somehow, he wanted her to be happy, but her family background was different from ordinary people, making her destined to have more worries than others, right?

At that moment, Monica spoke, "My biggest wish is for my mom and dad to remarry." Looking up at him, she smiled bitterly, "But... that's selfish because my dad is already remarried, and he needs to be responsible for another woman."

Tristan listened without speaking. The young girl was still very kind-hearted.

In the president's office, a brief silence emerged.

After a while, Monica sighed lightly and spoke again, "Although they haven't had children in all these years, I know that woman must have given a lot to my dad, and my mom and dad must have divorced because they really couldn't live together anymore."

She seemed to have grown up, able to think rationally about these issues and not act like a child.

"Now I just hope they won't be like enemies anymore and can get along like ordinary friends. That would be better for everyone." The girl raised an eyebrow and grinned at him, "Alright, I've told you my wish. What's yours?"

She actually turned the question back on him?

The corner of Tristan's lips rose slightly, and he looked out the window with a gentle expression, as if thinking seriously, "My wish is for world peace."

The girl couldn't help but laugh at his teasing, and the tense, awkward atmosphere was greatly relieved.

"Are you busy?" Monica asked again, fearing she might be bothering him. When she finished her coffee and put down the cup, she stood up, "I won't disturb you anymore?"

Tristan still sat on the sofa, his legs elegantly crossed, and looked up at her with a gentle gaze, "Be careful on your way, I will pick you up tomorrow morning. It's going to get cold, remember to bring enough clothes."

Every word was filled with concern, and he didn't ask her to stay.

The girl obediently nodded, "Alright." Then she waved at him, "I'll go now."

"Mm." He nodded as well.

Monica looked away and walked out alone. Tristan didn't get up or see her off.

Listening to her footsteps fade away, the soft smile on his lips deepened.

Tristan knew very clearly that this girl had entered his heart, and his affection and love for her were more apparent and intense than for Claire.

This was a hard-won fate that he would cherish.

After the meeting, Algerone Swain drove directly to the hotel. It was already the third time today that he rang the doorbell.

Belinda once again thought it was her daughter returning, having forgotten her key card.

As the door opened, the middle-aged man's face came into view once more, this time empty-handed.

Alone with nothing in his hands, his gaze fixed directly on her.

As the former couple's eyes met, Belinda took a deep breath, her expression a little impatient, but she didn't stop him. Instead, she opened the door and walked straight in.

Algerone Swain followed her inside, not closing the door but leaving it wide open. He said, "You can't stay in this hotel anymore."

Chapter 1388: Successfully Taking Her Away

"Why?" Belinda stopped and turned around, asking coldly, "Is this your order? If you say we can't stay, we can't stay?" She looked as if she was determined to stay.

"The hotel will not accept any new guests starting today. Didn't you receive the notice?" Algerone

Swain told her, "Those who have already checked in are also moving out gradually."

Something flashed in the middle-aged woman's eyes, not believing his words.

But the man spoke seriously, "It's time for the annual maintenance. All the equipment is undergoing safety checks, and this is done for the guests' safety. You need to cooperate."

As his words fell, Belinda heard noises outside the door, and she saw several guests dragging their

suitcases past them and heading towards the elevator.

Gradually, Belinda started to believe his words.

Algerone Swain glanced at her and took the opportunity to say, "You should pack your things too.

When will Monica be back?"

"I don't know." Belinda replied, thinking, how could this be happening?

Well, if they had to move, they would move. There were other hotels nearby, after all.

Soon, the waiter knocked on the open door, came in with a warm reminder, and asked her to leave

immediately. The reason given was the same as what Algerone Swain had said, and their attitude was

especially good.

Belinda's anger subsided. She had no reason to stay. As a business manager herself, she was also a

reasonable person.

She didn't have much stuff, so she turned around and went back to her room to pack. It didn't take long

for her to finish.

When she came out with her suitcase, she thought Algerone Swain had already left, but he was still

sitting on the sofa. "Why haven't you left yet?"

As the woman entered his line of sight, he stood up and asked, "Have you packed Monica's things too?"

"She doesn't have much stuff, just a few clothes. They're all here." Belinda glanced at the suitcase, then took it and walked towards the door.

Algerone Swain quickly walked over and unceremoniously took the suitcase handle from her.

The woman looked at him and said nothing, letting go of the handle, thinking, if you want to carry it, carry it!

And so, Algerone Swain carried the suitcase, and Belinda followed beside him. The two of them entered the elevator.

Inside the elevator, Belinda called her daughter. After a short while, she got through and said, "Monica, we can't stay at this hotel anymore. I've packed your things."

"We can't stay anymore?" The father hadn't told her about his plan, so she didn't know and asked puzzledly, "Why?"

"They're checking the safety facilities; it's done once a year." Belinda told her, "I'll call you when I find a

new place. Don't worry, I've taken all your things."

After saying that, she hung up the phone.

At that moment, a taxi was parked at the hotel entrance. Monica had just opened the car door halfway, preparing to get off, when she saw two familiar figures coming out of the hotel lobby.

She quickly pulled the car door closed, "Sir, please wait a bit longer." She hid in the taxi and peered out the window to observe the situation outside.

Algerone Swain carried the suitcase down the steps and walked toward a car parked not far away.

Belinda came to her senses and hurried to catch up, "No, no, no! Just give me the suitcase, and I'll take a taxi there!"

"Why take a taxi when you have a car?" The man placed the suitcase in the trunk, opened the passenger door, and looked at her, "Come on, get in."

Belinda felt speechless. She was wearing a camel-colored trench coat, her hands in her pockets, and looked at him with an indifferent expression.

Chapter 1389: Algerone Swain Has Some Abilities

Algerone Swain stood beside the passenger seat, patiently looking at her, thinking, you were worried

enough to call me, so why are you pretending now? Belinda was caught in a dilemma, looking up at the sky, the winter wind gradually growing colder.

"What's the fuss about?" Algerone Swain held the opened car door and bluntly said, "Just treat this like an Uber. You can pay me the fare!" Belinda met his gaze, feeling helpless, as the suitcase was already in his car.

In the taxi, Monica looked at the stalemate, feeling anxious. Why weren't they getting in the car yet?

What were they doing? Hurry up and follow dad! Her dad really should be helping her a bit more.

Monica wished she could use telepathy to push her mother into the car!

After a few seconds, she finally saw Belinda reluctantly getting in the car, and it seemed like she saw her dad's smile as well. She watched him close the car door, walk around the car and return to the driver's seat, and soon the car drove off.

"Miss, are you getting off or not?" The taxi driver looked back at her, "Don't delay me from taking other fares."

"No, just follow that car!" Monica pointed ahead, excited, wanting to see where her dad would take Belinda.

"Alright." The taxi driver restarted the car, enjoying this slightly exciting tailing task.

In the car ahead, Belinda was once again sitting beside this man, feeling extremely uncomfortable. The strong woman in the business world seemed a bit lost, even her breathing became unnatural. She picked up her phone and searched for nearby hotels.

Without looking at her phone screen, Algerone Swain knew her intention. So, while driving, he said to her, "You don't need to search. All the nearby hotels are like this, not accepting guests starting today, and the rest are fully booked."

Belinda looked at him, disbelieving. Could it really be such a coincidence? He glanced at her and laughed, "Don't doubt it. Several hotels under my company are doing inventory checks. But don't worry, since you're in Arkpool City, I won't let you sleep on the streets."

So, was he going to take her to his place? Belinda directly protested, "Algerone Swain, I'm not going to your place! Let me out of the car!"

"Don't worry, I have extra houses that I can lend to you for free, not to live with me under the same roof," he reassured her.

"I don't need your house! I have friends here, I can stay with the Fritz family!"

"There's no need to bother them," he emphasized, "You're not staying just one night, they have their own family. It would be inconvenient for you to stay for a week or even longer."

The man's casual words alerted the woman. A week? That was a keyword; her daughter would also be leaving in a week. So, Belinda looked at him coldly, "Did you conspire with Monica to make me move out?"

"What are you talking about? Do I have that much power? It's not strange for hotels to do inventory checks, is it?" He drove the car and said to her, "I have a house just sitting there, why won't you live in it? I really don't understand you."

Belinda knew it was not good to bother her friends, but... her mind was in chaos for a moment, and she couldn't find the words to refute him.

Soon, the car drove onto a quiet asphalt road, with similarly sized houses on both sides, surrounded by lush greenery and an elegant environment. The car finally stopped outside one of his properties, "We're here." Algerone Swain unbuckled his seat belt and got out of the car.

He carried the suitcase to the living room, "I'll send the location to Monica, or maybe I'll pick her up." He

looked back at the woman who had just gotten out of the car.

Chapter 1390: The Long-Lost Familiarity

After getting out of the car, Belinda looked around. The area was tranquil and located in a good neighborhood. The villa was undoubtedly valuable, and it seemed that Algerone Swain had accumulated quite a fortune over the years. He must be living a comfortable life.

Belinda would have felt relieved, but the thought of that woman diminished her happiness a bit. That woman must not have suffered while with him. Watching his retreating figure, Belinda felt an inexplicable sense of loss and followed him in silence, unsure why she had come.

Algerone Swain pressed his fingerprint on the door handle. "Welcome home," a pleasant electronic female voice greeted them as the door opened. He walked in with his suitcase, "The password is Monica's birthday. You can either enter your fingerprint or use the password." He gave her the choice, afraid she might not be willing.

However, this detail only heightened Belinda's sensitivity. "Is this house for her?" she asked, filled with disapproval.

"No, no, don't get so worked up!" the man denied, putting down the suitcase and looking back. "She's

like you in character, raised by you. How could she possibly accept my gift?"

Belinda fell silent, feeling somewhat embarrassed by his words.

The man continued, "I did think about giving it to her, but she considered your feelings and ultimately didn't agree to accept it."

"..." Belinda found it difficult to express her emotions.

Algerone Swain turned around, swearing, "She hasn't even been here. Now, take a rest. I'll go pick her up." With that, he strode out.

Belinda stepped aside and didn't stop him. They couldn't stay in the hotel any longer, and she couldn't let her daughter sleep on the streets. Hearing the sound of the car engine, she watched as the car drove away.

Belinda looked around the villa with a calm mindset. The minimalist, elegant, and tidy décor was pleasing to the eye. She picked up her suitcase and walked towards the stairs.

The wooden spiral staircase was exquisite and spotless. The railing felt smooth, as if someone had always been living there. But according to him, this place had been vacant.

Did he have someone clean it beforehand? If so, today's events were premeditated. Belinda didn't think too much about it and took her suitcase upstairs.

All the bedroom doors were open, and the windows were open too, allowing for excellent ventilation and natural light. But what truly stirred her thoughts was the familiar feeling the décor gave her.

The colors were muted, her favorite style, but definitely not Algerone Swain's preference. In their youth, they had many disagreements over home decoration.

Belinda had the illusion that this villa was decorated according to her youthful tastes, not knowing if it was unintentional or deliberate on Algerone Swain's part. How could he possibly pay attention to such details? He was already a married man.

The thought of his marriage brought her inexplicable sadness. Standing in the room without any traces of human presence, she sighed softly. Time had passed so quickly, and winter was approaching once more.

Meanwhile, Monica had gotten out of the taxi. She stood alone at the entrance of the villa complex, looking at the clean, winding asphalt road and the peaceful surroundings. Her face showed no smile or disappointment. As a breeze blew by, she squinted her eyes, lost in thought.

The taxi had already driven away.

She walked alone on the asphalt road, suddenly hearing the sound of a car approaching. She looked up and saw her father's car coming around the corner. She stopped walking.

Algerone Swain stopped the car beside his daughter. "Monica, get in," he said, poking his head out.

The girl opened the passenger door and got in, remarking, "Dad, did my mom really come with you?"

She still couldn't believe it without seeing it for herself.

With a smile on his lips, Algerone Swain started the car and looked at his daughter. "What do you think? Can your dad's efficiency get full marks?"