

Surprised 1391

Chapter 1391: Tristan Leaves for Her

"No." The girl leaned against the chair back, answering awkwardly.

"What's wrong? Can't I get full marks with this? Daughter, aren't your standards a little too high?" Her father joked.

She took a deep breath, a hint of sadness in her voice, "How great would it be if you weren't married?"

There seemed to be a bit of complaint in her tone.

Upon hearing this, Algerone Swain was slightly taken aback.

Monica lowered her eyes, then let out a bitter smile, not wanting him to feel pressured, "But everyone has their own life, and no one can live in someone else's expectations."

Just as Algerone Swain didn't know what to say.

"So..." Monica turned her eyes, and spoke with a sense of relief, "I wish you well."

In fact, she was sad deep down, because her wish was going to be crushed, never to come true.

Algerone Swain didn't know what to say for a moment, looking at the daughter who had grown up beside him, recalling when he divorced her mother, she was just a little girl.

His heart was filled with guilt, wanting to make amends.

The car wasn't moving fast, and the time the father and daughter spent alone together was extended.

The car drove towards the small western-style building, and no one spoke to break the silence...

Algerone Swain was a very measured man. When he brought his daughter into the living room,

Belinda, who had finished unpacking, had already come downstairs.

"The front door code is your birthday," he told his daughter. "A Mrs. Smith will come later to cook and clean. If you need anything, you can talk to her directly, or, of course, you can talk to me."

Belinda listened with a calm expression, her face serene.

Monica nodded, "Okay."

"I'll leave now." Algerone Swain glanced at the mother and daughter, then stepped away, giving them enough space, not to disturb.

When he was gone, Monica looked up and found her mother staring at her intently, causing her chest to slightly shrink, as if being judged.

"..." Monica even guessed what her mother wanted to ask, so she tried to organize an answer in her mind.

However, Belinda retracted her cold gaze and walked upstairs.

Watching her mother's retreating figure, the girl was taken aback again. Wasn't she going to ask?

Inside the president's office at Clarke Corp.

Tristan calmly finished dealing with the urgent matters in his hands. Kevin brought a form over,

intending to find him.

But Tristan looked up at Kevin and said, "Push back the work for the next two hours. I need to go out

for a bit."

"Where?"

Kevin widened his eyes, glanced at the time on his wrist, "In five minutes, Mr. James will be here. We

have an appointment for a detailed discussion. He's taken time out of his busy schedule."

But Tristan couldn't wait. The urge to leave had been circling in his mind, so he had dealt with the

urgent matters first.

Tristan didn't respond, closing his laptop. He got up and left directly.

"Mr. Norwell!"

Kevin watched the retreating figure in shock, but couldn't stop him. The tall and slender figure quickly disappeared at the door.

Saskia Holt was also surprised, and at the same time, she had a strong premonition, "Is he going to find Miss Swain?"

Kevin had no time to gossip. He was just thinking about how to explain the situation to Mr. James later.

Mr. James was notoriously bad-tempered, and Kevin couldn't handle it!

Oh, what a headache! He could only brace himself for the confrontation.

Seeing her master's worried face, the usually talkative Saskia Holt fell silent. Was the situation quite serious?

Tristan indeed left because of Monica, but he didn't go directly to find her. Instead, he went to Charity Medical Center.

Chapter 1392: Tristan is Really Great

In the hospital, there were still many people coming and going, and many patients came to seek treatment due to its reputation. Rowan, dressed in his work uniform, was in the office, consulting with patients. He was elegant and calm, extremely professional, and full of patience.

"A bone fissure and a fracture are different. Since it's so painful, it's better to take an X-ray first, alright?" Rowan's voice was gentle.

"Of course, since we're here, we'll listen to the doctor's advice."

Claire sat in a partitioned area, writing a novel. To an outsider, her days might seem boring.

However, in her heart, she felt that this was a good kind of companionship, breathing the same air as him in the same room.

Tristan's car was parked downstairs, and he walked into the hospital lobby, waiting for the elevator to go upstairs.

In a certain suite, Zack Clarke frowned as he held his phone, having just received a call from his son.

His mood was inevitably a bit heavy-what had happened?

He needed to come to the hospital in person for a detailed discussion?

Zack Clarke believed that anything that couldn't be explained over the phone was a big deal.

But since Tristan had taken over the company, he had never encountered such a situation. He calmly handled everything and solved any thorny problems. As a father, he couldn't help but worry, feeling uneasy every second.

Eason was in the room playing with number cards by himself.

" $2+2=4$, $8+8=16$..." He recited quietly, diligently memorizing the numbers.

He firmly remembered what Sister Monica had told him: to embed the numbers in his mind so he could win while playing games.

When Tristan appeared at the suite's doorway, Zack Clarke couldn't help but tense up and quickly asked, "Tristan, what happened?"

Tristan met his father's gaze, slightly stunned, feeling the strong paternal love. Then, he smiled and said in a relaxed tone, "It's not about work. Everything is going smoothly at work, don't worry."

Zack Clarke looked at him and then exhaled, "Sit."

"Master." Aiden greeted Tristan with a smile, then brewed some tea and quietly retreated.

"Dad." Tristan sat down in the chair and went straight to the point, "Are you close to Uncle Swain?"

"You mean Algerone Swain?"

"Mhm." Tristan looked up at his father and asked, "When did he remarry? And what's his relationship like with his second wife?"

This question stumped Zack Clarke, who appeared to know nothing.

Tristan hesitated, "You don't know?" Wasn't their relationship good?

The middle-aged man held his teacup and shook his head, "I really don't know." He tried to recall.

"We never discussed his personal life, and he never brought it up. But our private relationship is fine;

he's a good businessman, and he rarely talks about his family affairs with others."

Is that so?

A thought crossed Tristan's mind: did Uncle Swain really remarry?

If he had remarried, how could his new wife have never appeared in public?

For example, at company annual meetings or charity dinners, where a female companion was needed,

wouldn't he bring her?

Tristan had already searched online, and there was no news about this new wife.

"Alright, I understand." Tristan pondered, then asked, "Do you know where he lives?" He had the

feeling he wanted to get to the bottom of this.

"I know that, but I haven't been there for several years."

So, Zack Clarke gave an address, and Tristan carefully memorized it. He decided to go there after work

today to find out the truth.

Because he had a strong feeling that Uncle Swain might be single.

In other words, Tristan had unknowingly placed Monica's wish in his heart, and moreover, he wanted to

fulfill it for her.

Chapter 1393: Am I Asking for Monica?

Nighttime.

Algerone Swain had arranged a business meeting with a friend, and he hadn't returned home by eight

in the evening. The villa was pitch black, with no lights on and no servants in sight. It seemed like an

unoccupied house. Did he really live here?

A Maybach was parked in the yard, with two streetlights emitting a warm yellow glow. Tristan had been

waiting since sunset, through twilight, and then to the moon climbing up the treetops.

The surroundings were still quiet, with no sound of car engines, just the occasional chirping of insects

and birds. He checked the time on his wrist again, preparing to call Uncle Swain to ask when he would

be back. Just as he found the number, a car's headlights shone in his direction.

Tristan looked over and saw a car parked next to his, with less than two meters separating them.

Algerone Swain's car had just come to a stop when he turned to look at the driver's seat of the other car, and his eyes met Tristan's.

Their gazes briefly met before they both got out of their cars almost simultaneously.

"Have you been waiting long?" Algerone Swain asked apologetically, "Mr. Norwell, when did you come?"

"Hello, Uncle Swain." Tristan greeted him politely with a smile, "Just call me Tristan, I just arrived."

"Come in, come in!" Algerone Swain didn't say much, as the winter night wind was a bit biting. He strode into the house, and Tristan followed closely.

As they entered the living room, the lights came on automatically. Tristan guessed that there might not be a lady of the house, otherwise the lights wouldn't have been off all this time. However, just because there wasn't one tonight didn't mean there hadn't been one before or there wouldn't be one in the future.

Perhaps it was just a coincidence? Or maybe the lady of the house was on vacation?

The house was spacious, with the living room alone spanning two hundred square meters. There were

indeed no servants, as Algerone Swain made tea for Tristan himself, asking, "Don't you have my phone number? Make yourself comfortable."

"I do," Tristan answered. He had saved Swain's number in his father's phone earlier that day.

"In the future, if you need to find me, be sure to call me in advance," the middle-aged man said kindly.

"Sometimes I work overtime at the company and even stay there overnight."

"Alright," Tristan nodded, thinking to himself: staying at the company? A man with such freedom must undoubtedly be single, right?

Tristan sat down on the curved sofa, his deep and gentle eyes scanning the living room for a woman's touch. He couldn't find any signs, not even a fresh bouquet of flowers.

However, he couldn't be sure, as the other party hadn't said anything yet. He had come here today to get a definitive answer, to see what the chances were of him helping Monica fulfill her dream.

Tristan knew that Monica didn't lack money, so giving her gifts to win her favor was meaningless and tacky.

"Go ahead."

Algerone Swain gently placed the teapot on the coffee table and sat down across from Tristan, "What

do you need from me?"

"Uncle," Tristan looked up at him and asked softly, "Have you been single all these years? Living alone in such a big house?"

Algerone Swain was slightly taken aback before smiling. "Are you interested in this?"

He then began pouring tea. "Tristan, you have to tell Uncle first, who are you asking for?"

"For myself," he replied without hesitation, very candidly. "I just want a definite answer."

"No," the middle-aged man chuckled and shook his head, seeing through him. "You're asking for Monica."

Tristan, "... " After a brief pause, he didn't deny it.

"Although she didn't ask you to inquire, you're asking because of her."

Algerone Swain's eyes were full of amusement, a very intelligent man.

Tristan answered with silence.

The middle-aged man picked up his teacup and looked at him, a glimmer of anticipation in his eyes.

"Tristan, did Monica tell you something?"

Chapter 1394: The Answer Tristan Wanted

Tristan knew it was time to be honest. Facing the middle-aged man's gaze, his thoughts were seen through with just one look. Since it was an honest conversation between two men, there was no need for Tristan to hide anything. If he was honest, Uncle Swain would be honest too.

So Tristan gathered his thoughts and told him, "I just asked Monica a question today."

Algerone Swain listened carefully without interrupting, sipping his tea as he looked at him.

"I asked her what her wishes were," Tristan said. "I didn't expect her biggest wish to be for you to remarry her mother."

The topic of marriage weighed heavily on Algerone Swain's mind. After all, this marriage had been a pain in his life. They had separated awkwardly for so many years, and in the blink of an eye, they had reached middle age. When he thought back to the past, all that was left were regrets. Algerone Swain didn't say anything, as if brewing something in his thoughts.

Tristan took a sip of tea and spoke again, "But Monica is very rational. She said you remarried and have a new life now. She accepts and blesses it, but her wish can only remain a wish in the end."

There was a brief silence in the living room. Tristan was both expectant and nervous.

"I did remarry, but it didn't last two years before we divorced again." Algerone Swain smiled and calmly admitted, "So when it comes to marriage, the original partner is better."

A glimmer of light flashed in Tristan's eyes, and he stared intently at Uncle Swain. This answer was undoubtedly a ray of sunshine in the dark for Tristan! It was great! As long as he was still single, everything would be easier to handle.

Just when he didn't know whether to celebrate or sigh, Algerone Swain sighed lightly and then put on a smile, "Tristan, what do you like about Monica?"

The conversation shifted to him.

Tristan thought seriously about the question his future father-in-law had posed, pondering for about a minute. He couldn't find a suitable reason. "I don't know, I just like her. It's a feeling that has entered my heart. I want to be good to her and help her fulfill her wishes. It's that simple."

"My daughter was raised by her mother alone, and her personality has some edges to it. Are you sure you really like this kind of girl?" Algerone Swain didn't want his daughter to get hurt.

"In my opinion, she's just straightforward, and I can accept it," Tristan said with genuine tolerance. He looked up and asked, "Uncle Swain, I want to ask you another question now. It might be a bit abrupt

and presumptuous."

"It's okay, go ahead and ask." Algerone Swain could also accept anything, as they would all become family sooner or later. Moreover, there were no unaskable questions between men.

Tristan took a sip of tea and asked in the most appropriate tone, "What are the chances of you and Belinda getting back together?"

This was a question Algerone Swain had asked himself more than once. The probability didn't really have anything to do with him, but rather with Belinda, right?

Seeing that he didn't answer, Tristan continued, "You divorced not long after your second marriage. It wasn't because the woman wasn't good enough, but because you couldn't let go of Belinda, right?"

Though Tristan had never experienced marriage, he was still an adult. Algerone Swain didn't deny this and smiled as a response. Tristan didn't ask further, as he had gotten the answer he wanted tonight.

If Monica found out that Algerone Swain was still single, she would certainly be very happy, right? With that thought, Tristan's heart felt as sweet as if it were filled with honey.

So they talked about other things, such as work, life, and Monica. Sipping tea and chatting, the night

was quite pleasant, just like family.

Chapter 1395: Life Couldn't Be More Perfect

Algerone Swain kept his word. After he left the small Western-style house, he sent a maid to take care of the mother and daughter's daily needs. At dinner, Monica and Belinda sat across from each other, facing a table full of delicious dishes. Belinda had no appetite, but Monica had a feeling that something bad was about to happen.

This kind of silence was terrifying, like the calm before a storm, which Monica had experienced countless times since childhood. Belinda was just like that, and today was even more unusual since they were on old Swain's territory.

"Monica, who are you going out with tomorrow? Where are you going?" As expected, Belinda spoke up, her tone cold as ice, like a hammer falling on the girl's ears.

The girl's movements stopped as she looked up at her mother with her bowl in hand, "..."

The middle-aged woman sat across from her, her sharp gaze fixed on Monica. "Don't lie to me. Tell the truth."

"..." Monica blinked innocently. She hadn't even spoken yet!

Belinda had a feeling that the companion had to be Tristan. As for Monica, she decided to face her feelings honestly. There was no need to hide some things anymore. She liked Tristan, even if it meant going against the whole world.

That was the girl's personality, especially now, as the feeling of love was so strong. So, she put down her spoon, sat up straight, and answered seriously, "I'm going out with Tristan."

Their gazes met, and Belinda wasn't even shocked.

Silence...

Strangely, the girl didn't see any strong opposition in her mother's eyes. This gave Monica a momentary illusion.

Belinda stared at her, "I have only one requirement for you: no pregnancy before marriage."

At these words, Monica was startled!

Not to mention how explicit the words were, Belinda's attitude was simply unprecedented!

"Did you hear me? Don't just stare at me like a fool!" Seeing her daughter not responding, she raised her voice to emphasize.

The girl quickly came to her senses and nodded hurriedly, "Yes, yes! I understand!"

But in her heart, she thought that she and Tristan weren't even together yet!

It was really embarrassing to talk about pregnancy now!

As she thought about it, her cheeks turned red, but she didn't refute since Belinda had finally softened her tone.

Then, until dinner was over, Belinda didn't say anything else, but Monica was really nervous every second.

After dinner, Belinda went back to her room, with her daughter staying next door.

In the bright light, everything in the room gave her a familiar feeling, which made her feel calm and less resentful.

Although she didn't show it, she still had a serious expression, looking very unwilling to stay here.

"Ah!"

Belinda sighed, sitting on the edge of the bed, her thoughts inexplicably chaotic.

Actually, agreeing to let Monica date Tristan tonight was Belinda's invisible compromise to Algerone Swain. She didn't want to resist anymore.

He had come to the hotel three times today, and although she didn't want to see him, he still greeted her with a smile, which moved Belinda.

At this moment, in the room next door.

A beautiful large suitcase was open on the floor, with Monica tossing things into it. She would think of something and throw it in without any list.

She couldn't wait for tomorrow to come, when she would go out with Tristan. She was so excited and looking forward to it!

Her mother didn't object, her father supported her, and with Eason's help, no mother-in-law to deal with,

and Uncle Clarke being kind, life couldn't be more perfect!

Her phone, which was casually thrown on the bed, rang with a Facebook notification. She turned around to pick it up and look, never expecting it to be from Tristan!

Oh my goodness! He actually took the initiative to send her a message!

Chapter 1396: The Heartwarming Mr. Norwell (Part One)

She suppressed her inner joy, staring at the familiar profile picture, as she sat down on the edge of the bed and carefully opened the message. The content of the message was simple: It's going to get cold,

remember to wear a coat. This seemingly simple reminder warmed her heart.

Holding her phone, Monica was incredibly excited. He was showing concern for her! She quickly replied with two characters: "Okay." After replying, she felt as if the conversation had died. Sure enough, he didn't reply again...

Staring at the phone screen, she eagerly awaited another notification, hoping for another message from Tristan. But one minute passed, then two, and still there was silence from his side. She must be the conversation killer. Did he not have any other thoughts about her? Was she overthinking it?

The girl pouted and thought to herself, he probably wouldn't reply again, would he? So she put down her phone, continued tidying up, and also tried to put her emotions back in order.

At that moment, Tristan had just returned home from Algerone Swain's place. He had barely unbuckled his seatbelt when he sent her that message amidst the cold night breeze. He had wanted to tell her that Algerone Swain was currently single. But after some thought, he decided it would be better to surprise her in person – he wanted to see her overjoyed reaction. This would be a happiness he could bring to her.

So, after Tristan got home, he sent her two characters: "Good night." Meaning he hoped she would rest early. Hearing her phone chime with a Facebook notification, Monica's heart warmed, hoping it was him but also fearing it wasn't. She stopped what she was doing, picked up her phone, and the joy she felt when she saw it was a message from him was indescribable.

The girl's face lit up with a sweet, radiant smile, and she happily replied with two characters: "Good night." She finally had someone to say good night to. Then, Monica sent him her location and a voice message: "Mom and I are staying in one of dad's vacant houses. You can just come pick me up here."

Tristan replied with two characters: "Received." But he was puzzled. How would Belinda feel if he picked Monica up openly? Would Belinda agree to let her go with him for a week? After giving it some thought, Tristan figured that since they were staying in a house provided by Uncle Swain, it meant Belinda must have made some compromises. Their relationship might have improved significantly. If that was indeed the case, everything would get better, and he could finally put his mind at ease.

Tristan also quickly packed his things, and when his phone chimed with a notification, he saw it wasn't from Monica. It was a weather alert: not just a decrease in temperature, but a sudden freeze. The temperature would drop to freezing, and it would snow. In such cold conditions...

Tristan worried about Monica. He didn't understand girls and didn't know how they usually kept warm, only that they tended to wear less clothing. Moreover, the town would be colder than the city. He worried that Monica might catch a cold if she went out with him.

After some contemplation, Tristan dialed Saskia Holt's number. This was the first time he had called Saskia. Fresh out of the shower, she tensed up when she saw his incoming call displayed on her phone screen. What was going on? A call from Mr. Norwell? She quickly answered, "Hello, Mr. Norwell." Carefully controlling her emotions, she wondered if there was a problem at work? It didn't seem that way.

"Saskia, I'd like to ask you something," Tristan didn't feel embarrassed, and he asked, "How do you girls usually keep warm when going out in winter?"

Chapter 1397: The Heartwarming Mr. Norwell (Part Two)

What? It wasn't a work-related issue? She was so nervous! Saskia Holt breathed a sigh of relief and seriously shared her experience with him, "I don't know about others, but as for myself, I usually use heating pads. I like wearing skirts in winter."

"Heating pads? What are those?" Tristan frowned and asked in a very straightforward manner, "Where

do you put them?"

"You can stick them on your stomach, or on your back. If your feet are cold, you can stick them on your feet. Basically, you can put them wherever you feel cold." She also kindly suggested, "Sometimes they can heat up to 60 degrees Celsius, so you should put a layer of clothing between the pad and your skin, or it might burn you."

Tristan thought this was a magical item, "Where can I buy these?"

"Hmm..." She thought for a moment, "I think most convenience stores or supermarkets should have them. I'm not quite sure, I buy them at accessory stores, they have many different kinds."

Tristan asked again, somewhat bewildered, "What do they look like?"

"..." Ah? How should she answer that? Saskia Holt thought Mr. Norwell was adorable, "You can ask the salesperson. They come in different sizes and shapes."

"Alright," Tristan was still very polite, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

And then the call ended.

Tristan remembered the name of this magical item – heating pads. So cute. He smiled, picked up his car keys, and left. It was already 10 PM. Dry yellow leaves on both sides of the road flew and spun wildly in the cold wind, landing on the roof or hood of the Maybach.

Following the navigation, he drove to a nearby large accessory store. Ten minutes later, he arrived just before the store closed. He got out of the car and quickly walked to the entrance.

"Sir, do you need any help?" The salesgirl stopped closing the door and looked at him with adoration.

So handsome! "Do you sell heating pads here?" Tristan's voice was pleasant, "I need heating pads."

"Yes, of course we do," The salesgirl let go of the door and walked back inside with a smile, "Please come in. Our store has many different kinds of heating pads."

She thought to herself, why did all handsome boys have girlfriends already? Handsome and considerate. Heating pads were not for men to use.

Tristan was led to a shelf, and listened to her introduction, "Sir, this whole row is heating pads. The effects are similar; they just have different brands, packaging, and prices."

Tristan picked up a pink package and looked at it, "Are there any side effects to using these?"

"Of course not, they're not ingested," The salesgirl's envious gaze landed on his handsome face, "Are

you buying these for your girlfriend? Is this your first relationship?" He didn't look that young.

Tristan didn't answer. With a shy expression on his face, he took two packages, a total of twenty pads, and handed them to her, "Let's pay."

"Alright," The salesgirl took the packages.

After paying, Tristan took the bag, "Thank you," and turned to leave.

Watching his tall and slim figure walking away, the salesgirl was filled with envy. So handsome and heartwarming! It was so late, and he was still out buying heating pads for his girlfriend. Which girl was so lucky? She should marry him right away!

The night grew deeper...

Monica finished packing her suitcase, took a hot bath, and lay down. She was a bit tired and excited today, as she would see him tomorrow. Half-asleep and half-awake, she inexplicably entered a beautiful dream world...

Chapter 1398: Picking Up Monica

On a bright and sunny summer day, the gentle sunlight and tantalizing breeze created a charming and beautiful atmosphere. A pristine white bedsheet and quilt covered a bed in a room filled with a pleasant

fragrance. She, wearing a spaghetti strap nightgown, snuggled into the bed, feeling extremely comfortable. Like a lazy cat, she closed her eyes and slept sweetly.

Strangely, she suddenly felt someone standing by her bed. Groggily, she slowly opened her eyes and saw Tristan, his tall and slender figure becoming clearer and clearer. Monica's eyes widened, and she became fully awake. She sat up, her hair disheveled, staring at him in astonishment.

She stared at him unblinkingly, as if she were hallucinating. Tristan stood by the bed with a smile on his face, looking gentle and warm. Wearing a white shirt, his hands in his pockets, he seemed to glow in the soft, brilliant light.

So handsome, so incredibly handsome...

Monica sat on the bed, staring at him in shock, her breath catching in her throat. His handsome face slowly leaned closer to her, and his cool, thin lips pressed against hers...

It was a sensation like being electrified, beautiful and exhilarating, making her feel like her brain was deprived of oxygen for a moment. Just as she was immersed in the kiss... just as her little hand instinctively wanted to grasp Tristan's shirt around his waist, the alarm on her phone rang

inappropriately.

First, the alarm in her dream rang, and then the alarm in reality. The long-awaited morning arrived, and

Monica opened her eyes with a headache. Her dream interrupted, the winter room was empty and

bare. Her heart raced, and her cheeks flushed.

The dream was so vivid in her mind...

She turned off the annoying alarm, recalling every detail. So clear. Oh my God, why would she have

such a dream? She had actually kissed him and enjoyed it so much!

When the alarm rang for the second time, she quickly pulled herself back to reality, got out of bed, put

on her slippers, and rushed into the bathroom. Tristan would pick her up in the morning, so she had to

get ready quickly and look beautiful when she saw him!

Monica moved swiftly, practically running as she walked. She had become proficient in applying

makeup, seizing every minute and second. Normally, her makeup was simple, but today she applied a

bit of blush to make her complexion look better.

Tristan's car was parked outside the small Western-style house. Belinda stood in front of her bedroom

window, gripping the curtain and observing the outside scene in her nightgown. The car had been

parked there for at least half an hour.

Only when her legs began to feel numb and she decided not to keep watch did she see her daughter appear, carrying a suitcase. Tristan got out of the car, the trunk opened, and he quickly walked into the yard to help her with the luggage.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

Monica opened the passenger door herself, sat in the car, and fastened her seat belt. Tristan started the car soon after, and under Belinda's watchful gaze, the car drove out of sight.

Her daughter was growing up, starting to date. She seemed to see her younger self, who had been fearless for love but ended up losing everything. Her eyes dimmed, and she couldn't help but feel a little melancholic.

In the car, Tristan turned up the heating. "Are you cold?" He asked with concern.

"I'm fine."

Tristan handed her a pink bag. "This is for you."

"What is it?" She took it from him, opened it, and saw, "Heating pads?" She looked at him in surprise.

Tristan's face was gentle, and he focused on the road without looking at her. She felt warmth in her heart, and his heart was filled with sweetness. The entire car seemed to be enveloped in a warm and sweet aroma.

"Thank you," she said, withdrawing her gaze and carefully cradling the bag in her arms.

Chapter 1399: Tristan Brings Her Good News

After a while, Tristan saw that she was quiet and glanced at her, "Are you cold?"

"Huh?" The girl came back to her senses, turned her eyes to meet his gaze, and then quickly regained her composure. "I'm not cold, really."

So what was she thinking about?

Tristan could sense her slight panic. The corners of his lips lifted, and a gentle smile appeared on his face. Monica averted her gaze. She didn't know if it was because of the warmth in the car or something else, but she felt her cheeks getting hot.

"Monica, I have some good news for you," Tristan said softly as he drove, looking forward to seeing her overjoyed.

The girl turned her eyes towards him again, and he looked at her too, "What good news?" Are you asking me to be in a relationship with you?

That was the first thought that crossed Monica's mind.

But on second thought, that wasn't good news.

Shouldn't he ask if she was willing to be in a relationship? It couldn't be that he would just bring her this news directly, right?

So she didn't know and waited for his answer.

Tristan's right hand left the steering wheel and unexpectedly held her hand. This action startled the girl, and she looked at him with a dazed expression.

"Your hands are a bit cold, would you like to use a heating pad?" he asked with concern.

Monica shook her head. Their fingers intertwined, and she didn't dare to look at him, "What's the good news?" She didn't pull her hand away.

Tristan didn't let go of her hand either, instead holding it even tighter. "I went to see your father last night."

Monica was startled, and she looked at him, "Why did you look for him?" She almost forgot that her

hand was still in his palm.

"To talk about life," Tristan slowed down the car and told her, "Your father is currently single, and there is no woman by his side."

"How is that possible?" The girl widened her eyes in disbelief. "My dad remarried! Really!"

"Yes," Tristan looked at her, speaking with certainty, "But they divorced not long after."

"..." Monica still couldn't believe it. They divorced again? And not long after?

Seeing the shock in the girl's eyes, Tristan's deep gaze was filled with seriousness and warmth. "It's true; your father has no reason to lie to me."

Monica was too shocked. She really couldn't believe it, but she trusted Tristan's words, so she tried hard to digest this incredible fact.

He drove and held her hand tightly again, as if giving her an invisible strength.

A feeling of joy began to grow in Monica's heart, gradually turning into ecstatic happiness. Her entire heart was occupied by this fact, and she was so excited that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She indeed needed time to adapt... after all, it was such a big thing.

Tristan held her hand tightly, giving her strength again, "So Monica, your wish can come true."

And she was willing to help him achieve it.

Tears filled the girl's eyes; she was too excited. "If Belinda knows this news, she'll be... I can't even imagine, she'll probably be very happy, right?"

"Who's Belinda?" Tristan was puzzled.

"My mom!"

Tristan didn't know much about their relationship, but he could tell from some things, "Do you think there's a high chance they'll get back together?"

"Yes," the girl analyzed, "Since she agreed to move into my dad's house, I think she's slowly letting go of the past. And she hasn't been looking for anyone all these years; she must still have my dad in her heart."

Chapter 1400: They Are Also There

"If they are two people who truly love each other and have missed each other for so many years, that's truly a pity." Tristan thought of the long years that had passed and felt a touch of sadness. "I feel that your mom is in your dad's heart, and she occupies a very important position."

"My mom is just occasionally stubborn, otherwise they wouldn't have divorced. In other aspects, she's really great," the girl affirmed.

At this moment, Monica's hand was still tightly held by Tristan.

She looked ahead, feeling the warmth from his palm and opened her heart to chat with him. "But after all these years, I'm not quite clear about her true thoughts because she never talks to me about my dad and doesn't allow me to mention him."

"That's because she cares," Tristan said. "Because she cares, there's still resentment."

She thought, perhaps... if that's the case, it's a good thing.

"So, should we help them?" Tristan turned his eyes, asking expectantly.

"How to help?"

"They've been awkwardly getting along for so many years; now they both need a way out." Tristan took a mature perspective. "We need to take it slow, think carefully at every step, or else we'll be doing more harm than good."

"So, after we come back, should we create opportunities for them?" Monica was full of anticipation.

"Yes."

"How exactly should we do that?"

He turned his eyes to her. "Let me think about it some more."

She looked at him, her eyes full of trust.

As the two chatted, their hands still held together. The girl's thoughts returned to herself, and she felt awkward again for no apparent reason.

What did he mean by this?

Did holding her hand directly mean that he liked her?

And she didn't struggle, was that a kind of response?

Tristan was quite sure that this girl liked him.

Monica thought a lot along the way, until her cheeks turned slightly red, feeling her sweaty palms, a little excited, and a little nervous.

Tristan noticed her discomfort, so he let go of her hand, and the girl's tense nerves seemed to relax as well.

Sitting in his car, she felt uneasy but of course, also very happy.

This strange feeling was the feeling of falling in love.

In the relatively closed town, the stilted houses along the river had become the biggest feature here.

They were very distinctive and full of character. With the passage of time and the changes of the stars, they retained some of the older architectural styles.

Because it was not fully developed, there were not many tourists here. Half of the tourists who came specially for this place were here to see the scenery, and the other half were here to experience the culture.

It was a place with a strong cultural heritage.

In the early morning, amidst the hazy mist.

The winding paths on the other side of the river were faintly visible, and the green-tiled wooden buildings next to them seemed to tell the stories of the town's prosperity a hundred years ago.

In the stilted house inn on this side, there was a room with two beds, bright yellow bedding and sheets, and a warm wooden house with heating. Even in winter, it didn't feel cold at all.

Claire stretched lazily, and her eyes opened in a daze. She suddenly became sober and had really slept enough.

The curtains behind the glass sliding door had a mediocre shading effect.

So there was still some light in the room, and she knew it was already daylight.

She tilted her head to the right and saw Rowan lying flat on the bed next door, his hands under his head.

Had he woken up too?

Claire looked at him and noticed that he was blinking, as if he was daydreaming and hadn't noticed that she was awake.

"Hey, Dr. Watson." she called softly.

Rowan turned his eyes to her at the sound, meeting the girl's smiling gaze.

She said to him, "Good morning."

"Good morning."

Then the two smiled at each other, got up, and washed up.

The thoughtful innkeeper brought breakfast to their room; they were staying on the third floor.