

Surprised 1421

Chapter 1421: A Phone Call

In the instant their eyes met, time seemed to stand still. Monica pursed her lips habitually, hiding her embarrassment. Tristan averted his gaze and carefully examined her injury. "The swelling has gone down quite a bit," he commented.

"Yes," she agreed, looking at her ankle. "The medicine is quite effective, and it really doesn't hurt this morning." She hoped he would stop worrying and feeling guilty.

"Let's apply it one more time." Tristan looked up at her and continued to apply the medicine, gently massaging her ankle with his fingertips to help the medicine penetrate better.

Sometimes, he didn't seem like a high-and-mighty CEO; his heart wasn't as cold as his appearance suggested. Monica sensed his thoughts and tactfully suggested, "Shall we go down and take a look after breakfast?"

Tristan looked up at her as he continued to massage her ankle. Hearing her words, he was quite touched. "I'm also worried. Although I'm not close to Claire, I've met her before, and she's a very likable girl. I really like her."

Tristan's eyes softened. "Alright, let's have breakfast first."

He knew that after a whole night without any results, the situation was likely bleak. A brief silence filled the room, and the air was tinged with sadness.

After applying the medicine, Tristan carefully lowered her foot and let down her pant leg. Monica spoke again, "Thank you."

He looked up at her but didn't respond. Instead, he picked up the medicine bottle and stood up. After washing his hands, he opened the breakfast bag and took out two servings. "The noodles here are quite special. Come and have a taste."

As the lid was lifted, the delicious aroma filled the air. Monica stood up and took the utensils from him.

They sat down on the couch and ate the noodles together, without much conversation.

Outside the balcony railing, the river was no longer calm, and the professional salvage team continued to work tirelessly.

Soon, Tristan's phone rang. He quickly took it out and checked the display. It was a call from his subordinate. He immediately answered, "Hello, any updates?"

"We haven't found her yet. But I can tell you about last night's search progress and what the police saw

on the surveillance cameras. Where are you? I'm downstairs at the inn you booked."

Tristan glanced at the girl next to him. It wouldn't be appropriate to have a man come upstairs. So he put down the noodle box and told his subordinate, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll be right there."

After hanging up, he turned to look at Monica and was about to say something. She met his gaze and asked softly, "Are you going downstairs?"

"My subordinate is here to report something to me. It's not convenient for him to come upstairs. You stay here."

Tristan didn't rush off. Instead, he patiently explained, "We'll talk downstairs. There's a coffee shop to the right of the entrance. You can come find me after you finish breakfast, or you can call me, and I'll come pick you up."

"Don't worry about me. I'm not a three-year-old child," Monica said in a relaxed tone. "But you should finish your breakfast before leaving. There's no need to rush."

Tristan nodded, put down his phone, and resumed eating. Monica also hurried to eat, although she wasn't as fast as him. Moreover, girls always took a bit longer to get ready.

So Tristan decided to leave first. Before opening the door, he turned to her and said, "Call me when you go downstairs. Be careful on the stairs, and don't sprain your ankle again."

"Alright, don't worry!" Monica said gently, watching him leave and close the door behind him.

Chapter 1422: Where Have I Seen Her Before?

In the early morning, in the room next door, Daphne Wells had taken a handful of small white pills before going to bed last night, so she slept rather soundly. She got up, put on a black long coat with a hood, just so she could cover her face when necessary. She couldn't sit still and wanted to go downstairs to check on things, especially Rowan.

She had ordered some takeout earlier, finished her breakfast, and was now standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom, applying lipstick. Her technique was quite skilled, and her eyes were sharp and cold with the demeanor of a victor. After getting up, Daphne Wells had noticed the busy salvage team on the river. Seeing that they couldn't even find a body, she felt that they were a bunch of useless people, and she couldn't help but feel a little smug.

She had clearly pushed Claire into the river, who had screamed in horror, and she had heard the clear splash. So, in Daphne Wells' view, Claire was undoubtedly dead! And her death would be ugly! If her

body couldn't be found, it would rot at the bottom of the river, be nibbled clean by fish and insects, and eventually only the skeleton would remain. The satisfaction Daphne Wells felt from this was indescribable.

After applying her lipstick, she coldly stared at her pale reflection in the mirror, her lips curling into a strange, cold smile. She put the hood of her coat on her head and left the room. In a little while, the light went out, and the sound of the door closing could be heard.

Next door, Monica had also finished her breakfast. She went to the bathroom to brush her teeth, not wearing any makeup, but simply tidying up her hair. She grabbed her phone, pulled the room key from the wall, and opened the door to go downstairs. She left the room about two minutes after Daphne Wells, so they didn't immediately run into each other.

Monica wore high heels, and her feet didn't hurt at all. She held the railing and was particularly careful as she went downstairs. Thinking of Tristan's instructions, her heart felt warm; he must care about her, right?

When she reached the first floor of the inn, Monica walked out the glass door and went to the right. She had checked the map earlier, and the café was at the end, about 100 meters away. The winter wind

was a bit chilly and was blowing strongly. She looked up at the sky, which was covered with low, dark clouds, as if it was about to rain again. The whole ancient town was shrouded in a sense of sadness.

This was a narrow alley, with a row of riverside inns with different signs but similar layouts on one side, and tall stone walls on the other. Monica took a step forward. The place was quiet, with occasional people going in and out of the inns, mostly young, fashionable couples holding hands, looking blissful.

"Have you heard that the missing girl still hasn't been found? Honey, do you think she really traveled through time?" one couple asked.

"Do you really believe in such magical powers?" the other replied.

"Why not? The world is so big and full of wonders. Maybe the girl will come back in fifty years, and her boyfriend will be an old man by then."

Upon hearing the conversation of the couple passing by, Monica inhaled deeply and couldn't help but speed up her pace. The café was about 100 meters away, at the end of the row of riverside inns.

Beyond that was a pier, with a row of railings by the water, and an unobstructed view of the river.

Monica saw the café's sign before she got to the door, so she hadn't looked inside to see if Tristan and

his men were there yet. Instead, she spotted a woman in a black coat with a hood standing by the river.

When the woman happened to turn her eyes, she saw Monica as well.

Daphne Wells felt a slight chill in her heart, her cold eyes narrowing. Monica stopped in her tracks,

feeling that this woman looked familiar... She had seen her in Arkpool City! But why was she here, and

alone? The woman still gave her a cold and eerie feeling.

Daphne Wells knew that Monica had recognized her, and her eyes instantly exuded a murderous

intent, staring coldly at her without blinking!

Chapter 1423: Daphne Wells's Smugness

Monica had a vague sense of unease and quickly walked towards Daphne Wells. She didn't have time

to check if Tristan was at the café. A thought popped into her head-Claire's disappearance might be

related to this woman!

Seeing Monica approach, Daphne Wells neither hid nor ran, just coldly glanced at her. When Monica

stopped in front of her, the chill emanating from Daphne Wells became even more intense, as if it came

from the abyss and carried a foul stench.

"Why are you here?" Monica asked, her voice filled with suspicion as she stared into Daphne Wells's

eyes.

Daphne Wells recognized the voice of the girl next door from last night and realized that this girl must be staying in the room next to her. She liked Rowan, right? But she was staying with another man.

Daphne Wells's lips curled into a cold smile, not bothering to hide her disdain as she retorted, "What do you think?" Perhaps this woman had already guessed something, and that's why she was asking.

Monica recalled the scene from the last time they met and the words this woman had said to her; they were full of hostility towards Claire. "Is Claire's disappearance related to you?" Monica asked directly.

Daphne Wells, hands in her pockets, smirked with a hint of smugness, "If I say no, would you believe me?" Her tone was truly infuriating!

Monica frowned, of course she didn't believe her! Daphne Wells looked at her with contempt and disdain, then glanced at the seemingly calm river. The search and rescue team hadn't reached this area yet, with a few boats anchored not far upstream.

Monica clenched her fists, angrily questioning, "Why did you do this?!" Daphne Wells's lips curled into a smile, and her laughter, both joyful and smug, rang in Monica's ears, making her feel incredibly irritated!

Daphne Wells felt like she had accomplished something great, and no one could share in her joy.

Seeing the girl's anger, she suddenly had the urge to share her triumph. "Because she stole my man. Is that reason enough?" Daphne Wells's eyes shifted, her smiling face instantly darkened and became fierce, "I wanted her dead, so she had to die!"

So Claire was dead? Monica's heart sank heavily, and she furiously asked, "Where is Claire?! This is a society governed by law! You're going to jail! I advise you to stop while you're ahead! Hand her over!"

Daphne Wells looked around, seeing no one else, so she let Monica yell and rant, showing no fear at all. At that moment, a light rain began to fall, sprinkling on their hair, faces, and shoulders.

"Heh, hand her over?" Daphne Wells scoffed, not fearing jail at all, basking in the joy of Claire's disappearance. Was the river water bone-chilling? Did Claire drown or freeze to death? "Let me tell you, Claire is dead." Daphne Wells looked down, admiring her newly done manicure, and sighed,

"These people are really useless. They obviously threw someone into the river but couldn't even find the body." She chuckled and added, "It's not like it's the ocean."

Monica's eyes widened in shock, disbelief filling her voice as she asked, "You pushed her into the

river?!"

"Yes," Daphne Wells replied casually, feeling content despite the rain. She leaned on the railing,

looking at the search team upstream as if they were clowns.

Monica's heart shuddered, and the next second, she hurriedly pulled out her phone to call Tristan.

Daphne Wells turned her gaze just in time to see this, her face changing as she asked, "What are you

doing?!" She lunged forward, desperately trying to grab the phone, "You wretch! Give me the phone!"

Chapter 1424: Tristan's Selfless Act

"You murderer! You cold-hearted woman!" Monica screamed, grappling with her and looking back

towards the café, shouting, "Tristan! Tristan! I found the one who hurt Claire!"

Upon seeing this, Daphne Wells panicked, her face turning pale. Were there other people around? If

she continued making a ruckus, it would undoubtedly draw attention. Criminals are always fearful!

With sharp eyes like a hawk, Daphne gritted her teeth and steeled herself. "You can join her in death!

Keep her company!" She forcefully pushed Monica towards the railing. "Let's see how you like

meddling in others' affairs!"

Monica fought back, "You murderer! The law will punish you!"

With a clang, the phone fell to the ground, the call never made. Daphne's eyes were bloodthirsty, and she crazily choked Monica, pushing her over the railing. The railing reached waist-height, and below was the icy, bone-chilling river.

Monica was choked to the point she couldn't speak, her face turning red, and even breathing became difficult. Fear enveloped her, and she was running out of strength to resist. But Daphne seemed determined to kill her.

As Tristan led his men out of the café, he spotted the two women fighting. "Monica!" His eyes changed, and he sprinted towards them.

Daphne looked over, gritting her teeth and using all her strength to push Monica over the railing and into the river. "Monica!" Tristan ran, his pupils dilating.

"Ahh!" A panicked scream accompanied Monica as she fell into the river. Daphne, panting, clung to the railing and stared coldly at the splashing water.

"Monica!" Tristan rushed over, vaulted the railing without a second thought, and dove into the river.

"Sir!" His men, coming after, were dumbfounded.

Realizing someone else was nearby, Daphne instinctively turned and tried to flee. One of the men

grabbed her shoulder, stopping her. "Where do you think you're going?! Are you involved in the previous disappearances?!"

"I don't understand what you're saying, let me go!" Daphne struggled, glaring at him with anger. "Let go!"

The man's eyes were resolute, and he didn't release her. The rain grew heavier, quickly drenching them. He tightened his grip on her wrist, seeing a chilling murderous intent in her eyes. This woman was no good and should be thoroughly investigated.

With her recent actions, it was hard not to link her to the disappearances. The river was deep, and as Monica fell in, she choked on water and quickly became oxygen-deprived. She didn't struggle much, but she was conscious.

She felt like she was going to die, and fear overtook her. Tristan swam towards her with all his might.

Despite the icy water, he didn't hesitate and reached her within seconds. He held her in his arms, swimming towards the surface.

At that moment, although Monica couldn't speak, she was conscious. An overwhelming sense of safety

enveloped her, and she no longer felt cold. Her blood seemed to boil. It was Tristan... He appeared in the most critical moment...

Tristan hadn't been in good health before but started swimming at 20 and was now a strong swimmer.

"Sir!" The man by the railing, still gripping Daphne, anxiously watched the river. Finally, there was movement. "Sir!" He worried for their safety.

Daphne continued to struggle, fearing Tristan and aware of the police presence. If she didn't escape now, she would likely be caught. The rain grew heavier.

Tristan finally emerged, holding Monica. She closed her eyes, coughed a few times, her wet hair clinging to her cheeks, and her body shivering. Tristan was frantic, "Monica! Hold on a little longer!" He swam towards the steps, his heart aching for her with unprecedented anxiety.

Chapter 1425: Hand Her Over to Dr. Watson

"Monica! Monica!"

He finally carried her to the shore, but her eyes were tightly closed, as if she had lost consciousness, and her soaked body no longer trembled. The pier had a large awning, and the rain grew heavier, pattering noisily on it.

Tristan had her lay flat and called, "Monica! Wake up!" He knelt down, cradling her head to one side, and reached his fingers into her mouth to help clear any water or debris from her nose and mouth.

"Monica, Monica..." He anxiously called her name while continuing his resuscitation efforts, "Wake up, can you hear me?"

Tristan's men dragged Daphne Wells towards them. Daphne stared incredulously at the unresponsive Monica lying on the ground. She struggled to break free, refusing to follow them, "Let go of me!"

As Tristan continued to resuscitate Monica, he glanced at Daphne Wells. His deep cold eyes showed a hint of hidden cruelty, which made Daphne shudder in fear. Then Tristan withdrew his gaze and called again, "Monica, Monica, wake up."

Daphne seized the opportunity to escape! She even bit the man's wrist!

"Ah-!" Tristan's man howled in pain but didn't let go, "Damn woman!"

Slap-!

A crisp slap landed on Daphne Wells' face, leaving a bloody cut on her mouth corner. Daphne continued to struggle.

The man then kicked her in the abdomen and punched her hard in the chest, "Stay still!" Daphne felt

dizzy from the beating.

Tristan cast a hateful glance at Daphne Wells, showing no sympathy. He quickly returned to giving

Monica artificial respiration. His thin lips touched hers, marking their first kiss under such

circumstances.

It must be said that Tristan was quite professional in saving lives. He had saved many people during

his years abroad. With artificial respiration combined with CPR, Monica, who had fainted due to lack of

oxygen, soon showed signs of life. She coughed twice.

Tristan was overjoyed and revealed a child-like smile.

The man dragged Daphne Wells over and kicked her legs, forcing her to kneel before Monica. She

stubbornly tried to stand but was completely restrained by the man, unable to move.

At this moment, Monica slowly opened her eyes, and the first face she saw was a familiar one – his

handsome features and gentle, deep gaze. Their eyes met...

"You're finally awake," Tristan breathed a sigh of relief, his smile warmer and brighter.

Seeing Tristan's wet hair dripping with water and his soaked body, Monica recalled the moment he

embraced her in the river, and her heart was filled with mixed emotions.

"Come." Tristan picked her up from the ground.

Monica regained her senses and locked eyes with Daphne Wells, who was kneeling on the ground.

Monica stared coldly at her, and there was a trace of guilt in Daphne's eyes.

"It was her," Monica pointed at Daphne Wells, not caring how cold her soaked body felt, and angrily

said, "She was the one who pushed Claire into the river! She admitted it herself!"

"No, it wasn't me! I never said that!" Daphne stubbornly denied.

Tristan remembered the scene of Monica being pushed into the river just now, and his face instantly

changed, glaring at Daphne Wells as if wishing to kill her with his eyes. But he was well aware of his

identity, so he said to his man, "Hand her over to Dr. Watson!"

"Yes, sir!" The man roughly pulled Daphne Wells up, "Move!"

Daphne Wells was still trying to break free, "Let go of me!" The man only tightened his grip, "Stay still!

Or I'll kill you!" It seemed as if he wanted to break her wrist!

Tristan carried Monica, "Let's go back to the inn and change our clothes." He took a step, worried she

might catch a cold.

Being carried like a princess again, Monica felt as if all of this were a dream.

Chapter 1426: Mr. Marsh and the Others Couldn't Sit Still

Indeed, she was shivering from the cold, but leaning against Tristan's warm chest, Monica had completely lost the fear she experienced from the brush with death. All she felt now was relief and sadness... thinking of Claire, she was heartbroken. The rain continued to fall, and Tristan couldn't help but quicken his pace.

It was winter, and the river water was icy and bone-chilling. Tristan was soaked through as well, but he seemed to be immune to the cold. He just didn't want her to catch a cold. Monica put her arms around his neck, and Tristan glanced down at her, "I really didn't check the almanac before we set out."

Narrowly escaping death should have been a cause for celebration, but Claire's whereabouts were unknown, and everyone's mood remained somber. She leaned against him and couldn't help but remember how Tristan held her last night. Compared to last night's joy and happiness, Monica felt a sourness in her nose and wanted to cry, "Is Claire dead...?"

Tristan's pace quickened, and he didn't answer her question. Holding her in his arms, he walked through the wind and rain towards the inn, one step at a time! He stared ahead, his cold eyes as dark

as an ancient well. How could there be such a venomous-hearted woman?

In the morning, Rowan gathered the courage to call Finnley, apologizing and then telling him about

Claire's disappearance. "What?! Missing?" Finnley was in the Marsh Group's president's office, "How

could someone just go missing? Wasn't she found overnight?"

Not far away, Ivan Marsh looked up from his office chair, "... Who was missing?

Rowan, who hadn't slept all night, kept apologizing on the phone, his spirits a bit deflated. "I

understand," Finnley couldn't bear to blame him, "I'll come over right away. Send me the specific

location."

"Who's missing?" Ivan Marsh asked Finnley after he hung up the phone.

"Claire went to the ancient town with Dr. Watson. He just went to the restroom and when he came out,

Claire was gone." Finnley quickly typed on the keyboard to save and organize the urgent files.

Ivan Marsh's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately closed his laptop, got up, and said to Andrew,

who had just entered the room, "Prepare the helicopter. Leave the company matters to you. I'll take

these urgent documents to the finance department later."

"Yes." Andrew didn't know what had happened yet. He immediately picked up the phone and dialed a number, "Prepare the aircraft."

As Finnley got up, Jennifer entered the office with a document in hand. Ivan Marsh and Finnley were rushing out. "Where are you going?" She saw the urgency in the two men's faces.

Finnley glanced at Ivan Marsh before telling Jennifer about Claire's disappearance in the ancient town.

"What?" Jennifer couldn't believe it, "Claire is missing? Why are you only being informed now?"

And it happened yesterday?! What was Rowan doing? "Dr. Watson just told us," Finnley walked quickly towards the exit, "Keep it a secret from my parents for now!" He was afraid the elderly couldn't bear the news.

"Wait! I'll go with you!" She handed the document to Andrew, turned around, and chased after them.

So, Ivan Marsh, Jennifer, and Finnley, along with a professional search and rescue team, hurried to the ancient town by helicopter! The ancient town was shrouded in misty rain, and the drizzle continued to fall. It seemed like a forgotten corner of the world.

On the rain-washed bluestone road, Tristan's man dragged Daphne Wells forward. If she struggled too hard, he would backhand her with a slap! Soon, Daphne Wells's face became swollen from the slaps,

and she calmed down a bit. In her heart, she cursed, "Damn, does this man have a violent streak?!"

Soon, he saw several people standing by the riverbank not far away, one of whom was Rowan. He held a large black umbrella, his figure appearing somewhat lonely and desolate. Since he hadn't returned to the inn last night, his phone had automatically shut down after calling Finnley.

Tristan's man couldn't contact him and had dragged Daphne Wells all the way here. Mr. Marsh's orders had to be completed-hand this woman over to Dr. Watson!

Chapter 1427: Daphne Wells, Go to Hell

A night passed, and there was still no news of Claire. Rowan's heart was hollowed out with worry.

Gazing at the misty rain-covered river, his eyes were as dark and deep as an ancient well.

"Dr. Watson! The culprit responsible for harming Miss Russell is here!" Tristan's subordinate shouted at Rowan's back, dragging Daphne Wells and quickening their pace.

Rowan turned at the sound, and through the heavy rain curtain, he saw someone pulling Daphne Wells towards him. Daphne Wells struggled to break free, guiltily avoiding Rowan's gaze.

"Dr. Watson! It was her who pushed Miss Russell into the river!" Tristan's subordinate reported loudly,

"She admitted it to Miss Swain! Then she tried to kill her and silence her by pushing Miss Swain down

as well! Fortunately, Mr. Marsh rescued her in time!"

Hearing this, Rowan froze in place, his umbrella dropping to the ground. His astonished eyes stared at

Daphne Wells. Daphne Wells was dragged over by Tristan's subordinate, soaked to the bone and

shivering with cold. She had injuries on her abdomen and chest, and her face was swollen.

"Dr. Watson! It was her who pushed Miss Russell into the river!" The subordinate shouted, filled with

hatred. Surrounding police officers rushed over.

Rowan's faith collapsed in an instant. He rushed forward, grabbed Daphne Wells by the shoulders, and

gritted his teeth, asking, "You pushed her down?! You wanted Claire to die?!"

"I didn't! It wasn't me! It wasn't me...!" Daphne Wells didn't want to go to jail. Her courage left her as she

saw the surrounding police. "It wasn't me!" she immediately denied, her tone unwavering, "Let me go! I

didn't! Let me go!"

But Rowan seemed ready to crush her, his eyes spewing hatred and fury. "Then why are you here?!" In

the pouring rain, Rowan violently shook Daphne Wells by the shoulders, his eyes nearly mad. "I'm

asking you! Where is Claire?! Daphne Wells! Where is Claire?!"

"It wasn't me, it really wasn't me..." Daphne Wells feigned weakness, putting on her best acting performance, "I don't know, Rowan. You can't falsely accuse me just because you like her and dislike me."

"You're lying! You admitted it in front of Miss Swain!" Tristan's subordinate couldn't stand it any longer,

"You even tried to kill her and silence her by pushing her down as well!"

Daphne Wells stopped resisting. In the face of Rowan's near-mad strength, she couldn't break free.

She let him shake her like a madman, almost causing her to have a concussion.

"Daphne Wells! Go to hell!" Rowan's eyes blazed with fury as he punched her in the face, knocking her

to the ground. Daphne Wells lay heavily in the puddle of mud.

Everyone around was shocked.

Rowan grabbed her and pulled her up again. Sorrow covered his face, and his eyes shone with danger.

"Does Claire's disappearance have anything to do with you?!"

Rowan's anger pierced her heart. His gaze was like a sharp knife, stabbing Daphne Wells directly in

the heart. It was Rowan's love for Claire that pierced Daphne Wells' heart. So, she let him shake her,

question her, and hate her...

Facing his gaze, which seemed to want to rip her apart, Daphne Wells' lips curled into a bitter smile.

"Rowan, you'll never see her again. Hahaha! You'll never see her again! She's already dead!"

A surge of fury erupted from the depths of Rowan's heart. "Ahh-!" He roared in pain, looking at her as

his enemy. He grabbed Daphne Wells by the collar and yanked her towards him.

His other hand clenched into a fist, and he ruthlessly punched her in the face. "Go to hell, Daphne

Wells!" Rowan lost his mind, beating her furiously and yelling at her, "Die! Die!"

The police officers watched him pummel the woman mercilessly. Their hearts ached for her, but they

understood his pain and didn't stop him.

Daphne Wells' head was nearly beaten off by Rowan. The pain was unbearable, like she was being

tortured. Stars burst in her vision, and her sight blurred with blood in her mouth.

Chapter 1428: You're Too Filthy to Accompany Claire in Death

Rowan showed no mercy. Daphne Wells was beaten down by him, her pain unbearable, and she soon

lost all strength to resist. At that moment, a helicopter circled overhead, its rumbling sound filling the air.

Everyone but the enraged Rowan looked up, watching as the helicopter descended lower and lower

before finally landing.

The rain began to pour heavily, growing stronger and washing over the ground. "Die, Daphne Wells!

You devil! No, you're even worse than a devil!" Rowan grabbed her by the collar, punching her face

repeatedly with increasing force. Blood began to flow from the corner of Daphne Wells' mouth, and two

of her teeth were knocked out. She experienced ringing in her ears and felt like she was about to die,

but she was too weak to even cry for help.

The two police officers' gazes shifted from the helicopter back to Rowan and Daphne Wells. They

suddenly realized the situation had turned dire and rushed over. "Stop hitting her, Dr. Watson! She's

going to die!" "Dr. Watson! Let go!" "Dr. Watson! Enough!"

"Ahh!" Rowan roared, still furiously throwing punches at Daphne Wells. "You're too filthy to accompany

Claire in death! You crazy woman! You should have been dead long ago!"

A few meters away, several bodyguards held open large black umbrellas as Ivan Marsh, Jennifer, and

Finnley stepped out, witnessing the scene.

Tristan's subordinate hurriedly reported, "Mr. Marsh, Miss Siyue, Mr. Mote, this woman pushed Miss

Russell into the river. She admitted it herself. The search and rescue team has been busy all night, and they haven't found her yet."

Ivan Marsh's eyes darkened, his handsome face cold and serious. He instructed the search and rescue team captain behind him, "You go help."

"Yes!" The captain made a gesture, and a row of people followed him towards the riverbank.

In the pouring rain, the two police officers forcibly pulled the frenzied Rowan away. "Dr. Watson! She's going to die! Wake up! Let go!" "Dr. Watson! You can vent your anger, but you can't beat her to death!

You'll be held legally responsible!"

But Rowan had already gone mad with rage. The only thought in his mind was to avenge Claire. The two police officers restrained Rowan, while two others picked up the woman who was lying in a puddle of blood and rainwater.

Daphne Wells was soaked to the bone, her body limp as if her bones had all been broken. She was barely breathing and gasping for air. The bloodstained ground was a shocking sight. The woman's face was bruised and swollen, her hair a mess. She was soon taken away by the police.

Rowan broke free from the officers' grasp, kneeling in the puddle of blood and rainwater, and howled

towards the sky, tears streaming down his face.

The pain in his heart was so intense; it felt as if every hair on his body had turned into sharp needles, stabbing into him through his pores. There were no visible wounds, but it was excruciating.

The rain poured heavier, as if the heavens were mourning for Claire. Finnley, witnessing the scene, felt half his anger dissipate. The kind-hearted man couldn't bring himself to blame Rowan.

Jennifer took another large black umbrella from a bodyguard and opened it, walking towards Rowan.

Ivan Marsh, on the other hand, strode towards Daphne Wells, with his umbrella-holding bodyguard following him closely.

The heavy rain fell wildly from the sky, the dark clouds threatening to collapse, and splashes of rainwater covered the stone-paved ground.

Finnley gazed at Rowan, his eyebrows furrowed. He felt the same despair and pain as his brother.

On the river, over a dozen salvage boats were searching in sections. Several professional teams were still racing against time, undeterred by the stormy weather.

Ivan Marsh's powerful aura seemed to freeze the surrounding air. His sharp eyes stared unwaveringly

at the nearly beaten-to-death Daphne Wells, devoid of any sympathy, before finally coming to a stop in front of her.

Chapter 1429: A Revenge Fueled by Emotions

Daphne Wells was only able to stand with the support of two police officers, her legs possibly broken.

Someone held an umbrella for them now, but their bodies were already soaked through and chilled to the bone. Daphne seemed to lose her senses, becoming somewhat wooden, and she vaguely saw a pair of leather shoes.

"What's your name?" Ivan Marsh's features were lined with cold hardness, his voice low.

Daphne Wells hung her head, struggling to breathe, and did not answer. Ivan Marsh observed that the woman hadn't been beaten into complete unconsciousness and should have heard his question.

"Mr. Marsh, her name is Daphne Wells," one of the police officers answered.

Ivan Marsh stared at Daphne Wells, his eyes icy as frost. "Is that true?"

Daphne Wells didn't have the strength to look up at his face, but she saw his leather shoes and sensed his presence from his voice. This man was probably Ivan Marsh, right? She knew she couldn't escape, as killing Claire meant offending countless people. She had investigated Claire's background: her

brother was Finnley, the special assistant to the president of the Marsh Group, and Finnley had a close relationship with Mr. and Mrs. Marsh in private...

Ivan Marsh's jaw tightened slightly, revealing impatience, along with an innate arrogance and nobility.

Just as Ivan Marsh thought Daphne Wells wouldn't answer and that he wouldn't get anything out of her, she smiled. "Yes." Her voice was still weak, but she clearly admitted it.

Ivan Marsh's handsome brows furrowed in coldness, staring at her coldly.

Supported by the two police officers, Daphne Wells mustered all her strength to lift her head, and the man's masterfully crafted stern face went from blurry to clear in her vision.

Ivan Marsh was surprised by her swollen, bruised face, her mouth stained with blood, and her nose and cheeks so swollen that it was impossible to tell what she had originally looked like.

"It's true," Daphne Wells wanted to smile triumphantly, but the pain in her lips stopped her. "I hated her." Her speech was unclear due to her injured mouth and missing teeth.

Thinking of Claire, she was still filled with hatred. "If it weren't for her, I would be the one by his side..."

She was still unwilling to accept it.

So, this was a revenge fueled by emotions?

Ivan Marsh found this woman to be utterly unreasonable, not unlike Catherine Collins from years ago.

He despised her intensely. So, something flashed in his deep eyes, and he waved at the police officers.

"Take her away and let her face the law."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh!"

As Daphne Wells was led to the police car, she knew her fate. A life for a life, her heart turned cold and lifeless. Claire was dead, and Daphne Wells had not won.

Not far away, Jennifer crouched in front of Rowan, holding a large black umbrella to shield him from the wind and rain.

His body was soaked, wet hair plastered to his face, rain mingling with tears streaming down. Rowan's despair was evident, his fists swollen and bruised, blood seeping from broken skin.

Seeing this detail, Jennifer's sadness grew. At this point, comforting words seemed pale and powerless, as everyone was grieving. So, she chose to remain silent.

The air in the ancient town today seemed to corrode souls. The endless downpour seemed like the tears of heaven. Slowly, everyone's thoughts became devoid of panic, empty, and they resembled

statues, with only endless sorrow remaining.

Although they hadn't found the body, everyone understood that Claire's chances of survival were low.

Drowning would only take a few minutes.

Finnley stood by the river railing, holding a large black umbrella. His eyes stared blankly at the river,

unfocused. He wondered how helpless and painful it must have been for his sister when she was

pushed into the river, struggling in her dying moments...

Rescue teams worked in the rain... To Finnley, it all seemed surreal.

In his mind, he saw Claire's smiling face, and it was as if he could hear her silver-bell-like laughter...

Chapter 1430: Tristan Gets Hurt

"Brother!"

"Brother! Have you come up with a good name for your baby yet?"

"Brother! How about I give the baby a name? I've been writing novels for so many years, and I'm really

good at naming characters! Is your wife expecting a boy or a girl?"

"..."

In the inn.

Monica took a hot shower, changed into clean clothes, and came out of the bathroom. She smelled the aroma of ginger soup.

Tristan brought a steaming bowl of soup to her. "Here, drink this while it's hot. I borrowed the innkeeper's pot to make it. The temperature should be just right and not too hot."

The girl looked at Tristan, completely soaked, with water droplets dripping from his hair, and felt a pang of guilt.

Had he gone to make ginger soup without even wiping his hair dry?

Tristan's eyebrows slightly furrowed as he carefully observed her.

Monica stared back at him, her lips pursed. Overwhelmed with emotion, the usually carefree girl felt an urge to cry.

Tristan had saved her life, and she owed him a great debt.

The man held the bowl, facing her tearful gaze. "What's wrong?" he worried. "Is something hurting you?"

The girl sniffed. "No." She quickly took the bowl from his hands. "You should go take a shower so you

don't catch a cold." She cared about him too.

"Alright." Tristan looked at her and, seeing no serious issues, turned to enter the bathroom.

As she watched his retreating figure, Monica could not even say thank you. Somehow, she felt particularly sad.

He had jumped from such a high place without hesitation...

And it was on such a cold day, into such cold river water.

Holding the warm bowl of ginger soup, she felt its weight as she sat down on the sofa.

The room was already heated, and she felt warm after her shower. She had dried her hair halfway before coming out.

After taking a few sips of ginger soup, which was somewhat pungent and full of ginger, Monica found it sweeter than honey.

Soon, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Monica glanced over and thought back to the moment she was pushed into the river. It was an unprecedented fear, even more terrifying than when she encountered a landslide. She genuinely thought she would die...

Claire had been pushed down and still hadn't been found.

The second Tristan swam to her and embraced her, she felt as if she were dreaming.

He confidently swam with her towards the river's surface. In the seconds before she lost

consciousness, she leaned against him and felt a sense of security she had never experienced before.

She trusted him so much; she believed he could give her hope for survival.

In the steam-filled bathroom.

Tristan removed his coat and was about to take off his shirt when he felt a pulling pain in his shoulder.

He let out a muffled groan, his eyebrows slightly furrowed. Had he been injured?

The pain reminded him that he had indeed been hurt.

Tristan turned to look at himself in the mirror, and saw that his blood had likely stuck to his clothes and

formed a scab.

He stood under the shower with his shirt still on; the hot water seeped through the thin fabric and onto

the wound. The pain was intense, and he gritted his teeth to bear it.

After his shirt was soaked, he tried to remove it again...

He recalled the moment he jumped into the river and was scraped by a hidden step underwater. The pain wasn't severe at the time.

His heart tightened. Thankfully, Monica hadn't hit her head on that step! Otherwise, the consequences would have been unthinkable.

At this thought, Tristan felt grateful for the kindness of the heavens. At the same time, he hated Daphne to the core!

He also wondered how Rowan was doing.

Bare-chested, Tristan stood under the shower, the bathroom filled with white steam. The water cascaded over his wheat-colored skin, flowing down his neck in glistening rivulets.

At times, he closed his eyes in contemplation; other times, he opened them, revealing eyes as dark as ink.

Tristan was a person who appeared cold on the outside but was warm on the inside. Due to his lack of security growing up, he was always able to provide others with a sense of safety.

For those he cared about, he would do everything within his power to protect them, even at the risk of his own life.

