

## **Surprised 1431**

### Chapter 1431: Forgot to Bring Clothes During Shower

Tristan was pondering over a question... Why, in a dire situation, did he risk his life for Monica? Even at that moment, he really didn't think about anything. Even if it meant dying with her, he would jump down.

When did Monica take such an important position in his heart? Even Tristan himself hadn't noticed it.

Standing under the shower, amidst the billowing steam, he was looking for an answer to this question.

In the end, he could only conclude that he had fallen for Monica... This liking was different from his

feelings for Claire, it was of a different degree. Looking back now, his feelings for Claire were more of a fondness. Her justice, her courage to stand up for her friends, it all moved him greatly. However,

compared to that, Tristan felt his feelings for Monica were even more genuine.

Tristan had never been in a romantic relationship, he didn't have the experience to maintain a perfect

love. Perhaps due to a lack of security from his childhood, Tristan was a bit clumsy in matters of the

heart and didn't dare to hope too much, despite his outstanding qualities. But he had a strong impulse

to protect Monica for the rest of his life.

Standing under the shower with his eyes closed and head tilted back, the misty water wet his tightly

closed eyelashes, the moist streams of water cascaded down his shoulders, his chest... Thanks to his regular workouts, he had the perfect male physique, with strong muscles, and a body better than international male models.

As the water quieted down, Tristan took a towel to dry his body, only to realize that he had not brought his clothes in! He was embarrassed for a few seconds, then cracked open the bathroom door,

"Monica?"

"What's up?" The girl put down her empty cup and stood up. Having just finished drinking ginger soup, she walked towards the bathroom.

Hearing the footsteps, Tristan closed the door in a panic, "I, I forgot to bring my clothes, can you help me get them?"

"Just the shirt?" The girl asked.

"No, I didn't bring my pants either." He was truly embarrassed, "They're in the black travel bag."

"Okay." Monica turned around and opened his travel bag. The clothes inside were neatly folded, obviously belonging to a meticulous man, "Do you wear a dress shirt?"

"Yes." Tristan added shyly, "The underwear is in the small bag on the right."

"Okay." The girl's cheeks reddened as she took out his dress shirt and trousers. According to his guidance, she pulled out a pair of underwear from the side pouch.

They were red??

Monica was taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure, holding the clothes and knocking on the bathroom door.

Upon hearing the door open, she closed her eyes and stretched out her hand, her heart pounding.

Tristan reached out from the frosted glass door and took the clothes, "Thank you."

The girl turned around with her eyes closed, hearing the door closing again.

Somehow, Monica's heartbeat became erratic again... She opened her eyes and took a deep breath, her heart fluttering like a frightened deer.

Not long after, the doorbell rang.

Monica quickly went to open the door, the food delivery had arrived, "Miss Swain, right?"

"Yes."

"Enjoy your meal."

"Thank you." She took the bag and closed the door.

Tristan, dressed, came out of the bathroom, "What did you order?" He asked while drying his hair with a towel.

"Cheese pot."

Monica put the bag on the table and opened it, "This is not junk food, it's from a very clean chain store.

The food is absolutely safe, it's just that you may not have eaten it before."

She handed him a bowl, "Warm up?"

Tristan stood still, not immediately accepting.

This made Monica a little embarrassed. She looked up at him, her eyes shining brightly.

She thought to herself, could the president of a big corporation accept hot pot?

"Never mind." Just as she decided not to force Tristan, he reached out and ruffled her hair; a dotting

light flashed in his deep eyes, "What do you mean 'never mind'? You bought it especially."

The next second, he took the bowl, "Thank you, let me try." Then he headed towards the sofa.

Looking at his extraordinary figure, Monica was stunned for a moment, followed by a wave of joy!

Chapter 1432: You'Re Bleeding?!

Monica quickly picked up her own bowl and walked over, handing him a set of utensils, then sat down next to him.

This was Tristan's first time eating a mildly spicy cheese pot, he didn't dislike it at all. Instead, the aroma whetted his appetite.

Monica turned her gaze, curiously looking at him. His features were truly handsome, and in her mind, eight words instantly popped up: "exceptionally graceful, unparalleled in the world."

Aware of the girl's gaze, Tristan looked back, their eyes meeting.

"Have you eaten this before?" she asked softly, putting away her smitten eyes.

Tristan shook his head, "No." He glanced at her and shifted his gaze, taking a bite, and he was reminded of a past he didn't particularly wish to share with her.

From childhood to adulthood, he had to take a lot of medication, so he had many dietary restrictions, strictly following the guidelines set by a nutritionist. He had never even seen, let alone eaten, anything like this.

"I eat it often." Monica smiled and shared her experiences while eating, "But my mom doesn't allow it,

she thinks it's unhygienic."

Tristan said, "It's better to eat less."

"I won't listen to her, but I will listen to you!" she said half-jokingly, half-seriously, "I will eat less in the future."

Tristan looked at her again, his expression calm and gentle.

Monica shared, "I used to think that you should enjoy life while you can, so whenever I encountered something I liked on my journeys, I would try it! After all, food is of utmost importance to people."

While she was talking and eating, she always felt a strong desire to share with him when they were together.

Tristan was somewhat envious of her life. Although she also lacked a father's love, she at least had a mother's love, and she had a carefree childhood.

As they chatted and finished eating, they couldn't help but think of Claire.

After all, finding Claire was the most important thing at the moment. Having searched for so long without any leads, everyone was feeling rather heavy-hearted.

"Do you think..." Monica was tidying up the table, feeling suddenly saddened, "Is Claire dead?"

Tristan had pondered this question, and he fell silent.

It was not until she stopped her actions and looked at him as if waiting for his answer.

"There are two possibilities." Tristan objectively analyzed, "But until we find the body, we are more inclined to believe she is still alive."

But in reality, the possibility of finding a body was also quite high.

Monica fell silent, there was a trace of sadness in her eyes, "She was indeed pushed down, the river is so deep, she would drown in minutes." She had just experienced it herself and was still terrified.

Tristan knew, but he didn't dare to face it.

Could a vibrant person, in the prime of her life, just die like that?

The silence... made the sadness in the air even more palpable.

The rain outside the window gradually stopped.

Monica threw the packed garbage into the trash can. She stood next to Tristan, who was sitting on the sofa, looking up at her.

Tristan said, "Shall we go out and take a look?"

"Uh-huh." Monica nodded, she was also very worried.

Just as Tristan got up to walk out, she saw fresh blood seeping onto his back, staining his white shirt, it was so striking!

"You're bleeding?!" Monica covered her mouth, her voice trembling, her face pale with fright! Her eyebrows were also inadvertently furrowed.

Tristan paused, only then did he feel a sticky sensation on his back. He looked over his shoulder, but he couldn't see anything.

"How did you get hurt?!" Monica was frightened, her face full of tension and worry, "Does it hurt? Sit down quickly! I'll treat your wound first!" Then she hurriedly looked for the first aid kit, and almost tripped over the coffee table as she turned around.

Chapter 1433: Monica Helps him Apply Medicine

"Careful!" Tristan steadied her by the arm. Monica turned her gaze towards him. "I'm fine, really, it doesn't hurt. Don't worry about me." His lips curled into a gentle smile, his voice and eyes equally tender.

She furrowed her brows in concern and quickly pulled her hand away. "Oh, come on!" She started



rummaging for a first aid kit, her vision blurred with worry.

She was so worried, she felt like crying. In such establishments like inns and guesthouses, there should be emergency medical kits in each room, right?

Watching her frantic search for the first aid kit, Tristan didn't feel any pain. His gentle gaze rested on her back. He relished this feeling of being the object of worry and care.

"Found it! Finally!" Monica exclaimed, pulling out a medical kit from a drawer under the TV cabinet. She hurriedly brought it over to the coffee table.

She knelt down in front of the couch, opening the kit while urging, "Come sit down, why are you still standing? I'll stop the bleeding first, quickly take off your shirt!"

With a slight purse of his lips, Tristan sat down, allowing himself to enjoy being taken care of. But, could she handle it?

"Hurry up and take off your shirt! You're still bleeding!" Monica was very worried about his injury, she quickly glanced at him, "If it's severe, we may need to ask Dr. Watson for stitches."

"Do you think he is in the mood to stitch me up right now?"

"Regardless, he's a doctor. There's no hospital around here, just a few drugstores. We can't just watch

you bleed to death, can we?" Monica took out a hemostatic and cotton.

Tristan undid his buttons, enduring the awkwardness, and removed his blood-stained shirt. He sat sideways, exposing his back to her.

Monica picked up the blood-soaked cotton. Even from his back view alone, his perfectly sculpted figure was evident.

She was taken aback. This figure... well-toned and fair, muscular and defined, it was too perfect.

Silence filled the room.

Seeing that she wasn't moving, Tristan realized she was lost in thought. Women are indeed foolish when it comes to such things.

He looked at her and asked deliberately, "What's wrong? Is my injury not serious enough? Has it healed on its own?"

"No, no, no!" Monica snapped back to reality, kneeling on the couch, she gently wiped away the blood,

"How could it have healed? It's still seeping blood, but it's not very deep."

The wound seemed to be about three centimeters wide.

Monica discarded the blood-soaked cotton and took a photo of the wound with her phone to show him,

"It's not very deep, but we need to disinfect it to avoid infection."

Tristan took the phone, enlarged the photo and looked at it. "Hmm." He didn't treat this minor injury seriously.

Monica began to staunch the bleeding. Her technique was practiced, which surprised Tristan, "Have you studied medicine?"

"No." She replied while continuing to staunch the bleeding, "The innkeeper really knows his stuff. This ointment is the best for stopping bleeding. After disinfecting the wound, sprinkling some on will stop the bleeding quickly."

Tristan put down his phone and asked in confusion, "If you haven't studied medicine, how do you know all this?"

"When you're on your own, you encounter things, and bumps and scrapes are inevitable. It's basic survival."

Tristan fell silent, he felt a pang of sympathy for her. She's usually alone?

Looking at her carefree demeanor, she must have suffered a lot, right?

On the surface, she was with her mother, but her mother probably hasn't fulfilled her responsibilities as a mother since she has a big company to run.

Monica finished applying the hemostatic, she couldn't help but lean in close to his wound and gently blow on it to help ease his pain.

Chapter 1434: Why is He Still Angry?

This was a wound he got because of her, so Monica felt not only distressed but also moved.

Tristan, always sensitive, could sense her action even though he didn't look back. Her warm breath on his skin sent a tingling sensation through him.

For a moment, Tristan was lost in thought, not minding her actions at all.

Monica carefully applied a bandage to his wound. Her fair fingers moved gently, afraid of hurting him.

He had been injured because of her. It must have happened when he jumped into the river. Thinking of this, she felt guilty. She wished the wound was on her back instead.

The girl stared at the treated back, falling silent for a while.

Tristan was again puzzled. When he turned to look at her, he found tears welling up in her eyes, which made his heart skip a beat.

Tears fell from Monica's eyes like glistening pearls.

Noticing Tristan's gaze, she quickly gathered her thoughts. "Sand got in my eyes," she explained, turning around to rub her eyes.

"Do you want me to blow it for you?" he half-jokingly, half-seriously asked.

"No need, no need!" she pointed at his back, "You're done, quickly change your shirt now. Soak this one in cold water, I'll wash it for you later!"

Hearing Tristan's footsteps, Monica felt awkward. She had just seen his bare body...

"No need for you to wash it."

"You have a wound on your back, you shouldn't move your arms too much. Washing clothes requires force, don't make your wound bleed again." She didn't look at him, bending down to pack up the first aid kit.

Tristan took a clean shirt, put it on, and threw the blood-stained one straight into the trash can.

Monica, who was putting away the medical kit, saw this. She was angry and puzzled, "Hey! Why would you throw it away? What a waste! Do you always live like this?"

She quickly put down the medical kit, picked up the blood-stained designer shirt from the trash can,

"Being thrifty is a traditional virtue! Haven't you heard that waste is a disgrace?"

Actually, Tristan had always been thrifty, but he didn't want her to wash the shirt.

Facing Monica's strong dissatisfaction, Tristan remained calm and walked towards her.

Monica held the shirt and looked at him, waiting to hear how this high-and-mighty CEO would explain

his actions.

Tristan didn't say a word. He took the shirt from her hand and silently walked towards the bathroom.

Seeing his retreating figure, she was stunned.

Not long after, Monica heard the sound of water.

"Hey, what are you doing?" she quickly followed him, exclaiming, "Don't wash it yourself! Let me do it!"

"If you insist on washing it, I'll throw it away." Tristan stopped what he was doing, his eyes cold, and he

spoke seriously.

Their eyes met, and they both held onto the shirt in the basin for a few seconds.

"But you're injured, you shouldn't exert your arms." Monica spoke patiently, "Have you ever washed

clothes, being a man?"

"It's better than letting you wash it!" Tristan insisted, "Let go."

"..." Monica was intimidated by the determination in his eyes.

Why was he still angry over a shirt?

Monica was silent and finally let go.

Tristan also averted his gaze and began to wash the shirt.

Standing by and watching him wash it himself, well, this CEO was quite handy!

A few minutes later, she watched him wash and wring the shirt all in one breath. He practiced this often, it seemed.

"I'll help you hang it." Monica took the shirt from him and turned to leave.

She found a hanger and hung the shirt by the air conditioner vent.

"Shall we go down and check on Dr. Watson?" Monica suggested.

"Okay."

Just as they were about to leave, Tristan's phone rang.

Monica turned abruptly, holding her breath!

Was it a call from Dr. Watson?

Was there news about Claire?

Tristan picked up the phone, glanced at the caller ID, and answered-

Chapter 1435: Understanding Her a Bit More

"Brother, where have you been?" Eason Clarke's voice came with a hint of complaint, "How long has it been since you visited me?"

"Eason." Tristan sat down on the sofa. Monica also walked towards him.

Tristan spoke gently and patiently, "Didn't I tell you before I left? I had some things to take care of.

Once I return to Arkpool City, I'll visit you in the hospital. Have you forgotten?"

"I didn't forget. I miss you." The little guy on the other end of the phone lowered his eyes and pouted, not very happy, "Michelle isn't here, Ivan didn't come either, I haven't seen Dr. Watson in a while."

To him, all the familiar faces had suddenly disappeared.

Monica vaguely guessed what Eason was thinking. She squatted beside Tristan and looked up at him.

The phone was of such high quality and the room was so quiet that even without the speaker on, she could hear Eason Clarke's words.



Just as Tristan was thinking about how to respond to his brother.

"Eason." The girl spoke softly, "It's Monica."

Tristan's eyes raised slightly, looking at her with a gentle gaze.

"Eason, can you hear me?" Monica's kind voice was extremely soothing.

Tristan turned on the speaker and held the phone to her lips. He sat on the sofa, holding it for her.

"Monica!" Eason Clarke was suddenly very happy, "I've missed you and brother! When are you guys coming to see me?"

"We miss you too."

Monica squatted next to Tristan's long legs, her hands supporting her chin, "Eason, you need to listen to dad and also to the doctor. When I come back, I'll take you to meet new friends! We can play word games together!"

"Which new friend? What's his name?" Eason Clarke took it seriously.

Monica thought for a moment, "It's not one new friend, it's a group. Will you be a good boy and wait for sister Monica?"

"Okay." Eason Clarke said directly, "Bye." Then he hung up the call.

Monica was slightly taken aback and looked up at Tristan, "He hung up just like that?" The two were so close, their gazes meeting.

Tristan nodded, "Eason is not good at socializing."

She understood.

Tristan looked at her, kindly reminding, "Eason is a special child, he will insist on anyone fulfilling their promises to him."

"I can fulfill this." She looked at him, understanding the meaning of his words, "I didn't lie to him."

Tristan shook his head, his mood seeming a bit heavy.

This puzzled Monica, "What's wrong? Do you think there's something inappropriate? He's undergoing treatment, slowly recovering, he must start to socialize."

Tristan thought for a moment, reached out to hold her wrist, and pulled her, who was squatting, to sit next to him.

Then he seriously analyzed, "Eason has been alone for too long, he doesn't fit in, he doesn't know how to interact with others."

She listened seriously, nodded in agreement, but felt he hadn't finished, "And then?"

"Today's children have a sense of superiority, I'm afraid they might inadvertently tell the truth and hurt

Eason. He hasn't recovered to the point where he can interact with normal children."

The girl nodded, "I understand your concerns." Then the corner of her mouth lifted slightly, "But why

don't you ask me where I plan to take him?"

On hearing this, Tristan also felt there was more to her words and turned to look at her, "You say, I'm

listening."

Monica told him, "On the outskirts of Arkpool City, there's a private welfare home with 11 children who

were abandoned due to birth defects, but they are all very kind."

Tristan was slightly surprised and puzzled, she actually had contact with a welfare home?

But he didn't ask anything, he just understood her a bit more.

Monica got up and said to him, "Shall we go now? Let's find Dr. Watson and see what the situation is."

"Okay." Tristan also got up and walked out with her.

Whenever the topic returns to Claire, everyone's mood becomes sad and heavy.

No news is perhaps the best news.

## Chapter 1436: This is Probably Despair

By this time, the heavy rain had stopped.

The ancient town after the rain was more like an ink painting, where one could vaguely see the scenery across the river. The stilted buildings leaned against the mountains and overlapped layer by layer, with the distant mountains shrouded in clouds and fog.

On this side of the river, even after the rain stopped, Rowan was still kneeling there. He was already soaked through, tears streaming down his face, his heart shattered on the ground.

"Mr. Li." The bodyguard bent down to take the large black umbrella that Jennifer had been holding up for him.

Jennifer squatted in front of him, reaching out to hold Rowan's shoulder.

Even for a Doctor of Literature, at such a time, she didn't know how to console him.

Because any profound words seemed pale and powerless.

"Shall we go back to the inn and take a bath?" Jennifer's voice was very soft, as if she was discussing with him, "You will catch a cold like this."

Rowan slowly focused his gaze on her, and said sorrowfully, "It's my fault. I failed to protect her."

He felt incredibly guilty, towards Claire and towards the Russell family.

"But you can't blame yourself." Seeing him like this, Jennifer also felt a compulsion to cry, "No one wanted this to happen. Daphne Wells will receive the punishment she deserves."

Mentioning Daphne Wells, a seed of hatred sprouted in Rowan's heart.

"I know you're in pain, we're all in pain," Jennifer told him, "But... but if you continue like this, you'll ruin your own health. Whether Claire is alive or not, if she knew, how heartbroken would she be? She loves you so much."

Mentioning Claire, Rowan felt so heartbroken he could barely breathe.

She felt sorry for Rowan, and almost pleaded with him, "Can we go back to the inn first? They won't stop the search, and they'll tell you as soon as they have any news."

At this moment, Rowan seemed to have aged a lot overnight.

He was no longer that brilliantly dressed, extraordinarily handsome, genius doctor with a halo above his head. His chin was covered with rough stubble, and his dark eye circles cast a gloomy shadow over his face.

Finnley stood behind him, and seeing him like this, he also felt particularly uncomfortable.

"Dr. Watson." He also squatted down, holding his other shoulder, "Let's go back to the inn and take a bath first. Even if you fall ill, Claire's situation will remain the same. Regret is useless."

Yes, regret is useless.

But what is useful?

God, could you tell Dr. Watson what he should do now to bring his Claire back?

Rowan couldn't help but cover his face and sob... "I didn't even get a chance to love her properly... she was always the one accommodating me." He was filled with regret.

He really had no way not to regret!

If he had been more decisive in dealing with Daphne Wells, directly sending Daphne Wells back to the countryside, would things have been better?

Actually, no, as long as Daphne Wells was alive, she would seek revenge, her personality had already been twisted.

Finnley and Jennifer exchanged a glance, and the two of them forcibly helped Rowan, whose legs had gone numb from kneeling, to get up and took him to the inn.

Ivan Marsh stood in front of the river, his handsome face cold. He was waiting for the results of the salvage team.

After a while, in the small alley paved with bluestone slabs, Jennifer and the others ran into Tristan and Monica who were coming head-on.

Everyone stopped when they saw each other, and they all looked surprised.

"Bro?" Jennifer squinted at them, "Are you guys okay?" She was aware of Daphne Wells' assault on Miss Swain and Tristan's heroic act of jumping into the river to save her.

"We're fine." Tristan walked a few steps to Rowan, and seeing him in this state, he was both shocked and sympathetic, "Here, let me help!"

"Hey, you..." Monica was anxious, weren't you injured too?

But Tristan and Finnley were helping Rowan towards the inn. Concerned Monica stepped aside to make way, the alley was really too narrow.

Chapter 1437: Dr. Watson Faints

Jennifer's gaze lingered on Monica for a long while, with the two of them standing less than a meter apart. Monica, worried, watched Tristan's receding figure, her eyebrows unintentionally furrowed. She

could only sigh, and when she pulled her gaze back, she realized that Jennifer had been watching her the entire time. Monica blinked in surprise.

Jennifer knew that her brother must like this girl a lot, otherwise he wouldn't have jumped into the river recklessly for her. Fortunately, both of them were fine.

"I-I-I'm sorry." Monica felt a certain aura around her, thinking she might be blamed, so she explained awkwardly, "I never expected him to jump into the river for me."

The corner of Jennifer's lips lifted slightly, "I think it's quite nice."

"Huh?" Monica was taken aback, and their gazes met again.

"Let's go and see him," Jennifer said as she strode off, Monica following beside her.

"How many times in one's life does one feel the impulse to be reckless for another?" Jennifer understood this well, "Not everyone is worth my brother doing that for."

After hearing this, Monica was even more surprised!

She wasn't blaming her?

As they walked, Jennifer glanced at her and said kindly, "Monica, I like you very much."



"..." Monica, usually carefree and casual, was taken aback by this sudden statement. How should she respond? She was at a loss for words!

Jennifer's meaning was simple: I like you, and I welcome you as part of my family.

Monica twitched the corners of her lips into an awkward smile.

What was happening? Not only was she nervous and awkward around Tristan, but also his sister?

It really was strange!

In fact, Jennifer could guess quite accurately what was going on in Monica's mind. In her judgment,

Monica was the type of girl who was simple and kind.

At the entrance of the inn, Rowan weakly looked up at Tristan, "How did you know I was staying here?"

"I didn't know." Tristan pushed open the glass door, and along with Finnley, helped Rowan inside, "I live here, so I thought I'd bring you to my place first."

After all the commotion, Rowan felt quite weak. He took a room key out of his pocket and handed it to him, "301."

He was also staying here? On the third floor?

Tristan hesitated for a moment before taking it, "Be careful." The stairs were too narrow for three

people to walk side by side.

"I can go up by myself." Rowan grabbed the railing, his vision becoming a bit blurred. It was a feeling of weakness.

As a doctor, he knew very well that he might faint.

But he didn't want them to carry him, so he tried to hold on.

Tristan walked in front of Rowan, reaching back to hold onto his arm.

Finnley followed behind Rowan, ready to catch him if he fell. His condition was really bad, he was shaky even walking, as if his soul had been drained.

Jennifer, who had just come in, noticed that Rowan's condition was not good. She quickened her pace, going up the stairs with Monica.

"Rowan, are you alright?" Her worried gaze never left him, anxiously asking.

Before he could answer, Rowan, holding onto the railing, struggled to climb the stairs.

But as he stepped onto the last stair of the third floor, Rowan's eyes closed and his body slumped forward...

"Dr. Watson!" Tristan caught him in a flash, Finnley quickly took the room card and swiped open the door!

"Rowan!" Jennifer also rushed up, anxiously following inside.

When Monica reached the door, she heard Jennifer saying anxiously inside, "Quickly, take off his clothes, we must change his wet clothes first!"

Monica turned around and swiped open the door to Room 303, returning to her own room.

Even though she was also very worried about Dr. Watson's safety, under these circumstances, it was indeed not appropriate for her to be present.

Chapter 1438: Can We Still Find Claire?

Jennifer, although a woman, was first and foremost a learned and experienced doctor. When it came to treating patients, there was no distinction between male and female. Moreover, she didn't need to personally undress them. Jennifer opened the black suitcase to find clothes for Rowan, the pink one beside it likely belonged to Claire, which inevitably made her feel sad.

Standing by the bed, Tristan quickly unbuttoned Rowan's clothes, while Finnley went to the bathroom to fetch a warm towel. They helped Rowan clean his body and changed him into dry clothes. Jennifer

found the medical kit and quickly took out two bottles of glucose oral solution from it.

Sat by the bedside, Tristan propped Rowan up while Finnley helped him drink the glucose solution.

Throughout the process, the three of them communicated without speaking, their cooperation seamless.

"How is he? Has he fainted? Is it serious?" Finnley asked.

Jennifer shook her head. She appeared calm and composed as she pinched Rowan's philtrum with professional precision, while her other hand took his pulse.

Tristan softly told them, "Dr. Watson spent the entire night on the riverbank yesterday and didn't eat much all day. He's probably fainting from exhaustion or from too much sadness."

"There's no major issue with his body, it's not an acute illness," Jennifer said, removing her hand from his pulse. "But his gloomy mood is hard to adjust. If this continues for a long time, it will definitely wear him down."

Hearing this, Finnley appeared in a daze. His heart felt as if it had been turned upside down.

In the long run...

It meant Claire wasn't coming back...

Even though they hadn't found her body yet, as time passed, the situation looked increasingly grim.

Next door but one, the door to Room 303 was left slightly open for Tristan to enter later.

Monica stood alone on the balcony, her hands gripping the wooden railing. Her gaze towards the river

was somewhat vacant. Four or five boats were floating, and the salvage teams were busy.

A strong sadness sprouted in her heart, feeling as if the air here could corrode one's soul. Even

breathing felt oppressive.

Her mood was so heavy, she was incredibly sad...

How could a perfectly fine girl just disappear?

"Claire, where on earth are you?" She sighed, unable to calm her feelings for a long time.

Not until footsteps came from behind did Monica collect herself and turn to see Tristan walking towards

the balcony.

She asked him, "How is Dr. Watson?"

"He's awake, there's no major issue." Tristan came to stand by her side, leaning on the railing, his deep

eyes became even more gloomy as he looked at the river.

Monica glanced at him, then also looked at the river. They were both worried about Claire.

By the river, Ivan Marsh stood with his hands in his pockets, his tall figure sturdy and robust. He stared at the bustling scene on the river, his eyes emitting a hawk-like sharp light.

Nothing!

"Mr. Marsh."

A man came up from behind, saluted respectfully, and reported in a low voice, "Based on the speed of the current and Miss Russell's point of entry into the water, we have searched the most likely areas where we could find her, we have also employed a life detector."

The man's implication was clear, there was no need to continue the search, everyone had done their best.

Ivan Marsh still stared at the river, his thick eyebrows slightly furrowed, and his thin lips parted, "There's a possibility that she was rescued."

The man behind him said, "Mr. Marsh, this possibility is almost non-existent."

Ivan Marsh's eyes narrowed slightly, his features exuding a hint of cold hardness.

The man, thinking he was smart, analyzed, "Our search team is vast, and a woman's disappearance

has caused quite the stir in the ancient town. If she was rescued, there would be witnesses, or the boatman would come forward to tell us."

"Then keep searching." Ivan Marsh's eyes darkened slightly, interrupting him in a calm and composed manner.

The man behind Mr. Marsh was left speechless by his attitude!

Chapter 1439: Time for a Discussion

Ivan Marsh was not joking, noticing the man behind him did not react. He turned to face him, and the man bowed and retreated two steps, feeling the inherent cold aura that emanated from Ivan Marsh.

"Did you not hear me when I said continue the search?" Ivan Marsh stared at his slightly terrified face, his tone calm.

"Yes, Mr. Marsh." The man dared not refute.

"In life we need to see the person, in death we need to see the body. Continue searching for at least ten days to a half a month before we discuss further. We can expand the search area, and all expenses will be borne by the Marsh Group." With that, Ivan Marsh handed him a business card, "Contact me at any time."

"Yes." The man took the card, bowed, and finally understood that he was not joking, and dared not look up at him.

Ivan Marsh's calm gaze lingered on him for a few seconds, then he walked away.

Passing by one of his subordinates, Ivan Marsh told him, "Give Finnley and Dr. Watson's numbers to him."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh."

Thus, the salvage team did not stop. They decided not only to search the areas previously searched again but also to search the entire river. After all, someone was footing the bill.

After Ivan Marsh left, four well-dressed, energetic bodyguards followed him. They wore black suits, sunglasses, and were highly skilled.

While walking, Ivan Marsh dialed Jennifer's phone, "Honey, where are you? Send me your location."

His aura was there, but his voice was extremely gentle, he was a good husband.

"I'm at..." Jennifer thought for a moment, "Here's what, I'll send you an address first. I'm at a guesthouse, but this alley is full of guesthouses, be sure to look carefully at the sign."



"Alright, how is Rowan now?" Ivan Marsh asked as he walked towards the steps, expressing his concern.

"He fainted when he was climbing the stairs, but he's awake now and there's no major problem."

"Alright, see you in a bit." Ivan Marsh hung up the phone.

Following the address sent by Mrs. Marsh, Ivan Marsh navigated his way and found the Goodtravel Inn a few minutes later.

The room number was also sent on WeChat, leaving three bodyguards at the door, Ivan Marsh took only one person into the inn.

There was a tea room on the first floor of the inn, then the owner's cashier desk and a spiral staircase.

The space was not very large, but the layout was quite charming.

"Mr. Marsh, watch your head."

When going upstairs, the bodyguard reminded him.

In comparison, Ivan Marsh was indeed very tall, with a height of 1.9 meters, he could easily bump his head.

The door to room 301 was left open because they knew Ivan Marsh was coming.

Rowan was sitting on the sofa, his mind full of guilt, so his mental state was not good.

Footsteps came from the door, Rowan looked up, Ivan Marsh came in, and the bodyguard stayed outside.

"Wait a moment." Jennifer sensed that he had something to say and quickly got up to go out, "Bro!"

The door to room 303 was also open.

Daphne Wells was originally staying in 302, but she was taken away by the police before she had a chance to check-out, so no one else had moved in.

There were only three rooms on the third floor of the Goodtravel Inn.

Tristan and Monica, hearing the sound, came to the door one after another. Jennifer looked at him and then at her, suddenly understanding something.

They were staying in the same room?

Already living together??

Monica felt she was misunderstood and was about to explain when Jennifer's gaze fell on Tristan's face, "Ivan Marsh is here, let's go and discuss together."

"Alright."

Jennifer then looked at the girl behind her brother and invitingly said, "Monica, you come too."

"Okay." Monica nodded.

Jennifer treated her like one of their own. And so, Tristan and Monica followed Jennifer to room 301,

Rowan's room.

Chapter 1440: Praying for Blessings

From the moment Ivan Marsh stepped through the door, it seemed that Rowan had guessed what he

was going to say. He sat on the sofa, his hands clasped lightly against his lips. After extreme pain, after

fainting from sorrow, Rowan had thought a lot. But the intense stabbing pain in his chest hadn't

lessened one bit, his heart had always been at rock bottom, needing time to heal. So when Ivan Marsh

opened his mouth to speak, Rowan looked surprisingly calm.

Ivan Marsh reported to everyone, "The first phase of the salvage team's work is done, we haven't found

Claire's body, which indicates two things."

Two? Everyone concentrated their attention, raising their eyes to look at him.

Ivan Marsh analyzed, "First, the chances of finding her from the river in the future are very low, close to

zero, because this is a very professional and highly advanced salvage team. Second, she was rescued by someone."

Silence... everyone's heart was in their throats.

Rescued by someone, why hadn't they contacted them then?

Was that person a good or a bad one? Could it be a single man of marriageable age who wasn't able to find a wife?

These were the only glimmers of hope left in everyone's hearts, but they were still worried.

As the saying goes, we need to see the person alive and the body when dead. Without even seeing the body, how could a person be proven dead?

But this second possibility seemed so faint.

Jennifer's gaze fell on Rowan. Everyone was sad, but only Rowan felt the most guilt, so he must be feeling the worst.

"I hope we can continue the salvage operation." Rowan looked up at Ivan Marsh, "No matter in what way, there must be a result."

Ivan Marsh nodded, telling him his plans.

Then he said to him, "It makes no sense for so many of us to stay here. The people I brought will continue the salvage operation and will also search for fifteen days. Any news will be reported to you and Finnley first. I have left my number."

Everyone fell silent... this was the only method for now.

They were not three-year-old children, adults had an adult way of handling things.

Endlessly sinking, or crying, or stubbornly refusing to leave, had no meaning, especially since Ivan Marsh had already arranged everything.

At this time, Jennifer spoke, "Let's go together in the helicopter. Pack up your things."

Rowan lifted his eyes, his voice hoarse, "There's a temple in the ancient town, before we leave, I want to pray for blessings for Claire."

Everyone looked at each other and felt his idea was good, so they agreed unanimously.

"Okay."

"I think it's fine."

"So when are we going?"

"Let's go now."

"..."

So, before they left the ancient town, they walked up 108 stone stairs, climbed to the top of the mountain on foot, and arrived in front of an ancient temple.

They expressed their intentions to the abbot, and ceremoniously and sincerely prayed for blessings for Claire.

Apart from Tristan and Monica, everyone else left by helicopter, because Tristan's car was parked outside the ancient town.

He still had to drive back to Arkpool City.

In the Maybach back to the city, Monica sat in the passenger seat, her mood completely different from when she came to the ancient town.

The car's heater was on, and a window was opened a bit to allow air circulation, so it wouldn't be so stifling.

Actually, the stifling feeling was not in the air, but in the mood.

The air was filled with sorrow, and no one spoke to break the silence.

Tristan drove the car, not too fast, and about ten minutes later, they completely left the ancient town,  
and the car stopped by the side of the road.

Both of them unbuckled their seat belts and got out of the car almost simultaneously.

They bowed deeply in the direction of the ancient town, still waiting for a miracle to happen.