

## **Surprised 1481**

### Chapter 1481: Encountering a Strong Rival

Belinda pulled herself back to the present, "It's nothing." But it was clear she was distracted. Monica was her treasure, the most important thing in her life. Belinda wished for her to be happy and couldn't bear to see her experience any pain.

Jack Adams seemed to have the ability to empathize, understanding her worries. He slid the steak he had cut in front of her, "What worries you? Today was the first time I met Tristan. He seemed to be a good young man, gentlemanly, and stable. He gives a sense of security, a man worth relying on."

Belinda looked up at his words, so he had also noticed that Monica and Tristan's relationship was unusual?

"Belinda, have you lost weight recently?" Jack Adams sipped his red wine, looking at her with a hint of concern, "How long are you going to stay in Arkpool City this time?" Because as far as he knew, her company was not based in Arkpool City, nor did her business involve Arkpool City.

"I'm not sure," Belinda responded, her thoughts involuntarily drifting to Algerone Swain. She lifted her eyes to him and said with a slight smile, "I haven't lost weight, just a pound or two. It's normal to

fluctuate."

"Regardless, you must take care of yourself when you're alone." Jack Adams was somewhat

concerned about her, yet delicately maintained a balance. He was a gentleman, a humble man.

"Come, let's toast," Jack Adams raised his glass to her, smiling as he said, "Thank you for your selfless

dedication to the children."

"I should also thank you on behalf of these fortunate children." Belinda was a kind-hearted person.

They clinked their glasses, finishing the wine in one gulp.

After lunch, Jack Adams insisted on escorting Belinda back to her place, concerned for her well-being

as she had drunk a bit of wine. Since the two of them had always had a good relationship, Belinda

didn't refuse.

So, Jack Adams opened the car door for her, and she took her seat in the passenger side.

"Belinda, where are you staying recently?" The man got into the driver's seat, buckled his seatbelt,

turned to her and asked, "Did you buy a house in Arkpool City?"

"No."

Belinda could feel his increasingly strong adoration for her and took the opportunity to be honest, "I'm

staying in a house that Algerone Swain is not using."

Jack Adams was visibly taken aback, though he didn't show it on his face because he knew that their relationship was one of total estrangement, incompatible as water and fire. And now, Belinda was staying in his vacant house, which can only mean one thing: their relationship had eased.

So, Jack Adams felt threatened, and even for a moment, he felt at a loss.

"Where is it?" He asked her, regaining his composure and keeping his emotions in check.

Belinda gave him an address. It wasn't far from here. With the navigation on, they drove towards the villas.

The silence in the car remained unbroken along the way. The atmosphere was a little strange, and the car moved slowly.

At this point, Algerone Swain, standing in the snowy yard, was already freezing, his hands and feet icy.

It was already noon, and he was hungry. Thinking he wouldn't be able to see Belinda, he was about to leave.

But just as he turned to leave, a car turned into the yard and stopped in front of him, not more than two

meters away.

Algerone Swain halted, and through the windshield, he saw the woman in the passenger seat and a middle-aged man in the driver's seat.

Holding the bouquet of roses, Algerone Swain felt embarrassed. He suddenly felt like a fool, caught in a dilemma.

Seeing him, Belinda was also shocked.

As she unbuckled her seatbelt, she turned to Jack Adams, "Jack, I... I have something to do. It's not convenient to invite you in."

"Who is he?" Jack Adams suddenly felt a twinge of jealousy.

Belinda, holding the door she had just opened, glanced at the man standing in the snow with his nose turning red from the cold, then at the man holding the steering wheel, and answered, "That is Algerone Swain."

"..." Jack Adams felt like his beliefs had collapsed, feeling as though he had run into a formidable rival.

Chapter 1482: Algerone thought he had misheard

Algerone knew that Belinda had never let go of Algerone Swain, which is why she had kept him at

arm's length. But hadn't Algerone Swain remarried?

Why was he here with roses? Did he want Belinda to be the other woman? Jack Adams was emotional, his gaze slightly narrowed.

Belinda looked at him, "Thank you for driving me home, you should go back first." After saying this, she withdrew her gaze, opened the door, and got out of the car.

Unbeknownst to her, Jack Adams also got out of the car, and the two of them almost simultaneously shut the car doors.

In the view of Algerone Swain, Jack Adams took off his coat and walked over to Belinda, "Be careful not to catch a cold." He directly draped the long coat over her shoulders.

Such an intimate action, happening right under Algerone's watch, had genuinely stirred him.

Before Belinda could refuse, Jack Adams had already draped the coat over her, and even squeezed her shoulder, giving her a firm gaze before turning back to the driver's seat.

Belinda watched him reverse the car and drive away quickly.

Algerone Swain's gaze had remained on Belinda's face. He was initially just physically cold, but now his heart was also half chilled.

When Belinda gathered her gaze and looked at him, she saw the despair in his eyes.

About Jack Adams driving her home and draping his coat over her, Belinda hadn't expected Algerone to see it.

Although she was divorced, Belinda still felt a bit guilty, always feeling that this wasn't right.

And him just now... it was clearly intentional.

Especially when Belinda saw that even the tip of Algerone's nose had turned red from the cold, she felt inexplicably uncomfortable, and he was still holding a bunch of her favorite roses.

Had he been waiting for a long time?

"Um..." Belinda began, feeling a bit embarrassed, "Did you need something from me?"

Algerone Swain suppressed all his emotions. He didn't leave immediately. He also knew that Belinda was single and free to make any friends.

"Come in."

Belinda lowered her head and walked towards the living room, inputting the password to unlock the door, thinking that he was really silly, clearly knowing the password but not entering.

But Belinda also knew that this was Algerone's respect for her, which made her feel a bit sour.

After entering the house, she quickly turned on the heating.

Algerone Swain bent down to place the roses on the coffee table. Truth be told, he wasn't feeling good either.

That man had driven the car far away, but Algerone Swain still had his image in mind - tall, courteous, and with the charm of a mature man.

Belinda took off Jack Adams's coat and hung it up casually.

Without turning her head she asked, "Have you eaten?"

"No."

Belinda headed towards the kitchen. After a while, she didn't come out, and Algerone Swain couldn't help but walk over out of curiosity. He saw her turning on the gas, with water boiling in a pot.

"What are you doing?" Algerone Swain was surprised.

Belinda left him with a busy figure. "Making you a bowl of noodles."

This simple action made Algerone Swain think he had misheard. Was she actually making noodles for him????

This was... an unprecedented treatment!

Algerone Swain was a bit overwhelmed. This man, who was adept at business, was actually a bit at a loss.

Thinking about that man earlier, his mind was filled with mixed feelings.

Elsewhere, at the Russell family restaurant, except for Mya's pregnancy meal, all the dishes on the table were Claire's favorites, and the portions were especially large. This was the Russell's deep love for her.

Sitting at the dining table, Claire held her fork, her heart filled with bitterness, "I'm sorry, Uncle, Aunt, Brother, Sister-in-law, for making you worry."

Everyone laughed, comforting her in return, "It's good that you're back, and alive. Why are you saying such things?"

"From now on, take good care of your health, rest more, and don't update your novel for now."

In her heart, she felt even more sorry for Rowan Watson because she hadn't been vigilant, leading to

Rowan Watson being misunderstood by her family.

Chapter 1483: The Two People Who Were Beaten by the Rod of Love Separation



Remembering how haggard he had become, Claire felt an indescribable pain in her heart. It was as if it were bleeding from being torn apart. The halo-crowned medical genius had seemingly experienced the ravages of time in just a few days and had suddenly aged a lot. Claire felt that she was to blame.

After tearfully finishing her meal, she said to Finnley Russell, "Brother, can you help me buy a new phone when you have time?"

"I already bought it! I already bought it!" At this moment, Mya came over with a phone box, "I've already

reissued your SIM card for you, and it's the same model as the one you used before."

She walked over with her large belly, and with both hands, presented the exquisite box.

"Thank you, Sister-in-law." Claire was moved, took the box with both hands, gave her a smile, then turned around and went upstairs.

Everyone knew that she couldn't wait to contact Rowan Watson. A hint of sadness and determination crossed Violet's eyes, "She can't be with Rowan Watson again. This incident is a warning from God to us."

"..." A depressing silence fell upon the dining room.

Claire went upstairs and returned to her bedroom. The first number she dialed was Rowan Watson's.

Her heart trembled as much as her fingers did when she dialed the familiar number.

In a little while, the call connected, "Claire." Rowan Watson's hoarse voice came through, full of intense heartache and longing.

"Rowan, I'm sorry." Claire's nose tingled, and she tried hard to hold back her tears, "It's all my fault. I let my aunt and uncle misunderstand you. I'm sorry."

"It's me who should say sorry, I failed to protect you." Hearing her apology, Rowan Watson's heart ached as if it was being twisted, "Claire, you should take care of yourself first. I'll come to you when your aunt and uncle calm down, and we will face it together, okay?"

"You won't give up, will you?" Claire asked while crying, "You still want me, right?" She felt she had interfered with his life trajectory.

She had divided his heart...

"Fool, of course." Rowan Watson was very happy that she was still alive, he said, "Claire, I will definitely protect you in the future."

Then Claire cried, Rowan Watson on the other end of the phone felt heartbroken, he really wanted to hug her, "Claire, don't cry, Claire, take care of your health."

"Mm, you too." Thinking of his haggard appearance, she felt another wave of heartache.

Rowan Watson told her, "Daphne Wells was taken away by the police. She will receive her deserved punishment."

"Mm." Claire wasn't interested in Daphne Wells's fate, her mind was filled with him, "You also need to take care of your health. You really look haggard, I need you, more than others need you."

"I'm fine, really." Seeing her safe return, Rowan Watson felt his sun had risen again. He leaned against the door, tilted his head back, trying not to let his tears fall.

The two chatted briefly and reluctantly ended the call.

In the Russell family, Claire's bedroom, Violet and Albert came in.

"Aunt..." The girl turned her eyes holding her phone.

"Claire." Violet came to her, sighed, and made it clear, "Your uncle and I have discussed it, we no longer agree to your relationship with Dr. Watson."

"He really can't be blamed for this incident." Claire defended him, her attitude was also very clear,

"Blaming him, it's unreasonable!"

"Claire..."

"Aunt, my parents entrusted me to you. If something like this happened to me, then aren't you also responsible?"

Violet and Albert were left speechless by her retort. The couple looked at each other.

Claire also realized that she had spoken too harshly, "Sorry." But that's the logical truth.

Chapter 1484: The Noodles Were Boiled in Vain

"Claire, reality isn't a novel, not all love lasts forever," Violet patiently advised. "No two people can sustain a lifetime on love alone. Life is about everyday necessities. He's a doctor, destined to dedicate his time to his patients. He can't give you the companionship you desire."

"He protects all of humanity, and I will protect him!" Claire declared with a steadfast attitude, a hint of a smile in her tear-filled eyes. "What's wrong with him being a doctor? Does a doctor not deserve love? I think he's even more deserving of my love!"

To the elder members of the Russell family, Claire seemed bewitched. Love had clouded her mind.

Considering her current state, it was crucial for her to focus on her wellbeing-after all, she'd suffered a

concussion and shouldn't overly stress herself. Despite no longer needing medication, she still needed plenty of rest.

Inside the small, silver-dressed western style house, the dining room was lit. Algerone Swain sat in a white leather chair, eating noodles cooked by Belinda. In his heart, a flower of happiness seemed to bloom. Every second gave rise to an illusion.

Belinda sat on a sofa not far away, legs crossed and arms folded around her chest, watching him without blinking. She couldn't help but recall her daughter's words from the previous night-that Algerone

hadn't stayed married for long after his second marriage. Thinking of this fact, Belinda's heart was filled with mixed feelings... She had misunderstood him for so many years.

Recalling the past, Algerone had always tried to get closer to her and their daughter. Yet, because of his second marriage, she didn't even let him call their daughter, treating him like an enemy. Reflecting on the past, Belinda felt a sense of regret, which led to her preparing noodles for him today.

"Mmm, delicious!" Algerone could feel her gaze. Breaking the awkward silence, he ate his noodles, occasionally raising his eyes to meet hers and jokingly remarked, "I never thought I'd have the chance

to eat noodles cooked by you."

They didn't have this kind of treatment when they were together.

"Why so much talk? Hurry up and eat. Once done, leave!" Belinda was always like this, sharp-tongued

but kind-hearted. Algerone stopped talking and focused on his noodles.

Silence returned to the living room... Belinda started to wonder. He had come to see her with a bouquet

of flowers. Was he planning to confess his marital status? She looked at the roses on the coffee table,

falling into thought. If so, what was his purpose? Did he want to reconcile?

The truth was, Algerone had just seen another man escorting Belinda home and even put a coat on

her. At that moment, he realized the reality-he couldn't go back... Now, he chose to swallow all the

words he wanted to say.

After finishing his noodles and even drinking all the soup-definitely the most delicious noodles he'd ever

had-he wiped his mouth with a napkin, stood up, and said, "I should leave now. Don't worry. I won't

come to bother you again or cause you any trouble. About today, you can explain things to that

gentleman."

Having said that, he left without looking back. Belinda stood up. Before she could say anything to stop him, he was already in his car, driving away quickly.

Her chest heaved dramatically. "What's wrong with him?! Just came over for a bowl of noodles?!

Shameless!" Belinda sat back down on the sofa, her mood souring. The noodles were indeed boiled in vain!

Her gaze fell on the coat hanging on the coat rack-it belonged to Jack Adams. Belinda was in a bad mood. An old classmate she hadn't seen for hundreds of years, and the one time they met, this happened!

At this time, Tristan and Monica took Eason out for lunch, then spent half an hour helping him catch dolls, because Monica said it could improve Eason's hand-eye coordination.

Of course, Eason didn't catch any, but he had fun. Tristan let Monica try a few times, but she caught nothing, which was quite embarrassing.

Feeling dispirited, she complained, "We're really two clumsy people."

Tristan, who was originally planning to send Eason back to the hospital, saw her disappointment and quickly inserted a few more coins. "Monica, go push a shopping cart over here."

## Chapter 1485: Eason, The Little Matchmaker

"Huh?" Monica was confused, turning her eyes to look at Tristan, "Alright." Then she turned to do as he instructed.

As she came back pushing the shopping cart, Eason had two more dolls in his hands!

"Look at this! Tristan is so amazing!!" Eason jumped up in excitement!

Monica was also stunned. The loose crane, under Tristan's control, was like magic, catching a doll every time!

In just a few minutes, plush dolls came rolling out one after another, and Eason happily picked them up and put them in the shopping cart.

Monica was dumbfounded, "You are... too good, aren't you?" Tristan was virtually flawless.

Basking in her admiration, Tristan was naturally in a slightly better mood.

"Wow!" Monica clapped her hands like a child, turning her worshipful gaze to him. "Tristan is so incredible! He's like our idol!"

Listening to her coquettish voice, Tristan's stern CEO face broke into a brilliant smile, the upward curve of his lips becoming even more attractive.



"Do you want to know the secret?" Tristan continued to grab dolls.

"Yes! Teach me quickly!" The girl was already impatient.

While demonstrating, Tristan explained to her, "This is using Newton's first law, utilizing acceleration and inertia."

Seeing her still not quite understanding, Tristan made a detailed analogy, which made Monica even more admiring of him.

"Do you want to try?" Tristan looked at her.

The girl took a deep breath and held the joystick again. She was not very good at it, and with him being so excellent beside her, she suddenly felt pressured.

"Don't be nervous, even if we don't catch any, we won't lose anything." Tristan encouraged her, putting his hand on hers. "The process needs to be smooth, your hand can't shake, or the claw will wobble along."

Her hand no longer shook, all controlled by Tristan, but her heart was like a deer hitting drums.

In no time, he held her hand and successfully caught a cart full of plush dolls of various styles.

"Great!" Eason clapped his hands.

"Alright, we have to go." Tristan let go of her hand. "First, send Eason back to the hospital, then send Monica home, then I have to go to the company for a meeting."

Eason was just enjoying the process of catching toys, he didn't need these toys.

So the two large bags of plush toys ended up in Monica's hands, becoming private gifts from Tristan, which made her extremely happy.

Actually, she also enjoyed this process.

For her, the significance of these small toys had long surpassed the dolls themselves.

On the way back to the hospital, Eason turned his eyes and asked, "Monica, when will you come to see me again?" He seemed to have become attached to her, feeling a bond with her, and he particularly liked her.

"I..." Monica didn't know how to answer this question, after all, she couldn't just go whenever she wanted.

"When Tristan has time." At this moment, Tristan, who was driving, spoke up. "When Tristan is not busy, he will take Monica to the hospital to see you."

"Okay!" The little guy believed deeply because Brother Tristan had never lied to him.

The car stopped outside the hospital lobby. They took Eason upstairs and handed him over to the butler. When they came down, Monica said to Tristan in the elevator, "You go to your company, I can take a taxi home."

"The roads are slippery due to snow, I don't trust others driving." Tristan said, "There are too many accidents."

"But you have a meeting."

"It doesn't matter if I'm a bit late."

"..."

Although it was just a few simple sentences, they showed his concern for her, making her feel warm inside.

Chapter 1486: I am not obsessed with gains and losses

Just like that, Tristan called Kevin, asked him to postpone the meeting for half an hour, and then personally drove Monica home.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Monica felt a bit awkward. Her thoughts were a mess, and she couldn't

focus, always thinking about this and that.

He had just taken the initiative to hold her hand. Did that have any other meaning?

Or... was he just simply teaching her how to catch dolls?

Tristan drove, his face calm as he looked straight ahead. He always gave off the feeling of a steady gentleman, and no one knew what he was thinking.

When he dropped Monica off at home, he didn't forget to remind her, "Take all your dolls with you."

"Okay." Monica nodded, got out of the car and carried the two large bags from the back seat, "Thank you, bye!"

She watched as Tristan drove away.

At this time, Belinda was still sulking in the living room. Seeing her daughter come in, carrying two large bags of small dolls, she stared at her, "What are these?"

"Dolls I caught!" She wore a good mood on her face.

Monica walked a few steps forward, noticed the empty bowl on the dining table, walked in for a closer look, and asked, "Belinda, did you just eat noodles for lunch? Isn't that a bit simple?"

"Monica, where did these things come from?" Belinda raised an eyebrow, "You wouldn't be bored enough to go and catch dolls all by yourself, would you? And you were able to catch them?"

"What do you mean?" Her daughter raised an eyebrow, "I, I, I admit, I can't catch them, but Tristan can! Look, these are all his achievements! Isn't he great?"

Belinda glanced at the bags in her hand, estimating over thirty dolls, thinking, Tristan is quite smart.

"Are you two officially dating?" Belinda locked her gaze on her daughter's face and asked directly.

Monica didn't answer directly. She carried the bags straight upstairs, "You, first manage your relationship with Algerone! Don't worry about young people's affairs!" It was like carrying two bags of treasures.

After going upstairs, Monica was thinking about how to store these dolls.

After much thought, she felt that she needed two large transparent cylindrical storage bins. It would also make her happy to put them beside her bed.

So, she used her phone to search, found a boutique nearby, and excitedly prepared to go downstairs to buy.

Just as she got to the first floor living room, Belinda blocked the entrance, stopping her way, "Did he

confess to you?" In her mother's eyes, this was a serious question.

"Not yet." She was also frank.

"Can't you be a bit reserved?" Belinda looked at her, a bit frustrated, "Can't you act like a girl? If he really likes you, he wouldn't let you be so obsessed with gains and losses, making you stick to him all the time."

"I'm not obsessed with gains and losses, I'm very happy right now!" Monica sidestepped her mother,

"Think about you and Algerone! As long as you two don't remarry, I won't get married!"

She hummed a tune and ran off far away!

Tristan's car hadn't arrived at the company yet. His phone rang, it was an unfamiliar number. After

thinking for a few seconds, he answered, "Hello."

"Tristan." Violet's voice came, "I'm Finnley Russell's mother, Claire's aunt. I'd like to invite you for a cup

of coffee, is now convenient?"

Tristan thought about it, and before he could answer, Violet added, "Don't worry, I won't take up too

much of your time, just want to chat with you briefly."

"Okay." Tristan agreed, simply because she was his elder.

Five minutes later, at a quiet coffee shop nearby, Violet and Tristan sat at a table by the window.

The waiter brought them two cups of latte and two delicate pastries.

"Tristan, thank you." Violet started gratefully, "For trying your best to find Claire, becoming the first one among us to find her."

Chapter 1487: Monica Stumbles Upon Them

"Auntie, actually it's not..."

"Tristan," Violet interrupted him softly, "can you let me finish speaking first?" She knew he was busy and was trying to save his time.

Tristan met her gaze and nodded respectfully, "Please go on."

Violet's appreciative eyes stayed on his face. He was always dignified, and his elegant, handsome face was refreshing.

"Tristan, today I want to entrust Claire to you, because only in this way can I feel at ease." Violet sighed lightly and said to him very sincerely, "We liked you before, and we still think you're the most reliable.

Only you can bring happiness to our Claire."

Looking at the middle-aged woman's emotional speech, Tristan stood tall, his smile warm, "Auntie, first of all, thank you for your trust and appreciation, but a gentleman does not take away the beloved of others. Dr. Watson is a very responsible man, and he can give Claire happiness."

"No." The woman shook her head, "Tristan, Rowan Watson will only bring harm to Claire; his profession is noble but also high-risk."

Violet explained to him, "Currently, the relationship is not handled properly, and in the future, there will invariably be medical disputes, right?" She dared not imagine.

Tristan listened patiently, he didn't argue, just smiled slightly, "I am now in love with someone else."

Violet was stunned, looking at him incredulously. Her first reaction was that it was impossible, how much time had passed?

Tristan calmly took a sip of his coffee, knowing she wouldn't believe it. His deep eyes carried a touch of tenderness as he told her, "It's the girl who was with me at the orphanage."

Violet recalled that there seemed to be a girl by his side. She initially thought that the girl was a volunteer teacher at the orphanage.

Tristan started to clarify, "So, I wasn't the first one to find Claire, we weren't even there for Claire."



Hearing this really pierced the heart!

Violet looked at him half-believingly, and her face was a bit embarrassed.

Tristan had no choice but to tell her the real reason why he and Monica went to the orphanage. From the cause to the process and the result, every word was clear and orderly.

Finally, Violet believed his words. Her heart sank heavily, and she felt extremely awkward and regretful.

Tristan elegantly sipped his coffee, patiently waiting for her to digest what he had just said.

At this time, a taxi stopped on the road not far away.

Monica got out of the car, her boots stepping in the snow. Thinking of the scene where Tristan was holding her hand to catch dolls, she was in a good mood.

She happily stomped two rabbit footprints in the snow, like a child.

The boutique was right next to the coffee shop. She was walking happily when she suddenly saw a familiar car parked in front.

At first, she just thought the model looked familiar, but when she glanced at the license plate, Monica's steps faltered, and she muttered in confusion, "Tristan?"

Strange, didn't he rush back to the company for a meeting?

Why would his car be parked here?

Just as she was puzzled, she unintentionally turned her gaze and saw two people sitting in the coffee

shop!

Tristan and... Claire's aunt!

Monica's breath hitched, and her mind suddenly went blank!

She saw the gentle smile on Tristan's face, saw him saying something... the atmosphere must be

pleasant, and the topic must be about Claire, right?

A sense of loss arose, and her eyes flickered with complex emotions.

She had just seen Claire's aunt at the orphanage this morning. Even if Monica had a bad memory, she

wouldn't forget, and her aunt hadn't even changed her clothes or hairstyle!

Chapter 1488: Bravo, Tristan

Monica stood there in the snow, a burning pain spreading from her heart, her blood slowly cooling, as if

about to freeze. She took a few steps forward, turned, and leaned against the wall outside the

boutique, clutching her chest and taking deep breaths.

"Calm down! Calm down! Calm down! Maybe they're just having a simple chat?" But when Monica thought of Tristan's previous affection for Claire, her beautiful eyes instantly lost focus...

"He was supposed to be in a meeting, right? He lied..." Monica suddenly felt like a fool. In this cold weather, she had excitedly run out to buy storage boxes, treating the doll he had won for her as a treasure. She thought Tristan also liked her, but was this just an illusion?

"Monica, stop being so sentimental! Wake up!" She felt aggrieved, leaning against the wall, biting her lower lip hard, and couldn't help but feel like crying because the feeling was really painful! For a moment, she felt as if she had lost her pillar of support, somewhat unsure of what to do.

Outside, the snow was falling again... Each flake fluttered down like catkins, landing on Monica's hair, shoulders, and arms... The wind was biting cold, but not as cold as her heart.

In the cafe next door, Tristan put down his cup. He said to Violet, "Auntie, please don't ask me about Claire's love life anymore, because I can't help with that. But if it's something else, as long as it's within my power, I won't refuse." After speaking, he glanced at the time on his wristwatch and then smiled at her, "I'm sorry, but I have a meeting this afternoon." He then stood up and walked to the cashier.

Violet sat there in a daze, watching the tall figure leaving with reluctance. He was calm and

gentlemanly, always exuding a strong sense of security. Now, she felt as if she had lost half the sky;

Tristan would no longer have any connection with the Russell family.

After paying the bill, Tristan walked out of the cafe. Monica, leaning against the wall, watched him come out, watched him stride towards his car, watched him open the car door, and soon the car started slowly. But after a while, the car seemed to stop again.

Inside the driver's seat, Tristan glanced sideways unintentionally and saw a familiar figure standing beside the cafe. He looked carefully and confirmed that it was Monica, so he stepped on the brake.

He unbuckled his seat belt and exited the car. With a slight frown, Tristan quickly walked towards her, snowflakes falling on his hair and shoulders. Monica noticed him walking towards her; she looked carefully, trying hard to dispel the tears in her eyes, not wanting to appear too meek.

As Tristan approached her, she didn't dare to look into his eyes, trying hard to appear calm. It was not until Tristan stopped in front of her, looking down at her, that she still didn't dare to lift her eyes to meet his. Her nose felt sour, and she was organizing her thoughts, trying to explain why she was here.

Before she could speak, Tristan took off his coat and draped it over her shoulders in a handsome

gesture. The girl suddenly looked up, meeting the man's deep and gentle eyes!

Time seemed to stand still at that moment, with snowflakes flying around and the whole world

blanketed in white. He saw the tear marks in her eyes and the grievances at the bottom of her heart.

Tristan, feeling distressed, pulled her into his arms.

Monica's chest tightened abruptly, her consciousness gradually returning. Feeling the warmth of his

embrace, she found it hard to believe, as if it were all a dream.

The snow was still falling.

At this moment, Violet just walked out of the cafe and saw this scene. She paused, watching Tristan

walk off with the girl in his arms. As she watched their backs recede, Violet finally fully believed the

truth.

Chapter 1489: Are You Following Me?

Tristan didn't speak. He simply held Monica's shoulders and led her to the passenger side of the car.

He opened the door for her, allowing her to sit inside.

Monica also remained silent, obediently getting into the car. She really wanted to ask him, what did

Claire's aunt want from him? Why did he have to lie? Was it because he cared about her, that's why he

lied?

Tristan closed the car door, walked around the vehicle, and got into the driver's seat. He didn't fasten his seatbelt and didn't seem to plan on starting the car. He knew that she must have seen something and misunderstood.

As Tristan gathered his thoughts, he turned to look at her, his tone sincere, "First, I'll tell you why I was here."

Monica had been staring at her fingers, embarrassed to the point of wanting to vanish into thin air! But at his words, she looked up abruptly! Was he... voluntarily explaining?

Tristan averted his gaze, speaking calmly with a clear conscience, "I was supposed to go to a company meeting, but she called me, said she wanted to talk to me, and it wouldn't take too long."

Monica listened in silence, looking at his handsome profile. She wondered, was he reporting to her?

And in what capacity was she listening?

Tristan continued, "So we agreed to have a coffee. Naturally, she wanted to talk about Claire's affairs.

She wanted to entrust Claire to me."

Tristan's candidness made the girl's heart thump hard. She fell silent for a moment, then tried to ask

him, "So, what did you say?"

Tristan looked at her, meeting her nervous and expectant gaze. He raised an eyebrow, "She's not an object to be handed over to me for safekeeping, what else could I say? Obviously, I refused."

She was genuinely scared! Monica maintained a calm exterior, but inside, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Her breathing returned to normal, and her mood inexplicably improved a lot.

"Okay, now I ask you, were you following me?" Tristan looked at her, his tone indifferent, not like he was joking. Faced with his scrutinizing gaze, Monica felt his demeanor become colder. He was waiting for an answer, and it seemed he disliked being followed.

"Of course not!" Rather than being misunderstood by him, Monica confessed directly, "There's a boutique next door, that's where my navigation led me."

Tristan glanced back and asked her, "What do you need to buy?" Didn't he believe her?

"I..." Monica cleared her throat, "Didn't you get so many dolls? I'm looking for a storage box, a transparent one, cylindrical, about two meters high. It doesn't take up much space and it looks good!"

She gestured with her hand to illustrate.

Tristan stared at her for a few seconds. She didn't seem to be lying, so he opened the door and got out of the car again.

Monica was a little puzzled. What was he doing? He walked around the car, opened the door for her,

"Come on, I'll accompany you to buy it." He was serious.

She hesitated for a second and then got out of the car. As soon as she did, Tristan's phone rang. As he closed the car door, he pulled out his phone, glanced at the caller ID, and answered, "Hello, Kevin." He hugged Monica's shoulders, indicating for her to start walking with him.

She didn't know what Kevin was saying to him, but Tristan didn't stop his steps towards the boutique.

With one hand holding the phone and the other in his pocket, he said, "You start the meeting first, I have something to do right now, and it will probably take half an hour to get to the company."

"Where are you? This has been postponed again and again." Kevin sounded helpless, he was getting overwhelmed.

But Tristan hung up the phone without giving any explanation.

Chapter 1490: The Touch Revealed in Small Details

Monica walked alongside him, feeling quite guilty, "Why don't you go back to the company first?"



"It's alright," Tristan told her, "if Kevin can't handle even this, what's the point of him being the special assistant?"

The girl felt a surge of innate charisma. She pursed her lips and fell silent.

They walked into the boutique, a shop of about a hundred square meters, decorated in a style that was particularly fresh and clean. Cute lanterns were hanging overhead, casting a warm yellow light. The shop was heated, so even though it was snowing outside, there wasn't a hint of coldness.

Rows of shelves held a plethora of neatly arranged small items. It was definitely a paradise for girls.

Tristan asked the sales associate, "Do you have transparent boxes for storing dolls here? Cylindrical, about one to two meters high?"

"Yes," the saleswoman smiled at him, pointing towards a corner, "Is that the kind you're looking for?"

He was so handsome! Just like a leading man who had walked out of a TV show.

Tristan glanced in that direction, "Monica, is that what you want?" His gaze fell on the girl as he turned his eyes.

At that moment, Monica was attracted by some sparkling headbands, she was even holding one. At his question, she looked in the direction he was pointing, "Oh, yes!"

Tristan walked over there, "Then get two of them."

"Okay," the saleswoman couldn't help but glance at him more than once as she walked. He seemed gentle, but also had a sense of authority.

Another saleswoman came to Monica's side, "Miss, this is handmade, each star is 1cm in diameter.

The double hoop will look quite ethereal, and it matches your hair color perfectly, would you like to try it?"

At this time, Tristan was coming over with two large cylindrical storage boxes. Monica was trying on the headband in front of a mirror, "It does look quite good." It added a decorative touch.

The saleswoman suddenly noticed that the men's jacket draped over her was Armani's latest custom design, she had seen it on TV! The cheapest item the young lady was wearing was Gucci, the saleswoman suddenly felt embarrassed to suggest anything and revealed an awkward expression.

"How much is this?" Monica seemed to like the headband, she asked with a smile, "It's very beautiful, I like it."

The saleswoman awkwardly laughed, "It's only twenty, just a small accessory, it doesn't match you."

"I'll take it!" Monica directly wore it on her head without taking it off, "I like it, it matches me."

Tristan looked around, "Do you need anything else?" He meant that they could buy everything together.

But Monica knew he was in a hurry, so she shook her head, "I just want this!"

"Okay," Tristan paid and led her out of the store.

Behind them, the salespeople's envious chatter came, "Do rich people also like to wear fake jewelry?"

They really don't put on airs."

"The young lady has a good temperament, everything looks good on her."

"Don't they seem like a great match?"

As they stepped away, they left those voices behind them.

In the falling snow, Monica turned to look at him as they walked, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Tristan put the boxes into the trunk, Monica got into the passenger seat, and Tristan quickly returned to the driver's seat and drove off.

At this moment, Kevin's call came in again.

The ringtone sounded again, Tristan looked at the caller ID and directly declined it.

This made Monica feel awkward because she also caught a glimpse of the caller ID. Two seconds

later, she tried to speak, "What if he has an emergency?"

"Even if it's an emergency, I can't go back." Tristan put down his phone, gripped the steering wheel with

both hands, and asked seriously, "Have you ever been in love?"