

Surprised 1491

Chapter 1491: A Slower Relationship Is Particularly Thoughtful

"Eh?"

The sudden change of topic left Monica taken aback. She thought she had misheard, and a brief silence fell over the car.

She was pondering how to respond, while Tristan waited for her answer.

"I've never been in love," Monica turned her gaze, "But there is someone I like." In that moment, she felt a surge of desire to confess her feelings, but she managed to restrain herself.

Tristan understood something from her gaze. He glanced at her, then looked away and asked, "What expectations do you have for your first love? For example, what would be your ideal love?"

She thought about it. Although she didn't understand the meaning of his question, she was still willing to share with him.

"I think love doesn't follow a formula," Monica was brave as she expressed her opinion, "In a lifetime, one will meet countless people, but to encounter that kind of feeling, you really need fate."

"What kind of feeling?" Whether he genuinely didn't understand or was pretending not to, the car was

moving very slowly, and Tristan asked this question.

Monica thought of certain moments, now wrapped in his coat again.

Her heartbeat began to race, "Whenever I think of him, I feel a joy that fills my heart."

She really didn't know how to describe it. Before the most beautiful feeling, she was at a loss for words.

Perhaps that's why there have been so many poems about love throughout history, each person's

understanding is different.

Tristan understood this feeling. Just like now, whenever he thought of Monica, he too felt a joy that

filled his heart.

So, a joy that fills the heart was their understanding of love. It seemed he was on the same wavelength

as her.

Monica was waiting for him to speak, but a brief silence fell in the car again.

Until he parked the car in the courtyard in front of the small Western-style building, he didn't say

another word.

Monica wanted to take off his coat, but was stopped by him just as he unbuckled his seat belt, "It's

snowing heavily. Keep it on for now, don't catch a cold."

After saying this, he got out of the car, and when he was taking out the transparent cylindrical storage box from the trunk, she got out from the passenger seat.

"I can take it," she reached out to him, "Thank you."

"No need," Tristan, holding two 'big guys', started walking towards the living room, "I'll help you."

The girl watched his tall figure, thinking back to the question he asked in the car, she didn't know what he meant.

But for now, this feeling of not puncturing the paper window was quite nice.

She could feel Tristan's affection for her, otherwise he wouldn't have wasted so much time today.

Without Claire as a major rival, Monica felt much more relaxed and optimistic about the future, even if the relationship progressed slowly.

This slower relationship was not impulsive, it was full of sincerity, and exceptionally thoughtful.

Coincidentally, Belinda wasn't home at this time.

After Monica entered, she saw him carrying the storage box upstairs, she quickly followed him, wearing his coat, "First room on the left!"

"Okay!"

At this time, in the multi-purpose conference room of Clarke Corp, the room was heated, and heavy snow was falling outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

On the long conference table, all the computers had slowly risen and turned on, in front of each computer sat a company executive, their ages ranging from 30 to 60, holding high positions in the company.

All of them were dressed in suits, sitting seriously.

Today's meeting was about a new product that had encountered several problems as soon as it was put into production, completely different from expectations.

So everyone was serious, with an attitude of quickly solving the problem.

"Kevin, where on earth has Mr. Norwell gone? Why hasn't he come back yet?"

Finally, the older Mr. Lee spoke up, asking, "At least give us an accurate answer. It's easy to have traffic accidents in this heavy snow. Where is he? Is he in the city?"

Chapter 1492: The Gentle Touch

Again, someone voiced their worries, "The snow is getting heavier, and the road conditions are getting

worse."

"Everyone, please rest assured, Mr. Norwell is absolutely safe," Kevin reassured everyone, "As for what he's doing, I really don't know. He left this morning and said he'd be back by noon."

Someone expressed their confusion, "Mr. Norwell is always punctual, so we're worried that something may have happened to him."

"Yes, I'm quite worried too," someone else said, their heart hanging in the balance much like an old father's, "Mainly because of the poor road conditions."

"There have already been more than a dozen traffic accidents reported today..."

"Sigh, as long as he comes back safely, waiting a bit is no big deal."

"Kevin, why don't you give him another call just to check?" Someone still wasn't reassured.

Kevin's main concern wasn't Mr. Norwell's safety. After all, Mr. Norwell exuded a sense of security and was an adult capable of taking care of himself. Kevin was most worried about the meeting being postponed further. Mr. Norwell had a meeting with Camille at three in the afternoon which would have to be delayed. As one of the top ten female entrepreneurs in the world, Camille was decisive and strict with her schedule, leaving almost no room for changes.

So, Kevin called Mr. Norwell again, risking being scolded.

This time there was no rejection. Tristan was in the small Western-styled building, in Monica's bedroom. He had just helped her tidy up all her dolls and, perhaps because he was in a good mood, he answered the call, "I'll start a video conference for you guys right away."

"My boss, you've got a meeting with Camille at three. You didn't forget, did you?" Kevin hurriedly asked, fearing he would hang up.

"I didn't forget. I received her reminder text. There's still time."

Kevin sighed in relief. If Mr. Norwell didn't come and he had to deal with Camille alone, he would probably be chewed up and spit out.

Seeing him hang up the phone, the first thing Monica said was, "Are you going to have a video conference on your way back? That's very dangerous! Don't joke with your own life!"

From her tone and expression, Tristan could feel her worry and care, "Don't worry, I'll be careful."

After he spoke, he looked at the completely empty storage box and instructed, "Don't throw it away.

We'll fill it up with more another day."

Yes, all the dolls fit into one storage box perfectly, leaving an extra box.

Monica stared at him, seeing a touch of gentleness in his deep eyes. She also smiled and nodded,

"Okay."

She came over, took off the coat on her shoulders, and helped him put it on as he had done for her in the snow.

The gentle touch of the girl's fingers lingered on his neck, and she said to him, "Be careful on the road."

Tristan nodded, "I'll go first then, you don't need to see me out."

She stood still, watching his back disappear at the doorway. As Tristan drove away, Monica stood by the window watching.

She felt happy and a little reluctant, a strange feeling in her heart.

It was already past two o'clock. Tristan started a video conference on his way back to the company. His thoughts were crystal clear, and he solved each serious problem one by one with precision. Every remedial solution he proposed seemed to enlighten the executives.

Actually, Tristan had analyzed it until three o'clock in the morning the day before.

No one's success comes easily. It's just that people don't see the effort put in when it's being made.

At three in the afternoon, in a luxurious guest room at Clarke Corp.

As the door was pushed open, a strong scent of jasmine hit the senses. A French woman, wearing a strapless dress in the dead of winter, tossed the fur she was wearing to an assistant and walked inside with a twist of her waist, her high heels clicking on the floor.

Chapter 1493: Mr. Norwell's Blessing Requested

"Good day, Miss Camille," the receptionist at Clarke Corp greeted respectfully, "Please have a seat. Mr. Norwell will be here soon. This is your favorite jasmine tea."

"Just leave it," the woman commanded as she sat down on the curved sofa. She took over the room, meticulously adjusting her clothes, hoping to present her best self to Tristan.

The receptionist poured a cup of jasmine tea and handed it to her with both hands, "Please enjoy."

"When will Mr. Norwell be here?" the woman asked, her chestnut-colored waves bouncing as she spoke. There was no impatience in her tone, just an eagerness to see him.

The receptionist replied with a smile, "Mr. Norwell will promptly be here at three, as per your appointment. Please be patient."

Camille glanced at him, "Then you may leave for now."

"Of course," the man replied and left after bowing.

Camille occasionally glanced at her watch, eagerly waiting.

Upstairs, in the CEO's office, the wall clock pointed to two forty-five, fifteen minutes before the scheduled meeting.

Kevin walked in with a stack of documents and was surprised to find Tristan still sitting at his desk, "Mr.

Norwell, why haven't you left yet?"

"I was waiting for you," Tristan replied softly, his eyes falling on Kevin.

He was waiting for him??

Kevin was surprised, was there a problem? He couldn't help but feel a bit nervous.

He hurriedly put down the documents and reported, "Mr. Norwell, I arranged jasmine tea for Miss

Camille, and we also sprayed some jasmine-scented perfume in the guest room."

Tristan's eyes changed slightly, "...," he stared at him, displeased.

Kevin came to the desk, feeling slightly shrunken under that gaze. Had he overstepped his

boundaries?

"Remember, do not make any special arrangements for her in the future," Tristan said in a light tone.

Since it had already been arranged, he didn't scold Kevin, but warned him not to do it again.

"Understood," Kevin replied, though he was puzzled.

He remembered that this female entrepreneur was hard to please. When Mr. Norwell was still Mr.

Clarke's special assistant, he used to cater to Camille's preferences, helping Mr. Clarke secure a big

deal.

But what Kevin didn't know was that Camille had been pestering Tristan for a long time after that.

Time ticked away.

Tristan didn't seem to be in a hurry to go downstairs. His gaze still focused on Kevin, he asked, "Have

you ever been in love?"

Kevin thought he had heard wrong!

Why would he ask that? Had his office relationship been discovered? But... Clarke Corp didn't prohibit

office relationships.

Could it be that Mr. Norwell had new rules since taking office?

Just as Kevin wasn't sure how to respond, Tristan had been scrutinizing him for two minutes, "Well? Is

it hard to answer?"

"I..." Kevin was helpless, since it would be discovered sooner or later, he might as well confess now,

"Mr. Norwell, I am indeed with Saskia."

A hint of surprise surfaced in Tristan's dark eyes.

Kevin immediately assured, "But rest assured! I swear it absolutely won't affect our work! We will be

especially careful about our image in the company! I hope for your blessing, Mr. Norwell!!"

Tristan stared at him unblinkingly, then nodded, "Don't be so nervous, I never break up lovers. It's not in

my favor to oppose Cupid, I might end up single."

Chapter 1494: Mr. Norwell Asked a Lonely Question

"Thank you on behalf of Cupid, Mr. Norwell! I also wish Mr. Norwell will find his other half soon!"

Tristan was embarrassed!

Did he think he was the king of hell? Was he the enemy of Cupid? Would he stop you from having a

love affair? He was not your father!

Cough cough!

However, the speed at which Kevin and Saskia got together surprised him. Tristan suppressed his

surprise and calmly lifted his eyes, "How did you confess to her?"

His voice was low and magnetic, carrying a hint of inquiry.

Kevin was stunned. What?

Looking at the wall clock for the CEO, Kevin kindly reminded, "Mr. Norwell, there really is no time.

Camille is waiting for you in the reception room."

"So don't delay any longer, answer me quickly." Saying so, he leisurely picked up his tea cup and

sipped the freshly brewed Pu'er tea.

When he put down the cup, the CEO looked at him seriously.

Kevin had a premonition that he couldn't avoid answering this time.

So, he reported truthfully, "We're together every day, we're the same age, our souls are in harmony, so

we just let nature take its course."

"Did you have a sense of ceremony when you confessed?" Tristan asked seriously, but with a gossipy

attitude.

It seemed this was the core of today's conversation.

Facing his gaze, Kevin was resistant, he was collapsing! If he didn't meet Camille soon, he would offend her, and he would be the one to clean up the mess!!

"Mr. Norwell, you really have to go down now!" Kevin was anxious, "Any questions you have, you can ask later."

"..." Tristan didn't speak, and he didn't intend to get up. He suddenly became obsessed, thinking this issue was more important.

With no other choice, Kevin directly complained, "I'm working overtime here every day, where is the sense of ceremony? You should give me a few days off. We haven't even had a chance to stroll around the streets since we got together."

Originally intending to learn something, Tristan suddenly felt he had asked a lonely question.

He closed his laptop and stood up, "Help me contact the famous jewelry designer Luke, I need him to design something."

"His schedule is always full, and you need to make an appointment in advance, Mr. Norwell. Don't we have a big shot here? Why do you have to find someone else?"

Tristan, who was stepping towards the exit, turned around, "Who?" He really couldn't think of anyone at

the moment.

"Emma, your own sister, Miss Jennifer." Kevin's eyes shone with admiration, "Don't you think she is better than Luke? What do you want to customize?"

One was just famous, and the other was a big shot!

Tristan fully agreed with him, "Okay, find my sister." He patted Kevin's shoulder and left.

Watching his retreating figure, Kevin finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Downstairs, in the luxurious large reception room, the air was filled with the scent of jasmine. Camille stood up, her figure stunning in a strapless dress.

It was almost three o'clock, but the man she had been longing to see was nowhere in sight. She was becoming restless.

"What's going on?" Camille complained, asking her assistant in French, "Didn't we have an appointment at three?"

"Yes, they said Mr. Norwell would be here at three, there's one minute left."

Camille was not happy to hear this. Was he unwilling to see her even a minute early?

She had come all the way from France. What was Tristan's attitude? Or was he really busy?

Trying to understand him, she felt a hint of disappointment in her heart.

Chapter 1495: The Woman Who Got Carried Away

Just as she was lost in thought, it was exactly three o'clock. A respectful greeting came from the

entrance, "Mr. Norwell."

The woman turned her head upon hearing the sound, only to see Tristan entering through the door.

His custom-made suit accentuated his perfect figure, his strides were swift and decisive, and the light,

aloof, and distinguished aura exuding from him deeply attracted her.

Seeing him, Camille's weary and anxious mood vanished, her eyes and heart were full of him, "Mr.

Norwell."

"Miss Camille, we meet again." Tristan's French was excellent. His gaze lightly swept over her, "Please

sit."

His words were polite and official, devoid of any personal emotion.

The woman laughed.

Tristan took a seat on the sofa. He heard her whisper to her personal assistant in French, "You can wait

outside. Close the door."

"Yes." The female assistant turned and left, leaving only Tristan and her in the spacious reception room.

Tristan was calm, his face unruffled.

From the moment he entered, Camille's gaze had not moved away from him, filled with admiration and joy.

"Thank you for remembering my love for the scent of jasmine." The woman breathed in, feeling elated with each passing second.

"Have you read the contract?" Tristan asked in Chinese, completely ignoring her topic.

Camille took a seat opposite him, feeling no embarrassment. Her eyes were full of flirtatious laughter,

"Of course, I have meticulously read it three times. I see no issue, whatever you say goes. I am very willing to cooperate with your company again."

"Since there are no objections, let's sign the contract." Tristan took out two copies of the contract and placed them on the coffee table, handing her a pen.

The woman glanced at him, feeling a bit disappointed. It was too formal.

She had no choice but to pick up the contract and look at it. She found that the places for their signatures had already been signed. Camille did not hesitate at all, after all, it was a win-win cooperation, so she signed her name readily.

"Happy cooperation." Tristan took one of the contracts. As he rose, he said, "Your expenses in Arkpool City these days can be reimbursed by my company."

"Tristan!" Camille quickly stood up, "Where are you going?"

Tristan paused and looked at her. The woman realized that it was inappropriate to ask in such a way, so she smiled and took a step towards him, her tone as gentle as water, "Are you leaving already?"

Had they met for less than two minutes?

He raised the contract in his hand, indicating his confusion, "What else?"

The woman deliberately blocked his way, then looked at him with admiring eyes, finally resting her gaze on his handsome face, "Tristan, you've become more handsome, increasingly embodying the charm of a mature man."

Her tone was particularly ambiguous, and her intentions were clear.

Tristan looked at her indifferently. She had fair skin and a full figure, but he didn't give her a second look. In front of her, Tristan remained unflinching.

"Oh, right." Tristan suddenly remembered something and asked, "France is a romantic country. Can you convey some French romance to me? Like... how to confess to a girl?"

This matter was on Tristan's mind.

Upon hearing this, Camille was overjoyed. Her gaze at the man became even more ambiguous, "A sense of ceremony, a full sense of ceremony! Every girl has a princess dream. If you can make her dream come true, then you will definitely be her prince!"

Chapter 1496: Rowan Watson is Her Hero

The phrase 'sense of ritual' imprinted itself in Tristan's mind, a faint smile appeared on his face, "Okay."

He seemed a bit obsessed, asking everyone he met. It was strange that he had never been in a relationship and lacked experience.

"Tristan, are you planning to confess to me?" Camille's heart leaped with joy, she couldn't wait. Her smile became more enchanting, and she almost draped herself over Tristan with a step forward.

Tristan retreated cautiously, his face held a gentle smile, "Of course not." Then his smile faded, and his

expression became incredibly serious.

The woman felt a little awkward, staring at him in disbelief, "Really? Is there a woman in your social circle, Tristan, who is a better match for you than me?" She said it with full confidence.

She even thought to herself, perhaps Tristan was being cold towards her today on purpose, just to surprise her later!

"So Miss Camille, what do you think 'a good match' means?" Tristan gave her a sideways glance, his heart filled with displeasure.

The woman laughed and blurted out, "A match in social status, of course. Right now, the market value of your Clarke Corp is not far off from my company."

"Matching in social status for me does not mean financial equality." Tristan corrected her, "Whether one is rich or poor does not matter, but the most basic values must match."

And Monica was definitely the person he was looking for, which was evident from her attitude towards Eason.

The well-informed woman was stunned by Tristan's words because it was the first time she had heard such a viewpoint.

Tristan didn't want to waste time with her, so he spoke directly, "I already have a girlfriend, so you don't have to waste time on me."

With that, he stepped away to leave.

Camille was left standing in place, but she was not willing to give up, so when she reached the front desk she asked the receptionist directly, "Does Mr. Norwell have a girlfriend?"

"Miss Camille, we are not privy to Mr. Norwell's private matters, and we don't ask. He also doesn't report to us."

"..." The woman was unable to accept this for a moment, because she had secretly moved her company headquarters to Arkpool City and even bought property there, all to be closer to him.

In the elevator, Tristan dialed Jennifer's number, "Jennifer, are you free to meet? I have something to discuss with you in detail. Don't worry! It's not about Eason, his situation is stable now."

Whatever Jennifer said, Tristan responded, "Okay, see you in a bit."

Charity Medical Center.

After finding Claire, Rowan Watson's mental state improved significantly. Although he still felt guilty, her

being alive was more comforting than her death.

He shaved his beard and returned to being the busy, professional, and meticulous doctor he once was.

In the operating room illuminated by the shadowless lamp, a surgery was underway.

A tumor had grown inside the patient's body, the situation was extremely critical.

Everyone in the room knew that the elasticity of the inferior vena cava was worse than that of the

arteries. If the inferior vena cava was accidentally damaged during surgery, the result would be

irreversible.

While the rest of the doctors watched with furrowed brows, Rowan Watson performed the surgery

calmly, using only a pair of blunt scissors without any special instruments.

An hour of tension passed, and the surgery went smoothly.

Rowan Watson was as calm as ever. He personally stitched up the wound, stopped the bleeding, and

softly imparted some of his experience. The team members listened attentively.

"Alright, I'll leave the rest to you. Contact me if there are any issues."

Chapter 1497: Everyone's Position is Different

Just off the operating table, he hadn't returned to his office when he was 'intercepted' on the road by a

doctor, "Mr. Adams, the patient in bed 3 insists that you check on him. He says you're the most professional. His condition is stable, but he can only feel at ease when he sees you," the doctor reported in a soft voice as he walked alongside him.

"Alright, I'll go in a bit." Rowan Watson was a busy man, but he wasn't impatient.

"Thank you, Mr. Adams." The doctor said, and then left.

When Rowan Watson entered his office, another doctor followed in to report, "Mr. Adams, the condition

of the patient in bed 5 from yesterday is stable, but..."

Rowan Watson washed his hands again. He listened very carefully, despite standing in the operating room for four hours just now.

"Alright, leave the patient's file on my desk, I'll look at it in a while."

"Okay, thank you. I'll go get busy now."

Rowan Watson washed his hands and sat back in his office chair. He first finished his work at hand and then visited the aunt who had just undergone surgery in bed 3.

The aunt said that she felt at ease seeing him, so Rowan Watson stayed and patiently chatted with her,

offering her encouragement.

He returned to his office again, took a sip of tea, and opened Facebook on his phone. There were no messages from Claire.

Having enough longing, he typed a few words and sent them: What are you doing?

The brief four words meant, "I miss you." His longing had filled to the brim, overflowed, and he had to contact her.

But a minute passed, two minutes passed, and there was still no reply from her.

Did she not have her phone with her?

Or was she asleep?

Just when Rowan Watson wanted to call Claire, another doctor came in to report. Rowan Watson had to put away his phone and put his full attention into his work mode.

Listening patiently, analyzing, and giving good advice and plans.

His demeanor was gentle, and he was personable, like a holy light, always giving the team and patients a sense of peace.

Russell family, a bedroom door upstairs was gently pushed open, and Violet came in carrying a bowl of

bird's nest soup.

The girl standing in front of the window and lost in thought heard the footsteps and collected her thoughts. When she slowly turned her gaze, Violet was already behind her.

"Aunt." Claire was not in high spirits, but she was still very polite.

"Come, drink this bowl of bird's nest soup first, to nourish your body." Violet was really worried about her, treating her like her own daughter.

Claire could understand her feelings, and all her actions.

But understanding doesn't mean acceptance, "Aunt, please give me back my phone." There was a hint of plea in her voice, and also a hint of helplessness.

"You drink this first, be good." Love filled Violet's eyes.

Facing her aunt's gaze, Claire finally took the bone china bowl with both hands. She obediently drank all the soup in one breath, then turned around and put down the empty bowl, "Aunt, can you give me my phone now?"

Violet sighed lightly, she had no such intention.

It seemed like a heavy psychological pressure. As an elder, and a mother-like figure, Violet was also very conflicted inside.

Claire and Dr. Watson's matter was not something to be taken lightly, after all, she was not her own daughter, yet she was like her own daughter.

Violet really didn't want to experience a second loss. These days of living in fear were really torturous, and she lived every day in guilt towards her younger brother and sister.

Finally having a chance to make amends, she didn't want the tragedy to repeat itself.

From the perspective of an elder, she also hoped that Claire would have a safe and steady life. There was nothing wrong with that.

Chapter 1498: Mya is Trying Hard

"Claire, in this world, the number of people who can marry their first love, or marry their first love, are really few and far between. As you grow older, you'll find that being suitable and at peace is more important than liking someone."

"No." Claire's smile was brilliant as she turned to look at the view outside the window, "No, I think love is more important. A marriage without love is soulless. It's better not to get married at all. I can provide

peace of mind myself."

Violet could understand the young people's trendy ideas, but as a person who had been there, she

didn't approve, "Anyway, Rowan Watson is not your match, he can't give you anything."

"Aunt, marriage is like buying clothes. Even if you buy your favorite style at the beginning, how long

can you like it? What's more, if you didn't like this piece of clothing from the start, what's the point of

buying it? It just annoys you and takes up space every day." Claire asked softly, also trying to reason

with her.

These words actually touched Violet's heart, and she was a little shocked. Claire, so young, had such

deep insights?

"You rest well first, take care of your health." Violet didn't want to say more, "I'll keep your phone for you

for now, don't write your novel for the time being, your health comes first."

"Aunt!" As she watched her turn and walk away, Claire called out anxiously, "I want to call Rowan

Watson!"

The middle-aged woman paused, but didn't turn back. After a while, she resumed her steps.

Her attitude was clear.

This made Claire feel helpless. Hearing the door close, she sat down on the bed a bit dejectedly.

She was forced to cut off contact with Rowan Watson like this, and she couldn't leave because there were servants guarding the door.

Downstairs, Violet was full of thoughts, recalling Claire's analogy just now. It made sense, but her concern for her safety was also a reality.

With Dr. Watson, no one could guarantee that future medical disputes wouldn't involve her.

"Mother." Mya, who was heavily pregnant, stood next to the couch, watching the middle-aged woman who had just come down the stairs. She could tell at a glance that she was worried about Claire.

Seeing her daughter-in-law call out to her, Violet lifted her eyes and walked towards her, murmuring,

"Mya, what do you think of me not letting Claire continue to see Dr. Watson?"

She really wanted to hear the thoughts of the young people now, maybe then things could be resolved properly.

Mya was smart, she knew that Violet asking this question indicated a tendency to compromise, so she wanted to help Claire and Dr. Watson.

"Mother, I totally understand your thoughts." First, she affirmed, "This is a concern that every elder has, after all, we were all terribly scared this time."

"Um-hum." Violet nodded, sitting down on the couch, wanting to hear her continue.

"But do doctors and police officers not deserve love?" Mya analyzed very objectively, "They selflessly dedicate their youth to ordinary people, protecting the peace of this world like heroes, but who will love them?"

At this moment, Violet's heart was touched again, and she felt a bit upset.

"Mother, I know you are the most open-minded elder. When my father had this kind of incident, you also accepted me."

Mya was always filled with gratitude. She held her mother-in-law's hand and blinked her beautiful eyes at her, "So can you accept Dr. Watson this time?"

There was expectation in her eyes, and also Claire's expectation.

Chapter 1499: Feeling Nauseous

"..." Violet, facing her daughter-in-law's gaze, sighed again and again, "But this time it's different. I

accepted you because my son chose to be with you, and you have a good character. It's not like you

were going to be with your father, but now Claire has to be with Dr. Watson, and Dr. Watson is not suitable for a domestic life."

"Mom, actually for a writer, it's best not to control her in terms of emotions. Studies have shown that it can easily lead to depression."

These words frightened Violet. She looked at her daughter-in-law with a mixture of belief and doubt.

Depression was not a trivial matter.

Mya nodded affirmatively, "I've seen similar news. Never underestimate a writer's persistence. If she cannot be with Dr. Watson, it will be a lifelong wound for her, and it may even seep into her work. The views on marriage and love that come out from it could affect millions of people."

Was it really that serious?

This really scared Violet. She sincerely hoped that Claire would have a good life.

Then, Mya continued to reason with facts, holding her mother-in-law's hand all the while, doing her best in the matter of her sister-in-law Claire dating Dr. Watson.

Violet was almost persuaded by her.

In the evening, after a day of heavy snowfall, Arkpool City finally stopped snowing.

As the night lights came on, the entire city was brilliantly warm.

There were piles of snowmen of various shapes by the roadside, some wearing scarves, some even wearing veils. This was undoubtedly the most romantic season of the year.

Many young people were doing romantic things.

At Emerald Bay, the lights in the villa were bright, and the courtyard was a blanket of white snow.

Upstairs in the design room, Jennifer sat at her desk, the door wide open. She held a pencil in her hand, sketching a headband with a pentagram.

For many designers, drawing on paper with a pencil feels more real than designing on a computer with software.

She liked the "rustling" sound of the pencil on paper.

Although Jennifer hadn't produced a design for a long time, as a master designer, her inspiration and drawing skills were still excellent. Many things came naturally to her.

Soon, a beautiful headband had taken shape on the paper.

She was rushing to customize it according to the information provided by her brother.

On the table were three boxes containing diamonds from a private collection auction, with the original diamonds fetching as high as two hundred million dollars.

These were provided by Ivan Marsh. Tristan said he would pay the market price.

Actually, money wasn't very important to either of them.

Footsteps sounded at the door. Ivan Marsh came in with a cup of warm milk in his left hand and a freshly fried dough stick made by Butler Shen in his right hand.

It was yellow and soft, looking very appetizing.

But as soon as she smelled the dough stick, Jennifer's brow furrowed slightly, without stopping the pencil in her hand.

"You're quite fast." Ivan Marsh came to her side and glanced at the paper, "It's already taking shape, worthy of a top designer."

The woman didn't even lift her head, "I'll definitely have to pull an all-nighter tonight, he's in a rush."

Ivan Marsh said, "Then I'll accompany you. I'll bring the computer up in a bit. Here, drink your milk first."

As he spoke, he also handed over the warm dough stick, "You like these."

A wave of nausea surged in Jennifer's stomach, and she almost threw up!

"What's wrong with you?" This scared Ivan Marsh quite a bit. He quickly put down the cup and the dough stick, and held her shoulders, "Are you okay?"

"Back off a bit." Jennifer, enduring her discomfort, said to him, "I don't like dough sticks recently, they make me nauseous." Oh my, she felt like she was about to throw up!

Chapter 1500: Tristan's Perfect Plan

Ivan Marsh realized something was wrong and quickly took the fried dough stick out, handing it to Jolly outside the door.

"Mr. Marsh," Jolly stopped him as he was about to anxiously go back inside, whispering, "Could it be that the lady is pregnant?"

Ivan Marsh looked at her, stunned for a few seconds. Pregnant?

This was something he hadn't thought of. Seeing the smile of blessing on Jolly's face, a deep feeling flashed in Ivan Marsh's eyes.

He quickly turned around and returned to the design room!

Jennifer had calmed down, she hadn't even had time to take a sip of the warm milk. The design pencil

in her hand was drawing on the paper, feeling much better.

Ivan Marsh sat down in the chair facing her, just looking at her, his eyes full of inquiry.

Was there really a baby in her stomach?

"Aren't you very idle?" The woman seemed to feel his gaze, asked without raising her head, "My design doesn't need your suggestions, it's completely following my brother's idea."

"Your appetite has been poor recently, and you've been sleepy, are you pregnant?" Ivan Marsh was very nervous, he asked very directly, "Did you feel this way when you were pregnant with Alfie and Diana?"

The pencil in the woman's hand suddenly paused, and time seemed to stop.

Ivan Marsh looked at her expectantly, not blinking.

Until Jennifer slowly raised her eyes, and the couple's gazes met.

He was waiting for her answer, but she couldn't help but laugh out loud!

"Hahaha..." Jennifer started laughing, then suddenly stopped, and then looked at him, and asked seriously, "Are you sure we really want to have another child?"

"Children are destiny, it's not about bad genes, nor can we not afford them, why not have them if we

can?" Ivan Marsh's face had a gentle smile, "Hehe, I've even thought of the name."

He took the pen from her hand, held her hand, and kissed it in front of his lips, "But I worry about your body, I can't bear to let you suffer this pain again."

He didn't dare to think about how Jennie felt when she gave birth to Alfie and Diana, and he, as the father of the children, was absent. How desperate must that have been for the mother of the child?

"What are you thinking?" Jennifer saw his furrowed brows, that worried and sad look.

Ivan Marsh asked, "If you are pregnant, would you choose to keep the child?"

"I would." She didn't hesitate, "It's a new life, if we didn't want it, we should have taken measures in the first place."

Ivan Marsh was very happy, happy like a child, so moved that he didn't know what to say for a moment.

"Hey!" Jennifer pulled her hand out of his, "We're not even sure yet, why are you laughing foolishly? Go get the computer, I have to finish this arduous task tonight."

"Okay." Ivan Marsh picked up the cup of milk and handed it to her again, "Drink it while it's hot, good girl."

Seeing his gentle gaze, Jennifer couldn't help but smile again, she took the cup and drank all the milk.

After taking the empty cup, Ivan Marsh turned around and left.

At the company, he was an absolute authority, at home, he was a doting husband.

At this moment, Tristan was at a newly built square in Arkpool City.

The green hills were covered with thick snow, a few two-meter-high winter sweet trees were in full

bloom, the branches were full of snow, the unique beauty was intoxicating.

The whole hill was surrounded by a 'warning line' made of pink ribbons, temporarily closed to the

public.

Some workers were building snowmen, after building them, they hollowed out the snowmen and stuffed

some light bulbs inside.

"Mr. Norwell, is this brightness okay?" Finally, there was a finished product, the person asked happily,

"The atmosphere is also very strong, if we build them all around, it will be very beautiful."