

Surprised 1511

Chapter 1511: Jealousy Fills the Sky

The atmosphere at the scene was once again pushed to a climax.

"Thank you everyone, thank you!" Tristan and Monica held hands tightly, he gratefully looked at the witnesses around him.

Countless people were taking photos of them with their phones, praising them for being a high-looking couple.

Soon, Algerone Swain watched as Tristan took Monica to the car.

He also watched as Jack Adams took the children to another car, watched as the two cars drove away one after the other...

Heading in the direction of his small western-style building.

So, Algerone Swain became unsettled, quickly got into his own car, and followed them closely.

Why did they feel more like a family??

Thinking of Jack Adams looking at Monica, his eyes full of love, like a father treating his own daughter!

A sense of jealousy grew in Algerone's heart, making him very uncomfortable!

Were they going to celebrate the joy of their daughter becoming single?

Algerone Swain would not allow himself to be left out, he had to get involved!

His house, his daughter, he would not allow others to mess around!

At that time, the lights in the kitchen of the small western-style building were bright, Belinda knew that the leisure square was not far from here, and she had just arrived home.

A pot of soup was boiling on the gas stove, she had prepared a dozen bowls...

Soon, the two cars stopped in the yard of the small western-style building in turn.

Algerone Swain, who was following behind, slowed down, feeling uncomfortable in his heart, was his guess correct?

Was he going to be out?

Watching them get out of the car and walk into the small western-style building with laughter, Algerone

Swain parked his car on the side of the road.

He also got out of the car.

Through the car window, he could clearly see the situation inside the house.

He saw Belinda coming out of the kitchen with two bowls and placing them on the dining table, and

also saw Monica and Jack Adams going into the kitchen one after the other...

Soon, she and he also came out with steaming bowls.

Tristan brought a fork, and handed one to each of the children.

Their cooperation was quite tacit! This Jack Adams was as familiar as being at home, really... Not treating himself as an outsider!

Algerone Swain was especially upset!

So, his eyes darkened slightly, his lips curled up, and he also took steps towards the living room.

"Belinda, let me do it." As soon as he entered the door, he heard Jack Adams warmly saying to

Belinda, "You've been busy for so long, let me serve."

The key was that the two of them were not far apart! It looked a bit intimate!

Algerone Swain deliberately coughed, one hand clenched into a fist at his lips, indicating his presence.

Monica turned her eyes at the sound, "Dad!" She was very happy, "Come on, come and eat dumplings!" Being in love, her mood was naturally good.

Belinda and Jack Adams also looked at him.

Tristan turned his eyes, "Uncle Swain!" He quickly walked over, happily handed out a pair of forks,

"Let's eat dumplings together."

Algerone Swain took the fork and walked towards Jack Adams. The two men's gazes converged, each with deep meaning.

"Tristan, this fork, it should be handed to the guests first, this is etiquette." Algerone Swain said.

Tristan and Monica looked at each other, both vaguely heard the meaning of these words.

"Mr. Adams, you accompany the children to eat first, don't be busy." Algerone Swain handed out the fork, with a smirk.

Belinda frowned slightly, feeling the undercurrents.

Jack Adams looked at the fork handed to him, he took it, "Thank you." His lips curved up, gentle and cultured, no one knew what he was thinking.

"Good son-in-law, get a chair for the guest!" Algerone Swain turned his eyes to Tristan, emphasizing the word "guest", it was really awkward.

Tristan had to do as he said.

Then, Algerone Swain said to Belinda, "Belinda, let me help you, sorry, there was a bit of traffic on the

road just now, so I came back late, you sit down and rest for a while!"

As soon as the words fell, Algerone Swain walked into the kitchen.

Monica was quite surprised, so Belinda and Algerone... their relationship... had eased?

Belinda didn't break it, she silently found a place to sit down.

Now it was Jack Adams' turn to have mixed feelings, a good bowl of dumplings, tasted in his mouth

suddenly bland.

Chapter 1512: Plans Disrupted

Algerone Swain appeared with two bowls of dumplings, his face brimming with a cheerful smile.

"Belinda, come quickly. You've worked hard all afternoon. You should taste these dumplings while

they're hot. I'll take care of our guests."

He placed the bowls of dumplings down and quickly offered a pair of forks to Belinda, still smiling

warmly at her.

At that moment, Belinda was sitting on the sofa, looking up to meet his glowing smile, "... " she really

didn't know what to say.

Algerone Swain remained half-bent, looking at her, remaining silent, offering the forks, hoping she

would reach out and take them.

Belinda did not want to embarrass him. Despite his somewhat childish behavior that evening, he was, after all, Monica's father and the chairman of the Swain Group.

So, she took the forks and rose to the table.

Algerone Swain quickly moved a chair for her, "Come, Belinda, sit!" he said, in a very affectionate manner.

Belinda felt awkward but sat down nonetheless.

"Dad," Monica brought a bowl of dumplings to him, smiling, "You should eat while it's hot."

"Alright, alright." The middle-aged man happily took the fork, not forgetting to glance at Jack Adams before sitting down next to Belinda.

After tasting just one dumpling, he began to lavish praise, "Belinda, these dumplings are just as good as the noodles you cooked! Delicious!"

How awkward!

Everyone looked at him.

Algerone Swain was very excited, even glancing at Jack Adams before continuing to boast, "Belinda, the noodles you cooked for me last time were so good!"

Belinda looked at him, "Can't the dumplings keep your mouth shut?" she thought, is there no end to this?

Monica shrank back slightly, feeling as if a row of crows were flying over her forehead...

"Dumplings should be eaten while hot, less talking." Belinda added, her tone acceptable, seemingly reducing the awkwardness.

"Yes, yes, you're right." Algerone Swain didn't object and seemed to enjoy it. The way he was acting, it was as if he would listen to anything Belinda said.

The smile on his face gave the illusion that they were an old couple.

Especially to Jack Adams, who felt this way more strongly.

Monica and Tristan glanced at each other, both finding this relationship... delicate?

Jack Adams, while eating his dumplings, suddenly understood something...

Although Belinda divorced this man, there was a child who could potentially bring them back together.

Re-marriage wasn't impossible.

It seemed that they were handling their relationship quite well.

Therefore, after finishing his dumplings, Jack Adams said goodbye with his children, preparing to return to the orphanage.

Belinda quickly took the coat from the coat rack and handed it to him, "Jack, your coat!"

The middle-aged man stopped at the entrance of the living room, turned to look at her, his eyes deep and warm. He took a moment before reaching out to take the coat.

But he didn't say anything else and turned to leave.

Monica went to the yard. She saw the children off to the car and said goodbye, "Thank you for witnessing this important moment in my life. Listen to Mr. Adams when you get back! We will visit you when we get a chance!"

"Monica, we will definitely come when you and Brother Tristan get married!" Kay's voice was sweet.

Tristan, who was not far away, heard this and his gaze became incredibly soft.

Monica blushed, "Get in the car, good kids."

The children got into the car one by one. She said goodbye to Jack Adams, "Goodbye, Mr. Adams.

Drive safely." Then she watched the car drive away.

At that point, Algerone Swain came out, "I have some work to handle at the office, I'll go first." As soon as he finished speaking, he opened the door to the driver's seat, quickly got in, his demeanor entirely different from before.

Monica didn't even have time to say a few more words to her father before Algerone drove off.

Tristan's original plan was to take Monica out for a stroll while it was still early, leaving Uncle Swain and Belinda alone.

But now... the plan was disrupted.

Chapter 1513: Algerone Swain was very displeased

Belinda hadn't expected Algerone to depart so suddenly, and she couldn't help but wonder what had upset him. This left her quite frustrated, as it mirrored his inexplicable departure the last time. The gloom of her mood was palpable.

"Stop staring and just let him go. Come on, let's eat some dumplings!" Belinda, suppressing her resentment, called out to the young couple at the door.

Tristan took Monica's hand and ushered her into the living room. "Come, join your mother for

dumplings." They sat at the dining table, picking up their forks to resume their meal.

In an attempt to diffuse the tension and express his sincerity, Tristan spoke up, "Auntie, I appreciate your willingness to entrust Monica to me."

Belinda looked up, her voice cool. "You're only dating, not married. I haven't entrusted her to you yet."

Tristan was left speechless, their gazes meeting. Monica was even more embarrassed.

Belinda then softened her tone and averted her gaze. "I'll watch how you behave during your courtship."

Relieved, Tristan nodded resolutely, "Alright, I won't let you down."

"Mum..." Monica couldn't help but interject, "Don't be so serious. You've already agreed to let us be together, why are you acting this way?"

Belinda's gaze lifted, "Because men are unreliable." They knew she was thinking about Algerone again... and that she was angry.

Because the road was still covered with snow and the car was carrying a child, Jack Adams drove slowly. Algerone Swain's car quickly overtook them, driving parallel to them.

At first, Jack Adams didn't notice and moved his car slightly to the right. However, the other vehicle

didn't seem to want to pass.

Lowering his car window, Jack Adams turned to see Algerone's face in the other car. Instinctively, Jack pulled over.

Quickly, Algerone Swain also pulled over.

"Kids, don't get out of the car," Jack Adams said, unbuckling his seatbelt and turning to the children.

"Green, why don't you start a story?"

"Alright, Mr. Adams," answered Green, the oldest and most sensible child, who was also the class leader and a sister to everyone.

Jack Adams saw Algerone Swain standing not far away and, after exiting his car, he walked towards him.

Their intense gazes met...

Algerone Swain looked somewhat cold as he extended his hand. "Hello, I'm Algerone Swain, Belinda's ex-husband," he introduced himself.

"Hello, Jack Adams."

Their hands shook briefly under the warm yellow light, allowing them to clearly see each other's expressions.

Algerone Swain didn't want to waste time and got straight to the point. "You like Belinda, admit it?"

So direct?

Meeting his gaze, Jack Adams contemplated for a moment. He couldn't lie, nor did he feel guilty or scared. "I'm single, and so is she. Liking her doesn't seem to violate any moral code, nor does it break the law."

"You're right, but right now, she and I are in the process of reconciling," Algerone Swain said casually.

"Our daughter is growing up, and she hopes to have a complete family as a model for her own. I think you understand what I mean?"

"I understand," Jack Adams nodded. After a moment of silence, he spoke softly, "I think you've misunderstood. I won't compete with you, because I know she still has feelings for you."

At this, Algerone Swain was taken aback. Belinda still had feelings for him?

"Mr. Swain, my friendship with Belinda is pure. I hope it won't cause any problems for you both in the future," he said sincerely and lightly, "Since we've unfortunately missed each other for so many years,

let's not continue to miss out because of suspicions."

Algerone Swain looked at him, "...", and felt very displeased!

Chapter 1514: Priceless Joy

Even so, Jack Adams remained gentle and cultured. "Mr. Swain, I believe I've made everything clear.

It's getting late, and I need to take the children home. I hope your family will reunite soon."

After speaking, Jack Adams gave him a broad smile, then turned and left. This made Algerone Swain

feel as uncomfortable as if he had swallowed a fly, "Tsk!"

Meanwhile, inside the small western-style building.

Tristan stood up and said to Belinda, "Auntie, the dumplings were delicious. Thank you for your hard work today."

Belinda, who had been lost in thought, came back to reality. She looked up at him, a smile on her face.

"You're welcome to come and eat anytime. Just give me a call in advance."

"Thank you." Tristan was immensely touched. He glanced at the girl beside him, then said to Belinda,

"Auntie, I'd like to take Monica out for a stroll. I'll bring her back before ten. Is that alright?"

Tristan was very polite and considerate, aware that relationships need to be handled step by step, and

that mothers tend to be worried.

Since they were together, Belinda would certainly not intervene anymore. "Go ahead, be careful on the road. The roads are slippery because of the snow, drive slowly."

"Okay."

And so, Tristan left with Monica.

As he started the car, Tristan asked tentatively, "Do you think your father had urgent business at the company?" He was skeptical.

"I don't think so. He probably went to see Mr. Adams. Did you see how jealous he was earlier? He didn't even need vinegar for his dumplings." Monica commented, "He was so sour."

Tristan couldn't help but laugh, "I never thought Uncle Swain could be so endearing."

"Men will be boys till they die," she said, shaking her head. "This is the first time I've seen him like this.

I hope he can understand his feelings and win my mother over soon."

"From the moment he planted a garden full of roses, I think he has already confronted his feelings. He

knows what he wants and understands that life should not leave regrets," Tristan analyzed. "Now, the

main concern is your mother. What's going on between her and Mr. Adams? Are they dating?"

"I don't think so," Monica told him everything she knew. "They were high school classmates, so they have a good relationship. After all, friendship between classmates is purest. Mr. Adams may like my mom but hasn't shown much. Anyway, I don't know if he's pursuing her or not."

"Let's help where we can and stop what we should."

"Okay."

Driving forward, Tristan and Monica saw a familiar car passing by!

"Was that... my dad?" Monica quickly leaned towards the car window to look back. "Did I just see my dad? Did I get it wrong?"

"You didn't get it wrong. It was your dad," Tristan confirmed.

He was sure that Algerone had just gone to see Mr. Adams, and now he would be returning to the small western-style building.

This was great! Monica was happy. They had an opportunity to be alone together.

"Don't worry. Give them more time," Tristan said. "I have a feeling everything is gradually getting better."

"Yes," she was very happy. She had gained a lot tonight.

Tristan didn't tell her about the contract he had signed with Algerone and Belinda. He wanted to surprise her later.

Even after they were together, this was the first significant gift he would give Monica.

At this moment, Monica took off the hair band on her head, looked at it carefully in her hand, and asked, "Where did you get this? It seems expensive?"

Being a young lady of the Swain family, she had seen and owned many fine things.

"It's custom-made. I hope you like it," he said nonchalantly.

"These are all diamonds," Monica looked at him in astonishment. "It's a big investment, isn't it? And custom-made?"

"Do you like it?"

"Of course."

Tristan said, "As long as you like it." The corners of his lips curved into a pleasant arc, "Your liking is priceless."

Chapter 1515: Tristan's Well-prepared Homework

Upon hearing his words, Monica felt as if her heart was melting. The air itself seemed sweet, and her heart felt as if it were filled with honey. This must be what it feels like to be in love... It was truly splendid!

"Monica, where would you like to go now?" Tristan's gentle voice echoed in her ears once more, as he turned his gaze towards her.

Monica thought for a moment, her smile radiant. "How about we go and win some stuffed toys? We could fill up the storage box," she suggested in a voice that was inviting a discussion.

"Sure, this is your night. I'll follow your lead." Tristan agreed unconditionally, steering the car towards the biggest arcade in Arkpool City. "I know a popular place with many claw machines."

"Tristan." The girl turned her gaze, looking at him with admiration. "Your preparations for tonight are impressive. I really like it, and I'm touched. Thank you."

She was so moved, she didn't know what to say.

A captivating smile appeared on Tristan's face. He was genuinely happy. "Monica, I had feelings for you even before we went to the old town, but I didn't dare to confess hastily. I thought it was a matter to

be taken seriously."

This reminded her of Claire. Monica was not jealous, nor was she disappointed. She believed more and more in fate.

As Tristan drove, he continued, "I slowly confirmed my feelings for you. I wanted to give you a ceremony. It might be a bit old-fashioned, but every step was carefully planned. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all, I told you, I really like it, I like it very very much!" Monica glanced at him subconsciously, her smile beaming.

This was the most sincere smile of happiness from the bottom of her heart.

"This is my first love," Tristan changed the topic, speaking seriously, "If I make any mistakes in the future, please point them out to me, I promise I will change."

"What a coincidence, it's my first love too." The girl turned her gaze, tears shimmering in her eyes, her smile bright and radiant. "So, we need to improve together and be tolerant of each other?"

"Yes!"

"Mr. Tristan, I'm glad to meet you."

"Me too."

This was one of the few joyful nights in Tristan's nearly thirty years of life.

Soon, the car came to a stop outside the arcade.

The accumulated snow had yet to melt. Someone had built two adorable snowmen by the roadside, resembling a bride and groom. The snow-white wedding dress was so beautiful that one couldn't help but take a second look.

Because Monica took a few extra glances, Tristan decided to take a photo of her with the snowmen.

Inside the arcade were many claw machines of all sizes. This was Tristan's homework. It was his first time here, and he was with her.

"What is this place?" Standing at the entrance, the dazzling lights and the lively music could already be felt.

"It's a place young people like," Tristan wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Come on!" He led her into the arcade.

The arcade was indeed vast, spanning eight floors.

Tristan glanced at the various amusement project distribution map at the entrance, and directly led her

to the second floor's claw machines room...

"Oh my gosh!" Monica was simply astounded. The hall was filled with claw machines, the lights dazzling, and the styles of the stuffed toys inside varied.

"You pick the toys first. Which ones do you want?" Tristan stood tall, full of confidence. "Once you've made your choice, I'll grab them for you. We'll take all the ones you like home."

With that, he took out a game card. "I've already loaded it with tokens."

Chapter 1516: The Childlike Couple

Monica was a bit surprised, "How did you know I wanted to play with the claw machine tonight? Even the coins were ready. Are you a worm in my stomach?"

"It doesn't have to be tonight. There's an empty storage box at your place, and my idea is that it must be filled sooner or later." Tristan had actually asked Kevin to prepare the card yesterday.

Monica happily browsed the claw machines, there were so many styles. Tristan stood by her side, feeling much younger in an instant.

At night, in the brightly lit little western-style house.

Belinda, who was about to clean up the dishes, looked up at the sound of footsteps and saw Algerone

Swain appearing at the door again. She stopped what she was doing, obviously taken aback.

"Let me do it." Algerone headed towards the dining table, diligently helping with the dishes.

Belinda looked at him somewhat stunned, and after a while, she asked, "Didn't you have an emergency at the company? How are you back so soon?" By her calculations, he shouldn't have reached the company yet.

"It was taken care of." Algerone Swain made three trips to get all the dishes into the kitchen, placing them into the dishwasher.

Belinda sat down on the sofa, steadying her emotions, "What are you doing back? Our daughter has gone out."

"I'm not looking for our daughter." The man stood in front of the coffee table, looking down at her, and after thinking for a moment, he opened his mouth, "I've been thinking about something lately and wanted to discuss it with you."

Considering he was single at the moment, Belinda's attitude naturally softened, "Go ahead."

Although her tone was a bit cold, she was still curious about what he had to say.

"Should we consider remarrying for our daughter's sake?" Algerone Swain also sat down on the sofa.

Belinda looked up suddenly, her eyes full of resentment, "For our daughter?" It was simply...

speechless!

"Yes, that's correct." Algerone Swain was quite straightforward, and didn't grasp her meaning, smiling,

"We shouldn't affect our daughter's views on love and marriage."

Belinda was very unhappy, she rolled her eyes at him, surprised that his reason for wanting to remarry

was not because of lingering feelings, or not wanting to miss out again. For their daughter?

"My daughter's views on love and marriage are very normal, you don't need to worry." Belinda was truly

upset, speaking coldly, "If there is nothing else, you're free to go."

Her attitude was like a bucket of cold water poured over Algerone Swain's head. He had mustered the

courage to discuss this, but she had...

Perhaps it was premature, or maybe... he shouldn't have said it in the first place? Either way, an

awkward silence descended in the living room...

Algerone Swain was a bit awkward when it came to emotions, having been single for so many years.

So, after a minute of silence, he really did get up and leave.

Watching the man's retreating figure, Belinda became even more frustrated. It would have been better if he hadn't come at all!

Listening to the sound of the car engine, she felt as if her chest was blocked, her mood extremely bad!

At night, the youthful arcade was filled with flickering lights and noisy sounds.

It must be said that Tristan's claw machine skills were top-notch. There was a shopping cart next to him, almost filled with toys. Monica stood in front of him, his large hand holding hers, teaching her once again.

"Wow! Caught another one!"

The girl jumped up excitedly, her childlike joy enveloping her.

"Good job!" He complimented.

"I'll try it myself!"

"Okay!" Tristan let go of her hand.

Tristan set his phone to silent, devoting his full attention to playing with her.

He was also a man of his word, getting Monica home before ten o'clock.

When they entered the house carrying two large bags of toys, Belinda thought it was childish, "Monica, why are you still playing with him? He is a respected CEO, if the media caught wind of this, the news would be outrageous!"

Chapter 1517: Love Hidden in the Details

Upon hearing these words, Monica suddenly realized something and shyly looked towards Tristan.

Tristan, however, draped his arm around her shoulder, his expression gentle. "It's okay, ma'am. As long as Monica is happy, we should live our own lives without fearing the media," he said.

Monica pursed her lips and looped her arm through his, looking up at his handsome profile with admiration. He was not only good-looking but also down-to-earth! Belinda too was satisfied with Tristan's attitude towards her daughter, her expression softened considerably.

"Let's go, hurry, help me arrange the dolls!" Monica urged him, pulling him towards the staircase.

Young people probably didn't like to spend time with elders. Belinda didn't stop them; they were officially dating now, there was no need to interfere too much. Tristan was surely a man who knew his boundaries. As long as they didn't live together before marriage, Belinda, as the mother of the girl, could accept it.

Once they climbed the stairs and entered Monica's bedroom, the room was clean, warm, and tidy. The warm yellow light fell on their faces. Tristan took the dolls from the bag one by one and placed them in a transparent cylindrical barrel, arranging them by different colors with their heads facing the same direction.

"Wow, you've turned these ordinary dolls into works of art with your arrangement. Your aesthetic sense is excellent!" Monica praised sincerely, occasionally lending a hand. Tristan informed her, "I also studied design in college and did two years of research in aesthetics." His excellence radiated from within.

After arranging the dolls, he had to go home. Watching him arrange the dolls, Monica suddenly felt very reluctant to let him go. Time spent with him passed so quickly. About three minutes later, Monica watched as Tristan placed the last doll into the transparent cylindrical storage box. She had a smile on her face, but she felt a touch of melancholy for no apparent reason.

"That should do it." Tristan placed the two cylindrical storage boxes together at her bedside. They were eye-catching and quite beautiful. When he looked back at her, Tristan noticed that she seemed to be daydreaming.

"Monica." He took steps towards her, standing before her, gently grasping her shoulders and pulled her into his embrace. It felt as if he had the whole world in his arms. Monica was caught off guard. The next moment, she wrapped her arms around his waist and buried her face in his warm, firm chest. This time, she truly felt she had him, it was like a dream.

Tristan could feel her reluctance. He whispered into her ear, "Monica, if you can't sleep at night, call me. Don't play with your phone alone." "Okay." She was really happy, a sense of security overwhelmed her, wrapping him tightly.

After hugging for a while, Tristan let her go, still holding her shoulders. "I have to go home now, goodbye." "Uh-huh, be careful on the road," she said with a smile, but in her heart, she felt more and more reluctant to let him go. "Uh-huh," Tristan's gaze fell on her pink cherry lips, he carefully held her face, gently and tenderly kissing her lips...

After descending the stairs, Tristan took out a delicate little box from his pocket. "Ma'am, this is a gift for you, I hope you like it." "I have a gift too?" Belinda was surprised. Tristan nodded with a smile, then handed her the box. "I'll be leaving now," he said, and then he walked away.

Belinda stood at the entrance of the living room, watching him get into the car and drive away. Inside the box was a necklace designed by an Italian master, of which there were only three in the world.

Belinda had seen it once at an auction, it was worth tens of millions.

Chapter 1518: Long-planned, Wish Fulfilled

Holding such an expensive gift, Belinda was shocked, taking a long while to regain her senses. Despite having seen the world, her company had a market value of over a billion. But after all, they were not proposing marriage right now... the gift was indeed too valuable.

At this moment, Monica carefully descended the stairs, leaning on the railing, just in time to see her mother staring at the box in her hand, lost in thought. The living room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. As Monica gently approached step by step, she discovered that the box contained a dazzling necklace.

"My goodness, did dad give this to you?" The girl's eyes sparkled with excitement as she leaned over, snatching the box to take out the necklace for a closer look.

"Tristan just gave it to me."

"..." Monica's smile froze, her disbelief meeting her mother's gaze, "Tristan gave it?"

Belinda nodded.

Monica quickly returned the box to her.

Belinda was still shocked by the price of the necklace, they weren't even married yet, they hadn't reached the betrothal gifts discussion yet, and he was already so considerate?

Monica chuckled awkwardly, "Just keep what's given to you. If you don't like it, just leave it. If you do, wear it. It's simple, why are you worrying?"

Belinda told her, "It's worth tens of millions, designed by a famous Italian master."

The girl was surprised, "How do you know?"

"Because I've seen it at an auction."

"..."

Monica coughed lightly, taking a moment, "It's getting late, should we go to bed? Regardless of its value, it's his thoughtfulness that counts. I'm sure he'd be very happy if you accepted it."

On the way home, Tristan was driving, the soft light in the car shining on his chiseled face. He was no longer single! He couldn't help but smile at the thought, feeling a sense of contentment.

Back at the small western-style house.

Monica had just gotten out of the bath, initially wanting to see if Tristan had sent any messages.

Unexpectedly, she saw a picture sent by her mother.

She opened it with curiosity and saw several pictures of a small hill in a leisure square.

"Oh my god... how does Belinda have these?" Monica was shocked.

At this moment, Belinda sent a few words: I took them.

So, she was there too??

After her shock, Monica quickly collected herself. She clicked to enlarge the photos, one by one, they were quite good, very artistic. Even through the screen, she could feel the romance. Especially the one where Tristan was helping her put on a headband, it looked so beautiful under the light. She really liked it!

So, Monica saved these photos, picked the one of him helping her with the headband, and posted it on social media.

She, Monica, was in love, and she couldn't help but make it official.

Just after she posted, she saw the last post was by Tristan, the picture was also from tonight, just from

a different angle, but the mood was particularly good.

His caption was just a few brief words-

Long-planned, wish fulfilled.

It warmed Monica's heart. She clicked on his profile, he was the kind of person who wouldn't post a social update for a month. But today, he actually posted a social update, declaring her officially.

This responsibility and attention to detail, wouldn't any girl be moved?

While she was still touched, before she had a chance to like his social update, Tristan had already liked the one she just posted.

In a short while, a comment popped up: Call me when you can't sleep, don't play with your phone alone, I'm not busy, not tired, and not sleepy.

She stared at the line of text, unable to help but smile, tears welling up in her eyes from being moved by him.

Chapter 1519: This Is Probably What Love Feels Like

Snowflakes were drifting outside the window again. She lay in bed, holding her phone, lost in thought...

A sense of longing was growing and spreading in her heart. Monica was increasingly aware that she

missed him a bit and was too excited to sleep.

Reflecting on what happened tonight, it really felt like a dream, a very beautiful dream.

Pulling her thoughts back, Monica wondered, what was he doing at this moment?

Had he finished taking a bath?

Was he busy working in his study?

Or perhaps, had he already gone to bed?

Was he thinking of her?

In fact, Monica really wanted to call him, even if it was just to say goodnight.

But she was afraid of disturbing him, worrying that he would find her too clingy and feel suffocated.

Monica really liked Tristan, she liked him very, very much...

So for her, this affection was something she valued immensely.

Hiding under the covers and holding her phone, flipping through his social media posts, Monica was

tossing and turning in bed, but just couldn't fall asleep...

Just as she was deeply conflicted, finally deciding not to call him, but considering sending him a

Facebook message to say goodnight, Tristan's call came through.

Her phone vibrated, the ringtone sounded, his name appeared on the screen, Monica was thrilled. She quickly answered, "Hello."

"Have you gone to bed, Monica?" Tristan's gentle voice came through, "I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"No, no, I'm not sleeping, you're not disturbing me." Monica lifted her head from the covers, her heart was warm as she asked softly, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I just lay down, wanted to call you, hear your voice."

Monica had a sweet smile, "Do you have an early meeting tomorrow?" She noticed it was almost midnight. For winter, this time was considered late.

If he had an early meeting, she wouldn't hold him up for too long.

"No." Tristan asked her, "Is there any food you particularly dislike?"

"Why?" The girl was puzzled, "Why suddenly talk about food?"

"From now on, as your boyfriend, I need to try to understand you, right?"

She actually thought about it seriously, "I guess not? I remember I'm not picky about food. I just don't like sweets much, well, not that I don't like them, just not as much as others do."

"Do you like chocolate?"

"It's okay." Monica asked him again, "Can you tell me about your childhood? Like what did you do during your holidays?"

"Playing and studying, but our kind of playing is definitely beyond your imagination."

Then Tristan told her about his childhood, and she listened attentively. After Tristan finished, she couldn't help but share her own childhood stories, talking about her relationship with Belinda...

In this way, time passed quickly, and unknowingly, they had been on the phone for nearly two hours.

"Oh no, my phone is about to die." Monica saw the alert, then looked at the time, "It's almost two in the morning."

Tristan seemed reluctant to end, "My phone is also about to die, get some rest early, we can chat next time."

"Goodnight." Monica's heart was even more reluctant.

"Goodnight."

After saying goodnight to each other, there was a long silence before Monica reluctantly hung up the phone.

Their spirits were getting better and better, still without the slightest drowsiness. This is probably what

love feels like, wishing to be together every moment.

Chapter 1520: Please Return My Phone to Me

At two o'clock in the morning, at the Russell family residence, a servant accidentally noticed that the

light in Claire's room was still on. She was somewhat puzzled, so she decisively knocked on a door,

"Madam, the light in Miss's room upstairs is still on."

Violet was groggy from sleep, "What time is it?"

"It's two in the morning, an hour later than yesterday." The servant's face was full of concern.

"Okay, I understand." Violet's sleepiness instantly evaporated, and she couldn't help but start to worry.

The servant reported intentionally, after all, Claire's recent situation was unusual and the lady had

always asked her to pay more attention.

After the servant left, Violet hurried upstairs and knocked on Claire's door.

At this moment, Claire was sitting on the sofa with her knees drawn up, lost in thought under the lit

room. The sound of knocking brought her back to reality.

She turned her eyes towards the door...

A moment later, Violet tried turning the doorknob and found that the door was not locked.

She walked towards the sofa, "Claire, why haven't you slept yet?"

Wearing her pajamas, with her hair scattered around, Violet had already woken up from sleep. "Claire, what are you thinking about?" She sat down beside Claire, a hint of heartache in her voice as she grasped her shoulder. "You should go to bed."

Claire quietly looked at her, her voice soft, "Auntie, can I have my phone back?"

She was discussing it with her.

Violet met the girl's gaze, and just fell silent... all this for a phone?

"You can't lock me up forever, can you?" Claire asked again. There was no resentment in her tone, but the quiet feeling made her appear even more heartbreaking.

She was not eager or noisy, nor was she clamoring to go out, but there was a sense of firm resolve in her demeanor.

Violet sighed, recalling what her daughter-in-law had said that day. Since Claire was so persistent, there was no need to restrain her too much.

If forced further, she might become depressed.

Violet took the phone out of her pajama pocket and gently placed it on the coffee table.

Then, without saying a word, she got up and left.

Claire didn't try to stop her, just watched as the door closed.

Unconsciously, her eyes misted over with tears. The grievances of these past days surged up in her heart, leaving a sour and bitter taste.

The phone still lay on the coffee table, she didn't pick it up, just turned and climbed into bed, pulling the covers over herself.

She closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep, her feelings exceptionally complicated.

The next morning.

When Claire woke up, the sky was just starting to lighten. She turned her head to look at the clock on the wall, it was seven o'clock.

As she watched the second hand make two complete turns, she threw off the covers, slipped on her slippers, and walked over to the sofa, casually picking up the phone.

Rowan Watson had sent her a message a few days ago, which she was only seeing now. Her aunt

hadn't told her about it.

This made Claire unhappy and a bit anxious. After a moment's thought, she dialed a number, figuring he should be up by now.

But, no one answered...

At this moment, Rowan Watson was in the bathroom taking a shower, the sound of the water drowned out the ringing of the phone outside.

Claire did not call a second time. She, who was always sensitive, stood by the window, looking out at the white expanse outside, her mood bleak...

She didn't know what she was thinking of, but her eyes reddened unconsciously. After a while, tears fell drop by drop.

He did not answer, nor did he call back...

She remembered him saying once that he usually got up around six o'clock, and he wouldn't put his phone on vibrate because he was afraid the hospital might need to reach him in case of an emergency.

But why didn't he answer?

She was guessing his thoughts, was he tired? Did he not want to continue this relationship?