

Surprised 1521

Chapter 1521: Claire Has Made Up Her Mind

Rowan Watson came out after taking his bath. He had a roundtable discussion scheduled for the morning, so he had specially chosen a white shirt, tied with a black tie, and a meticulously tailored black suit coat.

Ever since he knew that Claire was safe, Rowan Watson's mental state had improved significantly, and he gradually regained his spirit.

As long as she was fine, he would be very happy.

Although he often missed her and wanted to be with her, if the elders of the Russell family disagreed, he could understand their feelings from their perspective and would not insist too much.

But after some time, he would still try his best to fight for it...

Rowan Watson was a person who strongly believed in fate, and he had chosen Claire at first sight.

After finishing up and preparing to leave, he picked up his phone and found a missed call from Claire.

This surprised him greatly.

Claire had called?

And just a few minutes ago!

Rowan Watson quickly returned Claire's call. He was very happy and excited, especially worried that she would not answer, and worried that the phone was not with her.

The ringing continued...

In a bedroom on the second floor of the Russell family residence.

Claire was holding the vibrating phone, staring at his name on the screen. She tried to disperse the tears in her eyes, steadied her spirit, and her finger slid over the answer button, "Hello."

"Claire," Rowan Watson heard this familiar voice and immediately explained, "I was taking a shower just now, so I didn't answer your call."

"Uh-huh." Suddenly, she didn't know what to say.

"How have you been recently?" After a two-second silence, both of them asked at the same time.

Then there was silence again...

Rowan Watson laughed, saying as he walked downstairs, "I've been fine recently, what about you?"

"I want to see you," Claire asked him, "Are you available today?" She had been feeling too stifled.

"Should I come to see you?"

"No!" The girl refused nervously, then her voice softened, "I'll go to the hospital to see you, do you have surgery in the morning?"

"No." Rowan Watson told her, "You can come anytime, I'll wait for you."

"Okay."

Then the two of them chatted briefly, and the call ended. There was still so much left unsaid.

In the yard, after getting in the car, Rowan Watson quickly dialed a number and told the other person in an uncompromising tone, "I won't attend the roundtable discussion this morning, I have an emergency."

"Ah? What's the emergency?" The other person was very anxious, "Everything is arranged, everyone is mainly here to see you, if you don't come, this will..."

"Let's not hold it then." Rowan Watson fastened his seat belt, "Or postpone it to tomorrow, in any case, I can't make it today." After speaking, he hung up directly.

To see Claire, Rowan Watson was in a hurry.

As long as Claire didn't give up, Rowan Watson would definitely strive.

But if Claire was indecisive, he would let go and let her choose.

Regardless of his own inner reluctance, Rowan Watson would never let the woman he loved be entangled and distressed.

And Claire, who had been obediently staying at home these days without causing trouble, had also allowed herself to think more calmly. She finally understood that she should fight for love regardless of the consequences.

Even if it meant being an enemy to her family!

She would not compromise and marry a man she didn't love.

A marriage without love is soulless.

Last night, Monica and Tristan both slept very soundly. Although the duration of sleep was not long, the quality of sleep was good enough.

It was a long-lost sense of security.

This morning, the news of Clarke Corp's president proposing to a mysterious girl in the leisure square last night had hit the headlines, sweeping the entire entertainment and finance sections.

Chapter 1522: The Whole Internet is Digging Up Info

Many people began posting screenshots of Mr. Norwell's social media announcement, which was

shared wildly online. For a moment, their love declaration stirred up a frenzy, with many people borrowing their words. It undoubtedly became the most popular phrase of the year.

Coupled with the proposal scene photos released in the news, the credibility of the event became 100%! Mr. Norwell was no longer single! Which girl was so lucky?

"Mr. Norwell actually has a girlfriend? Oh my God, my heart is breaking!"

"Another good man is taken, a real heartbreaker! Why wasn't I chosen?"

"Isn't that girl Monica? My high school classmate! Yes, it's her!"

Soon, Monica's pictures were circulated one after another, appearing on Twitter and forums. The omnipotent netizens were on the brink of digging up everything about her. Including her age, height, weight, major... everything was dug up.

Details about Monica's resume were ridiculously detailed, from events at the elementary school sports meet, to middle school track and field competitions, to high school report cards... Anything that could be dug up was dug up! Some things were probably even forgotten by Monica herself.

In the early morning, in a small house covered in white snow, Belinda had a habit of checking financial news in the morning. When she inadvertently saw the whole internet digging into her daughter, she, as

a mother, was more worried than angry!

"Monica!" Belinda quickly turned and went upstairs, "Are you up yet? Monica!" She knocked on her daughter's room door, but no one answered.

In a moment of panic, she turned the doorknob, opened the door, and quickly walked in with her phone, only to find her daughter still in bed.

"Monica, wake up quickly!" Belinda came to the bed, pulled the quilt, and said anxiously, "Something's happened, the whole internet is digging into you!"

Monica's head popped out, her hair messy, she asked groggily, "What?"

"You and Tristan were photographed by reporters last night, and now it's made headlines, the whole internet is digging into you, and it's from elementary school to university, it's too scary." Belinda worried,

"But so far there is no negative news, I guess the news about your dad and I getting divorced will be dug up sooner or later."

"That's not negative news, getting married is normal, getting divorced is also normal." Monica pulled over the quilt, "I know, you can go." She shrunk into the quilt.

"Hey! What do you mean by 'I know'?" Belinda was almost dying of anxiety, "You, this dead girl, how can you still have the mood to sleep? Look at the news quickly! There are many people claiming to be your classmates from elementary and middle school."

"What use is it for me to look? If they said they were my mother, I could only watch." Monica wrapped herself in the quilt, "You can see it, Tristan can definitely see it too, don't worry, he will handle it."

"Do you trust him that much?" Belinda was surprised, and really speechless at her daughter, how could she not worry at all when it was such a critical moment?

"Should I clarify it myself? I'm a nobody." Monica was very sleepy, she muttered, "You can go, I want to sleep."

Her daughter's attitude left her mother speechless and helpless!

In the early morning at Clarke Corp, Tristan just entered the president's office. He was full of energy and spirit, just short of writing his good mood on his face.

Kevin quickly handed him the tablet, "President, you're trending."

Tristan sat down in his office chair, glanced at him, "What happened?" He stretched out his hand to

take the tablet.

"You can see for yourself." Anyway, Kevin couldn't explain it in a few words.

Tristan glanced at the sensational news headlines, calmly flipped through the photos, and couldn't help

but frown, "The photography skills are not good, they didn't capture my handsomeness, nor Monica's

beauty."

What?

That's his focus?

Kevin was shocked!

Chapter 1523: Tristan Accepts an Interview

Flipping through, Tristan couldn't help but smile, "This one's not bad." He handed the tablet to Kevin,

"Right?"

It seemed as though he found something satisfying to share.

Kevin held his forehead, took a deep breath, and reminded, "Mr. Norwell, it's your first time on the

entertainment headlines, and you're this calm? This is the entertainment section!"

"So what if it's the entertainment section?"

"Reporters have no baseline, they'll write anything for traffic!" Kevin said, "You need to make a statement about this, you can't just let things develop."

Perhaps because Tristan was still immersed in the joy of a successful proposal, and there were no negative comments yet, his expression was not too bad. He was looking at his own news with the mentality of a casual observer.

"Mr. Norwell, everyone on the internet is digging into Miss Swain's information, and they've dug up quite a bit." Kevin carefully reminded, "Aren't you going to address this?"

"Who said I'm not going to?" Tristan was also interested in these revelations!

His future wife's elementary school affairs, middle school affairs, high school affairs... more or less were all dug up... The power of netizens is really not to be underestimated!

In an instant, Tristan's interest grew. This round of internet investigation had accelerated his understanding of his future wife.

However, Tristan knew this was not a good thing, as the internet is a double-edged sword.

"Mr. Norwell, you have a financial interview in half an hour, could you get ready?" Kevin reminded again and extended his hand, "Could you give me back the tablet?"

Tristan glanced at it and handed the tablet to him, "You go communicate with the reporters, I can spare ten minutes today to answer some personal questions."

The meaning of the president was very clear.

Kevin was surprised, but then nodded, "Okay." This was indeed unprecedented.

Tristan knew that the whole internet was digging into Monica, inevitably adding fuel to the fire for traffic,

and writing some negative content. As a man, Tristan felt he had a responsibility to protect her.

The interview started soon. Tristan appeared under the spotlight, impeccably dressed, with about ten influential reporters in the industry sitting on the couch in front of him.

Everyone wore a pass, held a microphone in one hand, and an interview manuscript in the other.

They had been waiting for this moment for more than half a year.

In the curved sofa, Tristan was calm and wise, his tie was meticulously knotted, always giving people a sense of calmness after weathering many storms.

Since Tristan took over Clarke Corp, the company has achieved impressive results.

And for the direction and planning of the company next year, the reporters had already prepared their

questions.

One question after another -

"Mr. Norwell, will your company still mainly focus on real estate next year? Do you have any specific plans? How many properties are you going to develop? Is it near the river or by the mountains?"

"Yes, Mr. Norwell, will next year's new properties have any advantages in design compared to this year's newly launched ones?"

Tristan listened to everyone's questions patiently, his expression gentle. He sorted out the questions, then answered sincerely -

"All of this year's properties have been sold out, and we have also collected some good suggestions from the owners, compiled a list, and after analysis and consideration by our professional team, next year's properties will only be better."

"The advantages will also be greater, our property design has no issues, and the site selection is also truly carefully chosen, it's just..." he deliberately stopped, his expression still gentle.

"Just what?"

The reporters were particularly interested, all eyes fell on his face, looking forward to his next words.

Chapter 1524: I Will Protect Her

Tristan's face was gentle, and with a warm smile, he continued, "However, the new properties are developed in collaboration with two other companies, so we're not going it alone anymore. The reputation and quality will only improve, and the implication will be better. I believe they will sell out on the day they are released."

Given Clarke Corp's current strength, why did it need to collaborate with two other companies? What did he mean by 'implication'? How could a property sale have an implication? This sparked even more interest from the reporters. Thus, questions poured in about who the other two companies were. Tristan

simply smiled and did not answer, having no intention of revealing too much.

When a reporter, believing himself to be clever, excitedly asked, "Is it Marsh Group?" because this was highly likely, all the other reporters felt that the guess was spot on. Tristan denied it, "It's not Marsh."

His original intention was just to bring Algerone and Belinda together, not to ride on the hype of Marsh Group.

Tristan didn't reveal much about the new properties, but everyone believed his words. The reporters

were all very excited. They had always wanted to chat with him about something off-topic, but they knew his time was precious and dared not waste a second.

It wasn't until Kevin, the assistant, told everyone that the last ten minutes could be used for free questions. So, when the professional questions were all asked, one of the reporters couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Norwell, so are you currently in a relationship?"

Even though everyone knew, they still wanted to hear it from him directly, as that would be the most official. "Yes, I have a girlfriend." Tristan found all the reporters looking at him, very interested in his love life. He also wanted to take this opportunity to defend or clarify something.

So Tristan confessed without waiting for the other party to ask, "My other half is Monica. I just noticed that many people on the internet are very interested in her. Whether their intentions are good or bad, as

her boyfriend, I just want to say, she is my choice. I hope everyone won't pay too much attention to our private life."

"Mr. Norwell, when did you meet?" The financial reporter abruptly turned into a gossip reporter, "What traits in Miss Swain most attract you?"

"Mr. Norwell, I also casually flipped through Twitter today, and I heard some people discussing Miss

Swain's background. Did her parents divorce when she was very young? Is this true?"

"Your focus is quite meaningless," Tristan took over the conversation, "We've known each other for a

while now. If you must ask what trait of hers attracts me the most, I want to tell you, feelings are hard to

explain."

He was sincere and calm, "When two people are comfortable together, miss each other when they're

not, want to share good things with each other, and want to do everything possible to help when she's

troubled, that's love."

The reporters agreed with his words, applauding one after another.

"I hope you all won't dig into her privacy anymore, because no matter how many negative things there

are about her, I will accept and tolerate them unconditionally. I still love her," Tristan said, "This

relationship does not accept doubt, only blessings. Those who do not approve, please bypass."

He truly gave a sense of security.

Actually, after Belinda left, Monica reached for her phone. She hid under the blanket, opened Twitter,

and saw the overwhelming news.

"Holy crap, even such ugly photos have been dug up!" Monica wished she could hide in a hole. As she scrolled through the comments, she exclaimed, "How can they remember so clearly? Things even I don't know... it must be fake, right?"

She defended a boy in junior high? She really admired these self-proclaimed classmates. How could

she not remember?

Chapter 1525: I Must Go Out Today

However, she soon saw Tristan's interview. As Tristan answered the reporters' emotional questions at the end, she was deeply moved by every word he spoke. Hiding in the quilt, watching the video of his gentle face and listening to every reassuring sentence, she was overjoyed!

Belinda also saw this interview and watched the video twice. Each time, it eased her heart more.

Tristan said, "Love is a matter between two people. Algerone and Belinda divorced when Monica was very young, but Monica never lacked paternal or maternal love. She has a healthy personality and many shining points."

With Tristan being so understanding, Belinda was no longer worried. She believed that Tristan could

protect Monica well. As for the matters of the young people, she didn't need to worry anymore.

However, Belinda wondered who the third party was in the property project Tristan mentioned. Why

hadn't he mentioned it at the contract signing? Algerone Swain had the same question. A three-way

collaboration? Algerone Swain fell into deep thought. Was Marsh Group the third party? After thinking

carefully, he felt that it was very likely, so he didn't give it much more thought.

At ten o'clock in the morning, at the Russell family villa. After breakfast, Claire, who had been standing

in front of the bedroom window upstairs, finally saw Violet and Albert get in the car, and watched as the

car drove out of the yard.

Claire held her breath until the car had driven out of sight, and only after waiting a minute more did she

turn around and walk towards the door. But as soon as she opened the door, she found the pregnant

Mya standing outside. Their eyes met, and Claire guessed she had just arrived. She didn't know what

Mya intended, or whether she was sent by her aunt to watch her. But Claire was determined to go out,

"Sister-in-law, don't stop me. You're pregnant, and I don't want to have a conflict with you."

Mya didn't say anything and just looked at her. Two seconds later, Claire walked past her and strode

downstairs. At the entrance to the living room, two maids stood on either side. Hearing the footsteps,

they turned their heads to look at the girl coming down from upstairs.

Claire saw this and paused for a moment, then continued walking down. She guessed her aunt had

instructed the two maids. But after going downstairs, she still walked towards them, completely ignoring

them. As she was getting closer and closer, she was about to step out.

Two hands crossed in front of her, "I'm sorry, Miss, you can't go out."

"I must go out today," Claire was very firm, "But I don't want to have a conflict with you. I'm afraid

someone will get hurt."

With that, she took out a pair of scissors. Just as the two maids were stunned, Claire held the scissors

to her own neck-

"Let me go or not?" she asked coldly.

"Miss..." The maids were frightened, "Don't be impulsive, please put down the scissors!"

Upstairs on the staircase, Mya, holding the railing, stopped in her tracks. She stared at the scene below

and raised her voice, "Let her go!"

Hearing the voice, the two maids turned their heads, "Yes, Young Mistress."

Mya walked down the stairs and said again, "Let her go. Can you bear the responsibility if the Miss gets hurt?"

Claire still held the scissors to her neck! So firm!

The maids thought for two seconds, looked at each other, then withdrew their hands. They each took a step back, making way for her. Claire walked towards the yard, only putting down the scissors after she had gotten into the car. After a while, she drove away.

Her lips were tightly pursed, filled with gratitude towards her sister-in-law.

Chapter 1526: Two Women Looking for Mr. Norwell

The car headed straight for Charity Medical Center...

At the Russell family home, two maids looked anxiously at Mya. They were unable to complete the task given by the mistress, what should they do now?

"It's okay," Mya noticed their concern and said, "I'll explain it to the mistress." Saying this, she took out

her mobile phone, "Don't worry."

The maids bowed to her, then watched her turn and leave, sighing in relief.

Mya sat down on the sofa. She organized her thoughts and dialed Violet's number.

She reported in a soft voice, "Mom, I let Claire go."

"You..." Violet couldn't believe it.

"She held a pair of scissors to her neck and threatened the maids at the door. I was worried that she would hurt herself if she became too emotional, so I let her go," Mya spoke softly.

Hearing the reason, Violet couldn't blame her, "Alright, take good care of yourself." She thought, compromises had to be made after all.

In the small western-style building of Algerone Swain, the rich aroma of soup permeated the air.

Monica, with a cookbook in hand, busied herself in the kitchen. The smell of black chicken soup wafted out, tantalizing.

Belinda couldn't help but go to the kitchen door, "Yo, is this my daughter?"

"Of course!" Monica controlled the heat, giving her mother a back view. This was her first time cooking.

Belinda couldn't help but smile; this determination was so much like her younger self.

Changing and trying for someone is a unique impulse of youth.

Monica weighed even the amount of pepper powder she added. She followed each step of the soup-making process meticulously, without rushing, "Homemade soup has sincerity. I'm happy to win his

stomach."

Yes, she was making soup for Tristan now, as a small token of her feelings.

Monica thought about it all morning. She knew Tristan lacked nothing, so she didn't know what would

be a good gift for him.

"I heard that if you want to capture a man's heart, you must first capture his stomach!" Monica was still

busy, stating her viewpoint, "Although this saying is cliché, it does have some truth."

Belinda continued to look at her daughter's back and couldn't help but reply, "You, you might have

captured his heart before you even got a chance to capture his stomach."

The headband and necklace Tristan gifted Monica were very precious.

"Hehe!" Monica's heart was sweet. She thought about the interview and the feeling of security that

those words gave her. Every sentence pulled at her nerves.

The feeling of being in love was so wonderful.

At Clarke Corp.

A red Maserati stopped at the company's entrance. After Camille got out of the car and removed her

sunglasses, she walked into the hall with her assistant, exuding a powerful aura.

The receptionist politely asked, "Miss Camille, do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I must see Mr. Norwell today." Camille was determined. She decided to return to France, but

she was still not reconciled and always wondered why the outstanding Tristan would choose an

ordinary girl.

Was he blind?

She always felt this was a play. She had to ask until she understood!

But the problem was, she couldn't see Mr. Norwell at all.

At this time, Monica came in with a thermos bowl. She was wearing high heels, a high ponytail, and a

light blue sweater with a skirt. She looked surprisingly gentle.

"Miss!"

Someone stopped her.

Monica stopped and looked up, smiling, "I'm looking for Mr. Norwell."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No." She shook her head, "I'm his girlfriend, do I need an appointment to see him?"

Camille turned her head when she heard this.

The security guard didn't know, Mr. Norwell didn't have a girlfriend before, so he was also unable to answer this question.

Monica took out her phone, "No problem, I'll call Tristan now." As she said this, she already dialed a video call, then smiled at the security guard, "Just a moment!"

Chapter 1527: Monica Isn't a Pushover

Camille took steps towards this side, her gaze falling upon Monica. From her clothing to her demeanor,

Camille felt this girl was not a match for Tristan! Seeing that she too was stopped, Camille's mood

improved greatly, a sly smile of 'you're no better' curling up at the corners of her lips. It wasn't that

Monica was bad, but rather, Tristan was too exceptional.

At this time, in a spacious and bright conference room upstairs, an important meeting was in progress.

Tristan was seated in the lead position, surrounded by company executives. Then, his Facebook video

call rang. He picked up his phone, saw Monica's avatar, glanced at everyone, and without any

hesitation, answered, "Monica."

Everyone lifted their gazes towards the CEO, eyes filled with curiosity and gossip! The name 'Monica'

was not only seen in today's news, but also during the last meeting room screen projection... they remembered, didn't they?

"Tristan, I'm downstairs at your company. I brought you chicken soup that I made myself. Can I come up?" Monica didn't know where he was or who was with him, but she thought he was alone, "I was stopped by the security."

Monica spoke in a soft and gentle voice, her tone was a bit playful and filled with deep affection. "Kevin, go down and receive Miss Swain." Tristan's voice was gentle.

"Yes."

"Bye-bye!" Monica, being considerate, hung up the phone, then waited patiently. She had just seen the beautiful smile on Tristan's face, and she thought, he must also want to see her, right?

Since the Facebook video was on speaker, all the executives in the conference room heard Monica's words to Tristan. Her 'Tristan' really sounded so clingy!

"Cough!" Tristan glanced at everyone, put down his phone, and resumed his serious expression in a second, "Let's continue the meeting. Whose turn was it to speak? Please proceed."

At this moment, Kevin had already opened the elevator door, entered the elevator, and was going down to receive the future CEO's wife. If the wedding day was celebrated at the office, he might also be able to bask in the joy.

Downstairs, in the grand and glorious lobby. The security guard had also heard Mr. Norwell's words, so he politely saluted her, "Please wait a moment, Miss. The layout upstairs is complex, Kevin, Mr. Norwell's aide, should be here soon."

"Alright, you can go on with your work." She obediently stood in place waiting. The security guard turned and left, and Camille stood in front of Monica, arms folded, looking down at her.

Meeting this woman's gaze, Monica was puzzled, thinking, is she a client of Clarke Corp? Therefore, she smiled politely at Camille and stepped aside.

"Just a relationship, is there a need to be so happy?" Camille scrutinized her, "These days, being in a relationship doesn't mean you're getting married."

Hearing this tone... could it be that this girl likes Tristan, is she a rival in love? Monica analyzed. At this moment, the elevator door opened, and Kevin was coming this way.

Monica didn't have time to delay. She had to get this lovingly prepared soup to Tristan quickly! So,

adhering to the principle of not offending anyone, she looked at the woman with a smile, "Just because

I'm in a relationship, are you so sour? He might not marry me, but he definitely won't marry you.

Otherwise, why wouldn't he confess to you?"

"Miss Swain." Kevin arrived, "Please come with me."

"Okay!" Monica glanced at the sour Camille, held the thermos bowl, and followed Kevin towards the

elevator, "Is he busy?"

"Mr. Norwell is in a meeting. You will have to wait in his office for a while."

"Alright! No problem!"

Camille was truly speechless! She slandered over and over again in French, "Tristan's taste is too

unique. This girl is too ordinary, isn't she? Just making a soup to curry favor? Shouldn't a CEO's

marriage be a match of equals?"

Chapter 1528: Tristan Is Decisive

After going upstairs, Kevin led Monica into Tristan's office. He was very courteous, "Miss Swain, please

rest here for a while. Would you like something to drink?"

"No need, no need, you go ahead and do your work!" Monica turned to look at him, gently saying, "You

were right by his side when he answered the video call just now, hurry up! Don't mind me!"

"Alright then, please make yourself comfortable. I'll take my leave first." Kevin turned and left.

The room's decor caught her attention. Tristan, being so young, had surprisingly good taste. The

office's style mirrored his personality, projecting a sense of stability and grandeur.

Back in the conference room, Tristan quietly asked Kevin, "Did you bring her up?"

"Yes, I've asked her to wait in your office. She seems to have made soup for you." Kevin reported

quietly, "By the way, I saw Camille downstairs earlier. It seemed like..."

"What did she come for?" Tristan's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he looked at Kevin. Hadn't they

already finished discussing business matters?

"She seemed to be giving Miss Swain a hard time." Kevin felt that it was necessary to report this since

he was aware of it.

Upon hearing this, Tristan's expression darkened, and he lost his composure. In the middle of the

ongoing meeting, Tristan pulled out his phone and dialed a number. The authoritative aura he projected

was rather intimidating.

At this point, the executives' discussions paused again, as no one knew what had happened. Shortly after, they heard Mr. Norwell instructing the person on the other end of the phone, "Have Camille stay, I need to speak with her."

After ending the call, Tristan stood up and said to Kevin, "Please compile the statements of the executives and report them to me. I'll leave first."

Kevin looked surprised as he watched Tristan's retreating figure. No one dared to stop him, but they all knew that Mr. Norwell had changed since he started dating. He wasn't the workaholic he used to be; there were now more important people and matters in his life. That was good, it made him seem more human.

Inside his office, Monica carefully placed the thermos bowl on his desk. Her gaze fell on his chair, and she could imagine him orchestrating various plans from there.

Tristan went downstairs directly. A minute later, he was in a visitor's room. Camille, rarely having the chance to see Tristan, couldn't help but confess her feelings directly.

"Tristan, I've admired you for years. Haven't you noticed?" she asked. "I love the scent of jasmine, and for our meeting, you had someone spray my favorite scent. Isn't this indicative of your feelings for me?"

"How long has it been? And you already have a girlfriend?" she continued. "What's the reason?"

"Tristan, do you know what I've done to be with you?" she questioned. "I even planned to move the company headquarters to Arkpool City and buy property here. But now you're telling me, all this was just me wishful thinking?"

"Yes." Tristan didn't have time for her nonsense. He looked at her and said directly, "You've been wishful thinking."

He continued, "It was impossible between us before, and it's even more impossible now. I'm in a relationship, so please don't have any illusions about me, and don't interfere with my life. If I find you bothering my girlfriend again, I will make you pay."

"..." The woman stared at him heartbrokenly. He didn't seem to be joking at all.

Tristan stood up, his gaze cold. "Go back. Don't look for me again. At least this way, we can still be business partners."

With that, he turned and left, taking the elevator back upstairs.

Chapter 1529: An Embarrassing Scene

At this time, in the CEO's office.

Monica was like an exceptionally happy child, waiting obediently for Tristan's arrival. He was in a meeting. Just thinking about his calm demeanor, coupled with his sharply defined handsome face, a smile couldn't help but appear at the corners of Monica's lips.

Soon, she heard the sound of footsteps. She joyfully turned her eyes and saw through the glass wall a pair of long legs striding towards her.

It was Tristan! She was certain!

Soon after, the tall and handsome Tristan appeared in her line of sight, walking in from the door. Seeing her, a warm and attractive smile appeared on his face, "Monica, how come you're here? I'm sorry, you've been waiting for a long time."

"I missed you! It's okay, it's my fault for not telling you in advance. I thought I'd give you a surprise."

She playfully tilted her head, turned around, and presented the thermos bowl to him, "Ta-da! Try the soup I made. It's my first time cooking, you're super lucky!"

"First time cooking?" Tristan reached out to take it, looking at her in surprise and doubt.

"Yep!" She looked forward to his reaction, "Go on, taste it."

Tristan settled down on the sofa by the floor-to-ceiling window, placing the thermos bowl on the coffee table, "This soup, you'll have to feed me yourself for it to taste the freshest." He teased her playfully, a rare lack of seriousness.

"..." Monica, despite her outgoing personality, couldn't help but blush at his words. Feed him the soup?

Tristan lifted the lid and handed the spoon to her, "Hurry up."

Having already made the soup for him, Monica was more than happy to feed him. So she boldly accepted the spoon, "Alright! Just feeding you, that's easy!"

She took the thermos bowl in one hand and the spoon in the other, standing in front of him, slightly bending her body, carefully blowing on a spoonful of soup before carefully bringing it to his thin lips.

At that moment, the two were only inches apart, as if their noses were almost touching. Monica felt her heart pounding wildly, her body inexplicably heating up.

Tristan was thrown into disarray, "I should do it myself." He took the thermos bowl and spoon somewhat awkwardly, then leaned back on the sofa and started drinking the soup himself.

Monica had no choice but to stand up straight, the corners of her lips curling up as she watched him take the first sip, "How is it? Is it good?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she saw Tristan's handsome brows furrow slightly, and she quickly asked again, "What's wrong? Doesn't it taste good?"

"It's delicious! Delicious!" Tristan complimented her with a laugh, "Of course it's good, this is the best chicken soup I've ever had!" Saying that, he took several more sips.

"That's a must!" Monica revealed a smile, she crossed her arms over her chest and began praising herself nonstop, "Even though I have never cooked before, I still inherited my mother's amazing culinary skills, I'm a natural!"

"Indeed!" He gave her a thumbs up.

Then Monica seemed a little proud, enthusiastically talking about how she made the soup today, including some specific steps, appearing very professional.

Tristan listened to her attentively while drinking the soup, a warm smile always on his face.

After she finished speaking, Monica saw that he had almost finished the soup. Blinking her beautiful eyes, she asked happily, "How is it? Am I amazing?"

Tristan had a smile on his face, unsure of how to respond. He thought for a moment, then scooped up

a spoonful of black chicken soup and brought it to her lips, "You probably didn't have time to taste it, right? Here, have a sip?"

"How did you know?" The girl looked at him in surprise, a smile of happiness on her face, "I didn't have time to taste it at all. As soon as it was ready, I brought it to you."

The girl opened her pink lips, and when the soup entered her mouth, her eyebrows furrowed in disbelief as she looked at him, "Did I forget to put in salt?"

Chapter 1530: This Sense of Security is Through the Roof

Tristan remained silent, directly cradling the thermos bowl, and finished off the last sip of soup.

"Hey!" Monica reached out but couldn't stop him in time. He tilted his head back and emptied the bowl.

Monica didn't have time to feel embarrassed, rather, she felt somewhat apologetic, "Why are you doing this to yourself? There's no flavor at all, you could choose not to drink it!"

"Lacking salt doesn't affect the nutritional value. This is the first time you've brewed soup, how could I not drink it? It's such an honor," Tristan put down the bowl and spoon, wiped the corners of his lips with a napkin, then took her hand, "Come sit here, I have something to say."

"What is it?"

Monica sat down next to him, looking at him nervously, "Am I disturbing you? I didn't make an appointment, and your schedule must be packed, right?"

Tristan shook his head with a smile, "Not at all, you can come find me anytime. I'll let the front desk know."

"..." Facing the man's deep and gentle gaze, she couldn't help but smile!

Tristan gently looked at her and said seriously, "Monica, if any woman tries to disrupt our relationship, or if she makes you feel uncomfortable, or you feel she has ill intentions, or even if you think she's a rival in love, an admirer of mine, you have to tell me."

"Huh?" To be honest, Monica didn't quite understand, "What do you mean?"

"If anyone makes you unhappy or uncomfortable, you must tell me. Don't handle it yourself," Tristan explained, "Like the woman downstairs just now, did any of her words upset you?"

Monica thought for a moment, then laughed, "Did Kevin tell you?"

"I'm asking you, did she upset you?" Tristan took this matter very seriously.

Then she nodded her head and said in a particularly kind manner, "Just a little bit, I guess she likes you?"

"But I don't like her." Tristan's tone was firm, "But don't worry, you won't see her again, and of course, I won't see her again."

"..." Monica looked at him, shaking her head, "I really don't understand what you mean."

"Are you pretending to be dumb or are you really dumb?" Tristan poked her forehead with his slender finger, "You still don't understand?"

The girl leaned back, pouting, "Ouch! Lighter! I really don't understand, you need to explain patiently, why are you suddenly bringing this up?"

"Monica," Tristan took hold of her shoulders, and said seriously, "Since we're together, I will do everything in my power to protect you."

Another serious confession, which made Monica a little overwhelmed, but also extremely happy.

"I won't let you be troubled because of me," Tristan said, "Daphne Wells is just an example. I'm no less than Rowan Watson. There are definitely girls who like me, whether inside or outside the company. As soon as you find out, you must tell me first, and I will handle it."

She was surprised, "You... the sense of security you provide is really substantial!" Monica couldn't help

but give him a thumbs up, "Great! I'll tell you everything in the future!"

"Because I'm afraid of losing, and because... I truly care about you," Tristan, a man without a sense of security, pinched her cheek, "Even though I've never been in a relationship, I've learned lessons from others. Running a business and being in a relationship should be the same, both require dedication, and obstacles should be removed to prevent future troubles."