

Surprised 1531

Chapter 1531: Must Let Her Through Unconditionally

Meeting his gaze, Monica listened to him earnestly, a radiant smile playing on her lips, dazzling to behold. Tristan took her hand, rubbing it in his palm, gazing at her with deep affection as if time had come to a standstill. At this moment, she looked incredibly beautiful in his eyes.

Monica quickly recovered, withdrawing her hand from his and hurriedly closing the thermos bowl. "I... I have to go now, got a bit of work to do."

She couldn't disrupt him too much during work hours. Actually, she had nothing to do, but she wanted to stick to him every second. She had to control herself!

"Do you have something to do?" Tristan asked in a gentle voice. "Can I help?"

"No need, Mr. CEO," she giggled and declined.

Tristan's handsome eyebrows furrowed slightly, "You didn't call me that during the video call. Try calling me that again?"

"Call you what?" The girl turned her eyes to him, looking puzzled.

He gazed at her with an extremely gentle look, "Think about it? Did you really forget?"

She thought seriously, when 'Tristan' popped up in her mind, Monica blushed instantly! Seeing him staring at her, his gaze growing increasingly strange.

Monica stammered, "You... you go ahead with your work, I have to go now." Then she quickly picked up the thermos bowl and turned to leave.

"Be careful on your way, send me a message when you get home!"

"I know!"

"It's okay if you can't remember this time, try again next time!" he said purposely.

Monica ran off like a little rabbit, disappearing from sight.

Looking at the doorway where her figure had disappeared, a deeper smile lingered on Tristan's lips, a warm feeling spreading in his heart.

The departing Monica was hopping and skipping as she walked, as if a flower had bloomed in her heart, she couldn't help but hum a tune.

As she exited the elevator, she felt as if spring had come, giggling, "Hehe, I'm actually dating a god-like man!"

In the grandiose lobby on the first floor, the receptionists watched her leave, her joyous demeanor

initiated a flurry of gossip-

"The internet has dug up that Miss Swain's parents are divorced, her family background might not be that good, and we don't know what her character is like."

"A girl that Mr. Norwell is interested in, probably can't be too far off."

"That's for sure, but... I think Mr. Norwell is too perfect, no one can match him."

"He can't be alone for the rest of his life, right? Even excellent men need love."

The two originally whispered, not busy at the moment, but as they talked, their voices gradually lowered, until they finally closed their mouths.

Because the door of the exclusive gold-plated elevator opened, Tristan, with his hands in his pockets, walked towards the reception.

"Hello, Mr. Norwell!" The two receptionists greeted him loudly and respectfully, a little scared, wondering if he had heard their conversation.

Tristan stopped, his god-like face was cold and commanding, he asked, "Have you been watching the news?"

What news? There are so many news, which one is he referring to?

The two receptionists dared not answer rashly, although they both thought of his public announcement of the relationship.

They glanced at each other, then turned their gaze to the deep-eyed CEO in front of them.

"I'm in a relationship." Tristan raised an eyebrow, the corner of his mouth lifted slightly, showing a touch of gentleness.

"Congratulations, Mr. Norwell."

"Wishing Mr. Norwell a sweet romance!"

Tristan smiled, then looked at them seriously and said, "Have you seen the photo of my girlfriend? Or did you stop her when she came in just now? Do you remember what she looks like now?"

"We remember, she's quite pretty." The receptionist grinned, not knowing what he was up to. Was it just

to show off?

Tristan ordered seriously, "From now on, no matter when she comes to find me, you must let her through unconditionally, no matter what I'm doing, understand?"

Chapter 1532: Great News

The CEO himself came down just for this? The two assistants were baffled, finding it incredible. It was usually quite difficult to get face-to-face time with him.

"Why? Didn't I make myself clear?"

"No, no, we understood!" They quickly replied.

"Good." Tristan turned and walked towards the elevator. He had specifically come down just to discuss this matter. When it came to Monica, every detail mattered to Tristan.

At the Charity Medical Center, the hustle and bustle persisted, everything in order. Ivan Marsh and Jennifer stepped out of the gynecology department's office. He had his arm around her shoulder, and they both held the same ultrasound report. Although they already knew the results, they still looked at it over and over-

Posterior uterus, enlarged uterus, uniform echo of the myometrium, gestational sac seen in the uterine cavity, approximately 5.1*4.3*1.8cm, yolk sac visible, embryo visible, 1.8cm long, fetal heartbeat visible.

Both of them wore joyful smiles on their faces. Yes, Jennifer was pregnant!

Moreover, the doctor had just asked her and him if they had decided to have this child, and the couple had firmly nodded their heads.

"Darling, Alfie and Diana will be in Arkpool City in half an hour. We really completed this mission just in time," Ivan Marsh said to her with a side glance and a jesting tone, "We don't need to find more excuses anymore."

Jennifer carefully put away the ultrasound report. "Exactly." The smile on her lips was as beautiful and radiant as a painting, her face glowing with a maternal gentleness, "I never thought I would bear another life in this lifetime. It's a great decision."

"It's destiny." Ivan Marsh guided her into the elevator, his arm still around her shoulder, "I missed Alfie and Diana's birth, and I wasn't there for you during the entire pregnancy. I failed in my duties as a father. Please give me a chance to make up for it."

If he could get pregnant, he would really want to bear the pain for her.

Jennifer knew that Ivan Marsh was particularly fond of this child, and that Alfie and Diana really wanted a little brother or sister. Given their stable relationship and sufficient financial conditions, Jennifer was willing to bear the pain of childbirth for him once more.

All this was because of love.

When they left the hospital, snow started to fall again, feather-like. This winter was a bit cold, but it also exuded warmth everywhere. It was almost New Year, and the entire city was filled with the joy of reunion.

Many places started to hang up lights and decorations, and everything was red.

When they drove back to Emerald Bay...

A helicopter was parked in the yard. The children had already gotten off the aircraft with Jing Zhi Xia, who was dressed in a dark blue down jacket. Xiao Xia and the accompanying servants had also descended, but they had not yet managed to walk towards the living room.

Ivan Marsh and Jennifer quickly got out of the car.

"Daddy!! Mommy!!" The children ran over in excitement. It seemed like they had grown taller in the few months they had not seen each other.

"Baby!" Jennifer bent down to stretch out her hands, and the children rushed over to hug her, "Mommy,

I missed you so much!"

They also hugged their father standing by the side, "Daddy, I love you!" They were extremely excited.

"We love you too."

"Mom." Jennifer looked at Jing Zhi Xia. The mother and daughter-in-law met each other's eyes, both smiling.

Ivan Marsh also greeted his own mother.

"Mr. Marsh, Mrs. Marsh." The accompanying servants and bodyguards respectfully greeted them.

Everyone's faces were full of smiles, and they were very happy.

The snow became heavier, and the scenery was becoming more beautiful.

"Let's go in, it's cold outside!"

Everyone started walking towards the living room. Some were carrying suitcases, others were holding children's hands.

Alfie, holding his mother's hand, asked expectantly, "When will you give us a little brother or sister?"

"Nine months from now," Ivan Marsh answered seriously, "It's already in Mommy's belly, so you have to be careful and never bump into Mommy's belly."

Chapter 1533: Finally, the Meeting

"Is it true?" Diana was excited, somewhat incredulous. Whenever they had discussed this over video calls, her parents had never given a clear answer, somewhat evasive. However, these parents had a habit: they never lied in front of their children.

Alfie, on the other hand, jumped up in joy immediately, "Yay! I'm going to be a big brother! This is awesome!" His footprints dug deep into the accumulated snow. Alfie fully believed in his parents' words, they would never lie to children! Their trustworthiness was absolutely explosive!

Hearing this, Aubree turned her gaze to her daughter-in-law, suppressing her inner joy, she asked uncertainly, "Jennie, is this true? Is Ting just joking?" The surprise was too sudden, she no longer trusted her own son.

"It's true, mom." Jennifer turned her gaze, her eyes soft, her lips touched with a smile of happiness.

She took out an ultrasound report from her pocket and handed it to her, "We just came back from the hospital, this is the result of the check-up we just got."

Aubree quickly took it, stopped her footsteps in the snow, and read the words on it twice. The smile on her lips gradually deepened, she was thrilled! Jennifer stood still, holding her breath, watching every expression of her mother-in-law. Seeing her mother-in-law's happiness, her gaze also became

incredibly soft.

"That's great!" Aubree revealed a joyous smile, her hand holding the report was trembling, "I'm going to be a grandmother again! These days, the only wealth that can't be bought with money is children. If childbirth wasn't so painful, we could really have more." The fact that her mother-in-law also loved children made Jennifer very happy.

"Come, come, let's go inside." Aubree quickly pulled her into the living room, and instructed, "Don't catch a cold, don't go to the company recently, okay? I heard the temperature is going to drop." Then she looked at her son, "Ivan, you handle the company's affairs!"

"..."

"Oh, Jennie, do you have any early pregnancy symptoms? How do you feel?" Just as Jennifer was about to speak, Aubree interrupted, "Are you eating well? Sleeping well?"

"I..." Jennifer was about to speak.

"If you feel uncomfortable, you must tell Dr. Watson, he can help!" Aubree was very happy and also very worried about her, "Although you have childbirth experience, childbirth for women is inherently a

hardship." She simply treated her like her own daughter.

Feeling the sincere love from her mother-in-law, Jennifer was very touched.

She reached out and gently hugged her mother-in-law, "Mom, thank you for always taking care of our children and worrying about me. Don't worry, I'm doing well."

"I'm also willing to take care of this child after you give birth." Aubree hugged her, "Isn't it a grandmother's job to take care of the children? I can't trust a nanny to do it." She had truly accepted and grown to like her.

They say time tests everything, this mother-daughter-in-law relationship was very stable.

Downstairs at Charity Medical Center.

After a traffic jam, Claire finally arrived, a sharp pair of scissors thrown on the passenger seat. She unbuckled her seatbelt, got out of the car quickly, and headed straight for the hospital lobby.

Upstairs, in Mr. Adams' office.

The door was closed but not locked.

Usually, this door would not be closed. It would only be closed when Rowan Watson was not there, so no one ever knocked on this door.

Rowan Watson was wearing his uniform, standing behind the door, he had checked the time for the fifth time. He was thinking... Claire wouldn't come, would she?

Or... she couldn't come, could she?

He suppressed the emotions in his heart, his heart inexplicably tightened, and his brow furrowed unconsciously. He missed her very much.

But he had almost caused her to lose her life, this kind of guilt couldn't be erased in a short time. If he couldn't adjust himself, this guilt might accompany him for life.

Claire stepped out of the elevator, quickly ran to his office, and saw that the door was closed.

She didn't know if he was inside.

It had been a while since they last met, and with so many recent events, Claire didn't know what to say to him, only her desire to see him was very strong.

She stood outside the door and calmed down.

After about two minutes.

Just as Claire was about to open the door, Rowan Watson opened the door. Just like in slow motion in

a movie, their eyes met...

Chapter 1534: Tristan Plans a Meeting

The gaze between them was slightly intense, carrying a hint of suppressed urgency. Rowan Watson finally saw the woman he had been longing for day and night. She had lost weight, which made his heart inexplicably tighten once again.

Claire's eyes brimmed with unshed tears. The smile she wore was as immaculate as untouched white canvas. Rowan Watson couldn't hold back anymore. He reached out to grasp her wrist, pulling her into the room and closing the door behind them. He gently pinned her against the door and kissed her passionately.

This kiss was filled with long suppressed longing, self-blame, and helplessness. Claire wrapped her arms tightly around his waist, crying as they kissed...

At Clarke Corp, Tristan had just finished dealing with a mountain of files on his desk. He picked up his phone and dialed a number, which connected after a short while.

"Mr. Swain," Tristan was very formal during work hours, "Are you free tonight?"

"Why are you calling me Mr. Swain again? What, do you want to talk about work?" Algerone Swain

guessed as soon as he heard Tristan's voice. After all, they had signed a contract to develop a new property together after the New Year.

"Yes," Tristan heard his tone and assumed he was free, so he continued, "I was thinking of having dinner tonight. The property development is a three-way collaboration, so it would be good to introduce you to the other partner. I have a preliminary plan that I thought we could discuss over dinner."

"A three-way collaboration?" Algerone Swain heard this for the first time, "Does it involve the Marsh Group?" He assumed that a collaboration between Clarke Corp and Marsh would be a straightforward affair.

"No, no," Tristan laughed, "My brother-in-law and I are not planning to collaborate at the moment. Both our companies are developing steadily and he is currently focusing on the internet sector, so he's not interested in property development."

"Alright, what time tonight?" Algerone Swain agreed readily.

"Seven o'clock, at Riddle House."

"Alright, I'll be there on time."

"See you tonight, then. You go ahead with your work." Tristan waited for him to hang up first, paying

attention to every detail.

Just as the call ended, a message from Monica reporting her safety arrived. She said she had reached home.

This message was sent by Monica from the yard. After sending it, she bounced into the small western-style building, still in high spirits.

At this moment, Belinda was coming downstairs. She turned the corner of the staircase, wearing a dark green knit dress and a long white down jacket. She looked incredibly elegant.

"Wow, Belinda!" Monica gave her a thumbs up, "Who are you dressing up to meet?"

"Have you finished the soup?" The middle-aged woman glanced at the thermos in her arms as she descended the stairs.

"Of course!"

Belinda looked at the smile on her daughter's face, "It seems like your first attempt at cooking was a success. You gave the first taste to Tristan, can I have the second?"

Monica only had Tristan in her heart, she didn't even save a small sip of soup for her mother. Of

course, Monica couldn't bear to taste it herself, so she didn't even know if she had added salt.

"Okay, I'll make it for you right now! There will be soup for you tonight!"

"No!" Belinda knew she wasn't joking, so she said, "I have a date tonight, next time."

"Oh..." Monica looked at her again, "You're dressed so nicely, who are you meeting?"

"Do you want to come with me?" Belinda formally invited her, "You can be my assistant, starting with this project."

"Me? Assistant? Project?" She picked out some key words, then had a sudden realization, "Did I hear it right? You're planning to expand your business in Arkpool City?"

Belinda nodded, "I plan to get into real estate after the new year, developing a new property. As for you, it's about time you found a job, isn't it?"

Chapter 1535: All Mothers Are the Same, Right?

"I've already planned to go for an interview tomorrow," Monica had no intention of hiding anything. "I never planned to be your assistant, nor did I think about joining Algerone's company, or Tristan's for that matter. Anyway, as your only daughter, I need to keep things balanced!"

Seeing that she didn't seem to be joking, Belinda asked, "What kind of job are you looking for?"

"A piano teacher at a training institute," Monica replied, her eyes curving into a smile. "I'll be teaching some seven or eight-year-olds!" Her childlike innocence seemed to awaken all at once.

"Isn't that..." Belinda was a bit at a loss for words. "Isn't that a big leap? You play the piano well, but can you ensure you can be a teacher? Do you have the patience?"

"Considering that I'll have children in the future, I've decided to start interacting with kids from now on!"

She seemed to have made up her mind, and happily linked arms with her mother. "Belinda, who are you going to meet now? Can I come? You're all alone and so beautiful, I'm really worried about your safety. Why don't I be your assistant for a day?"

Since she was going to meet Tristan, Belinda agreed, "Alright, then you better go change your clothes, freshen up, and dress up a bit. I'll wait for you."

"Isn't the meeting tonight?"

"I have to meet a younger sister first. You can come too."

"Okay! Belinda, wait for me!" Monica made a hand gesture towards her and cheerfully headed upstairs, humming a tune. Her mood had changed since she started dating. She often wore a smile on her face, her heart filled with happiness. Belinda noticed that she seemed to only care about herself.

She didn't worry about her parents' affairs at all.

And Algerone was rather wooden when it came to emotions, sometimes he could infuriate Belinda.

Even though she couldn't let go of her feelings, it was hard for her to take the initiative.

Every time she thought of Algerone Swain, Belinda would feel a headache and a mix of emotions that made her uncomfortable.

At around 6:40 in the evening, Belinda parked her car in the open-air parking lot of Riddle House, following the address Tristan had sent her.

It was located in the suburbs, similar to a high-end farmhouse.

"Wow, the environment here is really nice, a quiet place in the midst of the hustle and bustle. The private dishes must be very special, right?" Monica got out of the passenger seat.

She looked around, the vegetation here was good, and the beautifully designed building had a courtyard feel.

Belinda also got out of the car, "Let's go." She decided to give her daughter a surprise and didn't tell her that one of the people they were meeting was Tristan, although she didn't know who the other

person was.

Tonight's surprises would surely be one after another.

"Belinda, are you planning to settle down in Arkpool City? You're not going back to Canada for a while, right?" Monica was trying to probe.

"Wherever I am, I'm still your mom, and I'll still keep an eye on you. No cohabitation before marriage."

Belinda walked inside, casting a glance at the girl beside her.

"You..." Monica was speechless and embarrassed, "Why are you bringing up this topic again? Who's moving in together?" She was getting more and more embarrassed, "Besides, it's popular to have a trial marriage now, who is still so old-fashioned?"

"Trial what marriage? A trial marriage is like trying on clothes, if you try it for too long it becomes worn out! It depreciates!" Even though Belinda spoiled her, she was very strict about principles, "Girls are at a disadvantage in this aspect, especially be careful not to let love cloud your judgment."

Monica was left speechless.

Chapter 1536: Tristan's Big Surprise

"Did you hear me? Don't use silence as a rebuttal."

"Alright, alright, rest assured, I will protect myself. I'm not love-crazed, and think about it, Tristan is definitely a reliable person."

"Marriage is not maintained by love, nor is it maintained by a sense of novelty." Belinda was particularly afraid of her getting hurt. "You guys are in love now, and you find each other suitable, but when you actually take the step towards marriage, there will be a lot of adjustments to be made. Your mom has lived longer than you and has seen many examples."

Walking along, Monica turned her head, sensing her mother's anxiety. She asked, "Mom, do you feel like I'm about to get married because I'm in a relationship? Like you're about to lose me? Does it feel strange?"

Belinda's heart skipped a beat, feeling as if Monica had hit the nail on the head.

She thought for a moment, then said, "I've seen first loves break up after eight years and never speak to each other again."

"Emotions are unpredictable, there are too many uncertain factors." Monica responded openly.

Guided by the room number Tristan had provided, Belinda led Monica to the door.

When Monica saw Tristan, she was clearly taken aback, and the previous topic came to an abrupt halt.

Tristan wore a gentle smile, not expecting Belinda to bring Monica. He stood up to greet them, "Was the traffic smooth?" Seeing Monica, he was very happy.

"Not at all, sorry to have kept you waiting." Belinda stepped inside.

Tristan was also polite, "I just arrived too, and we're still a good ten minutes away from our agreed time, so there's no need to apologize for being late."

"Belinda!" Monica came to her senses, quickly grabbing her arm, "Your business partner is Clarke Corp?!"

"Yes." Belinda sat down in a chair.

Oh my god! Monica was stunned!

Tristan walked over, put his arm around Monica, and started to explain in a soft voice, "I originally planned to tell you about this later, but I didn't expect your aunt to tell you first."

"She didn't say, I just found out, I only know it now!" Monica was still shocked.

Tristan led her to a seat, "Another partner will be here soon, and as soon as he arrives, we will start the meal. The private dishes here are very unique and worth trying."

As he was speaking, Tristan poured tea himself, holding the cup with both hands and presenting it to

Belinda, "Aunt, please have some tea."

In fact, this dinner was largely a family feast, and it would be very alienating to address Mr. Norwell in front of Monica.

"Thank you." Monica took the tea cup he handed over, and immediately smelled the aroma, "This is buckwheat tea, right? It smells so good!"

"Yes, and the wheat is also grown by them, purely natural, so the fragrance is particularly strong. You can't find this outside."

"I'm really honored today then." Monica smiled at him.

At that moment, footsteps were heard, and Algerone Swain walked in from the door. When he saw the people inside, his steps faltered, he was caught off guard, and was shocked.

"Dad?" Monica widened her eyes.

Belinda's face changed slightly, surprised, but she quickly understood.

Tristan stood up and introduced, "This is Mr. Swain, I believe everyone knows him, he is also our partner, no need for further introductions." He clapped his hands and called to the door, "Waiter, serve

the dishes!"

"Okay!" A waitress replied from outside.

Tristan's gaze fell back on Algerone Swain, and he hastily said, "Uncle Swain, come and sit!"

Finally, Algerone Swain understood. This was a meeting of the three partners, all arranged deliberately

by Tristan. Everyone knew this, except for Monica, who was the last to know.

As soon as Algerone Swain sat down, the wait staff started to serve the dishes one after another,

introducing the origin of each dish name as they served.

Even when all the dishes were served, the awkward atmosphere had not eased at all.

Chapter 1537: We Must Toast Together

"The dishes are all served, please enjoy your meal." The waitress respectfully bowed and left,

considerately closing the door behind her.

With the table full of hot dishes, the meal was quite lavish. It was filled with countryside dishes that

were rarely seen in the city, making them all the more appetizing.

Everyone understood Tristan's intentions by now. Belinda and Algerone Swain's feelings had shifted

from shock to being touched.

Monica, who longed for her parents to reunite, gathered her thoughts, gave a light cough, and said

after seeing Tristan hand her father a cup of buckwheat tea, "Come on, let's toast! It's a rare gathering,

and this tea is indeed fragrant!"

With her chattering and causing a ruckus, the awkwardness floating in the air dispersed a little.

Seeing her break the silence, Tristan quickly raised his cup and said, "Yes, yes, we must toast first.

Here's to our elders."

As Algerone Swain raised his cup, his gaze fell on the middle-aged woman sitting across from him.

Although Belinda was still a bit out of sorts and felt a little awkward, she had no choice but to raise her

cup.

The family of four stood up to toast, and Monica, acting as the perfect mediator, eased the restaurant's

atmosphere quite a bit.

"It's great that the three of you are cooperating. You all know each other so well! The trust is off the

charts." Monica's smile was radiant, "Since both mom and dad are here, I also have some good news

to announce today!"

All eyes fell on her, looking at her with great respect.

Tristan jokingly asked, "What good news? Are you in love?"

"Isn't that already known?" Monica glanced at him and teased, "I guess the whole world knows by now?"

She stood up again, proudly patted her chest, "I, Monica, am going to find a job in Arkpool City! I'll be a piano teacher in a training institution!"

"A teacher?"

"Teaching piano?"

Upon hearing this, both Algerone Swain and Tristan could not help but feel disappointed. They both hoped that she would seek a position in their respective companies!

"Yes, a teacher. What's the matter? Why do you both look like you've been hit? Aren't you happy?"

It seemed they were a step too late, but as men who loved her, they could only agree and support her decision. Smiles returned to everyone's faces.

"Of course we're happy, full support!"

"Thank you! Thank you all! Come on, let's toast again!" Monica's smile was brilliant, maximizing her

role as a mediator.

For this matter, everyone toasted again with tea in lieu of wine.

The awkward atmosphere was gradually easing, and Belinda finally stopped feeling uneasy, becoming much more relaxed.

"Let's eat first, the dishes won't taste as good when they cool." Tristan said, prompting everyone to pick up their forks, "Let's chat while we eat."

At this point, Monica added, "Since we're all family, let's not be polite. Eating and chatting is nice, much better than formally sitting in the living room discussing work."

Tristan smiled, thinking to himself that Monica really did come at the right time tonight.

As they ate, Algerone Swain asked a question, and Tristan began to explain the difference between the new real estate project to be developed next year and the one developed by Clarke Corp this year, as well as its biggest advantages.

He was concise and to the point, not wasting words. In fact, Clarke Corp was exceptionally good at real estate development, standing at the top in Arkpool City.

As the meal was nearing its end, the business discussions were reaching their climax.

Three copies of the partnership plan were distributed to each of them, including Monica. Everyone was eating and chatting... everyone had a say.

Chapter 1538: This Little Surprise is Too Sudden

Monica had finally figured it out. Algerone and Belinda were not opposed to cooperating with each other, and they even communicated directly and agreed with each other's views. With Tristan pulling the strings, their relationship should warm up faster.

Monica was filled with gratitude for Tristan's efforts today. He had done such a big thing in secret and even planned to keep it from her!

Near the end of dinner, Tristan seemed to suddenly remember something. He turned to the two elders and said, "Uncle, Auntie, shall Monica come with me later?"

Monica was slightly taken aback, she turned to look at him, not remembering any plans.

"I want to take her for a walk in the square and return her before ten o'clock." Tristan's voice was gentle as he discussed the idea with everyone.

A last-minute date?

Monica was completely unprepared, she just turned to look at him, finding his handsome face and gentle smile soothing.

Algerone Swain nodded in agreement, "That's okay, ten o'clock is not late." His face was full of trust,

"With you protecting her, she'll be safe no matter how late it is."

Belinda could hardly refuse, she gave an awkward smile, "Okay."

Dinner ended around eight ten. They toasted for the last time, finishing the buckwheat tea in their cups.

Then they got up to leave.

Just as they reached the door, a parking attendant hurried over and anxiously asked, "Sir, is that your car? It seems like the tire is leaking."

Everyone followed the direction of his finger, their gazes falling on Belinda's car.

They followed the attendant towards the car and, under the streetlight, they could clearly see that two tires were flat.

What happened?

Belinda was very puzzled. She clearly remembered that everything was fine when she parked.

"Perhaps it accidentally hit some nails," Tristan guessed. He then put his arm around Monica's

shoulder and spoke softly, "Let's do this, I will handle Auntie's car. Uncle, you take Auntie home first."

As he spoke, he took out his phone and dialed a number, "Kevin, my tire is flat, can you send someone over to fix it?"

After hanging up, Tristan again said to Belinda, "Auntie, let Uncle take you home first. When the car is repaired, I'll have Kevin drive it over to you."

Monica secretly tugged at Algerone Swain's arm, hoping he would quickly agree to take Belinda home!

"Okay, okay, I'll take her home." Algerone Swain finally reacted, turning to Tristan, "You and Monica go ahead, don't let us hold you up."

He didn't speak initially because he was worried that Belinda would refuse. But since she didn't reject the idea and remained silent, he felt reassured.

"You go ahead, we're not in a hurry." Tristan glanced at him and then at the middle-aged woman next to him, "Auntie, get in the car."

Belinda didn't want to hold up the young people's time, and given their current location was a bit remote, hailing a taxi was virtually impossible.

So, Belinda turned to Algerone, "I'll have to trouble you."

"No trouble, it's on my way." Algerone seemed a bit reserved, "Let's go." He walked towards the car ahead, with Belinda following behind.

Tristan and Monica watched as Algerone opened the passenger door for Belinda, waited for her to get in, and then closed the door for her.

She couldn't remember the last time she had sat in his passenger seat. The feeling was both strange and familiar. As the car started, Belinda felt a bit uneasy.

"Goodbye, mom and dad!"

"Goodbye, Uncle, Auntie!"

Both of them saw the young people waving at them from outside the car window. It looked like a close-knit family. It had been a long time since the terms 'mom' and 'dad' were used together. Yet tonight, they rolled off the tongue so naturally?

Chapter 1539: What Are the Odds?

"Let's go, too." Tristan finally felt relieved, wrapping his arm around Monica, and guiding her to the passenger side of the car. He opened the car door for her, feeling as if he was taking the first step of a

long march.

Monica was a bit puzzled. Everything was fine when they arrived. How did the car tire get damaged

while they were just having a meal? What are the odds?

Tristan got into the driver's seat, buckled up, and started the car. Glancing sideways, he noticed the girl

staring at him unblinkingly, her eyes filled with suspicion.

"What's wrong?" he asked, smiling a bit sheepishly.

"Did you puncture the tire?" Monica asked, her tone more curious than accusatory.

Tristan laughed, "Wasn't I dining with you all? I didn't even go to the restroom."

"Did you have someone else do it then?" The girl changed her question, her suspicion growing

stronger.

Tristan shifted his gaze forward, his face still wearing a smile. This time, he did not refute so quickly.

His deep eyes softened as he stared into the distance. He had taken great pains and hoped everything

would go as planned.

Monica, the clever girl, already knew the answer and did not ask further. She remained silent, her heart

filled with gratitude. Tristan was really good; he treated her matters as his own and did so earnestly.

Running such a large company must keep him very busy. A CEO's daily schedule is always packed, yet he still found time to help her fulfill her dreams.

"What are you thinking?" He gently asked, his warm fingers reaching out and intertwining with hers, as if transmitting a bit of strength, "Don't worry, everything will be fine, they will reconcile."

"How can I ever repay you?" Monica turned her eyes to him, deeply moved, "You've been so kind to me, yet I have nothing to offer you."

"Love is not a business deal, it doesn't need to be win-win. I'm happy to give; there's no need for repayment," Tristan, driving the car, glanced at her, his eyes filled with laughter, "I just want you to be happy."

Monica gently rubbed his hand against her cheek, "I want you to be happy, too. I am very happy with you. Are you?"

"Of course, I am." Tristan caressed her face, "I often think of you – during meals, meetings, walks, before bed, even in dreams..."

Hearing this, she was overjoyed! Her eyes shone as she looked at him, "You're lying!"

"If I'm lying, I'm a little dog!"

"Ha ha ha ha..." Laughter and cheerful voices filled the car.

In just two minutes, Algerone Swain's car was set to arrive at the small Western-style building in the villa complex. Due to the snowy road, he was driving slowly... So, he would have an extra minute with Belinda.

The car was wrapped in silence. Without Monica as the peacemaker, the conversation between these two didn't quite know where to start.

Three minutes later, the car pulled into the yard and stopped. Belinda regained her senses and turned to look at him before unbuckling her seatbelt.

Looking at his profile, a sense of familiarity and strangeness started to linger in her heart.

Just as she was about to say thanks, Algerone Swain's phone beeped. He picked it up and saw a message from his daughter:

?Find a way to stay with Belinda for a bit, we won't be back for a while. This is all we can do for you, good luck!

Chapter 1540: A Magical Night

Belinda started to unbuckle her seatbelt, preparing to get out of the car.

"Uh..." Algerone Swain suddenly spoke up, then turned to look at her.

Belinda paused, met his gaze, and softly asked, "What's up?"

"I..." Algerone Swain thought quickly, "I'm a bit thirsty, could I come in for a drink of water?"

Belinda was momentarily stunned. Just as she was about to agree, her gaze inadvertently fell on a

bottle of mineral water in the car. It was a full bottle. She was momentarily distracted.

Algerone Swain also noticed it and quickly explained, "I've been having stomach issues lately, I can't

drink anything cold."

Belinda opened the car door, "Then come in."

Algerone Swain followed her down the stairs and into the living room. The room was instantly bathed in

light. Automatic home appliances were indeed wonderful.

Belinda headed straight for the kitchen, saying, "Have a seat for a bit. I need to boil some water. It'll be

quick, just two minutes."

"Alright, take your time," Algerone Swain stood in front of the sofa, looking around the room, wondering

how he should start the conversation. He hadn't prepared for this at all.

From the kitchen came the sound of water being drawn... After a short while, the sound of water stopped, and soon after, Belinda emerged.

Their gazes met. Algerone Swain seemed a bit constrained and almost forgot that this was actually his home.

"Please, sit," Belinda spoke softly, withdrew her gaze, and sat down on the sofa. The more time they spent together, the quieter it got, and the more unsure she felt.

"Um..." Algerone Swain began to speak, "Belinda, actually..."

Click!

"Ahh!" Belinda let out a scream, instinctively standing up.

The whole house was plunged into darkness. The power had gone out!

"Don't move!" Algerone Swain quickly took a few steps to her side and, in the darkness, grasped her arm.

Belinda had a lifelong fear of the dark that she could never overcome, a fact that Algerone Swain was aware of.

"Don't be afraid, it's okay," he comforted her just as he had when they first married over twenty years ago.

Belinda, unable to maintain her composure, tightly held onto Algerone Swain's arm, her body shivering.

Algerone Swain immediately pulled her into his arms, "Don't worry, it's okay."

Being held like this, her fear significantly subsided.

"I'll go check the fuse box," said Algerone Swain. He didn't intend to let her go, but she clung onto him, her fear resurfacing. She almost begged him not to leave.

"I..." Algerone Swain, holding her, spoke softly, "Don't worry, I'll take you with me." He glanced at the window, making an assumption, "This isn't a wide-scale power outage. The other houses have power. It might be a blown fuse or a bad connection. Trust me, I can fix it."

As he spoke, he carefully guided her towards the fuse box. Belinda cooperated.

Since it was his house, he knew exactly where to go and turned on his phone's flashlight.

Belinda was truly scared of the dark. When she was a child, a neighbor girl forced her to go into a haunted house, which scared her so much that she ended up in the hospital for two days, leaving her with a psychological trauma.

Belinda was no longer concerned about her cleanliness or properness. At that moment, all she wanted was a sense of safety. She didn't care about anything else.

Using the light from his phone, the two made their way to the fuse box. Algerone Swain freed one hand to open the box, "Don't be afraid, I'll shine the light in." Then he patted her shoulder, trying to raise his other hand.

With no arm to protect her, Belinda instinctively clutched at his shirt, shivering. She caught the unique scent of him, and his steady heartbeat caused her to space out for a moment.

This familiar yet unfamiliar sensation always tormented her unexpectedly.

Images of the past played out in her mind like a movie.