

Surprised 1541

Chapter 1541: Witnessing Happiness

Algerone Swain fiddled around in the fuse box for a bit and quickly found the cause. He then said to her in a relaxed tone, "Don't worry, it's easy to fix once you know the problem."

"Uh-huh," Belinda thought to herself, "Thank goodness he's here tonight. Otherwise... I would certainly have been scared sick."

She was the type of person who had to sleep with the lights on, which significantly affected her sleep quality.

Tonight, Algerone was like a hero.

About a minute later, click, the whole house was brightly lit.

Success!

Belinda finally breathed a sigh of relief. The tension in her body dissipated, and she felt like she had recovered from a serious illness. At the same time, she was amazed, "You even know how to fix this?"

As Belinda let go of him, she noticed he was looking at her, his gaze unwavering.

He didn't answer her question, simply staring at her with a serious expression. She wasn't sure what he

was thinking.

"Um..." The woman felt a little awkward, "Thank you."

"No need for thanks." Algerone Swain quickly closed the cable box, and when he looked at her again,

he noticed she still seemed a bit worried, her apprehension clear to him.

He said, "It's okay. I can stay with you a little longer. If you're worried about the unstable voltage, I can

wait with you for Monica to come back."

Their gazes met.

Belinda looked into his deep, dark eyes, at his mature and sincere face, and felt an indescribable

emotion swelling within her, a hint of sorrow present as well.

However, she quickly composed herself and said, "I'll check if the water is still heating." With that, she

turned and walked into the kitchen.

Algerone Swain also averted his gaze, sighing softly to himself as he sat down on the living room

couch. The woman was busy in the kitchen.

Time ticked away, the quietness around them palpable.

Not only were their children helping them, it seemed even fate was lending a hand... So, he had to

seize the time tonight.

He remembered her fragile and clingy demeanor, as though her warmth still lingered on him.

The night was tranquil.

With the New Year approaching, the evening at the leisure plaza was like a light show, and the musical fountain danced all day long.

The temperature had dropped again in the evening. The snow that had fallen yesterday hadn't had time to melt, and now more snowflakes were fluttering from the sky, delicate as catkins.

Tristan, arm around Monica's shoulder, was accompanying her on a walk along the cobblestone path in the square. Every so often, there would be a pavilion, and sometimes they would see young couples sitting there, snuggling and chatting.

"Do you see that over there? Isn't someone proposing?" Monica pointed towards a small hill where a crowd of young people had gathered, occasionally erupting in applause and cheers.

"Let's go take a look." Tristan led her toward the scene.

The spot was exactly where Tristan had confessed his feelings to Monica, and the snow lamps were

still there, the string lights on the wax plum tree still twinkling warmly.

"Darling, will you marry me?!"

From a not too close distance, they heard the voice of the protagonist through the microphone. As they approached, they saw him on one knee in front of the girl.

"Marry him, marry him, marry him!!!" The crowd cheered, clapping in rhythm.

Tristan and Monica stood amongst the crowd, witnessing the happiness of others just as others had witnessed theirs not long ago.

The girl, in her white wedding dress and wearing a crown, looked like a princess. She covered her mouth, exclaiming, "I will," tears of happiness streaming down her face.

Everyone watched as the man slid the ring onto her finger, then stood and held her tightly, as if he were holding his entire world.

Rapturous applause broke out all around!

Tristan and Monica, smiles of blessing on their faces, clapped and wished the couple well, sincerely hoping their love would last forever.

Chapter 1542: Alfie's Soulful Interrogation

At night, the expensive Emerald Bay villa was like a beacon, its lights blazing.

Tonight's dinner was especially lavish. Aubree had brought the children home for the New Year, adding much festivity to the house.

"Grandma! Why hasn't daddy come back yet?" Alfie, dressed in a little black suit, his hair slicked into style, descended the stairs in shiny little leather shoes.

Diana, wearing a white princess dress, followed her brother. Before Aubree could answer, she spotted the headlights shining from the yard, "Daddy's back! It's Daddy's car!"

The two children rushed down the stairs to greet their father, who was carrying a box as he approached.

"Daddy, what's this?"

"Is it a toy?"

"Is it a snack?"

The children blinked their sparkling eyes, full of curiosity.

Ivan Marsh, standing tall, answered with a smile, "It's a book."

The children followed him to the table and watched as he set the box down. "A book? What kind of

book? Is it for us to read?"

"No." Ivan Marsh dusted off his hands and said in a humble and eager-to-learn manner, "It's for myself to read."

The moment he finished speaking, each child took out two books from the box, and they were all shocked by the titles-

"How to Be the Emotional Pillar for the Expecting Mother?" Alfie glanced at the cover, then looked up at his father, his eyes full of surprise.

Diana also read the titles of the books in her hand, "Ten Tips for Newbie Dads?" "Must-Read for New Dads?"

Ivan Marsh had originally felt quite happy, but the children's stares made him feel a bit overwhelmed, so he hurriedly explained, "Don't get any ideas, I just..."

"Daddy, would you have been this nervous if you knew about us back then?" Alfie asked, catching him off guard.

Diana's gaze also locked onto him, "Yeah, would you have cared this much?"

"Of course!" Ivan Marsh said without thinking, confidently declaring, "If I had known about you back then, I would have married your mother a long time ago!"

"Daddy, is mommy expecting a baby brother or sister this time?" Diana quickly put down her book and asked eagerly.

Ivan Marsh reached out and picked her up, "We don't know yet, we won't be able to find out until at least four months in. Diana, would you prefer a brother or a sister?"

"I like both! As long as it's a baby born from mommy, we will love it very much!" Diana was a particularly kind-hearted child.

At this point, Alfie also spoke up, "Yeah, me too! I'll be a little man, protecting my little brother and sister!"

Soon, Jennifer came downstairs.

Dinner quickly started, and the family moved to the dining room, harmoniously together.

During dinner, Ivan Marsh suggested, "Mom, we haven't had a chance to tell Jennie's dad about her pregnancy yet. Also, Jennie's brother recently found a girlfriend. I think we can host a family dinner here tomorrow. We can formally announce these two pieces of good news to everyone, and the

children can meet their grandfather."

"Of course we can." Aubree smiled warmly, "You're an only child, and Jennie doesn't have many siblings either. In the future, we will all be one family."

"Thank you, mom." Jennifer was very touched.

Aubree praised, "Your brother Tristan is truly a business genius and a very responsible man. I've seen his interviews, and he's not ordinary. If I had a daughter, I would definitely want her to marry him! So, I also want to meet this lucky and happy girl."

Chapter 1543 Aubree has truly changed

"Her name is Monica, she's truly fortunate." Jennifer said, sipping her soup, unable to resist praising,

"We felt a good connection with her the moment we saw her."

Aubree smiled warmly, "Having a good connection is so important. It's like the magnetic field between people, I believe in it more and more."

"That's right." Ivan Marsh also chimed in, "That applies to both business partnerships and friendships."

Aubree, as if suddenly remembering something, said, "Oh, right, why don't we invite Spencer Lawrence

over for dinner tomorrow night as well? Our big family isn't complete without him, right?"

The fact that she could actively mention Spencer Lawrence was beyond Jennifer and Ivan Marsh's expectations, but they were both very happy.

"Is Uncle Spencer Lawrence coming too?" Alfie was excited, his eyes twinkling, "I'll go pick him up at the club tomorrow? I really want to play with him! He beat me before I went abroad! This time I must defeat him!"

"You've improved, but so has Uncle Spencer Lawrence." Jennifer reminded him, "People should be confident, but not overly so."

"I know, mommy!" Alfie obediently nodded, a smile on his face.

Diana turned her eyes, "Mommy, is Uncle still working on his club?" She asked in a soft and cute voice,

"I also want to play games there, it's so comfortable!"

"Yes." Jennifer reached out and stroked her daughter's little head, saying proudly, "Uncle has already started to bring glory to the country. He's not just playing games, he's leading his team to compete overseas, and he's even developed several handy software."

"Wow! Is he really that amazing?"

"I want to learn from Uncle!"

Adoration and admiration shone in the children's faces.

Ivan Marsh said to Aubree, "I was actually planning to invite Spencer Lawrence as well, but I don't know if he's too busy. The last time I saw him was probably about three months ago."

"Why don't you give him a call?" She replied while picking up food with her chopsticks, "How much time can a meal take? Besides, no matter how busy he is, he still has to eat."

"That's true," responded Ivan Marsh, "Okay, I'll contact him."

The conversation in the restaurant revolved around Spencer Lawrence. It was clear that Aubree had completely let go of any past grudges, treating Spencer Lawrence like a child of the Marsh family. Ever since Jennifer joined the family, Aubree had gradually understood some truths. The connection between people is fleeting, we only live once, so we should be less calculating and cherish our relationships more.

On the same night, the whole city was blanketed with silver, stunningly beautiful. Social media posts were filled with snowy scenes. Many citizens made snowmen, each one better than the last, turning

many places into popular photo spots.

After witnessing a marriage proposal at the leisure square, Tristan walked in the snow, holding

Monica's hand. Snowflakes were falling again. Under the streetlights, one could see the snowflakes

fluttering down, it was truly beautiful. Their fingers interlocked, Tristan was taller than her by a head,

their good looks and cute height difference made them look particularly well-matched and dazzling.

"If we can share the snow this morning, it would be like sharing a lifetime together," Tristan couldn't

help but sigh at the scene. He really wanted to continue to hold her hand and keep walking, just keep

walking...

Monica turned her gaze, feeling the gentle aura emanating from him. The curve of his smiling lips was

just right, he was calm and gentlemanly, she particularly cherished this encounter. Looking at him with

a smile of admiration, she said to him, "A life together cannot be replaced by snow, knowing you is the

best thing ever."

Tristan was slightly stunned, then turned to look at her. Their eyes met, and his smile deepened. He

then held her hand even tighter.

Chapter 1544: Rowan Watson has Double Pressure

Just like that, Monica's smile became even brighter. She then turned her gaze away, leaning her head against his shoulder as they walked.

"Monica, how did you think of becoming a piano teacher?" Tristan asked. He was a bit reluctant, "I was planning to invite you to my company and let Kevin pick ten positions for you to choose from."

"Because I don't want to work in a company," Monica answered directly. "I don't want to struggle in the workplace at all. Being a boiling frog in warm water is boring, becoming a strong woman is meaningless, I can't find my value in life, maybe people have different ambitions?"

Belinda is a living example, being busy and successful in her career, but neglecting her family, leading to divorce. Growing up in a single-parent environment, she hoped for a complete and warm family in the future.

Tristan could understand this. He didn't press, stroking her smooth hair, "Everyone has their own dreams, being a piano teacher is also quite good. I support you."

"Thank you!" Monica gave him a big smile and shared an idea, "After I gain some teaching experience, I will teach the children in the welfare home to play the piano!"

Tristan saw her kind side again. This quality makes a person shine, Tristan really loved her more and

more.

He said, "We can sponsor gifted children, or give them the choice of private schools, let them receive better education, as long as Mr. Adams agrees."

"Actually, I also had this idea. But now I am more worried about Lili. She is eight years old and has a disability in her left leg which makes it difficult for her to walk. If she joins a group life like this, she will inevitably be laughed at. Over time, she may become introverted, which will affect her life."

"We can ask Dr. Watson about this, maybe there is hope?" Tristan suggested.

Monica's eyes widened in realization, "Right! How did I not think of this??" She appeared as if she had seen hope, her entire being lighting up with excitement, "We have Dr. Watson! He will definitely have a way, right?!"

"Right, no matter what, we have to try to find him!" Then Monica discussed this matter with him.

Under the cover of night, in the snow. Claire, who had turned off her phone for the entire day, was holding hands tightly with Rowan Watson. The two were silently walking in the snow. The light from the street lamps cast long shadows of them, and when he looked up at the lamp not far away, his eyelids

felt a bit sore. The silence filled their surroundings with a hint of sadness.

Rowan Watson had recently set his phone to silent mode, as several numbers from the country of

Lurayoca kept calling. They wanted to discuss something that he was very resistant to. The last call

had been very unpleasant. Rowan Watson was under a lot of mental stress lately, which often led to his

insomnia. At this moment, he was considering whether or not to tell Claire about this matter.

He originally wanted her to face this with him, or at least she had a right to know. But Claire was not in

a good state. Their relationship was facing great opposition from the Russell family, and Rowan Watson

did not want to add to her troubles at this time. He chose to bear some of the pressure silently.

"Claire," Rowan Watson squeezed her hand, "You've been out all day with your phone off. Your family

must be worried, right?"

Claire felt a slow suffocation in her chest. She shook her head, also tightening her grip on his hand,

and smiled, "I'm all grown up now, and Mya knew when I left."

Chapter 1545: Encountered Them

Rowan Watson also knew Mya. He thought that with Mya around, the elders of the Russell family

would be much calmer. She was a girl who often cared for others.

"Claire, no matter what happens, we'll always be together, right?" Rowan Watson's voice was gentle, holding her hand and walking forward, letting the snowflakes drift onto his shoulders.

"Mhm." The girl nodded firmly, "The biggest obstacle now is my aunt and uncle. If I were their biological daughter, maybe they would let go."

She smiled, encouragingly saying to him, "But it's okay, I will keep trying! I will show them that I can be happy! I will write better works, just give me a little more time."

Actually, the biggest obstacle now was not her parents, but...

Rowan Watson stopped, turning around to stand in front of her, his hands lightly on her shoulders, his gaze gentle as he looked at her, "Claire, no matter what happens, I will unwaveringly go towards you, from all sides, remember this, wait for me."

Such a touching confession, coupled with this snowy night, was simply too romantic, just like a scene from a drama. But, it also carried a hint of sadness that Claire did not notice.

Facing his affectionate gaze, Claire smiled, standing on her toes to kiss his lips, just a brief kiss, but it contained her deep love for him.

"Dr. Watson, I love you, you can also repeatedly confirm with me." Claire tilted her head, her eyes

sparkling as she looked at him, like a little angel.

The two shared a smile, he nodded, "Alright, I will confirm with you."

He put his arm around her shoulders, leading her to keep moving forward, somewhat aimlessly, but

each moment was very precious to them.

"Are we going to keep walking like this tonight?"

"Not just tonight, we need to keep walking like this forever..."

As they walked, they inevitably saw two familiar figures, Tristan and Monica appeared in Rowan

Watson and Claire's sight.

Tristan and Monica also happened to see them.

The pure snowflakes were still falling, fluttering around.

Everyone continued walking, stopping only when they were less than two meters apart.

Their gazes met, all four of them smiling. It had been a long time since they had seen each other,

though they were in the same city, everyone was busy with their own things, such is adulthood.

Then, at Tristan's suggestion, they all decided to go to a restaurant for hotpot, a winter staple.

The 'Spicy Red' hotpot restaurant near the square, with its vibrant and festive decor, was full of the New Year spirit.

A group of young waitstaff, wearing red aprons, displayed considerable enthusiasm as they intermittently chanted slogans, infusing the winter with a vibrant energy. They ordered a Yin-Yang hotpot and sufficient portions of meat and vegetables. Despite the restaurant being busy with many customers, mostly young couples, the waitstaff were quick to serve.

"Congratulations to you," Claire opened a can of beer, raising it for a toast, sincerely wishing them a lasting relationship and an early marriage. Monica and Tristan, along with Rowan Watson, popped open cans of Sprite, as Rowan would need to drive later.

"Claire, you drink?" Monica looked at her in surprise, "I accept your blessing, thank you!"

Chapter 1546 Claire Gets Drunk

Claire shook her head with a smile, "I don't usually drink, but I really want to now." She was feeling blue and wanted to drown her sorrows in alcohol.

"Cheers!" Seeing everyone with a drink in hand, Claire stood, "Here's to you, and here's to us!"

Everyone stood and clinked glasses, "May we all be happy! Cheers!"

A hotpot meal was a confession to winter, and also a ritual for snowy days. Rowan Watson had a gentle demeanor and spent the whole time quietly accompanying Claire. Claire ate hotpot and drank four cans of beer, her face always adorned with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

This was her first time drinking. Her cheeks and neck had turned red, but this tipsy feeling made her happy. Tristan and Monica chatted with Claire, sensing her long-repressed emotions and trying to help her vent.

However, Claire concealed her inner sadness behind her smiles, acting cheerful throughout the evening. She didn't want her friends to worry about her. Meanwhile, a series of overseas calls from Lurayoka kept hitting Rowan Watson's phone, which was on silent.

About two hours later, everyone had their fill. As Claire stood up, her steps faltered and she fell towards Rowan Watson, who quickly caught her, "Be careful!"

"I'm okay..." Claire's head was spinning. She had taken off her down jacket because the hotpot dinner made her feel too hot. Rowan Watson intended to help her put it back on, and Monica also came over to help, "Claire, you are really drunk. Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

"I'm fine, I still remember who you are. You are Monica, Tristan's girlfriend." Claire was a little hot and

dizzy, her thoughts drifting, and she felt a bit sleepy. "I also remember who I am." Her speech was a bit slurred, "I am Claire, a woman who would do anything for love. I can be without money, but I cannot be without love."

Monica helped her put on her jacket, looking at her rosy cheeks, those cute little dimples were really attractive!

"I won't go home, Dr. Watson, I won't go back..." Claire mumbled, "If I go back, I won't be able to come out again. I don't want to be separated from you."

Tristan, understanding their situation, calmly asked Rowan Watson, "What do you plan to do now? I mean right now, at this moment." He then turned his gaze to the drunk girl.

Claire was lying in Rowan Watson's arms, her eyes closed as if she had fallen asleep. From the moment Rowan failed to dissuade Claire from drinking, he had been contemplating what to do tonight.

He didn't immediately answer Tristan's question, clearly unsure of his next step. Tristan had considered all aspects and said, "You two should stay at my place tonight. This is the best solution."

"Is it convenient?" Rowan Watson, holding the drunk Claire, looked gratefully at Tristan.

"Of course."

So, Monica and Rowan Watson helped Claire into Rowan Watson's car, and she got into Tristan's car.

Tristan led the way.

"I'm sorry, I might not be able to get you home before ten." Tristan was a very punctual person.

"That's okay." Monica was very understanding, "Belinda has already agreed to our relationship, she

won't be too strict about the time."

Tristan reached out and held her hand, intertwining their fingers. As long as she was by his side, he

wanted to hold her hand like this, as if it had become a habit.

Chapter 1547 Finnley Russell's words were straight to the point

Tristan drove with one hand, looking ahead. In fact, his and Monica's situation was much better than

Claire's and Dr. Watson's.

Everyone was very clear that if they sent the drunk Claire back to the Russell family, the elders would

have an even worse impression of Dr. Watson.

And if Dr. Watson took Claire back to his place for the night, the Russell family elders who didn't see

her all night would definitely find their way to Dr. Watson's house the next day. That situation was also

unimaginable...

So going to Tristan's house was the safest option.

That night, at the Russell family residence.

In the living room, Violet called Dr. Watson's phone over and over, but he just wouldn't pick up. Violet was fuming!

"How can he be so rude?! In this day and age when no one is without their phone, he actually doesn't answer my calls!"

As she got angry, Violet then became anxious, "Mya, do you think they might have eloped?!"

"Mom, maybe he's in the operating room? He's a doctor, have you considered that possibility?"

Mya, with her big belly, consoled, "Dr. Watson won't elope. He has a whole hospital to run, he's not that irresponsible. "

But Violet was incredibly worried, both agitated and angry. "Claire's phone has been off this whole time, and Rowan Watson still isn't picking up either. Something must have happened, this is not normal!"

Seeing her mother-in-law so anxious, Mya felt that letting Claire go out on her own that morning was ill-advised. She now felt very guilty, and was also worried about Claire's safety. Why would she turn off

her phone when everything was fine!

Mya didn't know what to say for a moment, she just knitted her brows lightly in silence as she accompanied her mother-in-law.

Just then, a pair of headlights shone in from the yard.

Finnley Russell finally returned after leaving Marsh Group and briefly stopping by his own company.

As soon as he entered the living room, he could sense something was off tonight. After asking about it, he learned of Claire's situation, as well as how she had left in the morning and still had not returned.

Finnley Russell could feel his mother's anxiety and urgency. He put his arm around his wife's shoulder, then lightly said to his mother, "What's there to worry about? At least we know she's alive now, right?

Do we really want to drive her insane?"

"... " Violet's chest heaved slightly as she slowly turned to look at her son. "Did I drive her? I'm worried about her!"

Finnley Russell met his mother's gaze and nodded, saying gently, "Yes, you did, otherwise she wouldn't have left like that, holding scissors to her throat. This home... no longer provides her with support and

warmth."

Is that so?

Violet contemplated her son's words. She suddenly felt her heart tearing apart. "I'm just afraid..." her

voice trembled slightly, "I'm afraid she won't be happy..." She really was very anxious as well.

"If she and Dr. Watson break up, she won't be happy. If she's with Dr. Watson, she'll feel happy,"

Finnley Russell said to his mother. "What you think will make her happy won't actually make her happy.

True happiness is something she has to feel for herself."

"..." Violet pursed her lips tightly, her back involuntarily stiffening.

She had heard and absorbed her son's words tonight, to some degree.

Mya secretly tugged Finnley Russell, hoping he wouldn't speak so directly even though this was the

truth.

But Finnley Russell just patted his mother on the shoulder, "Give them some time and space. They're

not talking marriage yet anyway, so leave it to time. If she's unhappy, she'll come back herself."

Then Finnley Russell turned to his wife, "Dear, come with me upstairs." And led her up.

Mya really wanted to help Claire, because she was also a young person, a woman who could throw

caution to the wind for love.

It was love! How hard it was to encounter in this world!

Miss it and you may never meet it again in your whole life. Settling, compromising, how tragic would life

be?

Chapter 1548 They were caught by the children

After going upstairs, Mya and Finnley Russell entered the bedroom.

He took out a small box from his pocket, opened it and took out the necklace inside, then put it directly

on her, "This is a necklace from our company that I designed, one of a kind in the world. Pregnancy is

tiring, I hope you like it."

"Thank you darling." Mya smiled happily, "You've given me enough gifts already, don't spend so much."

"When are we going to see Dad?"

Mya asked, "Do you have time the day after tomorrow?"

"Definitely."

Finnley Russell cupped her face and kissed her forehead, then went down on one knee, gently

pressing his ear against her protruding belly, "Has baby been good today? Did you kick Mommy?"

"He's been so good today, waiting for Daddy to come home the whole time." Mya's smile radiated with maternal brilliance.

As the night grew late.

After taking care of Rowan Watson and Claire, Tristan drove Monica home.

By now it was almost half past ten. As he drove, he racked his brain for excuses to give Belinda later.

Tristan held the steering wheel with one hand, while his other hand reached over to interlock fingers with Monica.

"Monica, come to my place early tomorrow morning," Tristan said to her. "Come have breakfast at my place."

"Okay."

After a while, Monica turned and asked him, "Will the Russells find you there?"

"Not tonight, but maybe tomorrow morning. So it'll be better if you're there too for Dr. Watson to explain." Tristan was even imagining what the situation would be like tomorrow.

"Don't worry, I'll come over early," Monica was a very clever girl. "I'll just say I kept Claire company for

the night."

That was what Tristan meant as well.

Unknowingly, the car had arrived at the villa complex. Monica inadvertently saw the familiar vehicle parked in the yard not far away, and she was shocked. "My dad is still here??"

Tristan also looked in that direction, and indeed saw Algerone's car.

They were both a bit surprised.

So Tristan pulled over and stopped the car. From his angle, he could see the two people sitting on the sofa in the living room of the townhouse.

Algerone Swain and Belinda were chatting over tea, the atmosphere seemed quite peaceful. Under the lamplight, they could see the coziness inside.

Monica just watched like that, needless to say she was overjoyed, her expression had clearly changed.

She was excited, smiling as she gently gazed at the once married couple through the window...

"My dad and my mom... can actually spend so much time alone together, it's simply a miracle!" She couldn't help it and tears welled up in her eyes.

Tristan was also very moved. He squeezed her hand and when he turned to look at her, she also

withdrew her gaze back to him. The girl's smile was bright as the moon, dazzling Tristan's eyes.

His smile was gentle, "Everything will get better and better, let's work hard together."

At that moment, in the well-lit living room of the townhouse.

Algerone Swain talked to Belinda with a smile about the development history of his company over the

years, "It's been a bumpy road, growing little by little, still not feeling grown up yet, and in a flash I

already have white hair." He was also a little sentimental.

They drank cup after cup of tea, and Belinda was also very interested in what he had to say, like an old

friend.

They didn't talk about feelings, only work, so even with just the two of them it wasn't too awkward.

But Algerone Swain inadvertently glanced over, and he saw Tristan's parked car not far away. His heart

gave a little lurch. When did they come back?

Seeing him zoning out, Belinda followed his gaze and also saw Tristan's car. She was slightly startled

as well, and the smile disappeared from her face.

"It's getting late." Algerone Swain returned to his senses. He put down his cup and stood up, "I should

get going first." He smiled at her, then quickly strode towards the living room door.

Belinda also stood up, without even a chance to say goodbye as she watched his figure disappear from

the living room doorway. Her heart suddenly felt empty.

Chapter 1549 Tristan's specific instructions

Sitting in the passenger seat, Monica saw her father come out. She quickly got out of the car, but

before she could take two steps, she saw Algerone swiftly get in his car and drive away swiftly, as if not

wanting to see them.

"Hey..." Monica didn't even get a chance to speak before he was gone. She halted her steps, "How

could he leave?" Watching as the car drove off in the opposite direction.

Monica knitted her brow and sighed, then went back to the driver's seat. "Bye, you sleep early too!"

She smiled and waved at Tristan.

Tristan's eyes were deep and gentle. "Good night." He waved back at her as well.

Watching as the girl strode towards the living room.

Tristan saw her enter before starting the car again.

When Algerone Swain got home, the first thing he did after getting out of the car was to check on the

roses he had painstakingly transplanted over. He was worried they were too delicate to withstand the cold weather and would wither away this winter.

That night, Rowan Watson stayed by Claire's side taking care of her, accompanying her.

Taking out his phone, he saw dozens of missed calls from Violet. He felt very guilty, and planned to call back tomorrow morning after Claire sobered up to let them know they were alright, so they wouldn't worry.

There were also dozens of calls from Luyocca. In that distant country, they must have gone through a lot of effort to try and find him. Even though he had changed his name and rarely made public appearances.

"Don't leave me..." Lying in bed, Claire turned over and grabbed Rowan Watson's hand with eyes shut tight and brows knitted, head a little splitting. In a daze she said, "Don't leave me, Rowan Watson, I don't want to be apart from you..."

"I'm here, we're not splitting up." Rowan Watson sat down by the bed, leaned over and stroked her forehead. Good thing she didn't have a fever. He said in her ear in a low voice, "I'm by your side, Claire. I won't go anywhere. Be good and rest well."

"You're so busy every day, you have to take care of your health. I'll worry about you." Claire's stomach

felt very uncomfortable, but she lay on her side hugging his waist, still very concerned about him.

From her bones she admired and loved this man.

Rowan Watson's brows furrowed, his eyes full of tenderness. "Okay, I promise you." Then he gently

pressed a light kiss to her forehead. "Be good and sleep now. I'm not going anywhere."

He also tucked the blanket around her again, still tightly holding her hand. Rowan Watson stayed by

her side faithfully.

He didn't want to answer the calls from Luyocca, but he also knew this wasn't an issue that could be

resolved by not answering the phone.

Spending the night at Claire's bedside, Rowan Watson's thoughts drifted far away. He was very

troubled, to tell the truth he really felt mentally exhausted.

The moon set and the sun rose, a beautiful new day began.

The snow had stopped, the yard was covered in thick snowdrifts, everything bright and clear.

Tristan came downstairs to the kitchen where the servants were already busy cooking breakfast.

"Jane, you're making chicken soup?" Tristan smelled the fragrance.

"Good morning, Sir." The middle aged woman stopped what she was doing and turned to look at him

with a smile. "Yes, it's almost done."

"Did you add salt?" Tristan asked.

Jane shook her head. "Not yet, I was going to add it when I open the lid later."

"Don't add it then." Tristan had a gentle smile, speaking casually to her. "Remember, absolutely do not add salt."

Jane didn't understand. "Not even a little?"

"None." Tristan was very certain, then left.

Jane watched his departing figure, truly confused. With no salt at all, it really wouldn't taste good.

Lightly salted chicken soup was the most delicious.

But since Mr. Tristan said not to add it, then she wouldn't.

Chapter 1550 Contacting Finnley Russell

Early in the morning, everything was snow white.

Monica called Tristan, "Hello, the snow is too thick, hard to drive, so I walked over."

"Where are you now?" Tristan quickly looked out into the yard but didn't see anyone yet. He grabbed his car keys and went out.

A few minutes later, Tristan's car pulled up next to Monica, the tires covered in snow. Monica stood in the snow looking at him, deeply moved, unable to help smiling.

She got into the passenger seat, "Thanks for coming to get me!" She stretched her legs out to shake the thick snow off her boots.

"If you're not good at driving, you should have called me earlier. I would have come directly to pick you up from home, instead of you walking all this way for nothing." Tristan didn't blame her, just worried about her.

Monica drew her legs back in and closed the door, turning to look at him. "It's fine, what are legs for if not walking right? Plus driving really wouldn't have been safe, the snow is too thick, you can't even see the road at all."

"But I know the way, I'm an experienced driver." Tristan started turning the car around. "Did Belinda say anything when you went back last night?"

"No." Monica was very curious. "I don't know what my dad talked to her about for two whole hours, she

didn't reveal one bit."

"Whatever they talked about, given your mom's personality, it's already not easy that she let Uncle Swain sit there for two hours. I think the remarriage will happen very soon," Tristan was confident.

"Let's keep working hard."

"That would be so great, my life's biggest wish is about to come true! I have to plan a grand wedding for them!" Monica was in a great mood, all sorts of beautiful scenes flashing through her mind.

After a while, she asked, "How's Claire? Did she feel uncomfortable last night?"

"Even if she felt uncomfortable, wasn't there a doctor by her side?" Tristan wasn't worried at all. "I don't know, I just woke up."

"The Russell elders haven't come looking yet right?" Monica asked. "Should we call and contact them?"

They must be pretty anxious with her missing a whole night."

"Let's see how Claire is first."

"Okay."

The car quickly pulled into the yard. After getting out with Monica, Tristan strode towards the living

room, leaving deep and shallow footprints in the snow.

At this time, Rowan Watson and Claire had just come downstairs. She was holding a bowl of hangover

tea. Although she felt much better after sleeping, Rowan Watson insisted she drink a bowl.

After coming in, everyone greeted each other. Rowan Watson and Claire expressed their gratitude to

Tristan.

Seeing that Claire was doing alright, Tristan asked her, "Text your brother your location so he knows

you're safe? They must be very worried since you didn't go home all night."

Claire held the bowl of tea. She thought about it, then nodded. She couldn't just run away from home

like this. She had to contact her family sooner or later.

"You drink your tea, I'll send the text." With her consent, Tristan sent a message to Finnley Russell,

who soon replied that he would come get her shortly.

"Mr. Tristan, breakfast is ready." Jane's voice sounded as she came over with a smile, looking at

everyone. "Good morning everyone, good morning Miss Swain." The house hadn't been this lively in a

long time.

"Good morning." Monica's smile was gentle.

Tristan led everyone towards the dining room. "Let's have breakfast first then."

They had just entered the dining room when the rich aroma of chicken soup wafted over. Jane had prepared four bowls, filling each one halfway and placing them in front of everyone.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After Jane went back to the kitchen, everyone started eating. As Tristan drank the soup, he was very calm.

Monica took a sip then looked up. "How come there's no salt in this?"