

## **Surprised 1591**

### Chapter 1591: Successfully Entering the Palace

"Will Ivan agree to help us? Can we become friends even if the deal goes through?" Julie still had her worries.

Katherine's lips curled up as if victory was at hand. She admired her newly done nails, "Relationships take time to nurture, don't they? And everything must be done step-by-step. I do have some experience handling men."

With her beauty, Julie believed that. But she wasn't sure if those tactics would work on Ivan.

What they didn't know was that Ivan and Prince Louis were best friends.

Soon, Ivan's special licensed car was let through directly at the main gate of the royal palace.

The gate guards even saluted them respectfully.

Sitting in the car entering palace grounds, Claire couldn't help but look out the window. It was the first

time in her life entering a castle. Witnessing those buildings in person was extremely shocking.

As far as the eye could see, the majestic grand castles made her feel awestruck.

This was the beauty of history, the inheritance of culture. Having withstood the winds and rains for over

a hundred years, yet still standing tall.

For a writer, such beauty was absolutely soul-stirring.

But Claire had no mind to appreciate it. After the initial shock, she pulled back her thoughts and started

looking for Rowan with her eyes.

Which palace might he be staying at?

Would she get to see him on this palace visit?

Claire also secretly memorized the route the car took. She had to do her utmost to remember this

place.

Just as her eyes found nothing, the car stopped in front of a palace. She also snapped back to

attention.

Someone came up quickly to greet them and opened the car door, bowing respectfully, "Welcome,

Ivan."

Although this was the royal palace, Ivan's stature internationally could still be seen.

"Greetings Ivan. Welcome on your long trip!"

Ivan stepped out with his long legs. His aura was gentle.

Claire got out of the car after him. The golden glazed tiles of the palace before them were gleaming brightly under the sun.

An elegantly dressed woman in her forties to fifties with very refined features walked out of the palace.

She was accompanied by a short-haired woman in light blue military uniform and white boots.

The two life-like peacock sculptures at the entrance were very eye-catching, with good symbolic meaning. Claire guessed her identity - she must be very noble.

Was she Queen Katherine?

This was Claire's first time seeing her. Her skin condition really looked great, and she dressed very tastefully, quite elegant.

She wasn't Rowan's birth mother. Could she be Rowan's number one enemy?

"Greetings, Ivan," the queen had a smile on her face as she came to a stop before them. Though her gaze stayed on Ivan the entire time. "You've traveled far, it must have been tiring."

There was admiration and reverence in her eyes, along with liking.

"Your Majesty," Ivan's tone was calm. He also glanced at Claire, "Let me introduce, this is Queen

Katherine, consort to the current king."

"Your Majesty," Claire smiled and spoke gently. She bowed, looking at the woman before her with admiring and envious eyes.

It greatly satisfied the queen's vanity.

"She is my assistant, Claire," Ivan directly gave her an identity.

Of course Ivan's assistant would also be a big shot here, though she looked much younger.

Katherine was even a little envious of the girl. She didn't dare slight her at all, "Nice to meet you, Claire." She took the initiative to shake Claire's hand.

Then Katherine introduced Julie, the head of her guard. Julie also politely greeted everyone.

They first went into the queen's palace to rest for a bit, had some tea, and took a short break from the trip before discussing project matters later.

Chapter 1592: An Opportunity

During tea, Katherine talked about the castle park to be built - its size, purpose, and some of her own ideas.

Ivan looked at the men around him and said, "They are all famous architects from my company, so feel

free to discuss any ideas in detail with them."

"That's wonderful," Katherine smiled the entire time. "I'll arrange proper accommodations for them.

They can start drafting and designing here. Of course I'll also prepare an independent room for you.

After all, the initial stage of everything takes a lot of coordination."

"Thank you," Ivan said while drinking his tea. "I'll come by often, but won't be here everyday. The

company headquarters are in Arkpool City after all, some important matters still require me to handle

them personally. I'll keep the royal castle build in mind."

"I understand," Katherine was finally relieved. As long as he didn't disappear, and there were

opportunities to interact with him, she was confident she could get close to him.

After about an hour, when everyone was well rested, Ivan suggested, "Your Majesty, shall we go take a

look at the site now? So the architects can get a feel for it."

"Sure."

And so the group set off again, following Katherine, Julie, and Katherine's guards towards the exterior

of the palace.

Along the way, they chatted about the project. But everyone noticed something strange.

A military truck was parked in front of a nearby palace. Over a dozen people were helping to move potted plants from the flatbed.

Most were in full bloom, looking quite beautiful under the sunlight. Some were lush with foliage but not flowering.

Everyone inevitably slowed their footsteps. Katherine was even more puzzled.

Just then, some servants holding potted plants passed by them. "Your Majesty," they greeted her and headed towards the nearby palace.

Claire figured it must be some princess's palace.

"Hey!" Katherine directly stopped one of the passing servants. "What's going on? Why so many flowers?"

"Queen Katherine, they are all Prince Louis's. He went to the flower market this morning and picked a lot to bring back, saying he wanted to add a touch of spring to the palace."

Katherine slowly let go of her hand. Louis? A touch of spring?

The servant bowed to her again. "May I go now?" Seeing that the queen didn't stop her, she headed

off.

From Queen Katherine and Captain Julie's expressions, Claire could ascertain that this Prince Louis

was Rowan.

Ivan had the same guess.

But why did he get so many flowers and plants?

Rowan was definitely not the sort to leisurely appreciate flowers. And he treasured time, he wouldn't do

meaningless things. What message was he trying to convey with these?

Ivan was pondering it.

Just before the group started moving again, Ivan spoke calmly, "Claire, don't you like lily of the valley

too?"

Claire looked back at him and listened as he continued, "But you can never keep them alive. Why don't

you take this chance to ask Prince Louis for some tips on caring for them?"

Claire understood. The corners of her lips rose. "Okay." She nodded slightly to Katherine and Julie,

then headed straight for the nearby palace.

Julie's eyes darkened, about to give chase. But Katherine's gaze was on Ivan. She said, "Isn't she your

assistant? Can she be allowed to do other things during work hours?"

"She's my assistant, but also my sister," Ivan said gently with a smile. "My aunt's daughter. Still a college student, just interning at the company."

Chapter 1593: When Princess Annie Was Three

I see... a sister?

Because this explanation made sense, Katherine relaxed her vigilance and smiled. "No wonder she looks quite innocent and comfortable. Since that's the case, shall we go then? No need to wait for her."

"Sure."

And so the group resumed walking, even the usually alert Julie let down her doubts.

With Prince Louis' wariness, he definitely wouldn't get close to someone easily. Julie was a little worried the girl would get rejected outright.

At that moment, in the nearby palace, the servants were setting pot after pot of flowers and plants in the yard.

Many were also carried indoors.

Rowan stood by the desk in the side hall. The drawer was open and he held an old photo in his hand,



gazing sadly at the little girl in the picture.

It was a family photo from twenty years ago.

In the photo, the scrawny young him held his cute and fair little sister Princess Annie, who was only

three then. Her baby teeth hadn't fully grown in yet. Her smile revealed two little dimples, very sweet.

The photo was taken in summer. The chubby sister wore a strap dress, revealing two distinct moles on

her exposed right shoulder.

On her right hand was a red braided rope bracelet with an adjustable length.

The playful sister would take off any accessory put on her, perhaps her baby skin was too delicate and

she just didn't like wearing them.

Only this bracelet handwoven by Father did she really like. She wouldn't even let the nanny take it off

when bathing.

Looking at his sister's smiling face, Rowan's longing surged again.

He took out another red braided rope bracelet from the drawer, with a "Ann" charm on it, his own.

Holding the photo in one hand and touching his bracelet with the other, Rowan's thoughts drifted

away...

Sister, where exactly are you?

The year Annie was three, on the day she disappeared, Father and Mother had taken them out of the palace in commoner disguises to a parent-child theme park for a day of fun.

It was a wonderfully ordinary day out for the family of four. No entourage, no restrictions.

They ate many commoner foods they had never tried in the palace.

Around dusk, passing an inflatable castle, Annie's eyes were deeply drawn to it.

Mother and Father decided to let him take Annie in to play.

The castle was very tall and soft, the most beloved cartoon figure for children.

He had looked after the three-year-old sister the entire time. Just as everyone was playing excitedly, suddenly the power went out.

The inflatable castle instantly started deflating, sending all the kids directly crashing down with panicked screams echoing in the air.

He immediately realized something was wrong then, and reached out to grab Annie, but she rolled down the sagging cushion...

"Annie!! Annie!!" At that moment, he was scared witless.

Rushing down after her, Annie was already gone. Many children were injured, the crying, shouting, and parents' panicked voices were extremely chaotic!

"Annie! Annie!!"

He had desperately searched like mad, shouting himself hoarse, not even noticing his own wounded arm.

Father and Mother were also crazy with anxiety. Everyone was looking for their own children.

Screams and cries everywhere... Piercing the ears.

But after two hours, still no trace of Annie.

In those two hours, due to the inflatable castle accident, five very young children had gone missing.

Later investigations discovered it to be a premeditated human trafficking case. Father had deployed a lot of military forces to look for the five children. Following the clues, only four were found. Annie completely disappeared.

From that year on, Father amended the Lu Layuoka laws to death penalty for human trafficking, carried

out immediately on sufficient evidence.

#### Chapter 1594: Meeting in the Palace

That year marked the end of Lu Layuoka's human trafficking ring.

Because she could never find her younger sister, their mother grew despondent and eventually passed away from melancholy.

That same year was also when Rowan resolved to become a doctor! However, his father was vehemently opposed to the idea, leading to a rift in their relationship and sending it into a frigid winter.

With his sister's disappearance on top of that, Rowan was wracked with guilt. He did not want to selfishly enjoy the prosperity and nobility of royal life when his sister was missing. He felt he did not deserve it.

His sister and mother's absence also left him feeling stifled. He wanted to go out and search for his sister.

So Rowan left a letter and departed from the royal family, swearing not to return until he found his sister.

In the blink of an eye, twenty years went by...

He had been through so much, from hope to despair, but there was still no trace of his sister.

At least he had completed his medical studies, which was some small comfort.

But now his father had been poisoned by a slow-acting toxin for five years, which made Rowan incredibly distressed. Was fate playing a cruel joke on him?

By this time, Claire had arrived at the palace gates. She could only guess that Prince Louis was Rowan, but had no way to be completely certain.

She saw a servant standing by the gates and cautiously walked over. The servant stopped her, "Miss, have you come to the wrong place?"

Claire had no choice but to stop. She peeked inside but did not see anyone. Still, she had to confirm if this Prince Louis was Rowan or not.

Putting on a friendly smile, she very politely said to the servant, "Hello, I'm here to see Prince Louis."

In a side hall inside the palace, Rowan vaguely heard Claire's familiar voice, like a dream.

He quickly glanced towards the gates, then put down the photos and cords in his hands and closed the drawer. He strode out towards the gates.

At the gates, the servant turned around upon hearing footsteps. "Prince, this young lady wants to see

you and I stopped her. Who is she to you? Do you know each other? Maybe she should call you first?"

"..." Of course she had no way to call him.

Claire was blocked, and anxiously peeked inside. Just as she was at a loss for what to do and the

servant was about to chase her away, she suddenly saw Rowan emerge!

The familiar sight of him walking towards the gates filled Claire with complex emotions...

Rowan's heart was also in turmoil as he strode over.

Their eyes met. Claire held her breath, the joy and peace in her heart indescribable.

It really was him!

Prince Louis really was him!

"What's going on?" Rowan's gaze fell on the servant, and he also saw Claire. He walked towards the

gates, his expression cold and calm.

The servant turned around upon hearing him and said, "Prince, this young lady wants to see you but I

stopped her."

Mindful of what she had seen on his Facebook, Claire clearly understood their circumstances.

So she replied with a smile, "Prince, I saw a lot of gardenias being delivered here." She looked around the yard as she spoke.

Rowan stopped in front of her, his tranquil gaze settling on her face.

The dark circles under her eyes were so heavy, had she not been sleeping well?

Claire brought her gaze back to meet his. She continued, "I really like raising those plants too, but I can never get them to thrive. So I came to get some tips on caring for them."

Their eyes locked. With the servant present, both maintained a calm exterior, like veteran actors.

This was the first time they had seen each other since parting ways, and they tacitly pretended to be strangers.

The servant did not notice anything amiss either.

Rowan did not immediately answer Claire's question. Instead, he addressed the servant, "Please go purchase ten more potted gardenias. I want to give them to this young lady."

He then said to Claire, "There's no special trick to raising flowers, just differences between varieties.

Yours must be a difficult breed."

The servant was slightly surprised but answered, "Of course, it will take some time though. The nearby

florists are all sold out, so I'll have to go further away."

"Very well, go on then," Rowan nodded.

Chapter 1595: Just a Cover

As the servant bowed and left, Rowan said to Claire, "Please come in and sit. There are some minor

techniques and experience involved in raising flowers after all." His tone was still cool and distant.

"I love gardenias. I couldn't grow them well at first either, but with time and experience, I got the hang of

it. Different varieties have different survival rates."

The servant's footsteps faded away.

Claire looked at Rowan with a smile, her emotions already complicated...

Rowan turned and strode into the palace, feeling the same whirlwind inside.

Claire followed him in, gazing at his tall, straight back. Her heart ached for him.

Was there no one trustworthy by his side in this deep palace?

Rowan halted in the middle of the hall and knitted his brows, displeased, worried for her, also puzzled

how she had gotten in.



Most of all, he missed her and was trying to restrain himself...

Claire stopped a meter behind him. She knew he was angry.

In a soft voice she explained, "Ivan came, he's at the royal palace. I came in with him. I wouldn't have come in otherwise."

Rowan whipped around in shock and astonishment!

"He wanted me to understand your circumstances," Claire continued.

Their eyes locked intensely. Rowan had no time to delay, so he told her directly, "I only grow flowers as a cover. Two-thirds are ornamentals, one-third medicinal herbs. My father was poisoned with a slow-acting toxin, it's been going on for five years."

Since she came with Ivan, she must know of his identity already.

As he spoke, Rowan walked over to the table. Claire didn't know what he was doing and just followed a few steps. She saw him pick up paper and pen.

He went on, "I have to stay and help him detox first. His organs have started failing. I still need to find the culprit and root out the poison in this royal house. So I won't be returning to Arkpool City for now.

You all take care of yourselves."

"How can we help you?" Claire said softly. "I've been learning Arabic lately. Does that skill allow me to stay?"

She then told him about Queen Katharine asking the Marsh Group to build a castle park. How could she think of castle parks when the King's health was declining so badly? It made Rowan puzzled.

Claire added, "Ivan's team will remain here, and can assist you when needed. He himself will come by often too."

Rowan nodded. With a few swift strokes he finished writing and folded the note to hand to Claire.

"What's this?" She did not look at it but slipped it directly into her pocket, lest anyone else see it.

"Give it to Jennifer," Rowan said.

"Alright!" She knew it must be something very important.

Just then, someone entered. The person came over and bowed respectfully, "Prince, the King wishes to see you."

"Very well, I'll go immediately." Rowan's tranquil gaze settled on him.

The man glanced between the two of them before retreating to the doorway to wait, indicating Rowan

and Claire's time was short.

"Is there a translation department in the palace?" Claire asked softly. She was determined to help him.

"I know Arabic."

"There used to be one, I'm not sure now." A flash of inspiration hit Rowan and he asked directly, "Are you willing to stay by my father's side?"

Huh?

Claire was stunned. Rowan's tone was light but his eyes resolute. "To help me find the culprit."

Stay by the King's side?

Like staying beside a tiger... The ordinary girl Claire couldn't help but feel some trepidation, but still

nodded, "I'm willing."

In truth, she wanted to stay by his side more.

Rowan did not tell her his plans, as he still needed to arrange things. Only once it was smooth sailing could he have her transferred over. Doing so directly would be too conspicuous.

"I have to go now," Rowan told her. "Find Ivan, and be sure to give the note to Jennifer."

Chapter 1596 Rowan's Suggestion

"Don't worry." Claire looked at him, then turned and left.

As for Rowan, gazing at her receding figure, he was suddenly overwhelmed by longing, wanting so much to hold her in his arms... but he couldn't, he had to keep his distance from her, it was for her own good.

She was his soft spot, but he didn't want anyone to see it.

After Claire left, Rowan also strode out, following the guards towards his father's palace.

No matter what his father was looking for him for, he could try to arrange for an Arab doctor, which would make finding a translator a matter of course.

Half an hour later.

In the luxurious bedroom of the king's palace, Rowan and his uncle Eden and Arthur were there with the royal doctor to examine the king's health.

The royal doctor's skills were already quite amazing, and he had gained recognition among the nobles and officials in the royal family. Minor illnesses were treated by him, and he had even set up a private hospital here.

But compared to Rowan, he was not on the same level.

The king's health was declining day by day. Right now he was lying in bed with his eyes closed, thinking back to what his son had said yesterday, and he felt a chill down his spine.

Who exactly had sinister intentions? Who had been slowly poisoning him for a full five years? And with such patience?

Could it really be Katharine? Although there was no evidence, she was the most suspicious.

Over the years, he had given her all his energy and love. If it really was her, it would be so chilling.

The royal doctor was still examining the king.

Rowan was silent for a long time before finally speaking up, "Doctor, I want to find an Arab doctor for my father."

Upon hearing this, the doctor turned his eyes and bluntly asked, "Prince, are you questioning my medical skills?"

Hmph, how could I not question them?

Failing to detect such a simple case of chronic poisoning for five full years... Rowan met his gaze and spoke calmly, "Of course not."

As for his father's condition, the doctor had indeed done his best. Rowan could see that, and did not blame him. It was just that there were inherent differences in ability between people.

At this time, the king slowly opened his eyes and looked at his son, asking, "What's going on? Why do you want to find an Arab doctor?"

"Father, I've just heard that Arab doctors do research in some peculiar fields. Maybe they can cure your illness. Their medical books are not publicly circulated either."

Eden's brow furrowed slightly. Arabia?

He thought to himself, no matter how amazing they were, could they be more amazing than the royal doctor? But he could understand Louis' filial piety.

He did not interrupt or offer his own suggestions either.

Before the doctor could say anything else, the king spoke up, "Alright, do as Louis suggests and invite an Arab doctor to come."

He said to his son, "I'll leave this matter to you to arrange."

Although the king didn't know what his son's intention for doing this was, he knew very clearly that he had to cooperate fully.

Of course, the doctor was not unhappy either. He too hoped the king would get better.

It was just that he felt that even he himself couldn't cure the king's illness, so how could anyone else who came over possibly cure it?

He was a little capable, a little arrogant, and a little conceited as well.

The king was fated to die within these next few months. The desire to live was human instinct.

He also hoped very much that the Arab doctor who was invited over would be a miracle worker who could cure the king's illness.

At this time, Queen Katharine was accompanying Ivan and his construction team on an inspection of an open space on the left side of the palace complex.

She had shared some of her own thoughts and plans, which Ivan's construction team took to heart, taking notes on their tablets, and both sides were communicating effectively.

Chapter 1597 Katharine Nearly Explodes With Rage

Overall the discussion had gone quite pleasantly.

Because Katharine wanted to befriend Ivan, as the client she was very easy to talk to, and did not ask any tricky questions.

Until Julie's phone rang, she took out her phone, glanced at the caller ID, and walked to the side to take the call away from everyone else.

Listening with a stern face to what the other party said, her brow furrowed slightly. "Okay, I understand, I'll pass it on immediately."

After hanging up, she walked over to Queen Katharine and whispered something in the queen's ear.

Katharine looked at her in puzzlement, not saying anything, but she understood in her heart.

"Your Majesty, are you rather busy?" Ivan was very perceptive, and felt he had fought for enough time for Claire, so he spoke up, "I think the inspection here is just about done. How about we give you some design drafts within a week?"

"Alright, thank you for your hard work." Katharine had to leave now, because she had more important matters to attend to.

So as the group headed back, they chatted.

Katharine said, "I've arranged a welcoming banquet for you all tonight, so Lu Layuoka royalty can welcome you and your team. I hope you will grace us with your presence."



"Definitely." Ivan smiled and replied. Of course he wouldn't leave so quickly. He still had to find a way to stay and gather intel.

Katharine had Julie send them back first to rest in the arranged palace, and had even specially arranged a separate floor for Ivan.

The hospitality services of this Diamond Kingdom were quite good.

Katharine did not return immediately to her own palace. She went straight to Taylor's residence. As soon as she entered the door, she was already storming in furiously.

"Your Majesty," the servants quickly bowed, without any time to go in and announce her arrival.

"Taylor!" Katharine called her son's name, rushing straight into the innermost room, and sure enough caught her son playing games at his desk.

"Taylor!!" Katharine was furious beyond measure. She snatched the game controller from his hand and smashed it on the ground. With a crisp cracking sound, the controller shattered instantly into pieces!

One could imagine how much force was behind that smash!

Taylor looked at his mother in shock. "What are you doing?!" He stood up angrily, suppressing a surge of rage that wanted to erupt but couldn't.

Katharine directly pushed him once. "You're someone who's going to inherit the throne! Yet you spend all day playing games here? If your father knew, he'd be angered to death by you!"

"Who said I'm the heir to the throne?" Taylor refused to accept this. He tidied his clothes. "Hasn't a Prince Louis suddenly come back to vie for it? Let him have it if he wants! I don't care anyway!"

"Say that again!!" Katharine was furious.

"... " Facing his mother's gaze, Taylor didn't dare speak again.

"That's right! It's exactly because he's back that you can't neglect your duties!" Katharine was practically going to explode from anger. "Comparing the two sons, why should my son lose out?"

"How have I lost out to him?" Taylor hated hearing this. "Am I missing a leg or an arm compared to him?"

"What is he doing? What are you doing?" Katharine yelled at her son. "Louis is staying by your father's side! He even suggested finding an Arab doctor to treat your father's illness!"

"Hmph! An Arab doctor? Just putting on an act, isn't it? Even the royal doctor is helpless, so isn't this just a waste of effort?" Taylor did not think this was filial piety.

"But this is his filial respect!" Katharine said angrily. "Do you understand? At least he is caring about your father's health, while you? How often have you accompanied your father? Every time I remind you, you only stay half an hour!"

"Father only asks about my studies when I'm with him... we really have nothing in common." Taylor sighed aggrievedly. "I do care about his illness, but he tells me I'm not a doctor, to focus my energy on studying."

"I don't care what he asks, you go over right now!" Katharine refused to lose. "Go to your father's palace immediately! Go accompany him!"

Taylor had no choice. His mother had a violent temper. If she restricted his card use, his days ahead would be miserable.

So Taylor didn't resist anymore. He strode out.

Chapter 1598 Taylor's Warning

Katharine was afraid he would run away, so she followed her son.

In fact, Taylor would not run away. He had promised to go, so he would definitely go. He was also concerned about his father, he just didn't want to see Louis, let alone Eden.

Eden had always been unwelcoming to him. Although there were no overt conflicts, he could feel it.

Taylor felt stressed every time he saw his father, especially when his father asked about his studies, which was really his weak point.

He wasn't stupid, he was just a real poor student. Even his tutors did better in school than him, and this was not a legend, it was something he admitted himself.

Having his game interrupted halfway, Taylor felt a little resentful and walked out feeling a little down.

As he walked, he met Claire coming towards him in the corridor outside the palace.

Their eyes met as Claire also happened to see him, and they both flashed back to that day when they bumped into each other outside the cafe.

They both remembered seeing each other once before. But meeting today in the royal palace??

Taylor stopped in his tracks. He couldn't help but wonder, what was she doing in the royal palace? Who was she? How did she get in?

One question after another popped up in his head.

Claire also didn't know his identity. She did see Queen Katharine behind him though.

"Claire."

Wanting to curry favor with Ivan, Katharine's lips curled up as she was naturally very nice to this sister,

"Your brothers live over there, why don't you give them a call? Or should I send someone to take you there?" She pointed in a certain direction.

"Your Majesty," Claire stopped and said sweetly, "I've called him already. I was just about to go find him."

The queen casually asked again, "Is Prince Louis easy to talk to? Did he teach you any flower knowledge?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Taylor's indifferent gaze remained on her face until she bid the queen goodbye and took a step forward.

Only then did Taylor look at her retreating figure and asked the woman behind him, "Who is she? And who's her brother?"

"Oh right, I forgot to tell you something." Katharine thought of this and naturally her mood improved a lot, "With Ivan's support now, perhaps we can secure your succession rights."

"Ivan?"

"Come, let's talk as we walk." Katharine pulled him along to keep moving forward.

The mother and son headed towards the king's palace.

All the way, with no one else around, Katharine couldn't help but whisper to him, "I invited Ivan's construction team to build a castle garden for me. I'm paying them double and he agreed, and even came today with his team. There's a welcome dinner tonight that you must attend as well."

"This girl came with him?" Taylor asked suspiciously.

The queen answered very surely, "Of course, girls like to play, it's normal for her to come early and tour around. Plus she's just a college student."

Despite his mother's firm belief, Taylor didn't say anything. After all, he was not involved in the royal power struggle.

He was also not too concerned about the throne.

Chapter 1599 So Near, Yet So Far

Becoming king is fine, not becoming king is also fine. It was this kind of attitude. But the most important thing was living a carefree life.

After Claire entered the guest palace, the architect told her, "Miss Russell, Ivan is upstairs."

"Okay, thank you." She went straight upstairs and it took five minutes to find Ivan since there were so many rooms on this floor.

Upon entering, she did not greet him right away, but looked around first as if observing something.

"There are no cameras here. We've checked," Ivan told her. "What's the situation on your end? Have you found out everything?"

Claire quickly took out a note from her pocket and handed it to him, "He said this is for Xiaomi sister."

"Okay." Ivan accepted it and put it in his pocket without asking anything more or opening it.

Neither of them were the least bit curious about the contents of the note.

Then Claire told him about Rowan's situation, "The king has been poisoned with chronic poison for five years. Obviously the perpetrator is close by, and it's the person closest to the king."

Ivan was shocked. Poisoning the king?

"Ivan, can you..." Claire suddenly became a little flustered and lost her previous composure.

"Call me brother in Lu Layuoka. You have to get used to this identity," Ivan's gaze moved away from

her as he sat down on the sofa and picked up his teacup, still thinking about the king being poisoned.

This was related to a coup and the fate of a country.

Claire was filled with emotion. She pursed her lips, "Brother, are you willing to help him?"

"I am helping," Ivan looked up. "We've all brought people in. If a king can be killed, how can the country remain stable? Even for the sake of the people, the perpetrator must be caught."

His righteousness moved Claire deeply.

"He hopes I can stay by the king's side. The specifics are still unclear, we'll take it step by step," Claire told him. "He may be suspecting anyone around the king."

"Mm-hmm."

"Also," Claire went on, "he only bought those plants and flowers to cover up the herbal medicine he bought back. He's trying to find a way to detox the king."

Ivan listened to her attentively while analyzing at the same time, "Claire, no matter what, it's best to keep your relationship hidden for now, otherwise you'll become his weakness."

"Okay, I know."

Realizing the severity of the situation, Ivan told her solemnly, "This is a war without gunpowder. No one can let their guard down."



"Okay." Claire also realized, "Don't worry, I absolutely won't cause him any trouble."

Thinking of trouble, she thought of something else and spoke again, "Oh right, there's one more thing..."

I want to tell you."

"Go ahead." Ivan looked up at her.

Claire recalled the young man she had just met and told him, "When I was coming to find you earlier, I

ran into Queen Katharine and a young man. The way that man looked at me was a bit strange. I've

seen him at a cafe outside before."

"Young man?" Ivan didn't know who it was, he could only guess, could it be Katharine's son?

"The way he looked at me was weird. Last time at the cafe we bumped into each other hard and I said

sorry to him. He should have a deep impression of me. So... I didn't come here with you, he should

know that."

Ivan nodded, now understanding the situation, "I see. Go get ready, there's a banquet tonight that the

king will also attend. Someone has prepared an evening gown for you, go try one you like."

"Okay."

Since Claire came with Ivan, her residence was also arranged on this side.

It was only about 200 meters from Rowan's palace. Standing at the window overlooking, she could see those newly relocated plants and flowers in the yard. So close, yet seemingly as far away as separated by mountains and seas.

#### Chapter 1600 Brothers Meet

In the courtyard filled with various plants, Rowan came out and appeared in Claire's line of sight.

She saw him watering the potted plants himself, and then casually picking some leaves, some with stems.

Claire wondered, without his special equipment here, could he make medicine in the shortest time?

In the palace, Rowan calmed down. He had already picked more than a dozen Chinese herbs, and was trying to make medicine.

In the evening.

Under his mother's coercion, Taylor had been staying by the king's side all day. He didn't play games or even take out his phone. Sitting in front of the increasingly emaciated father, his mood suddenly became a little gloomy, with unspeakable feelings in his heart.

The king knew he had been poisoned with chronic poison. He looked at his son, but surprisingly

couldn't find any flaws in Taylor.

So the king couldn't determine whether the poisoning was done with the son's participation or not.

Although he was not good at school, he had watched this child grow up. This boy didn't have a bad heart.

"Father, how do you feel now? There is a banquet in the palace tonight, do you want to go and liven things up?"

Taylor asked very directly. It goes without saying that his relationship with his father was still good in the past.

He also said, "Father, if you are up for it, going out for a walk to relax your mind would be better than lying here."

"What is your mother going to do? There are already so many palaces, why does she still want to build a castle park?" There was no blame in the king's tone, he was just asking, "Didn't she even discuss this with me?"

"She said the land was a gift from you to her. Leaving it empty is leaving it empty anyway. She started

planning it years ago, hoping to build a retro-style castle with modern technology," Taylor was also direct, "Just according to your preferences, so you can move in and live with her later."

Regarding the castle building, the king didn't say much more.

Taylor asked again, "Father, will you attend the banquet tonight?"

The king didn't hesitate to tell him, "I will attend tonight's banquet. You should go back to your own palace first, don't keep watching over me here, I'm fine."

"I have nothing to do when I go back, I might as well keep you company more." Taylor suddenly became much more sensible. He was really heartbroken, "Oh yes, Father, I just heard Arthur say he would find an Arab doctor for you, would he be better than the royal doctor?"

"Who knows? But having an illness, I have to seek treatment anyway." The king waved his hand at him,

"Go go, you have to attend the banquet too, your brother has to attend too. Oh yes, you haven't met him yet?"

So the king ordered someone to call Rowan over.

Hearing footsteps, Taylor, who was sitting in a chair in front of the bed, turned to look. He saw Rowan walking step by step towards this side. On that handsome face was a touch of aloofness, and his gaze

was deep and unfathomable.

He looked detached from fame and fortune, yet always gave people a sense that he was not simple.

"Father." Rowan came to the bedside and bowed to the king, "What do you want from me?"

Sitting in the chair, Taylor stared at him the whole time, but Rowan didn't even glance at him with the corner of his eyes. That kind of aloofness and estrangement made Taylor very uncomfortable.

They were both the father's sons, what right did he have?

Taylor stood up and took over his father's words, "No need for Father to introduce us. Hello, I'm Taylor, born of Queen Katharine, your half brother from the same father."

After he finished speaking, Taylor reached out his hand to Rowan.

Rowan looked at him calmly, didn't say anything, just reached out his hand too.