

Surprised 1611

Chapter 1611 Claire Observes Very Carefully

As his words fell, he also flipped to the last page and closed the medical record.

With so many people present, the Royal Physician was even more embarrassed. He coughed lightly

and asked, "So after looking it over, what does Prince Louis think of my attitude?"

The corners of Rowan's lips curved up slightly. "Very good."

The Royal Physician did not take this as praise. The arrival of the Arab doctor was an insult to him, but

he could only accept and thank Prince Louis for the affirmation.

Claire's Arabic was decent enough, so the basic communication today went very smoothly. She

conveyed the doctor's instructions on how the king should recuperate.

"Claire, from now on, stay with the doctor by the king's side and interpret well," Ivan said to her. "Keep

a dictionary with you at all times. If there's anything you don't understand, try to look it up in the

dictionary, you must translate accurately."

"Okay, big brother." Claire nodded calmly, she would definitely live up to expectations.

And so, when everyone else gradually left, only Claire and the Arab doctor remained. The king had

arranged accommodations for them here in this palace.

Arthur and Eden were almost always by the king's side. They were the king's most loyal men, and held high status and power.

This was something Claire took note of. She also knew Eden was Rowan's uncle, but which side this uncle was really on, no one dared to guarantee.

So for now, Claire only trusted herself. She clung tightly to her identity, trying to uncover something in this inner palace.

Yes, she didn't even trust the Arab doctor, although the person was brought by Ivan.

Because Queen Katharine had personally gone to pick him up, something just didn't feel right. Writers tend to be more perceptive than average people.

After a whole day of observation, Claire noticed the king was actually not in good condition. He spent most of his time lying in bed, occasionally groaning in pain, although trying to restrain it.

Compared to his state last night at the banquet, he was like a different person today.

She saw the melancholy and reluctance of a dying man... She so wanted to go comfort him, but didn't have the proper identity to do so.

Sometimes, any words of comfort would seem powerless... She desperately wanted to uncover who the culprit was as soon as possible.

Claire observed attentively, carefully translating every word the Arab doctor said, still hoping the king could keep a positive attitude.

Claire also noticed that although King Bertie's condition deteriorated by the day, his schedule was very full. He did not properly nurture his health, his mind probably constantly working, still personally handling many national affairs.

Whether through calls, emails, video conferences, or officials coming to report in person.

The king's three daily meals were not taken in bed either, but in a private dining room in the castle. His life was one of refinement.

Before or after meals, he would drink tea while reading the newspaper.

The paintings that could be seen everywhere on the walls of his palace were all from his private collection, priceless original masterpieces.

The king's mealtimes were very relaxing. Even Eden and Arthur only stood guard outside the door.

Although the door was closed, if the king experienced any discomfort, he could ring the bell beside him at any time.

There were call bell switches placed all over this palace.

Although ill, the king was not casually dressed.

Although he spent a lot of time lying in bed, his couture tailor would send over the latest designs every morning.

And the king would carefully make his selection.

It was clear he loved life.

Claire also observed that King Bertie liked to eat toast, yogurt, and tropical fish...

He consumed quite a lot of food every day, but where exactly was the poison hidden? Could it be related to this food?

Chapter 1612 Taylor's Intentions Lie Elsewhere

On the first day, Claire only got a general understanding of the situation on the king's side. She had no opportunity to collect food residue.

She also didn't know where the kitchen that prepared the king's meals was, still under observation.

This palace was very large, with seven floors and seven or eight elevators.

The king didn't know Claire's identity yet, so he didn't give her more opportunities to get close to him.

He only knew she was Ivan's sister, and Ivan was helping Louis, he'd have to talk to Rowan in detail

first before making conclusions.

Now, every step taken by everyone was cautious.

Today, Ivan was still staying in the royal court. He and the architects had another in-depth discussion

with Queen Katharine about building the castle park.

Queen Katharine was very satisfied with their professionalism, the designs aligned with her aesthetics.

This made Katharine even more certain that she and Ivan were kindred spirits, destined to become

friends one day.

She even took time to give them a tour of the royal grounds, treating them completely as VIPs.

Ivan probed the situation here, and talked about the king's diet... because he also thought poisoning

through food was a strong possibility.

"The king's meals are very regular. I join him whenever I have time, he loves eating fish the most,"

Katharine was happy to share with him. "But for the sake of his health, we haven't traveled for a long

time now." This was to show how favored she was.

"Your relationship seems great, really envious. Who's usually in charge of his meals? I mean the menus." Ivan added the last part so as not to raise suspicion.

"He takes care of it himself, the flavors are different every day. After he makes his selection, it's handed over to Eden, who will arrange it."

So the king's meals were Eden's responsibility?

Ivan had made some progress on this end as well.

Early evening.

Taylor came to the king's palace in the glow of sunset. The servant at the door greeted him, "Good evening, Prince."

"Where is Father?" He asked as he entered.

"Your Highness, the king is in his private study upstairs."

Taylor paused and looked back, "What about Miss Russell? Is she here?"

The servant was momentarily confused until Taylor added, "The female Arabic translator."

"She's in the first room on the second floor, next door to the Arab doctor. But I think she just went out."

"Went out?" Taylor frowned, glancing outside. "Where did she go?" His intentions seemed to lie elsewhere.

"I'm not sure about that. But she shouldn't be gone long, will probably be back soon. She could be called on to translate anytime, the doctor sees the king three times a day, it's about time."

"Oh." Taylor turned and walked outside. Looking for Father was clearly just an excuse, looking for Claire was the real reason.

He barely slept last night, with her image lingering in his mind the whole time. Her beauty really made his heart stir despite himself.

Claire was on her way back to Ivan's residence, because her laptop was still there.

She also wanted to tell him about the situation she had learned so far, and ask when he'd be going back, to pass Rowan's note out as soon as possible.

As she crossed the lush green lawn, in the beautiful sunset, Rowan came towards her from not far away...

Their eyes met, and the two unexpectedly encountered each other like this without warning.

Ten meters, five meters... their emotions were complex beyond words.

Just as they drew close and Rowan was about to say something, he noticed Taylor approaching.

Rowan's eyes dimmed slightly.

Claire was about to stop and say something to him, but Rowan passed right by her, ignoring her completely.

Her heart gave a little thud, this unfamiliar feeling... made her heart contract painfully.

She stopped and looked back, immediately spotting Taylor, and understood what was going on.

Chapter 1613: Taylor Likes Claire

To avoid suspicion, Claire simply smiled, her eyes shining as she looked at Taylor.

And this smile warmed Taylor's heart. He waved at her and exclaimed, "Hey, Claire!" with a smile on his face, he quickened his pace towards her.

As a result, Taylor completely ignored Rowan, who was approaching from the opposite direction.

Rowan remained calm, not looking back, and continued walking towards the king's palace. He could sense that Taylor had a liking for Claire.

But at this moment, he could only remain indifferent.

"Claire, I finally found you!" Taylor exclaimed happily.

"Prince Taylor, what are you doing here?" Claire smiled and asked, "Don't you have any homework today?"

"I've finished my homework," Taylor said with a smile, extending an invitation to her. "The weather is nice today, and I thought of taking you horseback riding. Are you interested?"

"I don't have time," Claire smiled and replied, "I have to find my brother."

"Your brother isn't in the palace," he informed her. "He's with my mother, visiting the royal collection room. They just left, and they probably won't be back for another three hours."

Claire hesitated...

"Would you like to come to the stables with me?" Taylor extended his invitation once again.

The girl smiled and shook her head. "No, thank you. I have translation work to do later. I just took on this job, and it wouldn't be good if the king couldn't find me."

Taylor understood. He smiled and spoke gently, "Then, shall I walk you back to your father now?"

Claire met his sincere gaze and nodded reluctantly.

She thought that Prince Taylor's enthusiasm might prove useful if she handled it properly.

So, the two of them walked towards the king's palace.

Claire knew that Rowan was there. Even if she just caught a glimpse of him from a distance, she would feel at ease. She missed him.

As Taylor and Claire entered the palace, they coincidentally saw the king coming downstairs. Rowan hurriedly went up the stairs to assist him. "Father."

Eden and Arthur were also by the king's side.

"Hello, Your Highness."

"Uncle."

Rowan supported his father, and they descended the stairs together, heading towards the nearby sofa.

"How are you feeling today?" Rowan asked.

"I'm fine. We have a new medicine today, and it tastes bitter. I don't really like it," the king replied honestly.

Rowan comforted him, saying, "Good medicine tastes bitter."

At this moment, Taylor and Claire also entered the palace.

"Hello, Your Highness," someone greeted Taylor.

"Hello, Father."

"Hello, Your Majesty."

Claire stood before the king, while Rowan stood to the side. His calm gaze never fell on Claire.

And Claire didn't look at him directly, as if he were invisible.

Taylor was delighted. It seemed that the melancholic Prince Louis had no interest in Claire. Taylor was satisfied with his disinterest!

"Claire, you can go upstairs to rest now," the king said, raising his gaze to the girl. "When it's time for the consultation, someone will come to fetch you."

"Okay." Claire nodded and saluted the king. She glanced at Rowan, then at Taylor, and turned to leave.

"Claire!" Taylor called out to her as she walked away.

Claire stopped and turned around, waiting for his question. Taylor smiled mischievously and said, "If you have time, I'll take you horseback riding!"

He said this intentionally, partly for Louis to hear.

The meaning behind his words was that he had taken a liking to this girl, and he wanted to inform his father that he was interested in her.

Indeed, Rowan raised his gaze upon hearing Taylor's words, and their eyes met.

Chapter 1614: A Rejection in One Breath

For a few seconds, Rowan felt an intense aversion, as if his flowers had been tarnished by cow dung.

But Claire quickly averted her gaze and looked at Taylor with composure.

Politely, she said to him, "I'm not interested in horseback riding, and I don't have the time." She offered him a courteous smile, then continued walking towards the stairs.

"What are you interested in, then?!" Taylor called after her, a little stubborn. Everyone present could see that the prince had taken a liking to the female translator.

Claire furrowed her brow slightly and answered without looking back, "I'm not interested in anything! I love studying!"

Although Rowan remained expressionless, his gaze seemed to carry a hint of ice as he watched Taylor's departing figure.

A brief awkwardness filled the palace.

Everyone understood that the translator wasn't interested in Prince Taylor. They just wondered if Prince

Louis pursued her, would she be interested?

After Claire left, the king sat down with his two sons. Leaning back in his chair, he looked at Louis on

his left and then at Taylor on his right.

"How are things going between you and Claire? Come on, both of you, give me an update," the king requested.

Taylor, with a gentle smile, withdrew his gaze from the corner where Claire had disappeared.

Bertie could see his son's thoughts with just one look. "Taylor, do you like Claire?" he asked.

Taylor looked at his father, momentarily unsure of how to respond. First, because Louis was present, and second, because Claire was currently not available.

His liking seemed futile.

"Father, I simply like the type of girl she is," Taylor didn't hide anything, "but please rest assured that I will prioritize my studies."

The king had always been concerned about his studies.

"I see," the king nodded in satisfaction. Taylor had grown up a lot recently.

Then, the king's gaze shifted to Rowan. "And what about you, Louis? Do you have a girlfriend?"

Rowan shook his head. "No."

He couldn't say that he did. That would only invite unwanted attention, and eventually, his relationship status would be exposed. Having a girlfriend was a weakness.

The king smiled in approval. "That's great." There seemed to be another meaning behind his smile.

Great?

Rowan looked at his father, confused. Then the king said, "General's daughter, Winnie, is still unmarried. She's about your age, and she's been clever since she was a child. She's also good-looking. I'm thinking of introducing you two."

Rowan immediately declined, "Father, I have no interest in pursuing romantic relationships while you're still recovering. Please put that idea aside. I don't want to meet her."

His response was textbook-perfect.

Taylor suddenly realized that his own answer had been lacking.

Luckily, his mother didn't hear it; otherwise, she would say he was not as good as Louis.

"My illness doesn't affect you making friends," the king said, aware that his time was limited. He hoped to see his son get married and fulfill a father's wish.

And with the general's support, his power would increase.

Soon after, Taylor received a phone call and bid farewell to his father. He got up and left.

The king looked out the window and took the opportunity to say to Rowan, "Louis, the weather is nice today. Accompany me for a walk by the lake, will you?"

"Okay." Rowan helped his father up, waiting for this very opportunity. He wanted to inform his father of Claire's true identity.

Then he would ask his father to cooperate with her investigation.

Father and son stood up, and as they were about to leave, Eden and Arthur instinctively followed.

The king stopped and looked at them. "Don't follow. Go and attend to your tasks. I'm doing well, no need to worry."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Arthur quickly brought a shawl and thoughtfully draped it over the king's shoulders. "Be careful not to catch a cold."

Chapter 1615: She is My Girlfriend

The grand and magnificent royal palace stood as the sun set in the west. It was a symbol of power and wealth, with one palace connected to another.

Looking around, the circular towers and arched windows seemed to narrate the oldest stories of the place. A nearby garden bloomed with various precious flowers, vibrant and colorful, filling the air with a sweet fragrance that drifted with the wind.

The radiant glow of the setting sun brought visual delight to the onlookers. Walking side by side with his eldest son, the king's mood naturally improved. Gazing at the sunset on the horizon, he didn't know how much longer he would live, but he had a firm conviction to expose the killer.

He couldn't let the culprit continue to harm his son after his death.

"Father, Claire is my girlfriend," Rowan said, walking a distance and making sure no one else was around.

Bertie was taken aback by the revelation and took a while to recover, looking at him incredulously.

"You're in love?"

"Yes," Rowan nodded. The father and son locked eyes and continued walking towards the garden

without stopping their steps.

Soon, the king understood. "So, I can trust her unconditionally, right?"

"Yes," Rowan affirmed. "But her identity cannot be revealed yet."

"I understand, for her safety," the king asked, "What about the Arabian doctor? Can we trust him?"

"It's not clear yet. Although Ivan found him, he also had contact with Queen Katharine..." Rowan

glanced at his father. "Let's be cautious for now."

"What can I do for Claire?" the king asked.

Rowan replied, "Food. We should thoroughly investigate the food and see if there's any poison. She

should have her own plan, so observe and cooperate accordingly."

"Okay," the king understood what he needed to do.

After about half an hour, Rowan accompanied the king back to the palace. During their walk, Rowan

had only revealed Claire's identity to his father. Another reason he had was to prevent his father from

making any more inappropriate moves.

By the end of the night, the king showed no signs of suspicion or unusual behavior towards Claire after

meeting Rowan. Everything seemed normal.

The next morning, as soon as Claire woke up, she had a bold idea. She sneaked into the kitchen alone, intending to collect some of the king's meals and check for any issues. She knew she had to start from the source.

"Where is Miss Russell?" the Arabian doctor asked the servants in the hall as he descended the stairs.

His Chinese was not very proficient, but he remained calm and smiled gently as he inquired.

Since the first consultation with the king was about to begin, which was arranged at the last minute,

Claire had not received any notification last night.

At that moment, the king happened to come out, having vaguely heard the doctor's question. "She went to see her brother. What's the matter?"

The Arabian doctor didn't fully understand the meaning behind his words due to his poor Chinese, but he remained composed, bowed to the king, and wished him good morning.

Accompanied by Eden and Arthur, the king walked towards the private dining room.

In the heart of the kitchen, while no one was around, Claire slipped in and immediately noticed the sumptuous breakfast prepared for the king. She quickly took out a few handkerchiefs from her pocket

and gently wiped along the edges of the bowls, inadvertently getting some liquid on the fabric. For solid foods, she took a small portion from the bottom.

Remaining calm and composed, Claire's hands moved swiftly, without any hesitation or distractions.

Her sole focus was to save time and uncover the truth.

Within seconds, she completed the sampling and put the handkerchiefs back into her pocket. At that moment, no one else had entered the kitchen.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly. However, as she was about to leave, footsteps approached, causing her to pause.

Chapter 1616: False Alarm

Soon, two servants appeared at the entrance, their eyes fixed upon the woman in the kitchen as they halted their steps.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" one of them asked warily, scrutinizing Claire without recognizing her.

Even if they did recognize her, she shouldn't be present in the crucial area of the kitchen. If there was any problem with the king's meal, she would be the prime suspect. The responsibility was too

significant for anyone to bear.

Claire was caught off guard. Though she appeared calm, her heart was already in panic. Being in this place was a mistake, and no reason or explanation would hold.

"I'm sorry, I'm looking for Prince Taylor," Claire said, her lips curling into a smile, calmly addressing them. "I thought he was here because I saw him coming in this direction."

"Why would the prince be here?" one of them stepped forward, their voice cold and harsh, staring at Claire with disbelief. "At this hour, Prince Taylor might not even be awake!"

"Come with me to see the steward! You'll explain yourself to him!" the other servant ordered.

Claire realized the situation was turning bad. If she was taken to see the steward, she would undoubtedly be searched. No, she couldn't go to the steward!

At that moment, Prince Taylor appeared at the kitchen entrance. He had overheard the servants' reprimand and noticed them blocking the way.

"What's going on?" Taylor asked as he approached. "Isn't Father's breakfast being served?"

As he spoke, he caught sight of the familiar figure inside.

"Claire?" Taylor was taken aback.

"Hello, Prince," the two servants hurriedly greeted him, feeling a bit flustered. How did he end up here?

Taylor, ignoring them, walked straight to Claire. "How are you? They didn't give you any trouble, did they?"

Claire hadn't relaxed yet and simply looked at him calmly, shaking her head without saying a word.

"Her name is Claire, a friend of mine. No matter where she appears, you must not give her any trouble!" Taylor firmly instructed the servants. "Do you understand?!"

"We understand, Prince," the servants lowered their heads.

They thought, so she came to see Prince Taylor?

Taylor took hold of Claire's wrist and led her outside, walking a considerable distance away. Only then did Claire finally let go of the tension, and her mind cleared.

That was a close call, but she managed to collect the samples successfully.

Claire stopped and gently pulled her wrist out of Taylor's grasp. He also stopped and turned to look at her, their eyes meeting at a short distance.

"Just now... thank you," Claire said.

"You're welcome," Taylor replied.

"I saw you coming here, but when I went downstairs, I didn't see you. I thought you might be here, so I accidentally ended up in the kitchen," she calmly explained to him, not wanting to arouse suspicion.

After all, his mother was Queen Katharine.

However, Taylor was generous and didn't delve deeper. Instead, he smiled and said, "Why explain all that? Now that you're by Father's side, I have time to show you around and prevent any more awkward encounters like today."

Claire met his gaze, a slight smile appearing on her lips. "Thank you."

Then Taylor asked, "Did you need something from me?" His eyes were filled with anticipation, unaware of Claire's relationship with Louis.

Recalling her words earlier, he felt quite happy.

Although she had a boyfriend in Arkpool City, Taylor still believed in his charm and believed that feelings could grow over time.

Claire had to make her lie more convincing, so she said, "I just wanted to ask if you like spicy food."

Chapter 1617 Everything Goes Smoothly

"Eat, what's wrong?" Taylor asked with concern, "Do you feel like it's too bland and lost your appetite?"

As the prince, he knew the royal breakfast menu didn't include spicy food.

Claire smiled shyly, "It's not that I lost my appetite, it's just that I haven't gotten used to it yet for the time being. But don't worry, I'll get used to it slowly in the future."

"No spicy food is allowed at breakfast here, it's good for the stomach, there are scientific studies that prove this."

Taylor thought he had guessed right, so he couldn't help but tease her, "Did you sneak into the kitchen to secretly add some spice to the breakfast?"

This reason was good enough, Claire didn't need to think anymore and just silently answered with a smile, tacitly admitting it.

"Haha, don't worry, I'll send you a bottle of hot sauce later." Taylor thought she was so cute, "It's the royal secret recipe, you can't buy it outside, I guarantee you'll like it!"

"Thank you, Prince."

"You're welcome, my friend!" Taylor was happy to serve her.

Claire took a step forward, "Let's go, otherwise the doctor will have trouble finding me later."

Taylor happily followed her and asked, "What do you usually like to eat?" As if she was his little fan, wanting to get to know her slowly.

"I'm fine with most things, no food restrictions."

"Then you're very easy to serve!"

"Of course!"

In the king's palace, Taylor asked the servants to prepare the food, then accompanied Claire to dine together.

But they were seen by the King, and combined with yesterday's situation, the King felt that Taylor liked Claire, which was not a good thing.

Claire was Louis' girlfriend!

Being half-brothers was already awkward enough, fighting over a woman would make things even worse.

So the King came to the dining table and looked at the girl, "Claire, eat with me from now on."

Eden and Arthur stood not far away, they heard and saw this scene too.

They also seemed to understand the King's intention, he didn't want Prince Taylor to have too many opportunities to get close to this girl.

They felt that after all, this girl belonged to Ivan, and Ivan was a businessman whose international influence was so great that he could be a friend or a foe.

This relationship was not stable.

Claire looked up at the King and thought, wasn't this the opportunity?

"Okay." She got up and bowed to the King, agreeing very calmly, "I'm willing to dine with you, so I can learn some royal etiquette."

"I heard you also write novels?" The King looked at her with admiration, "I hope during your time in the royal family, you can enrich your life experiences, so your visit is not in vain."

Claire smiled.

"Sit down and eat, don't be restrained." The King said, "Starting from lunch today, eat with me."

"Okay."

Then the King left, and Claire sat down.

Taylor was disappointed, what was father doing? Couldn't he see that he liked Claire?

Forget about creating opportunities, why did he even cut off existing opportunities?

The King had already had breakfast, and went to the reading room.

Eden and Arthur still accompanied him, these two were like father and son, doing their best to protect the King.

"Taylor likes Claire."

The King stopped in front of a row of bookshelves and looked back, "Did you two notice it?"

Eden and Arthur both nodded, because yesterday afternoon Taylor wanted to take Miss Russell horse riding, and they were there too. The air was filled with strong affection.

The King's face became serious, "It's better to keep a distance from Ivan's people." He said so deliberately, diverting attention directly.

By having Claire dine with him, it seemed on the surface for Taylor's sake, but in fact it provided convenience for Claire.

Chapter 1618 You Cannot Like Claire

Claire accompanied Prince Taylor for breakfast, looking obedient and quiet, but her mind was

wandering, thinking about how to hand over these food samples collected from the kitchen to Rowan.

But she realized there were eyes everywhere in this deep palace, servants everywhere, and it was

impossible to tell who their masters were behind the scenes.

Not all of them necessarily worked for the king.

For now, with Prince Taylor being silly and naive, Claire felt he didn't have too many tricks up his

sleeve, but his help was also very limited.

After breakfast, she accompanied the Arab doctor to finish examining the King.

Claire reported to Bertie, "Your Majesty, I'm going to see my brother."

At this time, Ivan was still in the palace.

"Okay." Bertie nodded and looked at her like a kind father, "You're free, if you need a translator, ask the

doctor to call you, you can also communicate with him."

"Okay." Claire said, "I won't mess up anything important, and I'm very clear about my own identity, just

that he's going back to Arkpool City, so I want to say goodbye."

The King nodded understandingly.

After communicating with the doctor, Claire exchanged phone numbers with him, then headed to Ivan's

residence.

Prince Taylor was also going back to his own palace, so he accompanied Claire.

This made the King realize things were not looking good, he had to talk to his son.

"Taylor!" So he called out.

The prince stopped and looked back, "Father, what's the matter?" He looked anxiously at Claire who was about to leave.

"Come here, I need to talk to you." The King's gaze fell on him, with a hint of sternness in his cold voice.

Then, even though Taylor was reluctant, he had to walk towards his father.

The King said to Eden and Arthur beside him, "You two leave first."

"Yes." The two bowed and left.

Taylor came to the King full of confusion, "Father, what's the matter?" Then he glanced reluctantly at Claire's departing figure, she was almost out of sight.

"You cannot like Claire." The King looked up at him and said seriously, "So you have to get rid of your

feelings."

"Why?" Taylor frowned, unwilling, "Is she not good enough? Or am I not worthy of her?"

Although he was a prince, her brother was Ivan.

"She's great, you're also great, both excellent, but you two are not suitable." Bertie told him, "I will not agree to you being together."

So give up this thought as soon as possible.

"Give me a reason." Taylor refused to accept this, he shook his head stubbornly, "Let me see if I can accept it, see if the reason is justified."

"..."

The father and son's eyes met, Bertie's gaze sank, scaring Taylor into shuddering and swallowing, he didn't know what to say for a moment.

But he really liked Claire.

At this moment, Claire walked towards Ivan's residence without looking back.

She saw with the corner of her eye that someone seemed to be watching her every move in secret, this was not an illusion.

She looked straight ahead, appearing very calm, but was a little creeped out inside.

As long as she handed these food samples to Rowan, she could easily get samples of the food served to the King.

If the food sent out of the kitchen had no issues, but the food placed on the table did, then the poisoner was the server.

Once the scope was locked down, the truth would not be far off.

She had to seize the time.

"Brother!"

Claire saw Ivan from afar and called out playfully, skipping towards him.

Seeing her, Ivan also smiled, his face gentle, "Claire."

Then the siblings chatted while walking into the palace, going upstairs directly without arousing anyone's suspicion.

This palace where Ivan stayed was absolutely safe, with no listening devices after thorough checks.

"How is it? Any news?" Ivan was very confident in her.

Chapter 1619 Succeeding in Sending Out the Samples

"I collected some food samples from the kitchen this morning," she said eagerly.

Ivan's eyes lit up, so quickly?

"But we're facing two problems now. First, how do I give the samples to him? I always feel like someone is watching me," Claire voiced her concerns, "Second, once he gets the samples, he doesn't have any equipment. How can he determine if there's poison just by looking?"

"I'm planning to go back to Arkpool City. After practicing medicine for so many years, he should be able to find a way to preserve these samples now," Ivan believed in him.

But Claire couldn't help worrying still.

"Don't worry, I'll sneak his equipment over without anyone noticing," Ivan said with a relaxed smile, "I've

been waiting for your news. I didn't expect you to be so efficient, exceeding my expectations."

She smiled slightly too.

"I got caught by someone this morning, luckily Prince Taylor showed up in time to defuse the situation,"

Claire recalled, still feeling uneasy about it.

Hearing this, Ivan also broke out in a cold sweat for her.

He said, "Then you have to be more careful from now on. Use Prince Taylor when necessary, I can tell he likes you."

"Okay," Claire nodded. She took out the handkerchief from her pocket, "Now that we're here, how do we send it?"

Ivan looked at the various small handkerchiefs she was holding and calmly contemplated.

Then, his eagle-like eyes scanned the room, finally landing on a potted plant.

He thought, this might be a good way.

Following his gaze, an idea came to Claire's mind, "Give him this potted plant?"

"Yes, go find a box or bag to package the handkerchiefs," he said.

"Alright."

Claire carefully placed the handkerchiefs on the table and turned to open the drawer, soon finding a

small jewelry box with many compartments.

She carefully folded the handkerchiefs and put them in different slots.

Ivan directly uprooted the plant from the pot, dug a hole, and Claire stuffed the small box into the soil.

Together, they replanted the lush plant and patted the loose soil firm.

After washing their hands, Claire carried the plant downstairs.

"Tom, take this to Prince Louis. Just say we don't like raising flowers, it's in the way here so we're

giving it to him," Ivan said to one of the builders.

"Okay."

Tom came over to take it.

Ivan urged, "Make sure it gets into Prince Louis' hands."

"Understood." Tom nodded, hugged the potted plant and strode towards Prince Louis' palace.

"I'm going back to Arkpool City," Ivan took the initiative to call Queen Katharine, his tone gentle,

"Something urgent came up at the company headquarters that I need to handle. I'll keep the excellent

construction team here."

"You'll come often too right? Your sister is still here," Katharine said with a laugh. She just wanted to get

closer to Ivan, to befriend him.

"Of course," Ivan told her, "Once I finish up, I'll come over. After all, I personally attach great importance

to this major royal project. I will certainly participate in the design as well."

"Great, wish you a smooth journey there and back soon," she said.

Ivan hung up the call and tucked away the smile at the corner of his lips.

On the other side, Katharine had just ended the call when Julie rushed in, boots clip clopping. She

stood still in front of the Queen and leaned in to whisper something in her ear.

Chapter 1620 Katharine's Misjudgment

Katharine hung up the phone and turned around, smiling lightly. Her gaze drifted lazily to the woman in

front of her. "For small matters like delivering a potted plant, there's no need to report to me anymore."

But Julie felt something was off, there must be something fishy going on.

"Your Highness, Prince Louis and Ivan have never crossed paths before, this potted plant is their only

connection. So I'm guessing, is Ivan trying to get close to Prince Louis?"

"Does our Lu Layuoka royal family have anything that Ivan needs?" Katharine asked back with a smile.

"What's the use of him getting close to Louis instead of me?"

Julie was at a loss for words.

Katharine scoffed and said somewhat self-deprecatingly, "I'm a queen who still needs to get close to

Ivan, what's the use of him getting close to Louis? Julie, I've noticed you get too nervous sometimes."

Julie didn't know how to respond. She just felt something was off. Her brows furrowed slightly as she calmly pondered, no longer debating with the queen.

But Katharine tried to put her mind at ease. "You need to relax your nerves. Louis doesn't have much capability even though he's the eldest son. So what? Growing up outside the royal family, he's like a woman, liking flowers and plants. If you make him king, he might not even be able to hold up this piece of sky."

"But he is after all the eldest son, the first in line to inherit the throne." Julie reminded. "For Prince Taylor's future, we'd better make plans early and prepare for the rainy days."

"Where's Taylor?" At the mention of her son, Katharine's expression suddenly became serious. She asked dissatisfiedly, "Did he go horseback riding again?"

"No." Julie quickly explained for the prince. "He went to the king's palace to pay respects early this morning."

"So proactive?" Even his mother found it surprising.

Julie replied, "Yes."

Katharine sighed lightly. She didn't seem very happy either. "Alright, have him go there every day from now on."

"Yes." Julie thought to herself, he probably can't be stopped anyway, since Claire is there.

"Taylor should behave well in front of the king!" Katharine had high expectations for her son.

With both sons existing at the same time, there would be unconscious comparisons. Taylor could no longer be as carefree as before.

Katharine said, "Right, keep a close eye on his homework too."

"Yes."

Julie was a diehard fan of the queen. To ensure Prince Taylor could smoothly ascend to the throne, she would definitely keep a close eye on him.

At this moment, in Prince Louis's palace.

The servant carried the potted plant upstairs and placed it in the study as instructed by the prince, because there happened to be an empty spot there, perfect for a plant.

"Alright, you can go now." Rowan casually flipped through a book. "Close the door on your way out."

His voice was gentle.

"Yes." The servant bowed and left, softly closing the door behind him.

After making sure he was gone, Rowan immediately locked the door. He swiftly went to the potted plant, and found that the soil was a little loose, not very compact.

So he gently but firmly pulled the plant out with both hands, taking out the box buried in the soil as well.

He removed the box, shook off the soil on top, then replanted the plant back into the soil, filling the loose soil tightly.

When Rowan opened the box and saw the colored handkerchiefs inside, he took them out to examine them carefully. Some of the edges had changed color, so he guessed these were food samples.

There was also a small note inside, in Ivan's handwriting. It said:

These are samples taken from the kitchen. Try to preserve them. I'm going back to Arkpool City now and will bring you some equipment. Give that note to Jennifer in the meantime. I'll be back soon. Be careful.

After reading, Rowan directly burned the note and buried the ashes in the soil.

He was so cautious, not leaving a single trace behind.

At this moment, Ivan boarded his private plane back to Arkpool City, carrying the note Rowan had written that he still hadn't read.

Because reading it would be useless. Only Jennifer might be able to handle it.