

Surprised 1621

Chapter 1621 Rowan's Charm

Whenever Ivan thought about Jennifer being pregnant, he felt extremely happy. This was the most delightful thing to happen in his nearly forty years of life.

On the plane, he sat by the window, looking dignified yet approachable. His long, slender fingers with distinct knuckles gently flipped through the pages of a book.

The cover read: A Hundred Little Things For Expectant New Dads During Pregnancy.

He browsed very attentively, studying diligently, even more so than when reading the company's financial statements.

Although Alfie and Diana were already six or seven, he had barely spent a day with them.

Being able to accompany Jennifer throughout her pregnancy made every day full of anticipation for Ivan, and also made him extremely nervous, afraid that something might go wrong.

The words between the lines of this book were about the hardships and greatness of pregnancy, and how a husband should be understanding.

Ivan loved Jennifer very much, so he could relate more and more. If it weren't for matters with Rowan,

he would definitely stay by his wife's side every second, making up for all the regrets from the past.

Fortunately, Jennifer was an understanding girl. She was also very independent. Ivan often thought he must have accumulated blessings in his previous life.

In the royal palace of Lu Layuoka, Julie found Taylor and brought him back to the study room.

One was firm and uncompromising, the other very reluctant.

"Please finish two hours of studying before leaving this room, Prince." Julie stood guard at the door like a deity.

Taylor knew this was his mother's intention. He had no power to refute, but felt extremely speechless!

He wasn't a three-year-old kid, did she have to stare at him like that?

"Please sit at the desk, Prince Taylor." Julie's gaze never left him, her expression icy and tone stern.

Taylor looked at her, extremely dissatisfied as he sat down in the chair.

After a while, Julie spoke again, "Now please open your textbook, Prince Taylor."

"..." The man's gaze grew more resentful. "I know, you go out and close the door!"

Facing that aggrieved look, Julie knew learning could only rely on him.

So she closed the door, but didn't leave. He had to sit the full two hours!

In order for the prince to mature early, she stood guard outside the study without a second's delay.

Taylor held the open textbook, but was lost in thought. How could the goddess have a boyfriend? This was something he couldn't understand.

Although still young, he had extensive experience with women. Though their status and position were decent, their looks quite good, with nice figures and pretty faces, Taylor felt they all lacked something.

In a relationship, this feeling was so important.

Taylor thought, as long as Claire wasn't married, did he still have hope?

But now his father had jumped out in opposition... This undoubtedly created another obstacle for him.

Thinking of this, Taylor felt very annoyed. How could he concentrate on studying?

At this moment, two gorgeously dressed young ladies walked towards Louis's palace, giggling and whispering to each other as they went:

"Does Prince Louis really live here?"

"He looked so handsome at the ball. I didn't even get a chance to say a word to him."

"Did you notice a hint of melancholy in his eyes, as if he's difficult to get close to? But it's this

melancholy that makes me feel he's the most charming prince. My heart is going to sink for him."

"I like him a lot too."

"I liked him first, you gotta make way."

"Oh please, let's just go ask for his contact first."

"Hehe, one step at a time. Let's take the first step and go have some tea at his palace, make a new

friend?"

The two daughters of high ranking royals confidently arrived at the palace entrance, but were ruthlessly

stopped by the servants.

"Hehe, um... I'm looking for Prince Louis!" One of the girls was all smiles, full of anticipation as she

asked, "Is he inside?"

Chapter 1622 - They Were All Stopped

"The prince has no time, he sees no one," the servant said coldly to them. "Please leave!"

"No time? You haven't even gone to report it, how do you know he has no time?" The girl didn't feel

rejected, but blinked her pretty eyes, hoping she could go in and say a word.

The servant did not answer, because he had to answer similar questions countless times every day, so

the servants simply chose to be silent.

The two girls looked at each other, and the other girl asked, "Then when does he have time? We can stand here and wait."

The servant did not answer.

The girl peeked inside and asked again, "Is the prince inside?"

The servant still did not answer, standing there stiffly like a door god.

The other girl hurriedly took out a can of tea leaves from her bag, "This is a fine premium tea that my father has treasured for a long time. I want to give it to the prince. It won't take up too much of his time, just two minutes, can you let us in?"

The servant still had an expressionless face, looking at them emotionlessly, "Even if Prince Louis is not busy, he will not see any women."

"Why?" The girl was surprised and blurted out, "Does he have issues with his orientation?"

This question made the servant's face turn pale!

Just then, Rowan happened to come out from the side hall. At a glance, he saw the two elaborately dressed young girls stopped at the door.

And their words - does he have issues with his orientation? - also happened to fall into his ears.

It made him frown slightly. Rowan strode towards the door.

The two girls happened to see him. This was the first time they had seen him up close since leaving the ball.

Rowan was tall and handsome, his features were clear and bright, giving a sunny feeling.

For a second, the smiles on the girls' faces became radiant, and their hearts started beating irregularly.

The prince was walking towards them!

"Prince, this can of tea leaves is for you!" The girl held up the tea can to him, smiling sweetly like honey.

"Your Highness." The servant at the door bowed respectfully to him.

Rowan's cold gaze fell on the girl's face, "Don't come again in the future. I'm not uninterested in women, I'm just uninterested in you."

He stopped in his tracks, his coldness carried a hint of arrogance, making people able to look but not obtain. The hearts of the two girls instantly cooled.

At this moment, General's daughter Winnie walked over confidently in high heels.

Ever since seeing him at the ball, this Prince Louis had taken up residence in Miss Wen's heart.

She didn't come to find him right away, because she had just gotten this custom-made dress.

Wearing the most beautiful and high-end clothes to meet the person you like most is the most romantic thing in life.

Pleasing oneself also pleases the beholder.

But as Winnie walked, she suddenly saw two women stopped at the door, and Prince Louis was also there. They seemed to be pestering Prince Louis.

Winnie inevitably quickened her pace.

"Prince, my father is the high official Allen of the royal family, let's be friends!"

"Prince, can we come in and sit for a while?"

Just as Rowan was about to go inside, Winnie arrived at the palace door.

"Hello Prince Louis," Winnie ignored the two women and looked at him confidently.

Rowan's gaze swept over her lightly, then fell on Arthur, who was walking over. Rowan's heart finally stirred.

"Your Highness." Arthur came over quickly, the corners of his lips raised as he stood at the door,

looking at the three young women standing there, a little unclear about the situation.

"Please come in." Rowan was very happy because Arthur had been his playmate since childhood.

"How do you have time to come over today?"

Arthur followed him inside. The three girls were stopped by the servants, it was really embarrassing!

While Winnie had an embarrassed look, Prince Louis didn't even glance at her!

Chapter 1623 - He Guessed He Would Ask Eventually

Later they found out that recently too many women had come to see Prince Louis.

An average of several waves every day.

And Prince Louis treated them coldly, regardless of whether the other party was beautiful or their

status.

"How strange, doesn't he want to be king? He doesn't even try to win over the officials after just

returning to the royal family?"

"He's really indifferent to fame and fortune."

"Maybe he's a bit dumb."

The girls were puzzled and discussed privately.

Rowan gave people a feeling of being aloof from worldly affairs. He did not make any move to win over any forces, and spent most of his time hiding in his own palace, gardening and raising grass.

So no one could figure out what he was thinking, even Katharine felt very confused.

But since he had invited an Arab doctor to take a look, he was very hopeful that the King's health could recover, he was a very filial son.

But whether he had ulterior motives, others could not judge.

Moreover, most people also knew about the king's illness, and there was probably no chance of recovery...

The king's abdication was only a matter of time, and everyone was watching the palace closely.

The green roof of Prince Louis' palace.

The servants brought in fruit plates and pastries, as well as wine and tea, then bowed and retreated.

Rowan and Arthur leaned against the railing. The table and chairs behind them were still in their original positions.

"Do you still remember this place?" Rowan leaned his hands on the railing and squinted to gaze into the distance.

Arthur also leaned his hands on the railing, glanced at him, smiled and looked into the distance, "Of course I remember."

Then, some childhood scenes began to emerge in the minds of the two, so clearly scene by scene.

"After you left, I came up here alone three times," Arthur said emotionally, telling him with a smile, "The servants clean up every day here, everything is kept the way it was. It feels like so many years have passed in a flash."

Rowan also felt a little emotional. The last time he stood here and gazed into the distance, he still needed to stand on a stool.

Arthur turned to look at him, "Louis, I thought you would never come back."

"Over the years, my uncle and I have occasionally been in contact," Rowan said softly, then he turned and looked at him, "Did he never tell you?"

Arthur shook his head, "No."

Rowan's eyes flashed something. He nodded, and did not say anything more. So his father probably

did not know of his whereabouts either.

He had never asked his uncle not to tell his father, but his uncle did not take the initiative to tell his father.

"Have you been doing well outside these years?" Arthur asked caringly, as a good friend.

"Pretty good," Rowan did not intend to reveal too much to him, so he changed the subject, "Can I ask you about something?"

"Go ahead," Arthur had a sincere smile on his face. He would not hide anything from him, "As long as I know, I can tell you!"

Although times had changed, he still treated Louis as his best friend.

It was just that Rowan was wary of him, and this wariness was not only towards him, but towards everyone in the royal family, including Uncle Eden.

Everyone around his father could be the poisoner.

The closest person could hurt you the deepest.

Rowan turned around and picked up two glasses of grape wine, handing him one, "My father and

Katharine over the years... how has their relationship been?"

Arthur understood why he asked this question, and guessed that sooner or later he would ask.

Arthur could understand his regret and grief.

Holding the wine glass, Arthur pondered how to speak in the best way - to state the facts while not hurting him.

Chapter 1624 - You're Welcome, We Are Friends

Rowan's lips curled up slightly as he sensed Arthur's hesitation. A flash of melancholy crossed his heart as well.

"Arthur, it's okay, just tell me the truth. I'm an adult now and can understand my father remarrying. Of course I'm also prepared to accept it," Rowan spoke lightly. He gazed into the distance, "I just... wanted to know if my father has been doing well all these years?"

"Hmm," Arthur was moved by his magnanimity and had fewer reservations.

Arthur turned and asked him, "So what was your first impression when you saw the Queen?"

Rowan knew what he meant. He tipped his head back and took a sip of wine, then softly answered,

"She looks a lot like my mother."

"Yes," Arthur nodded. "That's something the entire royal family knows. Anyone who has seen Queen

Elsa will have the same feeling."

So Father had loved Mother deeply, he just found a replacement for her.

"The King and Queen have had a decent relationship these years,"

Arthur told him truthfully. "Not only has he gifted her with several castles, but also lands. On every holiday, the King gives her exceptionally valuable gifts, or priceless gems, or takes her on trips around the world."

As he spoke, even Arthur felt a little envious.

Rowan listened in silence. He couldn't help but think of his mother again... Over twenty years ago, his mother had enjoyed the same treatment. It was a pity that everything had ended with his younger sister's disappearance.

"I feel like the King doesn't truly dote on the Queen. Essentially he can't forget the Queen," Arthur brought up a detail. "Because for almost every event, the clothes the Queen wears are the same ones the Queen used to wear. And her makeup is also very similar."

Arthur also said, "The King often secretly looks through photos of him and the Queen late at night when

everyone is asleep."

Hearing this, Rowan's heart twinged slightly.

So was this considered a tragedy for both of them? Had Queen Katharine been happy all these years?

"What about the Queen's feelings for Father then?" Rowan turned and curiously asked, "What are her emotions towards him? Does she love the man or love the position?"

"The Queen loves the King very much," Arthur was certain about this point.

He gave his opinion without hesitation, "She often goes to accompany the King. He has the temper of an ill person and the King's emotions are very unstable at times. But the Queen is always patiently by his side, even if he yells at her, she doesn't complain."

Arthur also said, "The Queen looks up to the King more than anything. Everyone knows she has adoring eyes for him. No matter what event they attend, she always stands beside him gazing at him affectionately."

So there was no need for Rowan to ask further if his father also had feelings for Taylor.

If he didn't come back, there would be no doubt Taylor would inherit the throne.

So his return would also throw the mother and son into disarray.

Did Uncle suddenly bring him back because... Taylor threatened Uncle's position? This thought crossed Rowan's mind.

Because of his whereabouts, Uncle had never told Father.

And Rowan had always thought Father knew.

Arthur tipped his head back and drank some wine, then looked over at him and said, "To be honest, if you didn't come back, Prince Taylor would undoubtedly securely sit on the throne. But now there is a change. According to the rules of primogeniture, if Princess Annie can be found, Prince Taylor would be third in line to inherit."

Speaking of his sister, Rowan felt very helpless. He had spent no small effort looking for her over the years, but still came up empty handed.

Arthur reminded, "Louis, so you must also be vigilant of the Queen. After all, this concerns a position of power. Don't underestimate human nature."

"I understand," Rowan clinked glasses with him lightly, his expression tranquil. "Thank you, Arthur."

"You're welcome, we are friends," Arthur smiled at him. Then he tilted his head back and drank the

wine in his glass in one gulp.

Chapter 1625 - A Little Warmth Before the New Year

Arkpool City.

It was New Year's Eve tonight. Every household was joyful and lively. Many companies and shopping malls had also put up window decorations with red lanterns hanging everywhere. The festive atmosphere was thick.

It had snowed heavily again last night. The entire world was covered in silver dressings and romance was displayed between the earth and sky.

The servants were hanging red lanterns in the yard of the prized land of Emerald Bay. Alfie and Diana were happily helping out. This was the first year they were spending with Daddy since being reunited, very different from before.

"Hang it higher! Brother, higher! Be careful!"

"Wow! So pretty! It lit up!"

"Brother, let me hang one too!"

The children's laughter was melodious to the ear. The servants helped them while also ensuring the

siblings' safety.

Aubree came out from the living room wearing a purple down jacket, holding two small scarves. "Kids, come here, wrap a scarf first so your neck doesn't get cold!"

Ever since accepting these children, they had become the apple of her eye. She worried about them all the time.

Worried they would get cold or hungry, worried they would get hurt or trip, and worried if the children were in low spirits.

"Grandma, look! We're helping hang lanterns!" Diana happily ran over and pointed, "See! Brother and I hung that one. Does it look good?"

"Very good, very good." Aubree had a kindly smile on her face. She wrapped a red scarf around the little girl's neck, "But be sure not to catch a cold."

"I won't, Grandma! Will Daddy come back to celebrate New Year with us?" Diana blinked her pretty eyes and frowned, "Where is Lu Layuoka? Is he very far away?"

"Not far, not far. Daddy has a plane that will get him here quick!" Aubree smiled and told her, "Daddy

just called a while ago. He said he will definitely come back to celebrate New Year with you."

"Yay!" Diana jumped up happily.

Just then, Alfie came over. "Grandma, will Uncle Spencer come tonight?"

"Of course!" Aubree happily replied, "Not only will he come, the brothers from his club will also come and celebrate New Year's with us! We'll set off fireworks too."

"What about Uncle?" Diana blinked her big eyes again. "Big Uncle and Eason? Will they come?"

Aubree patiently answered as she wrapped a scarf around Alfie, "Grandpa will bring Eason over for dinner, but we don't know about Big Uncle. Big Uncle has more important people to accompany. But we'll definitely see him on Christmas Day."

"Is he going to be with Aunt Monica?" Diana tilted her little head and curiously asked, "Then why doesn't he bring Aunt Monica to celebrate together like last time?"

"Aunt Monica also has to accompany her parents since it's New Year's Eve," Aubree explained as she finished tying Alfie's scarf. Then she lovingly stroked both children's heads, "Go on now, go help hang lanterns. Be careful not to fall!"

"Okay, Grandma, bye!" The kids waved at her and ran off.

Aubree watched the children's retreating backs with a smile. In just a few short months, it was as if they had grown a lot taller. The genes in their bones were still quite powerful.

Then she turned and walked towards the living room. She had to plan tonight's menu.

Upstairs in the heated bedroom, Jennifer had taken off her shoes and was hugging a pillow while sitting on the sofa. A classic piano piece was playing softly in the room.

The bright, warm light shone down as she looked through the medical book Master had given her.

It was filled with Master's handwritten notes, completely unique recipes in the world.

She had been reading for an hour already and was shocked by all the recipes inside...

Every type of herb was recorded in it, some common and some not.

How to combine them into poisons, how to combine them as antidotes...

Chapter 1626 Getting Dizzy

The master even tested the medicines on himself. He recorded his feelings every day while being poisoned... as well as the changes in his body, and his feelings every day during detoxification.

Most of the records were in the form of a diary.

This book had dates on every page, the handwriting looked the same, and was especially neat. It

spanned 30 years...

It was all the master's research, the value of which could not be measured with money. This was a compassionate doctor's lifelong blood and sweat.

Jennifer was very moved and touched. She felt that since she had taken on the role of Mrs. Marsh, she had to make the best use of this book for the benefit of all mankind. This must also have been the master's wish.

Outside the airport terminal in Arkpool City, among a row of identical taxis, there was a white sedan.

Monica sat in the driver's seat, feeling good as she looked at the time, then shifted her gaze out the window. It was about time.

Soon, her phone rang. She took it out and saw the word 'Belinda' on the screen.

Her finger slid over the answer button, "Hello, Belinda, have you got your luggage ready?"

"I didn't check in any luggage, just a small suitcase. I just got off the plane and will be out soon."

Belinda said as she walked among the crowd. "Have you come yet?"

"I'm here, I've been waiting for a while!" Monica said, "Hurry out, I'm watching for you!"

"Then see you in three minutes."

"Okay, bye!" Monica hung up the phone. Once Belinda was back, she had to move forward with Algerone. She and Tristan already had a perfect plan, just waiting for the female lead to make her entrance.

Soon, Monica saw a familiar figure emerge from the crowd. She hurriedly got out of the car and opened the door.

"Belinda!" She strode towards her excitedly, even jogging part of the way! The mother and daughter had depended on each other since Belinda was little, and were very close.

Belinda dragged a pink suitcase, dressed fashionably, and walked towards her daughter.

They were only about ten meters apart, but as Belinda walked, she suddenly went dark before her eyes. She quickly stopped in her tracks.

"Mom! What's wrong with you?!"

Monica realized something was wrong and hurried over to support the staggering Belinda, "Are you okay? What's uncomfortable?"

Belinda's right hand gripped the suitcase handle tightly. She took a moment to steady herself with eyes

closed and shook her head. For a few seconds, it felt like needles were pricking her brain.

"I'm calling an ambulance!" Monica was so frightened that she quickly took out her phone, ready to dial the number, but was stopped by Belinda who opened her eyes and grabbed her wrist, "No need, I'm fine."

Monica looked at her anxiously, "You're clearly unwell!"

But she saw a smile emerge from the corner of her mother's mouth. "Come on, let's go." Then Belinda dragged her suitcase forward and strode off, as if nothing had happened.

"Hey!" Monica hurried to catch up, "Mom, how long has this been going on?"

"Not long." The woman walked briskly with straight posture. Her condition seemed to have recovered in an instant.

"No..." Monica turned around to block her path, "You have to take your health seriously! What's the point of making more money?"

"Look, I'm fine now, aren't I?" Belinda looked at her daughter and said lightly, "This is just a little hypoglycemia, a tiny little problem."

After saying that, she pushed past her daughter and walked forward to open the trunk.

Monica helped lift the suitcase and put it in, then grabbed her mother's wrist sincerely, "Let's get a physical exam, okay?"

She was very worried, because this wasn't the first time her mother had such an episode.

Chapter 1627 Why Didn't You Play Matchmaker?

"..." Belinda was speechless, feeling that she was making a fuss out of nothing.

The mother and daughter's eyes met. Monica had her own insistence.

Belinda said, "Young lady, I just got off a plane. Can you let me rest for a bit? Besides, who goes to the hospital during holidays? That's inauspicious!"

Now looking at her mother, she really didn't seem to have any abnormalities at all, her complexion was also normal.

"Then after New Year?" Monica compromised, but was still worried in the end, "Okay? In a few days, when the hospital departments are all open. Alright?"

"Okay, okay." Unable to resist her daughter, Belinda nodded in agreement, "Can you let go now?"

Monica let go, the trunk closed automatically.

Then the mother and daughter got in the car, Belinda in the passenger seat, and the car started up quickly.

"You're going to stay up for New Year's Eve with Tristan tonight, right?" Belinda glanced at her, a little reluctant but also feeling her daughter was growing up.

Monica glanced back with great happiness, "Tristan is joining us for New Year's Eve."

Upon hearing this, Belinda was surprised, "What about his father? All alone?"

"Mr. Clarke is going to his daughter's place, Eason will go too. I heard Alfie and Diana also like playing with him, and they might go abroad after New Year's, so there's not much time left together."

Belinda should have been very happy that Tristan and Monica would be with her for the holiday.

But when she thought of the truly lonely Algerone, she suddenly felt a little uncomfortable. He was the one who was really alone.

Belinda wanted Algerone to join them too, but didn't know how to bring it up. She had the thought in mind but couldn't find the right words.

She glanced at her daughter, thinking, doesn't she usually play matchmaker? How come there's no sign of it today?

But Monica still didn't intend to say anything. The car drove towards the residence provided by

Algerone...

In the spacious living room of Emerald Bay.

Aubree asked Jolly, who had just come downstairs, "Is the lady asleep?"

"No, the lady is reading in the living room on the third floor." Jolly replied softly, "It's been over an hour."

She was a little worried that Jennifer was overworking herself, but didn't want to disturb her.

"Okay." Aubree nodded, then turned and went into the tea room. She personally made a cup of warm milk.

When she came out with the milk, she met Jolly again.

Seeing the cup in her hand, Jolly naturally understood her intention and hurriedly came up to say,

"Madam, let me take it up. You rest."

"No need." Aubree smiled, "I'm going up to see her anyway." With that, she headed upstairs.

The third floor living room was simply furnished and very spacious with a modern minimalist style.

Jennifer had taken off her shoes and was curled up on the sofa engrossed in a medical book, so

absorbed that she didn't notice the footsteps right away.

From the moment she entered, Aubree's gaze lingered on her. This woman exuded a maternal glow, gentle yet strong.

Not until Aubree drew near did Jennifer come to her senses and look up to see her, "Mom." A little surprised.

"Here, have some milk first." Aubree smiled and bent to hand her the milk cup.

Jennifer quickly closed the book, sat up straight and took the cup with both hands, "Thank you, Mom."

"What are you reading?" The middle-aged woman casually asked as she sat down on the sofa, "You're already a qualified mother, raising the two kids so well. Ivan should read more of these new parent books, not you. You don't need to study anymore."

Chapter 1628 A Deep Connection

Jennifer took a sip of milk and smiled at her, explaining, "I'm reading medical books."

"Still studying diligently?" Aubree recalled her medical skills. Without her, she wouldn't have recovered to how she was now, so she was truly grateful to Jennifer in her heart, "But you should balance work and rest too. You're pregnant now."

"Thank you for your concern, Mom. I'll remember that." Jennifer smiled and took another sip of milk,

"The flavor is a bit strong today, quite tasty."

"I made it for you today, I specially added two more spoonfuls of milk." Aubree looked at her fondly,

treating her like her own daughter, "I remember you said yesterday the flavor was a bit light."

Such a simple sentence, yet her mother-in-law remembered it in her heart?

Jennifer held the milk cup, smiling brightly and gently at her. The mother-in-law and daughter-in-law

relationship was getting better and better.

"Jennifer, Mom still wants to say sorry to you." Aubree suddenly became serious.

Jennifer didn't quite understand what she meant. She looked at Aubree and listened to her say lightly,

"At the beginning, Mom didn't understand you. Not only was I against you, but I also caused physical

and psychological harm to you. I'm really sorry."

At the beginning?

But hadn't that been settled long ago?

"Mom..." Jennifer was suddenly at a loss for words. She smiled awkwardly and said, "That's all in the

past, isn't it? We... shook hands and made up long ago. Why bring it up suddenly..."

"Whenever I think of how good you are, I'm filled with regret."

Aubree sighed heavily, also becoming somber, "Without you, Ivan wouldn't have been able to start a family or have such lovely children. And I wouldn't have recovered either. Our family looks like a symbol of power but was actually full of problems. It's gradually becoming warmer because of you."

Aubree looked at her gratefully and sincerely said, "Jennifer, you are a blessing to the Marsh family.

You're the good fortune we accumulated over lifetimes. I'm really very grateful to you."

Hearing these words, Jennifer was deeply moved, and also felt undeserving.

She held the milk cup, at a loss for words for a moment on how to comfort her, "Actually..."

"Mom." She slipped on her slippers, put down the milk cup, and grasped Aubree's hand. Smiling, she said, "Actually, I never resented you. Being able to become family is also my blessing. I'm Mrs. Marsh now, a position so many women dream of. I believe strongly in destiny."

Jennifer smiled and told her, "There are so many people who can only brush past us because of shallow affinity. And so many others who are destined to only get to know each other briefly. I believe it takes a very deep, deep connection for us to become family. All this is heaven's arrangement."

Aubree's nose turned sour. She nodded in agreement and opened her arms to gently hug her, "Good child..." She was so moved that her eyes brimmed with tears. In her heart, Jennifer must be the kindest person in the world.

"Mom, thank you for helping us take care of the kids abroad." Jennifer expressed her gratitude again,

"Ivan said after this baby is born, if the kids want to come back and go to school here, they can come back."

"The kids are quite adapted to life abroad for now." Aubree let her go and said, "The noble schools there are no worse than China's. I can be responsible for raising them well. You just focus on taking care of yourself. We can meet easily anyway, just a few hours by plane."

"Okay, okay." Jennifer smiled sweetly.

Downstairs, Ivan entered the living room. His tall figure had an extraordinary air.

"Mr. Ivan." Seeing him, the servants were very happy and bowed respectfully together.

"Daddy!"

"Daddy!"

Alfie and Diana jumped down from the sofa and ran over excitedly!

"Where's Mommy?" Ivan halted his steps and put his arms around the children's shoulders. His aura was extremely gentle.

"Daddy only asks about Mommy. Don't you care about us at all?" Alfie looked up at him with a prick to his conscience.

Chapter 1629 Take the Initiative

Diana also looked up steadily at him, "Does Daddy love Mommy the most?"

"Of course not, I love you all! Love Mommy, love Alfie, love Diana, love Grandma!"

Ivan laughed at their jealousy. He pinched the children's cheeks and asked again, "Quick, tell Daddy, is Mommy home?"

At this time, Jolly answered with a smile, "Mr. Ivan, Madam is in the living room on the third floor." She could understand his feeling of longing. Absence makes the heart grow fonder after all.

Ivan let go of the children and headed upstairs eagerly!

"Daddy!"

Alfie and Diana wanted to follow, but Jolly squatted down and hugged the children.

At this time, Ivan's eager figure disappeared around the landing.

Jolly held the children and gently reminded, "Daddy will be back soon. Let's give him and Mommy some private time, okay? They might have important things to discuss."

With her reminder, the siblings looked at each other and suddenly understood. They laughed and held hands, running off together!

"Brother, let's go play with the toy cars!"

"Okay, okay!"

Ivan went upstairs eagerly and arrived at the door. He noticed his mother was inside too, and subtly suppressed his urgency.

The mother and daughter-in-law sitting on the sofa heard the footsteps and saw him immediately. He's back?

"Mom." Ivan strode forward. "Jennifer." He smiled.

Jennifer was about to get up, but Aubree grasped her shoulder. Then she stood up herself, smiling at her son, "You two chat, I'll go down first and see how dinner preparations are going."

Before they could respond, Aubree smiled at the woman on the sofa and quickly stepped away.

The mother-in-law was deliberately giving the young couple time.

After his mother left, Jennifer looked up and met Ivan's hot, intense gaze.

Just as she was about to get up, he came over and leaned down to kiss her into the sofa... The pent-up

longing made her truly feel...

He really did miss her a lot like he said in his messages.

But Ivan was very gentle. With his strong arms, he bore all of his weight.

"Mm..."

"Did you miss me?" Ivan's nose gently brushed hers after the kiss.

Her face flushed as she softly replied, "Mm-hmm." Her pink lips were moist and alluring.

"Then take the initiative and kiss me?" His voice was light as he deliberately said.

Jennifer almost wanted to laugh. Why was he like a child? Whether he initiated or she did, it was the

same, wasn't it?

"Hurry up." He urged patiently, looking at her with deep affection in his eyes.

His heated breath enveloped her...

She gently closed her eyes, put her arms around his neck, and actively kissed his thin lips...

Ivan was satisfied like a child, passionately responding to her kiss.

He loved her, deeply into his bones. He was willing to go through fire and water for her.

On the asphalt road cleared of snow-

Monica's car drove into the villa area, heading for the townhouse. Outside the window was snowy

white, the most romantic color of winter.

Finally, Belinda couldn't help but turn and ask, "You're all planning to spend New Year's with me?"

"Yup!" Monica drove with a nod and smile, "Tristan already talked it over with his dad. What's up? Is the

happiness too sudden? Too much to take in all at once?"

"... Then what about Algerone?" Belinda inevitably felt worried in her heart.

But Monica seemed to discern her worry yet deliberately didn't bring it up!

"Have you... called your dad?"

Belinda glanced at her again. "When did you last see him?"

"I haven't seen him for several days, or called him either." Monica said seriously. "I was afraid you'd be

unhappy! Don't worry, I'll keep my distance from him from now on!"

"I..." Belinda's chest tightened, but she didn't know how to continue.

How could she be unhappy?? That was all in the past, okay?

Chapter 1630: Clever Monica

Monica looked at her mother's hesitant expression, and she was already happy in her heart. She soon

slowed down the car and stopped in front of the small courtyard house.

They had arrived.

Before getting off the car, Belinda saw two other cars parked in the yard, one was Tristan's, and the

other was Algerone's.

She was secretly surprised, then turned to ask, "Is your dad here?"

"You're back, I'll tell him to leave immediately!" Monica deliberately complained, "This old man, I sent

him several messages telling him to hurry up and leave, but he didn't respond at all! His car is still

parked here!"

Seeing her daughter get off the car emotionally, Belinda also hurriedly got off the car, "Hey hey hey!"

She went around the car and grabbed her daughter, whispering, "What are you doing? Don't get so

excited, it's the big holiday."

"I told him to leave, yes, this big holiday, don't affect your mood." Monica defended her mother, her acting skills were first-class.

Belinda felt very uncomfortable. She pulled her daughter, half smiling and half serious, "That... it's the big holiday, so let's just forget it, okay? After all, he is your dad, if you make a fuss like this... it won't look good to Tristan, right?"

Monica stopped and looked at her suspiciously, "Really not kicking him out?"

"Not kicking him out."

"Let him stay for the reunion dinner?" To confirm, she asked again.

Belinda nodded firmly, "Yes."

Then, the girl scrutinized her mother up and down, and couldn't help but grin.

"What are you still looking at?" Belinda gently pushed her, strangely embarrassed as she stepped forward.

While Monica had really figured out her mother's mind, she felt there was hope for remarriage!

Or, just have Algerone accompany Belinda for a physical exam?

She thought, Algerone would definitely agree! Looking at the current situation, Belinda might not refuse either.

As soon as the mother and daughter entered the door, they smelled the aromas coming from the kitchen. Various tempting fragrances were mixed together, there would be a feast tonight!

"We're back!" Monica excitedly shouted inside, "No one came out to greet us?"

Soon, Algerone and Tristan wearing aprons appeared at the kitchen door, one holding a spatula, the other holding a knife.

Seeing this scene, Belinda was a little surprised, "...?" Both big men were cooking?

"Hello, auntie." Tristan greeted with a smile, his voice gentle.

"Sit, sit, sit down quickly!" Algerone had a silly smile on his face, his happiness and joy overflowing,

"After sitting on the plane for so long, we were just about to welcome and refresh you."

Monica looked at the woman next to her with a smile, seeing that she seemed to be stunned, but there was a touch of emotion in her eyes, she was also happy for her.

Monica quickly patted Belinda's shoulder and said with a smile, "Sit down, I'll go in and see if I can help with anything!"

With that, she walked into the kitchen.

Algerone and Tristan also turned around and entered the kitchen. Algerone hurriedly put down the spatula, clumsily washed his hands, and hurried to make milk for Belinda...

While Monica hugged Tristan from behind as he tied on an apron. She leaned her cheek against his sturdy back with a blissful smile, not caring if there were elders around.

"You like raw oysters, don't you? I made forty today." Tristan's cooking skills were still good. As he made garlic sauce, he affectionately looked back at her, "Monica, why don't you go accompany your mom?"

"No." The girl deliberately hugged him tighter, "I want to hug you, I missed you."

"We were only apart for less than an hour." Tristan couldn't help but laugh, also feeling sweet inside,

"Do you want to come help?"

The girl really let go of her hands and came to his side, "I'd love to, what do you need me to do?"

"No need, no need." Tristan quickly said to her, "Go out quickly. From now on in our home, when men are around, women don't need to enter the kitchen, leave it to us!"