

Surprised 1641

Chapter 1641 Let's Get Remarried

"Belinda." Algerone saw that she had accepted the roses. He also secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

This meant she was trying to accept it, right?

At least she was no longer as resistant as before. In the past, even when he called Monica, she would snatch away his phone.

Tonight, the relationship between the two had taken a big step forward.

For Algerone, the tension that had accumulated all day also dissipated a lot. He sat down beside her.

There was a little distance between them, and Belinda didn't show any disgust.

"I know... it's because of me that this moment has been delayed until now." Algerone deeply blamed himself, "I've thought about going to Canada to find you countless times over the years."

Her chest ached. Waves rose in Belinda's heart.

Over the years, she had been waiting for him... So she didn't even change her phone number.

"But at that time..." Algerone thought of the past and couldn't help feeling heavy. "Although I had even bought the plane ticket at that time, I also thought a lot, but in the end I still couldn't take that step."

Why was this? As a woman who had waited for a long time, she really wanted to know the reason.

Algerone looked at her apologetically, "Because at that time, I felt that I couldn't give you a better life..."

Looking at each other, his regret made her even more upset. She tried hard to suppress those emotions.

"So over the years, I've been working hard to manage the company well, to make my personality and temper better, and to specialize in cooking skills."

Belinda could feel his caution and sincerity tonight. Listening to his familiar voice, facing his gaze, the past suddenly rushed back like a tide, bringing real warmth to her heart.

All the estrangement disappeared in an instant.

"Belinda, I won't say much. Let's start over. Let's get remarried!"

Algerone plucked up his courage and looked at her affectionately, "Let's be brave and mature. Let's not miss each other again."

"Yannian..." Belinda was very moved. She also had a lot to say at this moment, but felt mist gradually gathering in her eyes.

Emotions were building up in her heart... "I..."

"Belinda." Algerone was afraid she would refuse and couldn't help holding her hand, looking at her sincerely and bravely, "We won't be younger than yesterday again. Give me a chance. In the future, you can throw little tantrums, but rely on me for big things."

It was this sentence that completely broke Belinda's long-waiting heart.

She tried hard to restrain her emotions, but inadvertently dropped a glistening tear.

"Don't cry." He felt so distressed and put the roses on the coffee table before hugging her in his arms, "I understand how you feel. Come here, don't cry."

Algerone was very unhappy. He felt deeply guilty and couldn't bear to see her shed tears.

"Yannian..." The proud Belinda put her arms around his waist, her voice trembling, "Yannian..."

The warmth that sprouted in her heart finally allowed Algerone to feel her in his arms. Her emotions and tears overflowed.

At this moment, the two people in the cinema were intimate with each other.

Monica leaned on Tristan's shoulder while he stuffed popcorn into her mouth one by one, just like feeding his little pet.

It was a slightly regretful love movie. Two people who were once in love eventually missed each other due to various misunderstandings.

It left Monica in a bad mood, a little depressed.

After leaving the cinema, Tristan said to her, "We have to learn from others. No matter how we quarrel in the future, neither of us can mention breaking up."

Chapter 1642 Merry Christmas

Monica turned to look at him. She saw only tenderness in his eyes, always giving her a sense of security.

"Okay, let's hook our pinkies!" She tilted her head and stretched out her finger to him.

Around them were couples leaving.

Amidst the relatively noisy crowd, Tristan's heart and eyes were only on her. He stood in front of her and cooperatively stretched out his finger to hook hers.

As the dignified leader of the Clarke Group, Tristan didn't feel hooking pinkies was childish at all. On the contrary, he was very willing to play with her.

"Hooked pinkies, hooked for a hundred years, not allowed to change!"

"Okay, okay, won't change."

After hooking pinkies, Tristan put his arm around her shoulders, "Let's go." Then he took her out with

him, "There are still more than twenty minutes until the new year. I'll take you somewhere."

"Okay!"

As long as she was with him, she was very willing, without needing to ask where.

In Monica's eyes, even just walking down the street hand in hand with Tristan was the ultimate

romance. She was very willing to go and enjoy it.

Tristan drove for fifteen minutes and took her to a nature park.

As soon as the car stopped steadily, he anxiously told her, "Hurry up and get out of the car."

"Oh." Monica quickly unfastened her seatbelt.

After getting out of the car, Tristan immediately took her hand and ran forward, obviously in a hurry.

Monica had never been here before. Under the warm yellow light of the street lamps, as the two ran,

she saw a hill in the near distance.

Sure enough, Tristan took her up the stairs up the hill.

She still didn't ask anything, and tried her best to follow him uphill.

"Be careful, don't miss a step." Tristan glanced at his watch, being considerate of her.

The two soon reached the top of the mountain. Standing on flat ground and looking down, there was a feeling of sudden enlightenment, after all the mountain was of considerable height.

The park was huge, as if you could see the not-so-distant emerald waters.

The two still held hands tightly, panting, smiling and gazing at each other.

"Boom!"

At the sound, the two turned their heads. Not far away, a purple firework burst open in the sky, its dazzling brilliance lighting up the entire night sky.

"Boom! Boom!"

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Beautiful fireworks blossomed one after another, colorful, varied shapes, a visual feast that shocked the heart.

The Christmas bell had rung!

"Merry Christmas, Monica," Tristan gently squeezed her shoulder. "I wish you a smooth year ahead."

"Thank you." Monica looked up at him, a touch of charm flashing in her beautiful eyes. "Merry Christmas!"

Tristan smiled gently, his handsome face instantly outshining the fireworks.

He gently brushed aside the strand of hair that had drifted onto her cheek, growing more and more obsessed with her, unable to help but gently kiss those soft pink lips.

The fireworks dispersed, and the dazzling light shone on her face and his...

At the turn of the bell, in the townhouse of the villa area.

The living room lights were still on.

Algerone was still sitting on the sofa, holding Belinda's hand, not willing to let go for a second.

They also heard the sound of fireworks, but still looked at each other.

The clock on the wall had passed the turn of time.

"Merry Christmas, Belinda." Algerone smiled and sincerely wished her well, also taking out a gift from his pocket and handing it to her, a gift wrapped in an envelope.

"For me?" Belinda looked at the gift in surprise.

"Yes, just a little token, I hope you can accept it." Without waiting for her to refuse or take it, he directly

stuffed the gift into her hand.

As soon as Belinda touched the gift, she realized something was wrong. It didn't seem to be a letter inside.

Chapter 1643 I'll Leave Tonight

She hurriedly opened the envelope in front of him, took out a card from it, and looked at him in surprise,

"What are you going to do?"

Algerone told her, "This is all my private money. I'll hand it over to you from now on."

"I won't take it." She quickly put the card back in the envelope as if it was hot, and gave the envelope

back to him, "This is unnecessary. Even if we plan to start over, I still hope we are independent

individuals. I don't want anything from you."

Hearing her say this, Algerone was struck and looked at her dejectedly, "Belinda, you don't understand my intentions. By giving you this money, I can feel at ease. I'm not trying to curry favor with you. I know you lack nothing."

"..." Belinda blinked, withdrawing her gaze, still resisting inwardly.

"Just take it. The password is your birthday. You can choose not to spend the money, but you have to

keep it." He put the envelope in her hand again, "We both plan to remarry. Why are you still so estranged?"

Her attitude made him very uneasy, giving him a feeling of impending loss.

Belinda realized he was sincere and knew that if she didn't accept it, he would be so anxious that he couldn't sleep and would overthink.

Under Algerone's coaxing, she finally reluctantly accepted it, "Then I'll keep it for you. I won't touch the money inside."

Algerone didn't force her. Everything had to be done step by step.

In fact, at this point, both of them were already feeling sleepy.

They really talked a lot tonight.

Algerone still hadn't said he was leaving, and Belinda hadn't told him to get out either. This was his house after all.

"I think..." Algerone glanced out at the yard. He said, "Monica and Tristan won't be back tonight, right?"

Although cohabitation before marriage was unacceptable to Belinda, tonight, she actually didn't want

them to come back either.

Seeing her not answering, Algerone tried again, "Or I'll just... stay with you tonight? The wiring has been very unstable recently. B district had another power outage last night. They said they were doing maintenance."

He knew she was afraid of the dark and was the kind of person who needed a nightlight to sleep.

Belinda shyly avoided his gaze, leaned forward and picked up the teacup, silently drinking the slightly cooled Pu'er tea.

Algerone also understood her pride. She was no longer rejecting him inwardly, which made him quite happy.

"Belinda, it's getting late. Let's go upstairs?" Algerone tried asking, his observant gaze always on her face.

Belinda was much gentler, having put away all her sharp edges from the past.

"Hmm." She answered softly, put down the teacup, got up and walked upstairs.

Algerone was simply delighted inwardly! Of course he didn't show it too obviously, getting up to follow her pace.

On a hillside in a certain park.

Tristan hugged Monica from behind. As their kiss ended, they leaned against each other enjoying the romantic fireworks.

One after another, more and more extravagant.

"Monica, come home with me tonight? Don't disturb Algerone and Belinda." Tristan didn't have any other intentions. He analyzed, "Look, it's this late and your phone hasn't rung. It just proves they don't really expect you to go back, and even... don't want you to go back."

"Stay at your place?" Monica turned to look at him.

"Yes, I have many guest rooms there. You can choose freely." He respected her very much, and had no personal desires either, just wanting to give the elders some space.

Chapter 1644: Wearing His Shirt

The girl thought carefully, "Alright then."

After the New Year's Eve fireworks extravaganza, Tristan brought Monica back to his home.

It was the first time he had brought her home to spend the night.

Tristan's house was really big, with a unique design and a European-style decor. It was especially

spacious and had a touch of antique charm, clean and tidy everywhere.

"You go take a shower and wear my shirt," Tristan helped her find some clothes and compared them to her body, "It's just right, you can wear it as a dress."

The shirt was long enough to reach her thighs, so it should be fine. Monica also lowered her gaze to check the length.

"Well... isn't this a bit inappropriate?" She didn't immediately take it, not because she felt embarrassed, but rather she thought it would be a waste. "Wearing it to sleep seems too extravagant. This is a custom-made shirt, after all."

"If any other woman touched it, I would definitely throw it away in disgust. But if you wear it to sleep..."

Tristan smirked and joked, "I'll wear it to work every day from now on!"

She couldn't help but chuckle at his teasing.

"Go on, go on, there's a bathroom in every room."

"Alright then!"

"I'll go to the study and check some reports," Tristan looked at her retreating figure and asked, "By the

way, would you like milk or coffee? I'll make it for you!"

After finally having more time to spend with him, she didn't want to waste it on sleeping.

Being able to spend a little more time with him would make Monica feel very happy.

"Milk, please!" She paused and turned back.

"Okay, Your Highness."

Tristan smiled as he watched her walk away, then turned and went into the pantry to personally prepare

milk for his beloved girl.

Monica entered the bathroom, turned on the shower, and couldn't help but hum a song excitedly.

She had actually gone home with him!

This was what it felt like to love someone wholeheartedly, feeling happy every minute and every

second.

After showering, she stood in front of the bathroom mirror wrapped in a towel.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, her fair skin, wet hair, and dark, beautiful eyelashes, she was

really pretty!

"Indeed, a woman nurtured by love will only become more beautiful!" She finally appreciated her own

beauty.

Drying off the water on her body, she put on Tristan's shirt. It reached just above her thighs and looked sexy as can be.

The scent on the shirt was really pleasant, so she deliberately smelled the sleeve.

As she blow-dried her hair and quietly approached the study, she peeked into the open door.

Tristan was sitting in a chair, staring at her intently. When their eyes met, she hesitated for a moment, then approached him.

She pursed her lips, feeling a little embarrassed.

The man's shirt wrapped around the girl's slender figure, revealing her fair and slender thighs. It looked sexy and ambiguous from any angle.

As she got closer, Tristan withdrew his gaze, picked up the cup of milk on the table, and handed it to her. "It's warm, perfect for now."

"Thank you." She took it with both hands, a gentle smile on her face. "It smells so good." She sniffed it and took a sip, raising her gaze to look at him.

Tristan stood up and stood in front of her, looking into her eyes, which were filled with love.

She leaned slightly towards him and glanced at his computer screen. It was filled with dense data... her eyes were starting to blur.

"Are you still working so late?" She admired him a bit, but also felt a little sorry for him.

"Waiting for you," he replied with his hands in his pockets, then leaned casually against the edge of the table. "Work is not important; Kevin has already taken care of everything."

The girl's eyes were filled with a smile as she drank the milk in a few sips.

He took the empty cup from her hand and placed it down, then his gaze fell on her lips stained with milk. He pointed to his own lips, reminding her.

Monica understood and directly licked off the milk ring with her tongue, then asked, "Is there any left?"

Tristan picked up a handkerchief but hadn't had a chance to hand it to her. He couldn't help but smile wryly. Then he sat back down in the chair with a gentle expression on his face, extending a large and warm palm towards her.

Chapter 1645: But This is My Bed

Monica felt sweet in her heart. She lowered her gaze, feeling a little embarrassed, and took two steps

towards him. Her mouth puffed up, and her chubby face looked extremely cute.

She placed her delicate jade hand in his palm, and Tristan held it gently, pulling her closer.

Monica sat on his lap, her face flushed with shyness because the shirt she was wearing was... really

sexy.

With her lowered gaze, she could still see her fair and long legs.

Tristan fondly brushed her long hair and looked at her with a gentle gaze.

The girl's eyes were filled with a smile as she kept her gaze lowered.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and held her hand, saying, "Monica, you look really beautiful

tonight."

Tristan's voice was deep and magnetic, carrying a power that could disrupt one's heart.

Her smile became even softer and sweeter. "Hehe, love is blind."

She raised her gaze slightly, finally making eye contact with him.

It is said that lovers always have a special light in their eyes, even if they do nothing, just sitting quietly

in each other's arms, they will feel immensely satisfied.

Tonight, she was truly beautiful, as pure and beautiful as a lotus in water, radiating the fragrance of a

bath.

Tristan couldn't help but stroke her cheek, his deep and passionate gaze fixed on her beautiful lips.

Gradually, he couldn't resist and kissed her.

Monica felt a rush of heat throughout her body, her heart pounding faster with each beat. His kiss made her mind go blank.

His lips were cool like spring water, enchanting her like a spell.

Tristan kissed her tenderly and carefully, without taking too much, without invading. He treated her with utmost care, his breath gradually becoming irregular.

Just when both of them were about to lose control, Monica suddenly stood up. "Good night! Go to bed early!" she said in a shy voice, and quickly left.

It was like she was escaping. In the blink of an eye, she disappeared.

But Tristan's heart was still restless. Looking at the door, his lips still carried the warmth of her kiss.

Thinking of her smile, her voice, and her playful and shy appearance, his smile deepened.

Tristan had completely fallen in love with her, irrational and unable to extricate himself.

Monica quickly chose a room, took off her shoes, and got into bed.

Just when she was about to calm down and go to sleep, she heard footsteps approaching.

What's going on?

She cautiously poked her head out and saw the door being gently opened. In the warm yellow light, she saw Tristan standing at the door.

"..." Monica half propped herself up, curiously looking at him. She didn't expect him to be here.

"What's the matter?" she asked in a low voice, her cheeks turning red.

"Are you sure you want to sleep together tonight?" Tristan leaned against the door, smiling as he looked at her. He really didn't expect her to be here.

"No." The girl blushed, asking softly, "Didn't you see that I'm already lying down?"

Tristan smiled and kindly reminded her, "But you're lying on my bed."

"Ah!" Monica screamed and sat up, feeling embarrassed. She quickly pulled back the covers, put on her shoes, and rushed towards the door.

However, Tristan had no intention of giving way, so Monica ran straight into his chest.

He chuckled and extended his hand, pulling her into his embrace.

The scent of the man enveloped her, making her dizzy. Looking up at him from his embrace, she found him gazing at her with deep affection.

Their gazes met again, and with a slightly blushing face, she pursed her lips and looked embarrassed.

It was this side of her that once again made Tristan unable to resist. He held the back of her head with his large palm and kissed her lips.

He kissed her tenderly and repeatedly... as if he couldn't get enough.

He held her waist with one hand, gradually approaching her step by step, while she kept retreating. In

the end, both of them fell onto the large and soft bed, kissing passionately.

Chapter 1646: The Midnight Phone Call

"No... don't!"

Monica felt her body burning hot, as if she was about to explode. Her heart seemed to leap out of her chest as she quickly pushed him away.

"What's wrong?" Tristan asked in a gentle voice, a bit puzzled. He supported himself with both hands on her sides, his entire body suspended in the air.

Staring at her at such close proximity, he said, "I just wanted to kiss you, nothing too offensive."

"We..." With such a close distance, male hormones enveloped her, and Monica met his gaze, her heartbeat becoming more and more erratic.

"I... I'll go to the next room," she said, trying to get up, hoping he would make way for her.

But Tristan remained unmoved, staring at her, his arms on both sides of her, trapping her beneath him.

"Sleep here tonight, I promise I won't touch you," he said in a gentle voice, his gaze sincere, extending an invitation to her.

In fact, Monica was somewhat looking forward to it, but also a bit nervous and uneasy.

After a long, long time... her mood gradually calmed down a bit. "Hmm," she nodded gently.

Tristan's lips curled slightly, pulling her up and helping her lift the blanket, his gaze fixed on her face.

In an instant, her cheeks turned even redder.

Tonight... are they going to sleep together?

This was a scenario she had imagined countless times before. Monica didn't know why, but whenever she was with him, she couldn't restrain the feeling of her heart pounding.

Haven't they already been together? Why is she still acting so infatuated?!

She quickly turned and got on the bed, quickly burying herself under the covers, even hiding her head.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her emotions.

Tristan found her adorable, and he couldn't help but smile again.

He lay down beside her, reached out to turn off the light, gently pulled the blanket over their bodies,

and then turned to the side, lightly embracing her.

She didn't resist, lying still as if she was asleep.

"Are you sure you want to spend the night under the covers?" After a while, Tristan asked softly.

"Yes," she remained motionless, but her heart blossomed with joy. Pressed against his chest, she could

feel his warmth and the strong, powerful heartbeat.

Before long, Tristan also tucked his head under the covers, resting his chin lightly on her shoulder.

"Then I'll accompany you."

The two of them closed their eyes in happiness...

The night was quiet in Emerald Bay.

Ivan and Jennifer had just come out of the bathroom, drying their hair and getting ready for bed when

Ivan's phone suddenly rang.

Who could it be so late?

Both husband and wife were suspicious because it was New Year's Day, and they hadn't received any calls on their phones all day.

Ivan sat on the bed and reached out to pick up the lit screen of his phone. It was an unfamiliar number, but he didn't have any bad premonitions.

Because in his eyes, nothing was a big deal.

Their child was healthy and safely asleep next door, and his beloved wife was by his side. Even if the company went bankrupt, in such a beautiful moment, he wouldn't furrow his brows.

The ringing continued...

"Answer it quickly," Jennifer urged him, "It's so late, it must be something urgent."

His long fingers slid across the answer button, and he turned on the speakerphone.

"Ivan." On the other end of the phone, a middle-aged woman's anxious voice came through. "Miss

Catherine just gave birth to a child at the hospital. It was a cesarean section, and her body is very

weak. It can be said that she was saved from the brink of death. She's crying and shouting that she

wants to see you. Her tears are almost dry."

"Why does she want to see me?" Ivan narrowed his dark, angry eyes and replied coldly, "The police will go see her."

"She knows, she knows!" The other person was afraid that Ivan would hang up directly, so they quickly continued, "Ivan! She doesn't want to send the child to an orphanage! Please show mercy! She's emotionally shattered right now. She said... she would rather die than not see you, or her soul won't rest in peace."

Chapter 1647: Some Rejoice, Some Worry

Just as Ivan was too lazy to listen and was about to hang up the phone, Jennifer took the phone from his hand. "Hello, which hospital are you at?"

Ivan looked at his wife in surprise but didn't interrupt her.

"Okay, we got it," Jennifer ended the call and looked at him. "Darling, Catherine brought this upon herself, but the child is innocent."

"You..." Ivan's tense face softened, and he averted his gaze, not wanting to show displeasure to his wife.

Jennifer, being a mother herself, understood the bond between a mother and her child, so she couldn't bear to see the child suffer.

"I have no intention of dealing with this woman at all!" Ivan said expressionlessly, then he crossed his arms and turned away.

"I know," Jennifer came to his side and looked at him. "But the child is truly innocent. If the child could choose, she wouldn't choose Catherine as her mother."

Ivan didn't want to understand the grand principles; he despised Catherine greatly!

"I don't want to see her at all," Ivan smirked coldly. "So whether her child lives or dies, what kind of person they become in the future, has nothing to do with me."

"..." Jennifer looked at him and fell silent.

He rejected the child, and she didn't want to force him.

So she didn't say anything further. "I understand. It's getting late, let's sleep early."

Jennifer didn't want her goodwill to overflow, and she didn't want any involvement with Catherine. She didn't even want to see her.

But the child was innocent.

Who could choose their own birth?

Jennifer simply felt sorry for this child who was born and immediately sent to an orphanage. Who knew how much suffering she would have to endure?

After putting down the phone, Ivan embraced Jennifer as they lay down. He kissed her cheek.

"Goodnight, my dear." His tone softened.

"Goodnight."

She lay on her side, and he held her from behind, just like Tristan holding Monica.

As the moon set and the sun rose, a new day arrived as expected.

The children woke up particularly early today. "Jolly, Jordan, Merry Christmas!" They appeared at the corner of the staircase.

"Young master, miss, Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!"

In the morning, everyone who met would proactively say "Merry Christmas" to each other. Everyone's faces were filled with happiness, and the festive atmosphere was especially strong.

Laughter and joy filled the air, heralding a brand new day and a brand new year.

In a certain bedroom upstairs.

Aubree had just put on new clothes, with only one earring hanging. The phone on the dressing table rang, and she picked it up. It was an unfamiliar number.

It was strange because very few people knew her phone number, and she rarely received calls from strangers. Who could it be?

She answered, "Hello? Who is this?"

"Auntie." Catherine had just given birth and her voice was weak. The moment the call connected, her throat choked up. "Merry Christmas."

"Who are you...?" Aubree couldn't recognize her voice at all.

The woman on the other end of the phone felt a pang in her heart. "I'm Catherine."

Upon hearing that name, Aubree was taken aback. She was somewhat surprised to receive her greeting early in the morning, but she wasn't pleased.

Aubree's tone was indifferent as she asked, "Do you need something from me?"

Feeling the distance and coldness from Catherine, she held back the voice of her heart being torn

apart.

She spoke again, "Auntie, I'm in the hospital. I've just given birth, and I know prison awaits me. But this child is innocent. Can you please help me?"

Before she could respond, Catherine cried, "When I'm released, I'll do anything to repay you. I can't bear to leave her in an orphanage when she's just been born, I'm really worried."

Early in the morning, Aubree's good mood was completely shattered by her words.

Chapter 1648: Aubree's Attitude

Aubree listened impatiently, rolled her eyes, and sat down in the chair. She put her phone on speaker and casually placed it on the dressing table, picking up another earring and hanging it on her ear.

"Auntie, I'm begging you..." Catherine's helplessness and weakness could be heard in her voice, as if she had grasped the last straw.

She sobbed, "I still have some money. Can you help me find a reliable person to raise the child? If you go and find someone, that person definitely won't dare to be negligent and will wholeheartedly take care of this child."

"Auntie, I'm begging you... please? The child is innocent..."

"Auntie..." Catherine on the other end of the phone could no longer speak, her voice choked with tears,

"I'm begging you..."

Aubree sighed and frowned, feeling a bit annoyed.

"Auntie, I had someone call Ivan, and I originally wanted to ask him to take care of this matter, but... he

doesn't want anything to do with me."

"If he doesn't want anything to do with you, that's good!" Aubree finally retorted, indicating that she had

been listening to what Catherine said earlier.

"Catherine, let me tell you, Ivan is in a good relationship with Jennifer now!" After issuing the warning,

she added a touch of pride to her tone. "Jennifer is pregnant again, so don't interfere and keep your

thoughts to yourself. Stay away from them!"

"Auntie, you've misunderstood. I haven't... I've already..." Catherine hesitated in her words. Did she no

longer love him? Obviously not.

How could that deep, bone-deep love, that heart-wrenching love, be forgotten so easily?

In order to avoid misunderstandings and prevent Auntie from despising her even more, Catherine tried

her best to explain, "I no longer have any expectations of Ivan. I'm only worried about this child. I also know that Ivan won't let me go, let alone forgive me."

"Good to know," Aubree said as she picked up her lipstick.

"Auntie... the police will be here soon." Catherine was racing against time, feeling particularly panicked.

"Auntie, I'm begging you, please? Think about how you... genuinely liked me back then."

"I was blind back then, but now my eyes are open, I can see things clearly, and I can see through people!" Aubree leaned forward in her chair, applying lipstick in the mirror.

Every word she uttered was like a sharp blade, piercing Catherine's heart.

Once upon a time, Aubree treated Catherine like a daughter, even considering her as a daughter-in-law. She had opened up her heart sincerely.

"Auntie... I was wrong... you also have children, please, I'm begging you... think of it as accumulating virtue?"

Catherine, in her desperate state, actually said these words--

"You were able to accept Spencer. With your compassionate and generous heart, you should be able

to accept this baby in swaddling clothes."

"Can these concepts be the same?" Aubree was angered, and she was undoubtedly clear-headed, "I

accepted Spencer! This family will only get better! Both Jennifer and Ivan like him! I have to love

everything about him! I have no choice but to like him!"

In Catherine's eyes, today's Aubree had completely changed, becoming even colder and more ruthless

than Ivan.

"... " Catherine couldn't say anything in response. Her mind was a bit chaotic, wondering why her

Auntie was so difficult to communicate with?

This one and only hope was about to be shattered!

"Accepting your child is equivalent to causing trouble for my son and daughter-in-law every day."

Aubree had a heart of stone, her tone calm. "Catherine, hand the child over to the police. They will

handle this matter for you. Don't call me again."

After saying that, she hung up the phone directly, took a deep breath in frustration, "It really ruins my

mood. Calling me on Christmas to cry and sob, how inauspicious!"

Elders tend to care about these things, so Christmas greetings have always been important.

"Grandma!!"

The children's tender voices came from outside the door, and soon the door was opened. In an instant,

Aubree's expression turned into a smile. "Are you awake?"

"Grandma, Merry Christmas!!"

"Wow! Grandma looks so beautiful today!"

"Merry Christmas, my precious darlings!" She quickly stood up, bent down, and reached out to hug

Alfie and Diana, who had entered the room.

Chapter 1649: Delivered to the Door

Then she took the gifts that had been prepared on the dressing table, giving each of them one. "These

are gifts from Grandma. Wishing you a safe and happy year, full of health and happiness!"

"Thank you, Grandma!"

"Grandma, I want to give you a kiss!" Diana's voice was sweet.

Aubree smiled and held the children's shoulders, squatting down in front of them. "Come here, give

Grandma a kiss!"

Alfie and Diana each planted a kiss on her cheek. "Grandma, I love you!"

"Grandma, I love you too!"

Two big kisses landed! Along with the children's affectionate words, Aubree's heart bloomed with joy.

Alfie suddenly noticed another gift on the dressing table. Curiously, he asked, "Grandma, who is that for? Why is there another big one?"

There are no more children in the house!

Aubree stood up, reached out, and took it without answering directly. "Come on, let's go downstairs for breakfast and give out the gifts!"

The children looked puzzled. "Who is it for?" They followed her downstairs.

"You'll find out soon!" She purposely kept them in suspense.

At this moment, Ivan and Jennifer had just come downstairs and saw Aubree at the corner of the stairs.

Everyone quickly greeted, "Mom, Merry Christmas!"

"Jennifer, Merry Christmas," Aubree beamed with joy. She handed the big gift to her daughter-in-law,

"Jennifer, Merry Christmas. Thank you for your contributions to our big family. You've worked hard during your pregnancy. Keep this gift for the child."

Jennifer reached out and accepted it with a gentle smile. "Thank you, Mom." Then she gestured to Jolly.

Jolly hurriedly came over with an exquisite purple box and handed it to her.

Jennifer took it and then passed it to Aubree, saying, "This is a Christmas gift for you. I hope you like it."

"I have a gift too?" Aubree happily took it. "Let me see, let me see." She opened it and found a sparkling necklace.

"I designed it myself." Jennifer's expression was gentle.

Aubree felt both happy and distressed. "I really like it. Thank you. But from now on, don't do things for me anymore. Rest well and don't keep designing all the time."

"Okay, thank you for your concern, Mom."

Seeing such a peaceful scene, Ivan was quite happy. He enjoyed this warm feeling, which made him more focused on his career.

After a while, Jolly notified everyone that breakfast was ready.

The first Christmas breakfast was even more sumptuous than ever before, with hundreds of dishes for

everyone to choose from. The atmosphere was particularly harmonious, with the hosts and the servants together.

After a while, Jordan hurriedly walked in from the yard. He went straight to the dining room, glancing at Aubree and Ivan with a troubled look, not wanting to break the atmosphere by speaking up.

"What's the matter?" Aubree's calm gaze fell on him. "Speak up, we're all family here."

Jordan whispered, "Madam, there are two people outside the door holding a newborn baby. They said... they insist on seeing the owner of Emerald Bay, or they won't leave."

A baby?

Aubree's expression immediately changed. She knew it must be Catherine's child! Why did they bring the baby to their doorstep?! Wasn't the attitude on the phone just now unclear?!

Ivan and Jennifer, because of the phone call they received last night, also almost confirmed that the baby was Catherine's child.

There was silence in the dining room for a few seconds. Jennifer stood up and said, "I'll go out and see."

Ivan and Aubree also stood up at the same time and followed Jennifer. The three heads of the family walked to the yard, stepping outside.

"What baby? I want to see too!" Curious, Alfie put down his milk cup, got off his chair, and walked outside.

Diana quietly followed.

Outside the mighty and tightly guarded gates of Emerald Bay, two nurses in work uniforms held the baby, waiting eagerly in the cold wind, looking toward the courtyard.

Chapter 1650: The Child's Stay or Leave

Everyone walked towards the gate, looking at the scene outside, and they all felt the same.

Soon, Ivan and Jennifer stood beside Aubree, and all three owners of Emerald Bay had arrived at the front gate.

They were only two meters away from the two nurses.

"Ivan, Mrs. Marsh..." The nurses were excited to see them, but also felt very apologetic, "I'm sorry to disturb you on New Year's Day, it's really presumptuous. We really had no choice, entrusted by Catherine..."

The dust has settled, it was Catherine's child.

Ivan's eyes instantly turned as dark as an ancient well, unfathomable.

At this moment, the other nurse also spoke up, "Catherine is so pitiful. She was in labor for three days and three nights, and finally had to have a cesarean section to deliver this child. She also experienced massive bleeding and her body was very weak. If it wasn't for this child supporting her, she probably would have already..."

Hearing these words, Ivan was still indifferent. He even scowled, it had nothing to do with him! His heart didn't have a single ripple.

Jennifer was a woman, and pregnant now, so she could understand this kind of suffering that only a woman could experience. She was kind by nature, so she was a little moved.

Aubree listened and felt chaotic inside, and her hardened heart also felt a little reluctant.

After all, Catherine was not a stranger. Even if it was a stranger who had gone through all this, it would be moving.

The three of them didn't speak, and the nurse continued, "Please take in this child. Catherine was also at her wit's end. She knows very clearly that she will spend the next half of her life in prison. The only

thing she worries about is this child."

Before the three owners could respond, Alfie came out and asked, "Who is it?" He came to the nurse and stood on tiptoe, "Let me see." He tried to peek at the baby inside the swaddle.

The nurse quickly squatted down.

Alfie took one look and saw the cute baby in the swaddle. "Wow, so pretty."

"Wow, this is too cute!" Diana stood next to her brother, hands on her knees, bottom stuck out, looking at the baby with shining eyes, "Hehe, she's actually asleep, so tiny!"

The two children's voices were small, full of kindness, afraid to wake the sleeping baby.

This was the first time in their life they had seen a newborn so close, and their hearts were melting.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" Alfie looked up and asked softly.

The nurse seemed to see a glimmer of hope since the young master didn't reject it. She quickly replied,

"It's a girl."

Aubree came over and pulled the two children away directly. Alfie turned and asked, "Grandma, why did they bring a baby here? Who gave birth to her?"

At this moment, Jolly and Jordan also came over. Aubree quickly told Jordan, "Hurry and take the young master and young miss inside."

"Yes." Jordan understood the situation, stepped forward and took the children's hands, "Young master, young miss, it's cold outside, you are wearing so little, don't catch a cold, come inside with me!"

"I'm not going, I want to see my little sister."

"Me too, I'm not going."

"Oh please, just go inside." The butler pulled them inside. Diana still looked back, "Grandma! Keep this little sister! We like her!"

At this moment, Alfie's voice rang out, "Does she not have a daddy and mommy? Can we be her daddy and mommy?"

The children's words caused the two nurses to choke up a little, and they regained a glimmer of hope.

It also made Jennifer feel down, but she didn't voice any opinion.

Keeping the child and raising it themselves was definitely unrealistic. Catherine was not sentenced to death, she would be out of prison one day.

Jolly suddenly understood something and asked softly, "Madam, is this... Miss Catherine's child?" She

wanted to confirm.