

## **Surprised 1651**

### Chapter 1651: Perhaps This is the Best Arrangement

Everyone conveyed their answer to her through silence.

After considering it for a moment, Marry noticed that no one firmly rejected the idea, indicating that perhaps their hearts were moved by compassion.

However, it was really inappropriate, too inappropriate, to place Miss Collins' child in the Marsh family.

Therefore, Marry had a selfish thought, but she didn't know how to speak up at that moment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marsh... with your broad and generous hearts, you can surely take in this poor child," the nurse said tearfully. "Originally, we didn't intend to get involved in this matter, but last night we witnessed her going through life and death..."

Ivan finally lost his patience. "I understand the hardships of your medical staff, but let me say it again,

Catherine Collins had no relationship with our Marsh family in the past and will have no relationship in

the future, so this child has nothing to do with us."

At that moment, Marry, who had been hesitating all along, finally mustered the courage to speak, "Mr.

Marsh, what do you think... Could you let my sister adopt this child?"

All eyes fell on Marry.

Marry felt anxious in her heart. After all, it was Catherine Collins' child, and she didn't know how likely this would succeed.

But she still wanted to do her part for her sister's predicament.

"What is your sister's situation?" Aubree didn't directly refuse but calmly asked, "Tell me about it."

"Madam, my sister is forty years old this year. She has been married for over ten years but has never had a child. She has been to many hospitals for examinations and has spent a lot of money. She has undergone seven failed attempts at IVF."

Marry recalled those bitter years, sighed repeatedly, and said with some anxiety, "They have also considered adopting a child, but those children are seven or eight years old. She is afraid that they won't feel close, that the child will grow up estranged from her. So she has never gone ahead with the adoption."

And this baby is just right.

The two nurses seemed to see a glimmer of hope. As long as they handed the child over to the Marsh family, the matter would be settled.

So, one of them quickly said, "Mrs. Marsh, Catherine Collins doesn't mean to force the Marsh family to adopt. She also knows that the Marsh family has no obligation to her or the child."

The other nurse explained, "Yes, yes, yes. She just hopes that the Marsh family can intervene in the adoption issue and find a reliable family for the child. They don't have to be wealthy, but they must ensure the child's safe and healthy growth."

"Then let Marry take care of it," Jennifer spoke up, taking a step forward to receive the child from the nurse.

"Thank you, Mrs. Marsh, thank you so much. I'm deeply moved."

"Mrs. Marsh, thank you on behalf of Catherine Collins."

"You may leave." Jennifer carefully held the child and watched as the two nurses quickly got into the car.

As if they were afraid the Marsh family would change their minds.

Jennifer turned around, holding the child, and looked at Marry. Marry was particularly grateful. "I-I-I'll call my sister right away." She quickly took out her phone.

After the call connected, Marry shared the good news with her sister, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Really?!" On the other end of the phone, her sister was also in tears of joy.

At this moment, Aubree and Ivan, who had been silent all along, surprisingly didn't say anything. A single nod from them could bring new hope to a broken family.

After hanging up the phone, Marry was in a hurry. "Thank you, ma'am! Thank you, Mrs. Marsh! Thank you, Mr. Marsh! My sister said she'll come right away! They were already in the cooling-off period for their divorce due to the child, and this child came just in time."

As Marry spoke these last words, tears welled up in her eyes, and she couldn't help but shed tears.

Jennifer was also deeply moved. This child might be different from her mother; she truly was a little angel who had saved a family right after birth.

She looked down at the sleeping baby in her arms, feeling affectionate, and a satisfied smile appeared on her lips.

Chapter 1652: Happy New Year

Inside the small Western-style buildings of the villa complex, in the spacious and cozy master bedroom

upstairs, Belinda and Algerone woke up almost simultaneously on the soft large bed.

Just as they opened their eyes, their gazes met each other's, with a remarkable understanding, and their eyes casually collided.

"Happy New Year."

They both spoke almost at the same time, and then couldn't help but let their lips curl up.

Old Mu extended his arm and gently lifted Belinda's shoulder. She leaned against him, turning her body to snuggle up to him.

Listening to each other's familiar heartbeats, they both felt as if they had traveled through time.

After being separated for twenty years, this was the first time they shared a bed and were so close to each other. The feeling of putting an end to regrets made them feel a warmth akin to newlyweds.

They made a decision to spend every day together in the future and cherished every second of their current togetherness.

"Belinda, what would you like for breakfast today?" Algerone asked softly, "I'll prepare it for you when I get up."

Belinda propped herself up, "I'll go and cook dumplings for you. I made them myself before, and they're

still in the fridge." She said as she lifted the covers and got out of bed.

At that moment, Algerone had a smile on his face. He didn't stop her because he felt like the happiest man in the world, immersed in a sense of enjoyment.

In another villa at the same early morning...

Monica stretched her hands out from under the covers, yawned, and then the scene froze for five seconds.

She reached out her hands to pat around, up and down, but didn't touch anyone. Where was Tristan?

She lifted the covers, revealing her head, looked left and right, but didn't see Tristan's figure.

Did he wake up so early?

When did he get up?

Why didn't she feel anything?

Was he sleeping too soundly?

Monica murmured in her heart as she got up and put on her slippers, walking out of the bedroom.

The villa was really big, and the decoration was unique, reflecting the taste of the owner. Monica

walked lightly and came to the study, feeling somewhat familiar this time.

The study door was open, just like last night. She cautiously stuck her head out, but found it empty inside.

There was a small disappointment in her expectant heart.

Looking at the chair where he sat last night, remembering how he pulled her closer and she sat on his lap, their passionate kiss...

She pursed her lips, lowered her gaze to look at his shirt on her body, closed her eyes shyly, took a deep breath, covered her pounding heart, and continued walking lightly through the entire second floor.

Still, she didn't see his figure. Could he be downstairs?

Holding onto the railing, she made her way downstairs step by step and heard some noise coming from the kitchen.

When Monica arrived at the kitchen door, she immediately saw a slender figure bustling about inside, standing against the backlight, giving Tristan a hazy feeling.

On the table behind him were several platters with freshly prepared food.

The aroma wafting in the air was especially enticing.

He woke up so early and was actually making breakfast!

Monica, like a kitten, quietly stepped into the kitchen, approaching him unnoticed. She reached out her hand and circled her arm around his waist.

But Tristan didn't feel surprised at all, his lips curved slightly, "Up already? Happy New Year, Monica."

"Why are you so calm?" The girl let go of her hand and stood beside him, looking up at him, "Didn't I startle you?"

"It's just you and me in this villa, so who else could it be besides you?" His voice carried a hint of laughter.

Monica smiled, tiptoed, and planted a kiss on his cheek, "Happy New Year!"

Chapter 1653: They Are Truly Happy Now

Tristan carried the prepared breakfast into the dining room. For him, this new year was the most meaningful, because when he opened his eyes, he saw the person lying beside him.

"Let me help!" Monica was about to come over, but he stopped her, saying, "You can go sit outside, let me do this. Be careful not to burn yourself."

She had no choice but to obediently move to the dining room and sit happily in the white chair,

watching admiringly as he brought out dish after dish of sumptuous food to the table.

"Men who can cook are the most handsome!" she praised.

"Is that so? Then I will definitely become more and more handsome in the future."

"Hahaha!"

Today's breakfast was abundant, with spicy noodles, milk, toast, egg drop soup, chicken wings...

"Wow! There's more?" She saw him put down a plate of crispy chicken wings, then turned back into the

kitchen. "Are you trying to show off your cooking skills on the first day of the new year? We can't

possibly finish all this."

"Eat slowly, chat slowly. I'm not showing off my skills." Tristan was very modest. He brought out two

more steaks, "That's all."

Then he took off his apron in front of her and sat down opposite her. "How did you sleep last night?"

Her smile was full of happiness, which was the answer.

"Let's eat." Tristan was also very satisfied. He picked up his glass and drank some milk, then said to

her, "From now on, you'll have to slowly get used to life here."

She just smiled and didn't respond. She picked up a piece of bread and elegantly took a bite. "I hope that every new year's eve from now on, we'll be together."

"Of course we will be," Tristan said confidently. "This is an unbreakable relationship. If there's anything you're not satisfied with about me, just speak up and I'll change. But don't mention breaking up."

"Okay," she smiled brightly. So far, Monica really couldn't find any flaws in Tristan.

As Tristan ate breakfast, his gaze fell on the red braided bracelet on the girl's wrist. He asked her, "You don't usually wear this bracelet often. Why did you put it on again?"

"It's New Year's Eve, a moment of extraordinary meaning, so I wore it," Monica said sweetly, still smiling. "I hope we'll have good luck in the new year and good things will happen!"

"Then pass some of that good luck on to me, and double our good fortune," Tristan said.

"Of course!"

The two happily ate breakfast and chatted. Their conversation turned to their elders.

"It's strange. Belinda hasn't called me up until now. She hasn't even sent a text message, which is very unusual. She must have a broken phone."

"Or maybe... she has accepted me from the bottom of her heart!" Tristan was confident as he joked,

"Look at how good I behaved in front of your mom! Wasn't I dependable?"

"Yes, yes, you pretended well," she teased him deliberately.

But Tristan corrected her seriously, "I wasn't pretending. I'm good by nature, but she couldn't see that.

So I have to slowly show her, let her see the whole from the parts, and then trust me with her

daughter!"

"Clever strategy! Applause!"

After breakfast, Tristan said to her, "I'll take you back now and we'll visit your mom together to wish her

a happy new year. I've already bought her gift. Then we'll go see your dad."

He took out an exquisite box from the drawer. Monica recognized it as being from a famous Italian

custom brand that only releases 12 designs per year, so you have to preorder even if you have money.

"You..." She was so surprised she could barely speak. "When did you order this?"

"On the night I confessed my feelings to you," Tristan told her. "At that moment I knew we could

definitely go the distance. I had to prepare a decent gift for your mom this year."

"..." She was truly moved by him.

"Okay, okay, don't get emotional. Let's go," Tristan said as he brought her to the car, then handed her a small box. "This is your new year's gift. I hope you like it."

Chapter 1654: The Secret Discovered on New Year's Day

But she hadn't prepared a gift for him... The gift recipient suddenly felt a little embarrassed.

Monica became very ashamed in an instant, "Thank you!" At the same time, her heart felt warm.

This year, she and he would definitely be more happy.

Tristan's car drove towards the small villas in the villa complex. In the early morning of New Year's Day, the streets were a bit chilly, with everyone immersed in the joy of reunion.

As the car was nearing its destination, they saw Algerone's car driving out from the yard and silently driving away.

"..." Monica's chest tightened as she turned to look at Tristan in surprise and asked excitedly, "Did you see that just now? That was Algerone's car!"

"Yeah, I saw it," he remained quite calm.

"What's going on? He came so early and then left again?" Monica couldn't understand.

But Tristan's thin lips parted as he said, "Did you ever consider that he might have spent the night

here?"

"Ah?" Monica was so shocked she covered her mouth, simply unbelieving, "How is that possible?" She

blinked her big dark eyes and thought carefully. It really was possible.

Tristan turned to look at her, smiling as he asked, "Very surprised?"

The girl nodded vigorously, "Of course!"

"I actually think it's quite normal, after all Belinda really didn't call you." Tristan said with blessing in his

heart, "She also needs some private space."

"Then..." Monica thought for a moment. She was so happy she couldn't stand it, smiling radiantly as

she asked, "So will they really get back together?! Is my wish about to come true? If he spent the night

here, then they must have slept together right? They're an old married couple, why play hard to get?"

"Yes," Tristan told her very definitively, "Every one of your wishes will gradually come true."

"Awesome!" She was simply overjoyed, even more so than if she was the one in a relationship!

Algerone and Belinda getting back together was her biggest wish.

Soon, Tristan's car came to a stop in the same spot Algerone had parked.

In the living room, sensing a car's movement outside, Belinda's chest tightened slightly, and she also

felt a little hot. She thought Algerone had come back, so she turned to look.

But she saw Tristan and Monica getting out of the car.

Clearly, Belinda was also happy, but not with the delight of expecting to see Algerone.

Her current state was also a bit like a woman in love, but because of her age and status, she kept it in check.

"Mom, happy new year!"

Tristan and Monica entered, Belinda got up to greet them, everyone wished each other a happy new year, and Tristan presented new year's gifts.

The worldly-wise Belinda also recognized at a glance what brand they were, "Good heavens, these are expensive right?"

"Expensive gifts for important people," was Tristan's reply.

It warmed everyone's hearts - this was a feeling of being valued, who wouldn't like it?

Then, after the most meticulous observation by the two young people, they were able to confirm that

Algerone had definitely spent the night here last night, absolutely did not go back.

And later, they found an opportunity to go upstairs, and amazingly discovered that Algerone had slept in Belinda's bed last night!

"Hurry, look, isn't this strand of hair Algerone's?"

"Hmm," Tristan observed it appraisingly, "Looks a bit like it."

"Oh my god!" Monica excitedly covered her mouth, "Let's go, hurry!" She quietly slipped out of Belinda's room, pulling Tristan's hand as they lightly walked to her bedroom.

After entering, they locked the door.

Tristan looked at her with a smile, also in quite a good mood, "So, we should start preparing wedding gifts for them, or... help them hold a grand wedding, to make up for the regrets they had when they were young."

Chapter 1655 - Mother and Daughter Gossiping

In the room, the young couple was discussing and planning for their bright future ahead.

Downstairs, Belinda paced by the window, thinking to herself -

Did Algerone and I manage to leave earlier without them noticing?

She didn't know why, but she hoped her daughter wouldn't find out about the progress in her love life

for now. She felt it was her own business and that her current feelings were best kept that way.

Soon, she heard footsteps coming from behind.

Belinda turned around to see Tristan with his arm around Monica's shoulders coming down the stairs.

They appeared at the turn of the staircase.

"Mom, we're going over to dad's place. Do you want to come with us?" Monica had a big smile on her

face as she extended the invitation.

"I think I'll pass," Belinda smiled awkwardly. "I'm meeting up with my girlfriends soon. They'll be here any minute."

Of course she would decline. They had spent the night together after all, so she probably didn't feel an urgent need to see him. It might even be a little awkward with the kids around.

As Tristan was about to leave with Monica, Belinda couldn't help but grab Monica's arm with a smile.

"Um... come with me for a bit. I have something to ask you."

Monica and Tristan exchanged glances. Seeing Belinda's gentle smile, Tristan also had a faint smile.

"Go on, I'll wait here. Take your time chatting."

Mothers and daughters had private conversations sometimes. This was normal. Although Tristan would

probably find out about their talk soon anyway.

And so, Belinda pulled Monica into the side room as Tristan sat down on the sofa.

"What is it, Belinda?" Monica felt a little uneasy. "It feels wrong to be whispering behind his back like this."

"Don't underestimate his character," Belinda said assuredly. She looked seriously at her daughter. "Tell me, did you stay over at his place last night?"

"Yes."

"Then... did you two sleep together?"

"..." How should she respond to this? Monica met her mother's gaze.

Belinda's eyebrows furrowed in concern. "You didn't lose your first time, did you? Don't you think you're being too casual about this?"

"Who said I lost it?" Monica hurriedly explained, "Of course I still have it! This is a matter of principle!

We just..." She lowered her voice, "We just slept in the same bed and cuddled all night. Nothing happened."

"A man and woman alone together, how could that be?" Belinda began to grow suspicious. "Does he really have that much self-control? Could there be some issue with him?" Her tone turned to worry again.

"Look at you!" Monica protested. "If he has self-control you say there's something wrong with him. If not, you say he's trash and shouldn't be trusted."

"..." Belinda was at a loss for words.

But Monica cut right to the chase, "So how about you and Algerone last night? How was your self-control? How's your body?"

"You..." Belinda's face flushed red in embarrassment. "How did you know?" She had the clear look of a guilty conscience.

Chapter 1656 - Rosey Collins

To save time and prevent Belinda from pestering her with silly questions, Monica gave a mischievous grin and dropped the topic. "Anyway, I know, so I hope you get remarried soon. Bye!"

With that, she headed straight for the exit without giving Belinda a chance to keep her back.

"Let's go, Tristan!"

Seeing her cheerful mood and that she didn't seem scolded, Tristan finally felt relieved. He got up from the sofa and glanced back inside before following her out.

"Not saying bye to your mom?"

"No need, I already talked to her. Let's go!"

When Belinda came out, she watched them through the floor-to-ceiling windows driving away from the yard.

Seeing their car disappearing into the distance, she couldn't help but feel emotional inside. Monica had finally grown up.

In the departing car, Monica kept sneaking glances at Tristan in the passenger seat, looking like she wanted to say something but held back.

Tristan drove in silence, his expression perpetually gentle.

Monica cared a lot about him, so she tried to guess what he was thinking. It was normal to assume

Belinda had spoken ill of him when she pulled her aside to whisper.

Yet the topic was too awkward to broach directly. If she didn't debrief him, she worried he might overthink.

Oh geez, she was getting anxious! She didn't know how to bring it up.

Although Tristan didn't ask anything, Monica still felt uneasy, because she firmly believed honesty was most important in a relationship.

"What are you thinking about?" Tristan seemed to discern her thoughts and glanced at her.

"Nothing much. Belinda just asked about Algerone," Monica gave him a silly grin. "I bet those two will get together!"

"Wouldn't that be good news?"

"Yeah, the best news this Christmas." As if recalling something, Monica said to him, "Oh right, I want to get my mom a health checkup because she's been getting dizzy spells.

"When did this happen? She looked fine just now."

"It's happened to her twice already. Each time she brushed it off, saying it was no big deal and she didn't need the hospital, that it would pass after some rest. But I feel we should take her health seriously. She shouldn't push herself while still young."

"Okay, I'll make an appointment for her. Let me know when would work best?"

"I should discuss with my dad first. I want him to take her for the checkup."

"That works even better. It will also help move their relationship forward."

Early morning at Emerald Bay.

In the spacious, bright living room, Marry carefully held the swaddled infant in her arms, sitting and standing as she gently patted the small bundle.

Her eyes never left the sleeping child's little face, gazing with increasing adoration and unrestrained joy.

"What a little angel," Marry couldn't help but exclaim. Thinking of the child's arrival that would save a fractured family, she was extremely excited and grateful inside.

Zhanzhan and Duoduo also loved the baby. They stayed close to Marry, happily accompanying the child even as she slept.

Suddenly, eagle-eyed Zhanzhan noticed a small slip of paper tucked into the baby's bib. "Look Marry, what's this?" He reached out his little hand and took out the note.

Jennifer hurried over as well. "Let mommy see."

Marry looked expectantly at the note in her hand.

Unable to free her hands carrying the baby, Jennifer took the note and unfolded it. Inside was written

the child's date of birth, along with a name already given to her - Rosey Collins.

Chapter 1657 Settling the Child

Marry also saw the contents of the note.

"Rosey," she read it softly aloud. She could feel Catherine Collins' good intentions. She must be very reluctant to part with this child.

But Catherine Collins could rest assured that her sister would definitely treat this child like a treasure.

Soon, a car drove into the yard. Marry got up from the sofa holding the child. "It's my brother-in-law's car!" They arrived so quickly, indicating how fast they must have driven here.

Marry was really anxious!

Everyone walked to the living room door and saw several people quickly get out of the car after it just parked.

A middle-aged couple, and an elderly couple walking shakily.

The four of them, not bothering to wait for each other, walked excitedly into the living room.

As soon as they entered the door, before they had time to greet each other, the middle-aged couple

knelt down to the Marsh family, tearfully saying -

"Thank you Mr. Marsh, thank you Mrs. Marsh! Thank you Mrs. Marsh!!"

"Thank you for taking in this child. My wife and I will do our best to raise her."

"Get up quickly, get up quickly." Jennifer and Ivan hurried to help them up. Aubree was also very moved. "Don't be so polite, come and see the child."

Marry brought the child to her sister and brother-in-law. "She's fast asleep, very cute, a little beauty."

When they saw the child, they were so excited that their hearts almost melted.

Such a small life... so fragile yet so miraculous.

"Come, let me hold her." Marry's sister reached out excitedly and carefully took over the child. At this moment, she felt a joy she had never felt before in her life.

Jennifer handed the small note to the man next to her. "This was left by the child's mother."

The man solemnly took it and saw the date of birth on it, and also the name - Rosey Collins.

"Rosey... what a nice, memorable name," the man said. "Rosey."

When their grandparents saw the child, they were also tearful despite their age. They finally got to hold their granddaughter!

"Sister..." The woman was choked up with emotion, holding the child and looking at Marry, unable to express her gratitude in words.

"Take Rosey home and raise her well." Marry patted her shoulder.

"Okay." The woman nodded. "I even bought formula."

"Then go back quickly. She'll be hungry when she wakes up."

"Alright."

After chatting briefly, the family bid farewell to the Marsh family. After repeatedly thanking them, they left with the child.

"Catherine Collins has also fulfilled her merits." Watching the departing car, Aubree couldn't help but sigh in relief.

"Mommy, when are we going to grandpa's house?" Duoduo pulled Jennifer's hand and looked up to ask.

"Now." Jennifer stroked her little head. "Go get ready and see if there's anything you want to bring for little uncle."

"I prepared a New Year's gift for him!" Zhanzhan yelled loudly, then turned to grab a small box.

"I also prepared a New Year's gift for little uncle!"

Soon, they set off from here to have lunch at Ding Xiangwei's house today.

"Didn't your mother come?"

This was the first thing Algerone asked when he saw his daughter.

"..." Monica was caught off guard. Why didn't she call her over?

At this time, Tristan gently replied, "Auntie made plans with her girlfriends today, no time to come over.

Let's have dinner together later."

"Okay, okay." Algerone concealed something. He couldn't act too eager in front of the children either.

He had to stay calm!

The rose flowers in the yard had survived this cold winter and were about to become a romantic sea of

flowers.

After visiting Algerone, Tristan and Monica returned to the Clarke family earlier. Eason Clarke was very

happy to play a word chain game with Monica.

Monica was also very patient with him. It was a busy scene in the kitchen.

Chapter 1658 Good News

Soon, Ivan and Jennifer also came over with the children. Everyone greeted each other happily, one

New Year greeting after another, signaling the start of a brand new year.

The festive atmosphere of Christmas continued, and everything was developing in a good direction.

Lunch was at the Clarke family, also a harmonious reunion scene.

Russell Family.

Because Mr. Powell was imprisoned, Finnley suggested bringing Mrs. Powell over to spend Christmas

together. So today, Mrs. Powell was still at the Russell family.

Seeing her daughter's happy and stable marriage, and her growing belly, Shirley felt gratified and

gradually suppressed the sadness in her heart.

But the Christmas atmosphere in the Russell family this year was a little different from previous years,

because everyone was a little worried about Claire.

"Finnley, did Claire call you?"

As soon as Violet spoke, her phone rang. She took it out and saw that it was an international number.

Violet quickly answered.

"Hello?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Claire felt a little relieved and a little nervous. "Aunt, happy New Year." At the same time, there was a hint of remorse deep down.

"Claire!" Violet sat down on the sofa and turned on the speakerphone. "Are you okay in Lu Layeka?"

Her tone was only caring, not blaming.

"I'm fine, don't worry about me." Then Claire asked about her and her uncle's health.

Violet also told her the truth that everyone was fine, just a little worried about her, and hoped she would

take care of herself out there.

Because of Rowan's special circumstances, Ivan had talked to Finnley about it. So Finnley also gave

the family a heads up and did not mention the royal matters over there.

Evening.

Jennifer and Ivan returned to Emerald Bay, leaving the children at their grandfather's house. They had

so much fun with Eason Clarke that they didn't want to come back and decided to sleep at Grandpa's

tonight.

Emerald Bay became much quieter than usual.

Jennifer went upstairs to the design studio. The spacious and convenient place. She opened the equipment box brought from Rowan's study and prepared the herbs obtained from the village. She started to devote herself wholeheartedly to the production of medicine...

Despite being pregnant, she worked continuously for seven hours until late at night for Rowan...

Ivan felt very distressed for her, but just silently guarded her without disturbing her.

Until -

She looked at the medicine liquid in the vessel slowly changing color, and a smile appeared on

Jennifer's always serious face. "Success!"

Ivan, who was working nearby, immediately put down his computer and got up to walk over to her. He

put his arm around his wife's shoulders and looked at the changing color of the medicine liquid in the

vessel with her. "Can we send someone to deliver it tomorrow?"

"Yes." Jennifer said, "Send this set of equipment over, he will definitely find it useful."

"Okay." Ivan said to her, "I'll accompany you for a few more days, let's send the things over first."

"I don't need company. There are so many people at home." Jennifer turned and hugged his waist,

looking up at him, "I'll feel more at ease with you there too."

Ivan squeezed her shoulder. "Then it might take a month to help until the end and seize power."

"Be careful, safety comes first no matter what happens." Jennifer instructed. "You also have to bring

Claire back safely."

"Um." Ivan kissed her forehead. "Take good care of yourself at home."

Jennifer turned her eyes to the small box on the desk, somewhat worriedly asked, "But is there a good

way to sneak these things into his hands unnoticed?"

"I have a good idea." Ivan whispered something in her ear.

Jennifer listened and her smile blossomed. "Feasible."

Chapter 1659 Ivan Decides to Leave

"It's getting late, let's tidy up the things and go back to the room to sleep first." Ivan was very worried

about her body, after all she was pregnant.

Jennifer was indeed tired, her eyes were a little strained, so she nodded, "Let's go." And left with him.

Everything on the table was left unsorted.

The moon set and the sun rose, and the snow in the yard of Emerald Bay began to melt. The second

day of the first lunar month arrived.

The forecast said it would be a sunny day today.

In the morning, Ivan carried a small suitcase downstairs. At this time, a black off-road vehicle drove into the yard.

The person in the car got out and walked towards the living room, stopping at the door, and bowed respectfully to Ivan.

Ivan handed the suitcase to him. He nodded solemnly, then turned and left quickly.

There was not much communication throughout, everything had been explained over the phone.

Ivan was tall, he stood at the door with his hands in his pockets. The well-tailored suit looked particularly handsome on him.

Seeing the car leave, there was an innate arrogance and nobility in those deep eyes.

Soon, there were footsteps behind him, and he regained his senses and glanced back to see his wife coming downstairs.

"Dear, why don't you sleep a little longer?" Ivan took a step towards the stairs, and his gentle gaze fell

on the woman's face, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Jennifer held on to the railing, stepping very steadily, "I slept quite soundly."

She looked out the window and saw the departing car, "Did you give him everything?"

"Yes." Ivan reached out to her.

Jennifer put her fingers in his palm, and he gently held them, then said to her, "Let me have breakfast

with you first, then pick up Alfie and Diana and say goodbye to them properly."

Yes, Ivan was going to Lu Layeka.

Because everyone was worried about leaving Rowan alone there, it would always be more reassuring

if Ivan went.

"You don't have to worry about the kids." Jennifer told him, "Don't worry, I'll have Jordan pick them up

later. You can video chat with them when you have time, and it won't disturb you too much on a daily

basis."

"Why are you still talking about whether it disturbs or not?" Ivan put his arm around her shoulders and

took her to the dining room, "If you don't disturb me, who else can?"

It should be, who dares to disturb me?

The woman couldn't help but smile, explaining, "Isn't this afraid you'll be busy?"

"Eight o'clock every night, be on time for video calls." Ivan told her, "I need to check on you mainly."

"Eight o'clock my time?"

"Of course, around eight you're most free, you should be done with everything."

"What if you're busy?" There's a time difference.

"You don't need to worry about that. No matter how busy I am, nothing is more important than you."

Ivan had long put Jennifer in the first place.

Women love to hear this, Jennifer too, hearing it made her feel warm inside.

Today's breakfast was still very sumptuous.

Aubree had made a date with a little girlfriend and left just now, so there were only Ivan and Jennifer in

the dining room.

It was also a rare world of two.

They sat across the table from each other. Ivan cut the steak for her and peeled eggs for her...

They talked about Rowan's affairs, Claire's situation, and the overall situation of the Lu Layeka royal

family...

Ivan analyzed it very calmly and rationally, and boldly made some guesses about what might happen in the future.

"I always felt that Rowan had a kind of melancholy aura about him. Foreign flavor, indescribable feeling." Jennifer said while eating breakfast and recalling, "Now it all makes sense."

When breakfast was almost over, the sound of a helicopter rotor came.

Jennifer turned to look out the window. Someone had come to pick him up.

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Ivan drank the last sip of milk in his cup, and elegantly wiped the corners of his mouth with a napkin.

Then he and Jennifer got up together and strode towards the yard.

"You don't have to send me off, it's windy outside."

"You must be careful over there." She did not stop, because of her concern, she exhorted him.

In the yard, Jennifer hugged him, lightly leaning her cheek against the man's warm chest, "No matter what happens, protect yourself first. Understand?"

"Don't worry, I'll be responsible to you." He hugged her.

He said, "One month at most, and during this time I'll come back a few more times. I mean, in one month's time, I will definitely settle everything over there."

Ivan was so confident, not to mention he already had the antidote, everything could be easily settled.

Then they kissed goodbye in the yard. Such a relationship really made others envious.

Rich, powerful, and loving.

After a kiss, Jennifer let go, "Go!" She waved at him with a smile.

Watching Ivan get on the helicopter, watching the cabin door close, watching the rotor blades start to turn, generating strong winds that flipped up her collar and messed up her hair.

"Mistress, come inside, it's windy out here." Marry came over and pulled her back two steps, "It's windy outside."

From his seat by the window, Ivan watched her in the yard, and was also very reluctant in his heart.

Jennifer had spoken very lightly, but when he really had to leave, she still felt a little empty inside, and couldn't adapt for a while.

They had only been together for a few days, and she was not used to him leaving yet.

Lu Layeka.

In Prince Louis' palace, majestic and spacious as usual, quiet.

Rowan was in a room upstairs, the door locked.

He had obtained some usable utensils from somewhere, not specialized tools, and was using these relatively crude devices to do research with great concentration.

He had been working tirelessly for a day and a night, standing a little tired, his waist a little sore, but he was about to get a final result.

He had very good focus, concentrating every nerve and cell in his body.

The slight frown between his eyebrows carried a strong aura of melancholy.

At this time, in the palace with a modern style, Catherine very suspiciously propped her cheek, her slender willow leaf eyebrows knotted together, she paced back and forth.

Jolie, dressed in light blue military uniform and white boots, stood not far away. She looked brisk, with no extra expression on her face.

"You said Louis stays in the palace all day, doesn't even go out the door, isn't he plotting something big?" Catherine finally couldn't help asking. She always felt this was too abnormal.

The information conveyed by Jolie was-

Except for going to the king's palace to greet him in the morning and evening, Louis spent the rest of his time in his own palace.

"He has no connections here, and can't tell who is enemy or friend, so not interacting with anyone is the best choice." This was Jolie's analysis. She didn't find it abnormal.

"No, no, no, no." But she got a denial from the queen. "If he stays in like this all the time, he will never have connections. Do you really think he has no ambitions for the throne? Don't underestimate human nature. People are selfish. Besides, that was originally his."

But Louis gave Jolie the feeling that he was very strange, too indifferent to fame and fortune, which was not at all like a normal prince.

"What about that Claire? Has she had any contact with him these days?" Catherine asked again.

Jolie shook her head, "No, although they are both from Arkpool City, maybe they really don't know each other. Except for sending a pot of flowers once."

"He sent a pot of flowers, and then Louis shut himself in. Don't you think there's something wrong with this pot of flowers?"

In fact, Catherine didn't think too deeply about it either, but she said, "Take the time to have someone check out exactly what kind of relationship they had in Arkpool City, whether they knew each other or not."