

Surprised 1691

Chapter 1691 Ivan's Certain Guess

The king also knew his son would agree, but he still had to say it.

He sighed again, somewhat sadly closing his eyes.

The image of a little girl flashed through the king's mind. After so many years, her innocent and lovely smile was still fresh in his memory.

"After all these years, there is still no trace of Annie. I don't know if she is dead or alive." This would probably become the king's biggest regret in this life.

At the mention of his sister, Rowan's heart also stung. This was the deepest wound in his heart.

Although it had long scarred over, even the slightest touch would make it bleed profusely again.

That extreme pain and grief quickly filled Rowan's eyes with tears. He felt very upset and guilty.

He said, "I'm very sorry that after searching for clues all this time, I've found nothing."

"Perhaps this is fate..." The king heaved a heavy sigh, closing his eyes again. "If she is still alive, if we are destined to meet, I believe you will be able to find each other. As for me... I probably won't make it to that day. If you do meet, please tell her I'm sorry on my behalf, and then... hold her tight."

With tears in his eyes, Rowan nodded. "Alright." His expression was filled with grief, and his mood was extremely heavy.

The father and son were having an open-hearted talk in the bedroom. Rowan was also keeping track of the time, feeding the king some more of the 'sour plum soup' in small doses over time, which would definitely help the medicine absorb better.

Outside the palace entrance, the burly figure of Eiden stood with a grave expression, his brow slightly furrowed, and no one knew what he was thinking. He gave off a very shrewd impression and had an imposing aura about him.

In the entire royal family, he also held a high position of power.

Claire followed Ivan back to his residence. The architects who had come with them had already gone to the construction site, and the progress on building the castle had not slowed down at all, with everyone clear on the division of labor.

So it was just the two of them in the palace, and the servants had also been sent away.

"The culprit will be Eiden," Ivan told her with certainty.

Claire was badly startled to hear this. "... His uncle?" She was shocked beyond belief. "How could that

be?"

But she had absolute faith in Mr. Marsh's judgment.

"You'll be staying there for now. Keep an eye on him and see if he acts abnormally," Ivan said. "But you must also pay special attention to safety. Protecting yourself is the priority. The situation is unstable now."

"Alright." Claire accepted the task.

She had originally wanted to return to the king's palace immediately, but on second thought, she couldn't help asking, "Is the king's condition really so critical today that he might not..."

Faced with this question, Ivan also fell silent.

Because no one could give a definite answer, given how long he had been poisoned.

In this silence filled with grief, Claire dropped the subject and bid Ivan farewell, heading to the king's palace where Rowan was. She had to go help him.

The Arab doctor was still there for now, so she as the interpreter would be there too.

She just didn't know which side the royal physician was on, so Rowan had sent him away. His medical

skills were useless anyway, so offending him didn't matter.

When Claire returned to the palace, she saw Eiden standing with his hands behind his back before a curved window.

She could only see his profile, but that alone revealed his unique depth.

Claire pretended to tidy up the table while keeping an eye on him from afar, wondering if he really was the culprit.

He had such a ruthless heart and guts to do this?

Primogeniture meant he wasn't next in line anyway.

Eiden seemed to sense her gaze, or perhaps it was his own wariness, because without warning he turned and his eyes collided directly with Claire's.

Chapter 1692 Heartbeat in Throat

Claire's heart skipped a beat. She quickly withdrew her gaze and seemingly calmly continued tidying the desk. She didn't dare look up again. Her mind kept flashing back to Eden's expression just now. As a young girl, she was afraid.

It was also the first time she felt the violent aura around this man, especially that expression just now.

Although they had often bumped into each other before, she hadn't noticed it... But today he gave off a hellish feeling.

This bizarre yet icy aura was related to the changing situation?

Was Eden about to show his true colors? Or would he take action? What exactly was he pondering?

Suddenly, Claire heard footsteps. She looked up and saw Eden walking towards her with his gloomy gaze fixed on her.

She tried her best to restrain her inner panic and withdrew her gaze to continue tidying the desk.

But as Eden approached, Claire's heart nearly jumped to her throat.

Just as she struggled to stay calm and wondered what he would do or ask and how she should respond, another set of footsteps sounded from the other side.

Claire turned and saw Rowan appear in her line of sight, walking this way.

Rowan only glanced at her briefly before looking towards Eden.

At this moment, Eden had stopped two meters away from Claire and also looked at Rowan.

"Uncle, do you have time now?" Rowan's tone was slightly sad, his voice low, and obvious misty tears shimmered in his eyes.

Eden nodded, then followed him out of the palace.

Before leaving, Rowan calmly glanced at Claire once more.

Claire watched the two departing backs. The suspense in her heart finally eased a little. That was really close just now.

Could it be Rowan had also been lurking in the dark observing Eden? His timing was so perfect.

But what more could she do for Rowan?

Claire thought and thought, then strode towards the king's bedchamber.

Outside the grand palace hall, the sky was clear and the breeze gentle.

On the grassy knoll, Eden and Rowan walked side by side, both slowing their pace, knowing without words that the nephew just wanted to chat with him.

Eden turned to observe his expression several times. So sad, touching Eden's heart.

He sighed softly and gripped his nephew's shoulder. "I know you're very upset, but things have come to this. We should take life and death lightly so that the living won't be so pained."

"I regret not spending more years with him." Rowan blamed himself. "It's still hard to accept for now,

seeing him like this today... He probably doesn't have much time left. All I can do is quietly accompany him, stay by his side without leaving, race against time, fight for every moment."

Eden sighed, glanced up at the sky. A few wisps of white clouds floated in the sky, also seemingly in sad shapes.

"Then keep him company well," Eden said to him. "If you need my help with anything or need me to handle something, let me know."

"Uncle, there's one more thing..." Rowan hesitated, sighed, "I don't want to be king." As if this was the main point of today's conversation.

Eden stopped and turned to look at him calmly.

Rowan also halted his steps. He told his uncle, "I didn't grow up in the royal family. Though I hold the title of prince, I'm just a commoner. I don't have the ability to rule a country well."

He completely denied himself and showed no personal ambition.

Eden was stunned for a good 5 seconds before coming to his senses and patting his shoulder again.

With a more relaxed tone and less sadness, he said, "That's easy to resolve. If you really don't want to, then don't. No one can force you."

Chapter 1693: The Fox's Tail is Already Showing

"Uncle," Rowan collected his gaze and continued to stride forward. His voice was low and calm. "But I have to fulfill my father's wishes. I don't want him to worry too much."

Eden also quickly had his own thoughts. He followed beside his nephew and said, "In any case, the throne cannot fall into Taylor's hands."

Because Catherine's power was also great, compared to her, his nephew Louis was as clean as a blank sheet of paper.

Rowan looked ahead, but something flashed in the depths of his eyes.

Eden glanced up at the sky. After a while, he reluctantly began to speak, "After you inherit the throne, I will assist you. If..." He felt a little excited inside, but hesitated to continue.

"If what?" Rowan asked.

Eden suppressed his excitement. His whole person became calm. He lowered his eyes and sighed,

"Nothing. You just inherit the throne first. Rest assured and be a good king. With me here, everyone will support you."

"But I really don't want to!" Rowan said helplessly as he pinched his brow. "I can only tell you my

honest thoughts. I feel that even though I am the eldest son, there are not many people in the country and the royal family who recognize me. Other than you, I am powerless around me, like I am all alone."

Eden felt that he had become Louis' reliance, and also gained Louis' trust. In addition, the excitement from seeing a ray of hope made him blurt out without thinking -

"It doesn't matter. You just inherit first, as long as the throne doesn't fall into Catherine and her son's hands."

He also said, "After you take office, if you really don't want to do it, you can amend the constitution and abolish the inheritance by the eldest son."

Eden stopped and turned to look at him, with earnestness gathering in his deep eyes, "You understand what I mean, right?"

Rowan also stopped. He met his uncle's gaze, and saw the suppressed desire from the depths of his eyes.

"I can be this king," Eden told him solemnly. "I will help you keep Lu Layeka."

So this was his real purpose for getting himself back when his father was about to die - not to let the

throne fall into Catherine and her son's hands?

The fox's tail couldn't help but stick out.

Rowan had guessed it long ago, but at this moment when the guess became fact, he still could not accept it. This was his own uncle.

Moreover, over the years, his father had always trusted his uncle very much, so he was not on guard at all.

Rowan reached out and gave him a big hug, saying very emotionally, "Uncle, with your word, I feel much more at ease about inheriting the throne. I don't want to be trapped by the throne all my life."

"Mm," Eden was really happy! Because victory was in sight!

So Eden, who was usually very cunning, was elated when he heard his nephew's words today.

He did not notice the other was testing him, but kept reassuring, "No need to thank me. You are my nephew, and also my only living relative in this world. If I don't help you, who else will?"

His words reminded Rowan of his sister Annie. She was also a relative. Was she still alive? Where was she?

"Louis, have you had any news about Annie at all over the years?" Eden let go of him and asked in

puzzlement. "Haven't you been sending people to investigate?"

"For a missing case, the longer the time elapsed, the more faint the hope of finding her," Rowan's heart ached. "This may become the lifelong regret for me, as well as the lifelong pain for my father."

"..." Eden did not know how to comfort him either. "Life is full of regrets. So those who are alive should try to be happy and fulfilled as much as possible."

Rowan nodded. "Uncle, my father is almost gone. These days I will try my best to stay by his side. For the internal affairs of the royal family that can be handled, please help deal with them. After all, you are the one my father trusts the most."

"Don't worry, I will," Eden would try to take over. He told him, "Go back to your palace quickly to move some things over. Being by his side as much as possible is also a comfort for him, when he is counting down his remaining time."

Chapter 1694: How Can Jennifer Help?

Rowan nodded, "Alright, I'll go over right now." He thanked him again, then left with grief, walking towards his own palace.

Rowan was even more convinced of his own judgment. He must cure his father first! Then deal with

this villain!

Eden stood on the lawn, squinting slightly at the handsome back. The corners of his lips curved up slightly, and the lingering sadness in his heart disappeared in an instant.

Soon after, he turned and walked back, having completely forgotten that Claire was observing him - a little girl from Arkpool City, not even worth paying attention to.

Rowan returned to his own palace.

He was silent and grief-stricken as he packed up the medicine-making tools according to the prescription for the antidote in the medical books. He gathered some stems and leaves from the yard that he needed, but there was still one rare ingredient missing, which troubled him.

He couldn't help feeling anxious. His father couldn't wait any longer.

But he didn't hesitate for too long. He packed up and returned to the king's palace.

At this time, through his precise judgment, Ivan called Jennifer, who was far away in Arkpool City, from his phone.

"Dear, where are you now?" Ivan sat on the sofa drinking tea, his voice gentle and indulgent, with a

faint smile at the corners of his lips.

"I'm at the hospital seeing Yichen. I just got here," Jennifer reported happily. "He grew two more centimeters. The doctor said he's basically recovered."

"Hmm," he was also very happy, but more concerned about her, "How have you been recently? No pregnancy discomforts, right? Eating and sleeping well?"

"I'm fine, don't worry about me," Jennifer asked, "How are things on your side? Did the king take the medicine?"

"He did," Ivan told her. "The king's condition is not optimistic. We don't know if he can make it. His condition is especially bad today. I heard he coughed up blood."

"Coughed up blood?" Jennifer felt somewhat complicated inside. "That matches the final symptoms described in the medical books. My diagnosis was correct, so the medicine must have had some effect. But there wasn't much medicine."

"If possible, please make some more. Because that rare medicinal ingredient probably can't be found here," Ivan considered thoughtfully. "Don't go back to the village alone. I'll call Finnley and ask him to go with you when he has time."

"Okay," knowing his concern, Jennifer didn't refuse. "Is there anything else I can help with?"

"There is," Ivan told her something - the main point of this call... And finally said to her, "So can you come to Lu Layeka in person?"

"I can," Jennifer didn't hesitate.

And Ivan was also confident that he could protect her well.

"Um... can I contact Rowan now? How is he?" Before making the medicine, Jennifer wanted to discuss the details with him.

"He's been kept by the king's side. You can contact him anytime."

"Okay."

Soon, the call ended.

At this time, in the king's palace, Rowan brought his suitcase directly into his father's bedroom. He

intended to stay by his father's side at all times.

Having just helped the king drink 50 ml of the "sour plum soup", Rowan sat on the edge of the bed and

gently asked, "Father, do you feel a little better?"

"Much better, really," the king wasn't just reassuring him, he was telling the truth. Then he asked, "Did you make this medicine?"

Rowan shook his head, "Mr. Marsh brought it. My master made it."

"Your master?"

"Yes, I have a master. She is an exceptionally outstanding pharmacist, with profound attainments in traditional medicine. She is very young and Mr. Marsh's wife."

Hearing this introduction, the king was extremely shocked, as if seeing another glimmer of hope.

Chapter 1695 A Glimmer of Hope

"Father, don't worry. I will find a way to make more. I know the formula," he said.

He had also read medical books. His father's condition today was exactly as described in the books.

So he was also certain what ingredients were in the chronic poison his father had been taking all along,

and he had memorized the antidote formula.

"You've worked hard..." Although the king looked a bit fatalistic, the will to live was human instinct.

He felt a little more at ease, at least they had found the antidote.

"It's my duty," Rowan's eyes moistened again. He was filled with regret and self-reproach. Now it was a

race against time, gambling with the god of death.

He guessed the culprit was his uncle, but how could he bring him down?

Being poisoned for years showed he had meticulous plans. Over the years, with his uncle's

shrewdness, he must also have accumulated connections and power.

But the most important thing now was to cure his father.

Just then, Rowan's phone rang with a special ringtone. He knew who it was without even looking.

"Father, let me take this call first. I won't go out. Please rest," Rowan said gently to the king, then took

out his phone.

"Okay," the king closed his eyes. His body was a little tired, but the pain had significantly diminished.

"Hello, Master," Rowan went to the window and answered softly, glancing at the closed door not far

away.

Jennifer asked him, "Are you available now?"

"Yes," Rowan parted his thin lips. "There's something I want to discuss with you. My father's condition

is exactly as described in medical books - violent coughing, even coughing up blood, pale complexion

but purple lips."

They had both read this book. This description really meant he was on his deathbed, in critical condition.

So Jennifer's heart lurched a little with worry.

But she quickly calmed down. "Don't panic first. Did you give him the medicine?" she said positively.

"This is the antidote I made according to the formula."

"He drank it, small doses repeatedly, but later I increased the dosage," Rowan said. "But I'm running low on the medicine here. I was going to make more myself, but I'm missing one ingredient."

"It's okay, keep giving it to him first. I'll make more and bring it over," Jennifer told him. "I'll come help investigate the culprit too. Ivan contacted me."

"You're coming too?" Rowan was very puzzled. Wouldn't that put another person in danger?

"Yes, I'll come after I finish making the medicine," Jennifer said to him. "Let's work hard together. Bye for now." With that, she hurriedly hung up, because Finnley's call was coming in and her line was busy.

Leaving Rowan still wondering, she's coming to help?

Why did it have to be her?

But Rowan didn't doubt her. Mr. Marsh must have his own plans.

Arkpool City, the snow had melted. It was a sunny day today.

Soon, Finnley drove to Emerald Bay to pick up Jennifer. He took her to Sunshine Village where they found the rare medicinal herb.

"Is this enough?" Finnley asked her.

Jennifer put the uprooted herbs into a bag. "It's enough. You don't need too much of this, but you can't skimp."

"Is there anything else I can help with?" Finnley also wanted to do his part.

"Just persuade your parents a bit. Claire went to Lu Layeka on her own. As long as things work out, she can come back soon. Don't mention her then," Jennifer said.

"Yeah, my parents' emotions are quite stable now," Finnley said. "Just worried at first."

"Don't worry. I'll do my best to protect her when I'm over there too," Jennifer said. "Help keep an eye on the company when you have time. Things should run smoothly."

Chapter 1696 Jennifer Thought Very Carefully

"Okay." Finnley took the bag of herbs from her hand and put it in the trunk of the car. Then he put the

other bags containing different herbs in as well.

Jennifer was not far away, opening the faucet and washing her hands. She looked around the yard,

everything was so familiar.

It had only been half a year since she left, but so much had happened, it gave her a feeling of being in

a different world.

If Alfie hadn't missed his dad so much back then, and if Alfie hadn't been so smart to hack into Ivan's

personal computer and steal the Project Blue Sky, she would have definitely continued living here with

the kids...

Every day calm and fulfilling.

Perhaps this was all arranged by destiny.

But fortunately, Jennifer now felt extremely happy. Although it was very dramatic in the beginning, they

fell truly in love later, and the future looked promising.

Finnley opened the passenger side door for her. Jennifer turned off the faucet, shook the water off her

hands, and walked over to him.

After they both got in the car, Finnley started the engine.

"Do you have time now?" Jennifer suddenly seemed to remember something and turned to look at him.

Finnley gently replied, "Yes, I do."

"Then come with me to the orphanage for a bit?" She had something she wanted to ask Mr. Adams in person, afraid it wouldn't come across clearly on the phone.

Finnley asked, "Which orphanage?"

"The one that saved Claire, Jack Adams' place."

"Okay."

Finnley didn't ask any further questions or the reason. He simply acted as her protector, keeping her safe.

The car soon left Sunshine Village and headed towards the orphanage where Jack Adams was.

The orphanage was quite remote with a tranquil environment. The children were sitting in the spacious and bright classroom on the second floor.

The refined Jack Adams was wearing a black suit. He held a book in his hand and was teaching the children mechanics.

"First, we need to identify the object of study, is it an object or the desktop? Then follow the order of drawing gravity first, elasticity second, and friction third."

Jack Adams' voice was deep and gentle. He held a piece of chalk in his hand and walked to the blackboard.

"Now let's do this problem. I've already drawn the diagram. First, the diagram didn't say it's in equilibrium, so first it is under the influence of gravity..."

Although the children at the orphanage had a big age difference, the knowledge they learned wasn't too different. The omnipotent teacher taught them all the same things, so even the 5-6 year olds could understand.

Jack Adams taught with great patience.

Finnley's car drove over and stopped in the yard just as this mechanics class ended and the bell rang.

Finnley and Jennifer got out of the car. Jack Adams happened to walk down the stairs and saw them.

The cheerful voices of the kids could be heard from the second floor where they were playing.

Jack Adams was slightly surprised to see them, but he quickly picked up his pace.

"Mr. Adams." Jennifer walked towards him.

"Mr. Adams." Finnley also politely greeted him.

"You came."

What surprised Jack Adams was that the man with Jennifer today was not Mr. Marsh, but Claire's brother instead.

"Please come in." He knew they must be here to see him for something.

Jennifer nodded and led Finnley to follow him inside.

The room was simple but very clean. He invited them to sit on the sofa.

Jack Adams brewed tea and handed it to Finnley. Jennifer got up and poured a cup for herself. "Mr.

Adams, besides my master and you, has anyone else seen that medical book you gave me?"

She didn't avoid discussing this in front of Finnley, because he was family.

"What's the matter?" Jack Adams turned to look at her, feeling a little thump in his heart. "Did

something happen?" Why did she suddenly ask this?

Chapter 1697 There is a Glimmer of New Hope Again

Jennifer told him about King Lu Layeka being poisoned, and also told him about Rowan's prince identity, as well as all the current situation over there.

"The king coughed up blood today, his face was pale, his lips were purple," Jennifer said with some sadness, "The symptoms are exactly the same as described in the medical books."

A few words flashed through his mind - it's the final stage.

"I brought some medicine over for him, but he only took it today. I'm going to make some more, I just went to the village to get some herbs," Jennifer was not confident, "I can only do my best."

"There's another person who has seen the medical book, his name is Kai," when thinking of this person, Jack Adams also sighed, "He was also your master's disciple, but after your master died, this Kai also disappeared into thin air."

"Is there a copy of the medical book? Did he take it with him?" This was the first thought that flashed through Jennifer's mind. If it wasn't him, who else could it be?

This was her master's research, there was no such coincidence in the world.

And her words just now were something Jack Adams had not considered at all.

At this moment, he actually felt a sense of sudden realization!

"I see!" He suddenly had a strong hunch, "Although he didn't have time to read it all, he must have

made a copy! He was a greedy man to begin with!"

So it was very likely that this Kai was the murderer. Was this person in the Lu Layeka royal family?

"He didn't take the medical book with him, only because he didn't want to arouse suspicion. And your

master's death must also be related to him!" Jack Adams said firmly. He was recalling, "This man has

an extremely strong jealousy. The medical theories that my master passed on to him, he always

secretly studied them for poisons, and then sold them at high prices to criminals. This matter was first

discovered by your master."

"What... My master's death was related to him?"

"Very likely."

Jennifer felt her scalp tingle... There was actually such a person in the sect? This was too scary.

"But not long after, your master died, and this Kai disappeared. There were signs that the medical book

had been flipped through."

"Do you have a photo of him?" Jennifer asked, "What does he look like?"

Jack Adams shook his head, very regretfully said, "Because we were never on the same side, we were

not close, so there are no group photos. He was expelled from the sect decades ago, and he was only

in the sect for a short year. But this man has an extremely evil aura."

Jennifer thought to herself, was this person in the Lu Layeka royal family? She had a strong hunch that he was!

This poisonous tumor was hiding around the king! Maybe he had already changed his name.

Jack Adams said, "This man likes to keep some beard, he has a sturdy figure, at least 1.8 meters tall.

He always gives people a heavy feeling, doesn't like laughing much."

Jennifer roughly outlined the image of the man in her mind.

Although the trip was not completely fruitless, at least she remembered the name Kai now, "So he must be in his fifties now?"

"Yes." Jack Adams told her, "Older than me."

Jennifer nodded. She took a sip of tea, "Mr. Adams, have you studied that medical book yourself?"

"I've done some research. For this kind of situation you mentioned, I've also developed another medicine, but it hasn't gone through clinical trials."

Jack Adams told her, "If coughing up blood appears before death, which is undoubtedly fatal, whether it

can still be saved, I have also tried my best to study it. I made this medicine, I don't guarantee the effect, but it's worth trying."

"Then please give me the medicine. Is it at the welfare institute?" Jennifer saw a glimmer of new hope.

She believed in Mr. Adams' medical skills.

"Yes."

She saw him turn around and open a cabinet, took out two bottles of about 500ml liquid and handed them to her. They were orange.

"This medicine can only be taken once in the morning and evening. It must be taken one hour before meals. The dosage is 50ml each time, absolutely no more, because the dosage is heavy."

"Okay, I'll remember," Jennifer told him, "I plan to make some more antidote according to the medical book for future treatment and recovery."

"Hmm." Jack Adams was worried. He instructed, "When you are out there, you must also pay attention to safety. If you do encounter Kai, you must be very careful of this man."

Chapter 1698: Everyone Is Making an Effort

Jennifer agreed to Mr. Adams, "Don't worry, we will be vigilant at all times."

She put down her teacup, took the medicine bottle, and thanked him on behalf of Rowan and the king.

Under Jack Adams' gaze, their car drove away from the nursing home and headed towards the city.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Jennifer held the two bottles of antidote she had just obtained. A glimmer of joy emerged from her sad and anxious heart. This was perhaps the greatest hope.

She had to deliver it to Lu Layeka immediately.

She also unconditionally believed in Mr. Adams' pharmaceutical capabilities, which were far superior to her and Rowan's.

After returning to the city, Finnley accompanied her to Rowan's pharmaceutical lab, where the two of them gathered some equipment.

Then he escorted her back to Emerald Bay and called Mr. Marsh to report that everything was fine.

"Is it necessary to be so meticulous?" Jennifer couldn't help but smile at him, "Just like dealing with work."

"You are much more important than work." Finnley joked with a smile, being very responsible, "This is the task Mr. Marsh entrusted me with, I have to do it well."

"By the way, how is your wife Mya recently? She must be due soon, right?"

"More than eight months, soon." When answering this question, Finnley's face was filled with the happiness of becoming a father for the first time. "Then we can arrange a childhood sweetheart for our babies."

"No problem!" Jennifer told him, "If I have a daughter, marrying into your family, I can rest assured."

"Our child may not necessarily be a son either, we didn't check the gender." Finnley smiled, he said,

"As long as the child is healthy, we are very happy."

"Yes, every parent would think so, a healthy child is the greatest blessing."

"Well, I have to go now. I will arrange a private plane for you later. Let me know in advance when you figure out your schedule."

"Okay, thanks for your hard work."

"Just doing my job." Finnley smiled at her, turned around and strode towards the yard. He had also

been very busy recently, taking care of both companies and his pregnant wife at home.

Jennifer watched him get into the car, picked up the bag of herbs and walked towards the stairs.

"Let me help you, Ma'am." Marry hurried over.

"Okay, thank you." She handed the bag to Marry.

At this time, Jordan also picked up a box on the side, which was brought from Rowan's place.

Everyone went upstairs together.

"Ma'am, would you like some milk?" Marry always wanted her to replenish more nutrition.

"Not right now, thank you." She was always very polite. "You guys go about your business, don't mind me."

"Alright." Marry said, "Madam went to the hospital with Young Master Alfie and Miss Diana to see Young Master Dustin."

"I know, mom called me."

Jennifer went upstairs and into the spacious, bright design studio, which was her private space where she could make medicine.

"I'll wait by the door, call me if you need anything." Marry just wanted to take good care of her, especially when Mr. Marsh was away.

"Okay."

Marry and Jordan put down the stuff and left.

Jennifer sorted out her thoughts and started making the medicine alone... She was always so calm and intelligent.

With her help, curing the king should be imminent.

Curing the king, bringing the perpetrator to justice, and finding Princess Annie, this story of Lu Layeka would be perfect.

Only then Claire and Rowan could get married in peace and accept everyone's blessings wholeheartedly.

Everyone was making an effort, as if they were one entity, although just friends, but better than family.
Chapter 1699 This is Happiness

On the main road leading to the small villa in Arkpool City, the breeze rustled the parasol tree leaves, and specks of brilliant sunlight fell through the gaps in the leaves, dappling the car bodies.

A Maybach was driving forward at 60 mph. Tristan was driving the car himself, and Monica sat in the passenger seat looking blissfully happy.

The car was playing a soothing song in English. The melody was particularly beautiful and the volume was just right.

She looked down, flipping through the exquisite large notebook in her hands. It had tables detailing the 100 romantic little things couples should do.

In the past few days, they had already done four things. They watched a horror movie together, eating popcorn with her head buried in his chest.

Wearing a white chiffon dress and bare feet, they held hands on the beach, waiting for the sunset.

With eyes closed, she let Tristan lead her down a long path lined with fresh flowers. She smiled as she inhaled the floral scent, and he told her stories from when he was little...

She accompanied him home, cooked dinner together, did housework together...

Each completed item was dated, and had both of their red finger prints - full of ceremony.

These were the drips of happiness that would enrich their time together in the years to come.

She flipped through the unfinished items - they all looked quite interesting.

Actually, she loved him. As long as they were together, no matter what they did, she would find it very interesting - that was love.

Tristan drove the car with a gentle expression, glancing at her from time to time. Having her by his side

always made him feel very reassured.

Seeing Monica's smile, he couldn't help but lift the corners of his lips - the curve of his mouth was very attractive.

If someone's presence makes you inexplicably happy, that's also love.

At this moment, the car was filled with the atmosphere of happiness. Their relationship was very stable now.

"Tristan, will we really get married after completing all 100 things?" The girl blinked her bright eyes at him and asked somewhat expectantly.

Tristan's voice was gentle and pleasing, "Of course, that's our agreement."

"Then I roughly calculated just now - if your company isn't too busy, we should be able to complete at least five things a week."

"That works out perfectly then? I've also saved up enough for the bride price, so I can bring you home sooner."

Tristan just wanted to focus on the relationship now. The company was running very steadily, and this was an unprecedented feeling that no career success could replace.

Monica's existence seemed to awaken every dormant cell in his body, making Tristan feel that every day was so vibrant.

He would go to bed earlier, looking forward to the next morning, looking forward to seeing her.

"Monica, you can choose to do anything you want first, doesn't have to be in order," Tristan said indulgently. "Just decide based on your mood, I'm fine with anything."

"Okay." When Monica saw the words "taking a bath together" written in the notebook, she couldn't help

blushing. She quickly closed the notebook.

The car soon drove into the villa complex. The curved asphalt road was right ahead. Two minutes later, the familiar small villa came into view.

At the same time, a familiar car in the yard also came into view. Tristan and Monica saw the car door open, and Algerone got out carrying a large bouquet of roses, striding towards the living room.

"Stop the car, stop quickly." Monica said excitedly but quietly.

Tristan pulled over and stopped the car. They were very tacit - it's better not to disturb in this situation right?

Chapter 1700: Monica Blames Herself to Death

They watched as Algerone walked into the living room holding a bunch of roses, a joyful smile on his face like a young man in love.

Monica gazed in the direction his back disappeared, extremely happy. "Who would've thought Dad is still such a romantic, sending roses every now and then with the flowers in the vase not yet withered."

"He'll do his best to make up for those missing years," seeing this scene, Tristan also felt very gratified.

"Actually men are boys until death."

"You know? My mom looks strong, but she's actually very feminine inside, she gets touched by these cheap little details."

"Because she's not lacking money, she doesn't need material satisfaction at all," Tristan hit the nail on the head. "Women care a lot about details, but men always overlook them."

"That's right," Monica was truly delighted, she felt life was getting better and better. "They will definitely

be happy for the rest of their lives, after missing out on so many years, they'll cherish each other doubly."

"Looks like we can quietly prepare a wedding for them," Tristan already had his own plans, he also agreed with her viewpoint very much. "Monica, shall we wait here now? Or leave first?"

"Let's leave, give them more time. Look how excited he is, he probably won't come out for a while."

Monica couldn't help but joke.

"Alright."

Just as Tristan started the car and was about to leave, Algerone rushed out carrying the unconscious

Belinda! That sudden panic reflected in their eyes!

The smiles on Tristan and Monica's faces froze, their chests thumped heavily, they almost

simultaneously unlocked their seatbelts and rushed out!

"Mom!!"

"Auntie!!"

She was clearly unconscious, but they didn't know what had happened.

Algerone carried Belinda to the front of the car, he couldn't free his hands to open the door. He looked up, Monica and Tristan were rushing over!

"Hurry!" Algerone panicked, urgently said, "Open the door quickly! Your mom has fainted!"

Monica swiftly went around to the other side, pulled open the back door. Algerone carefully yet swiftly carried Belinda in. "Belinda, hang in there!"

"I'll drive!" Tristan also scrambled, sitting into the driver's seat.

Algerone glanced at him, then hurried to get in the back. Monica anxiously followed, as soon as she closed the door, the car started, racing towards the nearby hospital!

Belinda's face was pale, unconscious. Everyone was very worried!

At the same time, Tristan called emergency services with his phone, detailing the emergency situation here to the medics.

The hospital side also took measures urgently without any delay.

"Mom!" In the car, Monica tightly grasped Belinda's fingers, a bit cold. "Mom! Hang in there! We'll be at the hospital very soon!"

Belinda's face was pale, she lay in Algerone's arms with eyes closed, as if dead, unresponsive to her daughter's cries.

Tears quickly blurred Monica's sight.

Algerone had one arm around her body, the other hand cupping her face. "Belinda..." his heart twisted like knives.

"Belinda... hang in there, we'll be at the hospital very soon, you must hang in there." His eyes brimmed with hot tears, strands of silver mixed into his black hair, seeing this made Monica extremely distressed inside.

He looked up at his tearful daughter, asked anxiously, "Monica, what time did you go out this morning? How was your mom when you left?" Just asking, no slightest blame.

But Monica blamed herself to death!

If she had stayed home, her mother could've received the most timely treatment. She cried, her lips trembling, but didn't know how to speak.

The car raced down the streets, Tristan's hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, his brows knotted.