

## **Surprised 1771**

### Chapter 1771: Intentionally Coming to Report

In a nearby palace,

Rowan and Claire read Taylor's self-criticism, written with great sincerity and neatly arranged. It

contained apologies to his brother and to Claire.

As a writer, Claire had a strong ability in organizing her words. She felt that this self-criticism was of a

certain standard and came from Taylor's heart. At this moment, she completely forgave this boy.

"Or... you could just forgive him?"

Rowan sat in a chair, holding the self-criticism, looking it over and over. Claire leaned against him,

pressing her waist against his arm, and continued, "After all, you've already forgiven him in your heart,

it's just a matter of saying it."

Listening to her gentle and pleasant voice, Rowan remembered the play he had just performed with her

in bed because of Taylor, and to be honest, his mood wasn't that bad anymore.

He put down the self-criticism, gently took the girl's hand, and turned her around to sit on his lap,

staring at each other at close range.

She lowered her head slightly, her black hair conveniently covering both sides of her cheeks. Her nose, like jade, and her thick black eyelashes were so arresting that the more he looked, the more addicted he became.

Unable to resist, Rowan cupped her cheek and kissed her lips involuntarily.

After leaving Prince Taylor, the royal physician went straight to the king's palace, pondering many things along the way.

Arthur at the door bowed respectfully, "Royal Physician."

"I've come to see the king, how is his health?" The royal physician wore a charitable expression.

"The king is very well, he's in the study working on documents. Do you have urgent matters or are you just here to see him?" Arthur said, "The king just went in, without an appointment, you may have to wait

for quite a while."

"Not urgent, I just came to check on him," the royal physician smiled. "I have time, I can wait."

Then Arthur had a servant prepare tea for him, and the royal physician sat on the sofa, waiting.

In the study not far away, the door was closed, the king had just taken some medicine, and his body

had improved somewhat, his overall spirits much better. The effect of the antidote seemed to have a magical power.

He sat at his desk, with an open laptop, holding a mouse, carefully reviewing the documents.

About an hour later, the royal physician waiting outside heard footsteps and quickly stood up and turned to look, "Your Majesty," he respectfully greeted.

"You've come?" The king walked over with his dragon-headed cane.

"How have you been lately, Your Majesty?" he asked eagerly, with a smile on his face. "Feeling much better, I hope?"

"Yes."

The royal physician thought for a moment and wanted to get straight to the point, but at that moment, the king looked outside and said, "The weather is nice, would you accompany me for a walk?"

Wasn't this the perfect opportunity?

"Of course." The royal physician quickly took a few steps forward, carefully supporting his arm. "Please be careful, Your Majesty."

"I'm alright, not that fragile, getting better day by day, hardly confined to bed during the day." The king

smiled, seeming in a very good mood. "I was just on the computer for a long time, need to go out and relax to alleviate the fatigue."

"Balancing work and rest is most important for one's health." The royal physician accompanied him, always wearing a smile.

In no time, the two of them walked out of the palace and into the dimly lit garden, surrounded by insect chirps and bird calls, with the fragrance of flowers wafting in the air, making them feel refreshed.

"Your Majesty, there's something I'm not sure if I should mention." The royal physician hesitated, wearing a troubled expression.

The king's voice was gentle and calm, "Go ahead."

Chapter 1772: When Were You Planning to Get Married?

Having obtained the king's permission and with the court physician hesitating, he played a little trick, creating a very mysterious atmosphere.

This made the king inevitably worried. He turned to him, "What's wrong? Since you've come, you must have something to say, right?"

"Your Majesty, Prince Louis has beaten Prince Taylor," the court physician said with a grave

expression, sighing, "and he beat him severely, leaving him bruised and swollen, unable to show his face."

The king stopped in his tracks, looking at him with some disbelief.

The court physician also stopped, and the two middle-aged men's gazes met. The court physician couldn't quite figure out what the king was thinking at the moment, but he knew that he had successfully made his complaint.

After a few seconds of silence, the king asked him, "What was the reason?"

The calm tone surprised the court physician, but it was clear that the king was not aware of this matter before.

"I'm asking you for the reason," the king repeated, his tone calm but with a hint of impatience. "Don't hesitate, just speak."

The court physician quickly regained his composure. "I... I'm not sure."

"Not sure, and yet you made a complaint?" The king saw through him, seeming to understand his thoughts in a second.

The words "made a complaint" struck the court physician, making him feel a little guilty and somewhat embarrassed because making a complaint was something only a three-year-old child would do.

The king glanced at him, his gaze withdrawing, and continued to stride forward.

The court physician hung his head, half-bent, feeling somewhat ashamed as he followed alongside the king.

And so, the topic ended there. The king didn't mention it again, and the court physician dared not continue with the complaint.

However, the king was filled with worry and concern for Taylor in his heart, and at the same time, he was very certain that there was a reason for the incident.

Louis was a sensible child, understanding the rules and considering the overall situation. Being beaten up must be Taylor's own fault; otherwise, how could Catherine have watched her son being harmed without coming to complain?

It wasn't until the court physician, with an anxious heart, accompanied the king for a long walk, not paying attention to the scenery along the way, that he realized a fact today-

That Prince Louis's position in the king's heart far surpassed that of Prince Taylor's, so his position on

the throne was definitely secure. This matter would not change.

The court physician thought to himself that he must not offend Prince Louis in the future, otherwise, how could he continue to thrive in the royal court?

The two strolled around the courtyard, and as they returned when they were about to reach the palace, the king spoke, "Go and treat Taylor, don't leave any sequelae."

"Yes, Your Majesty," the court physician respectfully saluted and reported, "I will treat him. Recovery may take a long time. Although his life is not in danger, his tendons and bones have been injured."

"Very well," the king said, not saying anything more.

In the evening, Rowan arrived at the royal palace to have dinner with the king, as they had agreed.

In the magnificent dining hall, Rowan and his father sat at opposite ends of the table.

Exquisite waiters lined up to serve tonight's dishes one by one—two cups of fruit soup, chocolate pie,

Dupont wine, turbot fillet, venison, with lobster mousse... and rice was also served.

Although there were only the father and son, the dishes were nutritious and plentiful.

"When do you and Claire plan to get married?" the king asked, smiling as he personally poured the

wine, looking at the handsome man sitting opposite him with some anticipation.

Today, it seemed as if the matter brought up by the court physician had not been heard. The king would not dwell on it, let alone ask for reasons here.

Chapter 1773: Father's Advice

"After the succession ceremony, I plan to return to Arkpool City for a while," Rowan told his father about his thoughts. "I have a hospital there, where I am an investor, the director, and the legal representative.

There are some matters that need to be taken care of."

"Returning to Arkpool City isn't primarily because of the hospital, right?" the king guessed, his face showing a kind smile. "I'm sure your hospital is running smoothly and in order."

Being seen through, Rowan concealed his thoughts with a gentle smile and confessed, "I need to ask for forgiveness from the Russell family elders. I've taken their precious niece away for so long without returning home for years, and I feel very sorry about that."

"Indeed," the king agreed, "If you feel sorry, you should apologize sincerely and win the elders' approval and blessings with sincerity. Only then can a marriage be long-lasting."

Rowan listened humbly, nodding, "I will remember that, father."



"So, when do you plan to propose? And what are your thoughts on the betrothal gifts?" the king inquired.

"I have no experience with marriage, so I'd like to hear your thoughts, father, for reference," Rowan replied.

The father and son ate without too much formality or etiquette, chatting as they ate, just like an ordinary

father and son from an average family.

This atmosphere was relaxing and heartwarming.

The king advised him, "Show your sincerity, for sincerity is priceless. Besides, you should also meet the material needs of the other party. After all, raising a child is not easy. On Claire's side, don't just make promises; take direct action. Arrange the house, the car, and the necessities properly. You can't spend every day at the hospital, can you?"

Rowan took his father's advice seriously, nodding in agreement, "I have bought a house in Arkpool City, and I don't live at the hospital."

"Regarding the wedding, I think you should have two ceremonies. Young people like to experience

these things, and looking back on it when you're older, these memories will be very beautiful," the king continued. "Hold a formal and solemn ceremony here in the Lu Layeka royal castle, and another one in Arkpool City with a more romantic style. No girl dislikes a sense of ceremony."

Rowan's eyes sparkled with approval of his father's words, and he nodded, taking every word to heart.

"Louie, marriage and love can be considered separate or intertwined; it depends on how you choose to understand it," the king said, taking a bite of steak and savoring it.

"Father, I believe they are intertwined," Rowan said with a faint smile on his face. "I'm lucky to have met her. She is love, not a compromise."

"So, you are luckier than most people in this world. Finding love is a miracle," the king said, raising his glass to him. "Son, I congratulate you and wish you eternal happiness."

Facing his father's sincere and warm gaze, Rowan felt particularly moved. He also raised his glass, taking the opportunity to say, "Thank you for allowing me to marry Claire, without influencing my marriage, or making me a pawn in a political alliance."

The king shook his head with a smile. He couldn't do such a thing. He sincerely hoped that his children would be happy. Although the Russell family was not lacking, Rowan's side was still the royal family. In

the eyes of outsiders, Claire was just a commoner, which was an unsuitable match.

"I wish you both happiness," the king once again offered his blessings.

The two glasses lightly touched, and then the father and son both took a sip of the wine in their

glasses.