

Surprised 1781

Chapter 1781: Belinda Awakens

Seeing her, Algerone quickly stood up. "Mrs. Marsh is here?" A long-lost glimmer of hope seemed to appear in his eyes.

"Hello, Uncle." Jennifer remained calm, stepping forward and standing in front of him. She glanced at the woman lying on the bed. "Belinda still hasn't woken up?"

"Not yet." The middle-aged man spoke gently, then looked at Belinda. "But the doctor said she's out of danger."

The longer he waited, the more anxious he became. Would Belinda end up in a vegetative state? As long as she didn't wake up, he couldn't relax.

"Let me take a look." Jennifer sat on the edge of the bed, took Belinda's wrist, and checked her pulse, while Algerone waited quietly by her side.

The room was filled with roses of various colors, all in full bloom, filling the air with a strong floral fragrance, creating an extremely romantic atmosphere.

After a while, Algerone asked softly, "How is Belinda? Will she wake up? Please, tell me."

Jennifer gently let go of Belinda's hand and stood up, looking at the middle-aged man earnestly and sincerely. "Of course she will. But brain surgery is a major trauma, and recovery will take some time."

With these words, Algerone also breathed a sigh of relief. He was prepared to wait as long as it took.

Jennifer looked around, smiling as she looked at the roses. She saw love and warmth in them.

Algerone felt a bit embarrassed but was still willing to share. He said, "Belinda used to love roses the most. I hope she can smell the fragrance of her favorite flowers and wake up soon..."

Before he could finish, the woman lying on the bed moved her fingers, and her closed eyes shifted.

Jennifer was deeply touched. "She will definitely wake up."

"Yes, I believe so too." Algerone inadvertently turned his gaze and caught sight of the faint movement of her fingers. At first, he thought he was imagining it, but then he looked again, and in his excitement, he almost forgot to breathe. "She moved, she moved! Mrs. Marsh... her fingers moved!"

Jennifer also looked and clearly saw the movement of her fingers. Before long, several doctors hurried into the room.

"She moved her fingers just now," Jennifer said, making way for the doctors to examine her.

"Doctor, her fingers moved, they moved!" Algerone eagerly asked, "Is she going to wake up?"

"Let's see," the doctors said, beginning their examination.

Jennifer stood by the bed, feeling that Belinda's complexion had improved a lot. Under everyone's gaze, the middle-aged woman who had been in a coma for several days finally slowly opened her eyes...

Of all the people present, Algerone was the most excited. He was holding his breath, his eyes filled with tears of joy.

As her vision slowly cleared, the first person Belinda saw upon waking was Algerone. Their eyes met, and she saw the tears in his eyes, and how much he had aged...

It was as if she had just had a very long dream and could now smell the strong fragrance of roses in the air. This surreal and wonderful feeling made her very happy. Slowly turning her head, she saw the room filled with roses. It was real, not a dream.

Chapter 1782: Giving Them Time

"Finally woke up," the doctors beamed with joy, finally relieved, and began to give her a full-body checkup.

Algerone was always on the verge of tears, with a thousand words converging inside him.

At this moment, the door to the ward was pushed open, and Tristan and Monica happened to come in.

They saw many doctors surrounding the bed, with Jennifer there too. Tristan's heart skipped a beat, thinking Belinda was critically ill.

Hurriedly rushing up, they saw the person who had been lying in the bed for days opening her eyes.

"My Belinda!" Monica jumped excitedly, "You, you, you, you finally woke up!!" She turned and leaped into Tristan's arms.

Tristan was also overjoyed. He lifted her directly and spun around in the spacious ward!

Algerone, watching the person who had finally woken up in the bed, couldn't help but shed tears, reaching out to wipe his eyes.

Belinda's nose was tingling, and with some effort, she reached out to him.

The middle-aged man quickly sat down by the bed, taking her hand, "Belinda..." his emotions could no longer be contained.

Meanwhile, the doctors were conducting a detailed examination for her. The data on the instruments showed to be stable, and finally, one of the doctors announced, "The patient's vital signs have

stabilized. Keep a good mood, rest more, and it's just a matter of time. She needs to stay for a while longer."

"Thank you, doctors," Monica bowed deeply from the heart, expressing gratitude, "Thank you all."

They had waited for this moment for too long.

"You're welcome, just make sure to rest," the doctors left one after another.

Monica set her sights on Jennifer and walked towards her, "Mrs. Marsh." Monica felt awkward calling her "Jennifer" as she was to be her future sister-in-law.

However, addressing her as Mrs. Marsh felt too unfamiliar...

Jennifer also stepped towards her, "Monica," she took the girl's hand, "Call me Jennifer from now on, we're about the same age."

Monica smiled, "Jennifer, thank you." She had undergone the surgery for Belinda, helping to save her life, and her gratitude knew no bounds.

"You're welcome, it's a doctor's duty to save lives and heal the wounded."

Jennifer smiled, turned her gaze to Algerone and Belinda, then looked at the young couple in front of her, and softly said, "I'm going to check on Eason." With that, she walked away.

Tristan put his arm around Monica's shoulder and then spoke to the two people not far away, "Uncle,

Aunt, we have some things to take care of. We'll come back later."

After that, Tristan led Monica away, clearly giving the two people in the ward some privacy.

Belinda, lying in the bed with a drip attached to her hand, felt like she had just had a long dream.

The roses around her and the scent of flowers in the air, along with the haggard Algerone, made her feel uneasy.

"Belinda, are you still in pain?" Algerone asked lovingly, gazing at her affectionately, wishing he could share even a fraction of her pain.

Belinda shook her head gently, "These days... you've been here all the time?" Perhaps it was because she hadn't spoken for a long time, her voice sounded a little hoarse.

Algerone smiled, deliberately appearing very relaxed, "I've been here, and so has Tristan, and Monica too. We take turns resting occasionally, but we're not tired."

She looked around slowly, "These flowers..."

"They are the roses you love. I hope you can smell the fragrance, even in your dreams, to keep your

mind and body at ease..."

In fact, she had dreamed several times, finding herself in a sea of roses.

Chapter 1783: Algerone's Attention to Detail was Impressive

Their eyes met, containing countless emotions, and their hearts were filled with deep emotion.

Tristan, who had given them some private space, had brought Monica to the entrance of the cinema.

Monica was a bit curious, "Are we going to the movies?"

Tristan nodded, saying to her, "I just booked two tickets for the latest comedy. You've been through a

lot recently, your nerves have been tense, today is a day of great joy, Auntie has finally woken up. You

can also breathe a sigh of relief. Take this opportunity to relax a bit. We should give them a little more

time."

He had considered it carefully, and Monica agreed.

"Okay!" The girl took the initiative to link arms with him and followed him to the cinema.

In a hospital room, Algerone sat in a chair beside the bed, holding Belinda's hand with heartache, their

eyes always meeting, filled with emotions. He had longed for her to wake up, and Algerone couldn't

even bear to blink his eyes.

"Belinda," he kissed her hand gently, and said affectionately, "Rest and take care of yourself. I will be with you all the way."

"Your company? Is there nothing that needs your attention?" Belinda asked with concern, "You can't just stay here all the time, can you?"

"It's okay, the company doesn't have any major issues, the assistants can handle everything. Right now, your health is the most important." Compared to the company, Belinda was the top priority.

Hearing this, Belinda's inner gratitude increased, and she couldn't help but shed tears, revealing the softest side of herself.

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Algerone quickly took a tissue to wipe them away, "Don't cry, don't cry."

The memories of the past, like a movie, played in Belinda's mind. Although she had undergone brain surgery, she had not lost her memory.

Today, at this moment, she felt a sense of newfound acquaintance, experiencing the man's thoughtfulness and care just like when they first met. This feeling was undoubtedly beautiful.

At that moment, someone gently knocked on the door of the ward. Without opening the door, Algerone

carefully set down her hand, got up, and went to open the door.

The door opened a crack, and all she heard was him saying, "Thank you," to the person outside, and then closing the door.

Belinda saw him holding a bag in his hand, walking towards her.

She didn't ask what it was, just looked at the bag.

Algerone took out the contents of the bag directly. The faint scent of red bean cake instantly filled the air, mixing with the fragrance of roses, creating an especially pleasant aroma.

Belinda saw the steaming red bean cake and suddenly felt a bit hungry. She hadn't eaten anything for a long time.

Algerone gently placed the opened pastry on the bedside table, raising the bed slightly as he said to her, "You used to love this red bean cake from this shop when you were young. I went to see it these past few days, the shop is still open, and it still tastes the same. I left a reservation for it..."

Belinda, leaning against the headboard, was moved by his words.

"Here, be careful." He took a pillow and gently placed it behind her back, paying attention to the details

even more so than a young man in love.

"Come, taste it." Algerone took the pastry and sat in front of her, smiling as he offered a small piece to her lips, coaxing, "See if it still tastes the same as before? The shop owner hasn't changed, but they are getting old. Their skills have matured, and there's still a long line as always."

Her heart was like a five-flavor bottle that had been overturned, tears brimming in her eyes. Softly, she opened her mouth, feeling especially tender at that moment.

This taste was so familiar...

She remembered when she had just married Algerone, they would buy this pastry every morning. It was nutritious, hygienic, and inexpensive, but they still had to line up, so they would wake up ten minutes early.

A small piece of red bean cake made both of them feel the same way they did when they were young.

Chapter 1784: A New Beginning

Vividly clear in their minds, having gone through this catastrophe, they both had a new appreciation for the rest of their lives. They would cherish it doubly and let go of all the barriers in their hearts.

Algerone carefully fed her, piece by piece. Belinda opened her mouth and chewed slowly, a long-lost

warmth filling the air.

"The doctor said you can have some soft food. How is it? Do you still like the taste?" Algerone asked

gently.

Belinda set aside her former dominance and persistence, tears in her eyes as she looked at him and

nodded.

After a while, she choked up and said, "Algerone..." Her nose tingled, and tears overflowed

uncontrollably.

Algerone, desperate, quickly set down the pastry in his hand and reached out to embrace her. "Don't

cry, don't cry... it's all over now... please don't cry," he wanted to cry too.

"Algerone..." Belinda's heart twitched, suddenly in a tearing pain, "Algerone... I'm sorry..." Her youthful

insistence and wilfulness had caused them to miss out on so many years together.

"Belinda, stop. Stop apologizing." The middle-aged man held her shoulders, gently pushing her away

from his embrace, and looked into her eyes at close range. He said, "Can we turn the page on the

past? Take care of yourself and let's look towards the future together."

"Our future..." Belinda looked at him through tears, "How can we look towards the future?"

"Let's remarry," Algerone said without hesitation, holding her hand again. "When you recover, I will propose to you. Let's start over."

Their eyes met, both filled with tears, and she did not refuse.

Belinda's heart ached terribly. She couldn't help but reach out again and hug him.

The long-suppressed emotions in both of them awakened and boiled at this moment. Tears in their eyes, they held each other tightly, their body temperatures intertwining.

Two hours later, Tristan and Monica, who had finished watching a movie, returned to the hospital.

They felt the air was sweet, and even the wind was sweet. The heavy burden on their hearts finally lifted.

This feeling was truly long-lost. Every second of these days had been filled with concern for Ling, their mother.

They feared she wouldn't wake up, feared she would become a vegetable, and feared she would lose her memory if she did wake up. Now, they could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Returning to the ward, they saw Algerone had just fed Belinda some warm water. Seeing him take

away the cup, the scene was heartwarming and sweet.

The two young people smiled at each other.

"Monica, Tristan..." Belinda sat leaning against the head of the bed, looking at them hand in hand with a smile, "You've also worked hard during this time."

"Not at all," Monica let go of Tristan's hand, and approached the bed, "Mom, how are you feeling now?"

Any discomfort? Does your head still hurt?"

"I'm fine," Belinda smiled contentedly, looking satisfied at Tristan standing by the bed. This man was mature and reliable, worthy of reliance.

"Auntie, rest assured and recover. You don't need to worry about anything else," Tristan said gently, "I will take care of Monica and uncle."

"Dad," Monica turned to look at her father, "You should go back and rest first, right? We'll stay with Mom. You look like you've got dark circles under your eyes."

Belinda also felt sorry, "Yes, you should go back and rest first. Let the children stay with me for a while," she urged him repeatedly.

"Come on, come on, we're here for her."

Suddenly, Algerone remembered the roses in his yard that also needed watering; it hadn't rained in the past few days.

So, he agreed, "Alright, alright. You take good rest too. Can I come to see you again tomorrow morning?"

"Okay," Belinda nodded and gave him a faint smile.

Monica was happy, her father could rest well, her mother was awake, and she didn't need to worry too much.

Chapter 1785: Giving the Hand Rope to Belinda

"Tristan, isn't your company busy?" Belinda looked at the man standing in front of the bed with a gentle expression, showing some concern.

Tristan smiled slightly, "Auntie, the company isn't busy. I've already been to the office in the morning and sorted out tomorrow's tasks. Today, I'm here with Monica to accompany you."

She nodded, "Good." Then Algerone took the laptop from the bedside table, bid everyone farewell, and left.

He was concerned about the large patch of roses in the yard, which he had always cared for diligently.

He couldn't let them be ruined by his recent neglect.

Algerone drove back home and as soon as he got out of the car, he bent over to inspect the yard. The sight of the roses in full bloom filled him with great joy. Finally, he could breathe a sigh of relief because they had already sprouted flower buds.

He thought to himself that when Belinda was discharged from the hospital, perhaps by then they would be blooming in abundance, certainly very beautiful.

Moreover, these were varieties introduced from the Ho family, belonging to the top grade of roses.

When they bloomed, they would look completely different from those bought in a flower shop, at least a

hundred times more beautiful.

As Algerone watered these plants, he did so with a smile on his face, as if he were caring for his own children.

He was especially looking forward to the day Belinda would be discharged. He would bring her here and she would be able to see the roses in full bloom throughout the yard.

On that day, her smile would surely be radiant, and this would undoubtedly be a very special gift.

He would kneel amidst this vast expanse of roses and present a ring to propose to her...

In the hospital ward.

Tristan's phone rang, and he turned and went out to answer the call.

In the ward, only the mother and son remained. Monica sat in a chair by the bed and took out a red rope bracelet from her pocket. It was woven, with a small pendant hanging from it.

She picked up her mother's wrist and gently tied the bracelet on.

Belinda looked at her somewhat shocked, "Monica..."

"This is my lucky bracelet, lent to you to wear for a few days," Monica said as she tied it, looking up with a smile, "I hope that my dearest and greatest Belinda can recover quickly and leave the hospital soon."

Monica didn't know the origin of the bracelet, having no memories before the age of five, but this

bracelet seemed to always bring her a kind of magical power, so she had always kept it safe.

Looking at the smiling girl in front of the bed, Belinda couldn't help but feel a little bitter in her heart, and

a certain scene from twenty years ago flashed through her mind...

The sensible little girl, with this rope bracelet on her delicate wrist, stained with blood...

If she and Algerone hadn't driven by the scene of the car accident, if they hadn't generously stopped to rescue, they would never have met Monica.

"What's wrong?" Monica saw that she seemed somewhat distracted and asked softly, "What are you thinking about?"

Thankful for her fortune, Belinda pursed her lips and showed a touch of affection, "Thank you, Monica, for putting on this lucky bracelet. Mom will definitely, definitely leave the hospital as soon as possible."

"Okay, okay." Monica wanted to matchmake her with Algerone, so she held her hand and said,

"Algerone has been staying here these days, he is really worried about you."

"Okay," Belinda asked, "Child, how are things going with Tristan?"

"We're doing well."

Monica's face lit up with a happy smile, a little shy, "We just went to see a movie together, and he was particularly attentive to details. He's been accompanying me as much as possible during this time."

Tristan was a reliable man, Belinda observed, and her approval of him was growing stronger in her

heart.

"When are you planning to get married then?" Belinda inquired, "Have you talked about this topic? If he brings it up, don't act aloof – don't miss out on such a good man."

Chapter 1786: Do You Love Algerone?

"We have, we have seriously discussed this topic," the daughter's face carried a hint of shy smile, she truthfully replied, "At least we should wait for you to be discharged first, and for your relationship with Algerone to stabilize."

"Why?" Belinda felt a bit embarrassed, "Are we getting in the way?"

"Not at all," Monica raised her gaze, she said, "It's just that Tristan and I both hope you two can remarry, watching you reconcile would put our minds at ease as we step into marriage. Wouldn't that be more perfect?"

They were truly two sensible and kind children. Belinda looked at her with a loving smile, feeling a slight sense of guilt.

Even though she had adopted her from the hands of traffickers, not long after, she divorced Algerone, never giving her a complete and warm home.

Monica was a very good-natured girl, she changed the subject with a smile, asking very directly, "Did you talk about remarrying just now? Has Algerone confessed to you?"

Her beautiful eyes were filled with gossip.

Looking around at the room full of roses, Monica guessed, "Algerone, being such a romantic person, probably couldn't resist, right? When we left with Tristan, he was already teary-eyed."

Belinda looked at the lucky bracelet on her wrist, a brilliant smile appeared on her lips, "Do you think remarrying would be impulsive for us?" Her words were followed by a calm expression replacing her smile.

The girl was slightly taken aback, and the mother and daughter's eyes met. Monica asked softly, "Are you afraid that after the impulsive act, only regret will be left?"

"..." Belinda answered with silence, she lowered her eyes and the room fell into a brief silence.

"Do you love Algerone?" Monica raised her long eyelashes, asking eagerly, "Don't think, just give the first answer."

"Love," Belinda followed her inner thoughts, admitting honestly.

"There's a saying that's been going around recently, do you know what it is?"

"What is it?"

Monica smiled, and said, "All love that can't lead to marriage is nonsense, truly loving people will get married even if the sky falls down."

"..." Belinda was amused by her, but of course, she also felt that there was some truth to it.

Who wasn't reckless for love when they were young?

Belinda explained, "It's just that we are different from you. We are both mature adults. After being apart for so many years, who knows if we are really suitable for each other when it comes to living together?

Some of the shortcomings from before may have been magnified, leading to our decision to part ways."

"It's precisely because of missing out on so many years that we are willing to compromise with each other, and we understand better what love is." Monica, who had experienced a relationship, suddenly understood many truths, "As long as there is love, I think everything else is not a big deal."

Listening to her daughter, Belinda also felt relieved. She would change, she would suppress her dominance and sharpness as much as possible, she would try to be a good wife.

"Monica, Mom knows what to do now." Belinda held her hand, "Mom also hopes that you two can be

happy."

"Mm-hmm." The girl smiled brightly.

After finishing the drip with her mother, Belinda lay down to rest. Tristan accompanied Monica on the next bed, and they cuddled together, chatting softly, the scene was very heartwarming.

Even though they were not married, they got along like a family.

Lu Layeka.

The king had taken his medicine three hours ago and was currently lying down to rest. He had entered a dream and was in a dream-

"Annie... Annie..." he saw his grown-up daughter in the crowd, although it was only a profile, he was absolutely certain, "Annie, don't run!"

The king traversed the crowd, chasing after the girl.

Chapter 1787: A Disheartening Dream

Amidst the bustling city, a girl in a pink dress walked hurriedly as if searching for something. Her pace quickened, and eventually she started running.

"Annie!!"

"Annie!"

The king, alone and anxious, had eyes only for that figure. Disregarding any potential danger, he chased after her.

"Annie!!"

The girl didn't look back, running in urgency.

"Annie!" The king, frantic, called after her silhouette. "Annie, what are you looking for? Daddy will help you find it!"

Just as he was about to reach out and touch her shoulder, everyone around him turned transparent and shattered into pieces. The girl's body also shattered instantly, disappearing without a trace...

"Annie..." He gasped, his voice barely above a whisper.

Alone on the empty grass, the king stood with his hand outstretched, the vivid scene playing over in his mind. It all felt like a dream, yet he watched her vanish before his eyes.

"Annie!"

"Annie..."

In the dream, the king looked around helplessly, tears of longing in his eyes, feeling the heart-

wrenching pain once again.

"Annie... Annie..."

On the palace bed, the king's closed eyes moved, a tear rolling down his cheek. In the depths of his profound desolation, he slowly opened his eyes.

Staring at the resplendent ceiling, he knew it was another dream... the sense of loss deepening within him.

The clear image of the little girl remained in his mind, not fading with time.

About four or five years old, she was petite and charming, her smile always sweet, quiet yet confident.

"Annie..." The king's pain was suffocating. "Will Daddy ever see you again in this lifetime?"

His only answer was a silent void.

In the brightly lit study.

On the day of the inheritance ceremony, Rowan wore an elaborate and imposing outfit, perfectly tailored without any need for adjustment.

The designers breathed a sigh of relief, and the servants carefully folded the clothes, placing them in a

ceremonial box before bowing respectfully and leaving.

After the door closed, the room fell into a profound silence.

Alone at his desk, Rowan couldn't resist retrieving the red string bracelet from the drawer. Exquisite and beautiful, as he lightly caressed it, his inner turmoil was hard to conceal.

Some pains lay buried deep within, once touched or brought to mind, they caused an unbearable agony... a pain that time could not dilute.

"Annie, are you still alive?" Rowan's heart held a persistent question, a prayer.

He dreamt of his sister again last night, seeing her grown up, taller, preparing for marriage. But upon waking, he knew it was just a dream, filled with hopeful wishes.

Meanwhile, in Prince Taylor's palace, due to his son's recent beating, Katherine had been visiting more frequently, about three times a day.

"Be gentle..." Taylor sat before the mirror, a bit restless.

His mother personally tended to his face. Compared to a few days ago, the bruising had visibly improved.

"Does it still hurt?" Katherine asked with gentle concern. "I'm being very gentle, is it still painful?"

"Not really," Taylor replied. "Just a bit unnerving. The first time you applied the ointment was unforgettable."

Katherine's movements faltered, and she glanced at him. "Will you remember this in the future? Will you continue to engage in illegal activities?"

Chapter 1788 Taylor is Quite Cute

"..."

"I've taken care of this mess for you. Otherwise, you would be the headline news. Do you want to ruin your reputation as Prince Taylor? Letting people gossip about your carefree attitude and lack of discretion?"

"I've already written my self-criticism. Do you have to keep on about it?" Taylor felt a bit depressed, rebelliously glaring at her. "Go on and mind your own business! Don't hover over me every day!"

"Don't keep staring at Claire." Catherine warned her son again. "She's your sister-in-law, that's an unchangeable fact. You must accept it from the bottom of your heart!"

"I got it!" Taylor was really annoyed. "Hurry up and leave! Stop bringing that up!"

Catherine knew he had taken her words in, so she put down the ointment and calmly said to him,

"Then rest well. I'll go check on the progress of the castle's construction."

She had been concerned about this matter all along, checking on it from time to time, because once the castle was built, she had other plans in mind.

After his mother left, Taylor still sat in front of the mirror, playing with the ointment Prince Louis had sent

over. Its effect was surprisingly good?

It was like a magical elixir.

He had been through countless bumps and bruises since childhood, the worst being when he fell off his bike and it took four months for his knee to heal.

If he had had this stuff back then, it probably would have only taken three days to recover, right?

So when he heard that this ointment was developed by Louis himself, Taylor inexplicably admired him a bit more. To study medicine to his level was really impressive.

After some consideration, he looked at himself in the mirror. He could go out and see people now. He had been cooped up in the palace recently and needed some fresh air.

So he put down the ointment and got up to leave.

Ten minutes later.

Prince Louis's palace, in the study.

Rowan had just finished a pleasant conversation with two dukes about the procedures for the succession ceremony. The two dukes had just left when a servant knocked on the door and entered.

Rowan stood at the desk, ready to leave, and when he saw someone come in, he stopped and focused his gaze on the servant.

"Hello, Your Highness," the servant respectfully bowed after entering, then stood still and reported,

"Prince Taylor is here. He would like to see you."

Upon hearing this, Rowan was somewhat surprised. The last time he saw Taylor was when he went to his palace to deliver medicine, and he was so beaten up that it was difficult for him to even get out of bed.

The time before that, he personally came over to deliver a self-criticism.

Rowan didn't say anything, he stepped out.

Hearing the footsteps, Taylor looked up. His expression was indifferent, almost like a fish with a seven-

second memory. He didn't seem to feel guilty, as the self-criticism had already been written.

Seeing Taylor standing in the hall, still the same as before, his swollen face had almost returned to normal. Rowan walked towards him and stood in front of him, scrutinizing him, unable to guess why he had come today.

"Brother," Taylor spoke without any awkwardness, using the same address as that day, regardless of whether the other accepted it. There was a firmness in his eyes.

To be honest, Rowan was surprised deep down.

But Taylor's compromise and concession left Rowan unable to be proud or dismissive. He couldn't ignore him, so he asked, "Do you want something to drink?"

"I'm fine with anything," Taylor replied. "I'm not picky about tea. Anything that quenches my thirst will do. I have something to discuss with you today."

Then Rowan instructed the servant, "Brew a pot of Pu'er tea for Prince Taylor."

"Yes."

Then Rowan gestured, "Come and sit over here." As he spoke, he turned and walked towards the chair.

Chapter 1789: The Power of Example

Taylor settled into his chair, looking unfazed, his thick skin showing no sign of embarrassment.

A complete set of high-end tea utensils was arranged on the coffee table. Rowan had not delved deeply into the art of tea, being busy lately and not having time to sit down and enjoy it, but he had some knowledge of it.

He gazed calmly at the man sitting across from him. "How's your recovery? Still in pain?" Although he genuinely cared, he felt no remorse for throwing a punch.

"I'm completely healed," Taylor raised an eyebrow, sincerity evident in his eyes. "I want to apprentice under you, teach me pharmaceuticals?"

This skill seemed so magical! Like something out of a fairy tale! Taylor greatly admired it!

Hearing this, Rowan was shocked, but he quickly composed himself. "You want to study medicine?"

"Yes!"

"Have you thought it over?"

"I have!"

Rowan looked at him, leaned forward, lifted his teacup, and calmly said, "Then you should apply to

medical school, master the theoretical knowledge, and only then will I take you as my apprentice. I can teach you hands-on, but the condition is that you must successfully complete all exams and receive your diploma before we proceed."

Taylor agreed without hesitation. "Okay!"

Rowan looked at him, realizing that this path would not be easy, but if he was truly willing, he was willing to be his guide.

The two brothers then drank tea. Rowan thought Taylor would back out, but instead, he listened to his plans for the future, and Rowan felt that he was serious. Did he suddenly fall in love with medicine?

When Taylor returned home from his brother, he immediately applied to the most prestigious medical school in Lu Layeka.

Catherine learned of this news from Julie.

"What? Studying medicine?" The princess was extremely shocked, briefly thinking she had misheard.

"Yes," Julie replied unequivocally. "He just applied and has started taking online courses in the study, and he's instructed the servants not to disturb him. He seems very serious."

Catherine felt like she was in a dream. Was her son going to become a doctor? Is that what this meant?

"Princess, do you approve of Prince Taylor studying medicine?" Julie asked her, but she herself approved. Studying medicine could help settle a restless heart, as long as the prince liked it, there was no problem.

Catherine looked at her and, after a moment's thought, managed to say, "Perhaps this is the power of example?"

"It's better to support him in learning first. After all, this is his own choice."

"Okay." Catherine suddenly thought of something and asked curiously, "He went to find Louis himself?"

"Yes."

Catherine thought to herself that Prince Louis was quite open-minded. Not only did he not hold it against Taylor, but he was also willing to take him under his wing, giving him such great strength.

Arkpool City.

That day, a limited edition Lamborghini parked in the Russell family's yard, the car gleaming and imposing, rose petals swaying in the wind, casting shadows on the car.

Ivan took the time to bring Jennifer over.

After the New Year, Finnley had already taken over the family business. He knew they were coming today, and he also knew they were returning from Lu Layeka, bringing news of Claire. So Finnley had arranged the family's affairs early and almost simultaneously returned home.

In the gorgeously decorated living room of the villa, Ivan and the elder members of the Russell family sat on the sofa, with Finnley also present. Everyone was poised, their demeanor reflecting high refinement.

After the servants prepared tea, fruit platters, and snacks, they discreetly left the room.

"Uncle, Aunt," Ivan spoke gently, "I assume you are aware of Rowan being the prince of Lu Layeka."

Albert and Violet exchanged a glance, then looked at the man sitting opposite them, nodding. "Yes, we know." It was clear that they came for him.

"On the 28th, he will ascend to the throne and become the new king of Lu Layeka." Ivan delivered this good news to them, also observing their reactions.

Chapter 1790: The Happy Pregnancy

Sure enough, Albert and Violet's faces revealed expressions of astonishment. They knew he was a

prince, but how could he become a king so quickly?

"A king is the head of a country!"

Finnley also had his doubts. What had happened? He looked at Ivan, "How can he become a king at such a young age?"

Ivan had come to deliver a message today, so he didn't beat around the bush. He smiled and briefly told everyone about the situation on Rowan's side.

The people of the Russell family were shocked, finding it more unbelievable than a novel!

At the same time, Rowan's wisdom and composure, kindness and broad-mindedness, made the people of the Russell family look at him with new eyes. Not only was he a doctor, but he also had the legitimate royal bloodline, naturally inheriting high intelligence and business acumen.

The king was almost dying from chronic poisoning, and Rowan managed to save him? What incredible medical skill he must have.

One can imagine how extraordinary his medical skills are! He's practically a miracle worker, a blessing to humanity. Rowan's personal charm soared in the hearts of the two elders.

"What about Claire?" Violet asked with some concern. "Is she adapting well to royal life? With Rowan being so busy, having to inherit the throne, the protocol must be complex. He also has to take care of his father. Does Rowan have time to protect her?"

Thinking of palace intrigue from ancient times, she worried that Claire might be harmed. After all, she was part of the royal family.

"Claire is doing well. Rowan has been protecting and taking care of her all along. She has also gained the king's approval. The king really likes her," Ivan said with a smile, reassuring them. "Rowan is a responsible and good man; he can truly make Claire happy."

"Well, what about the future?" Violet's face grew serious. She was considering practical issues and seemed somewhat unable to accept it. "Will Claire have to live in Lu Layeka with him in the future?" Wouldn't that mean losing Claire completely? It would be difficult to meet even if they were oceans apart.

"This matter, Rowan and Claire will personally come back to discuss with you," Ivan said, although he was a friend, he had no right to discuss these matters for them.

Finnley asked, "Will you go to the succession ceremony?"

"I will, and if you have time, I hope you can come too."

Finnley thought for a moment, and at this point, Albert spoke up, "Finnley should go too. Mainly because Claire is there. It's always good to visit one's sister and get to know the royal family in advance."

"Okay," Finnley nodded, and the matter was settled.

Ivan also told the two elders that after the succession ceremony, they would all return to Arkpool City, and Claire and Rowan's wedding might also be put on the agenda.

To let the two elders prepare themselves mentally.

In the second-floor living room, Mya in the late stages of pregnancy and Jennifer in the early stages of pregnancy sat hand in hand on the sofa, chatting happily.

"Jennifer, do you still remember how you felt when you gave birth to Alfie and Diana?" Mya asked,

feeling a bit scared. "Was it particularly painful?"

Now thinking back, Jennifer's face was filled only with happiness and sweetness. "When you really get

to that moment, you never even think about the pain. You just want the baby to come out quickly so

you can see the lovely little one sooner. After all, you've been looking forward to it for ten months."

She also said, "When you see the little baby, your heart will melt, and all the pain will be bearable, and all worth it."

Hearing her say this, Mya couldn't help but gently stroke her prominently raised belly. "He's kicking me." She was starting to look forward to that day a little, feeling her body filled with strength.

"Mya, I've noticed you've become more refined and elegant since you got pregnant," Jennifer sincerely praised, "You've grown up."

As a good best friend, Mya pouted and asked, "What did you think I was like before?"