

Surprised 1791

Chapter 1791 Secretly Planning the Wedding

"In the past, the girl with dirty braids, standing out in the crowd, not only dressed uniquely but also had a unique temperament. Do you remember when you had a fight with Ivan?" Jennifer smiled as she looked at her.

"Wasn't that just me standing up for you?" Mya reached out and poked her on the shoulder, answering with a smile. "Anyone who dares to bully our Jennifer, I'll fight them!"

Jennifer was amused by her, their sisterly bond ran deep.

Today, Jennifer and Ivan, under the generous hospitality of the Russell family elders, stayed for dinner before leaving. They briefed the Russell family elders on Claire's situation on Lu Layeka's side, and everyone grew more and more at ease.

Girls grow up; after all, they are to be married, and the most important thing is to choose the right person.

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

After tending to the large rose garden in the yard, Algerone slept at home for the night, went to the

company in the early morning, and returned to the hospital right after the morning meeting.

He even queued to buy some fragrant red bean cakes; he paid great attention to details.

All of this came from his heart; he wanted to treat Belinda well.

Early in the morning, Tristan and Monica came out of the hospital excitedly and got into the car.

She sat in the front passenger seat and reached out to activate the navigation. "Is this the location?"

"Yes, it's under the Marsh Group," Tristan said to her. "Give the person in charge a call, ask if he's in today."

"Alright, you reminding me is a good thing; I almost forgot. It's the weekend today."

After Monica activated the navigation, Tristan started the car.

She dialed the number and, in no time, the person on the other end picked up. "Hello, this is Everlove, I'm the person in charge, Newson."

"Mr. Newson, this is Tristan Mr. Norwell, we've been in contact before," Monica's voice was gentle and pleasant.

"Oh, I see, are you planning to come over?"

"Yes, we're getting ready to set off; we wanted to ask if you are at the company today, are you

working?" Monica's tone was very polite.

The other party was also very friendly, "I'm off today, but I can head over now; see you at the company in a while."

"Thank you."

"Not at all, it's the least I can do. See you in a while," the person said before hanging up, understanding their urgency.

When Tristan and Monica arrived by car, Newson had already arrived early.

Knowing it was Mr. Norwell and Mr. Marsh's nephew, he didn't dare to be negligent for a moment. He warmly welcomed them as soon as they entered and then led them to the VIP lounge, personally discussing the various plans they had previously drafted with them.

"Mr. Norwell, Ms. Swain, could you provide some photos of Mr. Swain and Ms. Bryton from when they were young?" Newson smiled and said, "If you can provide some photos, this wedding will be perfect. We can help them cherish the present even more."

Monica glanced at Tristan and then looked at Newson, "I'll try to find some, because they've been apart

for many years, those photos might have been destroyed in a fit of anger."

"Alright, do your best." Newson handed over two proposals, "Take a look; one is a detailed plan for a fresh lawn wedding, and the other is for a church wedding. Which one do you think is better?"

"I think we can go with something simpler," Monica said, taking the proposals. She then shared her thoughts about a more down-to-earth approach:

"Simplicity doesn't mean being perfunctory. I just think we can do it in the most down-to-earth way, after

all, young people like grandeur. By then, inviting some old friends of the two, mutual friends, or former classmates who witnessed their previous wedding, going through the process with family, can evoke past memories. After all, happiness is one's own affair, and more guests don't necessarily make it better; sometimes too many people can make one feel at a loss."

Chapter 1792 Rowan is going to be the king

Monica's mind was clear, she had thought for a long time when she had just arrived, and these views had also been approved by Tristan.

Of course, Newson also agreed, "Ms. Swain, this idea is very good, so we can exclude the plan for the church wedding."

"Are there any quiet and elegant cafes in Arkpool City? A larger space, perhaps we could book the whole place," Monica suggested.

"Yes, there are." Newson, being in this line of work, was certainly well-informed. "Currently, there are three that Ms. Swain should be quite satisfied with. Should I take you to see them in person?"

Monica glanced at Tristan, "Should we go? Are you in a hurry to get back to the company?"

Tristan smiled, "Not in a hurry. Let's go now. We can discuss the specific details on the way. There are many details we need to go over."

"Alright."

The three of them then stood up with the planning documents in hand, chatting as they walked. They even discussed the selection of wedding dresses and suits, as well as the beverages to be used at the banquet.

Yes, Tristan and Monica had already begun secretly planning the wedding for Algerone and Belinda.

They planned to wait until Belinda was out of the hospital to arrange this! They wanted to give them a surprise directly! Algerone didn't need to prepare anything, as he had also been working hard during

this time.

In the hospital, Algerone was meticulously taking care of Belinda, pouring tea for her, telling her stories, and chatting about things between old classmates, occasionally stirring up her deeply hidden memories.

Watching the wrinkles at the corners of Algerone's eyes as he smiled, Belinda sat leaning against the head of the bed, filled with emotion.

Time flies.

Lu Layeka, this bustling wealthy country, had suddenly reached the 28th. King Bertie's body had fully recovered under the effect of medication, and he had also gained a few pounds during this time. His overall condition and complexion were very good.

The grand ceremony for the succession of the new king would be held today at the Ouyi Cathedral, with all the important members of the royal family in attendance, as well as important leaders from neighboring and friendly countries.

The ceremony had gone through a rehearsal, and the scene was still particularly spectacular.

Ivan and Jennifer had arrived with Finnley yesterday, and they were accommodated in the royal palace

and treated with great hospitality.

The siblings had also met. Finnley had seen Rowan and the king.

Rowan's coronation ceremony was solemn and grand. Finnley, who was well-traveled, was stunned by

the atmosphere. This scene was even more magnificent than what he had seen in TV dramas.

He stood by his sister's side. Claire was wearing a fitted purple dress, her hair tied in a ponytail, with

delicate makeup. It was easy to see her nervousness and excitement.

Ivan had his arm around Jennifer's shoulder, both of them were also dressed in finery, feeling very

excited inside, and were also happy for Rowan.

Queen Catherine was accompanying the king. They were both very formally and splendidly dressed,

wearing hats that were only worn on the most important occasions.

Catherine had a refined and dignified makeup, exuding a commanding presence, holding the king's

arm, her expression calm on the surface, but with a hint of complexity inside.

She had fantasized about this day countless times, but it was her son who was completing the

coronation ceremony.

To say that there was no inner conflict would be false. There was some, after all, she was a mother, and no mother would not consider her child's feelings.

Today, Taylor looked like a child, dressed very formally, and even wore the latest custom-made shoes.

He looked very proper today, not one to joke around, strictly adhering to the etiquette, a far cry from his usual mischievous self.

Julie was still wearing a military uniform, paired with white boots. She felt some reluctance inside but had already compromised.

Prince Louis inheriting the throne was the people's choice, it was in line with the public opinion. The king's body had fully recovered and his strength was still there. Anyone who tried to obstruct this might be stripped of their royal title, the royal physician being the best example.

Everyone knew that this move was a bit of a warning to others.

Chapter 1793 Apology to Arkpool City

Julie was loyal to Queen Catherine. As long as the Queen was willing to give up, Julie was willing to follow the Queen's wishes and would not force anything.

The entire coronation ceremony was broadcast live, grand, magnificent, and solemn.

Young Prince Louis, dressed in a custom military uniform, sat on a golden palanquin carried by 18 soldiers. Today, his appearance was extraordinary, with a handsome and elegant demeanor, exuding an inherent nobility that captured everyone's attention...

Behind the palanquin, more than 20,000 soldiers followed, dressed in uniform, forming a dragon-like procession. They walked around the entire palace in an orderly manner to the national anthem and then slowly made their way towards the church.

Claire looked from afar at the figure on the palanquin, so familiar yet so unfamiliar. Beneath his thick black eyebrows, his deep eyes contained boundless wisdom.

In the solemn atmosphere of the church, the new king knelt down, accepting the bishop's prayers and masses. His heart was filled with a mix of emotions, thinking about his deceased mother and missing sister.

If only his mother and sister were here today to witness such an important moment, how wonderful would that be?

Louis took oaths and paid respects to his father Bertie and stepmother Queen Catherine. With everyone as witnesses and cameras broadcasting the entire process, three hours later, he finally

completed all the tedious procedures.

After the ceremony, following tradition, Louis went to the balcony on the seventh floor of the church to wave to the nearly ten thousand people gathered in the palace square.

Warm applause erupted, countless doves of peace flew into the vast sky, creating a spectacular scene.

Then, King Louis personally presided over Lu Layeka's military parade, his first public appearance as the head of state, where he met with foreign dignitaries and important members of the royal family.

He was composed and elegant, though young, he carried himself like a refined gentleman, and his erudition made people feel refreshed when communicating with him.

The host on the live broadcast introduced Louis, the king of Lu Layeka, to the people-Louis not only inherited the throne but also inherited the private assets of the former king, an estimated \$40 billion.

This money does not belong to the national treasury, it belongs to the new king personally...

Young, handsome, powerful, and wealthy, with amazing medical skills, Louis had attracted countless young girls in Lu Layeka who were crazy about him, screaming in admiration! They all declared that they wanted to marry him!

In a moment, King Louis became the perfect idol in everyone's hearts, and they dreamed of a chance encounter with him.

Three days later, Rowan, along with Claire, returned to Arkpool City on a private plane with Finnley Ivan and Jennifer.

Rowan did not go to the hospital immediately. Instead, he took Claire to the Russell family. On the way, he drove while she sat in the passenger seat, both silent, feeling somewhat uneasy.

Having taken their precious niece away for so long, it was time to go back and apologize. Rowan felt deeply sorry.

Albert and Violet had also watched the news of Louis, the King of Lu Layeka's coronation ceremony, and they were deeply moved by the spectacle.

For the first time, they felt that Dr. Watson was so unattainable.

"So now... Claire is reaching high?" Violet was carrying a heavy heart and had been talking to her husband for two whole days. "Can a marriage with such a big gap be happy? Will Claire feel pressured? And... we haven't been good to Dr. Watson in the past... will he hold a grudge?"

"It depends on whether the two people's feelings are strong," Albert also felt a bit worried. There had

indeed been many conflicts in the past and many misunderstandings.

However, after Claire went with him to Lu Layeka and didn't return for years, he had already realized the reality.

The child had grown up, and as elders, they could no longer control everything.

Chapter 1794: Sincerity

The familiar Russell family estate loomed in front of them as Claire sat in the passenger seat, her heart tightening slowly. Her uncle and aunt had always been against her being with Rowan.

Will they be furious after such a sudden departure? Will they say hurtful things?

She loved Rowan and didn't want him to suffer even a bit.

The car turned slowly and entered the yard, stopping in front of the villa.

Rowan glanced at the girl beside him, and the girl also glanced back. Their gazes met.

Then, they both unfastened their seatbelts and got out of the car together.

Albert and Violet, standing in the living room, also held their hearts in their hands. Through the full-length window, they saw Dr. Watson walk around the car and take Claire's hand.

They watched as the two stepped towards the living room.

Violet quickly glanced at the man beside her, feeling a bit nervous for some reason. This Dr. Watson

was not the same Dr. Watson. He was now the esteemed king of Lu Layeka.

With such a status, anyone would feel uncertain about how to interact with him.

Closer, closer... they stepped through the door.

Albert and Violet's eyes fell on them. Rowan and Claire didn't even greet the two elders. They went

straight to them, bent their knees, and knelt down.

This shocked Albert and Violet, causing them to step back!

Rowan and Claire looked up, and they both spoke at the same time, "Uncle, aunt, please forgive our

sudden departure." With that, they both kowtowed three times to the two elders.

This greatly shocked the two elders. "Please get up quickly!" They were startled and quickly bent down

to help them up.

But Rowan and Claire knelt firmly. They looked up, their eyes filled with the most sincere apology.

Rowan said, "I'm sorry, uncle and aunt, for taking Claire away without your permission because of me."

In fact, Claire had gone on her own after hearing the news, so when he said this, Claire also felt very

sorry. He took all the responsibility upon himself.

"Please get up, get up first!" Albert firmly grasped his arm and pulled him up. "You are now a king. How can you kneel to us?"

Violet also embraced Claire, saying with heartfelt distress, "Good children, whatever you have to say, get up first. The ground is cold, hurry up! If you don't get up, Dr. Watson won't either."

He's the king of Lu Layeka. How can he kneel down?

If this got out, what would happen? The pressure of public opinion would be immense.

So, with the support of the two elders, the two young people stood up.

"Dr. Watson, Claire, come and sit down. Let's talk slowly." Violet beckoned to them, not showing any anger at their sudden departure.

Ever since Mr. Marsh came that day, it seemed they had already come to terms with Claire's relationship. After all, onlookers see more clearly. If Mr. Marsh approves, it should be right.

The two young people sat down on the sofa, and Albert personally brewed some tea, feeling quite heavy-hearted.

Seeing the two young people sitting side by side, shoulders touching and fingers intertwined, Violet

understood their determination and steadfastness in this relationship.

To persist in separating them further would be meaningless, perhaps even futile.

"Aunt," Rowan said seriously, speaking gently, "Uncle, I want to marry Claire and settle in Arkpool City in the future."

What surprised the two elders was not the first sentence but the second.

"Settle in Arkpool City?" Violet asked, puzzled. "But you are now... you are now the king of Lu Layeka!

Such a prosperous country is waiting for you to manage it. How can you settle in Arkpool City?"

Chapter 1795: Monica is up to something big

"Is it really okay for Monica to be so distracted right after taking office? This won't do," thought Violet, always considering the bigger picture.

Rowan understood her concerns and explained, "The country is currently stable, and with the advancement of technology, there's no need for me to personally return. Many governmental matters can be handled through remote processing, and besides, my father is still in good health."

Upon hearing this, everyone understood that his influential father still held a significant portion of power.

"I and Claire are planning two weddings," Rowan shared his thoughts, "one in Lu Layeka and the other in Arkpool City. For the next 20 years, I will not give up my profession as a doctor. I want to research and develop more effective drugs with minimal side effects to benefit humanity."

Upon hearing about his plans and aspirations, the elders were deeply moved. He was a medical genius, destined to have little time for his family in this lifetime.

Rowan also said, "We will come to visit you frequently. I know you are reluctant to part with Claire, but I will definitely treat her well. You are welcome to supervise, and please trust me."

His words were sincere and moving, making it hard for anyone not to be touched.

The two elders also expressed their views-Albert said, "Feelings are a matter between two people. As long as you both feel it's right, as elders, we will certainly bless you."

Violet also smiled and said, "Dr. Watson, as long as you treat Claire well, we will be at ease. Although Claire is not our child, we raised her single-handedly. The Russell family has no daughters, and we have always treated Claire as our own daughter."

"Please rest assured," Rowan promised once again, "I will cherish Claire as a treasure and take extra

care of her."

In fact, they already believed that entrusting Claire to Rowan was a wise choice.

A compassionate doctor.

A man capable of undertaking great responsibilities for the country is certainly able to support a small family.

At the Charity Medical Center, Algerone had been by Belinda's bedside, recounting stories of old classmates.

"Really? Zhang Zhi's daughter married Li Mei's son?" Belinda, sitting up against the headboard, was stunned. "Weren't they each other's first love?"

"Yes, the regrets of their youth have now turned into a family," Algerone couldn't help but marvel, "Fate is indeed a miraculous thing."

At this moment, Monica quietly entered alone, Tristan had not arrived.

Hearing the knock, Algerone turned to see his daughter, wearing a white tracksuit and a fisherman's hat, smiling as she walked towards the bed.

"Monica, why are you alone? Where's Tristan?" Belinda asked with concern, "Is he busy with work at

the company?"

The girl nodded, "Yes, but he'll be here in a moment." Standing beside Algerone, she reached out her hand to him, her voice sweet, "Dad, can I borrow your phone for a moment? My phone is dead, and I need to call Tristan about something."

Algerone unlocked the phone and handed it to her. Monica took it and then turned to walk into the adjacent room, intentionally closing the partition door to the ward.

This didn't raise any suspicion. Belinda and Algerone exchanged a smile; their daughter had truly grown up.

But seeing their daughter happy made them very pleased.

With her father's phone in hand, Monica didn't call Tristan, instead, she opened Algerone's Instagram.

After all, isn't Facebook for socializing and Instagram for storing photos?

Algerone's albums were indeed all locked.

She scrolled and scrolled, reaching the bottom of a certain album, and on the cover were the young

Algerone and Belinda in a photo together!

Chapter 1796: Clever Monica

She cautiously glanced towards the door, her heart pounding with excitement as she quickly opened

the album, feeling like she had discovered a treasure trove—each photo was of the two of them!

There were wedding photos, day-to-day life photos, some taken in summer, and some in winter, at

least several dozen in total.

Monica was beyond excited, her heart racing with joy. She swiftly forwarded each photo to her own

phone, her movements swift and efficient. As she watched the silent phone successfully receive each

one, a smile spread across her face.

After forwarding all these photos, she deleted the records in Algerone's chat box, achieving complete

stealth.

As Monica opened the door, she handed the phone back to her father, and it promptly rang.

Algerone glanced at the caller ID, then stood up to answer. "Hello, Minister Zhang," he said with a

warm tone and a smile.

Listening attentively to the other party, both women watched as he nodded and said, "Alright, are you

here? I'll be right over. Sure, see you in a bit."

After the call, Algerone turned to the mother and daughter, "Um... I need to go back to the office for a bit. Monica, stay here with your mother for a while."

"Sure, go ahead," Monica said, understanding.

Algerone looked at Belinda, "I'm leaving then?"

"Go on, go on!" Belinda waved him off.

As the middle-aged man left, just as he reached the door, he stepped towards the elevator, checked his call history-strange, Monica hadn't called Tristan just now.

Then why did she take his phone? And why hide in the adjacent room and close the door?

Entering the elevator, Algerone checked the phone again but found nothing unusual.

In the hospital room, Monica sent all the photos she had just received to Tristan. She operated her phone while chatting with Belinda.

"Belinda, are you feeling any better now?" she asked casually, trying to distract her.

"Much better. My head occasionally feels a bit dizzy, but I asked the doctor today. He said it's a normal phenomenon. A few more days of intravenous fluids, and it should improve a lot."

"I have good news for you. Dr. Watson has returned to the country."

Monica smiled, sitting in a chair by the bed, sending photos via her phone as she spoke to Belinda,

"Once he's done with his personal affairs, he will come to the hospital. You can ask him to diagnose you, and maybe following his prescriptions, you could be discharged earlier."

"Your father told me he is now the king of Lu Layeka?" Belinda was quite shocked, "Is that true?"

"It's been reported in the news. He is indeed the prince of that country and has inherited the throne."

The girl responded, and in less than a minute, all the photos were sent.

Tristan replied with two words: "Received."

She happily put away her phone, then leaned forward, taking Belinda's hand. "Isn't he amazing? He's become a king and still cares for patients? He wants to continue being a doctor. It's said that he not only inherited the throne but also inherited a private fortune of 40 billion dollars."

"He's truly a rare breed," Belinda felt moved. "With so much money, you could spend it for a hundred lifetimes."

Monica smiled, playing with the red bracelet on her mother's wrist. "The day you get discharged will surely be the best day of this year."

"I know you're all waiting for my recovery," Belinda reached out and caressed her daughter's face. "My body is quite resilient. I feel better with each passing day. So, you can start preparing for your wedding."

Monica gave her a sweet, happy smile.

The mother and daughter chatted, the atmosphere harmonious and sweet.

Meanwhile, Tristan was at a café with the wedding planning director Newson, discussing details of their remarriage ceremony.

Chapter 1797: Meeting in This Way

After receiving Monica's photos, Tristan sent a set to the wedding planner because they were going to be presented in a slideshow at the wedding.

After finishing up at the café, Tristan personally went to the photography studio to oversee the printing of the photos and the creation of an album, leaving the latter part blank so that future photos could be added.

Since Rowan and Claire had just returned, Tristan spent the entire day by the side of the Russell family elders.

In the somewhat desolate courtyard, Albert and Violet trimmed the rose bushes. After so much experience, the attitudes of the two elders had gradually begun to change little by little.

They had come to realize a certain reality: that children grow up regardless of anyone's wishes.

In such a dangerous situation, if she could run off to Lu Layeka by herself, what else could possibly hold her back in the future?

If they tried to obstruct her again, she might secretly go and get married.

What young people in love lacked the most was restraint.

Although they didn't know whether they approved of this marriage of disparate status, at present, Claire and Dr. Watson were happy.

As elders, they truly found it difficult to continue to obstruct them.

The next morning, a passenger plane landed, and King Bertie, who had fully recovered, arrived in Arkpool City alone. He walked out of the airport amidst the crowd.

Princess Catherine couldn't dissuade him at all. He even refused to bring more bodyguards, stating that he absolutely couldn't put on airs.

He was truly a stubborn old man.

Arkpool City was also a bustling metropolis. For Bertie, although he had heard of the prosperity of

Arkpool City for a long time, today was the first time he had set foot on this land.

He navigated with his phone all the way to a prestigious bookstore. He wasn't just an ordinary father;

he had some homework to do.

"Sir, may I help you with something?" The sales assistant greeted him with a sweet smile and a gentle

voice, exuding a strong scholarly aura.

"I'd like to ask about something here, or... you could recommend me some books. I can find answers in

the books," Bertie said amiably with a smile.

The sales assistant's father was about the same age and had a similar build, so she patiently

responded as if she were speaking to her own father, "Of course, what would you like to know?"

"In your culture, what customs does the groom's family have when marrying off their daughter? What

should the groom's father do? What should he prepare for when meeting the bride's parents for the first

time?" Bertie was here for his son's wedding, and to ensure she understood, he added, "I mean, what

should the groom's father do on behalf of the groom's family?"

The sales assistant suddenly understood. This father must be asking about his son's wedding, right?

He was a truly good father, quietly doing his homework. Any girl who married into their family would definitely be cherished.

At that moment, Monica got out of a taxi and hurried into the bookstore. She went straight to the rows of bookshelves, starting to search for books on marital repair.

As she searched, her eyes lit up when she saw a book titled "Essential Reading for Remarriage." She reached up and took it off the shelf, smiling as she flipped through it-it was exactly what she needed.

She planned to buy it and study it at home in order to better help Algerone and Belinda repair their relationship.

Not far away, the sales assistant's phone suddenly rang. She smiled at the elderly man she was talking to, "Uncle, I need to take this call," and then walked away.

Bertie inadvertently glanced over and his gaze landed on Monica, who was looking for books. Her profile made him feel a bit dazed-why did he have a sense of déjà vu?

Bathed in the light, he gazed at her for a long time.

For some reason, Bertie actually found himself stepping towards her, step by step.

Monica vigorously selected books. Since she was in the bookstore, she wanted to pick out a few more books on the same topic, so that she could thoroughly research and extract all the useful aspects.

Bertie stood beside her, his gaze falling on the book she held in her hands. Following her gaze, he scanned the bookshelves and felt a slight pang in his heart. So young and... divorced?

Was she preparing to remarry?

After an unknown period of time, feeling someone standing beside her for a long time, Monica turned her head and met the deep, kind, and astonished eyes of the middle-aged man.

Chapter 1798: A Wonderful Feeling

The two of them gazed at each other, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still.

"..." Monica glanced at him, then at the book in her hand, and raised her eyes to ask, "Sir, are you interested in this book of mine?" There was indeed only one book on the shelf.

Bertie immediately came to his senses. "No, no, no," his calm expression turned into a smile. "I don't need this book."

However, for some reason, he felt a peculiar sense of familiarity with this young girl, a feeling that was

quite marvelous, one that made him want to get closer.

So he asked, "Miss, do you have some time right now?"

Being questioned by this unfamiliar man, Monica became more cautious, meeting his gaze without speaking, because she had no idea what he was up to.

What did her availability have to do with him?

Afraid of being misunderstood, Bertie hurriedly explained, "I am from out of town, and today is my first time in Arkpool City. I see you're at the age for discussing marriage, so I have a few things I'd like to ask you about. Is that okay?"

"I have a boyfriend," Monica stated bluntly. "You're not trying to introduce your son to me, are you? My boyfriend and I are about to get married!" There was no complete relaxation in her eyes.

Upon hearing this, Bertie chuckled. What was this young girl thinking?

With a kind smile, he said, "No, no, no, Miss, you've misunderstood. I do have a son indeed, but he already has a girlfriend, and they are getting ready to marry, but... I haven't formally visited the girl's family, and I don't understand the customs here. I'm afraid of being presumptuous, so I wanted to ask you about it."

Listening to the words of the older man, she saw a hint of sincerity in his eyes.

Monica's doubts slowly dissipated. "So you've come to visit the girl's family?" It happened that she had some time now.

"Yes, yes," the man glanced at a nearby spot. "Miss, how about sitting down for a cup of tea?"

"Sure," she didn't reject the offer.

Bertie was pleased, thinking that this young woman was knowledgeable and polite and he would surely be able to get the information he needed from her.

Before long, the two of them sat down by the window in the bookstore.

Since it was a workday, there weren't many customers today, and with the pleasant bookstore environment and the warm yellow lights around them, the atmosphere for conversation was just right when the two cups of Bi Luo Chun tea were served.

"Miss, I won't take up much of your time. As a father representing the groom's side, when I visit the girl's family for the first time, what kind of etiquette should I pay attention to?" He was genuinely afraid of being presumptuous.

Seeing his earnest inquiry, Monica was inexplicably moved. He was indeed a good father. If that girl were to marry into their family, she would certainly not be wronged.

Judging from the middle-aged man's attire and demeanor, she deduced that this family belonged to the upper class, well-off and well-mannered.

She, being a carefree girl, was also about to marry Tristan, so she told him everything she knew-

"Uncle, as long as your son genuinely cares for this girl, you can casually bring gifts and personally visit to discuss the marriage, which would indicate the attitude of the groom's family."

"Basically, the girl's family will approve. If the boy is not outstanding and doesn't treat the girl well, no matter how good you are as a father, the girl's family will have concerns and will stop them from continuing to date. So, it mainly depends on the relationship between the young couple."

Chapter 1799 Rowan Sees the Red String Bracelet

"You just said something very reasonable," Bertie listened attentively, looking at the girl with a kinder gaze. "I suppose your parents are very open-minded, and your boyfriend treats you well, right?"

"Yeah," the girl's face lit up with a happy smile.

Bertie looked at her with affection and fondness.

Though they were from different generations, they conversed happily. Monica was, after all, a warm-hearted girl.

Meanwhile, just below at the Charity Medical Center, Rowan's car had just come to a stop.

It was his first visit to the hospital since returning to Arkpool City. For him, it was a comforting feeling of coming home. He enjoyed the feeling of saving lives and helping others day and night.

He opened the door with his long legs and stepped out. The bright, golden sunlight shone upon him.

Today, he looked sharp and carried a warm smile.

Rowan strode towards the hospital lobby.

"Good morning, Director."

"Good morning, Dr. Watson."

"Good morning, Dr. Watson."

The medical staff and workers who met him in the lobby all respectfully greeted him. Everyone was pleased to see him back.

And, in return, the polite Rowan slowed his pace, nodding in acknowledgment.

In fact, everyone had seen the news and knew of his identity as King Lu Layeka. However, in Arkpool

City, within the hospital, everyone was unsure whether to address him differently.

But Dr. Watson's presence felt the same as before.

The way he was addressed as director or doctor was something he was used to and quite fond of.

Rowan took the elevator upstairs, heading first to Eason's ward.

His father was not there at the moment, having just gone to the company. Eason was currently being accompanied by two nurses and a private tutor providing him with cultural knowledge lessons.

As Rowan entered, everyone greeted him, "Good morning, Dr. Watson."

Eason looked up, his dark grape-like eyes filled with surprise. "Uncle Watson, hello!" Then, he stood up happily. "You're finally back!"

His tone was filled with anticipation and fondness!

Rowan was a bit surprised. "You've grown so much?" He had indeed grown quite a bit during this time, visibly at quite a speed.

And he was becoming more and more handsome, with features resembling Tristan's.

"Eason," Rowan reached out to him. "Come, let uncle give you a checkup."

"Okay!" Eason wasn't afraid anymore, having shed the timidity and shyness he had when first admitted to the hospital.

Now, he was just like any normal child, speaking with a loud voice, smiling, and being polite when meeting people.

While conducting the examination and recording the relevant data, it was clear that Eason's condition had improved enough for him to be discharged. However, staying a little longer wouldn't hurt.

After leaving Eason's room, Rowan went straight to Belinda's ward. He gently pushed the door open, his tall figure clad in a white coat exuding an incredibly gentle aura.

At that moment, Algerone was by Belinda's bedside. He turned to see Rowan and quickly stood up.

"Dr. Watson, you're back?" His face was full of joy, representing new hope.

"Yes," Rowan's expression was gentle. "I'm here to check on your health, Auntie." He bent down to place the instrument, then took a seat on the chair by the bedside. "Auntie, I'll take your pulse first."

"Okay, thank you for your hard work, Dr. Watson," Belinda's mood also improved a lot.

As his clearly defined fingers touched her wrist, what met his eyes was a familiar red string!

Rowan was frozen in place, his mind playing through the scene like a fast-forwarded movie, repeatedly

flashing the image of two intertwining hand-woven strings...

"Dr. Watson...?" Belinda noticed something was off and gently called out to him. He seemed to be in a state of shock, as if in a daze. Was the situation very severe?

Rowan slowly raised his eyes to meet hers, and at the same time, he withdrew his hand, interrupting the pulse check.

But how could Belinda, at her age... be his own sister?

Chapter 1800: Knowing that Monica is not biological

"Dr. Watson, what's wrong?" Belinda held her heart, "Do I... have a serious health issue?"

Algerone hurried over as well, bending half over with concern, "Is Belinda in a very bad condition?"

"What's going on?"

Rowan came to his senses, looking directly at Belinda, he asked directly, "This bracelet isn't yours, is it?"

Puzzled by the question, unrelated to the illness?

Belinda was momentarily stunned, she looked at him, then at the middle-aged man standing by the bed, both very puzzled as to why he would suddenly ask about the bracelet?

How did he know that the bracelet didn't belong to Belinda?

"Where is the owner of this bracelet?" Rowan looked at Belinda, his tone was very calm, but inside, he was already in turmoil, struggling to restrain himself, "Or perhaps, where did you get this bracelet from?"

Belinda and Algerone looked at each other again, they both knew that the bracelet had been worn on Monica's wrist since the day they adopted her, adjustable in length.

Suddenly they understood something, was Monica's origin related to this bracelet?

Algerone quickly turned and walked towards the door, Rowan looked over and saw him close the door and lock it.

After a mental struggle, Belinda, with selfishness, answered Rowan, "I found it." She couldn't lose Monica! She couldn't lose the daughter she had raised so painstakingly.

But this answer made Rowan feel a hint of disappointment, had the lead come to a dead end?

He stared at the woman sitting by the bed without blinking, trying to see if she was lying.

Algerone was very surprised by the woman's answer, even incredulous!

At this moment, Belinda met Rowan's gaze, and added firmly, "I found it a few years ago at the entrance of a certain shopping mall." She said this to increase credibility.

But with this addition, Rowan became even more disbelieving, he had already formed a guess in his mind, "This bracelet belongs to Monica, doesn't it?"

Belinda felt a tightness in her chest at Rowan's probing, what was he digging for?

Who was he anyway?

Algerone, being earthbound, knew that they could no longer hide it, so he sighed heavily and said to

Belinda, "Monica already knows."

"What?" Belinda was somewhat dazed, looking at him, she asked, "What does she know?"

Rowan also fixed his gaze on his face.

Algerone looked at them, and with a heavy heart, said, "You had a major hemorrhage during surgery, and she found out she's not our biological child through blood typing."

At this moment, a glimmer of hope surged in Rowan's heart!

Belinda, upon hearing this, was undoubtedly shocked, she knew?

Then why hadn't she felt anything these days? Monica acted as if nothing was wrong, chatting with her

mother as usual.

Algerone knew she was puzzled, so he continued, "But Monica chooses to act like she doesn't know, she still wants to continue being our daughter."

Alright, the answer had come out, Monica is not biologically related.

Rowan, struggling to contain his inner turmoil and excitement, said to them, "If this bracelet belongs to Monica, then she is the long-lost sister I've been searching for."

His tone was very certain, his voice suppressed the urgency of finding his sister after many years, and he calmly said to Algerone, "Uncle, please give her a call, ask her to come to the hospital, I want to do a paternity test with her."

Belinda was stunned, a feeling of imminent loss made her pale, things had happened too quickly, she simply couldn't react.

Algerone looked at Belinda in this state, feeling powerless, whether to make this call or not, he was truly in a dilemma.