

Surprised 1801

Chapter 1801: Monica, Let's Go Back to the Hospital

In this silence, Rowan could also sense their conflicting emotions after all, it was his own daughter whom they had raised with such care and who had turned out so outstanding. Rowan was filled with gratitude towards them. He didn't want to take anything away from them. But with his sister right in front of him, he couldn't possibly deny her! This was his father's lifelong wish, and also his own greatest desire, for which he had been searching for so many years without giving up.

The silence in the ward, along with the gazes of Algerone and Dr. Watson, made Belinda feel an invisible pressure. Belinda thought of something, and as her thoughts gradually returned, she looked at Rowan. She gasped, "If... if Monica really is your sister, then she... she is the princess of Lu Layeka, isn't she?"

After the shock came an even greater shock. Because Rowan replied with a determined look, "Yes, from the same father and mother, Princess Annie."

Belinda couldn't recover for a long time. Good heavens! The daughter she had raised for so long actually had such a significant identity! She was of royal blood! And from one of the wealthiest royal

families in the world!

After a few seconds of silence, without the need for Dr. Watson to speak again, Algerone dialed

Monica's number on his phone. He felt that neither he nor Belinda could make decisions for Monica in

such a matter of acknowledging one's heritage.

Belinda didn't want the call to go through, but she also realized the truth... there was a hint of sadness

on her face, but she didn't stop it.

At that moment, Monica was chatting happily with the old king Bertie in the bookstore.

"Yes, the attitude of the groom's family indicates their level of acceptance and affection for the girl."

"Do you think I should go today? Or should I go tomorrow morning? Is there a significance in timing?"

Upon Monica's suggestion, Bertie, who had been somewhat reserved and afraid of breaching etiquette,

now wished to immediately buy something and rush over to Claire's house to meet the elders.

At this moment, the phone suddenly rang, and Monica said with a smile, "Uncle, I'm sorry, I have to

take this call."

"It's okay, it's okay." Bertie picked up his teacup and took a sip, watching the girl answer the phone

without hesitation.

After a brief conversation, she looked at Bertie and then connected the call, "Hello, Dad."

"Monica, come back to the hospital."

Algerone's tone was calm, but this sudden statement made the girl's heart skip a beat. "What's wrong with my mom? Is there something going on?"

Algerone, realizing the misunderstanding, quickly explained with a smile, "No, no, your mother is fine."

His mind raced, and he continued, "It's just that Dr. Watson is coming over to give your mother a full-body checkup. It would be better to have a family member present, so I don't need to go over her condition again with you."

So that's it. Monica breathed a sigh of relief and replied, "Okay, I'll be right back." With that, she hung up the phone.

She picked up the book from the table and said to Uncle Bertie, who was sitting across from her,

"Goodbye, I have to go back." Bertie looked at the cover of the book with affection, "Your parents are remarrying, right?"

The girl glanced at the book in her hand, smiled apologetically, and said, "Yes, they have been

separated for many years, but they have never let go of each other. They are preparing to remarry soon."

"That's wonderful." Bertie looked at her, "I wish them well. You should go back now, take care on the way. Thank you, young lady."

"Goodbye, Uncle." Monica waved to him, got up to pay the bill, and then left with the book.

Chapter 1802: Tristan Arrives Too

Watching the girl walk out of the bookstore, Bertie's smile faded from his face, leaving him somewhat absent-minded. How could this girl make him feel a sense of familiarity? She was all the way in Arkpool City, and he was quite certain he hadn't met her before, yet she felt like an old friend, someone he had known for years.

In the advanced facilities of the hospital, outside Belinda's ward, Tristan walked in as Algerone had just hung up the phone, and he noticed Rowan was also present. As Tristan stepped in, he sensed a distinctly unusual atmosphere, something was off.

"Uncle, Aunt, Dr. Watson," he greeted everyone softly, his gaze gently sweeping over each person, breaking the silence.

Belinda, sitting by the head of the bed, lowered her eyes, her expression heavy. She couldn't fathom whether Monica, upon learning her true identity as Princess Lu Layeka, would still hold the same thoughts and not want to acknowledge it. The Lu Layeka royal family was the wealthiest and most prestigious in the world. Many people dreamt of being associated with them. As a mother, she definitely didn't want to lose her daughter, even though there was no blood relation, she had raised and cared for her.

However, the current situation made it impossible to keep this a secret for long, and Monica would soon find out. Thus, Belinda was in a state of turmoil.

Tristan looked at Rowan with confusion and then shifted his gaze to Algerone. "Uncle, is there... something wrong?" he asked.

Algerone, with a troubled expression, contemplated before speaking, "Monica is very likely to be Dr. Watson's long-lost sister," feeling it necessary to inform him in advance.

Upon hearing this, Tristan's eyes widened in astonishment as he looked at Rowan! His inner being was filled with shock! The two men's gazes met, once rivals, now...

He saw a firm resolve in Rowan's eyes, although there hadn't been a paternity test, he was already certain. The feeling of finding his sister grew stronger within him.

Silence filled the ward, everyone lost in their own thoughts, their feelings quite complex.

When Monica returned to the hospital, she urged the driver to hurry, feeling more and more uneasy. It was just a check-up, and her father was there, so why did he insist she return? Besides, Belinda's condition was stable, and the test results should be good.

The taxi rushed towards the hospital as she couldn't shake off the feeling that something was wrong.

Inside the spacious and bright ward, Rowan took out the red string bracelet that belonged to him, identical to the one on Belinda's wrist. He handed it to Belinda.

Belinda reached out slowly to take it, feeling its weight. Her eyes still filled with disbelief. Two identical bracelets.

Rowan shared the story of his sister's disappearance with everyone, and they were all deeply shocked.

Algerone recounted the circumstances of meeting Monica that day, which left Rowan deeply pained... human traffickers were truly despicable.

With a heavy heart, Rowan said, "Even though so many years have passed, we never stopped looking

for our sister."

As he finished speaking, Monica burst into the room, startling everyone with the sound of the door opening. Belinda instinctively grasped Dr. Watson's red string bracelet, her chest tightening as she gazed at him intently.

"Mom..." Monica glanced at everyone, then approached the bed. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Belinda forced a slight smile on her face, she looked fine, recovering quite well. She felt that this was not something she should say, she couldn't even bring herself to say it.

Chapter 1803: Going for Paternity Testing

Monica placed the bag of books in her hand on the bedside table, breathed a sigh of relief, and said with a casual smile, "Gosh, you scared me. I thought something was wrong!"

Then she looked at Rowan and politely said, "Dr. Watson, I'm back. You can now help my mom with the check-up!"

All eyes turned to the girl, and silence fell over the hospital room once again. Rowan made no move to examine Belinda, just gazing at her intently without a blink.

Sensing the strange atmosphere, Monica looked around at everyone, puzzled, and asked, "What's

wrong? What's happening?"

Rowan had been fixated on her since Monica entered the room. Inwardly, he couldn't help but marvel at how much she had changed. He could hardly see a trace of her childhood features.

Belinda knew she couldn't hide it any longer. She slowly opened her palm and called out softly,

"Monica."

Monica turned her gaze to her mother's hand, noticing a bracelet on her wrist, but there were two. How was this possible?

She took a step forward, reaching out to pick up the other bracelet from her mother's hand. It was clear that the inscription on it was different from her own.

What a coincidence?

"What... Where did this come from? Why is there another one like this?" Monica asked in confusion.

"This belongs to Dr. Watson," Belinda told her, pained. "Dr. Watson is very likely to be your biological brother."

Monica was stunned, her heart skipping a beat. She held her breath and glanced at her mother.

With tears in her eyes, Belinda said, deeply moved, "Monica, Mom already knows that you know. You don't have to keep it from me anymore."

Suddenly, Monica felt a ringing in her ears. She slowly turned to look at Rowan, whose gaze remained fixed on her.

In a gentle voice, he said, "Monica, let's get a paternity test. I believe in medical science."

The phrase "paternity test" struck Monica like a heavy blow, making her gasp for air, trying hard to compose herself, although she was already deeply frightened.

Could such a melodramatic thing really happen?

"I'm quite sure you are my sister," Rowan stared at her, increasingly convinced. "But I need to provide you with evidence."

Monica steadied herself reluctantly and turned her gaze to Tristan.

Meeting her eyes, Tristan stepped forward, embracing her and patting her shoulder gently to offer support.

Suddenly, Monica felt a hint of vulnerability. As she breathed in the faint fragrance emanating from him, she felt as if the entire world had come to a standstill. She knew she was not biologically related to

Algerone and Belinda.

She had never intended to seek out her biological parents... She had never planned to disrupt her peaceful life.

Yet, she inexplicably learned about her true identity, as if the forces of the universe did not allow her to remain ignorant.

Her bracelet was usually kept in a drawer, and she rarely wore it herself. Yet this time, as if compelled by some unknown force, she had put it on her mother's wrist... and it had been noticed by Dr. Watson...

Perhaps this was the hand of fate, something no one could resist.

Gently moving away from his embrace, Monica looked at Rowan once again. "Let's go," she said, then stepped out, because she, too, wanted to know the outcome.

To acknowledge or not? How to acknowledge? How to handle this relationship in the future?

Those were all questions to be pondered later.

Since things had reached this point, everyone wanted a definite answer, and a paternity test was the most authoritative way to get it.

Chapter 1804: Monica's Concerns

The question of whether Monica is truly Rowan's biological sister, and whether she is indeed the princess of Lu Layeka, lingers in everyone's mind. Rowan glanced at everyone and then, turning, strode out alongside Monica. The door closed gently behind them, leaving only three people in the ward.

Tristan appeared calm, but turmoil brewed within him. He approached Algerone, lightly patting his shoulder in consolation. "Uncle, Monica won't leave you," he assured.

Regarding the uncertain matter of Monica's departure, Belinda was at a loss. "Sometimes things are beyond Monica's control. The old king knowing that his long-lost daughter is still alive, how could he not acknowledge her? Even if they forcibly take her back, they are capable of such things."

Silence fell over the room. The power of the royal family was not to be underestimated, as evidenced by Rowan's own forced return.

The thought of possibly losing Monica left both Belinda and Algerone despondent, as if a dark cloud had descended upon them, casting a pall over their faces and dimming their eyes.

Although the results of the paternity test had not yet been revealed, the outcome seemed all but

certain. Belinda removed a red bracelet from her wrist, clutching it dearly in her palm.

In the corridor outside, Monica halted her steps, with Rowan stopping beside her. "Where can we get the blood drawn?" she asked calmly. "Can it be done here in the hospital, or do we need to go to a paternity testing center?"

"It can be done here in the hospital, on the 17th floor," Rowan replied. "Come with me." He then led the way forward.

Following him, Monica and Rowan soon entered a private elevator for medical staff. As the doors closed, Monica watched the numbers climb, her anxiety growing. Her emotions were incredibly complex.

Rowan cast a sideways glance at her, his eyes still fixed on her face. He had many things he wanted to say, but suddenly found himself at a loss for words.

Before long, the doors opened, and they stepped out.

Meanwhile, the café was being arranged according to wedding planning standards. Pink chiffon bows and strings of lights adorned the walls. Newson was present, overseeing every detail with precision.

"We need to reserve space for flowers over there!"

"Yes, and the courtyard needs to be set up as well. It hasn't rained recently, so we can start preparing."

Back at the hospital, Monica was having her blood drawn, her thoughts wandering. She wondered,

"Has the wedding venue started being decorated? Does Belinda still have the heart to hold a wedding?

Can this still be considered a surprise for her?"

She pondered, "Belinda must be feeling absolutely despondent, right?"

Rowan was also having his blood drawn, his gaze fixed on the girl. He could almost guess her

emotions. For someone who valued loyalty and sincerity, her Lu Layeka princess identity didn't matter.

The person who would be truly crestfallen was his father.

After they both gave blood, a professional approached them. "Director, the results will be ready in ten

minutes. Will you be waiting here?"

"Yes," Rowan replied. "We'll wait."

"Please wait a moment," the professional said, then took the blood samples inside.

Monica returned to reality and noticed Rowan still gazing at her intently. "How is my mother's health?

Have you had her examined? Can she be discharged?"

It was surprising to Rowan that she seemed to have no interest in her own origins. Meeting her gaze, she added, "My mother mentioned she has occasional headaches. She asked if Dr. Watson could conduct a detailed examination when he's available."

The mention of the title made Rowan feel somewhat uneasy.

Chapter 1805: The Results Are In

Regardless of his status, he was first and foremost a doctor, so Rowan responded to her, "Sure, I will conduct a detailed examination for her, and any issues will be addressed promptly."

"Thank you," Monica's politeness made him feel very distant.

Then the girl withdrew her gaze, turned, and sat down on a bench not far away, seeming to have nothing to say to him.

And Rowan's thousand words converged into silence, patiently awaiting the results of the identification.

Only the identification results would be conclusive evidence.

Before long, the elevator doors opened again, and Tristan stepped out with long strides, immediately spotting the girl sitting on the bench.

As he approached her, his gaze lightly swept over Rowan, the two men making eye contact.

In the corridor with only three people, there was no exchange, everyone maintaining silence.

Tristan squatted in front of the girl, took her hand, lightly stroked the back of her hand, gazing at her, a single gesture, a single look giving her a sense of security.

Monica was indeed a bit unsettled, facing his gaze, maintaining silence.

Tristan reached out and patted her head, giving her a determined look, as if to say, "My dear, whatever happens, I will be by your side."

Ten minutes passed quickly.

The sound of the door opening drew everyone's attention as someone handed the paternity test report to Rowan, "Director, the results are in," handing him both copies.

"Thank you," Rowan reached out and took them, glancing at the end of the report, confirming his own intuition: Monica was indeed his sister.

Rowan looked ahead and handed the results to Tristan and Monica, one for each.

By this time, Monica had already stood up from the bench, she reached out and took them, and at the same time as Tristan, saw the last sentence of the report: there is a blood relationship, they are full siblings.

It was written very clearly in black and white.

Monica took a deep breath, pursed her lips, blinked, although she had already guessed the result, when the identification result actually came out, a fact was presented before her, she still found it a bit hard to digest.

She hadn't planned to look for her biological parents, yet she effortlessly found them.

For her, the inner impact was quite significant.

Rowan stepped forward, reaching out to embrace Monica, "I'm sorry, I didn't protect you well." He couldn't contain his emotions, suppressing years of urgency, his voice low, magnetic, tears gathering in his eyes.

The embrace wasn't too tight, very gentlemanly, and he managed the boundaries very well.

He needed to give her time to process this.

Tristan stood to the side, his face showing subtle expressions, not knowing what to say. In his view, as long as Monica was happy, he could accept anything.

But now... things seemed a bit more complicated, and the burden on Monica's mind had become

heavier.

After a while, Rowan released her, first looking at her affectionately, then at Tristan beside her, not saying anything, and strode towards the elevator.

The two of them gazed at his retreating figure, as he didn't look back, watching Rowan press the elevator open button, the doors opening, and him walking in.

Tristan gently put his arm around Monica's shoulder, "Let's go, too."

They still held the two identification reports in their hands, unsure how to broach the subject, so she decided to show the reports to Algerone and Belinda.

They were also awaiting the results.

When Tristan brought Monica back to the hospital room, Rowan was already examining Belinda, using the most advanced equipment, appearing professional and composed.

"You're recovering well, no major issues," Rowan's voice was gentle as he checked Belinda's postoperative wound, "The wound is healing nicely, you can be discharged in three days, without any lasting effects."

Tristan and Monica, who had just entered the room, also heard his words, a normal doctor-patient

interaction, as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 1806 Monica's Stand

Rowan was packing up the instruments, a smile playing at the corner of his lips. He glanced at everyone and instructed, "After being discharged, you still need to rest a lot and try not to strain your brain temporarily. I will brief you on some precautions later."

With that, he lifted the instruments and left.

Algerone didn't even get a chance to say "Thank you, Dr. Watson." He had already departed, even closing the door behind him.

Belinda also seemed a bit dazed. When Rowan had come in earlier, he hadn't mentioned the results of the paternity test. He had immediately started the examination, and the couple didn't feel comfortable asking directly. They couldn't figure out anything either.

Algerone noticed the papers in Tristan and Monica's hands. He asked softly, "What's the situation?"

Tristan thought for a moment and handed him the test results.

Belinda's gaze remained fixed on her daughter's face. Monica met her eyes, walked towards her with the test results, and handed them to her.

Belinda hesitated to reach out. She steadied her emotions, slowly extended her hand, and when she took the papers, her gaze fell directly on the last line.

She suppressed a slight tremor in her heart and her gaze held a hint of despair and a touch of sadness.

Monica is Dr. Watson's biological sister...

Silence filled the ward, so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. It was as if everyone was holding their breath, as if everyone's very breath was painful.

Monica could sense her parents' complicated emotions. She didn't know what to say for a moment.

After a moment's thought, she calmly stated, "I won't leave you. You will always be my mom and dad.

My love for you will not diminish in the least."

On this point, she was determined.

Belinda held the test report. She looked at her daughter, unmoved by her words. Faced with such a significant fact, the possibility of losing her daughter at any moment was real.

Belinda feared the Layeka royal family, and Dr. Watson's calmness just now was indeed very strange.

"Alright, alright, don't be so serious," Monica laughed and hugged Belinda, then turned and hugged

Algerone. "I won't leave you! Really!"

After that, Rowan didn't come in again.

He went to different wards to do rounds, to care for the patients. Dressed in his white work clothes, he was elegant, handsome, professional, and sunny.

It was around four o'clock in the afternoon when he finally had a moment to spare. He entered his office and immediately sent a message to Claire: "What are you doing?"

After receiving these four words from Claire, she couldn't help but smile, as the implicit meaning behind those four words was - "I miss you."

["Just finished writing the novel, getting ready to go downstairs and move around a bit," she edited the text and sent it over.]

Rowan didn't reply in time as he was interrupted by a phone call. She sent another message: "Are you busy at the hospital today?"

Not long after, he replied: "Not too busy, I'm done for the afternoon. Can we have dinner together? I'll come pick you up."

Claire was very happy to be able to see him again, so she readily agreed.

After the chat, she took a quick shower, picked out a new white waist-cinching dress that showed off her figure, sat in front of the mirror and put on light makeup, got her bag ready, and eagerly awaited Dr. Watson's arrival.

She knew he was excellent, and she was trying to become excellent as well. Recently, she had taken on a new script and was trying her hand at screenwriting.

She wouldn't rely on him. She would be independent and would strive to become excellent.

In the evening, just as Rowan was about to take Claire away, a taxi stopped outside the Russell family's yard. Bertie, dressed formally, got out of the car, holding two gift bags and gazing at the villa wrapped in the evening sun.

Chapter 1807 Approaching Happiness

Bertie composed himself and stepped inside with a smile on his face. In the courtyard, he encountered a servant who approached him and asked in a gentle tone, "Sir, may I ask whom you are looking for?" halting his steps.

In the living room, Violet and Albert were descending the stairs and inadvertently caught sight of the

scene in the courtyard through the French windows.

"Who is it? Your friend?" Violet asked, noticing that the person was carrying something.

"I don't know him," Albert said, looking at Bertie, "I have never seen this person before."

Shortly after, the servant led him towards the living room.

After the Russell family couple came downstairs and arrived at the living room door, Bertie, wearing a

kindly smile and carrying something, asked, "Are you Claire's uncle and aunt?"

The couple glanced at each other, and Albert softly replied, "Yes." Both of them were puzzled, who was he?

"I am Louis... Oh no, I am Rowan's father," Bertie said with a beaming smile, "It seems I have come to the right place." He didn't carry himself like an old king; at that moment, he was simply a regular father.

Albert and Violet were taken aback. Could he be the former king, Lu Layeka?

Seeing their puzzled expressions, Bertie quickly smiled and explained, "Today, I am just Rowan's

father. I know about his relationship with Claire and their plans to get married. This is my first visit, and I

would like to discuss the matter with you both to express our sincerity from our side."

Violet regained her composure; this was something she had never anticipated.

She smiled, "Please, come in." She seemed somewhat uneasy for some reason.

"These are two boxes of tea, a small gift for our first meeting, please accept it," the former king had

wandered through the market but hadn't found a more suitable gift.

He wanted to meet them today; the sooner, the more sincere it would appear.

"Thank you," Violet said as she accepted the gift, "You really didn't need to bring a gift; we are already

surprised that you came."

"They have been together for so long, and I am contacting you for the first time; I am truly sorry," Bertie

said as he sat down on the sofa, "I only recently found out. Please don't take it to heart."

"No, no," Violet felt a bit embarrassed and quickly had the servant serve him tea, after all, they had

already agreed to the relationship between the two.

Then she sat down beside Albert, and the elders from both sides began discussing the children's

marriage.

Bertie was very sincere today, showing strong support for the two children to be together with the

demeanor of a kind father. He expressed his approval and affection for Claire, as well as his respect for

their decision to settle in Arkpool City.

The father and son had not discussed beforehand, yet their attitudes in front of the Russell family elders were surprisingly consistent.

At that moment, Rowan was driving with one hand on the wheel and the other holding Claire's hand, their fingers interlocked, with the beautiful sunset streaming through the window, casting a warm glow on both of them.

"What would you like to eat?" Claire looked at him, her voice soft, "Should we go exploring? Maybe visit a less mainstream spot?"

Rowan turned to her, his face displaying a smile, his features so handsome and clear, he said, "In your world, my world is yours to command."

The car moved slowly, he held her hand tightly, and Claire gazed happily into his eyes, her elegant features reminiscent of Dr. Watson, with her picturesque countenance, under the setting sun, exuding a captivating charm.

Chapter 1808: A Sincere Father

"I'm going to look for some nearby treasure spots now," she withdrew her hand from his palm and took

out her phone to begin searching the area.

Claire was the artistic type of girl, not too picky about food, but with some requirements for the environment. She liked quiet and elegant places, often triggering her inspiration for writing.

"I found a place that I think you'll like too," she opened the navigation, entered the location, about four miles away.

Rowan followed the route; anything she liked, he would like too.

Once again, he held her hand, treasuring the touch as their fingers intertwined, the warmth of their palms intermingling.

"Claire, I found my sister," he spoke softly, after thinking it over, deciding to share this news with her.

Claire was briefly surprised, then turned to look at him, her eyes filled with delight. "When did this happen? Where is she? This is amazing!"

Rowan hadn't told his father yet, but he told Claire, indicating that he truly considered her as one of his own.

As he drove, he glanced at her. "It's Monica."

Claire was genuinely stunned for a few seconds, then her lips curled up slightly. "Does she... know?"

"She does."

Rowan averted his gaze, looking ahead, his tone calm as if he were recounting someone else's story.

"Today, when I went to the hospital, I saw Belinda wearing a red bracelet on her wrist, the very one that belonged to my sister. Knowing that Monica was the owner of the bracelet, I had a paternity test done, and the results have come out."

What a small world, and what a deep connection fate weaves! After searching for his sister for so long, it turns out she's someone everyone already knows.

"Well..." Claire smiled. "Congratulations."

He remained silent, not looking very happy.

She looked at him, considering the situation comprehensively, and tried asking, "Mr. Swain and Belinda? How are they feeling? Can they accept this?"

For them, this must be a massive blow, right?

Rowan squeezed her hand, truthfully answering, "They definitely won't be able to accept it right away. It will take time."

And he was willing to give them that time.

His sister had grown up, and he knew he couldn't take her away. This matter had to be handled properly, without hurting anyone.

Then there was a brief silence in the car, and Claire didn't say anything more.

Monica turned out to be Rowan's long-lost sister... Claire also needed some time to digest this fact.

But no matter what, she was still very happy. Finally finding her brought a sense of closure to a long-cherished wish.

At the Russell family villa.

Bertie set down his teacup, his smile overflowing as he spoke again, "Thank you for your

understanding. Buying a house and a car are family matters, the bride price is up to you to propose. Of

course, if you don't, we will strictly adhere to the customs on your side, and we will never mistreat

Claire. If she marries into our family, I will treat her as my own daughter."

Through today's communication and exchange, Albert and Violet were thoroughly moved by this father,

his sincerity and thoughtfulness apparent in every aspect.

"You came all the way here, does Rowan know?" Violet tried to ask because she felt that Dr. Watson was unaware.

Sure enough, the old king shook his head, smiling, "I haven't told him yet."

Albert was taken aback. Such a distinguished figure, and he had come alone, without even a bodyguard by his side? And Rowan still didn't know!

Albert felt that since he knew, it was necessary to inform Rowan, after all, this matter was not trivial.

So, while Violet and Bertie were engaging in conversation once again, he got up and left with his phone in hand.

Chapter 1809: Views on Marriage and Love

In a small, stylish café, the table was covered with freshly ordered food. Warm light bathed Rowan and Claire, creating a very atmospheric setting.

In a relatively secluded space, a gentle breeze moved the white curtains as Rowan presented a delicate little box to Claire.

"What's this?" Claire was a bit surprised.

He said, "Take it, it's for you."

Facing his gentle gaze, the girl reached out her hand, "What's the occasion today? Why are you giving me a gift?"

The box was exquisite, a small square that felt pleasantly weighty in her palm. The craftsmanship was exceptional.

She quickly thought, today wasn't a special day, just a very ordinary one.

Smiling as he sliced the steak, Rowan answered her, "The gift is something I saw and thought would suit you. I wanted to buy it for you, so I did. There's no need to wait for a specific day to give gifts."

Upon hearing this, Claire raised her eyes, a touch of emotion flowing in their depths.

Despite being a girl who wrote romance novels and was particularly attentive to detail, exuding romance through and through, this detail today truly made her feel sweet.

"Thank you, Dr. Watson." The girl's smile was sweet; she hadn't expected him to be so thoughtful.

Looking at her affectionately, the man gently reminded her, "Change that."

"Thank you, Rowan!" Claire complied quickly, changing her address. She then opened the small box and looked inside. It contained a beautiful pair of earrings. She looked up at him, "I really like them."

"As long as you like them." Rowan had plans for his career, and in the coming years, he might become

busier.

So, he placed the cut steak in front of her and tried to ask, "Claire, do you think marriage is the same as dating?"

"As long as you marry love, or marry into love, then even if you enter the halls of marriage, you can still be in love for a lifetime, right?" This was Claire's viewpoint; she was a very romantic person.

As a man, Rowan also agreed to some extent. He nodded and said to her, "Claire, if we get married in the future, don't get upset if I don't buy you gifts on holidays."

Claire looked at him, wondering what he meant.

With a slight smile on his lips, Rowan said, "Sometimes I might be in the operating room all day, and I think only unexpected surprises truly count as gifts."

Today she felt very surprised. Rowan was seriously discussing these things with her?

"Agreed, everything you said is right." She loved him, how could she possibly quibble with him over such things?

She only hoped that, amidst his busyness, he could take care of himself, stay healthy, and stay happy.

She also hoped to appear in his life like a gift, to make his life more colorful because of her, rather than a mess.

She thought she had the ability to manage a good marriage.

At that moment, Rowan's phone, placed on the table, rang. He had initially thought it might be the hospital calling, but unexpectedly, it was Mr. Swain?

The number was saved, but he had never called before.

He didn't dare to delay and quickly answered, "Uncle."

Claire looked at him, listening attentively.

"Dr. Watson, your father has come over." Albert lowered his voice, "He's at my place, here to discuss your and Claire's marriage, we've almost finished talking and are preparing to have dinner."

Upon hearing this, Rowan was shocked, "Is he alone?"

"Yes, precisely because he's alone, I thought I should inform you." Albert was genuinely concerned,

"He mentioned that you didn't know yet."

"Alright." Rowan told him, "Claire and I will be back soon, thank you."

After ending the call, Rowan noticed that Claire was staring at him intently. She knew it was his uncle

who had called, but she hadn't guessed the content of the conversation.

So, Rowan told her about his father's solo visit to Arkpool City.

Chapter 1810: The Siblings' Difficult Reunion

Claire was equally shocked, "He came alone?" He was the reigning king. Shouldn't he have had

someone to accompany and protect him?

"Yes," Rowan replied calmly, "Let's eat first and then go back later."

"We should go back now," Claire urged, "I'm not hungry."

"Let's finish dinner first. Since he's at your uncle's house, it means he's safe, right?" Rowan reasoned.

"This way, I can also give the elders more time. After all, it's their first meeting, and it's necessary to

communicate more."

"..."

His reasoning made sense, so Claire didn't insist. She ate the steak he had cut for her, feeling a bit

nervous.

Both sets of elders were sitting together. Presumably, they would be discussing the marriage, right?

Given the current attitudes of her uncle and aunt towards the two of them, things probably wouldn't go

wrong... but Claire still felt uneasy, fearing any inadvertent disrespect.

As she ate dinner, her thoughts drifted.

Time had passed so quickly. She had found her ideal prince charming, and now she was about to enter the realm of marriage.

Claire had once thought she would never marry. She was someone who valued feelings a lot.

After dinner, Rowan drove her back to the Russell family, with Claire sitting in the passenger seat.

After much thought, Rowan said to her, "Don't tell my father about finding your sister for the time being."

"Alright." She didn't ask for the reason; this was something he could decide on his own, and no one had the right to interfere.

Rowan explained, "I think it's not the best time to tell father until Monica is ready herself."

"Mm."

"I also want to give Mr. Swain and Belinda some more time to prepare. I just want everything to go as smoothly as possible, without hurting anyone."

Having brought up Monica for so many years, and having raised her so well, Rowan could understand the difficulties of these years. He was also full of gratitude towards the elders of the Swain family, and he planned to express his gratitude to them at the right time.

Claire had always known that Rowan was a particularly kind and responsible person. No matter what he did, he always considered the feelings of everyone around him.

The car headed towards the Russell family.

Tristan was driving, with Monica beside him. Monica looked out the window, her mind seemingly elsewhere, preoccupied by her origins. She seemed to have lost a bit of her happiness.

Tristan's feelings were also indescribable. He couldn't make decisions for her in this matter, nor could he share her worries. He couldn't truly understand what she was feeling at the moment. The only thing he could do now was to stay by her side.

To give her a hug when she needed it, to be a shoulder for her to lean on.

Tristan held her hand, occasionally glancing at her profile. He truly felt very sorry for her. Some things were better left unknown; once known, they could never be restored to their previous state.

Before long, Rowan's car and Tristan's car passed each other, just like in a slow-motion scene from a

movie. Both the brother and sister had a faint sorrow on their faces, as if there were a great distance between them.

At the Russell family's residence, Albert and Violet had prepared a sumptuous meal and were currently inviting Bertie to join them for dinner.

This was the first meal the three families would share together, bringing their bond even closer.

"Rowan, this child, has always had a dream of medicine. He feels that he was born for the sake of patients. Only by treating and saving people can he feel happy," Bertie said with a smile on his face,

"So, in the future, he will spend most of his time in Arkpool City, at his hospital."

This was something that reassured Violet the most: it proved that Claire wouldn't leave Arkpool City after marriage, and she would still be able to see her frequently.