

Surprised 1811

Chapter 1811: Happy Interactions with Loved Ones

"However, you must miss him a lot, don't you?" Albert sighed lightly, feeling torn between circumstances. "Fortunately, transportation is well-developed now. It's easy for him to return, and it's easy for you to come here."

"Yes," Bertie responded to them once again. "As long as the children get along well, it doesn't matter where they settle."

After taking a sip of wine, he continued, "Rowan's mother passed away many years ago, so today, I represent both father and mother. Thank you for your acceptance and support for Rowan, and for entrusting Claire to him."

Bertie was truly moved, showing no airs of royalty. He raised his glass again. "Thank you."

Albert and Violet also raised their glasses, genuinely touched. After an afternoon of conversation and communication, they felt the genuine warmth and kindness of this elderly father.

Claire marrying into such a family would definitely not be wronged, so they could rest assured.

The elders clinked their glasses, enjoying their meal without formality or constraint. Instead, it felt like

reuniting with old friends after many years, easy to talk to, all for the sake of the children.

Violet also said to him, "In the past, we opposed Rowan being with Claire. We felt he was too busy and wouldn't be able to take care of her, not suitable as a spouse."

"But later, through getting to know him, we realized he is truly exceptional, a rare talent. I hope Claire will also understand his profession and appreciate the hardships he faces."

All misunderstandings had been resolved, and everything was moving in a positive direction.

About twenty minutes later, a pair of car lights illuminated the area as Rowan parked the car in the yard.

After Claire and he got out of the car, they walked toward the living room. Claire still had some concerns that the situation might go awry.

Could the king communicate effectively with ordinary people? Would there be an insurmountable barrier between them?

Upon entering, she found her judgment was wrong; a harmonious scene greeted her.

The younger generation greeted the three elders, and Claire still addressed Bertie as the king.

The elders saw the young couple holding hands, and couldn't help but show smiles of blessing.

"Father, why didn't you tell me in advance that you were coming to Arkpool City?" Rowan was actually quite worried; his father had only recently recovered.

"I knew you were busy and didn't want to disturb you." Seeing his son, Bertie was very happy, especially with the success of today's visit. "I came today to meet Claire's parents, and everything has been settled."

"Then I'll take you to my place to see it, and you can stay with me tonight." Rowan let go of Claire's hand and glanced at her. "Let's go for a morning run tomorrow, wake up early, and I'll come to pick you up."

"Okay." She was also very understanding, always composed and gracious. "See you tomorrow, and take care on the way."

Then Rowan bid farewell to the Russell family elders and left the living room with his father.

Out of politeness, everyone saw them off to the yard, watching as they got into the car and drove off into the distance.

In the lush green yard, night had fallen.

Violet turned to the girl beside her, reaching out to stroke her long hair, and said to her, "Your father-in-law is very down-to-earth, kind, and sensible. He doesn't have an air of royalty at all."

"After all, he is the king," Claire interacted with him, even though he was sick at the time, he was definitely not a confused old man. "That kind of presence is simply beyond comparison for ordinary people."

"He is a father worthy of respect," Violet affirmed, feeling more and more at ease with this marriage.

Chapter 1812: The Only Regret

On the way back home, Rowan did not tell his father about finding his sister. He remained calm and composed throughout the journey. Bertie looked at the scenery outside the window, a smile still on his face. This was the place his son had lived for many years. Although he felt unfamiliar with it himself, he was very fond of it. How many days and nights had this scenery accompanied his son...

"Father, how are you feeling? Are you okay?" Rowan asked.

"I'm doing very well, you don't need to worry about me," Bertie told him. "How was my performance today? I personally visited, talked about the marriage, and made our position clear!"

Rowan was touched. According to the procedure, this was to be expected. However, his father was in

Lu Layeka, so he had not made this request and had been thinking of giving an explanation to his uncle and aunt. Now, there was no need for an explanation; everything was perfect.

"Thank you, father," he said, a hint of a smile on his lips.

Rowan took his father to his villa, introducing him to every room, including his research lab, studio, resting area, and gym, allowing him to better understand his life over the years. Rowan also described his daily routine to his father. Bertie felt he was getting to know his son better and listened attentively, filled with emotion.

"No matter when, one's health should always come first," his father said to him. "As a doctor, you should understand the importance of balancing work and rest."

"Yes."

After walking around the villa with his father, Rowan brought him to the resting room and personally brewed a pot of tea for him. He always gave off an air of humility and courtesy.

Looking at the scenery outside the window, the old father couldn't help but sigh, "Everything is perfect, except for finding your sister. If your sister could attend your wedding with Claire, your mother's spirit in heaven would surely be comforted."

Especially seeing the bright moon in the sky, he would always feel a little bit of loss in his heart.

Rowan appeared calm. "We will find her. Heaven will favor the kind-hearted and will not let regrets linger in our lives."

He handed a cup of tea to his father. "Perhaps, there's just a tiny bit of fate missing between me and my sister."

Bertie took the cup. "Have you heard from Annie?"

"No, but we are still searching for her," Rowan told him. "I have a feeling that we will find her one day."

"Let's hope so," but Bertie didn't seem very hopeful, after all, so many years had passed...

He smiled faintly, "Son, it's no wonder you like this city so much. Arkpool City is indeed nice. I was deeply attracted by everything here as soon as I got off the plane. It's not only prosperous, but also rich in cultural atmosphere. The people here are very friendly."

He couldn't help but think of the girl he met in the bookstore today, they got along particularly well, and there was no generation gap in their conversation.

"Did Taylor's mother know that you came to this side of Arkpool City?" Rowan inquired.

"She knows. She insisted on having bodyguards accompany her. Firstly, she wanted to be with me personally, and she also came over," Bertie confessed. "Her status is not suitable. I thought about it and felt it was unnecessary to bring bodyguards. It seems a bit ostentatious and insincere."

He had really thought it through carefully.

After hearing this, Rowan's impression of Catherine improved a bit more in his heart. She truly cared about his father.

"After arriving safely, did you call her to let her know?" Rowan reminded.

Bertie nodded, "Yes, I did." He knew that his son truly approved of Catherine from the bottom of his heart.

Chapter 1813: Monica's Concern

At night, Tristan brought Monica back to his villa. These days, he always brought her home because he was really worried about leaving her alone at her place. He was a true gentleman, arranging a guest room for her and getting up in the middle of the night to tuck her in, always taking care of her because he loved her. Since the results of the paternity test came out, Tristan could sense that she was clearly not in a good mood. So, he postponed the company's affairs, always staying by her side and not saying

anything.

Entering the living room, Tristan took out a bottle of red wine from the wine cabinet, fetched two tall glasses, and took her upstairs to the rooftop terrace. The gentle, slightly cool evening breeze always managed to dispel some of the worries from her heart. The rooftop environment was lovely, with rose vines entwined on the railing and the lights emitting a warm, cozy glow.

Monica sat down in the wicker chair and looked up at the stars in the sky. Tristan poured two glasses of red wine, placed one on the table in front of her, then sat across from her. "Monica, you have to make a decision," he softly broached the topic of the evening.

The girl returned to her senses and slowly met his gaze, then heard him say, "Dr. Watson is giving you time, but he definitely needs an answer."

When it came time to face this question, Monica's feelings were very complex. She also had to admit that for the past few hours, she had been avoiding, not really willing to face it, even though she knew that avoiding it was not a solution at all.

"To be honest, what I'm most worried about now is Belinda and Algerone. This situation should have a

big psychological impact on them," emotionally speaking, these two people were more important to her.

In Monica's memory, her biological parents had no impression at all. Suddenly, they emerged, and besides being shocked, she didn't have much personal emotion.

Tristan took a sip of red wine, understanding her thoughts. "But this matter also has a great impact on Dr. Watson and his family. For them, you might be the only missing piece. They have been searching for you for many years, suffering through countless nights of sadness and helplessness. Their hearts, perhaps, have long been riddled with holes."

Monica felt a slight tightness in her chest as he analyzed it, feeling a bit at a loss for a moment. She was kind and didn't want anyone to be upset because of her.

Tristan got up and came to her, gently patting her shoulder as if to comfort her. "When dealing with this matter, don't be too stubborn. The debt of raising you certainly cannot be denied, and no one will ask you to deny it. But blood ties are also a fact. For them, you have never disappeared from their memories."

Monica felt a hint of conflict and unease in her heart. The sudden complexity of the relationship caught

her completely unprepared.

On the same night, at Rowan's villa.

Father and son talked for nearly two hours in a particularly pleasant atmosphere, much like close

friends, discussing the marriages of both sides. Rowan also came to understand this woman,

Catherine... she was sharp-tongued but kind-hearted, overall not a bad person. Bertie hoped that no

matter what happened in the future, and no matter how long he could live, he would know that his son

would treat Catherine and Taylor well.

On this night, Rowan also made a promise. He said he would definitely ensure that the mother and son

would have a good ending.

As the night deepened, Rowan took his father to the bedroom, waited for him to finish showering,

watched him lie down to rest, and only left after making sure he was well covered in bed. Although it

was late, Rowan felt no drowsiness at all, with his sister's situation weighing heavily on his mind, like a

thousand-pound stone.

Chapter 1814: Everyone Calms Down

Arriving at the terrace, he leaned against the railing, facing the slightly cool evening breeze, and his

gaze drifted towards the distant horizon, his deep eyes carrying a hint of sorrow.

His figure looked somewhat frail and lonely.

In fact, after the results of the appraisal came out today, he had the urge to talk to Monica several times, but he suppressed it. He wanted to wait, to give her time to process it herself.

The feeling was truly conflicting... he continued to suppress the urgent need to find her after so many years. Every second in the hospital felt like torment to him.

He really wanted to rush over and hold her tightly!

This night, Rowan was destined to be sleepless. Suddenly, he felt a bit afraid that Monica might not acknowledge the royal side for the sake of Mr. Swain and Belinda.

In that case, his father's regret would be lifelong...

As a son, how could he bear to watch his father regret for a lifetime?

His father had narrowly escaped death, and finding his sister was now his father's only wish.

In the hospital.

After Tristan took Monica home, only Algerone accompanied Belinda.

Rowan had changed two types of medication for her in the afternoon, so now her body showed clear

signs of recovery, and she felt like she could leave the hospital.

But her mood? It was the exact opposite, with a feeling of deep despondency, a solemn expression, and a reluctance to speak.

"Belinda," Algerone sat in a chair beside the bed and said to her after careful consideration, "Regarding Monica, I've thought about it. We should encourage her to acknowledge her roots."

Belinda's thoughts returned, and she looked at him intently, still not expressing her stance.

Algerone tried to empathize with her feelings; in fact, his own feelings were just as heavy and reluctant.

But after calm and rational analysis, he said, "After all, blood ties are indelible. Our daughter is already grown up, she must be thinking about it too."

"..." Wrapped in a feeling of impending loss, Belinda felt an unprecedented discomfort in her heart.

"Previously, she didn't want to acknowledge because she hadn't found her biological parents. Now that the paternity test results are out, if she remains indifferent, it's not justifiable."

"And, she's already grown up. She won't be taken away like a three-year-old child. If she acknowledges her roots, I don't think it means she will abandon us. The bond between us will still exist."

Algerone's analysis made sense, and Belinda understood the reasoning, but... her daughter was raised by her own hands, carrying all her hopes, and she had dedicated all her love to her.

Every minute and every second after the test results came out, Belinda felt as though someone wanted to take her treasure away.

That night, Algerone spoke to her a lot and offered many analyses. Belinda only listened, and even though she felt distressed, she didn't voice it out.

When she lay on the bed, she processed it in her own mind with her eyes closed.

Perhaps letting Monica acknowledge her roots would be the best outcome...

She couldn't let Monica's life be filled with regrets because of her own selfishness.

After all, that side was the royal family, her original family was nobility, and in terms of wealth and power, they were incomparable.

She couldn't deprive Monica of her life anymore... to acknowledge or not, should be Monica's decision.

Although reluctant, Belinda had made up her mind; she wouldn't interfere too much.

As the moon set and the sun rose, the next morning.

Facing the beautiful dawn, Tristan drove Monica to the hospital. Throughout the journey, he held her

hand, not saying a word.

Last night, Tristan had consoled her for a long time, and now Monica had a clearer idea of her own.

She wasn't as tormented as she was yesterday; she wanted to try to resolve this issue.

Chapter 1815: The Siblings' First Meeting

As the car was nearing the hospital, Tristan's phone rang. He released her hand and put on his

Bluetooth earphones. "Hello," he answered. After listening to the other person, he continued, "Alright, I

can come around nine o'clock, I guess."

But the person on the other end asked if he could come a bit earlier. Tristan thought for a moment and

changed his response, "How about eight-thirty then?"

Monica listened to their conversation and understood that he was busy today. She turned her gaze

towards him and considerately said in a soft voice, "It's okay, you can go to the company first and drop

me off at the hospital entrance."

Tristan was indeed in a difficult situation because there was an urgent matter at the company that

required his personal attention. So, he changed his response again, "Okay, I'll come right away."

Going to the hospital was on the way to the company.

After ending the call, Tristan looked at the girl sitting in the passenger seat and said, "Monica, you go up and accompany Auntie. I'll come over as soon as I'm done with the company's matters."

"Okay," the girl smiled gently. "You can rest assured and go take care of your work. Mom's condition is stable now, and there won't be any unexpected situations."

They didn't discuss the issue of blood relationship today because Tristan had already talked about it last night.

He would give her enough time to digest it and wouldn't put any pressure on her.

Soon, Tristan's car stopped at the hospital entrance.

After Monica got out of the car, she bent down and waved at him. "Goodbye, drive safely."

"Goodbye," Tristan's gaze was deep and gentle. In his eyes, this girl was the most perfect girl in the world.

No matter what happened, he would be by her side, and regardless of her identity, he would marry her.

He watched her take steps inside until her figure disappeared, then he started the car and left.

Monica had just entered the hospital lobby and hadn't taken a few steps when she saw Rowan

standing three meters away.

He wasn't wearing his work uniform today. Instead, he wore a light blue handmade suit and stood there

with a gentle expression, his gaze fixed on her as if he was waiting for her.

The girl couldn't help but slow down her pace, her gaze fixed on him without blinking.

Her mood subtly changed.

Rowan took steps towards her, stood in front of her, and asked from a close distance, "Good morning,

have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, I have," the girl answered softly and averted her gaze.

"Can I invite you for a cup of coffee?" fearing that she might refuse, Rowan added, "Ten minutes." It

meant he wouldn't take up too much of her time.

Monica thought for a moment, and once again looked up to meet his gaze. She didn't refuse because

she knew she would eventually have to face this man in front of her.

Five minutes later, at a café next to the hospital.

Since it was a workday, it was unusually quiet, with few customers. They sat at a table by the window,

the two of them.

As they sat across from each other, Monica suddenly felt immense pressure in her heart. She sighed lightly, picked up the latte that the waiter had just brought, and suddenly became a bit restrained and at a loss for words. She didn't know what to say for a moment.

Rowan, being a doctor who had also studied psychology, could very well understand the complexity of her emotions at this moment. He genuinely didn't want to pressure her; he felt deeply for her.

So, he didn't ask directly. Instead, he told her about the incident when she got lost as a child in the most soothing tone... he felt she had the right to know.

This way, there wouldn't be any misunderstandings or assumptions that she was abandoned.

Chapter 1816: Monica Decides to Acknowledge Her Family

Monica listened quietly, without interrupting or expressing any doubts. She listened attentively, appearing calm as if she was listening to someone else's story.

Finally, Rowan looked at her intently and asked in a soft voice, "Do you remember any of these things?"

Silence lingered for three seconds... His story seemed to have come to an end.

Monica met the man's gentle gaze and shook her head. "I don't remember."

"You have a beautiful name," Rowan smiled slightly at her. "Annie."

She didn't remember that name either.

She didn't remember any of her childhood memories... It was likely that when the large truck

overturned into the river, her head hit the metal, causing her amnesia.

Moreover, memories from such a young age are naturally blurry, and on that day, she was also injured

and bled a lot.

So it was normal for her not to remember.

"Over these years, the Lu Layeka royal family never stopped searching for you," Rowan spoke like a

storyteller, his voice soothing and full of emotions. "Everyone has been concerned about your well-

being."

Upon hearing these words, Monica felt not only touched but also a hint of apology.

"Are Mom and Dad... Are they okay?" She hesitated to face this question because she was also an

adult, and she could somewhat empathize with the pain of losing a child.

"Dad came to Arkpool City. For my marriage to Claire, he visited Claire's uncle and aunt as an ordinary

father from a regular family. He is an exceptionally wise and understanding elder," Rowan told her with satisfaction. "And he is very democratic. He would also approve of you being with Tristan."

Monica's lips curled up slightly. It would be great if she didn't have to enter into a political marriage.

Taking a sip of her coffee, she asked, "Did Mom not come?"

Rowan thought for a moment and honestly replied, "Not long after you disappeared, Mom started feeling guilty and became melancholic. Eventually, she fell ill and passed away."

Upon hearing this, Monica's heart sank heavily. She wiped the smile off her face and once again met her brother's gaze.

For a while, nobody spoke, maintaining a silent understanding.

It was unclear how much time had passed when Monica finally heard her brother speak softly, "If

Mom's spirit exists in the afterlife and knows that we have reunited, she would surely feel comforted."

Because of her departure, her mother permanently left... Monica started feeling burdened, suddenly overwhelmed with sadness and a sense of guilt.

That was her mother, the one who had carried her for ten months.

So she couldn't make her father wait any longer... Over these years, her father must have been very

sad.

Now that her brother was getting married, everything was falling into place. She might become her father's lifelong regret.

There was an inexplicable bond of blood and kinship pulling at her. Therefore, at this moment, Monica had made up her mind to acknowledge her family.

Rowan, who had studied psychology, also realized that today's meeting with her was meaningful.

He had a mission, and that mission was about to be completed.

Although his sister hadn't made a definitive statement yet, he probably understood what she was thinking at this moment.

"Monica."

"Brother."

Both of them spoke almost simultaneously. Rowan was shocked by the use of "brother" as Monica's address because it was beyond his expectations.

Monica pursed her lips and quietly told him, "I can't give you a definite answer right now. I need some

time because I have to consider my adoptive parents' feelings. This is a significant matter, so I need to inform them first."

Chapter 1817: Algerone and Belinda's Attitude

On this matter, Rowan would definitely agree. It's only natural for people to understand. After all, as long as Monica is willing to accept it, everything will be heading in a positive direction. Rowan saw hope and was willing to wait.

"I will give you an answer as soon as possible," Monica told him.

"Good." Rowan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

After finishing their coffee, Rowan and Monica left and returned to the hospital. In the hospital lobby, Rowan was stopped by a doctor, about to ask him something, while Monica took the elevator upstairs by herself.

Stepping out of the elevator, Monica arrived in front of the ward. When she gently pushed open the door, she saw Algerone rising from his chair and looking at her. "Monica, come here. Your father and I have something to tell you."

It seemed like they had been waiting for her.

Her father came over and took hold of her arm, pulling her to a chair and placing his hands on her shoulders, urging her to sit down.

Monica felt a bit overwhelmed and hurriedly asked, "What's going on? Why so serious? What do you want?"

Is it related to her birth? Are they going to have a family meeting?

"Monica, you used to have no intention of acknowledging your biological parents because you didn't know who they were," Belinda sat leaning against the head of the bed, she took hold of her daughter's hand. "But now you know, and I believe it's fate. You should acknowledge this relationship."

She had thought that her mother would disagree, but she didn't expect these words to come from the mouth of the strong-willed Belinda?

Monica looked at her, genuinely surprised.

At this moment, Algerone sat down on the edge of the bed and also looked at his daughter, starting to analyze, "Monica, Dad also supports you in acknowledging your biological parents. In this world, having more friends means having more paths, let alone having more relatives."

Her father's voice was filled with earnestness, and his viewpoint was surprisingly in line with her

mother's.

Monica felt a bit overwhelmed. She looked at her mother, who was sitting next to the bed, and then at her father, sitting on the edge of the bed. She thought, they must have discussed this matter for a long time last night, staying awake all night, right?

They struggled internally before coming to this conclusion, didn't they?

"Monica, on your side, this is the main situation," Belinda's thinking was particularly clear as she said to her, "If you were abandoned because of favoring sons over daughters, then you must not acknowledge, not even in a million years!"

Outside the door, Rowan, who was about to knock, stopped in his tracks because the door was slightly ajar, and he clearly heard the voices just now.

He paused for a moment and heard Belinda say, "But now you're not, right? You've been missing for so many years, and they never gave up on finding you. Just based on this, you should know how important and significant you are in their hearts."

Without waiting for Monica to respond, Algerone spoke again, "Monica, they have found you. If you

refuse to acknowledge them, I don't think anyone can bear such a blow. There might still be a glimmer of hope if you can't be found."

Afraid that their daughter would be too loyal to refuse acknowledgement, this couple was brainwashing her one after the other.

Acknowledge, acknowledge, acknowledge! It must be acknowledged!

Monica glanced at the two of them and finally understood. Belinda and Algerone strongly supported her in acknowledging her biological parents!

And Monica, after Tristan's guidance and her conversation with Rowan just now, leaned towards acknowledging her parents in her heart.

Although she didn't have to say much, Mr. SwainBelinda agreed.

However, Monica didn't show much happiness. Instead, she spoke with a serious expression, "Alright, but you have to promise me one condition."

Chapter 1818: Reaching an Agreement

The two elders exchanged a glance, wondering what conditions there could be. Then their gaze shifted back to their daughter's face simultaneously.

Belinda had no idea what her conditions could be, but as long as she was willing to acknowledge her, she would do her best to fulfill them.

Monica took the opportunity to speak up, "You two should remarry."

"... Both of them felt shocked.

There was a brief moment of silence in the room. This answer was quite unexpected!

Algerone felt a bit embarrassed and taken aback, as did Belinda.

"Unless you remarry," Monica's tone was firm as she stated her position, "I won't agree to anything else."

"It's not..." Belinda was getting a little confused, "Monica, these are two separate matters. Don't mix them up."

Algerone, on the other hand, was actually quite eager to remarry. He had already made preparations, and the roses in the yard were about to bloom. He planned to propose to her among the flowers as soon as she was discharged from the hospital.

He even had a custom-made ring prepared secretly.

So, Algerone played it smart. He didn't say anything, wanting to gauge Belinda's reaction.

"I know they are two separate matters," Monica said to them, "but this is my only wish, and I want it fulfilled before I acknowledge them."

"... Silence.

She continued, "And your relationship is not as bad as it used to be. Stop being so stubborn when you clearly still have feelings for each other. Just remarry!"

When Algerone looked at Belinda, he noticed she was looking at him too, and both of them felt a slight awkwardness.

Monica continued, "Once you have your wedding, I will acknowledge them. It doesn't mean I will abandon you two. I hope you can come together legally and take care of each other."

So... this matter became a transaction?

There was no way around it. Algerone made his stance clear, "I'm willing to remarry."

Then Monica turned her gaze to Belinda, waiting for her response. She felt a little embarrassed for a moment, glanced at her daughter, and then at the man beside her.

She didn't resist, her expression softened, and she answered with silence.

So, an agreement was reached on this matter. Algerone and Belinda would remarry, and Monica would acknowledge her brother as her father.

Outside the door, Rowan couldn't help but raise the corners of his lips, his smile filled with tenderness.

Rowan turned and returned to his office. After calmly thinking for a moment, he found a doctor and said to him, "Go and examine Belinda to see if she meets the discharge criteria."

"The stitches have been removed, and the wound has healed nicely. Based on yesterday's examination, she can be discharged, but I will conduct a detailed check-up for her."

"Good, thank you."

"I have arranged for a doctor to examine her. It should be within the next couple of days."

"After she's discharged, Tristan and I have prepared a small wedding for them. After the wedding, will you take me to see my father?" Monica took the initiative to speak. Updated at Dramanovels.com

Rowan was delighted, "Okay." He then asked, "Is there anything... I can help with?"

He said, "I'll be waiting for your message."

Monica nodded and left.

Chapter 1819: A Pleasant Surprise

Two days passed quickly, and morning arrived in the blink of an eye. Tristan and Monica woke up early, had breakfast, and walked into Belinda's hospital room with flowers in hand. The nurse had already dressed her in a beautiful dress and styled her hair. Everyone was in a good mood because they were finally going to be discharged. It was a great sense of accomplishment for the medical staff as well.

Belinda, who had been wearing a patient gown all this time, changed her clothes and her mood changed as well. "Belinda, you look really good today!" Monica handed her the flowers and gave her a big hug. "Your complexion is much better than yesterday."

Belinda was genuinely happy. "I can finally be discharged. From now on, I will exercise regularly, take better care of my body, and have regular check-ups."

Tristan had deliberately postponed his work for today. With his tall and imposing figure, he exuded a special gentleness, and his mood was also good. The discharge procedures had been completed, and Belinda was ready to leave, but Algerone's figure was nowhere to be seen.

What happened to him? Belinda couldn't help but glance towards the door, and Monica immediately understood her thoughts. "By the way, Algerone couldn't make it today," Monica told her.

"Oh, I see." Belinda felt a little disappointed for some reason, but quickly adjusted herself. "Shall we go

then?"

"Welcome to your discharge, Belinda!" Monica happily linked arms with her.

Just as they were about to step outside the ward, Rowan, dressed in a white uniform, appeared at the door. He looked at Belinda with a gentle expression and a hint of a smile on his lips. "Congratulations on your discharge." He was just passing by. "Remember to rest when you get home."

"Thank you, Dr. Watson," Belinda responded to him. Ever since she found out that he was Monica's brother, she had started to like him more and more.

When Rowan looked at Monica, his gaze was also filled with infinite tenderness. Monica, linking arms with Belinda, had a faint smile on her face. After a while, someone called Rowan and he had to leave.

They took steps towards the exit, officially leaving the hospital. Tristan was driving the car, Monica sat in the back seat with her mother, and the two of them were chatting. When Belinda snapped out of her

thoughts and looked out the window, she suddenly noticed something strange. "Where are we going?"

It wasn't towards the small villa, nor was it towards Tristan's place...

Tristan's voice was gentle as he replied, "We're going to Algerone's house."

"Why are we going there? Doesn't he have something to do at the company?" Belinda didn't want to trouble him, so she quickly suggested, "Let's turn around."

But how could Tristan listen to her?

At this moment, Monica started comforting her. "He doesn't have work at the company; he has something to do at home."

"At home?"

"Yeah, maybe he has prepared a table full of delicious food, waiting for you to come back." Monica happily rested her head on Belinda's shoulder.

Algerone, dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and a bow tie, looked like he had meticulously groomed himself. He stood in the yard, nervous and waiting. Behind him were several company executives who were also his close friends. Content of Dramanovels.com

Mrs. Fritz was Belinda's best friend, so she couldn't miss this important day. From a distance, Algerone, who had been gazing into the distance, saw Tristan's car slowly approaching them.

Chapter 1820: Will You Marry Me?

In the yard filled with the fragrance of roses, Algerone stood with hands behind his back, dressed in a

suit. He held a small square box in his palm, unable to contain his excitement, and looked at the car with a smile on his face.

At this moment, he felt somewhat similar to his younger self entering the realm of marriage for the first time-anticipating, nervous, and a little unsure.

The people around him were also happy for him, each wearing a joyful smile.

"Mom, they're here," Tom Fritz said in a gentle voice. He felt that it was meaningful to witness such a special proposal.

Jane, wearing a cheongsam, bent slightly, holding a rose in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, as she looked up at the car.

Memories flooded into her mind like a tide, and she smiled as she said, "More than twenty years ago, it was me standing in the yard with Belinda, waiting. Algerone was late because of something."

"On such an important day, being late, was Belinda angry?"

"Guess."

"She must have been angry, right? Even if she didn't say it out loud, she must have been unhappy in her heart," Tom Fritz knew that women's thoughts were delicate.

Listening to her son's analysis, Jane stood up. While she wrapped the roses in her hand, she said,

"Yes, Belinda, with her temper, didn't say much at the time. She greeted everyone with a smile and completed all the wedding ceremonies. Later, I found out that she locked Algerone out that night."

Looking back now, everyone would consider that behavior a bit childish.

Under the expectant gazes of everyone, the car approached.

The car window opened, and Belinda caught a whiff of the fragrance of roses. She looked intently into the yard and saw vast patches of Damascus roses and bourbon roses intertwined, blooming in competition with each other, swaying in the wind.

The colors of the flowers changed from deep to light, each cluster more beautiful than the last, like a painting.

The fragrance became more and more intense.

The villa's yard was right in front of them. Tristan's car began to slow down, and Belinda suddenly realized that this was Algerone's home. Looking at the building, she had a moment of confusion.

In this vast yard, filled with her favorite roses, seven or eight noble varieties were in full bloom. She was

surprised and felt a sense of awe.

As the car slowed down but hadn't come to a stop yet, Monica linked her arm with Belinda's. With a look of happiness, she glanced at Belinda's profile and saw her astonishment and joy, as well as a hint of girlish shyness.

Because at this moment, Belinda saw a man in a suit standing among the roses.

Bathed in the sunlight of spring, there was a fleeting moment when she seemed to see his youthful shadow.

Elegant and handsome.

Belinda not only saw him but also saw the company executives behind him, all smiling. They were also her old classmates whom she hadn't seen in twenty or thirty years.

And there was her best friend Jane and her son, who had a gentle and jade-like appearance.

The joy in Belinda's heart increased. She quickly regained her composure and gently placed her hand in Algerone's hand, stepping out of the car under everyone's gaze. Read at Dramanovels.com

Monica was also particularly excited. Algerone looked so handsome today! She was glad that she could witness this scene, especially since she had missed the last one.

