

Surprised 1831

Chapter 1831: Meeting Again

Algerone jokingly and seriously lifted her up, saying, "Let's think about how we'll spend our wedding night."

"But I just had surgery," Belinda blushed, feeling a bit unprepared for this kind of intimacy, something she hadn't experienced in many years.

But having married the right man, her heart still raced, still filled with the youthful sense of excitement.

Holding her, Algerone took steps towards the bed and said, "But Dr. Watson said there's no issue."

"You..."

As the night deepened, the two reunited lovers slept together for the first time and in the right roles.

The next morning, still exhausted, the two lay closely entwined with each other, sleeping soundly.

Monica rose early and decided to go out to buy breakfast for them, including Belinda's favorite red bean cake, to help them reminisce about the past. As she reached the street, she noticed a long line at the breakfast shop, not as terrifying as she had expected, and quickly joined the end of the queue.

After a while, Bertie arrived and lined up behind Monica. He also found the line to be shorter than the

previous day, feeling fortunate about his timing. He had waited for nearly an hour the day before. The bakery's business was thriving, with many returning customers. He had discovered it by chance the day before, drawn in by the long line, and after trying the pastries, he wanted to buy some for his son and daughter-in-law, who were still asleep.

Monica inadvertently glanced back and, in that moment, both she and the middle-aged man behind her were visibly taken aback.

"Is it you?" Bertie remembered her. "Do you remember me? We met at the bookstore and had tea together."

"Hello, Uncle," Monica's lips curved up. "I was so sorry that day, my mom was in the hospital."

"I understand, I'm grateful to you. Because of you, I was able to sincerely visit the parents of my future daughter-in-law, and they entrusted their child to my son," Bertie shared happily.

"Reasonable parents would agree," Monica spoke well of him. "You're so good, you seem like a kind father."

The middle-aged man was visibly pleased with the young girl's praise. "Young lady, are you here to buy breakfast as well? The pastries at this shop are really special, they taste great."

"My mom likes to eat them," Monica eagerly shared. "I'm mainly buying some for her."

"I discovered it by chance yesterday and couldn't forget the taste, so I came again today to buy some for my son and daughter-in-law to try," Bertie added.

"You're such a good father," Monica's eyes gleamed with admiration. "Do you have a daughter?"

Bertie's smile froze for a moment.

Bertie realized that the young girl had no ill intent and smiled as he replied, "I have a daughter, but... she's not with me. She's been away for many, many years."

Chapter 1832: Father, I Found Annie

When Bertie heard these words, it struck a chord deep within his heart; he loved Annie dearly... If she was still alive, if she still remembered him as her father, would she love him as well? He wondered if the girl would be around this age by now. In a fleeting moment, Bertie suddenly longed for his daughter.

"What's your name, young lady?" Bertie asked in a fatherly tone, perhaps due to his longing for his daughter, feeling an inexplicable closeness to this girl.

"Uncle, my name is Monica," she said in good spirits, willing to share. "It means 'family happiness, peace, and joy.'"

"Monica, you must be the apple of your parents' eyes."

The girl smiled, "They both love me very much," yet she didn't reveal her true parentage to him.

As they waited in line, the two of them exchanged some words, chatting like friends, and time flew by.

After buying breakfast, they each went their separate ways.

When Monica returned home, Algerone and Belinda happened to be coming downstairs, and they were somewhat surprised to see their daughter entering through the living room door.

"Monica, you're back from outside?"

"We thought you were still asleep and wanted you to rest a little longer."

"I bought breakfast for you!" Monica raised the bag in her hand, smiling. "Freshly made red bean cakes! Come and try them!"

The two elders came downstairs, and Monica quickly went to pour some milk. "The line wasn't too long today."

"You're really considerate."

"Haha!"

Then the three of them enjoyed breakfast together in harmony. They didn't talk much, as they all knew they were going to meet their long-lost relative soon, something they had agreed upon the day before.

Every time Belinda thought about this matter, she felt a sense of loss, like the feeling of a heartbreak, her emotions heavily suppressed. Algerone, as a man, naturally had a stronger capacity to bear this, but he couldn't help feeling reluctant and unwilling to dwell on it too deeply.

"What about Tristan?" Algerone asked. "Is he coming too?"

"He's not coming," Monica answered softly.

After that, the elders didn't say much more. Bertie bought breakfast and went back home. Rowan and Claire were also awake, and the three of them had breakfast together.

Bertie was in a good mood. "Arkpool City should have a lot of similar delicacies, they just haven't been discovered. After getting tired of the royal's high-end ingredients, these are simply delicious to me."

"We should stay a little longer then," Rowan said to him. "After I'm done with my business, I'll accompany you back, consider it as me seeing you off." Otherwise, he wouldn't feel at ease.

"No, no, I plan to leave this afternoon," Bertie said after taking a sip of milk. "I booked my flight last night, so don't worry about it."

Rowan looked up at him and said solemnly, "Father, I've found Annie."

Bertie's heart trembled sharply. He met his son's gaze, his eyes filled with shock, then excitement. "..."

He was so excited that he couldn't find the words.

She was alive?!

"I plan to go get her and bring her over to meet you," Rowan told him, "right now."

"Good!" he was almost impatient, "Go now, go now, be safe on the way!" He could finally see his

daughter! New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

"Okay," Claire said to him. "You can rest assured."

After Rowan left, Bertie slowly came back to his senses and muttered a name, "... Monica?"

Chapter 1833: Brother

Claire didn't delve deeper into her thoughts. She looked at Bertie and said, "Uncle, Annie is called

Monica, she's our friend. In fact, we all already knew each other, but we only recently found out that

she is our sister."

Bertie sat down in his chair, full of interest in the details about his daughter. "Claire, tell me more about

her," he said, following Rowan's wishes, taking the opportunity to give Bertie a preliminary

understanding of Monica.

At the Swain family villa, after having breakfast, Monica's phone rang. Her parents' gaze fell on her phone placed on the table. Monica picked it up and looked at the screen, then glanced at the two elders sitting on the opposite couch. "It's... Dr. Watson."

"Hurry and answer it," Algerone urged.

Monica's finger slid to answer the call, and she put it on speakerphone. Rowan's voice came through,

"Monica, have you had breakfast?"

"I just finished."

"I'm on my way to pick you up. I'll be there in about ten minutes."

"Okay."

"See you in a bit. Bye~" After speaking, Rowan hung up.

Then there was a brief silence in the Swain family living room. They were already prepared to leave and didn't have much to tidy up. The only thing they needed to tidy up were their feelings and emotions.

After a short while, Rowan's car stopped in the yard filled with blooming roses. He got out of the car.

Under the bright sunlight, his tall and imposing figure exuded a certain aura.

Algerone and Belinda walked out of the living room with Monica.

"Good morning, Uncle and Aunt," he greeted them politely. "Monica."

As the king of Lu Layeka, the two elders of the Swain family didn't know how to greet him for a

moment, they just smiled and nodded, "Hello, Dr. Watson."

"Brother," Monica's gaze fell on his face.

Rowan was slightly taken aback, meeting her gaze. A beautiful smile curved his lips.

"Let's go," Monica opened the back door. "Belinda, you sit inside."

Belinda withdrew her gaze and got into the car.

Rowan's gentle gaze remained on the girl. Her earlier 'brother' had given him a great deal of energy,

making him feel content in body and mind.

After Monica got into the car and sat next to Belinda, she turned to look outside. "Dad, sit here! Come

in quickly!"

"Okay." Algerone nodded quickly and bent down to sit next to his daughter.

Rowan closed the car doors for them and returned to the driver's seat. The car set off towards Rowan's home, not at a fast pace. The morning breeze blew in through the car window, failing to blow away the various thoughts in everyone's hearts.

Each person in the car had a different mood. Monica sat between her parents, with both of their hands holding hers, cherishing the feeling of their grasp.

Monica lowered her eyes, silent... She could sense their complex emotions at this moment, which must have been filled with a lot of reluctance and helplessness.

Monica also held their hands tightly, responding with the same strength, providing them with a kind of comfort in an intangible way.

Throughout the journey, Rowan didn't say much. He drove seriously, ensuring everyone's safety.

Occasionally, he glanced at the people in the back through the rearview mirror, and he probably had a good idea of what they were thinking at that moment.

As long as the people you love are still alive, you can overcome any hardship.

Chapter 1834: Father and Daughter Reunion

Claire mentioned to him, "Monica is in a relationship. She's dating a particularly outstanding boyfriend,

named Tristan, who is the CEO of Clarke Corp."

Upon hearing this news, the old father's originally excited heart sank a little, feeling somewhat lost.

His daughter had grown up... She was no longer a little girl; she had started dating. The old father felt a sense of being worlds apart.

Yet, upon careful consideration, he calculated that his daughter had reached the age for marriage.

Indeed, she had grown up.

She was no longer a little girl.

Looking at the solemn expression on the old king's face, Claire didn't know how to comfort him, nor did she understand why his mood suddenly turned despondent.

After a while, the old king let out a sigh and couldn't help but smile, "I was being foolish. I thought she was still that little girl..."

How many years had passed?

Regretting his absence during her growth, Bertie felt a deep sense of self-blame.

"What did you say her boyfriend's name was?" Seizing the moment before his daughter arrived, he

wanted to learn more.

"His name is Tristan," Claire replied. "He is Mrs. Marsh's elder brother, a very outstanding man."

Mr. Marsh's elder brother?

This status brought a glimmer of hope to Bertie's eyes. Undoubtedly, he must be a high-quality man.

Entrusting his daughter to him would indeed be reassuring.

Soon, Rowan's car drove into the yard and came to a stop.

Bertie and Claire stood up and walked outside, both feeling a bit excited, especially Bertie. He could

hardly remember the surroundings, his gaze fixed on the car, quickening his pace.

When Rowan got out of the car, Algerone also stepped out.

Shortly after, Monica and Belinda also got out of the car, closed the doors, and the four of them walked

forward.

As they walked, Monica suddenly stopped in her tracks. Facing Bertie, she looked at him with tearful

eyes, her heart skipping a beat.

Is it him?

The people beside her also stopped in their tracks.

Bertie's gaze met Monica's... It was really her!

He felt overjoyed, slowing his pace and stopping a couple of meters away, as if time had stood still.

Bertie had mentally prepared himself; upon hearing the name Monica, he had a strong premonition that fate had arranged for him to meet his daughter!

What a miraculous fate! Meeting twice within a short period of time!

Yet for Monica at that moment, it was more a feeling of shock.

Her father was actually... that uncle...

In her mind, scenes of their two meetings flashed by, the kind uncle, his eyes, his smile...

So, he came for Claire?

"My Annie..." Holding her tightly, tears already welled up in his eyes, streaming down his face. "My

Annie, I finally see you."

Monica slowly came back to herself, gently lifted her hands, and wrapped them around her father's waist, holding him in her embrace...

This scene deeply moved everyone in the yard.

"Dad..." Monica's nose tingled, smiling as she gently patted Bertie's back, "Your daughter has returned, she's back."

At this point, Bertie was too overwhelmed to say anything. He held his daughter and wept, his throat

choked with a mix of joy, excitement, regret, and self-reproach.

Algerone put his arm around Belinda's shoulder, silently comforting her.

Until they separated on their own, both of them were in tears.

"Sorry, Annie..."

Chapter 1835: A Group of Kind People

Although she seemed to lack a father's love, Algerone had given her fatherly love.

But what about a daughter's love for her father? Who had given that to him over the years?

So Monica also felt guilty, a guilt that only made one feel even sadder.

"Alright." Bertie turned the page on the past as long as his daughter was happy, "Dad promises you."

He no longer reproached himself, no longer felt guilty. His face bore a smile, filled with joy and gratitude.

Monica was also very happy. She turned to Algerone and Belinda, standing between them, linking her arms with theirs.

Adjusting her emotions, she graciously introduced, "Dad, let me introduce you. This is my mom,

Belinda, and this is dad, Algerone. They have raised me single-handedly and I've never lacked the warmth of a family."

Bertie knew they had just remarried yesterday.

He looked at the two of them, a couple who seemed to be made for each other, and also seemed to be kind-hearted people.

He felt grateful to them and took a step forward, gazing at them for a long time. Algerone and Belinda felt the pressure, knowing he was the former king, which created a somewhat awkward atmosphere.

The old king didn't speak, and they didn't know what to say.

Unexpectedly, the old king deeply bowed to them, suddenly performing a particularly formal gesture, which startled everyone, especially Algerone and Belinda, who were taken aback!

Wanting to assist but not daring to touch his noble body, they were caught in a few seconds of conflicting emotions.

Bertie bowed for five seconds, then slowly straightened up, "Thank you, thank you!" His voice trembled

with genuine gratitude.

Algerone and Belinda, tears in their eyes, smiled and shook their heads... They were all kind people.

"It's also our fate to meet Monica," Belinda wiped her tears.

Monica's nose tingled, and tears welled up in her eyes again.

Bertie could see their strong bond and sense their emotions at that moment. So, he immediately stated,

"Today, I'm acknowledging my daughter, but that doesn't mean I want to take her away."

In fact, as he said this, he felt a bit sad inside.

But he had no choice. He was well aware of a fact: kind-hearted people value emotions. The bond

between a child and the parents who raised her was unbreakable.

Thus, he chose to step back, solely to prevent his daughter from suffering for the rest of her life, to

spare her from making a difficult choice.

He continued, "Monica is not an object I've lost. She's a flesh-and-blood person with her own thoughts.

I certainly won't impose my thoughts on her. Although she is the princess of Lu Layeka, she is also

absolutely free."

Upon hearing this, Algerone and Belinda were deeply moved.

No one had expected this birth father to be so open-minded.

While Monica was moved, she suddenly felt relieved. She no longer needed to voice the many persuasive words she had prepared.

Such an open-minded father didn't require convincing.

At that moment, Algerone and Belinda were so moved that they couldn't find words to say. They were completely at peace, knowing their daughter hadn't been taken away.

"But Monica, Dad hopes you can come back to the country," Bertie sat on the sofa, holding his daughter's hand, inviting her, "You can think of it as a vacation."

"I'll call you father," the girl smiled as she looked at him and then at Algerone, "It's clearer this way."

Chapter 1836: Julie's Worries

"Alright." Monica nodded readily and began to make arrangements, raising her gaze to look at

Algerone and Belinda. "Would you be able to... take a honeymoon?"

Before the couple could respond, Bertie extended an invitation on behalf of the entire Lu Layeka royal family, "Mr. Swain, Mrs. Swain, I sincerely invite you. I can arrange the entire itinerary, so you don't need to worry. Just consider it your honeymoon."

Algerone and Belinda, feeling awkward after their recent marriage, agreed as per their daughter's wishes, much to Bertie's delight. Lu Layeka, a prosperous kingdom, with its royal buildings enveloped by the sunset, each castle appeared uniquely beautiful.

Taylor devoted his time in the study to medical books, truly transformed. He had ceased his recent skiing and horseback riding activities, focusing solely on studying. Catherine found this change unsettling, "Julie, Taylor has completely changed lately."

"Yes, Your Highness, I've observed Prince Taylor discreetly many times. He's genuinely focused on his studies, often keeping the study light on until around two in the morning."

Catherine couldn't help but worry about his health, "His nutrition must be monitored, sleep must be ensured, regular check-ups with the doctor, and you must ensure he balances work and rest. He's my only son; of course, I want him to excel, but more importantly, I want him to have a healthy body."

"Yes, Your Highness." Julie, loyal to her, naturally shared her thoughts, "You can rest assured, I will take good care of Prince Taylor."

Just as she finished speaking, Catherine's phone rang. Surprisingly, it was Bertie calling. She quickly

answered, "Hello, darling, when do you plan to return?" She was genuinely delighted by his proactive call.

Julie noticed Catherine's expression shift as she spoke with Bertie. Initially, it showed surprise and then seemed filled with astonishment. She listened intently, and it was only after the call ended that

Catherine murmured, "Alright, I understand," still sounding shocked.

Julie watched as Catherine slowly ended the call, her expression causing her own heart to sink.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

Catherine slowly turned to her, still in a state of shock, "He said... they found Princess Annie."

Such a significant matter, they would not allow room for error. Catherine also informed her, "They are returning to the country, bringing back Princess Annie and her adoptive parents, so we need to prepare a reception plan here."

Chapter 1837: Tristan's Serious Approach

Catherine looked at her in surprise, lowering her voice, she asked, "You're still concerned about his position in the line of succession? This is not the time for that. If he wants to study medicine, let him focus on that without any distractions."

"Who can predict the future situation?" Julie felt it was a pity but chose not to say anything further. After

all, all these years of effort were focused on the succession, believing Prince Taylor to be the sole heir and the future king. Who would have expected Louis to suddenly emerge? With Princess Annie's return, the situation would become even more complicated.

"You should arrange a reception plan with the same standards as a state banquet. We mustn't tarnish the royal family's reputation," Catherine instructed her. "You should start planning, and I will need to review every detail, down to the menu."

The queen still intended to personally oversee it? Did this mean she also regarded Princess Annie as her own? Julie wondered. The queen seemed to have a good capacity for acceptance, first with Louis and now with Annie.

"Yes," Julie nodded, then turned and left. She truly couldn't understand why the queen had become so magnanimous.

Catherine, on the other hand, had a sudden realization, becoming unexpectedly shrewd. Instead of contending with this group of clever individuals, she saw the benefit in befriending them. Louis not only

had his father's support but also the formidable influence of Mr. Marsh. It was not wise to fight an unwinnable battle.

Arkpool City. As the moon set and the sun rose, a brand new day began. Tristan's car pulled into the driveway of the Algerone's mansion, and as he stepped out, Monica dashed from behind the curtains the moment he entered the living room, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Good morning," she exclaimed.

Tristan wasn't startled by her sudden appearance. Instead, he lifted her up, just like one would lift a child. This action caught Monica off guard. At that moment, Algerone and Belinda happened to come downstairs and witnessed the scene, but no one felt embarrassed.

Monica turned towards the couple, "Dad, Mom, good morning!"

"Good morning, uncle and aunt," Tristan greeted them while still holding Monica, showing no intention of letting go. The two elders, with smiling faces, inquired, "Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, we have."

"Are you heading out now?"

"Yes, we are. We arranged to meet in the morning because my brother has a surgery at ten. He's

waiting for us at home."

"Then, go ahead," Algerone said, feeling particularly reassured. After all, the former king had made his intentions clear, and his daughter now had a brother and new family members. It made him happy.

Tristan didn't release her or respond; instead, he continued to carry her with a smile. "I think you need to gain some weight," he remarked, not letting her go until they reached the passenger side, where he finally set her down.

"I'm just fine like this!" She retorted.

Chapter 1838: Urging for Marriage

Today, Bertie also got up early, actually, he had been looking forward to it since last night and couldn't sleep at all.

He dressed carefully. Although he recognized his daughter yesterday, they didn't spend much time together. Last night, he dreamed of his daughter again, and now her figure lingered in his mind.

He missed her a lot. Even though they would meet shortly, he was still very excited.

Not only would he meet his daughter, but he would also meet his prospective son-in-law.

Rowan noticed all of his father's emotions. Perhaps this was the happiest thing that had happened to

his father in a long time?

Tristan's car soon stopped in the yard. Bertie got up from the sofa and looked excitedly towards the door, feeling his heart beating noticeably faster.

"Father, I'll go out." Rowan got up to greet them at the door.

After Tristan and Monica got out of the car, they walked hand in hand towards the house. Tristan was holding an exquisite little bag with a gift inside.

Seeing Rowan from a distance, Tristan suddenly felt a little embarrassed.

Rowan used to be his rival in love. They had even fought over Claire. But now... he had become his brother?

Fate!

But Tristan remained composed, choosing to forget the past selectively. Sometimes people don't realize who they truly love until the end.

"Monica, Tristan," Rowan smiled and asked, "Have you had breakfast?"

"We have," Monica approached him, "Uncle, is father awake?"

"He is. He's waiting for you inside."

Rowan's eyes met Tristan's. Although Tristan was older than Rowan, according to seniority, it was only a matter of time before Rowan had to address him as 'brother'.

"Brother," Tristan gently spoke, surprising Monica. She turned to look at him, feeling suddenly delighted.

Tristan smiled at Monica, affectionately ruffling her hair.

Rowan was also pleased. Whatever happened in the past, no one would worry about it anymore.

"Please come in," he said, leading everyone inside.

"Father!" Monica's voice was gentle and full of smiles. "I dreamt about you last night." She went forward and gave the middle-aged man a big hug.

Bertie smiled. "I dreamt about you too, Annie. Father also dreamt about you."

After the embrace, Monica quickly took Tristan's arm and happily introduced, "Father, this is Tristan, my boyfriend!"

What could it be that's so magical? Monica looked at him with confusion.

Bertie became interested and took the bag. "Thank you," he said, then his gaze hardly left Tristan.

"Children, please sit down." Bertie gestured, taking a seat on the sofa, then he went straight to the point. "Do you have plans to get married?"

This question caught Monica off guard, and she felt a bit embarrassed.

Bertie smiled as he looked at the young couple seated across from him, then continued, "Well, Tristan, I like you a lot."

"Father, you've only just met him!" Monica reminded him to be a bit more reserved.

Chapter 1839: A Special Wedding Ring

So, Bertie's intention was clear. He approved of Tristan as his son-in-law.

Tristan took Monica's hand in front of his prospective father-in-law and met Bertie's eyes, showing a smile. "Uncle, as long as Monica wants to get married, I can marry her at any time. But for now, we've decided to go through the process of dating first."

"Oh?" Bertie felt like he heard a new term. "There's a process to dating?"

Upon hearing this question from her father, the girl felt a bit embarrassed. This annoying sense of ceremony might seem affected in the eyes of the older generation. But Bertie was genuinely curious, looking at them with curiosity, hoping they would reveal something.

So, Tristan explained his plan to him, "We agreed to complete one hundred small things in our relationship before getting married."

"How many have you completed so far?"

The father was a bit nosy and showed approval. "This is very innovative and a special experience. It's always good to spend more time together before marriage. After all, marriage is for a lifetime. It should involve love and compatibility. It's good to get to know each other well."

Monica leaned happily against Tristan's shoulder, and replied to her father, "We've completed less than ten. My mother fell ill and had surgery, so I've been with her in the hospital."

"Is she feeling better now? How is she today?" Bertie asked with concern. "Even though she's been discharged, she still needs to rest a lot."

"Yes, she'll take care," Monica assured him.

At this point, Bertie took out a small box and handed it to them. "Children, this is a gift from me to you."

Monica took it and opened it, finding two special rings inside, with a vintage style that was clearly not something one could buy in the market.

"This is a gift for your first meeting. Yesterday was too rushed, and I didn't have time to prepare," Bertie explained. "I had these flown in from Lu Layeka. They are part of the royal collection, the wedding rings of King Louis VI and Queen."

The significance of such a gift was truly immense.

Monica suddenly felt the weight of the box in her hand, and her joy was slightly diminished. She looked up, "Father, this is too precious, I can't accept it."

"You are worthy," Bertie said kindly. "I'm not giving this to a friend, but to my daughter. You are the princess of our Lu Layeka. Why shouldn't you accept it?"

The girl was momentarily at a loss for words.

"Thank you, Father," Monica finally accepted the gift, feeling touched and happy.

Bertie beamed even more, saying, "You're welcome. I wish you both happiness. No matter how long you date, on the day of the wedding, I hope you can marry as the princess of Lu Layeka, and have a grand wedding in our most beautiful castle!"

The girl met her father's eyes, her smile as sweet as honey.

Monica and Tristan both agreed to their father's request.

Chapter 1840: Tristan's Sincerity

There are two pairs of rings, each symbolizing a harmonious union for a hundred years and once the wedding rings of a king and queen. Bertie intended to give a pair to Rowan and Claire and the other to Taylor. He was truly a good father, maintaining balance in everything because only with a harmonious family can everything prosper.

Tristan and Monica spent the morning chatting with their father, as it had been many years since they had seen each other, and there was plenty to talk about. They were full of joy and laughter, and it brought them closer as a family. He truly didn't carry himself with the air of a ruler, just that of a caring father.

Rowan headed to the hospital a little after nine because he had a highly difficult surgery to perform in the morning, which had been scheduled the day before. However, Tristan and Monica stayed to have lunch with their father. Tristan personally cooked, and Monica helped in the kitchen. They refused to let their father lift a finger, insisting he sit in the living room and read.

Listening to the sounds from the kitchen and smelling the aroma of the food, Bertie experienced a happiness he had never felt in his life. This was the joy only an ordinary father could have - devoid of

power and status, free from formalities and constraints, filled only with warmth and love.

In the afternoon, after Rowan returned, Tristan and Monica left, promising to arrange a trip to Lu Layeka with their father as soon as possible. Bertie didn't rush them, giving Catherine enough time to prepare for their arrival. After they left, Bertie opened the gift Tristan had given him: a carefully crafted photo album. Leafing through it, he saw Monica's life from childhood to the present, each image and scene flooding his mind. Over a hundred photos compiled into an exquisite album. Bertie stood in front of the sofa, holding the album, and looked towards the direction the car had departed. He was so moved that his eyes welled up. For this long-absent father, this album held immeasurable significance, truly a priceless treasure.

Accompanying the album was a handwritten letter. He quickly opened it, appreciating the neat handwriting, a visual delight. The content read:

"Uncle, I admire Monica and genuinely care for her. I truly intend to marry her, to be by her side and care for her for a lifetime. I had planned to write many heartfelt words, but when the pen touched the paper, I only wanted to promise you that I will love your daughter for a lifetime. Please trust me with

her."

Signed "Tristan," with the time recorded down to the minute. This remarkable man must have

contemplated for a long time before writing such a letter, Bertie thought. Holding the handwritten letter,

he was genuinely surprised. In this day and age, handwritten things still existed? Overwhelmed with

emotions, he felt a bit overwhelmed at the moment. Annie was truly a lucky child to have encountered

the Swain family and a boyfriend who cherished and loved her. This young man was reliable; one could

tell from the first glance that he was absolutely dependable.