

## **Surprised 1131**

### Chapter 1131 Ivan's Action

Sitting across the table from him and having breakfast with him made Daphne feel sweet inside. She kept glancing at him as she took every bite.

There was admiration, coveting and appreciation in her eyes.

"I'm full. I will go take my purse!" She said and got upstairs.

When She went down and was at the turn of the stairs, she found his car in the yard gone!

Her heart skipped a beat and there was disappointment in her eyes. He left without her.

Daphne walked downstairs listlessly and her happiness was gone.

She stood alone in the empty living room and felt the sunshine not as beautiful as just now.

She was lost in disappointment.

"Does He really have to avoid me like this?" She was upset, "So what if the colleagues see us

together? We came back together last night anyway."

She came to herself and looked at the time. She was going to be late. Therefore, she had to call an

Uber since her car was still in the hospital parking lot.

On the way, she couldn't fight it out. He took her to a picnic with his friends the other day and she had thought he had recognized her.

He had introduced her to his friends already, what was with this Then?

On the same morning.

Although the cooperation was already over, Jennifer went to the Clarke Corp.

"Tristan!"

At the door of the CEO's office, Jennifer came in with a cake.

Tristan put down the document in his hands and looked gently at her, "Morning, Michelle,"

"You used to buy me cakes, I'm taking a turn today," Jennifer put the cake down on the desk and spread her arms.

Tristan stared at her and smiles gently as he walked towards her. He was tall and embraced her.

It was a warm, strong but short embrace. They soon parted.

Tristan looked at the door. No one was there.

"They have all gone to a meeting, I came here ticking the time." Jennifer smiled.

She was to keep a distance from him here and to tell him she would keep their relationship a secret.

They tacitly smiled and started to cut the cake.

"How did you get here?" Tristan asked.

"My husband sent me here."

He asked again, "Are you leaving after the cake?" After all, she had nothing to do here and the designers had gone back to the Marsh Group.

Jennifer ate the cream, "Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him here?" Tristan was confused.

Jennifer arched her eyebrows and smiled, "He always gets jealous and can be violent. I didn't ask him to come up or share the cake."

Tristan was amused.

In the Lamborghini downstairs, Ivan waited patiently for his wife. He felt completely different now.

He looked much more handsome when he wasn't being jealous.

After a while, his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and a male voice came, "Mr. Marsh, I have sent you all the information of the shareholders of the Clarke Group."

"And their connections?" Ivan asked.

"I have drawn a map and sent it to your email as well."

"Good." Ivan hung up.

Jennifer walked out of the building, got into the passenger seat and sad, "Let's go."

Ivan started the car. He didn't tell Jennifer that he had been secretly investigating the inside of Clarke

Corp. He didn't intend to tell her what he was doing but what he found.

In the hospital.

Claire was woken up by a call. She answered the phone and scratched her hair in a daze, looking

sleepy.

When She heard what Saskia said on the phone, she was awake in an instant and yelled, "what the

heck is wrong with you?"

At the locked door, Rowan stopped when he heard this.

Chapter 1132 I Warn You

"He has slept with another woman and you let him stay over at your place? You deserved to be

cheated! You've such a pushover!"

Claire's excited voice came again.

"Did I get kicked for nothing? You said you wouldn't forgive him, but you are indulging Him now!"

Behind the closed door, Rowan could feel her rage.

She wouldn't hang up any time soon.

He looked at the breakfast he had bought, it was getting cold.

So, he knocked on the door.

After a while, while getting out of bed, Claire put on her slippers and opened the door. After taking the

medicine, she felt her knees better now.

"I'm telling you, Saskia, if you forgive Parker today and you guys get married one day, you will regret it!"

"Eight years? That means nothing! He has cheated on you and you're still cared about the eight years?"

Opening the door, she got back in bed and was still talking on the phone. She was so focused on the phone call that she didn't even notice her messy hair and clothes.

When Rowan walked into the ward with the breakfast, Daphne, who had just gotten out of the elevator, saw it and was stunned.

She saw the breakfast. Did He bring it for Claire?

Daphne pursed her lips and walked over in high heels.

In the ward.

Rowan put the breakfast down on the nightstand and listened to her on the phone.

"I warn you, Saskia. Be in your right mind and stop messing around with him! Break up with him!

NOW!"

rowan turned to look at her with a frown. Her hair was in such a mess. She was on the phone while

scratching her hair. Some of her hair was pulled off and dropped to the covers.

"I'm done talking to you! Remember my last words to you. We will no longer be friends if you keep

seeing him!"

At the door, Daphne stood there and eavesdropped

Claire then hung up in anger.

rowan said, "You should get involved in others' relationship affairs. You should worry more about

yourself."

His gentle voice came and Claire, sitting in bed, was startled. She looked up all of a sudden, frightened.

She screamed and stood up, "How Did You get in?"

Rowan was startled by her reaction and reminded her, "you opened the door for me."

Claire recalled. She was too focused on the phone call to notice it.

Her hair! And her clothes!

She was so embarrassed!

"Breakfast is here," Rowan pointed at it, "Eat it. I'm going to check on the patients and come again

later."

Claire found that he wasn't wearing his doctor's gown. Did he just arrive and come to deliver her

breakfast before he could go to his office?

"Thank you." She was still a bit embarrassed.

"Where's the laptop?" Rowan looked around and didn't see it.

Claire turned around and took out the laptop from under the covers. Rowan was dumbfounded.

"It's out of power," Claire blinked her big eyes at him.

Rowan took it over and didn't say anything. He turned around and let. Daphne, who was at the door,

immediately hid herself.

Claire looked at his back and pursed her lips. She let him on?

And He heard her on the phone with her best friend?

It was unbelievable.

Chapter 1133 Whatever

As soon as Rowan left, Claire's stomach grumbled and she was indeed hungry.

Regardless of her hair, which always got messy in the morning.

She took out the milk and started to eat the sandwich when Daphne walked in.

She heard that Rowan was going to check on the patients and he wouldn't be back any time soon.

Hearing the footsteps, Claire turned her head and they locked eyes.

Seeing that Claire looked in a mess in the morning and didn't dress up at all, Daphne couldn't help

smiling with mockery.

"What does that mean?" Claire walked towards her and didn't feel awkward at all.

Daphne asked, "What?"

Claire was straightforward, "what were you laughing at?" She looked down at her clothes and didn't

seem to care at all, "You came to compare yourself to an injured person with your makeup and high heels?"

Daphne was rendered speechless. She thought that Claire was so sharp-tongued and ill-bred.

Therefore, to show her elegance, she said kindly, "Why did you need Dr. Watson's laptop?"

Claire ate her sandwich and drank her milk, "To update my novel. I am a writer and I need to update this online novel I've been working on every day."

"I'm not interested in who you are," with a smile on her face, Daphne kindly reminded her, "Dr. Watson is the dean here..."

"I know," Claire cut in.

"Hear me out," Daphne continued, "There are a lot of important things in his computer. You wouldn't be able to bear the responsibility of you leaked any of them."

However, Claire chewed the food and asked casually, "Why would it be leaked if I didn't touch it?"

daphne was speechless and felt pissed.

Then, she restored her calmness and smiled. She reached out her arm, "Hi, my name is Daphne Wells.

Nice to meet you."

Claire drank up her milk and said, "I know, you are his sister. We met at the barbecue the other day."

She put down the cup and the sandwich.

Daphne's hand was still in the air, she stressed, "His last name is Watson and mine is Wells. You really think he's my brother?"

Claire turned to look at her and was stunned for a while, "You're not his sister? But what does it have to do with me what your relationship is?" She murmured to herself.

Then She shook hands with Daphne, "My name is Claire Russell. What can I do for you, Ms. Wells?"

Claire asked seriously and then continued, "If There's nothing else, I need to get some sleep now. I stayed up all night on the laptop and didn't get much sleep."

Her words might be intentional.

Daphne saw her take out Rowan's laptop from under the covers just now. She slept the whole night with his laptop!

"I am a doctor and Rowan's assistant doctor. You can call me Dr. Wells."

His assistant? Claire didn't care at all.

She simply asked, "Then shouldn't you call him Dr. Watson at work?"

Daphne was pissed again.

"Alright, It's just address. Whatever." Claire got on the bed and lay down, "Will you close the door for

me when you leave? Thank you, Dr. Wells."

Chapter 1134 He Wants It

She was really rude!

But seeing that Claire had lain down, Daphne had to turn around and leave, closing the door for her.

Getting back to her office, she put on her doctor's gown and looked at herself in the mirror. It was hard

to tell what was on her mind.

Although reluctant, she had to go house hunting with Rowan in the afternoon.

In the morning.

In the Marsh Group, the tall buildings towered into the clouds. The glasses reflected the clouds and the

sky.

Ivan sat in the sofa in his office, with his legs crossed. Although He looked gentle, He had an

intimidating presence.

"Mr. Marsh."

Finnley sat at his desk and analyzed the information of the shareholders of the Clarke Corp. "This guy named Tucker seems like a potential rebel."

Ivan leaned forward and found Tucker's profile and read it quickly, "He looks like fine but I agree with you. There's something weird about him."

The two had the same hunch.

Ivan picked up another file and said, "and this Aaron, he has been doing shady businesses. Although he seldom participates in the decision makings, he always acts against Zack on big matters."

Finnley thought about it, "I have checked the two. They don't seem to be friends."

That was strange. They weren't on the same side?

Jennifer walked in suddenly and they stopped the conversation.

Finnley left with several files signed by Ivan after seeing her here.

Ivan was still sitting in the sofa. He put down his crossed legs and waved at her.

Jennifer gave him her hands.

Ivan gently pulled her to sit down on his laps. Jennifer asked, "Honey, what were you talking about?"

"Nothing." Ivan smiled handsomely and dotingly, "What? Were you eavesdropping at the door?"

"No," Jennifer shook her head and stared at him, "I was just asking."

Ivan chuckled and touched the tip of her nose, "Well, we were talking about how to please our wives."

Jennifer blushed a little.

Ivan held the back of her head and kissed her on the lips, "Honey, when are you going to fulfill your

promise to Alfie and Diana?"

"What promise?" Jennifer thought about it and asked in confusion, "Did I promise to buy them

anything?"

Ivan stared at her with his palm at her waist. He soothed her hair and appreciated her beauty, "Think

about it."

"I didn't promise to buy them anything," she racked her brains and said, "And I didn't promise to take

them anywhere."

Seeing her serious expression, Ivan reminded her, "You promised to give them a younger brother or

sister."

Jennifer looked into his eyes and was stunned.

Seeing his playful smile and punched him gently on the chest, "Do you want another child or do they?"

"I want it."

Staring at her neck, He stressed the word "want" and then said, "They do, too." He said in a serious tone.

Before Jennifer could answer, He had kissed her in the cheek, lips, neck and went down...

"Geez, we are in your office!" She was nervous.

But Ivan hadn't had enough and wanted to prank her when Andrew came in with a document.

He bumped into this and Ivan and Jennifer looked back.

Andrew was taken aback and knew he came at the wrong time. He was in a dilemma, "Mr. and Mrs.

Marsh..."

Jennifer stood up and flushed. She was so embarrassed.

Chapter 1135 Stuck

Jennifer glanced at Ivan, took a sigh and left.

Andrew was embarrassed. He broke in at such a bad time, as a man, He was worried if Mr. Marsh

would snap at him for interrupting.

Would He punish him by deducting his salary?

"What are you thinking about?"

Ivan's voice frightened Andrew. "Mr. Marsh!"

They were so close and Andrew guiltily looked into Ivan's eyes. "Mr. Marsh, I didn't know you were...

Please forgive me." He didn't even know when Ivan walked over.

Ivan stared at him and didn't say anything. He patted him on the shoulder, "Go back to work."

Andrew was relieved to be pardoned.

At ten in the morning.

Claire had been here two hours alone. Rowan said he would come again after he checked his patients,

why hadn't he come?

She had a lot of doubts in mind. Could she leave the hospital now? She could spray some more of the

medicine he gave her. It worked really well.

She couldn't wait anymore.

She lifted the covers and put on her shoes. She walked out of the room, limping and looking for him.

He wasn't in the office.

She searched every room and finally saw him in one of the wards which was at the end of the hall.

Claire stood there against the doorframe and looked at him.

He had lush hair and looked handsome with his back to her. He was wearing a mask and talking to his

patient in a humble manner.

"Why are you here?"

Claire looked back and saw Daphne. Their eyes met.

Daphne looked at her up and down. "I am also a doctor. You can come to me if you need anything and

I will be able to help. Rowan's busy."

When Claire was about to reply, she heard a male voice.

"Come in."

The two looked over and saw Rowan staring at them.

Even with a mask on, He looked gentle through the eyes.

Daphne pushed Claire and walked in with a smile. She walked up to Rowan, "Dr. Watson, do you need

my help calling me here?"

Rowan ignored her and fixed his eyes on Claire, who had just managed to stand firm. He noticed

Daphne push her just now.

rowan waved at Claire.

"Me?" Claire pointed at her own nose.

Rowan didn't speak.

Claire limped in in confusion and stopped in front of him next to Daphne, "What do you need me?"

"Weren't you waiting for me?" Rowan looked away and noted something on his notebook, "Sit there. I

have one last patient to check here."

Daphne took a deep breath and looked calm.

Claire turned to look at the stool, "Okay." She walked over and sat down.

"Daphne," Rowan said without raising his head, "There the medical record of the patient No. 34 on my

desk, will you deliver It to him for me?"

"Of course," Daphne had to do as she was told and hold back her unhappiness. "Is there anything

else?"

"No,"

"Okay," before Daphne left, she couldn't help glancing at Claire and feeling envious

There were four patients sharing the ward, the room was clean and the air fresh.

Rowan walked to the bed of an old lady and bent over to ask, "Mrs. Pierce, have you slept well last

night? Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

"The medicine you gave me worked really well," the old lady was really grateful. "I didn't feel any pain

after I took it. No other hospital has done it before."

Her words attracted Claire's attention. She looked at Rowan again. Although he was with his side to

her, he looked like a hero.

Chapter 1136 Envious of Claire

"It's our job. I'm glad I could help," Rowan said, smiling gently, "Your stomach problem isn't serious and

you came here in time. I'm sure you will heal after treatment here."

"But everyone has been telling me that stomach problems are hard to be cured," the old lady doubted

his words.

rowan explained patiently, "It can be cured. Just trust me."

The old lady smiled.

After checking for the lady, Rowan said, "Ring the bell if you need anything. I'm leaving now."

"Okay. Thank you, Dr. Watson," the old lady looked at him with gratitude.

Rowan made a simple gesture at Claire.

Claire immediately stood up and walked out following him, "I feel much better now after taking the medicine last night. Can I leave the hospital after using it one more time?"

"What's the rush?" Rowan said while walking, "My patients can only leave after full recovery."

Claire argued, "I'm not your patient."

"But you are injured. There's no difference."

Rowan led Claire back to her wards and they bumped into Daphne, who was talking a medical record, in the hall.

Seeing the two walking shoulder to shoulder, Daphne felt uncomfortable.

But She had to walk over with a smile. When She passed by Rowan, she didn't say hello this time.

She felt jealous.

After she finished delivering the medical record and walked pass Claire's ward, she saw Rowan helping

Claire change the medicine and Jennifer was in there with them.

She envied Claire.

"Claire, you are a freelancer anyway, there's no rush in leaving the hospital. Just stay here," Jennifer

smiled and continued, "You can share food with Rowan. He can prepare an extra share for you."

Claire couldn't help chuckling, "Thank you, Jennie."

Rowan didn't refuse but massaged Claire's injured leg for her, "Got it. If you need anything, Ms.

Russell, just tell me and I will do my best."

"Thank you, Dr. Watson."

At the door, Daphne clenched her fists and walked away. She didn't like Claire at all. Claire was too

close to Rowan.

At two in the afternoon.

Daphne walked pass Claire's ward and happened to see her sitting in bed, typing on the keyboard of

Rowan's computer. She looked concentrated.

Although unhappy, Daphne walked to Rowan's office with a smile.

She knocked on the opened door politely, "Rowan, should we go house hunting now? I'm done with working." She knew she couldn't get out of it, she might as well take the initiative.

Rowan put down the pen in his hand, "Of course."

Rowan got up and took off his doctor's clothes. "Let's go." He walked out of the office towards the elevator.

Daphne followed behind him. She felt that he seemed more distant now. Was it her illusion? Maybe he was just too enthusiastic towards Claire.

"Rowan, thank you for your help these days." In the elevator, Daphne looked at him gently.

Rowan smiled and looked at her, "You're welcome. You have just got here and isn't familiar with the city."

Daphne smiled, "I want to be an excellent doctor like you. Can I ask you when I run into any troubles at work?"

"Sure. We can help each other," Rowan didn't reject Since it was about his profession.

Daphne seemed to have found a way. Even though they wouldn't live together, they had a lot of time to

be together at work.

Since they worked together, he would be attracted by her as long as she was excellent enough.

And Claire wouldn't stay in the hospital for long. She might be discharged tomorrow.

Thinking of this, Daphne was happier.

The apartment Rowan found for Daphne was right across the street from the hospital. She only needed to walk for five minutes to get to work.

Moreover, it was on the seventh floor with a good view.

Daphne followed him into the apartment and was surprised by how tidy and clean it was in the apartment. The light was just right and the air was fresh.

Daphne was caught by surprise.

"What do you think?" Seeing her looking around the room, Rowan asked, "If you don't like it, we can go see another one. I've found five apartments for you to choose."

Daphne wasn't happy to hear it.

She was shocked, "Rowan..." Did he really want to drive her away so bad? But when she looked into

his eyes, she couldn't ask this. "Thanks. I like it here."

"You're welcome." Rowan handed her the key, "Someone will move your luggage here soon."

Daphne was speechless.

In less than a minute, someone came with her luggage, "Ms. Wells. Here are your belongings, you can check if anything is missing."

"Thank you," It was all she could say.

Rowan's phone rang and he took it out of his pocket. Daphne saw it, it was Claire.

Rowan didn't answer it immediately but said to Daphne, "Get familiar with the neighborhood. I will

handle work in the afternoon," he continued after looking at her luggage, "You can get your belongings out first."

Then he turned around and left. He answered the phone at the door, "What's up?" He was soon gone.

Chapter 1138 The Same Flight

In the CEO's office in the Marsh Group.

Ivan had just finished a video conference when his phone rang and he answered it.

The caller reported.

"Mr. Marsh, Aaron bought a ticket to London leaving at five this afternoon. Tucker hasn't made any move."

"Keep watching and report to me if anything happens," Ivan said.

"Yes, sir. We have man boarding the same flight with Aaron. He will make us a list of Aaron's schedule every day and send it to your email."

"Good. Watch him closely," Ivan hung up the phone.

Jennifer walked in and saw him put down the phone. "Watch who? Is it serious?"

"Not a big deal," Ivan got up and walked to her, hugging her, "Your brother is leaving, aren't you seeing him off?"

"Where's He going?"

"To New York to get his medical records," said Ivan proudly.

Jennifer was surprised, "He told you?" She didn't even know.

"Yup."

"You're good," Jennifer nudged his shoulder, "Since when did you become so close? Aren't you jealous of him anymore?"

"Hey!" Ivan pinched her cheek.

"It hurts!"

Claire, who had just left the hospital, went to Finnley and Mya's place. She didn't tell Mya about her leg.

Her phone rang as soon as she walked into her room.

She stared at it for a while in surprise. It was someone from the Writers' Association.

Claire answered it, "Ms. Campell."

"Claire, There's an exchange event for writers in New York. We have a seat left, would you like to go?"

The voice of a middle-aged woman came through the phone.

"When is the event?" Claire was a full-time freelance writer who liked to travel. She was free from marriage and kids.

"The flight's at six in the afternoon. You can get ready now and meet everyone at the airport. I will invite you into the group chat and you can contact Ms. Harlee, she's in charge of the event. You have her Facebook account, don't you?"

"Yes. I do," said Claire, "Thank you for your trust, ma'am. I will get ready now!"

It was a recognition for her to get the invitation and a good opportunity for her to meet fellow writers.

There were so many members in the Writers' Association, if she wasn't good enough, she wouldn't be able to get the opportunity.

Claire soon packed up her things and rushed to the airport.

In the Clarke Corp.

Tristan walked in the CEO's office, "Mr. Clarke, I've arranged the work schedule."

"The flight is at six in the afternoon," Zack stood there and put his hands on Tristan's shoulders, "Be careful in New York."

He was a worried father.

"Take care of yourself, dad," Tristan hadn't left his side since he came back to the country.

They looked at each other for a few seconds.

"I'm leaving," Tristan smiled and left.

Seeing him walking away, Zack felt proud.

Tristan was always so calm in front of everything and he was a responsible grown man.

An hour later, on Flight CA818 to New York, the passengers started to board the plane.

Tristan boarded the plane and soon found his seat. He sat down on a seat, the next to him and to the window was empty.

The passengers were all dressed up and polite.

Chapter 1139 Encounter

Tristan sat on his seat and with his back against the chair. He closed his eyes for some rest. The warm lights in the carriage fell down him.

He looked like an absolute gentleman in his tailored suit.

He had just reviewed a major plan last night and gave ten detailed suggestions. He didn't go to bed unto four in the morning.

He had just walked around the company for hours and was exhausted. He wanted to take a nap now.

With a pink suitcase and a bag, Claire walked in wearing a fashionable dress and a hat.

She was holding her boarding pass and looking for her seat.

The passengers were all very polite and talked in a low voice in the carriage, "Excuse me."

Claire stopped next to Tristan and checked the seat again

Although Tristan was with his eyes closed, He shouldn't have fallen asleep. She said, "Sir?"

Hearing the voice, Tristan opened his eyes and they locked eyes, both with somewhat shock.

It was a soothing eye contact.

"Sir, my seat is next to yours." Claire soon came to herself.

Tristan stood up and let her in without saying anything.

Claire put her suitcase up. Because her suitcase wasn't big and it was light, she didn't need anyone's help.

Although she was a freelance writer, she had traveled a lot on planes around the world after she had money.

Tristan sat down next to her, buckled up his seat belt and closed his eyes again. He was ready exhausted.

The plane hadn't taken off and the last few passengers had just arrived. The stewardesses were doing the final checkup.

Claire's phone rang. She took out her phone from her bag, looked at the caller ID and answered it.

"This is Rowan," Rowan's gentle voice came through, "Although you have left the hospital, don't walk

around or travel for now."

Damn it!

How did he know?

Claire looked out of the window at the planes while answering the phone. Would he jinx it?

"Got it..."

Before She could finish, the broadcast came.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the flight sets off at Arkpool city and heads for New York..."

"Are you on a plane?" Rowan was surprised, "You have only just recovered, where are you going?"

"I have something to do in New York. I haven't to hang up now," said Claire, "I'm not your patient

anymore after I left the hospital, you don't have to worry about me. But thanks for your concern

Anyway."

Then she hung up.

Rowan didn't know why he called her. Somehow, he felt strangely uneasy.

Soon, the broadcast stopped and the plane took off.

Claire had a facial mask on before wearing the patch. She closed her eyes for rest.

It had been quiet for about ten minutes when no one spoke. Everyone was probably closing Their eyes for rest.

Then, someone started to play TikTok out loud. In the video, some middle-aged woman was shouting and cursing.

The lady watching TikTok laughed out loud.

"Geez, 80-year-old man having an affair with a 60-year-old GIRL? Who made the title?"

Then She scrolled to the next video and played it at the loudest sound. While watching, she kept talking to herself and it became noisy in the carriage.

Tristan closed his eyes and frowned.

It went on...

Some passengers looked over at the lady with disdain.

Someone even complained in a low voice, "She's so rude."

Chapter 1140 A Public Space

However,

the lady didn't feel her behavior inappropriate at all. She kept

scrolling through her TikTok.

She

kept laughing wildly.

While

watching, she kept talking. "This guy is so weird and stupid!"

Her voice was hard for the ears.

It

sounded through the carriage.

Claire

sighed impatiently and thought she had to do something.

She

was not a tolerant person. After taking her patch off, she rolled her

eyes, "Hey, lady! This is a public space and we all need

quietness, stop watching your TikTok!"

Tristan

opened his eyes and felt great.

Then

everyone looked over at Claire, including the lady watching TikTok.

Soon,

everyone looked at the woman and someone echoed, "Yes. You're

being too loud."

"It's

a long flight and we need rest, lady."

"We'd

appreciate it."

The

lady reluctantly stopped watching TikTok and complained, "No one

else has said anything. Why yell at me? So rude!"

Claire

didn't hear her, put on her patch and was about to sleep when she

heard the voice of a video. It seemed that it was a child laughing

and running.

"See?

This is my grandsons, He's five but he's really smart!"

It

was the lady again. She was showing the video to the passenger Who

sat next to her. "He Can ride a bike now and is really smart! I

haven't seen him in a month and I am going to New York to see him

this time."

The

video was still playing but the lady's voice was much louder than the

video.

"Are

you going to stop?" Claire took off her patch and was pissed,

"This is on the plane! It's not your house! Do you have to be

yelled at to stop your noises?"

The

video was stopped and it was quiet for a few seconds.

Tristan

widened his eyes and looked at the girl next to him who was in a

rage.

"Who

the hell are you?" The lady unfastened her safety belt and

rushed over, "No one else on the plane said anything, you should

shut up!"

"I

have told you to be quiet already!" Claire was furious and

looked into her eyes, stressing again, "This is a public space,

not your house!"

Her

words embarrassed the lady. There was a huge age difference between

them.

The

lady pointed at Claire's nose, outraged. She wanted to slap Claire in

the face.

Claire

saw that she was fat and like a shrew and couldn't help avoiding her.

Tristan

stood up and grabbed the woman's wrist in time. He was tall and

intimidating.

The

lady was startled.

Claire

was surprised.

The

man was frowning and said, "What's? You want to hit her now?"

Obviously,

He was dissatisfied with the lady and grabbed her wrist tightly.

"Ouch!

It hurts!" The lady felt pain in her wrist and cried, "Let

go of me! Do you know who I am? You will be doomed!"

Tristan

used more strength and the lady groaned in pain.