

Surprised 1151

Chapter 1151 Turn Down

Hearing this, Tristan stopped fiddling with the tea cup and looked up into her eyes. He didn't answer after a while, "Yes."

He gave an affirmative answer.

His eyes were deep and gentle, as if he could see through the girl sitting across from him with them.

Claire became gossipy. She leaned forward and asked curiously in a low voice, "Have you told her about your feelings for her? Does she know?"

Tristan wasn't used to answering such questions, "No." He didn't like telling others his feelings.

"Let me tell you, you have to tell her your feelings for her," Claire took him as a friend and advised, "I have been writing romantic stories for years and I'm experienced."

Tristan pursed her lips and frowned. Was she going to chatter now?

Claire said, "Fate is strange, someone might get ahead of you and she might be with someone else."

Tristan stared at her and smiled, "It's not so dramatic in real life. You're still too young."

"How is it not?" Claire refuted, "It's even more dramatic in real life."

Tristan poured her tea and placed it in front of her. He said in a low and gentle voice, "In real life, when you fall in love with someone and tell her your feelings before you can be sure she feels the same way, you might not even be able to stay friends after that. Keep your silence until you're sure the feeling is mutual."

"But you are an excellent man. Maybe she does like you too," Claire said to him, "You should be confident in yourself."

"Cut it," Tristan said.

"The girl who you like must be excellent, too. In that case, she must have a lot of pursuers. I think you should be quick."

Tristan was never a man who would take risks.

He believed in fate.

He met her three times in a day already, it must be fate.

"Hey, are you listening to me?" Claire glanced at him.

Tristan looked up and he was patient to her, unlike he was when he was talking to Lydia. He didn't know what to say.

Soon, the sound of high heels came.

The two looked over and saw Lydia walking over with a smile. She walked past Claire and sat down in her previous seat.

"Tristan, my dad likes you and I don't hate you. Maybe we should try dating." She took her tea cup and cut to the chase, "You know me. My dad's the minister of Justice."

"I'm sorry," Tristan was straightforward and calmly explained, "I don't have any feelings for you and I'm not interested. You don't have to waste your time on me."

Claire widened her eyes. So straightforward!

Lydia was stunned. Again? And also when another woman was present? She was so embarrassed.

Tristan had made it clear enough. He put down his tea cup and looked at them, "Excuse me." He got up and left.

The two watched him walking upstairs and it was quiet.

"Did you say something to him?" Lydia got up and looked at her u happily.

Claire was stunned, "Me?"

"Yes. He wasn't so impatient just now when I talked to him for half an hour. He looked interested," Lydia felt good about herself and couldn't figure it out, "I just went to the bathroom, why did he change his attitude all of a sudden?"

Claire immediately explained, "I didn't say anything! I didn't know he would suddenly say that."

Chapter 1152 Thinking of Her

Lydia snorted, took her purse and left.

When she reached the door, she looked back at Claire and said in a softened tone, "Please tell him that I won't badger him. I have my own pride."

Then she left without looking back.

Claire was dumbfounded.

She was alone in the living room, at a loss. It was sky quiet around. Was It because of her words just now that Tristan changed his attitude? It didn't seem so.

The decoration of the living room soon attracted her attention.

As a writer, she was intrigued by these retro designs.

She stood up and appreciated the wall paintings.

After a while, a man suddenly said in her ear, "Have a taste?"

She was startled. She didn't know when Tristan walked to her. He was standing next to her with two cups of coffee.

"I just made it. My godfather grew the coffee beans himself. You can't buy these anywhere else,"

Tristan stood under the warm lights and Claire was stunned for a while.

She came to herself and explained, "Umm... Your date is gone. She asked me to tell you that she won't batter you and that she has her own pride."

"I know. This is for you, not her."

Claire came to herself and took the coffee, "Thanks."

She smelled it, "It smells great. Did you just say your godfather? Who is he?"

"The owner of the manor," Tristan held the cup with his other hand in his pocket, "Jill Burton."

"Where are you from?" Claire was curious.

"Both my godfather and I are from Arkpool."

"Really? What a coincidence!" Claire held the cup with both hands and smiled. She was out of words and felt a bit awkward.

Tristan asked her, "You offered to treat me to a meal, does that stupid count?"

"Of course."

"But you didn't even ask for my contact information, how are we going to make an appointment?" He

took out his phone and opened his Facebook. "Friend me."

Claire looked at him and then his phone, "Oh, right!" She was indeed careless sometimes.

She immediately friended him.

"Alright," she felt awkward, "Let's meet in Arkpool then."

In Arkpool, it was ten in the evening.

Rowan got off work on time today. He went home early and muted his phone. He seemed distracted.

He didn't know why. He had just surfed the research forum for two hours and was about to go to sleep.

He went downstairs and checked the door for the third time. It was closed.

But he just somehow had a bad feeling.

He felt as if something precious to him was about to be stolen.

But he had checked for several times and didn't find anything missing.

He went upstairs and lay down. All of a sudden, Claire came up his mind.

She got injured for being too good of a friend.

She borrowed his laptop and slept with it in her arms for a whole night to protect it.

She made him feel approachable and it was a magical feeling.

She went abroad before her leg was fully recovered, he wondered if she was doing okay now.

Chapter 1153 Getting Better

rowan lost sleep.

Five days later.

In the Charity Medical Center. A lot of patients were discharged today, most of whom were Daphne's

patients.

Because of all her help and comforts, the patients were all grateful to her and they came to see her

before leaving the hospital.

"Dr. Wells, thank you for your help these days. I am healthy and in a good mood now," A middle-aged

woman smiled and gave her a hug.

"Dr. Wells, you are such a kind woman," another middle-aged lady held her hand and said, "I want to

treat you to dinner some time. May I ask if you're single? Here's the thing, my son has a PhD and he's handsome and single..."

Daphne didn't take it seriously and reminded her to keep taking medicine and in a good mood.

Rowan saw everything and was happy for her.

After the patients left, Daphne looked up at him. Rowan walked in and looked gentle, "You are a blessing to us. You will make the hospital even more famous."

Hearing this, Daphne was delighted, "Thank you, Dr. Watson. I will work harder." She was happy that he saw it.

She swore to herself that she would become excellent enough to be with him.

She stopped focusing on him every day, stopped bringing him breakfast and gift. Instead, she spent all her time improving herself.

After leaving Daphne's office, Rowan went to see Eason.

"I'm Jennie," Jennifer was holding Eason's hand and teaching him patiently, "Jennie is Eason's best friend."

Eason had stopped drooling after treatment.

He was dressed neatly and looked no different from other kids. However, he would often be in a daze and with glassy eyes.

"Jennie... Jennie and Eason... Best friends..." Eason learned seriously.

He was doing better than last time.

"Good boy," Jennifer stroked his head and Eason smiled.

Now the closest person to him was Jennifer. He was even closer to her than to his father.

Rowan walked in. Jennifer looked back at him and then said to Eason, "Eason, do you remember him?"

Eason looked up and thought for a while, "Dr. Watson!"

Everyone was delighted. Rowan took his hand, "Come here. Let me see if you're taller."

Eason didn't reject at all. He followed Rowan and stood by the wall.

"He's grown taller for five centimeters," Rowan felt happy and said to Jennifer, "He's started to grow like other kids do."

"That's great!" Jennifer was overjoyed, "I didn't even feel it because we are together every day. In this

case, he will soon be as tall as he was supposed to be."

"Yes," Rowan was positive about it.

At this moment, Zack came in with a cake.

"Mr. Clarke," Rowan saw him first and greeted him.

Jennifer looked back, "Dad, good news, Eason has grown taller for five centimeters."

"That's great news! Thank you, Dr. Watson," Zack put down the cake, "And Michelle, thank you for taking care of Eason these days."

"Call Daddy," Jennifer bent over and reminded Eason.

Eason looked up and something seemed to stuck in his throat, he didn't say after a while, "Daddy."

Zack hugged Eason and then chatted with Rowan.

"Dad, about Tristan's medical records, Rowan has seen them, you guys talk," Jennifer said gently without any smile.

Zack looked into her eyes and had a bad feeling.

Chapter 1154 Tell Me the Truth

Zack looked at Rowan and they locked eyes

Rowan said gently, "Mr. Clarke, will you come with me to my office?" Then he walked out.

Zack looked at Jennifer, who said calmly, "Dad, Ivan has been investigating it. He won't let the bad guy go and no one will hurt your family again."

Zack sighed and looked at his son again. They looked at each other and Zack got a heavy heart.

The kids were innocent and shouldn't get hurt.

"I'm going to talk to Rowan." He turned around and walked behind Rowan.

Michelle had been away from home since she was a child and they didn't reunite until twenty years later.

While Tristan had been in weak health since he was young and had been receiving treatment abroad.

And now, Eason...

His three kids all were unfortunate. As a father, Zack often blamed himself, feeling like a bad father.

But none of these were caused by him. He was a father who loved his children.

He had even loved Georgia from the bottom of his heart. He had spent a lot of money on her and sent her to the best school. Georgia had lived the life all girls craved.

But it was all in the past now.

Following Rowan into his office, Zack stopped thinking. Rowan closed and locked the door to stop

Daphne from entering.

Daphne heard the door being locked.

She saw Zack go in and supposed they were going to talk about something important. Daphne left with

some medical records of her patients.

In the office.

Rowan took out a document and handed it to Zack, "Mr. Clarke, you should read this for."

Zack took it but didn't read it immediately. "tell me the truth. I don't want to read this" as a father, he

was dying to learn truth.

Rowan knew he couldn't keep it from Zack, he had talked about it with Jennifer.

So, he told the truth. "Tristan was poisoned."

Zack's heart skipped a beat and anger filled his heart.

"But Mr. Clarke, he has recovered fully and with no sequela. You don't have to worry." Rowan

comforted him, "And Eason is growing taller every day. He has also stopped drooling."

"I saw it..." Zack felt heartbroken, "Thank you so much, Dr. Watson."

As a father, of course he was sad to hear it.

Rowan understood. "You're welcome. I am just doing my job."

"Does Ivan know it?"

"I suppose so," answered Rowan, "I can't be sure but Jennifer knows it."

Zack nodded his head and was relieved. With Ivan's help, he would surely find the person who had been behind all these.

When he walked out of Rowan's office, he ran into Jennifer in the hall.

"Michelle..."

"Dad, don't be sad. Tristan is doing great now, right?" Jennifer comforted him, "The bad guy will get what he deserves. It's just a matter of time."

"He had suffered a long time over the years. He had been receiving treatment and taking meds. He almost died several times..." Zack recalled the past and tears welled up in his eyes.

Jennifer held his arm and gave him support, "It's just how life is, full of ups and downs. If I had grown up in the Clarke family, I wouldn't have met and married Ivan."

"That's right," Zack was relieved again.

"So, maybe it's all in God's plan." Jennifer turned to look at Zack. She had always believed in it.

Chapter 1155 Do You Still Believe in Men?

Not long after Zack left, Daphne knocked on the opened door of Rowan's office.

"Come in," sitting in his chair, Rowan was reading the medical records. He raised his head and looked at her, "What's up?"

"I need to talk to you in detail about patient 28. He has multiple diagnoses and with mental stress. He doesn't have family here and no one can sign the medical agreement for him."

"I need to work on this document now. We can talk later," Rowan didn't stop working and looked busy.

He was making notes from time to time.

Daphne suddenly had an idea and she asked calmly, "Should we have lunch together later? Just in the restaurant across the road. His situation is urgent and you should know."

"Sure," Rowan agreed readily since it was about work, "Let's meet at 12. I need to check on the patients later. There are two new patients here."

Daphne looked at the time on her watch and said, "I'll leave you to your work then. See you later." Then

she turned around and left.

At noon.

Across the street, in the Joyfood Restaurant. The first floor was buffet and the second floor served steak. The place was decorated with unique features. The food wasn't expensive and the place was elegant.

Tristan sat by the window, glamouring in a dark blue tailored suit. He stood out among the crowd.

"He's so handsome! I haven't seen such a handsome man in a long time."

"He's charming, I have noticed him since he walked in. He should be over six foot tall, right?"

Two waitresses couldn't help discussing in a low voice with a smile.

Soon, Claire walked out of the elevator in a white backpack and strode towards him, "Sorry I'm late."

She was confident and sat down across the table from him, "I didn't keep you waiting for long, did I?"

"I just arrived," Tristan said in a beautiful voice.

The two waitresses looked disappointed, "Seems he's already taken." Then they walked over with a smile.

"Sir, miss, would you like to order?" The waitress said in a sweet voice, handing over the menu, "We have just launched some new dishes."

Tristan looked at Claire, "Claire, order the food. I'm paying."

"That's a no!" Claire took the menu, "It's my treat and we have agreed, right? Two steaks and a snail as well as a lobster."

Then she handed the menu to Tristan, "What else do you like to order? Don't worry about the bill, I've just gotten my salary."

Tristan took it and ordered another two dishes, "These are enough," then he said to the waitress, "And two glasses of milk, please."

"Of course, sir."

After the waitress left, Tristan looked at Claire and asked with concern, "How's your friend who got cheated on?"

"Well," Claire shook her head and sighed, "They started in high school, it won't be easy for her to process it in such a short time. She's healing."

"Sir, miss, your milk."

"Thanks."

Holding the glass, Tristan took a sip, "Do you still believe in men?"

"I have no interest in men, let alone belief," Claire blurted out with a smile, "I'm doing just fine alone,

why should I seek trouble looking for a man?"

Tristan was stunned. Why was that? He started wondering.

"Have you been hurt before?" He was curious and looked at her.

Chapter 1156 Encounter in the Elevator

"Hurt? No way."

Claire chuckled and said straightforwardly, "I don't intend to be in a relationship at all. I think all

relationships are fragile and love is the most fragile among all."

"You write tragedies?" Tristan suddenly had some premonition.

"I did before. Both the hero and the heroine die."

Claire took him as a friend so she didn't hide it, "But to get higher payment, I'm starting to write sweet

and romantic stories. The readers love them."

Tristan drank the milk, "How old are you?"

"22," Claire answered frankly.

Tristan felt her interesting. She was eight years younger than him and she had interesting ideas.

The waiters served the dishes and Claire said to him, "I don't want to jump into any relationship. There is too few pure love in this world but that's the only relationship I want."

"I understand," Tristan nodded, "You write love stories, of course you have your unique understanding of love. You would rather remain single than settling with someone."

"I just don't want to waste time getting to know someone, it's too hard to really see someone," Claire said with a sigh, "I don't want people to know me, too. Maybe I'm too old for fast-food relationships."

Too old? 22?

Tristan didn't know what to say. He was already 30.

Soon, Claire changed the subject. She said sincerely, "Thank you for your help in New York, or I would've still been in the police department."

Thinking of that day, Tristan felt it magical too. "Maybe it's fate."

Claire was happy to meet a new friend.

On the third floor of the restaurant.

Rowan and Daphne came together. They ordered some dishes and sat down by the window, eating while chatting.

"He has a lump in his stomach and he needs to have a surgery in a week, but he doesn't have any family here and he didn't answer any question related to his family. He seems to be hiding it from us."

Daphne said to him, worried about the patient. "Rowan, we can't take the risk and do the surgery under such a circumstance, right? He has multiple diagnoses and we need at least his family's signature, in case of any lawsuit in the future."

"I will give him a physical examination this afternoon," said Rowan, "Try and get in contact with his family. We know his ID, right? Have someone to inquire about it, but the most important thing is still saving his life."

They had been talking about work during lunch and Daphne was delighted.

It was the first time she had been this close to him ever since she moved out of his place.

They finished lunch almost at the same time as Claire and Tristan.

They bumped into each other in the elevator.

When the elevator doors were opened, Tristan and Claire walked in and saw Daphne and Rowan at a glance.

They were all surprised.

But Daphne was happy because she saw a man next to Claire. "Hi! Claire," she greeted Claire.

Claire smiled and looked at her. Then she looked at Rowan, "Hi, Dr. Watson."

Tristan noticed the gentleness in Rowan's eyes as he looked at her, "How's your leg?"

"It's recovered," Claire was delighted, "Thank you for the medicine you prescribed for men." She looked beautiful when she smiled.

The elevator stopped on the first floor.

"Let's go," Tristan put his arm around her shoulder, seemingly unintended, hinting her that they were here.

Chapter 1157 Have A Boyfriend

Claire turned her head, smiled and waved at Rowan, "I'm leaving, Dr. Watson!" Her voice was so sweet.

Tristan also smiled and nodded at Rowan before catching up with Claire.

They walked to the door shoulder to shoulder.

Rowan didn't move, standing in the elevator. He had a doubt as he looked at the backs of the two.

Daphne looked over at him and observed his expression.

When the doors were closing, Daphne immediately stopped them. "Rowan?" She called him.

Rowan came to himself, glanced at her and walked out.

Daphne followed him and kept peeping at his face from time to time but couldn't see any expression on it.

He didn't seem to realize that Claire was no longer single.

Not far away, Tristan opened the door of the passenger seat of his Maybach for Claire. Seeing Claire get into the car with a bright smile, Rowan got a heavy heart.

Tristan soon got into the driver's seat and drove away.

Rowan and Daphne had walked to his car, he opened the door for Daphne.

Daphne was delighted, "thanks." She took a look at him and got in. This was a first.

Rowan drove the car and took her back to the hospital, "Get the patient 28's files and medical records

ready, I'm doing the surgery for him. Try and find his family."

"Rowan, I can help," Daphne looked over at him, "I don't want you to take the risk alone. It's a big surgery and I want to learn more."

rowan didn't refuse, "Okay."

Daphne felt sweet inside but she looked composed. She looked out the window and felt great.

Because Claire had a boyfriend now!

In the Maybach, Tristan was driving with one hand on the steering wheel, glancing at the girl in the passenger seat, he said, "Do you want to take a walk by the river?"

Before Claire could answer, her phone in the bag rang, "Wait for a moment." She looked at the Caller

ID and answered it, "Hey, Saskia. You remember me?"

"Claire, I'm alone at home," the girl on the other side of the phone said in a weak voice, "Can you come?"

"Are you sick?" As Saskia's best friend, she could tell immediately Saskia was not well.

"No," Saskia replied, "I'm just sad and haven't eaten anything for days."

Claire sighed, "How's your reflection going? Have you thought it through? I can come but I don't want

to hear anything about that scumbag."

At the mention of her ex, Saskia felt heartbroken again.

"Claire, I will be waiting for you..." Saskia then hung up and started sobbing.

Holding her phone, Claire said to Tristan, "Drop me at the intersection."

"Where are you going? I can drive you there," Tristan looked over at her and said seriously, "Are you going to see your friend?"

"It's okay. Her place is a bit far away. I don't want to trouble you."

"I happen to have some errands to do and they are in different places. Maybe we are on the same route?" Tristan was smart and said gently.

Hearing this, Claire told him the address.

The car turned around and Claire said apologetically, "Drop me off at the place you're heading for. I can take a taxi there."

Chapter 1158 They Both Like Claire

"Her place is in the suburbs," Claire added.

Tristan smiled and told her, "I'm heading for the suburbs anyway. I need to fetch a contract from a

friend." He didn't want her to feel burdened.

Claire believed his words and she was worried about Saskia at this moment.

It was hard to get over the ending of a relationship. Claire had been writing love stories and knew it.

In fact, for Tristan, he didn't feel it troublesome at all driving someone who pleased him.

The scenery along the way was beautiful.

Tristan opened the window and played music in the car.

"What song is this?" Claire had been listening carefully and suddenly looked at him, "It has great lyrics and I love the tune."

"It's called Spending Time with You," Tristan smiled and answered while driving.

For a second, when their eyes met just now, time seemed to stand still.

Soon, Claire looked away.

In the Charity Health Center.

rowan had returned to his office and put on his doctor's coat. The bowtie made him look professional.

He had good looks and gentle temperament as well as excellent medical skills. The female doctors all

admired him.

"I dreamed of Dr. Watson last night!" A female doctor shook her head and with a blush.

Her colleague said, "It must be because you think about him too often."

"I dare not," The doctor shook her head, "He's such an excellent man, a lot of women adores him."

"I think no female doctors can resist his charm. He's well-read, young, kind and with a promising future.

And he's hot!"

"And his mentor was Mrs. Marsh! I didn't know it until today!"

Then they started to discuss Jennifer.

"How could she be so lucky to marry Mr. Marsh?"

"Hey, you just dreamed of Dr. Watson, make up your mind!"

Daphne knocked on the door of Rowan's office and walked in, "Dr. Watson, it's all done. The

anesthetist is ready."

"Got it."

Rowan was using his laptop, deleting files, "Go ask him about his family again. Investigate it if he still

didn't want to say anything."

"I have talked to him. He has only a daughter who lives far away. They haven't contacted in ten years."

Rowan looked up and sighed.

"I will leave you to your work," Daphne knew she shouldn't disturb him, "I'm just here to tell you that.

The surgery has been scheduled." Then she smiled and left.

Rowan looked back at his computer screen, holding the mouse in his hand. He had just deleted some

files and his eyes fell on the document Claire had established the other day.

He didn't need to click it to know it was the novel she wrote.

Although there was no need to save it, he didn't delete it.

He couldn't help thinking of what he saw at noon, she was having lunch with Tristan and they left

together.

So, were they dating?

Rowan looked clam and was lost in thought.

Chapter 1159 Claire Got Angry

Tristan wasn't driving very fast so that he could spend more time with her.

Even if they didn't chat, listening to the same song, breathing the same air in the car gave him

unspeakable happiness.

Tristan sent Claire to Saskia house and parked the car.

Claire unfastened the seat belt and opened the door, she turned her head and said, "Thank you,

Tristan." Her smile was bright.

Tristan looked into her sight and was delighted. He smiled back at her.

He watched her get out of the car and walk into the yard.

Upstairs, Saskia saw Claire get off and quickly came downstairs to open the door, "Who sent you here?

Whose Maybach is that?"

"A friend." Claire looked at her in shock, "Have you lost that much weight? Are you dumb? Not eating

anything for a scumbag?"

Saskia glanced at the Maybach, "You have a boyfriend?"

"No, it's just a friend!" Claire pulled her in and closed the door.

Saskia got a lump down her throat and suddenly wanted to cry, she threw herself into Claire's arms and

started crying, "Claire, I'm so sad. Every minute is a torture."

Claire felt sorry, "It's okay." She stroked her hair and comforted her, "You will meet someone much better than him."

After a while, Claire sat her down on the sofa. "It looks like you haven't reflected at all these days."

Saskia cried and didn't answer.

Claire made tea and asked, "Has Parker come to you?"

Saskia, with messy hair and glazed eyes, sat on the sofa with her arms around her knees, shaking her head. "I can't even find him and he doesn't answer my phone."

"What do you want to do?" Claire was angry, "You still want to talk to him after what he did? He didn't even contact you!"

"Claire," Saskia raised her eyes, which were tearful, "You have not been in love, you don't understand how it feels to not being able to change your love for someone even after he has done you wrong."

Saskia recalled the past and tears kept falling down her eyes.

"That is stupid!" Claire said.

She had mixed feelings.

Claire was so angry that she stood up from the sofa, "You have terrible taste in men and you should

really reflect on yourself!"

"Parker is a scum!" Claire was anxious and really wanted her to see it, "You have to realize it. You don't want to regret it after marriage, do you?"

Saskia didn't want to accept it and her voice choked with sobs, "I didn't call him to ask him back, I just wanted an answer."

"But parting is life, you don't have to ask," Claire really didn't know what to say, "Sometimes we just part for no reason."

Saskia cried again, "But why? Did I spend my years of youth with him for nothing at all?"

Claire said, "I could have beaten his ass in New York!"

Saskia was stunned, "How is he? Did you hurt him?"

"Hey! You should ask how I am! I was against two men!" Claire patted her hard on the shoulder, "I am your best friend!"

Saskia wanted to cry again.

"To beat him and his bitch up, I almost..." Claire sighed, "If not for my friend, I would have still been in

the police department now."

Saskia looked apologetically at her and didn't know what to say for a moment.

Chapter 1160 Tristan Fell in Love with Her

Looking at her pitiful face, Claire couldn't bear to scold her again, after all, this was her best friend and

the victim.

"Well, don't cry..." Claire wiped Saskia's tears with her sleeve, her voice softened, "There are so many

men in the world, why do you have to be stuck with a scum?"

Saskia held her arm around Claire's waist and put her cheek against her abdomen, "Claire, I'm sorry. I

was blind."

"It doesn't matter, it's not the worst to meet a scum, but you have to get over it," Claire comforted her,

which was the purpose of her coming here.

She stayed for about an hour, after her comfort, Saskia was much better.

"Don't worry, I won't go find him!"

"Well, you'd better." Claire took out her phone to look at the time. "It's late, I should go home."

Claire walked out of the living room.

When she was about to take a taxi by the roadside, the Maybach drove over and she saw Tristan in the driver's seat.

The car stopped next to Claire.

Tristan rolled down the window, "Get in! "He had a soft smile on his face.

Claire was stunned and quickly went around to the passenger seat and got in, "Why are you still here?"

'Of course, waiting for you!'

But he couldn't tell her that.

"I'm finished and was just about to go back when I saw you." Tristan watched as she fastened the seat belt, then he started the car, "What a coincidence."

"I know, right? I can't even write such a plot in my novels," Claire mumbled.

Tristan was in a good mood, "Where do you live?" There was a rare smile on his face.

"Are you going to drive me home?" Claire turned her eyes and suddenly felt a little restrained.

Tristan said, "I am going back anyway, I can give you a hitch ride."

He knew that Claire didn't like owing favors, a writer who stayed at home most of the time probably did not even like social with others.

So, he didn't want her to be burdened.

"There are a few taxis here." Tristan added another sentence.

Claire told him the address of the house her aunt had bought in Arkpool.

"Are you living with your parents?" Along the way, Tristan took the opportunity to inquire and wanted to

know more about her.

Claire replied calmly, "My parents died in a car accident when I was very young. I live with my uncle and aunt, and they treat me like their own daughter."

Tristan was sorry, "I'm sorry."

"Why say sorry?" Claire turned to look at him and smiled. "They didn't die because of you." She didn't want him to feel burdened, either.

But Tristan knew that his curiosity had certainly brought back her sad memories.

Then there was a brief silence in the car.

Claire turned her head to look out of the window, after about five minutes...

Suddenly, her eyes lit up, "So many sunflowers!" There was a touch of excitement in her sweet voice.

"Do you like sunflowers?" Tristan slowed down the speed.

"Kind of," she answered, "Every kind of flower represents a spirit, as long as you face the sun, your days will be beautiful."

Her words were so gentle.

Tristan turned his eyes and looked at her side face, her fair skin, sweet smile and starry eyes.

At this moment, Tristan had her in both his eyes and his heart, and suddenly he felt life great.

She was without parents, but she was still so positive in life.

Tristan felt that they were alike.

He really liked her character, she seemed so real.

Soon, the car was parked outside a villa, where the environment was elegant. The house should cost at least tens of millions.

"Tristan, thank you." Claire got off the car and waved at him.

Tristan smiled gently and also waved at her. He watched her run towards the house like a rabbit and his smile became brighter.

It was not until she disappeared in his sight that Tristan drove away.

Along the way, he felt that the wind blowing in through the window was gentle. It was probably how it

felt to be in love.

"Aunt!"

Claire was going to go upstairs when she saw what was in the living room. She was scared out of her

wits, threw away her bag and rushed over...