

Surprised 1161

Chapter 1161 Rowan Let Another Doctor Do His Surgery

Violet covered her belly while huddling up on the mat before the ouch. Her phone dropped, and her face twitched in pain.

"Claire..." Violet couldn't utter a word.

"Aunt Violet! What's wrong?" Claire exclaimed in a panic. She helped Violet up. "Do you have the gastric problem again? I'll send you to the hospital now."

Covering her chest, Violet paled, and her lips trembled. The pain almost suffocated her.

Claire squatted and pulled Violet's arms to prop on her shoulders.

"Stand up." Gritting her teeth, Claire tried hard to carry Violet on her back, bent over, and trotted out of the room.

Violet's weight numbed her legs. Feeling the soreness, Claire gritted her teeth more tightly.

It was challenging to carry her downstairs. If she lost balance, they both would roll down.

Claire gripped Violet's arms on her chest with one hand and held the handrail with the other. "Hang on,

Aunt Violet."

She moved downstairs step by step.

Sweat oozed from her forehead. She panted and consoled Violet, "It's alright, Aunt Violet. Don't be afraid. A friend of mine is an excellent doctor. I'll call him after we sit in the car."

"Ehn." The piercing pain destroyed Violet's willpower. The stomachache was indeed awful.

Shortly after, the sharp pang made Violet almost unconscious. "Claire..." She choked her words.

"Claire..."

"Don't talk, Aunt Violet. We're going to the hospital soon." Claire helped her sit in the backseat, soaking in sweat.

Then she trotted to the driver's seat, started the engine, and pulled out her phone.

Meanwhile, everything in Charity Medical Center was in order.

"Excuse me, Dean Watson. Are you ready?" A doctor went to Rowan. "The surgery will start soon. The anesthetist is ready."

"Go ahead to enter the operating room. I'll be right there." While answering, Rowan took off the doctor's

gown.

"OK." The doctor strode away.

Suddenly, Rowan heard his phone ring. He pulled the phone to check the caller ID and saw Claire's name. Rowan was surprised.

He swiped to answer immediately, "Hello."

"Dr. Watson, my aunt has a severe stomachache. Please help her!" Claire almost shed tears. Rowan also heard the car honk at the same time.

"Are you driving?" His heart tightened. He was all his ears.

"Yes. I'm on the way to your hospital. Will arrive in about... five minutes." While holding the steering wheel with a hand, Claire pinched her phone in a panic.

Rowan said, "I'll wait for you in the lobby. Slow down. Don't panic. Safety always comes first."

"OK."

When Rowan ended the call, another doctor reminded him. "Dean Watson, the surgery is starting soon.

Why are you still here?"

"Can you ask Dr. Wells to do the surgery instead? I have something urgent to deal with." Rowan got prepared. "Dr. Wells knew the patient's status, anyway. Please tell her that's my decision."

"OK." The doctor trotted away as the time was tight.

Rowan put on his white gown, called a few nurses to carry a stretcher, and headed downstairs. He looked calm and reliable.

Soon, a car pulled to the entrance quickly. Rowan caught sight of it and gazed at the door on the driver's side.

Seeing Claire hop down, he ordered the nurses, "That's the patient's car." Then he strode over.

The nurses held the stretcher to the vehicle.

Claire also saw Rowan, a ray of hope lighting up her eyes. She opened the rear door and said, "Aunt Violet, we've arrived at the hospital."

Rowan held her arm, gently pulled her away, and bent over to carry out Violet, who covered her chest in pain. Then he quickly put her on the stretcher.

Chapter 1162 Claire Was Anxious

The nurses hurriedly carried Violet into the lobby.

Claire seemed to be too frightened to think. Rowan grabbed her arm and pulled her into the lobby gently.

"Dr. Watson, will my aunt die?" Claire feared, her voice trembling fiercely. "Please help her. She's so young."

"Probably, she has acute gastritis. No matter how severe it is, she won't die." Rowan's words calmed her down.

Following him into the elevator, Claire bent over to the stretcher and held Violet's hand. "Aunt Violet, I'm

Claire. We're in the hospital now. Hang on there. Dr. Watson will help you."

Violet only felt the sharp pang, almost suffocated. She couldn't respond to Claire but heard her encouragement.

The exclusive elevator went up.

Claire treasured the family affection the most, afraid of losing her loved ones. Tears trickled down her eyes. She didn't make any sound while wiping her tears.

Watching her, Rowan was touched, although he had been used to the separation between loved ones in life or death.

Violet could hardly breathe on the stretcher. The nurses immediately put her on a respirator.

Claire watched the scene, her heart tightening again.

The elevator arrived, and the doors slid open.

"Excuse us!" The nurses pushed Violet immediately into the emergency room.

Claire followed suit. Holding Violet's hand, she ran along with them. "Aunt Violet... Aunt Violet, be strong. I'll wait for you." She was horrified.

Rowan also quickened his pace, running after them.

At the door of the emergency room, Claire let go of Violet's hand and watched her be pushed in tearfully. She almost collapsed to the ground, her eyes red.

"Aunt Violet..."

Rowan stopped in front, frowning at her. Claire gradually looked up. Their gazes met in mid-air.

"Dr. Watson, please... Please help her." Claire couldn't stop shedding tears and had never feared so much in her life.

Rowan understood it was her first time experiencing such a matter.

"Trust me." He darted at her, his eyes dark. Then he entered the emergency room quickly.

Claire watched his tall, sturdy figure vanish behind the doors, which were closed immediately.

Silence blanketed the corridor.

She waited outside alone, clenching her hands together tensely. She paced back and forth, feeling tortured. Each second seemed a century for her.

Claire lost her parents when she was little. Albert and Violet brought her up. Therefore, she treasured them a lot.

She was too nervous, so she forgot to call Albert and Finnley.

The Clarke Corp.

Each department was lively.

Zack entered his office and saw Tristan sorting some files at the desk. "You are back, Tristan."

"Yes, Mr. Clarke," Tristan looked up at him and answered gently.

Zack strode towards his chair. "Where have you been? You didn't answer my calls." As a father, he cared about his son but didn't blame him.

"I muted my phone. When I saw the missed calls, you were in a meeting, so I didn't call back," Tristan answered, "I solved some private affairs."

However, he didn't tell Zack what it was precisely, but Zack wouldn't be nosey. After all, Tristan was a grownup.

"By the way, Tristan," Zack was enlightened, "There's a business gathering this weekend. Get ready."

Tristan asked, "How many people will attend? What kind of box shall I reserve?"

"No worries," Zack explained, "You can go there yourself. I'll arrange for everything."

"OK." Tristan didn't overthink. As the president's assistant, he often attended business occasions.

Charity Medical Center.

Outside the emergency room, Claire finally calmed down. She called Albert and Finnley, informing them about Violet's status.

After ending the call, she covered her mouth while biting her lip in a panic.

Violet had been sent to the emergency room for several hours.

Chapter 1163 Thanks to Rowan

As a romance author, Violet was adept at imagination. She started to wonder what was happening inside the emergency room and whether Violet would be in danger.

Although Dr. Watson was competent, Violet seemed to be severely sick.

Before any good news was received, Claire couldn't relax at all.

Ten minutes later, the door of the emergency room was opened. Claire returned to her senses and saw Rowan leave.

Her cheeks were covered with her tears. She was too afraid to ask Rowan about Violet's status.

Looking at her, Rowan approached step by step like a healing angel. He could see the unconcealed fear and panic on her face.

Standing before her, Rowan rubbed her hair. "She's fine. Her status is stable now."

His words brought strength back to Claire. She stared up at her and felt relieved. "Thank you."

"Dean Watson, a patient has hemorrhage. Please come over!" a doctor yelled at Rowan nearby.

The two looked in that direction in unison.

Rowan frowned slightly. After withdrawing his gaze, he darted at Claire. Looking back at him, she saw the determination in his eyes.

Then he bypassed her and strode towards the innermost of the corridor.

Claire's gaze followed him. He walked firmly, and she faintly saw a halo on him.

"Dean Watson, he has an aortic rupture."

"Hurry! The blood bag!"

Claire could hear their quick words and saw Rowan's figure vanish in the door.

Recalling his words earlier, she relieved slightly and stared at the door of the emergency room again.

Soon, the door was opened. Two female doctors pushed a bed out.

"Aunt Violet!" Claire trotted to them and held Violet's hand. "How are you feeling now?"

Violet was still pale, opening her eyes weakly. "I'm fine, Claire. It doesn't hurt anymore." She was on a

drip. With a smile, she added, "Please don't worry. You must be scared."

Claire shook her head, breathing a sigh of relief.

When the bed was pushed into a ward, a female doctor remarked, "Fortunately, you sent her here on

time. Or she would have a gastric perforation."

Before Claire thanked them, the other female doctor added, "Dean Watson is an excellent doctor. The

drugs he developed are really effective."

"Claire..." Violet gripped her hand tightly and said in a weak tone, "Please send my appreciation to

Dean Watson."

"I will, Aunt Violet." Claire nodded. "Please take a rest. He's super busy. When he's free, I'll thank him."

Shortly after Violet entered the ward, Albert, Finnley, and Mya arrived one after another.

"How are you feeling now, Honey? Are you all right?" Albert sat on the bed edge, feeling sorry for

Violet. Taking her hand, he asked, "Why didn't you call me immediately? I'm your emergency contact.

You can press one button to call me."

"Mom, are you feeling better?" Finnley and Mya stood before the bed.

Claire was still tearful. Looking at them, she apologized, "I'm terribly sorry. I was too scared to call you immediately."

Finnley propped his arm on her shoulder. "You don't need to apologize. Thank you, Claire. You sent Mom into the hospital on time."

"Claire saved my life." Violet felt much better. "The pain cramped me fiercely. I dropped my phone but couldn't pick it up at all."

Claire chuckled, "No. Dr. Watson saved your life, Aunt Violet."

"Right. You both did. Thank you, and thank Dr. Watson."

Rowan was clinically doing surgery in the operating room. Soon, he helped the patient stop bleeding.

The equipment showed the patient's data was normal.

He let the other doctors finish the surgery, rinsed the blood on his hands, and walked out.

Chapter 1164 Claire's Marriage

"Excuse me, Dean Watson. This is the medical record of Dr. Coleman's patient. He needs your

opinion." A doctor followed Rowan in the corridor.

"Please put it in my office." Rowan didn't stop, heading for Violet's ward. Before leaving the emergency room earlier, he had arranged the ward for her.

It was the one with the most sunshine on the floor.

At the door, he slowed down and saw it was open. He faintly heard others' voices in the ward as well as Claire's. It seemed Violet's status was OK.

Rowan stopped mid-step, seeing Finnley holding Claire's shoulder while talking.

He recalled her tearful eyes and cheeks covered with tears. Also, he recalled the scene where she had dinner with Tristan.

Instead of entering, Rowan stood at the door for a second and turned away.

In the ward, Violet looked at Albert, Finnley, and Mya for a while and said, "Please return to your work.

Claire can stay here to watch me."

She knew they all came over from the company as it was a workday.

"Mya, you've been pregnant. You can't stay in the hospital for a long time." Violet tugged Mya's hand.

"Good girl. Go back to work. I'm fine."

Violet let go of her hand, looking much better than earlier.

However, they were all worried about her as they were family.

"Exactly! Please go back to your work," Claire echoed, "I can watch Aunt Violet. Her status is stable

now. Dr. Watson is here. Please don't worry."

Albert thought for a moment and said to his son and daughter-in-law. "Let's go back to work. We can't

do anything here, anyway."

Finnley nodded his agreement. "Mom, rest well."

"Thank you, Claire." Mya looked at Claire gratefully.

"Please don't mention it." Claire smiled.

They bid each other farewell. After staying in the ward for half an hour, they left as they were busy at

work. Besides, Mya had been pregnant.

"Aunt Violet, I want to check with Dr. Watson about your diet and other instructions." Claire bent over to

Violet.

"Sure. Go ahead." Violet tugged her hand. "Thank you, Claire."

"You are my aunt. I'm the only idle one at home. They are all busy at work. Mya is pregnant." Claire

was considerate. "When I was on fever in childhood, you always took me to the hospital and watched

me. Forgotten?"

Violet smiled delightfully. "Claire, you've grown up. I'm worried about your marriage the most."

"What? Not again!" Claire pretended to grumble and let go of Violet's hand. "I'll go find Dr. Watson."

Then she turned away quickly and gently closed the door of the ward.

Closing her eyes, Violet took a rest. Rowan's handsome face appeared in her mind.

The ward was a single room, so it was quiet. Violet guessed Rowan must have arranged it purposely

for her, thinking he was considerate.

He looked young, so Violet didn't think he was married. Violet thought he was a perfect match for Claire

if he didn't have a girlfriend.

Therefore, she decided to talk to Rowan when he was free and try to bring the two together.

Claire left the ward, heading for Rowan's office. She turned a corner and brushed passed Daphne.

She overlooked Daphne, but the latter stopped mid-step and gazed at her. Daphne recognized it was

Claire. Immediately, her heart tightened. The calmness and confidence were gone from her face.

Chapter 1165 She Bumped Into Him Accidentally

Claire stopped at Rowan's office door. It was open, but she didn't see him inside. The room was tidy

and neat.

When Claire turned around to leave, she bumped into someone.

Rowan's hands were in the pockets of his white gown. Staring at her gently, he didn't help her keep her

balance.

"Sorry for that." Claire raised her head and met his gaze.

'It's him.'

For a moment, Claire thought he was like a saint, as he looked too pure and innocent. His hair brought

more gentleness to his appearance.

He was gazing at her tenderly without blinking.

"Dr. Watson..." Claire immediately returned to her senses and repressed her nervousness. "I want to ask you about my aunt's status. Are you pretty busy?" She hurriedly stood aside.

"Dean Watson." A nurse trotted over in the corridor.

"Talk to Dr. Wells," Rowan said to her without asking any questions.

The nurse stopped while her gaze swept between him and Claire. "OK." Then she sensibly trotted towards Daphne's office.

"No. I'm not busy," Rowan answered. Then he bypassed her and entered his office.

Claire was confused as he looked indeed busy. She followed him and stood before his office. After adjusting her breath, she said, "Thank you, Dr. Watson."

"I'm a doctor. It's my duty to cure my patients. You are welcome." Rowan didn't look at her while checking some information on his laptop.

His reply rendered Claire wordless. She scratched her head awkwardly.

Rowan added, "Your aunt needs to take good care of her stomach. If it's OK, she should stay here for a

few days for the intravenous infusion. After checking out, she should take medicine accordingly."

"Can she fully recover?" asked Claire. "I heard it cannot be cured completely."

"I'm a doctor. Do you trust me?" Rowan looked up into her eyes.

Claire saw the tenderness in his eyes, nodding. "Of course."

Rowan withdrew his gaze. "I'll give her a recipe. She needs to have meals accordingly. The dishes are nutritious and healthy, good for her stomach."

"Thank you." Claire stared at him gratefully.

Rowan asked, "Can you only speak these two words?"

Claire was taken aback. Usually, she was talkative. However, she seemed to be clumsy in his presence. Her mind was always jumbled when she faced him, somehow.

"You are welcome. If you are free, you can treat me to dinner," Rowan said leisurely.

"No problem," Claire answered without hesitation.

He looked up at her and explained, "I don't dine out."

"What do you mean?"

"If you are free, go to my house and cook for me personally," answered Rowan bluntly.

Claire blinked. "You don't dine out? Didn't you go to the restaurant with Dr. Wells for dinner that day?"

Rowan choked his words.

Soon, his office door was knocked again. "Excuse me, Dean Watson." Evidently, the doctor wanted to report something.

Claire took a few steps back. "I won't hold you up any longer, Dr. Watson. Please excuse me." Then she turned away.

The doctor entered the office.

Claire returned to Violet's ward, her heart thumping. She couldn't help wondering what Rowan meant by his words.

He didn't look like a man who loved kidding. Claire felt bothered.

"The liquid medicine is effective indeed, Claire. I can tell I'm recovering bit by bit. I also feel energetic."

Violet looked at the infusion bottle joyfully. "Did Dr. Watson develop the medicine himself?"

Claire could tell she was spirited, a smile blossoming across her face. "I don't know. I'm glad it's effective."

"Have you thanked him?"

"Yes, I have."

"If you have time, you should invite him for dinner. Although he's super busy, he should have days off. I

don't think he'll be in the hospital every day. Besides, he also needs to have meals while working here."

"OK, Aunt Violet," Claire replied while nodding.

"Claire, you haven't brought your laptop here. What about your novel?" Violet was enlightened

suddenly, feeling worried.

Chapter 1166 Rowan Was Considerate

"It's OK. I can stop updating it for one day occasionally," answered Claire. "Aunt Violet, rest more. I'll be

watching you. Nothing is more important than you."

Violet rubbed her hair. She always loved Claire as her biological daughter.

"Claire, do you know Dr. Watson well?" she asked tentatively.

Claire thought for a moment and answered, "Not really. Why? Aunt Violet, if you want to ask him for

help, he will definitely. Doctors are always warm-hearted."

"This young man is outstanding. He has a good occupation, and he's nice." Rowan's face flashed

through Violet's mind. "He's also good-looking but not girlish. Although he looks tough, he is gentle."

From her expression, Claire knew how much Violet liked Rowan. Instantly, she understood why.

Thinking about the scene where she bumped into Rowan's arms, she became tense, her heart racing

again. "Aunt Violet, Dr. Watson has a girlfriend. Can you stop matchmaking?"

"What?" Violet's heart jolted in shock, feeling disappointed. "Does he have a girlfriend?"

"Right."

"Who is it?" Violet didn't want to give up, doubting that Claire had lied. "How do you know his privacy so

well? Who is that girl? You can't lie to me."

"Dr. Daphne Wells," Claire answered, "If you stayed here long enough, you would probably meet her in person."

"Alas..." Violet heaved a sigh but still didn't fully believe her.

A moment later, Claire checked the infusion bottle. "Aunt Violet, the bottle will be empty soon. There should be another one." When she stood up and was about to press the service button, the ward door was open.

Claire and Violet looked over.

Rowan entered, holding a laptop in one hand and a bottle of pills in the other.

Then he passed the laptop to Claire.

Claire took it over dully and watched him change the infusion bottle. He was tall and slender. She saw the halo above his head again.

While carefully adjusting the dripping speed, Rowan said, "I'll slow down this bottle. Or you'll have a feeling of fullness. It's normal. Don't worry."

"All right. Thanks a lot, Dr. Watson." Violet looked up at the young man. From her angle, she still thought he was attractive.

His gentleness brought a strong sense of security to Violet, and his voice had power. Violet liked him indeed.

Claire also stared at him all the time. However, Rowan didn't look at her. After adjusting the dripping speed, he was about to leave the ward.

"Wait!" Claire called him and made him stop mid-step.

At the door, Rowan looked back. Their gazes met in mid-air.

"Your laptop." Claire raised the laptop, walking towards him.

Rowan's gaze fell on it and then her face. "Don't you update your novel today?"

Claire was taken aback.

Rowan withdrew his gaze and left the ward without looking back.

Claire gazed at his receding figure in a daze for a while. Gradually, he vanished from her sight.

"Claire, Dr. Watson is indeed considerate. He even took the initiative to send you the laptop." Violet was excited. "Does he have a crush on you?"

Claire walked back to the bed. "Come on, Aunt Violet! He has a girlfriend." She smiled shyly. "I don't think he has a crush on me. We're not close."

"Then why did he lend his laptop to you? It's his personal one, isn't it?"

Claire couldn't answer her question as she didn't know what was in Rowan's mind.

"Oops! You blushed." Violet had experienced such things. "Don't tell me you don't like him."

Claire sat in a chair. "Men are disasters. I won't fall in love. All right, Aunt Violet, I need to update my novel for a while." She turned on the laptop.

Then she found the file and folder she had created the other day were not deleted. Warmth traveled in

her veins again.

Chapter 1167 Are You Dr. Watson's Girlfriend?

Claire's novel was a romance. When she wrote about the interactions between the male and the

female leads, she couldn't help but think about Rowan.

The moments when they were together appeared in her mind clearly, like replaying the movie scenes.

Therefore, she looked absentminded occasionally.

She finished only 500 words in an hour, blaming herself for her low efficiency.

Ultimately, she had to admit she had a good impression of Rowan and a crush on him. Her heart

hammered when she was with him, which had never happened before.

Rowan was knowledgeable and versatile, indeed an outstanding man. Besides, he had made

significant achievements in the medical field and was a charming man. Claire thought he was attractive

to her.

She worshiped him, and she also liked him.

For a whole day, Rowan didn't show up in the ward again. Nor did he return to get his laptop.

Seemingly he wasn't afraid of exposing his important working materials to her.

"Claire, doesn't Dr. Watson need to use his laptop?" Violet had a walk in the ward after the infusion

finished. "Is it his personal one?"

"It is. He uses it to work as well. It's the only laptop in his office," Claire answered in a low voice.

Violet's attention was attracted. She stopped and looked at Claire. "How did you know it so well?"

"When I stayed here the last time, I borrowed his laptop."

"Stayed here?" Violet was worried. "What happened? When did you check into a hospital? Why didn't I know?"

"Don't worry, Aunt Violet. I had pain in my leg. Dr. Watson sprayed his medicine on my injury. I've recovered already." She didn't want to continue this topic. If Rowan heard them talking about it, he would probably expose the cause of her injury--she had helped her bestie teach her disloyal boyfriend a lesson. In that case, Violet would be angry.

"I see." Violet believed her and was relieved. "I'm glad you've recovered."

"I've written drafts for the following three days. The laptop is out of battery." Claire quit the system and stood up. "I set up the automatic publish online. Aunt Violet, I'm going to return the laptop to Dr."

Watson."

"Sure. Go ahead. Don't forget to thank him," Violet said.

Claire held the laptop and left the ward. As soon as she walked out, she saw Daphne in the corridor.

Their gazes met in mid-air. Daphne stopped mid-step first, and so did Claire. They stood face-to-face at a short distance.

Daphne's gaze fell on her laptop. She recognized it was Rowan's, wondering why Claire was holding it again. Although unhappy, she still beamed at Claire to avoid being rude.

Claire didn't know what to speak as they were not close.

"Hi, Dr. Wells," she greeted Daphne simply. Then she withdrew her gaze and bypassed Daphne.

After she was in the distance, Daphne looked at the ward where she had just left, wondering who was in the hospital. She didn't expect to see Claire in the hospital and use Rowan's laptop again. Daphne guessed that was her trick to attract Rowan.

Daphne gritted her teeth and curled up her lips into a smile. Then she entered the ward.

Violet had just laid on the bed. Seeing a young female doctor enter, she was slightly taken aback.

"Are you feeling better, Ma'am?" Daphne naturally did a ward round. Then she bent over and tested

Daphne's pulse.

"I'm much better," Violet answered with a smile. Then she noticed her name on her badge.

"Are you Dr. Daphne Wells?" Violet blurted out, her heart tightening.

Daphne noticed how surprised she was. Looking at her, Daphne nodded in confusion. "Yes, I am." She

asked curiously, "How did you know me, Ma'am?"

"Are you Dr. Watson's girlfriend?" Violet stared at her, thinking she was pretty.

Chapter 1168 Misunderstanding

Her questions shocked Daphne. 'Girlfriend? Why did she ask so?'

Daphne was confused. However, she did like Rowan secretly. Violet's words sent pleasure into her

chest.

While testing her pulse, Daphne smiled at her in acquiescence.

Violet secretly sighed, feeling disappointed.

Daphne released her wrist a moment later and said, "You recovered pretty fast, Ma'am. According to

your pulse condition, your status is stable. You need to rest more."

Then she turned away to avoid meeting Claire.

Watching her figure disappear at the door, Violet still felt disappointed.

"He has a girlfriend. Alas... I finally found an outstanding man for Claire," Violet mumbled, frowning in anxiety.

In the corridor, Daphne headed for her office, wondering about the relationship between the mid-aged woman and Claire. Daphne was surprised that the patient thought she was Rowan's girlfriend. 'Who told her? Has Rowan said something to her to make her misunderstand? Has Rowan used me as an excuse to reject Claire Russell?'

As soon as she entered her office, Claire and Rowan left Rowan's office, heading for Violet's ward.

Suddenly, Claire heard her phone ring, so she pulled out to check the caller ID. Saskia was calling.

Claire slowed down and swiped to answer, "Hello."

Rowan didn't wait for her but entered the ward himself.

Claire answered the call in the corridor without following him.

Violet was still down. Seeing Rowan, she asked, "Dr. Watson, when can I check out?"

"Tomorrow," Rowan answered, "I want to give you an overall checkup now. Please lie on your back and

breathe as usual." Then he pulled out a small device.

Violet stared at him in appreciation. The longer she looked at him, the more she liked him. In the end,

she heaved a sigh, "Alas... Why are all excellent boys unavailable?"

"Pardon me?" Rowan was studying the data on the device monitor. He glanced at her in confusion.

Violet was like an elder to him, so she didn't beat around the bush. "I think you and Claire can be a

perfect match."

Rowan was slightly startled, looking at her in silence.

Violet sighed again, "I didn't expect you to have a girlfriend already. Please don't mind my rudeness."

Rowan continued checking up on her. When Violet felt heartbroken, Rowan answered gently, "I don't

have a girlfriend."

Violet was taken aback, consternation and surprise shining brightly in her eyes. "For real? What's your

relationship between you and Dr. Daphne Wells, then?"

"We're coworkers," answered Rowan calmly. Inwardly, he cursed the person who spread the rumor.

"How dare Claire lie to me!" Violet muttered, gritting her teeth. However, she was overjoyed. "Take it

easy. It's a misunderstanding." She beamed at Rowan.

Rowan still checked up on her calmly.

Violet stared at him with a delighted look. He was handsome and gentle. Although young, he was knowledgeable and talented. Violet thought he was a charming man. She had become Rowan's obsessed fan and guessed Claire must also like him.

"Dr. Watson, can I stay in the hospital longer?" Violet wanted to bring the two youngsters together if she could stay for a few more days.

Rowan looked at her and asked, "Why?" Most patients only wished to go home as early as possible.

However, Violet wanted to stay longer.

Chapter 1169 Rowan's Concept

"Because... I feel dizzy." Violet's brain worked fast. Rubbing her forehead, she looked giddy. "I also don't like taking pills and always forget. The infusion should be more effective."

Rowan stared at her without replying, but he could read her mind.

When meeting his gaze, Violet chuckled, "Can I stay longer? I've been tortured by the gastric problem for years. It started to hurt several years ago, but I never dared to go to see a doctor."

"No problem," Rowan agreed, his gaze shifting from her face. Then he continued to study the data on the device screen. Everything was normal.

A few seconds later, Violet asked tentatively, "Dr. Watson, you've always been busy. You must have no time to date, right?"

"I'd like to let nature take its flow on this matter. God must have his own plan and won't forget me." That

was Rowan's concept of love.

However, Violet retorted, "You are wrong."

"You've been there before, Mrs. Russell. Please give me some suggestions." Rowan joked, which was rare, "Why am I wrong?"

Violet giggled. "If you like a girl, you should grasp the chance and confess your love. Otherwise, even if

God has his plan, his plan will be ruined."

Rowan chuckled gently while putting away the device. "Mrs. Russell, you're well now. Please rest more."

Then he was about to leave the ward.

"Wait, Dr. Watson. Heard my words?" Violet called to his back anxiously.

Rowan stopped at the door. "Yes, I have. Mrs. Russell, I'll keep your suggestion in mind." Without looking back, he left.

Somehow, Violet liked him a lot. 'Keep my suggestion in mind? Can you keep Claire in mind?'

Although Rowan looked aloof and seemed to distance himself from others, he was sincere and straightforward.

In the corridor, Claire had finished the call. Seeing Rowan walking over, she hurriedly stood in his way.

"How's my aunt doing, Dr. Watson? Can she check out tomorrow?"

"She wishes to stay here for a few more days," Rowan answered bluntly.

Claire widened her eyes. "Why?"

"Why don't you ask her?" Rowan was too busy to explain the details. Staring at her, he asked

indifferently, "Anything else?"

Claire shook her head.

His thin lips parted. "Move!" His tone was gentle, but the word sounded harsh.

Claire instinctively stood aside, wondering what was wrong with him.

Rowan walked forward. Claire looked back at his receding figure. "What's your problem? There's enough space in the corridor. Can you just bypass me?"

Rowan had never dated a girl before but was a grownup. Therefore, he knew what Violet implied.

However, he was angry with Claire. Daphne wasn't his girlfriend, but she spread the rumor. He didn't dislike Claire. On the contrary, he liked her but didn't know what Claire thought about him.

Besides, Tristan seemed to have a crush on her as well.

Rowan had never wanted to steal a girl from another man.

An hour later, when Claire wasn't in the ward, Daphne entered Violet's ward in confusion. With a bright smile, she asked, "Excuse me, Ma'am. How did you know I was Dr. Watson's girlfriend? Did he tell you so?"

Violet glared at her icily. "His girlfriend? You liar!"

Chapter 1170 Encouraging Her to Date Rowan

Daphne was taken aback, her heart sinking.

"You even returned to ask me. How shameless!" Violet chuckled, looking at her up and down in disdain.

"I misunderstood it, but why didn't you tell me the truth? You are NOT Dr. Watson's girlfriend."

Daphne felt embarrassed and didn't know how to explain, wishing to vanish immediately. After a few seconds, she turned away in dismay.

The Clarke Group. An eye-catching and fashionable company logo hung on the skyscraper, emanating energy and loveliness.

The building was located in the prosperous downtown, and its French windows' glasses were painted light brown.

The president's office.

Wearing a handmade shirt, Tristan stood upright before the window with his hands behind his back. He wasn't talkative, and he looked mature with a strong aura. Right then, he intensely stared at the white clouds in the sky.

Claire's naive face flashed through his mind. He faintly heard her crisp voice, sounding like a nightingale singing in a midnight dream.

A smile touched Tristan's lips. His eyes were filled with tenderness.

Subconsciously, Claire had occupied his heart. She was straightforward and knew how to clearly

express her love and hate, pretty different from other girls.

Tristan couldn't help wondering what she was doing.

Charity Medical Center. The white building shone under the sunlight.

In the ward, Violet asked Claire, "Why don't you invite Dr. Watson for dinner tonight, Claire? We must thank him as immediately as possible for showing our sincerity. It's rude to delay it."

"It's a workday..." Claire wasn't as active as Violet expected.

"So what? He still needs to eat, right?" Violet smiled and prompted, "There are restaurants opposite the hospital. I'm sure he can make time for it."

Claire didn't move.

"Hurry! Don't just stand there. Go ask him," Violet urged her. "He can completely cure my gastric problem. We must appreciate his help. I'm a patient. You can't let me invite him, can you?"

Claire was in a dilemma. Although Violet's words made sense, she thought it was too abrupt to invite him for dinner. She felt too awkward.

"Hurry! Go! Go! Go! Don't just stand there dully." Violet was anxious, sitting up on the bed. "Do you really need me to invite him personally? I'll press the service button then."

"No, Aunt Violet, lie down. I'll go. I'll go." Claire hurriedly tucked her into the quilt. "I'll go to ask him now."

"That's better," Violet smirked.

Therefore, Claire left the ward helplessly and walked to Rowan's office. At the door, she didn't see him inside, thinking he was indeed fully packed.

When she turned away, she almost bumped into Rowan again.

Wearing a doctor's gown, Rowan looked like a saint. Staring at her calmly, he asked, "What's the matter?"

The atmosphere was awkward, as his tone was aloof.

"Uh... Are you free this evening?" Claire raised her head, blinking. "I want to invite you for dinner."

Rowan didn't answer, gazing at her without blinking.

Claire didn't know what he was thinking but felt embarrassed. Her brain worked crazily fast. The next second, she explained, "My aunt seems to like you very much." She implied Violet asked her to invite him.

"How about you?" Rowan asked.

His questions tightened her heart. They still looked into each other's eyes. Time seemed to pause.

Claire wondered what he meant.

Rowan withdrew his gaze. "Come to my office at 6 P. M." Then he bypassed her and entered his office

with sparing a glance at her. This time, he didn't ask her to move.

Claire was taken aback at the door for a long while. While heading back to the ward, she felt weird, her

mind jumbled. "What did he mean by saying those words just now? 'What about you?'" she muttered to

herself.

Claire was confused. Suddenly, she wondered if he had flirted with her.