

Surprised 1191

Chapter 1191 Anxious Aunt

Jennifer approached Tristan and put her hand on his shoulder gently. She could tell how upset he was.

"Tristan..."

Her voice brought Tristan back to the present. He looked back at her silently.

Standing in front of the window of the innermost room of Eason's ward suite, Tristan gripped the handrail while frowning deeply. He didn't want to hide his emotions in her sister's presence.

Jennifer didn't ask him anything but stood by his side quietly.

A few minutes later, Tristan admitted, "I had a crush on Claire some time ago. After realizing it, I could feel I liked her more and more each day."

"What did you do to her?" Jennifer was curious. "Why did you apologize to her?" She hoped Tristan hadn't harassed Claire as he wasn't that kind of man.

Tristan hesitated for a while and told her what had happened earlier that day.

Jennifer sucked in her breath after listening to him. "She hadn't calmed down when you confessed. You should let her forgive you first. Why were you so eager to confess your love to her?"

"I saw her with Dr. Watson, so I reacted recklessly." Tristan also regretted it. "I didn't plan to confess my love to her in the hospital, actually."

Jennifer heaved a sigh, feeling sorry for him. "Claire hasn't rejected you, has she? You still can win her heart."

"I'm afraid I've frightened her." Tristan smiled bitterly. As a matter of fact, he worried more that Rowan would have taken the chance to confess his love for Claire.

Sometimes, a man's hunch works well. Tristan could tell Rowan also liked Claire.

Claire was lovely and worry-free, unlike some hypocritical girls.

Meanwhile, the door of Violet's ward had been locked from the inside.

Violet took Claire's arm and dragged her to the window. Widening her eyes, she asked in a low voice,

"Claire, I didn't mishear, did I? Did Tristan confess his love for you just now?"

After all, it happened in the corridor behind the door.

Claire looked into her eyes, furrowing her brows slightly. "Why are you so excited? Aunt Violet, please calm down." Her aunt looked too eager.

Violet could be sure that Tristan had confessed his love for Claire. "Tristan is a good boy. He looks

reliable, and he's handsome. You can consider dating him, Claire."

"Excuse me, Aunt Violet?"

"You've grown up. Don't you want to find a husband?" Violet darted at her from the corner of her eyes.

"You always say you don't want to fall in love. Do you plan to stay in the Russell family for the rest of your life?"

Before Claire retorted, Violet rolled her eyes at her. "Even if your uncle and I agree, your late parents will disagree. You are their only daughter. You must find a good husband."

Claire had an intense migraine and was baffled. Tristan had frightened her so much that she hadn't returned to her senses.

Violet was interested in Tristan, so she asked, "What did you do after going out? You also changed your dress. Did he buy it for you? Tell me. Tell me. Do you have a crush on him?"

"Aunt Violet!" Claire interrupted, "Why are you a fence-sitter? Didn't you try to bring me and Dr. Watson

together earlier? You urged me to go talk to him often."

Violet was taken aback, feeling embarrassed. The next second, she explained, "Right. I did, but there

was no progress between you guys. He's gentle and slow. You also never make progress. I don't think there's chemistry between you guys. Tristan is decent. You should grasp the chance."

Claire looked at her helplessly. "You wish me to get married ASAP as long as it's a man, right?"

"That's not what I mean," Violet clarified. "So far, I'll be glad if you marry Dr. Watson or Tristan. I don't think other men deserve you."

Claire didn't reply, sitting on the bed edge, lost in thought.

Violet stared at her and approached her. "Claire, do... do you have a crush on Dr. Watson?" she asked.

Her question made Claire's heart skip a beat. Claire looked up at her quietly.

Violet immediately understood she liked Rowan.

Chapter 1192 Trust Me

However, Violet wondered if Rowan liked Claire. Frowning, she remarked, "Tristan confessed to you, but you don't like him. The other one hasn't taken any actions."

"Aunt Violet!" Claire was afraid Violet would say something rude to Rowan, gripping her hand. "Please give me more time. Love is a serious matter. It needs time to consider carefully."

"All right. All right," Violet answered, "If you're willing to consider it, I won't urge you. Don't make it too

long. Or you'll miss such an outstanding man."

Rowan's office.

Two patients' families asked him about the patients' statuses. Rowan explained to them and consoled them.

"Thank you, Dr. Watson." The patients' families thanked him before leaving the office.

Violet's ward.

"Claire, I want to check out. Can you inform Dr. Watson?" Violet suddenly said.

Claire looked at her weirdly.

"I don't mean to make an excuse to let you find him. I really want to check out now," Violet explained, "I cannot stay in this hospital for the rest of my life, can I?"

"OK." Claire also didn't want to continue staying, feeling relaxed.

"Claire..." Violet nagged while watching her walk to the door, "If you like Dr. Watson, you should try to confirm if he also likes you."

Claire blushed. "I'll only tell him you'll check out now."

"OK. OK. Go ahead. Hurry!"

Claire left the ward, heading for Rowan's office.

After the patients' families left, Rowan put down his pen. The scene where Tristan confessed his love to

Claire appeared in his mind. Rowan couldn't keep as calm as usual. He felt like someone was coveting

something belonging to him, feeling uneasy.

Suddenly, Daphne entered his office. "Rowan, my leg hurts." She sat next to him. "Can you help me

check it up?"

"Ask Dr. Gilkes to help you," said Rowan indifferently.

Daphne dared not to utter a word as she could tell Rowan was cold and distant, wondering if he wasn't

in a good mood. Then she stood up and left the ward in a grievance.

At the door, she bumped into Claire. Evidently, Claire went to see Rowan. Daphne stopped mid-step,

rolled her eyes at her, and walked away.

Claire was puzzled, looking back at her receding figure, wondering what she had done to offend

Daphne.

In the office, Rowan raised his head, his gaze falling on Claire calmly.

Claire withdrew her gaze and entered the office. "Excuse me, Dr. Watson. My aunt wants to check out.

Is it OK?"

"Sure." Rowan opened his drawer, pulled out a recipe, and passed it to her. "Please give this to your

aunt." Then he also gave her some medicine bottles. "And those, too."

Claire took them over.

"I'll help her go through the checkout paperwork. You can leave anytime," Rowan added.

Claire was slightly taken aback. "Can we leave now?"

"Of course."

Claire thought she had bothered Rowan for many things as he would also go through the checkout

paperwork on their behalf, wondering if that was too much.

Rowan read her mind and said, "Trust me. No worries."

Claire had heard such words for the second time, warmth traveling in her chest. "OK." She bowed at

him. "Thank you, Dr. Watson." Then she turned away.

Rowan was surprised by her politeness. When he returned to his senses, Claire had vanished from his

office.

After Violet and Claire left the hospital, Rowan wouldn't know when he could meet Claire again. The thought sent him into disappointment. However, he had no reason to keep them staying in the hospital all the time.

Soon, another patient's family visited him in the office. Rowan wrote down some records. Shortly after, a doctor knocked on the door. "Excuse me, Dean Watson. The surgery is starting soon."

"OK." Rowan took off his white gown, put on the surgery gown, and adjusted his mood, returning to being confident and clinical again. Then he strode towards the operating room.

He was way too busy.

Chapter 1193 What Did I Lie to You About?

While walking in the corridor, Claire met Daphne again. After Daphne rolled her eyes at her, Claire wanted to ignore her. However, Daphne deliberately blocked her way.

She looked down at Claire arrogantly as she knew Rowan had entered the operating room. Therefore, no matter what she said, Rowan wouldn't hear.

"What do you want?" An annoyed look flashed through Claire's pretty eyes.

"The medicines Rowan gave to you were newly developed. They will cure your aunt's gastric problem."

Daphne said proudly, "I won't mention their high costs. They haven't been in the medicare system yet.

That means the hospital didn't charge you a penny."

Claire was shocked and couldn't believe they were all free.

"Our hospital wards are always short in demand. However, he gave the best one to you." Daphne held

her arms across her chest. "Don't think he's done it because of you."

Her words made Claire more grateful for Rowan.

Gazing at her, Daphne added, "Stop overthinking. He has done so for Mr. Marsh's sake."

Claire looked up at her and retorted, "No matter for whose sake, I'm grateful for him as those medicines will cure my aunt."

Daphne was slightly taken aback, thinking Claire didn't follow her.

However, Claire understood what she implied. Arching an eyebrow, she said, "Dr. Wells, you don't need to be jealous. I don't think he has a crush on you."

"You!" Daphne paled, anger surging in her chest.

"Also, you always roll your eyes. If you have an eye problem, you should go to see an oculist." With

those words, Claire bypassed her. She wasn't Daphne's mother, so she didn't need to forgive her without fighting back.

"Claire Russell!" Daphne turned around, losing control. "Stop hitting on Rowan! You don't deserve him."

Her last line stabbed into Claire's heart like a sharp thorn. Claire almost stopped breathing but didn't pause her pace.

Soon, Claire and Violet left the hospital.

Russell's Residence, Arkpool City.

"Aunt Violet, I passed Dr. Watson's recipe to the chef. She'll cook dishes accordingly." Claire was delighted as Violet had recovered. "It takes time for your stomach to recover."

"OK. By the way, Claire. Finnley and Mya will come over for dinner tonight. Can you tell the chef to prepare more dishes?"

"Sure." Claire reentered the kitchen. After returning to the living room, she said, "Aunt Violet, take a good rest. I'll go out."

"Come home for dinner. Don't be late."

"I know."

Claire grabbed her handbag and left the house. After taking a few steps out of the gate, she noticed a car nearby, and a man standing against the car while holding his arms across his chest.

Claire stopped mid-step. The man looked at her without blinking.

"Hi, Tristan." Claire walked towards him, looking around. "Are you waiting for me?"

"Or who else?"

The air was filled with awkwardness, instantly.

"Claire, why did you lie to me?" Tristan asked gently, disappointment flashing through his eyes.

Claire was startled. "What? What did I lie about?"

Tristan pulled the passenger side door open. "Get in. Let's have a joy ride. I'll tell you on the way."

Claire hesitated, darted at him, and bent down to sit in.

After closing the door for her, Tristan sat in the driver's seat and started the engine.

"What did you mean just now?" Claire looked at him and asked solemnly, "What did I lie to you about?"

Tristan drove slowly. The car windows were half opened. It was indeed a joy ride.

Staring ahead, Tristan said, "Do you remember what you told me before? When I have a crush on a

girl, I must confess my love to her."

Claire widened her eyes as those words sounded familiar.

"You also said you'd written romance novels for many years, so you were experienced."

"You reminded me that fate lasted shortly. If I didn't act fast, the girl I like would probably become another man's wife."

Claire was startled. All the words sounded too familiar to her.

Tristan curled his lips into a smile in self-mockery. "I didn't believe you earlier. I retorted that novels were unlike real life. I also remarked you were too young."

Claire suddenly recalled the day in New York, when she witnessed a blind date.

Tristan continued, "You said real life was more dramatic than novels. You also praised me for having a charming character and confidently said I would win a girl's heart once I confessed to her."

He stepped on the brake, pulled over the car, and stared at her. In a hidden complaint and reluctance, he asked, "Claire, I followed your instructions. However, I failed my confession. Why?"

Meeting his gaze, Claire was tongue-tied.

Chapter 1194 Please Consider It

Tristan turned to her. Resting one hand on the steering wheel, he put the other on the back of the passenger's seat. He stared at his beloved girl intensely.

Seeing the tear-like mist in his eyes, Claire felt a sense of guilt, her heart tightening.

The atmosphere in the car was filled with stiffness.

"Still remember I asked you what happiness was?" Tristan's eyes darkened. His Adam's apple bobbed.

"You told me it was going home, expected by beloved ones, and prepared dishes."

Claire listened to him silently.

"You also asked me if I had a crush on a girl." Tristan gazed at her eyes without blinking. "I looked into your eyes and said yes."

Claire swallowed, feeling creepy under his gaze.

"You also asked me if I had confessed to her and if the girl knew I had a crush on her... Claire, you told me yourself that I must confess my love when I liked a girl..."

"Enough!" Claire felt as if she would explode soon as she felt suffocated in the car. She hurriedly unbuckled her seat belt, pushed the door, and got off.

Tristan followed her. Standing before her, he saw the panic on her face and felt sorry. He decided not to continue his questions any longer.

The wind disheveled Claire's hair. She tossed them repeatedly to cover her panic and embarrassment.

Tristan stopped asking. Actually, he didn't blame her while staring at the girl, who was the very first one he had a crush on in his life.

A while later, Tristan said, "Claire, raise your head, Look into my eyes."

Claire slowly looked up.

"Can you consider it solemnly?" Tristan requested mellowly, "Don't turn me down immediately. I'll wait for your answer."

Claire didn't answer, mixed feelings surging in her chest.

Tristan said, "Where are you going? It's not easy to hail a taxi here. You can drive my car." With those words, he walked away.

Claire gazed at his tall, slender figure, pressing her lips together. She still hadn't calmed down. Then she sat in the driver's seat and started the engine.

Later, she parked the car next to Tristan. The latter stopped mid-step and looked back at her. Then he

opened the door and sat in the passenger's seat.

Neither spoke anymore. Claire pulled over the car at the entrance of Saskia's house and said, "Tristan, don't wait for me. I won't go home tonight." She lied when recalling the matter the other day.

When she was about to get off, Tristan pulled her arm gently. "Tell me you'll consider it seriously." He reminded her not to respond in silence.

Claire nodded her agreement. "I will."

Tristan reluctantly let her go, watched her get off, and stared at her receding figure. Then he got down from the car, sat in the driver's seat, and left.

Three hours later, the evening came.

Several cars were parked in the yard of Russell's Residence. Finnley and Mya arrived, and so did Claire.

The dining room was lit brightly, and its color and designed decoration could easily arouse people's appetite.

The Russells were sitting at the table, which was full of dishes. Some were specially made for a

pregnant woman, and some were prepared according to Dr. Watson's recipe.

"This is the first dinner after your mother checks out from the hospital. For her health, cheers!" Albert

was delighted. "We haven't had a family gathering for a long time. Let's enjoy ourselves. Feel free to chat."

In an influential family, the table etiquette was to keep quiet when eating.

After clinking glasses, Violet picked up her fork and knife and started a topic. "Since we're all here today, let's talk about Claire's boyfriend and marriage."

Claire was surprised, looking up at her.

"Does Claire have a boyfriend?" Mya was curious. "Who is he?"

Chapter 1195 Caring Aunt

Claire couldn't utter a word for a moment.

With a solemn look, Violet continued, "After studying for a while recently, I've found two young men matching Claire."

Alert put down his fork and was all his ears while staring at his wife. "Who are they? You looked for

guys for Claire all over the years but failed to find a suitable one. How come suddenly there are two?"

Finnley was also curious.

"Dr. Watson and Tristan," Violet answered bluntly. "The two young men are outstanding. I like them."

She believed she was accurate about others.

"Tristan has confessed to Claire, but she prefers Dr. Watson more. Dr. Watson might be low to warm up and is too busy. Or, he might not have a crush on her."

Claire pressed her lips together, feeling tense. Violet had agreed to give her more time but suddenly raised the topic.

"Honestly speaking, I hope she could accept Tristan," Violet added, "Dr. Watson is too busy to date and become a husband. In his opinion, his patients should always come first."

Albert nodded to echo, "Dating a doctor needs more generosity and patience."

Finnley and Mya exchanged a glance in surprise. It had been only a few days, but so many things had happened.

They couldn't believe Tristan had confessed his love to Claire. In their opinion, Tristan was mature and steady, but he acted too quickly. In fact, Tristan and Claire hadn't encountered for a long time, nor did they know each other well.

"So?" Albert knew his wife, thinking she implied something. "Is Claire 100% obedient to you?"

"Not really. We all should give her advice," Violet said, "So, I want you all to vote for the two men."

"Aunt Violet!" Claire couldn't listen to her quietly. Repressing her emotions, she emphasized solemnly,

"Tristan and Rowan are not things. They cannot be voted or selected."

Violet was taken aback and explained, "I don't mean to make them things. Claire, we're your family. We

can give you advice. After all, marriage is serious."

"Marriage? I even haven't started dating them," Claire retorted, "Even if I dated one of them, I wouldn't

guarantee I'd marry them in the future."

"Claire..."

"Aunt Violet," Claire interrupted, repressing her feelings, "I'm sorry, but I don't think we should compare

and discuss them. It's impolite. Besides, I'm not excellent. I don't have the right to choose between

them."

Her words made the dining room silent for a few seconds.

Later, Finnley cleared his throat and asked, "Claire, did you reject Tristan after he confessed?"

Recalling Tristan's words in the afternoon, Claire answered, "I told him I need time to consider it."

Violet chimed in. "Consider it carefully, then. Forget about Dr. Watson. Tristan suits you better. I vote for him."

Claire didn't respond. Thinking that he deliberately waited for her outside the house and said many words to her, she was upset and felt guilty. She couldn't deny her feelings for Tristan, but it wasn't a love of a woman for her beloved man.

"Dr. Watson cannot be a good husband due to his profession." Violet sighed, "I like him very much.

After thinking about it for a while, I don't think he'll have time to take care of Claire. Probably, Claire has to be alone from being pregnant to giving birth."

She even talked about the pregnancy, which was too ridiculous.

"I vote for Tristan." Alert picked up his fork and munched food.

Finnley and Mya wouldn't vote as they both thought love only relied on feelings.

Albert added, "I meet Tristan before. He has good manners and is knowledgeable, well-educated, and responsible."

Chapter 1196 Suicide

Finnley furrowed his eyebrows as he also disliked his parents' ways of thinking. However, he could understand them. They considered things for Claire's own good.

Evidently, Claire felt too awkward. She looked as if sitting on a spiked rug during dinner. She was a novel author. Unlike the ordinary ones, she looked upon feelings and her intuition more instead of balancing between two men.

Finnley looked at her and asked, "Which one do you like, Claire?" Finally, someone cared about her feelings, and Claire breathed a sigh of relief.

She looked at Finnley and Mya, who were staring at her for her answer.

"Tristan is nice," Claire answered, "But I've never thought of dating him. I have a crush on Rowan. He has helped me several times. I often feel he's responsible and trustworthy."

Talking about helping her, she thought about Tristan, who covered her and let her escape under the policemen's noses in New York. It was also a unique experience in her life.

Mya studied her, thinking she should find it difficult to make a choice.

"Claire, you also like Tristan, right?" she asked, "They both are outstanding and treat you nicely."

Claire didn't answer her immediately. She was sure she liked Rowan but also didn't dislike Tristan. She

had promised Tristan she would consider his confession.

Mya added, "Well, I'll have a suggestion."

"What is it?"

Mya answered, "You can travel to a place with beautiful views. While enjoying it, you can take a photo and see who will be the first one you want to share the photo with. Then that man is the one you like truly."

Claire was impressed as she had never known such a method, wondering if it was accurate.

Mya's suggestion was agreed upon by the Russell couple.

Finnley also thought it made sense. "It works, Claire. You can work on your laptop everywhere. Why don't you go on a trip?"

Claire listened to them but didn't take the suggestion to her heart. The topic of her love life ended as

Violet had said whatever she wanted.

Mya's belly had bulged slightly. Her pregnancy was evident.

"Mya, drink more soup. It's good for your amniotic fluid." Violet filled a bowl of soup and passed it to her.

Mya took it over and said, "Thank you, Mom."

Finnley stroked her hair dotingly and said, "Dad, Mom, she pays attention to her diets nowadays. Her weight increases every day. She's been good."

"If this goes on, I will be too fat when the baby is born," Mya grumbled. However, she didn't care about gaining weight as long as it benefited her baby.

"It's all right. I'll still love you." Finnley loved her more and more.

The sun had set, and the night was out. Moon rose in the sky.

The dining room was filled with laughter. What a harmonious scene!

Claire was sleepless that night, tossing about on her bed while lost in thought.

Tristan's eyes staring at her flashed through her mind. She could tell his reluctance and disappointment. His words reechoed in her ears.

Claire felt too depressed, thinking she couldn't accept his love as it was too much.

The following morning, she packed a small suitcase and put her laptop in. She planned to go on a trip.

Before Claire left, her phone rang. She pulled out, checked the caller ID, and answered in confusion,

"Hello, Mrs. Holt?"

"Saskia is missing, Claire. She left a suicide note and disappeared. Can you call her?" Saskia's mother

was too anxious. "She will commit suicide. She wants to die. Boohoo..."

Claire's heart sank.

Chapter 1197 Encountering Rowan Luckily

"Mrs. Holt, calm down, please. I'll look for her now." Claire forced herself to stay clinical while consoling

Saskia's mother. "I'll keep you updated."

"Thank you in advance, Claire." Saskia's mother wept in despair. "She's our only child. Please help us

find her."

"OK."

After ending the call, Claire trotted downstairs while dialing Saskia's number, but Saskia's phone had

powered off.

Without having breakfast, Claire rushed out of the living room.

"Where are you going, Claire?" Violet sat up on the couch and was shocked by her anxiety.

Claire stopped at the door and looked back. "Aunt Violet, Saskia ran away from home after leaving a

suicide note. I'm going to find her." With those words, Claire rushed out of the house, sat in a car, and drove away quickly.

"Slow down! You are new to driving."

Claire's car had roared away. Violet grumbled anxiously, "Silly girl! How could she end her own life for a scumbag? Hasn't she thought of her parents? She deserves a lesson."

Claire had just received her driving license. For the first time, she sped up her car to 150 miles per hour. While the car accelerated, Claire overlooked the speed. On the way, she repeatedly wondered where Saskia could have gone to probably.

Suddenly, an address appeared in her mind--a bistro where they always hung out.

Claire sped up the car again and tried to call Saskia. Unfortunately, her phone was still off.

Meanwhile, a black Volvo was running on the street from the opposite direction. It was on 70 to 80 miles per hour. Rowan sat in the driver's seat, wearing a white shirt. The beautiful morning sunlight fell on his handsome face through the window.

A song was played in the car. Leaning against the seat back, he had a gentle, relaxed look.

In front of a bistro, Rowan slightly turned his steering wheel to the right to dodge an electric bicycle.

Meanwhile, Claire's car headed towards the Volvo at a high speed.

When she returned to her senses and stepped on the brake, her car hit the Volvo. Both stopped.

"Shoot!" Claire unbuckled the seat belt, got off, and checked the scratches on the two cars. Then she

trotted to the driver's side window. "I'm sorry..." Then she saw Rowan behind the window.

Rowan didn't expect it was her, either. Seeing the panic on her face and thinking about the speed of

her car, he hurriedly pushed the door open and got off. "What happened?"

Claire darted at him in a panic. "It's a matter of life or death. I need to find her in the bistro first. Please

excuse me." Then she turned around and ran towards the bistro.

Rowan looked up at the logo, shut the car door, and followed her in hurriedly.

The bistro was well-decorated and quiet, and a soothing song was played. The light wasn't dim, and

the place was small. It was not difficult to look for someone.

Rowan followed Claire in, seeing her check on every girl and apologize repeatedly. He could tell she

was looking for someone. He strode towards her, propping his hand on her shoulder. "Whom are you

looking for, Claire?" he asked.

"My bestie, Saskia." Claire panicked, cold sweat oozing on her forehead. "Her mother called me. She

left a suicide note and ran away from home." She looked around anxiously and added in a crying tone,

"This is the place we often come to. I thought she would be here, but..."

"Calm down and think again." Rowan was rational, gripping her shoulders tightly. "Anywhere else?"

Claire's mind was jumbled. Shaking her head helplessly, she pulled out her phone with trembling hands

and dialed Saskia's number again. "Still off..."

"Let's go." Rowan took her hand, taking her away from the bistro. "Think again. Where will she go

possibly?" Then he pulled the door of his car open and said, "Sit in, Claire."

Claire was taken aback, checking on her own car next to it.

"You are too tense to drive now." Rowan pressed her into his car. He quickly sat in the driver's seat.

"Have you figured out where to go? I'll give you a ride."

"The river bank." A scene suddenly appeared in her mind. Claire instructed, "Go straight forward and

turn right. There's a line of ghats."

Rowan started the engine. He had an impression of that place.

Once Saskia joked with her that jumping into the river was the best way for patients with depression to

commit suicide because jumping off a building would be too painful.

The Volvo ran quickly. Rowan asked curiously, "How long have you been driving?"

"Two months."

Rowan had a lingering fear as she had driven too fast earlier.

A while later, Claire finally calmed down and looked at him. "Don't you need to go to work? It might take a long time."

"We're saving your friend's life," Rowan answered, "I'll see patients after going to my hospital. Which one is more important?"

Chapter 1198 Rescued on Time

Claire looked into his eyes. Rowan withdrew his gaze, staring forward while driving solemnly.

Claire also returned to her senses, feeling worried for Saskia. 'Silly girl! Too childish!' she inwardly blamed her bestie.

"Why did she want to end her life?" Rowan asked calmly as a professional doctor, "Does she suffer from depression? What's her usual status?"

If the girl was rescued, he thought she would need psychological counseling.

"Her boyfriend cheated on her. She couldn't let go of it," Claire heaved a sigh and answered honestly,

"They've dated since high school. He was the only boy in her youth."

Sometimes, Claire understood how Saskia felt. However, Saskia shouldn't have tortured herself.

Instead, she should have taught the scumbag a lesson.

Rowan understood, realizing the girl commit suicide for the disappointment in love. He sped up the car,

wishing to rescue the girl.

A few minutes later, they pulled up to the place where a line of ghats was. After they turned right, there

was a river bank that stood tall.

Claire immediately unbuckled her seat belt and hopped off the car. Rowan followed her. They ran up to

the ghats.

The ghats were lined in zigzag, vertical, and steep.

When they finally arrived on the top of the river bank, Claire's legs weakened. On the last step, she

gasped for her breath. The next second, she saw a figure hop over the fence for jumping into the river.

"Saskia!" She desperately ran towards her. "Stop it! Don't jump!"

Rowan also rushed to the bank, seeing the urgent scene and hearing Claire's panicked scream. He reacted quickly, running towards the girl as fast as he could.

When Saskia heard Claire's scream, she stopped and looked over. Taking the chance, Rowan bypassed Claire, rushed to Saskia, grabbed her arm, and dragged her off the fence.

"Argh!" Saskia exclaimed before realizing what was happening. However, she was safe.

Claire arrived. While panting, she dragged Saskia's arm to keep her balance. "Pak!" She slapped Saskia's face.

Claire used all her strength. Saskia saw stars, feeling dizzy.

Rowan gaped at the scene.

Claire shouted abuse, "Saskia Holt! Can you stop being so spineless?"

"Death cannot solve any problem. Even if it could, it should be Parker Stone to die. Why did you want to end your own life? Have you considered your parents?"

"Do you know how worried your parents are? I received your mother's call in the early morning. She cried desperately. After you die, what will they do? You ungrateful girl. I'll teach you a lesson."

While she cursed, Claire raised her hand again, seething with rage.

Rowan quickly grabbed her wrist. "Calm down, Claire."

Saskia looked miserable, her face full of tears. Covering her slapped, swollen cheek, she was in a daze while the river wind disheveled her hair, looking spiritless and frustrated. She couldn't answer her bestie's question but sobered.

Claire darted Rowan, putting down her hand. After taking a deep breath, she dialed Saskia's mother's number. "Hello, Mrs. Holt. I found Saskia. Don't worry. She's fine."

"Really? That's great! Thank you, Claire. Where are you now?" the woman burst into tears joyfully on the other end of the line.

"I gotta go," Claire replied, "I'll drive her back to your house later."

After ending the call, Claire dragged Saskia's arm. "Let's get out of here!"

Saskia didn't struggle as she was too upset. She felt her heart being torn into pieces. Each second seemed to be torture for her, and she was like a walking dead.

In Rowan's eyes, Claire was extremely rude at this moment. She forcibly dragged her bestie down the steps.

Chapter 1199 Claire Impressed Rowan

Rowan hurriedly followed them. "Watch out. You may fall." He took the initiative to grip Claire's other arm, firmly supporting her.

After leaving the ghats, Rowan pulled the rear door of his car open. Claire pressed Saskia in and sat in the backseat next to her.

"Where are we going?" Rowan asked, looking back from the driver's seat.

"A fresh market," Claire answered.

Rowan was taken aback as he didn't understand what she was doing. "Why a fresh market? Do you want to buy some ingredients?"

Claire didn't answer, pinching Saskia's arm angrily. "Wake up! Don't give me that look."

Rowan stopped asking and started the engine, heading for a fresh market nearby.

Saskia slowly turned to Claire. Saskia was soulless, her pale face full of tears, looking miserable.

Staring at her, Claire didn't have the heart to blame her again, although she was still furious. Heaving a sigh, she said, "I won't blame you. You won't listen, anyway."

Suddenly, a ringing tone sounded. Rowan put on his Bluetooth microphone and answered gently,

"Hello."

"Rowan, where are you?" Daphne asked on the other end of the line. She went to his office but failed to find him.

"I'm out, not in the hospital. I don't have any operations in the morning. You may help me arrange other things without calling me. Thanks." Rowan ended the call before Daphne spoke again.

Soon, they pulled up to a fresh market nearby the river bank.

Claire opened the door. "Get down!" She dragged her spiritless bestie off.

Different ways of life could be seen in a fresh market. Some elderly above 90 squeezed in a corner, selling the vegetables planted themselves. Their faces were wrinkled while bending over. Some disabled vagabonds were looking for food in trash cans.

"Why did you take me here?" Saskia looked around and saw those scenes, feeling irritable.

"Have you thought whose grandmothers or mothers are they? They led difficult lives but tried their best to survive. Why don't you appreciate your life?"

Claire grabbed her arm, dragging her. "The aged ones struggle to live on, and so do the disabled ones.

You are young and healthy. How can you commit suicide? Shame on you!"

Her questions baffled Saskia, who felt bitter.

"You should also see the dying patients suffering from cancers." Claire was still enraged. "All of them long for living on. Even though they'll spend every single penny and bear the torture of the diseases, they never give up."

"Saskia, you stomped on your life. You have no right to do it. God doesn't have the plan to let you die, and you cannot end your own life."

Rowan was moved while listening to her. Feeling shocked, he couldn't help wondering about the meaning of life. Seeing her disappointed and furious face, he could tell the enormous energy in her petite body.

Also, Saskia seemed to be woken up. Unlike a walking dead earlier, she watched the scene, her eyes lit up with a ray of hope.

Thinking that Rowan would go to work, Claire let go of Saskia. Then she bought the vegetables from two old grannies, carrying big shopping bags towards the car.

Rowan hurriedly helped her. "Let me take them."

"Dr. Watson, you can leave us here. You should go to work now." Claire stared at him with big watery eyes. "Thank you for your help today. I'll hail a taxi to drive her home."

"I don't have surgery this morning." Rowan bent over and took the two bags from her hands. "I'll give you a ride." Then he put the bags into the car trunk. Rowan was moved by Claire's kind heart.

Claire pulled Saskia to sit in. Rowan started the engine and drove away.

Rowan was impressed by Claire, who had changed her impression in his mind. He seemed to have known a different girl, amazed by such positive energy hidden in her small body.

He saw her attitude for life--respect and sincerity.

Chapter 1200 Ivan's Care for Family

After sending the two girls home, Rowan didn't go to the hospital. Claire's car was still parked in front of the bistro. He drove it to a service shop.

Although Claire was fully responsible for the car accident, Rowan didn't let her compensate and stopped her when she was about to thank him.

Claire felt too embarrassed. However, she needed to give guidance to Saskia, so she had to accept his kindness.

10 A. M.

A high-end nightclub in Arkpool City.

A Lamborghini was parked steadily on the lawn. Andrew got off from the driver's seat, strode to the back, and respectfully opened the rear door.

Ivan got off. The bright sunlight made his handsome features dignified. Below his straight nose bridge, his lips were pressed slightly together. He looked lethally sexy.

Although he was 38, he emanated a charm of a mature man with the temperament he was born with.

Several employees greeted him. "Good morning, Mr. Marsh."

Ivan strode towards the nightclub. He wasn't there for cooperation meetings, so he walked leisurely with his hands in the pockets of his suit pants. Everyone could tell the chill in the air.

Holding several confidential file folders, Andrew followed Ivan with a solemn look.

After passing the corridor, they headed towards a lounge with a vintage decoration. The room's floor was covered by a burgundy carved carpet, looking upscale.

Two mid-aged men stood before the couch while checking on the door from time to time. Both looked uneasy. When they were "invited" to this room, they had bad hunches.

Soon, they heard footsteps. Ivan appeared at the door with Andrew.

Although Ivan was younger, his aura was the strongest. The two mid-aged men greeted him, their hearts in their mouths. "Good day, Mr. Marsh."

"Have a seat." Ivan entered. He darted at them with a gentle look before sitting on the couch.

Tucker and Aaron followed suit.

Ivan gestured. Andrew pulled two files out of the folders and put them on the coffee table before them.

The two mid-aged men exchanged a glance before picking up the files to read. After they browsed a few lines, their expressions changed.

Ivan leaned against the couch back while his legs crossed elegantly. Gazing at them, he said, "Those are all the crimes you've committed. All in detail. Do you admit them?"

The time, venue, and contents of each crime made the two men's hearts sink. They could tell Ivan had put much effort into checking them.

The big lounge was filled with pin-drop silence.

"Mr. Marsh." Tucker was confused. Looking at Ivan, he asked solemnly, "Why did you check us? I... I

don't think we have done anything to offend you."

Ivan wasn't in the mood to explain to him. The two mid-aged men wanted to harm Tristan back then. So

far, Tristan's identity hadn't been disclosed yet. Ivan could see through their ambitions.

"Do you admit the crimes?" Ivan repeated without answering them. "Even the lightest charge of the crimes could give you a 10-year imprisonment. The heaviest one can give a death penalty."

"We admit them." The two men trembled in fear, smiling bitterly. "Mr. Marsh, since you've found all of them. I'm sure you've also gathered enough evidence."

They were smart.

"OK." Ivan took another folder from Andrea, pulled out two copies of share transfer agreements, and passed them to the two men personally. "Sign them. Don't beat around the bush."

The two men took the agreements and browsed them, realizing Ivan wanted them to transfer all 10% of the company shares to Zack. They raised their heads in surprise while staring at Ivan, inwardly objecting to it.

Ivan looked at them calmly. He was sure they would sign the agreements, no matter if they were willing or pushed.

"Mr. Marsh... If I transfer my shares to Zack Clarke. Can you have mercy on us?" One always has a strong desire to live.

Ivan scanned him coldly. "Are you negotiating with me? Think you deserve it?"

The mid-aged man shrank his shoulders, withdrawing his gaze immediately.

Andrew passed pens to them. The two mid-aged men hesitated for a few seconds, realizing they had no other option. Therefore, they took the pens and signed their names without reading the agreements.

Both transferred their shares.

Suddenly, the lounge door was open, and several policemen entered. The two mid-aged men paled, realizing their plans would terminate at this moment. They would spend the rest of their lives in jail.