

Surprised 1201

Chapter 1201 Claire Was Wise

Jennifer happened to have a meeting in the nightclub. When she left, she saw the familiar Lamborghini in the yard and was surprised that Ivan was also there.

Therefore, she turned around and reentered the house, searching for her husband, thinking it was indeed coincident.

Shortly after, Jennifer saw two policemen taking two mid-aged men out of the nightclub. She dodged into a corner, clinging to the wall with the relief sculpture.

After they bypassed her, Jennifer walked forward curiously and arrived at the door of the lounge where they exited just now. When she poked her head, she saw Ivan's figure stand up from the couch with an emperor's vibe.

"Ivan?" Jennifer entered. She looked back into the corridor and asked in confusion, "The two men just now..." She broke off.

When the couples' gazes met in mid-air, tenderness appeared in Ivan's eyes.

Jennifer approached. "What happened to them? Who are they? Why were they arrested by the police?"

"They hurt your brother when he was little and always coveted the president of the Clarke Group." Ivan passed the share transfer agreements to her. "Everything is settled now."

Jennifer took over the file and saw 20% of the company shares had been transferred in Zack's name, gaping in disbelief.

"Did you force them?"

"Nope. They were willing to do it."

Jennifer didn't think it was real but was tongue-tied.

"Let's go home." Ivan propped his arm on her shoulders, walked out of the lounge, and said joyfully,

"The two men will spend the rest of their lives in jail. The Clark Group has been cleaned up. Those two men are the biggest troublemakers. I sent many men to gather all of their criminal evidence."

Jennifer stared up at him. "Does Dad know what you've done?"

"I didn't tell him before succeeding." Ivan pecked her cheek, a smile touching his lips. "I can wow him with the good news now."

Andrew witnessed their PDA while following them.

Holding the agreements, Jennifer was touched. She noticed Ivan had answered calls secretly in the

past few days, thinking it must be because of this matter.

That day, Claire had accompanied Saskia for a whole day. Then she took Saskia home and returned her to her parents safe and sound.

The Holt family appreciated Claire's help greatly, repeatedly thanking her with tears in their eyes.

Saskia wept and apologized to her parents as she worried them.

"Saskia, have you really let go of him?" Claire released Saskia's hand in the bedroom and stood up.

"Parker Stone is a scum. You may meet four or five jerks in your life, but you can never be cheated on by the same scumbag four or five times."

"I got it." Saskia felt embarrassed, looking at her rationally. "I've let go of him for real, Claire. Trust me.

You've talked to me for a whole day. Your lesson works."

"When you feel bothered, you cannot do any stupid things again." Claire pulled her phone out and check the time. "I gotta go home. If you are upset again, call me immediately."

Saskia chuckled, "OK. OK. You are so wise, Claire."

"Of course!" Claire giggled, "Although I've never been in love, I write it. I've written the love stories

between at least 90 couples."

"All right. You are the most experienced."

"Saskia, I plan to go on a trip. Would you like to join me?" Claire asked. "I'll go somewhere nearby the city."

"I need to find a new job, Claire. You are a freelancer, unlike me." Saskia looked frustrated slightly. "I'll get busy, so I won't overthink."

"Exactly! A girl should have her career without projecting her love on a man."

While they were chitchatting, Saskia's mother asked the chef to bake desserts to thank Claire. "My

Saskia is so lucky to have such a wonderful bestie."

Charity Medical Center.

Rowan made time to exit the operating room, picked up his phone, and stared at Claire's number. He had an urge to dial it, wondering if her bestie was doing OK and if she needed any psychological counseling.

However, Rowan was afraid of interrupting Claire and worried she might detest his enthusiasm. After all, Claire had rejected Tristan, and they had become too awkward to be friends.

Rowan had a crush on Claire, so he was always cautious to prevent repeating Tristan's mistakes.

At the office door, Daphne stopped and stared at his side face when Rowan was peering out of the window. She could tell Rowan had been lost in thought, wondering if he was missing Claire.

Chapter 1202 Pestered by Anti-fans

Daphne felt disappointed. Holding the file, she turned away. Even though Claire wasn't in the hospital now, she seemed to impact Rowan's mood.

The evening came. The setting sun looked magnificent.

Saskia and Claire went to the living room. They enjoyed all kinds of desserts in the living room. Saskia had stopped crying. Although her eyes were reddened and swollen, she looked spirited.

Claire's persuasions worked well.

Saskia's mother was extremely kind to Claire and didn't stop thanking her.

After enjoying the high tea, Claire bid the Holts farewell. Saskia walked her out of the yard. "Don't worry, Claire. I'll live on. No matter what happens, life goes on. I won't do any stupid things again."

"I'm glad you think so." Claire hugged her cheerfully. "Let go of Parker Stone. You'll meet your Mr. Right eventually."

"Please send my gratitude to Dr. Watson." Saskia was enlightened suddenly. "He's your friend. You can meet him often."

"Not really. He's a doctor. I'll only see him when I'm sick." Claire answered leisurely, "It's OK. When I meet him again, I will thank him."

"Remember to invite him for dinner. On me."

Claire hailed a taxi to leave. After her car hit Rowan's, Rowan drove it to the service shop before it was sent back to Russell's Residence.

"Can you drop me off at the intersection ahead, please?" Claire said to the driver and wanted to go to a bookstore.

She went to the bookstore last time, but the book she wanted to buy had been sold out. It was written by her friend, so she wanted to keep it for collection. In the future, she would ask her friend for an autograph.

The taxi was pulled over shortly after. Claire paid the fare and got off.

She walked under the beautiful sunlight. Before entering the bookstore, a maniac fan rushed toward

her and blocked her way. Claire was frightened.

"Claire, let's have dinner together!" The man's eyes lit up.

"Who are you?" Claire feared as she didn't know him, but he knew her name.

"It's me. Earl Woods. We followed each other on Facebook a month ago. I'm your fanboy." The man was in his thirties with a round face and a chubby figure. His joyful face approached Claire. "I've never posted my selfies on Facebook, so you don't have any impression of me. It's alright."

His breath stank. Claire instinctively flinched. She had an impression of him. Earl always harassed her with the excuse of discussing the
If she ignored him, he would give
her negative comments.

Looking awkward, Claire said, "I'm sorry. I'm here to buy a book."

"Let's go. It's dinnertime." Earl grabbed her arm. "My uncle runs a restaurant over there. Let's have dinner together. It's on me." He gripped her tightly to avoid her escaping.

"No. Thanks. No..." Claire struggled. "I'm not hungry." She didn't want to be pestered in public. "Let go of me! I'm busy." Claire panicked.

"Let's go to the restaurant and talk. I asked you out many times, but you refused. Finally, I met you today. I won't let you go." Earl tried hard to drag her. "Claire, I like you very much."

"Let go of me!" Claire was frightened by him. "Let go! Help! Help!"

"Come with me, Claire!"

"Help!" Claire tried hard to struggle. "Let go of me!"

The onlookers didn't know what was happening, dodging aside.

Nearby the bookstore, Tristan was about to sit in his car. Upon hearing the voices, he turned around and saw the scene. Frowning, he tossed the bag into his car and ran towards them quickly.

While Claire was struggling against Earl, Tristan grabbed his collar and threw a punch at his face.

"Argh!" Earl was bounced away, falling to the ground.

Meanwhile, Claire was tossed away by him. Tristan spun and wrapped her waist with his arms. She bumped into his firm, warm chest.

After Claire kept her balance, Tristan let go of her, rushed to Earl, and beat him up. Each punch was full of anger.

Chapter 1203 Unacceptable Response

Earl lay prone on the ground and couldn't fight back at all. Claire was afraid Tristan might kill him.

"Tristan!" She immediately trotted to stop him.

Blood oozed from Earl's nose. Covering his head, he huddled on the ground. However, Tristan seethed with rage and had no intention of letting go of him.

"Enough, Tristan. Stop it. Stop it." Claire seized his arm. "Stop beating him. You will have a criminal record if you kill him." She was worried, looking around anxiously, hoping no one had called the police.

"Tristan!" Claire used all her strength to stop Tristan.

After hitting the man fiercely several times, Tristan held Claire's hand while quickly running away. His grip made Claire feel his strength.

Tristan pulled the passenger side door open. Claire sat in. Tristan started the engine, and the car was pulled away.

In the passenger's seat, Claire looked at him in silence. She hadn't calmed down yet. Seeing the reddened, swollen back of his right hand, she felt sorry.

Tristan was still furious, frowning deeply. A while later, he checked on Claire and asked, "Are you OK?"

Then he noticed she was gazing at him in a daze.

It turned out Claire had been staring at him all the time. Tristan couldn't help wondering what she was thinking about.

Claire immediately shook her head and withdrew her gaze. "Thank you, Tristan," she said sincerely, feeling terribly sorry for him.

Tristan didn't reply. He parked his car next to the river bank and unbuckled the seat belt. "Shall we have a walk?"

Claire suddenly recalled that she had promised to tell him her answer, wondering if he wanted her response now.

She followed him to get off and wanted to tell him her decision. In her opinion, love was serious and couldn't be fooled. In fact, she had already had an answer to his question.

The view around the river bank was beautiful. Opposite was the well-known Marsh Group. Looking at the river while enjoying the breeze, Claire felt she had such a day in her life before.

While walking, the two recalled their experience in New York in unison. Under the policemen's noses,

Claire smashed Parker with her suitcase. Then Tristan also held her hand and ran away with her like

this.

"Have you considered my question, Claire?" Tristan stopped mid-step, turned around, and gazed at her seriously.

Claire paused her pace and looked into his eyes. She had an answer already but hesitated about how to tell him.

While she was hesitant, Tristan gestured to stop her. "Enough." He made Claire bite back the words on her tongue, which surprised her.

Tristan flinched as he had guessed what was in her mind from her expression and hesitation. He knew she would reject him. That was what he had expected.

Gazing at her eyes, Tristan repeatedly flinched. "Claire, please consider it again. Don't rush. I'm patient to wait for your answer." With those words, he immediately turned away, afraid Claire would tell him the

cruel answer. He couldn't accept it.

Staring at his receding figure, Claire felt a sharp pang in her heart, her mind jumbled. However, she had no idea what to do. In her opinion, she should make it clear to him, but Tristan wouldn't accept it or

give her a chance to tell him.

Suddenly, her phone rang. Claire pulled it out and saw Rowan's caller ID. She swiped to answer.

Not far from her, Tristan turned around to look at her while standing next to his car. "Claire, I like you. I

want to be your boyfriend!" he yelled.

Not only Claire but also Rowan on the other end of the line heard his confession.

Pinching her phone, Claire looked at Tristan with mixed feelings.

After confessing his love, Tristan got in his car. The vehicle roared away immediately.

In the office, Rowan quietly hung up the phone. He picked up his coffee mug and gulped down the rest

coffee in one go. Then he put his phone into his pocket and picked up his notebook and pen before

leaving the office.

He was heading for a ward round.

Chapter 1204 Chemistry Between Them

On the river bank, Claire stared at her phone while hearing the beeps, taken aback. Feeling depressed,

she didn't have the mood to call Rowan back.

She headed back to Russell's Residence alone, wondering what she should do with Tristan. She only

thought of him as a close, trustworthy friend but had no intention of dating him.

Tristan asked her to consider his proposal but refused to listen to her response. It bothered Claire as she had never experienced such a matter before and didn't know how to deal with it.

Claire could tell how much Tristan liked her and was persistent with her, her heart heavy.

That night was a sleepless night for Claire because Rowan had hung up on her without speaking.

It was 11 P. M. After Saskia's incident and trying to convince Saskia for a whole day, Claire had been exhausted physically and mentally.

Holding her phone, she gazed at Rowan's number wondering again why he had called her in the afternoon. However, he ended the call after hearing Tristan's voice. Claire doubted if Rowan was angry.

Meanwhile, Rowan's villa was lit brightly. Rowan had a shower but didn't go to bed. Holding his phone, he stood before the window while looking at the bright moonlight in the sky.

He looked cold, aloof.

Earlier, he had a two-hour online training, which refreshed his knowledge and firmed his foundation.

That was what Rowan always like. In his opinion, life was too short, so he must keep learning.

However, whenever he was idle, he couldn't help thinking of Claire. He recalled she had rejected

Tristan, but why were they together again? Also, Rowan heard Tristan's love confession on the phone, feeling stressed.

Without hesitation, he picked up his phone and dialed Claire's number immediately despite the time.

Rowan failed to keep rational.

In the bedroom of Russells' Residence, Claire heard her phone ringing in her hands when she plucked up her courage to call Rowan. She was shocked so much that her heart hammered.

Seeing Rowan's caller ID, Claire immediately swiped to answer and cautiously clung her phone to her ear. "Hello."

"Are you sleeping?" Rowan asked gently.

"Not yet." Claire was chuffed, so she joked, "If I were sleeping, how would I be supposed to answer your call?" Sitting on the bed edge, she could feel her heart racing somehow.

"Ehn." Rowan didn't know what to talk to her. He was silent for a few seconds, his mind blank. "How's your bestie doing," he asked after a while.

Claire wondered if he called her like a doctor checking his patient without any special meaning.

"She's probably let go of her ex-boyfriend. I spent a whole day convincing her. She looked spirited when I left," Claire answered bluntly, "I've tried my best. By the way, she wants me to invite you to dinner for expressing her gratitude."

"That's just a lift of the finger. Please don't mention it." Rowan didn't take it to heart.

They quieted down again, feeling awkward.

When Claire was too embarrassed, Rowan asked, "Have you finished updating your novel?"

"I didn't write anything today. There are still saved drafts in the system. I plan to go on a trip for a few days."

"Will you take your laptop along?"

"Of course." Claire suddenly lacked topics to talk to him about. She wanted to chat with him but failed to find a proper way.

"Well, bedtime now. Good night, Claire," Rowan was about to end the call.

"OK. Good night."

Claire exhaled gently in relief after hanging up. Shortly after, Rowan sent her a private message on Facebook. She tabbed to read. [Night-night.] He sent it to her.

In Claire's opinion, the greeting was too intimate, so she seldom said it to others. However, curling her

lips into a smile, she replied: [99.]

Chapter 1205 Life's Playscript

Gazing at the number, Rowan was puzzled, wondering why suddenly she replied to it.

In Clarke Villa, the light in Tristan's room was still on.

Zack bypassed his room and stood at his door for a long time, wondering why Tristan hadn't gone to bed.

Zack knocked on the door gently.

"Enter, please." Tristan turned around while standing before the window.

His father in pajamas entered. "Why are you still up, Tristan? What's eating you?" Zack didn't think he was bothered by work as everything went well in the company.

While approaching him, Zack seemed to learn something from his expression. "How's it going between you and the girl?"

Tristan withdrew his gaze and peered out of the window. "Probably... we don't have the fate to fall in love," he answered thoughtfully. Although he refused to listen to Claire, his hunch told him the answer.

Zack felt sorry for his son. Tristan was an outstanding man and deserved to be loved.

Silence blanketed the room for a short moment.

Love is the most hurtful thing.

"Son." Zack put his hand on Zack's shoulder and tried to console him, "Do you believe a saying? One has read his life's playscript in Heaven."

Zack stared at the moon outside the window. "We've chosen our current play scripts because we've seen something worth picking it. You didn't choose your life playscript for this girl. Probably, you did it for me."

Tristan smiled at him, still feeling disappointed. This was the first time he truly had a crush on a girl without any purpose. Whenever thinking of Claire, he was joyful and wanted to spend the rest of his life with her.

"You are correct, Dad." Tristan was rational. "I've chosen my life playscript. Each playscript has flaws. I can't wish everything could work perfectly for me."

Zack nodded. "Exactly." However, Tristan needed time and effort to calmly accept things happening in

his life.

"I liked her at the first sight," Tristan said, "Whenever I think of her, my heart is full of joy."

"Why don't you pursue her?" Zack encouraged him. "You can invite her for dinner and send her gifts.

Try to move her with your sincerity and faith."

Tristan had thought of it before but was afraid those movements would scare Claire away. Claire was

different than ordinary girls. She looked upon the feelings as a novel author, and she was sensational.

The night was deep.

The following morning, before Claire got up, Finnley dropped Mya at the house with a suitcase full of

her clothes. Earlier, Violet had received a call from them, so she informed the chef to prepare a

nutritious breakfast for Mya.

"Where is Claire, Mom? Has she gone on a trip?"

"Not yet. She spent a whole day with her bestie yesterday. Still sleeping in." Violet stroked Mya's hair

with a loving smile. "I'll wake her up."

"No, Mom. I'll do it." Mya held her hand. "I'll stay here for a few days. Look. I've brought my clothes

here."

"That's great!" Violet was happy. "You should have moved here long ago. I just didn't know how to bring the topic up."

Mya beamed at her. Violet added, "I was afraid you and Finnley enjoyed your private hours together. I'll take better care of you if you stay here during the pregnancy. Tell me what you want to eat or if you need anything."

"Thank you, Mom."

Mya thought Violet was the best mother-in-law as Violet treated her as her biological daughter.

Sometimes, she nagged about Finnley, although he had done a good job to look after Mya.

Chapter 1206 It's Not Tristan

Mya felt lucky to have married into the Russell family. Giving Violet a bear hug, she said, "OK. Let me check on Claire."

"Be careful when going upstairs. Don't rush. Hold the handrail. Slow down."

"Got it." Mya steadily went onto the stairs. At Claire's room door, she knocked gently. "Have you got up?"

"Who is it?" Claire muffled in her quilt.

"Me. Mya."

"The door is unlocked. Come in." Claire rolled in the quilt, stretching.

Mya pushed the door open and entered. "Claire, don't you want to go on a trip?" Then she saw a packed suitcase nearby.

"I planned to go yesterday." Claire sat up. "Something urgent happened to my bestie yesterday, so I'll travel today."

"Remember to share the landscape photo with the first person in your mind." Mya sat on the bed edge.

"That person must be the most critical one in your subconsciousness."

She added, "It's normal when you meet several outstanding men. However, one of them must be unique."

"I got it, Mya." Claire nodded and asked, "What if the man I have a crush on doesn't like me?"

Mya was slightly taken aback. "So... It's not Tristan, is it?"

Claire dodged her gaze, her eyes glittering.

The room fell into pin-drop silence.

"Whether Dr. Watson likes you or not, can't you feel it?" Mya asked gently.

Claire sighed and rang the bell. "He's a doctor, so he's always gentle and nice. He's patient with everyone. I can't tell if he treats me differently than others."

Mya also considered her words, thinking only time could test one's love.

Claire lifted the quilt and got off the bed. With a smile, she changed the topic. "Why did you come here so early today?"

"I plan to stay here for a few days."

"Would you like to join my trip, then?"

"Finnley doesn't allow."

"I'll take good care of you." Claire looked at her expectantly.

"Finnley doesn't trust you. He said you couldn't even take care of yourself."

Claire was tongue-tied, feeling frustrated. She put on the slippers and chuckled, "He's correct. Since childhood, he has never praised me. Humph!"

"Finnley always said you couldn't look after yourself." Mya stood up and helped her tidy the bed. "In his opinion, you are always a child. By the way, where do you plan to go?"

"I won't leave the city. There's a place called Bel Valley in the suburbia, and I watched many videos about it. I'll go there."

"To watch the sunset?"

"Have you been there?" Claire was taken aback. "Watching the sunset is the most famous activity there as it's the highest spot of Arkpool City."

"I've been there. It's a romantic place. You must go there with your beloved man in the future."

The two women went downstairs.

While having breakfast, they talked about love.

"Mya, do you feel happy when being with Finnley?" Claire stared at Mya enviously while holding a glass of milk. "Is he the first boy you had a crush on?"

"He is." Mya didn't hide anything. "One should marry his or her beloved one. Just like buying a dress.

When you first see it, you must love it. However, you may lose interest in it in a few months. That can't happen in love. Besides, you and your husband will live together for the rest of your life."

"That makes sense. Love cannot last. The married ones also need to carefully manage it." Claire

learned something from her words. "If the two don't love each other before getting married, how could they manage it well?"

"That's why you should marry your beloved man."

After breakfast, Claire was about to leave with her suitcase and laptop.

Chapter 1207 Follow Your Heart

"Claire, if you like Tristan, don't miss the chance." Violet walked her to the yard while watching her sit in the car. "If you like Dr. Watson, we all will help you gain his heart."

Claire and Mya were surprised by the change in her attitude and exchanged a glance in confusion.

Claire looked at Violet. "Aunt Violet, do you want to help me gain Dr. Watson's heart? Thanks for your kindness, but no."

Violet giggled, "I won't ruin anything. Well, you must try hard." She suddenly became an open-minded elder.

"See you guys later." Claire waved at Violet and Mya goodbye in the car. "I'm taking off."

Mya said, "Be careful driving."

"Don't come back until you've got a boyfriend," Violet said bluntly.

Claire had lacked inspiration in writing recently, so she slowed down updating her novel. However, her

Therefore, she would take the chance to look for some

inspiration and think about what to do with her love.

After Claire left, Violet propped her arm on Mya's shoulders in the yard. "When is your next pregnancy

care? I'll go with you."

"Next Tuesday, Mom," Mya answered, "If you are free, let's go together."

"I do have time. Your pregnancy care is the most important." Violet and she returned to the living room.

"Make sure to have more soup. It's good for the baby's health. Don't pay too much attention to your

figure."

"OK, Mom."

Finnley returned when it was evening. Although Claire didn't join dinner, the family enjoyed themselves.

"Mya, your belly will bulge in a few weeks. You should take some photos to record your pregnancy,"

Violet suggested expectantly, "It's the most critical moment of your life. You should record the unique

beauty."

"We shall take family photos together," Mya said expectantly, "We all should go."

With an unconcealed smile, Finnley echoed, "I like this idea. Dad, Mom, you haven't taken group photos for years. Mom, you can wear the wedding gown."

Albert was also delighted and accepted their suggestions.

The sunset glory enveloped the house, and laughter was heard from the dining room.

Meanwhile, Claire was sitting on the mountaintop to watch the sunset. She was on the highest peak of Bel Valley, wearing a long skirt while sitting on a big rock. Claire enjoyed the beautiful view of Arkpool City.

The high raises sparkled under the stunning sunset glories. From the peak, the whole city looked magnificent.

The Bel Valley was quiet with fresh air. Claire heard the bugs chirp and the birds sing. Under the evening breeze, she also heard the leaves rustling.

Watching the beautiful sunset, Claire took a deep breath and felt relaxed. She enjoyed the view physically and mentally.

Next to her sitting several love birds. They were hugging and kissing.

The romantic scene inspired Claire. She suddenly thought that it was indeed happy to climb a mountain and watch the sunset with her beloved one.

Of course, the one watching the sunset with her would be more stunning than the sunset.

Claire pulled out her phone and focused on the view.

"Click!" She took a picture. Rowan's face flashed through her mind.

Claire tabbed the Facebook App and sent the picture to him without hesitation. She didn't think of Tristan at all.

After sending it, Claire was taken aback. Mya's words suddenly reechoed in her ears. "When you see the beautiful view and want to share with someone, the first person appearing in your mind is the one you love the most."

Rowan replied to her immediately. "Where is this place?"

Chapter 1208 Conversation With Tristan

Staring at his reply, Claire felt butterflies in her stomach, her heart hammering. A smile blossomed across her face.

Rowan was always busy. He was either operating on his patient or answering the questions from the

patients' families. However, he immediately replied to her after receiving the photo.

Claire was overjoyed and sent him a location.

Shortly after, Rowan replied again, "Are you there alone?"

Claire didn't want him to misunderstand she was with Tristan, so she hurriedly replied, "Of course. I'm alone."

Rowan didn't respond in the following five minutes. Sitting on the rock, Claire was upset while staring at the phone screen to wait for his message, wondering if she had interrupted him and what he was doing.

While she regretted sharing the photo with Rowan, he messaged her again, "Be careful when you are out alone. Go back to the hotel early." Although he didn't send her many words, every single one was full of concern.

Claire became delighted again. Curling up her lips into a smile, she sent, "Aren't you busy?"

"Yes."

His reply made Claire slightly embarrassed. The next second, he added, "I'm entering the operating room now."

Reading it, Claire was in a good mood, wondering if that meant he respected her by updating her about his status.

"OK. Go ahead. Talk to you later," she replied to him.

No more messages came in.

Looking at the setting sun, Claire guessed Rowan must have entered the operating room.

Recalling his appearance while holding a scalpel, Claire thought he was indeed charming. Like an angel, he helped the sick and was with compassion and the ability to save others' lives.

Claire worshiped him and admired him.

Sitting on the mountaintop, Claire watched the sun gradually go down. Then she dialed Tristan's number

Tristan was thrilled when seeing her caller ID. He had just left the meeting room and stopped mid-step

to answer the call. "Hello. Claire?" He sounded tense, worried that she was in trouble again.

"Are you busy, Tristan?" Claire asked softly, standing up from the rock.

"Nope. What's the matter?" Tristan was excited as she had taken the initiative to call him.

"Tristan, I must give you my answer. It cannot be delayed any longer," Claire drawled apologetically.

Tristan's hammering heart sank.

On the top of the mountain, Claire looked in the distance and continued, "It's my pleasure to be admired by you. Thank you, Tristan, but I have a crush already."

"Rowan, isn't it?" Tristan wanted to know who the man was.

Claire didn't admit but her silence was the best answer.

Tristan smiled, feeling bitter. Striding forward, he said, "He's a doctor, so he's super busy. If you want to be with him, you must be generous. I can understand you falling for him now. How about in the future?"

"That will be my own business, then, Tristan." Claire didn't like to analyze the relationship so rationally.

"Love is irrational. Thank you again." Then she ended the call.

She felt sorry, but sometimes, she couldn't solve problems by simply an apology. It took time.

Tristan had planned to actively pursue her, like sending her gifts and traveling with her. However, before his plan was carried out, he was rejected. It was a heavy blow for him.

Claire followed two youngsters to go to the mountain bottom. She put on her earset and listened to the music, and the scene where Rowan wore a doctor's gown appeared in her mind. He was professional,

wise, clinical, and knowledgeable.

He was like a ray of light--although he didn't belong to her, he lit her up.

Chapter 1209 Painful Unrequited Affection

Rowan had an emergent operation. When he finally got off work, it was 11 P. M. However, the patient's status had stabilized, and he felt relieved.

Thinking of working out, so he didn't drive in the morning but walked to the hospital. On the way home, he stepped on the lane that was colored pale by the moonlight. Enjoying the night breeze, he let his mind wander, enjoying the peace.

"Rowan?" Daphne pulled over to her car next to him and pressed down the window. "What happened?

Why don't you drive?" She had got off work long ago but had an appointment with her friend earlier.

Rowan stopped mid-step and answered gently, "I didn't drive to work in the morning."

"Get it. I'll give you a ride home." Daphne was in a good mood, thinking it was fate.

However, Rowan shook his head. "No, thanks. Walking is my exercise. I also need to be with myself for a while." Then he nodded at her politely and walked away.

Daphne was taken aback, wondering if that meant Rowan would rather return home on foot instead of

sitting in her car. Frowning, she felt disappointed.

Watching her secret crush's deciding figure, Daphne slowly started the engine and kept a distance from him. She didn't interrupt him or leave.

A song was played on the car radio. It was a sad love song, singing about a girl's unrequited affection.

While Daphne listened, tears welled up in her eyes. She felt bitter.

Ignoring her, Rowan strode fast for exercising. Although he stayed in the lab and office for a long time every day, he liked working out.

Under the moonlight, Daphne stepped on the brake of her car and parked it next to Rowan's house.

She watched him enter the yard and walk into the living room without looking back. Then his house was lit up.

Once, she stayed there and had dinner with him. She could even see what he looked like in pajamas.

However, Rowan didn't even want to spare a single word with her. They only communicated at work.

Daphne thought the unrequited affection was way too painful.

11 P. M.

Tristan parked his car in the yard of Clarke Villa, where he had stayed recently.

Joan had been put in jail. Eason stayed in the hospital for medical treatment. The house was too empty and cold.

"Good evening, Master Tristan," Aiden appeared in the living room of the second floor, wearing her pajamas. She asked in confusion, "You came home so late."

Tristan looked at her and nodded gently. "Ehn."

"Would you like some late supper?"

"No, thanks. Please go to bed, Aiden." Tristan wanted to be left in peace. Zack was still out.

Aiden turned away. At the stair entrance, she met Zack, who had just returned home from work. "Good evening, Mr. Clarke."

"Why are you still up?" Zack asked gently.

Aiden bowed at him respectfully, glanced at the living room, and said in a low voice, "Master Tristan has just returned home. He might be waiting for you."

Zack followed her gaze. "OK. You should go to bed now." He went onto the second floor.

Hearing his footsteps, Tristan raised his head and met his father's gaze.

Zack could tell he was in a bad mood, so he went to the cabinet and took out two goblets and a bottle of wine. He opened the bottle, poured the wine into the glasses, and walked to his son while slightly shaking them.

"Thanks, Dad." Tristan took a goblet over on the couch.

Zack sat opposite him.

It was a quiet night.

Tristan sipped the wine, staring at the swinging curtain under the night breeze, looking upset. "I

received a call from her earlier."

Chapter 1210 Zack Wanted Him to Take Over the Company

Zack stared at him, considering for a few seconds before confirming who he was talking about. "What did she say?" he asked.

Tristan answered, "She rejected me." Bitterness surged in his chest. Yanking up his head, he gulped down the wine in one go. The acidity of tannin reminded him that he had lost his beloved girl.

The living room fell into silence.

After a thought, Zack asked softly, "Is she in love with another man?" He couldn't understand why a girl

could have rejected his outstanding son.

Rowan's face appeared in Tristan's mind. "Sort of."

Leaning forward slightly, Zack clinked his goblet with Tristan's. "Son, when one chooses between two options, the given-up one is luckier."

Tristan heaved a sigh. Although his father's words were wise and made sense, he still felt upset.

Zack added, "Some may encounter their loved ones at 18 or 25, which are both the proper age. Some can't encounter their loved ones until they turn 60, which is also the proper time. In love, people will feel

passion no matter how old they are. Waiting isn't bad. Instead, it's meaningful and valuable for your life."

Standing up, he patted Tristan on his shoulder. "You will find your Miss Right eventually."

Tristan curled up his lips into a smile to avoid worrying him. "I'm fine, Dad."

Zack refilled his goblet. They clinked glasses and sipped the wine.

The night was deep.

"Mr. Marsh gave me good news a few days ago," said Zack, "He had found out the ringleaders who

hurt you when you were little. They didn't only transfer the shares back to me but also would spend the rest life in jail."

"Michelle also told me about this matter." Tristan exhaled in relief. "It's wonderful. All the troublemakers

in our company have been caught."

"I've suspected the two for years but failed to find the evidence," Zack said, "Mr. Marsh is indeed competent. I'm glad Michelle has married him."

"Michelle is lucky." Tristan shook his goblet. "Ivan is also lucky to marry my sister."

"So." Zack looked at him and said solemnly, "I've decided to officially disclose your identity and let you become the new president of the company."

Tristan was shocked, raising his head.

His father continued, "I believe you can do the job well. You are competent, experienced, and mature."

"No, Dad," Tristan refused, "You are still young. You can't retire now."

"Listen, Tristan..."

"Dad, the Clark Corp is your effort all over the years. Besides, the company is developing well now."

"I've made up my mind." Zack didn't mean to test him. He explained, "Eason has lost his mother, so I must give him plenty of father's love. I was absent from Michelle's childhood, and I also missed yours. Hence, I cannot be absent in Eason's childhood anymore."

Tristan was tongue-tied, noticing Zack's deep frown.

"Tristan, help Dad."

Tristan suddenly could understand him, smiling. "Dad, no pain, no gain. If Michelle hadn't left the Clarke family, she wouldn't have married Ivan. Please stop blaming yourself. I'm also all right. OK?"

"I agree." That was what Zack was happy about. "Michelle was lucky, but I still feel sorry for her. I only want you to take over the company, Tristan."

"Dad..." Tristan was unwilling.

"Enough. I'm not discussing with you but informing you, son." Zack put down his empty goblet and stood up. He darted at Tristan and added, "I don't hope Eason could become a bigwig, but I only wish he could grow up safely and healthily. He won't work for the company in the future."

Tristan was startled. He was about to speak again, but Zack left determinedly without the intention of

continuing their conversation.

At his bedroom door, Zack looked back. "Go to bed, Tristan. You can't be absent from the shareholder's general meeting at eight tomorrow morning."

It was almost midnight.

Tristan looked solemn. He didn't want to take over the company because his father was still young.

However, he knew his father had made up his mind and was determined.