

Surprised 1241

Chapter 1241 She lied

Monica stood up. "By the way, next Monday is Mom's birthday. Remember to call her. If you still can't

get along, it'll be a problem for you to attend my wedding in the future. I don't want either of my parents

to be absent."

"Is... her birthday coming?" Algerone couldn't remember it at all and had no idea if it was in summer or winter.

"Also, Mom hasn't known I came to meet you in Arkpool City," Monica reminded him, "You'd better keep

it secret. If she knew it, we wouldn't meet again, Dad."

"Why is she still so stubborn?" Algerone heaved a sigh. "She only wants to occupy you forever, doesn't

she? You are also my daughter. Can't you try to convince her?"

"It's all because you've broken her heart."

"I..."

"All right. Let the bygones be bygones, Dad. Also, you guys have stopped loving each other, we're

family. For getting along well and avoiding embarrassment at my wedding, you should take the initiative. You are a man."

Waving at her father, Monica held her suitcase. "Bye, Dad. Take care."

"Monica!" Algerone stood up.

Monica stopped mid-step and looked back with a bright smile. "Enjoy your life with Luciana. You have my blessings." Then she strode away.

Algerone's bodyguards didn't stop her.

Algerone sighed repeatedly, thinking his daughter cared about her mother more. He had tried his best to treat her well, but Monica still hadn't taken his side.

Algerone was worried about her marriage. As her father, he wouldn't do anything to harm her, but she didn't appreciate it.

Soon, Monica appeared at the check-in counter in the airport lobby. She wore a pink short jacket and a light-yellow leather skirt with black, curly hair. Her charming body figure and appearance made the colors harmonious with her.

After checking in her luggage and obtaining the boarding pass, Monica boarded the flight while

listening to music in her earplug. Her seat was a window seat. She sat down and peered out to enjoy the view.

Monica leisurely pulled out her phone from the handbag, only to find the caller ID "Belinda". She took a deep breath and was about to answer it, but the call ended.

Then she found 32 missed calls on her screen, her eyes widening.

Monica sucked in her breath and hurriedly called back, peering out of the window.

Meanwhile, Tristan appeared on the passage, wearing a dark, tailored suit. He checked the seat number again before sitting next to Monica without paying any attention to her.

"Monica!" Belinda Bryton, Monica's mother, asked angrily, "Where are you? Why didn't you answer my calls? Did you go to Arkpool City?" Her voice was so loud that Tristan overheard it.

"Nah, Mom. I'm in England," Monica lowered her voice and answered with a smile, "Why would I go to Arkpool City? I haven't been there for donkey years." She sounded real.

Upon hearing her answer, Tristan turned to check on her and saw her side face. The girl was good-looking, but she was also adept at lying.

"For real? You are not in Arkpool City? Didn't you go to see your father?"

"I swear. I'm not in Arkpool City now. I didn't see my father. OK?" Monica answered affirmatively. "I'm in the UK, Daniel's house."

"Put Daniel on the phone, then."

"Come on, Mom!" Monica sighed, "I trust you unconditionally, but why do you suspect me? Daniel is at her piano class now. I'll call you back later." She only wanted to gloss it over.

"I'm warning you. I brought you up with difficulties. If you dare to see your father, I'll skin you alive." It was Belinda's rock bottom. Monica was everything to her.

"Right. Right. You gave me life. I belong to you only, Mom."

Tristan was slightly taken aback, wondering why the girl's voice sounded so familiar to him. Then he turned to check on her again.

Chapter 1242 Almost Frozen

"Belinda, trust is the most essential," Monica added, "Besides, you are my mother. Right?"

"Monica, you'd better not lie to me."

"All right. All right. I gotta go. I'll return home to celebrate your birthday. Bye, Mom." Monica ended the

call immediately without giving her mother another chance to speak.

Pinching her phone, she breathed a sigh of relief and grumbled, "Oh, women! You are always suspicious."

"It's because you lied to her," Tristan remarked indifferently.

Monica's heart skipped a beat. She found a man sitting next to her, and he wasn't a stranger. Although they only met once in person, she had seen his photos millions of times.

Monica gaped as if the man were a ghost. "Tristan?"

Tristan also remembered her as his memory was good. The girl was Mr. Swain's daughter. They once went on a blind date. He was surprised to reencounter her, sat next to her on the flight, and heard her lie to her mother.

Monica coughed in embarrassment, wondering what was in Tristan's mind as he was gazing at her without blinking.

Tristan looked calm.

"Well... I think..." Monica withdrew her gaze to ignore her lie and shifted their conversation in another direction. "I only wanted to delight my father to go on the blind date with you last time. You were also

the same, but you went there with your girlfriend. Wasn't it somewhat inappropriate?"

Monica wanted to push the blame onto Tristan, looking at him confidently.

Tristan withdrew his gaze, pressing his thin lips. With a stern look, he didn't seem to intend to reply.

"Hey?" Monica studied his expression carefully. "Are you suffering disappointment in love? Why do you look so upset?"

Tristan's heart tightened, a piercing pain rising in his heart. However, he still stayed calm.

"Are you in a bad mood?" Monica seemed to realize something and became solemn. "Have you really broken up with her?"

Frowning, Tristan thought she was too noisy.

"Well, it happens..."

"Ms. Swain, you seem to be adept at lying," Tristan interrupted in a low voice, "You said you were not in

Arkpool City and didn't see your father. Do you always lie?"

"Huh? No... It's not like what you thought. It's my family's complicated matters."

"You lied to your mother. That's more awful."

"You..."

Before Monica figured out how to explain, her phone rang again. She immediately checked the caller

ID. Fortunately, it wasn't her mother, but her father was calling.

After hesitating for a minute, Monica swiped to answer, "Hello, Dad?"

"Monica, listen. Your surname is Swain, so you must take my advice when looking for a boyfriend. You

can't let your mother decide everything," Algerone said solemnly, "I've met many outstanding boys in

the business field, more than she has."

Algerone was also agitated, so his voice was loud enough for Tristan to overhear.

Before Monica answered, Algerone continued, "I know you like Tristan's style. I've filtered the list again

and picked up the boys according to his standards. At least half of them meet your requirements."

Tristan froze when he heard those words.

Monica felt too embarrassed, covering her phone immediately. She was stiff.

Awkwardness also appeared on Tristan's handsome face.

Afraid her father would say something more embarrassing, Monica hurriedly hung up the call.

Silence blanketed them.

Soon, the broadcast sounded in the cabin. Monica looked out of the window without turning back. The

flight slid and took off. She only felt pin-drop silence in the air.

Tristan pulled out a magazine and browsed it, ignoring her.

As a girl, Monica felt too embarrassed, wishing to vanish immediately. However, the flight was heading

for London, and she had to sit for several more hours.

Chapter 1243 They Chatted

Monica had a crush on Tristan and agreed to go on the blind date because her father repeatedly

convinced her. He didn't put on many good words for Tristan only but also showed her his charming

photos.

Monica was attracted by his appearance, so she became interested to know more about his

personality. Therefore, since her father insisted, she agreed to go on the blind date.

"Uh... Tristan, I guess it's necessary to explain it," Monica said while looking at him, her brain working

fast, "My father insisted on asking me to have a blind date with you. I didn't dislike you, but I also didn't

like you as much as my father mentioned."

Tristan didn't respond as if he didn't hear her.

However, he was right by her side and wasn't blind. Monica was sure he heard her words.

"Think about it. We had never met before the date. How could I have liked you THAT much?" Monica didn't want Tristan to misunderstand she was obsessed with him. If a girl paid too much attention to love, she would become brainless.

"You don't need to explain everything," Tristan replied without looking at her, "We won't meet again in the future. We also won't stay in touch."

Monica was rendered wordless. She calmed down, her brain still working quickly, "Uh, I think it's necessary. I don't want to be misunderstood."

"I didn't misunderstand anything. It's just a small episode in my life." Tristan turned the page of the magazine with his knuckled fingers as if he was studying it.

Monica was ignored, so she didn't want to bother him again.

It took several hours from Arkpool City to London by plane.

Tristan and Monica didn't talk again on the way. In the beginning, Monica still felt awkward. Soon, she was used to it as Tristan ignored her, so she also thought of him as invisible.

Monica listened to the music and took a nap.

Finally, after several hours, the plane started to land. As the landscape outside the window became clearer and clearer, Monica looked down in a good mood.

Tristan passed her a gum. Monica was taken aback, seeing him chewing. He only stared at her while reaching out silently.

Monica returned to her senses and hurriedly took it over. "Thanks."

Tristan didn't respond, looking aloof.

Monica peeled the silver foil and put the gum into her mouth. When the plane landed, chewing the gum could relieve the tinnitus. She thought Tristan was a warm-hearted man.

Somehow, when Monica peered out of the window again, a smile touched her lips.

"What will you do in London?" Monica asked curiously. In the short distance, he looked indeed attractive.

He had an elegant, good-looking face. Although expressionless, he was gentle and graceful.

Monica thought he looked more eye-catching than the movie stars. Then she was lost in thought.

Tristan answered, "For work."

"Why didn't you take your girlfriend with you?" Monica thought of him as a friend. "I also watched the news. You've become the president of the Clarke Corp. Why did you personally come here alone for work? You even didn't have an assistant."

Tristan was impatient, darting to her, "Why do you have so many questions?"

"Well..."

"I refuse to answer them." Tristan withdrew his gaze and became aloof again.

The harmonious atmosphere became awkward again.

Monica secretly heaved a sigh, thinking men were indeed weird. She only chitchatted with him, but he seemed to misunderstand she had a crush on him. Monica thought Tristan was way too narcissistic.

She only treated him as a friend. Thinking of that, she felt annoyed and ignored him.

After getting off the plane, all the passengers walked towards the airport exit.

In the exit hall, several groups of people gathered while discussing. Seemingly something had happened.

Monica and Tristan noticed them while walking one after another in a distance.

Tristan wasn't nosey as he was in a hurry. Besides, it seemed to be raining soon, so he quickened his pace while striding forward.

Monica, however, dragged her suitcase while trotting toward the crowd. "What happened?" she asked

and gently squeezed in, "What's happening?"

Chapter 1244 Loving People

A gray-haired man twitched on the floor, white foams flowing from his lips. His mouth twisted, and his walking stick fell beside him.

Several onlookers gathered while discussing, but no one tried to help.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you just standing there without helping him? You are so cold-

hearted," Monica blamed them while squatting down to help the man sit up. However, she didn't have enough strength. After trying several times, she finally let the man's head turn on his side.

"Hang on there, sir." Monica quickly unbuttoned his collar to let him catch his breath.

"Hurry! Call 999!" Monica looked up at the onlookers and yelled, "Call 999!"

"I'm afraid he'll blackmail us," one onlooker threw up his hand in disbelief. The onlookers still discussed the scene without helping the old man.

Monica could tell the old man needed to send to the hospital urgently. She exclaimed anxiously, "He won't. If you delay it again, he might die. Call 999! If it's a trap, he'll only blackmail me. You won't have any loss."

Tristan heard Monica's helpless voice at the exit door. He stopped mid-step and looked in that direction.

The onlookers left the scene while discussing. Tristan saw Monica help the old man. No one helped them call 999, and nor did anyone offer a helping hand.

The old man twitched more and more fiercely.

Frowning, Tristan strode towards Monica and pulled out his phone to call 999. "An old man fainted at Entrance A of the airport. He's probably 80, spitting foams while twitching. He should have epilepsy."

After ending the call, Tristan squatted down and helped Monica to turn the old man. "He should lie on his side, so he won't be choked," he reminded Monica.

Monica looked up at him and met his gaze shortly in mid-air. Then they helped the old man lie on his side.

The next second, Monica pulled out some tissue from her handbag to wipe the old man's mouth.

Tristan was surprised that she didn't look sickened. If it were another girl, she wouldn't have done it.

"Hurry! Let's get out of here. It's raining soon."

"The weather will be changed. Let's go."

"Let's go home."

The onlookers were gone. Monica didn't expect Tristan to help her, feeling touched.

Soon, the ambulance arrived. Tristan and Monica helped the doctors and nurses to carry the old man into the ambulance. After the vehicle was gone, Monica breathed a sigh of relief.

Tristan looked at her and darted to the exit, "It's raining soon. Let's leave."

"OK." Monica reacted quickly, following him while dragging her suitcase.

As soon as they walked out of the hall, gusts of wind whistled and blew away many umbrellas.

Monica was slim, so she found it difficult to walk in the wind. Flinching, she almost tripped over.

The wind disheveled Tristan's hair. He looked back and turned to stride to her. Instinctively, he grabbed her arm to help her keep her balance. Holding her hand, he pulled her to walk forward.

The cabs arrived one after another. The passengers hurriedly got in.

"It seems to be difficult to hail a taxi." Monica didn't feel chilly, but the wind was too fierce. Her voice was trembling. "Where are you going, Tristan?"

"Let's find a cab first." Tristan let her stand beside a pillar. "Keep your balance." Then he strode forward.

Monica could hardly open her eyes in the bitter wind.

Tristan walked forward steadily, although his hair and windbreaker were disheveled.

The spot wasn't the best one to hail a taxi, so all the passengers moved forward. There would be a thunderstorm soon.

In the wind, Monica waited behind the pillar obediently.

Chapter 1245 She Trusted Him Somehow

Tristan's tall, slender figure receded in her sight. However, Monica felt a sense of security when being with him, warmth traveling in her chest. She believed he would hail a cab for sure.

Shortly after, Tristan strode towards Monica with a taxi following him.

In the wind, Tristan picked up Monica's suitcase with one hand and held her wrist with the other, taking her towards the taxi.

Monica followed him in the taxi's direction.

After putting the suitcase into the trunk, Tristan pulled the rear door for her. "Sit in." His big hand protectively held her back.

He didn't let go of her wrist before she bent over and sat in the car, thinking she was so slim that she would be blown away.

"Where are you going?" The driver asked after seeing Tristan sit in.

The next second, there was a downpour outside the car. The sounds of the raindrops filled the air.

"Darci Manor, please," Monica answered and looked at Tristan, "What about you?"

Tristan was slightly taken aback, furrowing his brows in confusion.

The driver looked at him. "Sir, where is your destination? Let me see if you are going in the same direction. If not, I'll decide which way to go first."

Monica was puzzled and nudged Tristan. "He's asking you, Tristan. Where are you going?"

Tristan darted at her and said to the driver, "I'm also going to Darci Manor. You may drive now."

"All right." The driver started the engine.

"What?" Monica gaped at him. "Why are you following me? Are you on a trip willfully without any

destination?"

"Is Darci Manor your house?" asked Tristan, "Why can't I go there?"

Monica was tongue-tied. A while later, she reminded him, "You know what? It's not my house, so I can't take you there."

Tristan stared at her, his eyes glittering in interest. "Did I ask you to take me there?"

Monica couldn't win against him in the verbal fight. Arching an eyebrow, she asked, "Anyway, just a reminder. I cannot take you into the manor later."

Tristan didn't respond to her, curiously wondering why Monica was also heading there, and looked as if she could enter the manor for sure.

The rain became heavier, hitting the window.

Monica had been to Darci Manor, so she said triumphantly, "It'll take almost three hours. I'll take a nap.

You can't take advantage of me." Then she gave him a warning dart.

Tristan glanced at her coldly.

Monica withdrew her gaze, leaned against the seat back, closed her eyes, and fell asleep. She felt

exhausted after a long journey on the flight.

Soon, Monica subconsciously leaned toward Tristan's shoulder. Suddenly, her phone rang in her palm and woke her up.

Monica checked the caller ID and swiped to answer, "Hello, Daniel." She muffled, "I've got off my flight.

Is it raining in the manor?"

"Nope. It's sunny here. There's a banquet tonight. Many boys will attend it. You can pick up whoever you like," a girl chirped in a pleasant voice, "I'm waiting for you, Monica."

"Ahem... Ahem..." Monica coughed awkwardly. She felt lucky that Tristan didn't hear Daniel's words as the rain was loud.

"OK. I see. See you later." Monica ended the call after exchanging a few words with her. Then she leaned against the seat and closed her eyes again, falling asleep.

Finally, her head tilted and leaned against Tristan's shoulder.

Tristan wasn't surprised, staying calm. However, he couldn't help wondering if Monica was really napping. She was abroad with a man she didn't know much in the taxi, but she wasn't alert and didn't have self-protection awareness.

Tristan didn't take off his suit jacket to drape it on her shoulders, afraid she might misunderstand. He

also didn't think it was a good idea.

He said to the driver, "Excuse me. Please turn on the heater. This lady is napping."

Chapter 1246 Arriving

Tristan didn't reply to her, knowing William would send someone to welcome him.

"Mr. Norwell, it's a great honor to have you here. You must have a long journey." A man reached out

with a smile. "You should have called us to pick you up from the airport. It's no bother. You've been

indeed considerate, Mr. Norwell. Please come in."

Tristan walked to him and answered gently, "It's also convenient to take a taxi here."

Monica watched the scene and saw him follow the man to enter the house, thinking he was indeed a

distinguished guest.

Tristan seemed to ask, "How's Mr. Hawson's leg? Is he getting better?"

Monica finally confirmed Tristan's destination was indeed Darci Manor, which was too coincident.

Before she overthought, she saw Daniel in a dress trotting towards her. "Monica! Monica!"

When she bypassed Tristan, two men who received him stopped mid-step and bowed at her

respectfully, "Good day, Ms. Hawson."

Ignoring them, Daniel trotted to the gate and gave Monica a bear hug.

Tristan looked back at them.

A man said, "That is Ms. Daniel Hawson, Mr. Hawson's daughter. Probably she'll become your future wife."

Tristan withdrew his gaze, looking at him in confusion as Daniel looked way too young.

"This way, please, Mr. Norwell."

Tristan lifted his foot, following them to the castle-like house. He saw many luxury cars in the parking

lot and several guests on the way. Seemingly there was a celebration.

"Mr. Norwell," a man explained after seeing his confusion, "Ms. Hawson will turn 18 tomorrow. There's a banquet tonight."

'She's only 18...' Tristan nodded thoughtfully in response.

After entering the hall, Tristan was taken aback. William didn't sit in a wheelchair but stood there

spiritedly without a walking stick.

"Tristan!" William called him, striding towards him while holding his wife's hand. He looked at Tristan lovingly.

Tristan returned to his senses and greeted the Hawson couple, "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hawson."

"Nice to meet you," William's wife replied gracefully. She looked him up and down with a satisfying smile.

Tristan didn't ask William about his injury. After all, everyone knew he was well. Evidently, William lied to Zack on the phone earlier. His purpose was to let Tristan go to his manor personally.

Tristan wondered why but didn't figure it out.

In the yard under the sunlight, Monica followed Daniel into the manor while scanning around. "My gosh!

You are indeed a little princess, Daniel. You're turning 18 years, but the celebration is too grand. The whole manor has been decorated."

"Not only my birthday celebration, Monica." Holding her arm, Daniel said with a shy smile, "You'll know the good news tomorrow. It's the most important moment of my life. You can't be absent."

"The most important moment? What's it?" Monica teased her, "The most important moment for me is my wedding. How about in England?"

Daniel beamed at her without explaining. "Well, almost the same. My mother is from your country, so we have the same blood."

Monica looked back at the door and asked in confusion, "Do you always have so many bodyguards? I can tell the manor is heavily guarded today. No one can escape."

"Sort of."

While chatting, the girls entered the hall of the castle.

"Daddy, Mommy, this is Monica Swain, my bestie," Daniel introduced Monica to her parents.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Hawson," Monica gracefully greeted Daniel's parents while bowing at them in respect.

"Nice to meet you, too, Monica," the Hawson couple answered.

"Daniel, come on. Let me make an introduction." William took Daniel's hand and introduced Tristan

solemnly, "This is Tristan Norwell."

Daniel looked up at the charming man, her eyes glittering in worship. With a bright smile, she greeted

him, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Tristan."

"The pleasure is mine, Ms. Hawson," Tristan responded to her politely in a gentle voice.

Chapter 1247 Arriving

Tristan didn't reply to her, knowing William would send someone to welcome him.

"Mr. Norwell, it's a great honor to have you here. You must have a long journey." A man reached out

with a smile. "You should have called us to pick you up from the airport. It's no bother. You've been

indeed considerate, Mr. Norwell. Please come in."

Tristan walked to him and answered gently, "It's also convenient to take a taxi here."

Monica watched the scene and saw him follow the man to enter the house, thinking he was indeed a

distinguished guest.

Tristan seemed to ask, "How's Mr. Hawson's leg? Is he getting better?"

Monica finally confirmed Tristan's destination was indeed Darci Manor, which was too coincident.

Before she overthought, she saw Daniel in a dress trotting towards her. "Monica! Monica!"

When she bypassed Tristan, two men who received him stopped mid-step and bowed at her

respectfully, "Good day, Ms. Hawson."

Ignoring them, Daniel trotted to the gate and gave Monica a bear hug.

Tristan looked back at them.

A man said, "That is Ms. Daniel Hawson, Mr. Hawson's daughter. Probably she'll become your future wife."

Tristan withdrew his gaze, looking at him in confusion as Daniel looked way too young.

"This way, please, Mr. Norwell."

Tristan lifted his foot, following them to the castle-like house. He saw many luxury cars in the parking lot and several guests on the way. Seemingly there was a celebration.

"Mr. Norwell," a man explained after seeing his confusion, "Ms. Hawson will turn 18 tomorrow. There's a banquet tonight."

'She's only 18...' Tristan nodded thoughtfully in response.

After entering the hall, Tristan was taken aback. William didn't sit in a wheelchair but stood there spiritedly without a walking stick.

"Tristan!" William called him, striding towards him while holding his wife's hand. He looked at Tristan lovingly.

Tristan returned to his senses and greeted the Hawson couple, "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hawson."

"Nice to meet you," William's wife replied gracefully. She looked him up and down with a satisfying smile.

Tristan didn't ask William about his injury. After all, everyone knew he was well. Evidently, William lied to Zack on the phone earlier. His purpose was to let Tristan go to his manor personally.

Tristan wondered why but didn't figure it out.

In the yard under the sunlight, Monica followed Daniel into the manor while scanning around. "My gosh!

You are indeed a little princess, Daniel. You're turning 18 years, but the celebration is too grand. The whole manor has been decorated."

"Not only my birthday celebration, Monica." Holding her arm, Daniel said with a shy smile, "You'll know the good news tomorrow. It's the most important moment of my life. You can't be absent."

"The most important moment? What's it?" Monica teased her, "The most important moment for me is my wedding. How about in England?"

Daniel beamed at her without explaining. "Well, almost the same. My mother is from your country, so we have the same blood."

Monica looked back at the door and asked in confusion, "Do you always have so many bodyguards? I

can tell the manor is heavily guarded today. No one can escape."

"Sort of."

While chatting, the girls entered the hall of the castle.

"Daddy, Mommy, this is Monica Swain, my bestie," Daniel introduced Monica to her parents.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Hawson," Monica gracefully greeted Daniel's parents while bowing at them in respect.

"Nice to meet you, too, Monica," the Hawson couple answered.

"Daniel, come on. Let me make an introduction." William took Daniel's hand and introduced Tristan solemnly, "This is Tristan Norwell."

Daniel looked up at the charming man, her eyes glittering in worship. With a bright smile, she greeted him, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Tristan."

"The pleasure is mine, Ms. Hawson," Tristan responded to her politely in a gentle voice.

Chapter 1248 Staying Next Door

"I'm Daniel Hawson," Daniel said sweetly with a bright smile, "You can call me Daniel from now on."

Tristan looked at her gently.

Daniel took Monica's hand joyfully and said, "I'll take my friend to get changed. Please excuse us."

"OK," her parents agreed.

A maid carried Monica's suitcase, following the two girls to the second floor. While turning on the stairs,

Monica dated downstairs, her gaze falling on Tristan.

William watched his daughter leave with a loving smile, looking more spirited.

"Please take Mr. Norwell to his room," he said to a maid, "Deliver some food to him as well. Let him have a rest."

Then he said to Tristan, "The banquet will start at 7 P. M."

"OK, Mr. Hawson."

"This way, please, Mr. Norwell," the maid said respectfully.

Tristan nodded at the Hawson couple for farewell and followed the maid.

After his figure vanished in their sight, Ivy Harrods took her husband's arm and remarked, "Tristan is indeed a charming man, but... he should be much older than Daniel. He looks mature and steady."

"He's older than our daughter, but isn't it normal nowadays?" William said expectantly, "After Daniel's

birthday, let's hold their wedding. Zack and I are close friends. I don't think he would reject it. Besides, our daughter is excellent."

Ivy echoed excitedly, "I saw the shyness in Daniel's eyes. She should also have a crush on Tristan."

"She has seen his photos and read through his profile. I'm sure she likes him. Before meeting him, she should have a good impression of Tristan. Besides, Tristan is an attractive, decent man. I can't find a reason Daniel dislikes him."

"I agree," Ivy nodded.

William asked, "What about you? How do you like him?"

"He's more handsome than his photos. I have a good impression of him." Ivy thought Tristan was an elegant gentleman and gave him a high mark.

Tristan followed the servant to enter a suite with good light. It had all kinds of facilities he needed. On the rack next to the window, man's tuxedos and suits were hanging.

"Mr. Norwell, I'll be at your service when you stay in the manor. My name is Lucy," the maid said, "I'll be waiting outside your door. If you need anything, please call me."

"OK. Thanks."

"There's a banquet tonight. All the suits and tuxedos are tailored according to your size. You can put on your favorite one. Lady Daniel will invite you for a dance."

Tristan nodded politely. "OK. I see."

The maid bowed at him before leaving the room.

In the room next door, Daniel circled and said, "Monica, this is your room. Do you like it? If you are afraid, I can share your bed with you."

"Great!" Monica saw a line of dresses on the rack next to the window. "How beautiful! The last time I dressed up was last year."

"Pick your favorite one. I'll do your hair for you." Daniel was fond of her and glad for her arrival. "I can also put on makeup for you. I've learned some techniques myself. Trust me."

"Don't you need to go to college?" Monica asked while browsing the dresses. "You seemed to be idle every day. I saw you were always on vacation from your Facebook."

"I only posted the things I'd like to share with my followers on Facebook. I actually have classes every day, and I'm learning four foreign languages now. Too tired."

"Outstanding ones are always like this. Being tired means you are on the right path." Monica pulled out a dress. "How about this one?"

"Try it on," Daniel suggested, "You won't see its effect until trying it on."

"No problem." Monica pulled down the curtain and got changed.

The two girls were indeed close.

Chapter 1249 Besties

The dress's color was soft, which didn't match Monica's character. However, people always wore masks.

Monica was also born into a wealthy family. After her parents divorced, she was brought up by her mother, who had her own company. Therefore, Monica never lacked money.

Since childhood, she made friends in the upper class and saw many things, like other rich girls.

"Whoa! You look great," Daniel helped her tie the ribbon on the back and exclaimed, "The pink fits your skin perfectly. You are like a fairy, Monica."

"You can go ahead and call me a beauty," Monica replied and wasn't modest at all.

The soft color made her look like a blossoming flower. She was charming and fashionable.

The unique cut of the dress's collar exposed Monica's slender, fair neck and pretty collarbones. She looked sexy but not garish. The tight waist and the floral patterns on the skirt fully expressed her beautiful figure. Particularly, the crossed ribbons on her back gave her another unique charm.

"Come on. Sit here. Let me do your hair." Daniel was young but was good at dressing up.

Monica sat before the dresser. "Happy birthday, my little fairy," she said.

"I'm glad you can come here." Daniel was overjoyed while combing her hair. "Did you arrive with Tristan? Don't tell me you came here in the same taxi. You both were from Arkpool City. Did you know each other?"

"It's amazing. We arrived here on the same flight, and he sat next to me. Earlier... Well, we are not strangers, anyway."

"That's really amazing."

Before Daniel was about to ask her more questions in confusion, Monica continued, "By the way, I didn't tell my mother before going to see my dad. You must keep it secret for me."

"Your mother was unwilling to let you meet him. Why did you insist on going there?" Daniel was

puzzled. "Your father has married another woman, right?"

"He's still my father." Monica had her own opinion. "If I didn't keep in touch with him, what would I do at

my wedding? What could I answer when others asked me where my father was after seeing my mother

only? I must invite him to stop them from asking me too many questions."

"That makes sense."

"I wouldn't have got involved between them if I hadn't expected them to attend my wedding together.

It's too challenging to understand their world."

"Monica, you are indeed considerate and careful. You are only a few years older than me, but you've

been through too many things."

"Right. I'm already aged before my time." Monica checked on herself in the mirror and chuckled, "Only

my appearance remains young."

Her hair was done shortly after. Daniel put on a hairpin with a bow tie in the same color as her dress.

Monica looked graceful and eye-catching.

"OK. Let me put on the makeup for you," said Daniel, "I'll make you the focus of tonight's banquet."

"What?" Monica turned around. "Hold on, Daniel. It's your birthday. I don't want to steal your show.

Make it lowkey. If others know it, they'll scold me." She was afraid of the power of public opinion.

"Ha ha ha... Are you also afraid of being discussed by the netizens? You don't surf online often," Daniel

joked, "I'll have a stylist later, and my dress is tailored and costly. I'll be the most beautiful one tonight.

You are my bestie, so you must be eye-catching as well."

Soon, there were a few knocks on the door. "Excuse me, Lady Daniel. Your dress has arrived."

"Enter, please," Daniel answered without stopping.

The Hawson family hired many well-educated servants and maids in the manor. Most of the guests

tonight were from England.

The door was open, and a maid entered while holding a champagne dress, followed by a stylist and a

makeup artist.

Chapter 1250 Tristan's Confusion

In the room next door, Tristan took a shower and put on a white suit. The size of the shirt, the vest, and

the jacket fit him perfectly, making him elegant. William particularly sent his size to the tailor's shop and

ordered those suits.

Standing in front of a mirror. Tristan looked like a supermodel. He was confused, wondering why

William had lied to Zack. William hadn't gotten injured at all.

Therefore, Tristan tried to figure out William's purpose for asking him to come here. His hunch told him

it wasn't just as simple as project cooperation. He also wondered if the banquet tonight was only for

celebrating Daniel's birthday.

If William wanted him to attend the birthday banquet, he could have invited him aboveboard. No one

would turn him down. A bad hunch rose in Tristan's mind. He felt there was a big secret in the manor.

However, he didn't know what it was.

Tristan decided to let time tell him.

"Good evening, Mr. Norwell."

When he opened the door, Lucy bowed at him respectfully. "Those are freshly made food. Would you

like to have some?"

With his hands in the pockets of his trousers, Tristan darted at the food cart before him and agreed,

"Sure." Then he returned to his room.

Lucy pushed the cart in. There were almost 20 dishes with small portions of food, looking delicate.

Sitting on the couch, Tristan asked, "Lucy, is this banquet only to celebrate Ms. Hawson's birthday?"

"Lady Daniel is going to be an adult, so it's a big celebration," Lucy answered.

Tristan darted at her and picked up a spoon.

In the door next door, the two girls dressed up beautifully. They put on dresses and wore delicate makeup, both looking uniquely charming.

"Daniel, where does Tristan stay?" Monica suddenly asked.

"Next door." Daniel pointed to the right. "Why?"

"We took the same taxi here. I'll wire him the taxi fare."

"Let's go talk to him together."

"OK."

It was still an hour before the banquet. More than 50 luxury cars had been parked in the outdoor parking lot. The well-dressed guests walked and chatted in the yard, sipping the wine.

The night hadn't been out yet, and the sunset glory was magnificent in the sky.

Daniel took Monica to Tristan's room. The door was open, and Lucy was also in the room.

Daniel knocked on the door.

Tristan looked over, and his gaze fell on Monica, whose black hair was half-hanging over her shoulders. She looked elegant.

"Good evening, Lady Daniel, Ms. Swain," Lucy bowed at the girls.

Before Tristan answered, Daniel held Monica's hand, striding into the room.

Monica felt tensed somehow. Looking into Tristan's eyes, she pressed her pink lips. Her ivory skin reflected the light in the room.

Tristan withdrew his gaze and continued to have the cake on the plate.

"Mr. Norwell, Monica wants to transfer the taxi fare to you. How much does she owe you?" Daniel said bluntly with a smile.

Tristan was slightly taken aback. Raising his head again, he looked at Monica intensely. Her charming eyes stunned him for a moment.

"Uh..." Monica's mind was jumbled, so she reacted slowly. "Why don't we follow each other on Facebook?"

"That's a good excuse," Tristan remarked flatly and withdrew his gaze. "Forget about the taxi fare. I

don't like adding followers to my Facebook."

Daniel was shocked by his aloofness, her heart sinking. She subconsciously looked at him.

Monica darted at him and the last piece of cheesecake on his plate. Before his fork fell on it, she picked

it up and shoved it into her mouth.

Tristan looked at her in a daze.

Monica chewed, swallowed, and glared at him unhappily, "You are over-self-righteous. Think I long to

follow you on Facebook, huh?"

Then she turned away.

Daniel's gaze swept between Tristan and Lucy. Then she turned around and followed Monica hurriedly.