

Surprised 1301

Chapter 1301 The Early Morning Phone Call

A hand stretched out from the soft cocoon of blankets, habitually groping on the bedside table for the phone. Lifting her head from the covers, she asked, "Who is it?"

Since she had deleted Rowan's number, there was no name on the screen, only a string of unfamiliar digits.

She rubbed her eyes and answered, "Hello, what's up?"

"Little lazy pig, time to get up," Rowan's voice was gentle.

Claire suddenly became wide awake, "Is it you?" She quickly sat up, glanced at the caller ID, and

hurriedly put the phone back to her ear, "Why are you up so early?"

"I'm outside your house," Rowan's voice was tinged with a hint of laughter, "It's not that early anymore."

"You... you came to see me?"

"Who else would I come to see?"

"Then, why didn't you contact me in advance?"

Claire panicked, jumping out of bed, "Don't you know that girls can't just leave the house? We have to

pick clothes, groom, and put on makeup!"

"It doesn't matter, I can wait," Rowan was full of patience, "As long as you're willing to see me, it's fine."

He didn't sound like someone in a hurry.

"..." Claire was as flustered as a little deer.

"I will hang up now then." With that, Rowan hung up the phone, giving her enough time.

"Hello? Hello!" Claire stopped in her tracks, then began to charge her phone and rushed into the bathroom!

The sound of rushing water filled the room!

She began to wash up as quickly as possible, squeezing facial cleanser while brushing her teeth!

Looking at herself in the mirror, her hair wasn't too greasy, thankfully she had washed it the morning before.

But her face was a bit swollen!

She had drunk three large glasses of water last night!

It was terrible!

Why didn't he tell her earlier? She wouldn't have stayed up late writing!

At least her face would have been better today!

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, Claire dashed into the walk-in closet, opened the

wardrobe, and tried on several outfits, suddenly experiencing decision paralysis!

Considering they were going for a morning run, she chose a white tracksuit and put it on, pairing it with

suitable earrings.

She sat down at her dressing table and began applying makeup quickly, as if she were on a battlefield.

Before leaving, she noticed her computer was still on, and casually turned it off while unplugging her

phone charger!

Then she rushed out the door!

It was a peaceful early morning.

Outside Russell's Villa, Rowan parked his car by the roadside. He didn't get out, sitting in the driver's

seat, his well-defined fingers tapping the steering wheel lightly.

A familiar song played in the car-

"Is there a candy that can make love even sweeter..."

The car window was half-open, and a gentle breeze brushed through his hair.

He was in a good mood today.

In the living room, Claire had just run downstairs and noticed that everyone was already there. She

hesitated for a moment, "Good morning, everyone!" She greeted them.

"Are you going out?" Violet looked at her outfit, "Aren't you having breakfast?"

"No, thank you." She smiled, her figure quickly disappearing through the living room door, "Dr. Watson

has been waiting for me outside for a long time!"

Everyone looked outside the courtyard and noticed a parked car. They didn't know how long it had

been there, as no one had paid attention.

"A young girl in love can be easily angered, but also easily appeased," Finnley couldn't help but sigh,

"She's like a different person compared to yesterday." He then looked at Claire's parents, "You two can

finally relax, right?"

Love had a magical power that could sway a person's mood.

"Seeing her happy makes us happy," Albert didn't think too deeply about it.

Violet, however, sighed, "In love, the one who loves deeply is always more likely to be taken for granted. If they don't make it to marriage, this relationship could cost Claire half her life."

Chapter 1302 Rowan is Great

Her words caused Finnley and Mya's chests to tighten slightly, and they exchanged glances. Mya gazed at her mother-in-law and said, "Mom, it's not true. As long as they love each other, they can definitely be together!"

After all, she and Finnley had experienced so much together, and even family tragedies hadn't crushed their feelings for each other. "I hope so," Violet said sincerely, "I want her to be happy too."

Young people are always more willing to believe in love, but to reach the point of marriage, there is so much to go through. Dr. Watson was too busy, and Claire might be able to tolerate it for a while, but perhaps not for a lifetime. She had that kind of personality.

"I'm so envious," Mya said as she watched Claire running towards the courtyard. Although she had just gotten married not long ago, she always felt that she and Finnley were already married for a lifetime.

She would often reminisce about their passionate dating days.

"What's there to be envious about?" Finnley wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "How can my

woman be envious of others? Whatever Rowan can give Claire, I can give you, and even more!"

"Sir, madam, young master, young mistress, breakfast is ready!" Holly's cheerful voice came.

"Alright, coming!" Then everyone headed towards the dining room, with Mya in Finnley's embrace.

"After the baby is born and I take over my father's company, you can be my secretary, okay?"

"Mr. Russell, how much salary are you offering?" Mya asked playfully.

"I'll offer myself!" Finnley replied, making even his parents laugh.

Outside in the courtyard, Rowan was a bit surprised to see Claire in sportswear, but it was refreshing.

He got out of the car and walked around to open the passenger door for her. "Good morning."

"Sorry to keep you waiting," she panted, hastily fixing her messy hair. "Did you sleep well last night?"

Rowan helped her into the car, closed the door, and then returned to the driver's seat. "Did the phone call wake you up?"

"It was fine," she said, hiding the fact that she hadn't slept well. With a smile on her face, she asked,

"Where are we going for a run today? How many kilometers?"

"We're not going for a morning run today." Rowan started the car, holding the steering wheel with one hand and taking her hand with the other. "First, I'll take you to breakfast, and then we'll go for a hike."

"What day is it today?" Claire asked in confusion, not remembering it being the weekend.

"Thursday," he replied.

"How do you have time?" Being a doctor was a very busy profession.

"I took some annual leave," Rowan said with a gentle expression. "Some misunderstandings and barriers need to be thoroughly resolved. I've heard that novelists have very delicate emotions, so I'm afraid the Daphne issue might still linger in your heart. I want to spend more time with you today, and we'll climb high, look far, and completely turn over a new page!"

Unexpectedly, Claire felt a warmth in her heart as she gazed at him, lost in thought once again. He had considered her perspective. This was his attitude towards their relationship. Claire gripped his hand tightly, her heart now completely relieved. The warmth of their hands intertwined. She looked at the scenery ahead and caught a faint whiff of osmanthus fragrance.

At the Russell's Villa, in the restaurant, Mya said with some emotion, "Many people go through blind dates, meet a few times, and then spend their lives together. It's such a pity. To meet someone who fills your heart with joy takes a great deal of fate. It's alright to get hurt; how many people nowadays don't

carry scars?"

So she was fully supportive of Claire.

Chapter 1303 The Interview

"It is our fate that brings us together. We should all learn to cherish it, so every relationship can last,"

Violet said, lifting her cup of milk, "No one can keep giving without receiving an equivalent response.

She will naturally become weary and start to doubt the relationship."

"I hope Dr. Watson will come to understand this," Albert raised an eyebrow, "We must not worry too much about the young people."

Rowan was driving towards a popular breakfast shop in Arkpool City.

Claire's phone in her bag rang. She pulled her hand from Rowan's grip, took the phone out from her bag. It was Saskia Holt. She quickly answered, "Hello, Saskia."

"Miss, you finally turned on your phone!" Saskia Holt's anxious voice came through, "How are you? Are you okay? Are you distraught?"

"Huh?" Claire was momentarily stunned.

"I saw the news yesterday and learned about the sudden end of your first love," Saskia Holt's voice

came again.

"No, it's not as terrible as you say," Claire hurried to explain.

"Huh? You don't know?" Saskia Holt was surprised, "Then did I worry for nothing? Didn't you watch the news? Your boyfriend brought another woman home to stay overnight!"

Awkward!

Saskia Holt's voice was so loud that Rowan, who was driving, heard some of it.

"It was a misunderstanding," Claire quickly explained, "Everything's fine now. We're together, and we are going to go for a hike."

"A misunderstanding?" Saskia Holt was confused but relieved, "Your phone was off yesterday, and you really made me worry! But I have an interview today and have been preparing my materials, running to the archives several times, I couldn't find time to reach out to you."

"I understand, darling. Everything's fine now, really," Claire said lightly, in a good mood, "Good luck with your interview!"

"The competition is tough this time," Saskia Holt sighed, "But I've been preparing for a long time, so I should be able to hold my own."

"Mm, good luck! I'm waiting for your good news."

"I'm going to drive now, bye!"

"Okay, bye, be careful on the road."

After the call ended, Saskia Holt started her car, with her carefully prepared resume on the passenger

seat. She was dressed formally today, with a meticulous makeup.

She was originally in a good mood, but thinking of that little wretch Daphne, Saskia Holt decided to give

Claire a good vent after the interview!

Just like how Claire used to ruthlessly deal with the scum for her.

Such men and women deserved ruthless treatment!!

She stepped on the gas pedal, and the car sped off.

The Clarke Corp.

A series of towering skyscrapers shimmering in the morning light.

Under Tristan's leadership, the company had grown stronger.

At eight in the morning, all departments were running smoothly, with everyone dressed in business

attire, full of vitality.

In the modern president's office, the room was bathed in morning light through the clear windows.

Kevin came in and handed a list to Tristan, "Mr. President, this is the shortlist of interviewees. They've all been notified and will be interviewed today. The elimination rate is 50%."

"You're quite busy with your daily work. The president's office should hire another assistant," Tristan said without looking up from the file he was examining, "You can pick one for yourself."

"Okay," Kevin nodded and then asked, "Will you be coming to the interviews later?"

"We'll see," he was a bit busy with something, put down the file and opened his laptop. Holding the mouse, his deep eyes were fixed on the report on the screen.

Kevin nodded and then turned to leave.

Downstairs in the Clarke Corp building, in the immaculate lobby that reflected like a mirror, there were thirty people coming for interviews today.

Saskia Holt was one of them, and she arrived just in the nick of time, almost late.

Chapter 1304 An Unexpected Situation

Everyone was dressed formally that day. There were recent college graduates as well as young people

who had left their jobs after three to five years of experience.

The girls, one by one, stepped delicately in their high heels, their backs straight, and an exceptional aura surrounding them.

The boys, their shoes polished to a shine, and hair slicked back with gel, displayed an energetic and hopeful vision of their futures.

Yet, they couldn't help but feel nervous. After all, half of them would be eliminated today, even though they had all come prepared.

"Is everyone here?" An assistant silently counted the numbers and tallied them with her pen. "Please, follow me to the interview hall."

As she spoke, she turned around and started to walk. Dressed in professional attire, her slender waist and outstanding figure drew everyone's attention.

The thirty young people who had come for the interview followed her quietly.

Most of them were visiting the Clarke Corp for the first time, glancing around at the decorations and arrangements as they walked.

The place was spacious and bright, glittering everywhere. The chandelier hanging from the ceiling of

the hall looked extremely expensive, each crystal clear and radiant.

Saskia Holt was in the middle of the line. She followed everyone and took the elevator to the second floor.

After passing through a corridor about ten meters long, they all lined up and walked towards the interview hall.

Two employees of the company were walking from the other end of the corridor, whispering.

"Have you heard that the president's office is hiring another assistant? I wonder if they'll hire a girl this time."

"Usually, they hire men."

"Mr. Norwell is single, you know. If they hire a woman, who knows, there might be a chance for some romance."

"Do you think the president would be interested in an assistant? Cinderella stories only happen in fairy tales."

"Well, who knows?"

These words were heard clearly by the last two girls who walked into the interview hall. Suddenly, they felt their hearts leap with the idea of becoming a phoenix rising from the ashes.

Saskia Holt had already entered the interview hall. Like everyone else, she was looking around to familiarize herself with the environment and relieve her stress.

The hall was spacious and tidy, not too cluttered. Even with so many people standing inside, it didn't feel crowded.

There was a long table by the window with four bottles of mineral water, four sets of documents, and pens on it.

Behind the table, four imposing custom leather chairs hinted at the four examiners to come.

They must be the most authoritative figures in the company, right? Would they be too harsh?

"Alright, let's wait here for a moment." The leading assistant took out her phone to check the time, and then addressed everyone with a particularly gentle smile. "The examiners are still in a meeting. They'll be here in about five minutes. You don't need to be too nervous, just adjust your mood and face it calmly."

"Okay." Everyone nodded and watched her leave.

After the leading assistant left, there wasn't much communication at first, as nobody knew each other well.

However, as time passed, the two girls who came in last couldn't help but start a conversation.

One of them said, "There will be one more chance for today, right? I heard the president's office is hiring an assistant. I wonder if they're hiring a man or a girl."

"The president's office? That job should be quite easy, right?"

"The salary of a presidential assistant is high, but the requirement is also high. It must be a job where one has to stand on their own."

Saskia Holt was just listening, uninterested in these speculations.

Suddenly, she felt a warmth spreading between her legs. Her body stiffened slightly, and she paused for a few seconds.

Oh no! Could it be her period? It felt like it!

She quickly calculated the time in her mind... She held her breath because it seemed, possibly, it was indeed about time!

Chapter 1305 Crossing off Saskia Holt's Name

Moreover, she felt a faint heaviness in her abdomen, a sensation that came and went. Saskia Holt was simply speechless! She hurried towards the door, heading for the restroom. However, in less than half a minute, four main examiners and their assistants walked in through the entrance, and the hall quieted down in a second.

They were all around forty years old, each wearing glasses, their authoritative faces emanating an air of meticulous seriousness. The interviewees stood in front of the chairs respectfully.

"Please, take a seat," one of the main examiners spoke softly. As everyone was seating, they saw the four examiners and their assistants sit down at the long table. The room was very quiet, the atmosphere subtly tense.

Saskia Holt was not yet present.

At this moment, she was in the restroom, placing an order for sanitary pads on an app, marking it as urgent, hoping the receptionist would deliver it to the second-floor restroom. She held her phone, her heart burning with impatience. The interview had already started, hadn't it? But with her stomach hurting so badly, her interview performance was bound to be affected. She cursed herself for not

checking her fortune before leaving the house.

Meanwhile, the interview was progressing orderly in the hall. A girl dressed in a blue suit stood in front of the long table, her voice sweet, "Hello, my name is Evelyn."

"Introduce yourself briefly, tell us about your strengths and weaknesses," one of the male examiners said, his voice magnetic as he scanned through Evelyn's documents.

"My name is Evelyn, I graduated two years ago, I have strong social skills, I can adapt quickly if I work in the marketing department. My main weakness is probably that I tend to be too competitive," she replied honestly, adding a few points. The examiner wrote something on his notepad.

"What is your opinion on the company's policy of overtime and no overtime?" Another person asked.

"Overtime represents attitude, no overtime represents efficiency," Evelyn responded calmly, "When my efficiency can't keep up, I have to compensate with attitude. Rest assured, I'll get the job done." The examiner nodded in satisfaction at her answer, "Next." He hadn't looked at her throughout the process.

The girl wasn't sure about her fate as she respectfully bowed and returned to her seat. "Harold," an examiner called out a name. A boy stood up and came to the long table, bowing respectfully, "Hello."

At this moment, a delivery guy entered the Clarke Corp's hall and started conversing with the

receptionist. Saskia Holt felt incredibly unlucky, each minute, each second in the restroom was agonizing.

Five minutes later...

In the interview hall, a girl had just answered two questions and returned to her seat. "Saskia Holt," the main examiner called out, but there was no response. "Saskia Holt!" He looked at the seats in front, no one stood up, no one responded.

Everyone exchanged puzzled glances. It was hard to believe that someone would miss the Clarke

Corp's once-in-five-years interview, especially after they had successfully passed the preliminary

round. Could someone really oversleep? Could they be late? The examiner was equally perplexed, he

asked again, "Isn't Saskia Holt here?"

No one responded because they didn't know each other and evidently, she hadn't arrived. The

examiner crossed off Saskia Holt's name on his sheet, "Next, Carole." He called out the next person

immediately.

A girl with a sweet appearance and a white dress stood up and came before them, "Good day, my

name is Carole," she greeted, bowing respectfully.

Chapter 1306 Is This a Blessing in Disguise?

"Carole, why did you leave your previous job? You were there for three years and your performance was outstanding," the main examiner queried.

The interview process was in full swing and nearing its conclusion. Meanwhile, Saskia Holt was still in the restroom, waiting. When she finally received her much-needed sanitary pad, she didn't cry tears of joy, she simply broke down - the delivery guy had just told her he was caught in a traffic jam.

Half an hour had passed. Her interview was undoubtedly over.

Emerging from the restroom, she checked herself over. At least her pants were clean, she thought, or else she might have really broken down. Masking her discomfort, she quickened her pace towards the interview hall, only to find the process had already concluded.

All of her peers were gone, leaving only the four main examiners, huddled around the long table, quietly discussing the paperwork.

"Hello..." She knocked tentatively on the open door, taking a step inside. "Excuse me, has the interview... ended?"

It was an obvious question, but she couldn't help but ask, her disappointment heavy in her voice.

The examiners all looked up at her, their expressions questioning.

Meeting their gaze, Saskia offered a sheepish smile.

One of the examiners asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Saskia Holt," she said, standing firm and stating her name.

Another examiner glanced down at the name list, her name crossed out. "You even managed to be late for the interview? And so late? Do you think a reputable company would hire you?"

She tried to explain, embarrassment coloring her words, "I was not late, I had an unexpected issue. I

started menstruating suddenly and I... I only realized once I stepped through this door and had to find a restroom."

At this moment, the handsome and young Kevin walked in. Seeing that the room was empty and the interview process had concluded, he looked a little disappointed. Had he arrived too late?

"Kevin, special assistant." Someone stood and handed him some documents. "These are the names of those who have passed our interviews. I have informed them to come to work tomorrow morning."

"Okay," he said, taking the documents. "I forgot to mention, we need to hire one more person. The

president's office needs an assistant."

The female director looked surprised. "We didn't receive any notification about this."

"I know," Kevin replied. "I came late." He then turned his attention to Saskia. "What's her story? Who is she?"

"She was late for her interview. She only came after it was over," someone reported honestly.

Kevin turned to Saskia, who was now looking at the floor in embarrassment. "Why were you late?" he asked, assessing her.

Seeing this as her only opportunity, Saskia steeled herself and looked up at him. "I didn't arrive late this morning. I came with the group, but I started menstruating suddenly and had to go to the restroom. The delivery was delayed and..."

"Alright, you're hired," Kevin interrupted, sparing her any further embarrassment. He could sense her discomfort and didn't want to add to it, especially since they needed additional help in the president's office.

Saskia looked up in surprise.

Was she hired without an interview?

No questions asked? Hired directly??

"Don't celebrate just yet," Kevin added. "You'll be on probation for a week. If you can't satisfy us, the company won't sign you."

"Okay, okay, okay," Saskia said, still a bit dazed, but very happy.

Chapter 1307 Poor Health Affects Pregnancy

"Come with me," Kevin said to her, then turned to the panel of interviewers, "Thank you for your hard work."

"Of course, I will introduce the new hires to the company culture tomorrow morning."

"Mm."

Kevin, holding the documents, turned to leave. Saskia Holt quickly bowed to everyone and followed him out, letting out a long sigh of relief.

"What kind of luck does this girl have?"

"It's truly miraculous."

"Hahaha."

The interviewers didn't object to Kevin's decision. As long as this girl could handle the job, there was no harm.

Kevin led Saskia Holt into the elevator, pressing the number 1. "I need to drop off these documents first, then I'll take you to the president's office."

"Okay." Saskia Holt was a bit formal, obediently following beside him.

She wasn't a wealthy socialite, just a girl from a family with decent conditions. Her parents ran a small business and she had always excelled in her studies. If she wanted a good future, she had to work hard herself.

"Hello, my name is Kevin." As the elevator descended, the young man extended his hand to her, introducing himself. "I'm the president's special assistant."

"Nice to meet you, Kevin." Saskia Holt gave him a respectful bow before shaking his hand. "I'm Saskia Holt!"

Ding, the elevator stopped.

Kevin released her hand and stepped out. Saskia Holt followed him.

Those who had been eliminated hadn't left the hall yet. Seeing this scene, they were incredulous.

Hadn't this girl fled in the middle of the interview?

How come she's only coming out now?

She was Saskia Holt, wasn't she?

Kevin happened to run into an executive. He handed the executive the documents, exchanged a few words, then returned to the elevator with Saskia Holt.

As the elevator doors closed and began to ascend, Saskia Holt felt a surge of joy. Unseen to them, the unsuccessful candidates in the hall speculated about Saskia's sudden fortune.

"What happened? Was she given a position in the president's office?"

"It seems likely."

"So, it was an internal appointment, huh-"

"I knew it, there's no such thing as absolute fairness in this world."

In the quiet elevator, Kevin and Saskia couldn't hear these comments. As the elevator ascended,

Saskia felt a rush of happiness.

She couldn't help but take out her phone to message Claire, sharing the news about her new job.

The weather was beautiful that day. The sky was a brilliant blue with fluffy clouds drifting across it like cotton candy in the wind. The breeze carried the scent of wildflowers.

Truth be told, it was a perfect day for mountain climbing. It was late autumn, neither cold nor hot.

Rowan had been trekking up the mountain with Claire, who was proving to be somewhat of a hindrance. They had covered an eighth of the distance up Arkpool City's tallest mountain, which was about eight hundred meters high.

"Tired? Let's rest a bit." Rowan let go of her hand and stood looking down the steps they had climbed.

Claire bent over, hands on her knees, panting as she admired the view from this height. "The view is already great from here. I can see the houses all spread out."

"The view is even better from the top." Rowan's gentle gaze fell on her. "You really should exercise more, do your legs feel sore?"

"Not too bad, I'm not that weak."

Rowan suddenly said, "Poor physical health can affect pregnancy."

Whoosh!

Claire's cheeks reddened as she incredulously turned her gaze toward him.

The moment she met Rowan's eyes, her heartbeat faltered for an instant. It was clear just how much

she liked him. They were already together, yet her heart still fluttered.

Seeing her discomfort, the corner of Rowan's mouth lifted in a gentle smile.

"Just kidding," he said in a warm tone.

At that moment, a notification sounded from Facebook. Claire quickly pulled out her phone to check the

message. Saskia Holt had sent a long text. As she read it attentively, she found it incredibly

melodramatic; the story could practically be written into a novel.

"Who is it?" Seeing how engrossed she was, Rowan was a little jealous. "It's not Tristan, is it?"

Chapter 1308 I Like You Just Because I Do

"Just a close friend," Claire responded casually. She began typing a reply to Saskia Holt while saying to

Rowan, "She had a job interview today and something really corny happened. Somehow, she ended up

being selected as the president's assistant."

Listening, Rowan thought to himself, as long as it's not Tristan, it's fine. Besides, he wasn't interested in

other people's affairs.

"If the president is young, successful, and single," Claire couldn't resist making a joke, "who knows,

there might be a chance for something more!"

Rowan asked, "Do all you girls think like this?"

"What do you mean 'you girls'? What's 'think like this'? It's a perfectly normal thought, alright?" Claire

finished typing her message and sent it. She turned to look at him, "Oh, by the way, you've met this girl

before! Saskia Holt! The one who tried to jump into the river after a heartbreak last time, and you saved

her! Do you remember?"

Before Rowan could answer, Claire laughed, "I'll formally introduce you two one of these days!"

"I don't really want to meet your close friend," Rowan responded seriously.

"Why?" The girl was taken aback, "Don't... don't you want to know me better?"

"I don't need to get to know you through her," Rowan reminded her kindly.

Claire paused, then held back a laugh, "Are you afraid she'll fall for you?"

"I'm not that confident," Rowan said without joking, "I just don't want any other women around because

I don't know what kind of people they are, so I cut off potential Daphnes at the root."

"..." Claire's bright eyes sparkled, and she lifted the corners of her mouth into a charming smile, "So,

Dr. Watson, you've just been shocked the shit out of you for Daphne?"

He didn't care about her teasing. He only cared about her, and he didn't want her to get hurt again.

"How smug!" Claire teased, then assured him, "Saskia Holt would never like a doctor. Doctors are too busy; the profession itself would scare her off."

"But don't I have personal charm? Otherwise, why would you like me?" Dr. Watson said, a bit cheeky yet full of confidence.

Under the warm sun and amidst the soft breeze, Claire looked at him, her smile radiant like a painting.

She took a step forward, reaching out to hold his hand.

"What the heart decides, my mouth can't answer," she said softly, "I like you just because I do!"

Rowan watched her, her eyes crinkling with laughter, and patted her head, "Shall we go?"

Claire followed Rowan as they continued towards the mountain peak. As they walked, he let go of her hand and wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

She looked back at him and smiled, "What do you like about me?" Her eyes were filled with love and tenderness.

Rowan said to her, "What the heart decides, my mouth can't answer."

"..." The girl couldn't help but laugh at his jest.

The morning sunlight was gentle, the breeze rustling the leaves, making a shushing sound. The sky

was a clear blue through the gaps in the leaves.

The Clarke Corp.

Inside the spacious and bright president's office, Tristan was dealing with documents.

From the moment Saskia Holt stepped out of the elevator, her heart was in knots. Would the president

be difficult to deal with? Would he be some aloof cold guy?

She only knew about the company's positions, not who the president was, and she certainly hadn't

thought she'd end up working as his assistant.

Like this, she followed Kevin into the president's office.

In front of the large antique-style desk by the window, Tristan was reviewing documents, marking

something with a pen, looking very serious.

Saskia Holt came up to the desk and bowed at a 90-degree angle, "Good day, Mr. president, my name

is Saskia Holt!"

Chapter 1309 Mr. Norwell's Hidden Intentions

Tristan looked up, his expression calm as he looked at the girl who was bowing in front of the desk.

At this moment, Kevin began the introduction, "Mr. Norwell, this is the new assistant, Saskia Holt."

Saskia Holt looked up, locking eyes with Tristan's deep gaze.

Their eyes met, and in a flash, Saskia Holt's chest tightened, and her eyes widened in surprise!

Tristan, too, was slightly taken aback.

"Have... have we met before?" Saskia Holt blurted out excitedly!

Kevin looked a bit taken aback, glancing at her, then at the president.

Tristan put down the file and pen, lifted his chin slightly, his eyes deep and inscrutable.

Saskia Holt suddenly exclaimed in excitement, "You're... you're Claire's friend!! You drove her to my house!"

Tristan seemed to remember something too, because of this girl, Claire had chased a scoundrel on the streets, nearly ending up at the police station.

"..." Saskia Holt's smile froze, as she saw the president's gaze narrow, unable to figure out what he was thinking.

Would Claire have told him about Parker Stone?

Unable to handle her own shitty problems in life, would the president... kick her out?? Not allow her to be his assistant anymore.

"..." Saskia Holt pursed her lips, remaining silent, regretting her earlier chattiness.

Tristan's impression of Saskia Holt had dropped significantly, but remembering something, his expression softened somewhat. He waved at Kevin.

Kevin understood, bowed, and turned to leave.

Saskia Holt glanced at Kevin, "..." She was inexplicably nervous. What was going on??

Was the president going to test her professional knowledge himself?

By the time Saskia Holt regained her senses, the man in front of the desk had already stood up. His features were finely chiseled, his figure tall and commanding, radiating an innate aloofness.

Saskia Holt looked at him, watching as he walked around the desk, and she instinctively stepped back.

Tristan walked past her, heading toward a spot not far away.

Saskia Holt watched his retreating figure in confusion, then heard the sound of water. In a moment, he

was carrying a cup of tea over.

Tristan stopped and held out the teacup to her, "Try my tea."

For her??

Saskia Holt was startled again, meeting his gaze, she quickly reached out to take it, "Thank you." She

was inexplicably formal.

Tristan pulled back his gaze, put his hands in his pockets, and leaned against the corner of the desk,

seeming to have something to say.

Saskia Holt didn't dare look at him, slowly turning around, feeling the hot teacup in her hand. Awkward!

Tristan's gaze shifted slightly, his deep black eyes looking at her again, and he began, "How is Claire

feeling?"

"Huh?" Saskia Holt paused, meeting his gaze.

Tristan was staring at her unblinkingly, waiting for an answer.

He was asking about Claire?

Not testing her professional knowledge?

Saskia Holt breathed a sigh of relief and immediately felt less nervous. She took a sip of tea and began

to babble, "You mean the thing about her doctor boyfriend bringing another woman home for the night?"

"I was wondering about that! It was such a big deal in the news, I was too busy yesterday preparing for the interview, I didn't get a chance to..."

"Get to the point." Tristan interrupted softly.

Saskia Holt stopped abruptly, quickly gathered her thoughts and rephrased, "I called her this morning, she seemed to be doing quite well, she was going hiking with Dr. Watson!"

Upon hearing this, Tristan could hardly believe it.

But she had no reason to lie.

Just as Saskia Holt was about to say something else, Tristan interrupted her softly, "I see." His expression was somewhat intriguing.

Saskia Holt, still holding the teacup, was plunged back into awkwardness. She wondered, could the president possibly like Claire?

Chapter 1310 Do Not Delete Me Again

Under the golden warm sun, there was only half the distance left to the top of the mountain.

Claire, dressed in sportswear, was sweating all over her body, but she also had a sense of accomplishment in her heart. Her little hands were tightly held by Dr. Watson, and her palms were all sweaty.

"Can you last a little longer?" Rowan asked concernedly.

"Um, um."

The girl was panting, while Rowan breathed steadily. Even for climbing mountains, it was like walking on a flat road for him.

"Dr. Watson, why do you look so at ease?" The girl curiously glanced at him, really puzzled, "You are usually so busy at work, you should rarely exercise, right?"

"I exercise regularly." Rowan stopped and gently told her, "Rest for a while if you're tired."

With his permission, Claire stopped, let go of his hand, put her hands on her waist and looked down the mountain. She greedily breathed in the fresh air.

At this height, the scenery below was actually very good.

There was a feeling that everything was so small! The open view made her feel so happy.

Rowan handed her his phone without saying a word and looked at her.

"What's the matter?" Claire wondered.

"Miss Russell, can I have your Facebook!" Rowan looked innocent. Didn't she delete him?

The girl was stunned for a moment, then took out her phone.

Rowan successfully added her. He asked her, "Can you promise me one thing?"

"Tell me." She answered quite readily and sent him a "hello" expression.

"Promise me that no matter what happens in the future, don't delete me." Rowan looked at her, his

handsome eyebrows frowned slightly, and he communicated with her very seriously, "Because it hurts."

He was serious about this relationship, so when she deleted him, his heart ached.

Claire's chest shrank slightly, startled by his serious appearance.

Reading something from his eyes, Claire stepped forward and grabbed his shirt around his waist,

apologizing very sincerely, "I'm sorry, Dr. Watson, I was wrong."

"I don't want apologies." He corrected, "I want you to promise me."

"Well, I promise you." Claire raised her hand, "I swear to heaven, I will never delete you again, really!

Please believe me, Dr. Watson!"

Seeing her lovely appearance, Rowan's face eased a little, and the corners of his lips, which had a beautifully curved shape, also raised a hint of a smile. Then he looked towards the scenery at the foot of the mountain.

Claire let go of her hand and also looked down the mountain, "It's so beautiful! I haven't climbed mountains for a long time!"

"Claire, you have to believe in your own choice." Rowan said to her, "I will also try my best to avoid similar incidents from happening again."

She turned to look at him and heard him continue, "I am the person you choose, and believe me, is to believe in your own choice."

"I know, blah blah blah, as if I took a woman home overnight." The girl complained, "Hasn't this matter turned over?"

Rowan was a little speechless.

Claire grinned, "I'm just afraid of making a wrong choice, aren't I? This is the first time I've come to the mortal world, and I don't have much experience!"

Rowan reached out to grab her, but she laughed and dodged. Then she ran up the mountain!

For a while, the sounds of chasing and playing came from the mountains, and the air was filled with the sweet smell of happiness.

In the Clarke Corp, the high-rise buildings were shining brightly in the sun.

In the president's office decorated with an antique style.

Next to Kevin's desk, a new desk was added. This was Saskia Holt's position. In the future, she would assist Kevin and share the work.

Saskia Holt sat in her chair, reading a thick stack of materials, starting with the company's development history. There were only three people in the office, and everyone was doing their own work.

Until Tristan got up and left, that tall figure disappeared at the door, and the footsteps went away.

Saskia Holt's tense nerves finally relaxed.

She hurriedly put down the documents, picked up her phone and sent a text to Claire on Facebook!

She told Claire that she met her friend Tristan.

And Tristan asked about Claire's situation. At that time, her own mood was particularly gossipy and asked, "Claire, isn't this Mr. Norwell interested in you?"

