

Surprised 1321

Chapter 1321: Looking for Tristan in Arkpool City

"I just never thought there would still be such a mother these days," said the nurse, feeling sorry for her. She took off her hat and handed it to Monica. "Take this. If you don't want to go on a blind date, don't. I support your decision to run away from home."

"Thank you," Monica replied, her eyes welling up with tears. She quickly put on the hat and gave the nurse a big hug. "Thank you! You're so kind. I have to go now." With that, she turned and left.

As Monica walked out of the restroom, she deliberately lowered her head and quickened her pace. The man was so inattentive that he didn't recognize her. He was still waiting outside.

And so, the quirky Monica managed to slip away right under their noses. She took the stairs to avoid running into the man who had helped her register. Once she reached the ground floor, she hurriedly hailed a taxi, got in, and said, "To the airport!" as she took off her work clothes.

The car quickly sped away. Monica searched for the nearest flight on her phone, and there was one to Arkpool City in an hour. "Please hurry!" she urged.

Luck was on her side! However, her phone was running out of battery, and she didn't even have her charger with her. Upon arriving at the airport, she used the last bit of battery to purchase a ticket.

After waiting for just a few minutes, Monica successfully boarded the plane. As it took off, she finally felt

a weight lift from her heart. The two men had lost her, and they couldn't complete their task.

Belinda was furious, and this was no small matter. She lashed out at the men for losing Monica. Even

though she couldn't get through to Monica's phone, she had a mother's intuition that her daughter was

headed to Arkpool City. So, Belinda called Algerone Swain and blamed him for everything.

Algerone Swain was baffled by the accusations and insisted, "My daughter never said she was coming

here. I don't know where she is!"

"You're lying!"

"I'm not!"

The two argued over the phone, each blaming the other for Monica's disappearance. Both were

worried about their daughter.

The next morning, Monica walked out of an airport in Arkpool City, her phone completely dead. She

needed to buy a charger first. She walked a long way, her legs growing sore. "What a terrible day," she

muttered.

With no cash and a dead phone, she considered this to be her most embarrassing day. She still had to buy clothes, find a hotel, and take a shower. Returning to the city, her feelings were different now.

Having spent time with Tristan in England, she had developed a strange, irresistible attraction to him- something she couldn't quite put into words. It plagued her late at night when all was quiet.

These days, she often thought of him. Monica's eyes lit up when she finally spotted a phone store. She hurried inside!

On a scenic river embankment, Claire and Rowan ran hand in hand, wearing Bluetooth earphones.

They were enjoying a sweet and intimate moment.

Daphne's matter was completely resolved for Claire, thanks to Rowan's proper handling.

"Have we run three kilometers yet?" The girl panted, feeling hot. "My legs have adapted a lot today."

"Great job!" Rowan encouraged her, glancing at her while running. "Just keep running three kilometers every day. You don't need to increase the distance; it's mainly for exercising your body."

Chapter 1322: Did Monica Save Claire?

"Okay!" Claire agreed happily. "With Dr. Watson supervising, I must try my best!"

Being with Rowan, Claire learned to love life even more. She got used to going to bed early and waking up early so she could see him first thing in the morning. They had completed their morning run, and

their phones chimed with notifications. They slowed down and walked down the stairs from the embankment.

"Go to work at the hospital, and take care of yourself," Claire told him.

"What about you?" Rowan asked. "Are you sure you don't need me to drive you?"

The girl shook her head. "No need. I'm going to the bookstore later."

Just as the two were about to part ways, Monica, who had just bought a charger, came out of the mobile phone store. She hadn't taken two steps when she spotted a familiar figure! Although she had only met Claire once during their previous blind date, she had left a deep impression. Moreover, Claire was wearing the same outfit as last time! However, the man beside her was not Tristan. Monica's steps faltered, and her heart skipped a beat as she opened her lively eyes wide. Had they broken up? Or was this woman cheating on him?

Monica's phone was out of battery and she had only charged it briefly in the store, so she couldn't take many photos. She quickly caught up with them, turned on her camera, and snapped just one picture! It was clear, showing Claire's face. While following them, she opened Facebook and sent the photo to

Tristan along with a few words- "Is your girlfriend cheating on you?"

Of course, she didn't want the man she liked to be kept in the dark. In the photo, Claire had her arm linked with the man, and the two were chatting and laughing, looking very close. Monica followed them until Claire saw Rowan off in his car, waving goodbye as he drove away.

Not far off, Daphne appeared around a corner, her hair disheveled, dressed in all black, no makeup, and her eyes dark as she stared at Claire, as if she was deliberately following her. She might be up to no good. Just as Daphne was about to approach Claire, Monica came into her line of sight, also heading towards Claire. Monica grabbed Claire by the shoulder, stopping her in her tracks. Daphne hesitated and backed off, watching to see what would happen.

As Claire met Monica's gaze, she felt that she had seen this girl somewhere before but couldn't recall where. It was a familiar feeling. Monica stared at her coldly, "Aren't you nervous, girl?" Her tone was accusatory, and she observed Claire's reaction. Upon hearing the voice, Claire immediately remembered who she was and thought of the blind date! The girl standing in front of her was Tristan's blind date, but she couldn't remember her name.

"Why should I be nervous?" Claire asked softly. "Are you two-timing?" Monica asked with a smile,

hands in her pockets. "I saw it clearly just now; that man is not Tristan!" What? Claire was slightly taken aback, but soon understood that Monica must still think she was Tristan's girlfriend.

"That's right, he's not Tristan," Claire admitted honestly. "He's my boyfriend." Monica frowned, unhappy with the answer. "Do you think you're being fair to Tristan? He's such an excellent man!" As she asked, she grabbed Claire's wrist. "Come with me! I don't believe you! I believe even more that you're cheating on him!"

"Hey, let go of me!" Claire struggled. "I didn't cheat, Tristan and I are just friends!" "I don't believe it! I won't let you wrong him! I want him to see what kind of person you are!" Monica hailed a taxi and forcibly dragged Claire into it. No matter how much Claire struggled and tried to explain, Monica closed the car door. "Driver, let's go! To the Clarke Corp!"

"Girl, why don't you believe me? I really have a boyfriend!" Claire was embarrassed; she didn't want to bother Tristan anymore, but the car was already speeding towards the Clarke Corp.

Chapter 1323: This Misunderstanding Is Quite Big

As the car approached the Clarke Corp, Claire became increasingly anxious. "Hey, listen to me!" She

had tried to explain all the way there, but Monica wouldn't listen, insisting on confronting Tristan and

thinking that Claire was lying. When the taxi stopped outside the company, Claire was dragged out of the car again.

"Hey, why won't you listen to my explanation? What I'm saying is true." Monica didn't answer, but instead spotted a shiny Maybach parked outside the building. The car door was open, and Tristan was getting out. "Come on, let's go!" Monica wanted to intercept Tristan. Claire didn't want to make a scene.

"Please, let me go first." What did all this pulling and tugging look like?

At that moment, several executives in suits walked out from the company. "Mr. Norwell, we have a proposal for the new project. We'll give a detailed presentation in the conference room later." "Alright,"

Tristan replied. He had stayed up late at home for this project.

Saskia Holt and Kevin were also present, wearing their work badges and holding documents in their hands. They looked energetic and ready for the morning meeting.

"Thank you all for your hard work," Tristan said, his voice deep and rich like aged wine, as he walked towards the hall.

"Let me go!" Claire didn't want to cause a scene. "Please, I swear to God, Tristan and I have nothing going on, really!"

"Don't talk nonsense here! I'm going to let him see what kind of person you really are!" Monica was

fond of Tristan, and this made her a bit angry.

The early morning was supposed to be peaceful.

Every little bit of noise could be heard clearly.

Tristan stopped and turned around, his eyes catching sight of the two girls struggling with each other.

His handsome eyebrows furrowed slightly, as he recognized their familiar faces.

The executives followed his gaze, all of them confused.

It was just a struggle, no big deal. One girl pulled the other towards the hall, and the girl being pulled

clearly didn't want to go.

"Why won't you face him if you have nothing to hide? He's right there!" Monica was angry. "I'm telling

you, I like him! I won't let you betray him!"

"I didn't!" Claire was so annoyed, her wrist had been pulled painfully the entire way.

A man's hand grasped both girls' wrists in the struggle, his tall figure blocking the golden morning

sunlight.

Monica's movements slowed, and she turned to look.

Claire also turned.

Tristan stood beside them, his expression calm and his face so beautiful it was breathtaking. He

exuded an air of composure and nobility.

Monica was briefly dazzled by his handsomeness and unconsciously let go.

Claire's red wrist fell into Tristan's line of sight, and he felt a bit sorry for her. He also saw her

embarrassed expression and her efforts to conceal her discomfort.

Tristan's arrival brought silence to the scene.

Claire could feel his gaze and instinctively pulled her hand away, not wanting him to see.

"What's going on over there?" On the steps outside the hall, Saskia Holt couldn't help but gossip.

Although her best friend was there, Mr. Norwell was also present, so she didn't dare approach.

Kevin shook his head. "I don't know." He too was puzzled, observing from a distance.

The executives didn't dare to ask or even look for long. One by one, they turned and entered the hall,

heading towards the conference room.

"Tristan, did you receive the photo I sent you?"

Monica didn't give Claire a chance to explain and asked him directly. "Quick, open Facebook and see!"

What photo?

Tristan glanced at her, having muted his phone and not yet having a chance to look.

Claire was also curious. What had she sent?

Tristan took out his phone and opened Facebook in front of both girls. He saw the text first, and without even clicking on the photo, he knew it was of Claire and Dr. Watson.

Tristan was calm because he knew they were already together.

"This is a photo I just took; your girlfriend is cheating on you!" Monica said confidently, thinking that

Tristan wouldn't want such a woman anymore.

She was waiting for them to break up.

Chapter 1324: So He's Single!

"She was with another man, I saw it with my own eyes!" Monica complained.

Claire stood silently beside them, neither explaining nor refuting. She had just tried to explain until her throat was nearly smoking.

Tristan calmly put away his phone, and Monica looked up, observing the change in his expression,

expecting him to explode in anger.

However, his peaceful gaze, like that of a deep well, turned apologetically towards Claire. "I'm sorry, I didn't explain our relationship clearly to her in time, causing you trouble."

Monica was puzzled by these words. She frowned, looking at him and then at Claire.

"It's okay." Claire spoke softly, quite understanding. She glanced at the girl beside her and then said to Tristan, "It's not too late to explain it to her now, so she won't misunderstand again."

The situation seemed a bit like... Claire was the third party, which felt strange to her.

Tristan wouldn't let her be embarrassed.

So, in front of her, Tristan looked at Monica and made an unnecessary explanation. "She's not my girlfriend. I just didn't want to go on a blind date, so I used her as a shield."

Upon hearing this, Monica's eyes widened in sudden realization, as the situation seemed familiar!

"Do you have this habit?" She looked at Tristan with a very strange gaze. "Is this your usual trick?

Using an unrelated woman to act as a shield?"

Tristan understood what she meant, and she must have thought of the time with Daniel.

Claire didn't know what they were talking about, a usual trick?

But she thought Tristan had already explained it clearly, so she looked up at him. "I have to go now. I

have an interview today and need to write the article."

"Alright." Tristan nodded, and then watched her leave.

Saskia Holt never went over.

Monica secretly breathed a sigh of relief, looked at the girl's retreating figure, and thought, so she's not

his girlfriend!

So, does that mean he's single now? Monica couldn't be happier in her heart!

Tristan's gaze fell back on the smiling girl's face. "Weren't you in Canada? How did you come back to

Arkpool City?"

"Didn't I miss you?" Monica's mood was good, and she jokingly spoke her mind, wanting to see his

reaction.

"Young lady!"

Tristan and Monica turned their gazes in response to the sound, only to see the taxi driver poking his

head out of the window. "Young lady! You haven't paid the fare yet!"

Monica was embarrassed; her phone had run out of power, and she didn't have any cash on her.

Tristan looked at her without asking any questions, and walked straight towards the taxi.

Kevin and Saskia Holt were both quite surprised, seeing their boss take out his wallet and help this girl

pay the fare. So, who was she? Someone who could make their boss waste so much time.

Was it Monica?

This guess appeared in Kevin and Saskia Holt's minds simultaneously, but neither dared to confirm it.

Monica didn't feel embarrassed at all, waiting for Tristan to finish paying and come back, feeling quite

happy because that girl wasn't Tristan's girlfriend!

So he was single, right?

This was just too good to be true!

Her beloved idol was single!

Under the morning light, Tristan walked towards her, seeing her smiling face again, as if she was

immersed in her own world. "What's so funny? Causing a commotion early in the morning, dragging

people around, and not even saying sorry."

The girl's smile vanished, and she looked up at him.

Tristan noticed her unwashed hair, a bit messy, and her clothes were somewhat... disheveled. She looked exhausted from traveling.

"You just got off the plane?" Tristan asked with a slight frown.

Monica nodded, "Yes!"

Tristan asked again, "Did you sneak over here? Without any luggage?"

"I didn't even bring my charger. I just bought one, and my phone's out of power again," she answered truthfully. "At least my passport is in my pocket."

Tristan stood tall and straight, somewhat speechless, and nodded. "And you haven't had breakfast?"

The girl's stomach indeed grumbled a bit. "Mr. Norwell please give me some food!"

Chapter 1325: Mr. Norwell is Quite Considerate

"Have you contacted your father?" Tristan inquired about her family situation.

"No!" The girl's face changed, as if a nerve had been stung, and she protested, "Please don't tell my dad!"

"Alright." He didn't want to get too involved in other people's family affairs.

Monica, looking pitiful, said, "My mom will easily find me. She's forcing me to go on blind dates and

even confined me at home. It took me a lot of effort to finally escape!"

So she had escaped? No wonder she looked so disheveled.

"Forced to go on blind dates?" Tristan couldn't help but tease, "Can't you get married?"

"Didn't you go on a blind date too? Is your dad afraid you won't be able to find a wife?"

"..."

The two stared at each other, and a deathly silence ensued.

Tristan glanced at her, sighed softly, and gently patted her head, with a touch of pity and teasing.

This intimate pat on the head not only surprised Monica but also stunned Kevin and Saskia Holt, who

were standing not far away!

Such a tender gesture...

"Kevin." Tristan turned his gaze to the man on the steps.

Kevin snapped out of it and hurriedly stepped towards them, "Mr. Norwell."

"Help her book a hotel, prepare breakfast, and then buy some women's clothes at the mall to send

over." Tristan ordered, then looked back at the girl, "You didn't bring your ID, did you?"

The girl shook her head helplessly, "No."

"Kevin, use your ID. Is it on you?"

"Yes."

"Good." Tristan nodded, and was about to stride towards the company lobby when Kevin grabbed his arm.

Tristan stopped and looked at him with confusion. Kevin had a difficult expression, hesitating as if he wanted to say something.

"Speak." Tristan was blunt.

Monica thought it was odd; did he not want to take her to a hotel?

Kevin leaned over to Mr. Norwell's ear and whispered, "Buying women's underwear and the like... I've never even bought it for my mom, let alone how awkward it is, I don't know the size, and I'm afraid I won't buy it right."

Tristan thought he had a point, so he looked over at Saskia Holt not far away, "Saskia Holt, come here."

Saskia Holt didn't know what they were talking about and walked towards them with confusion and apprehension.

"Go with Kevin." With that, Tristan strode towards the company lobby.

Go where??

Kevin looked at her puzzled face, "Help her book a room and buy clothes."

"Miss, what's your name?" Kevin turned his gaze, smiling, "Let's go, the car is over there. I'll take you to the hotel. Mr. Norwell has two important meetings this morning."

"My name is Monica Swain."

Monica!!

Kevin and Saskia Holt's eyes widened in unison, staring at her! They looked a few more times!

She was quite pretty! A natural beauty.

Monica, as a girl, felt awkward being stared at by them, "What's the matter? Is there a problem?"

"Yesterday, you sent Mr. Norwell a Facebook message, and it was projected onto the big screen in the conference room." Saskia Holt looked at her with a smile, "How did you mistake Claire for Mr. Norwell's girlfriend?"

"Do you know that girl just now?" Monica scrutinized Saskia Holt.

Kevin opened the car door, and Monica and Saskia Holt got in.

"Claire is my best friend; her boyfriend is a doctor!"

Kevin sat in the driver's seat, "Shall we go to the mall to buy clothes first?"

"Have you had breakfast?" Saskia Holt asked.

Monica shook her head, "But I'm not hungry."

"Let's find a place to have breakfast first!" Saskia Holt said to Kevin, "Mr. Norwell entrusted Miss Swain

to us, so we have to take good care of her. We can't let her go hungry!"

"Alright." The car started.

Monica felt warmth in her heart; this was Tristan's care for her, wasn't it?

Recalling the pat on the head just now, a strange tumult of emotions rose within her.

Chapter 1326: Daphne is Annoyed

In the car, Saskia Holt told Monica about Claire and Dr. Watson being a loving couple. Though they

hadn't been together for long, their relationship was very stable. They had experienced some ups and

downs, but it only served to strengthen their bond.

Monica listened quietly, feeling quite embarrassed. Was this the biggest misunderstanding of her life?

With her kind heart, she was filled with guilt towards Claire. Tristan had been right; she owed Claire an

apology.

Meanwhile, Daphne, who had failed to achieve her goal, stood by the riverbank, bathed in sunlight. She held onto the railing, feeling the chilly early winter breeze. Her hair was a mess from the wind, but it couldn't blow away the melancholy in her heart.

She looked coldly at the clear blue sky. The sun in winter wasn't warm enough, always wrapped in a touch of coldness, much like a human heart. Seeing Claire and Rowan laughing together earlier had deeply hurt her sleepless self. In a bad mood, she had almost attacked Claire!

In her diagonally slung bag was a shiny fruit knife, newly purchased and not meant for cutting fruit.

Who was the girl who had forcibly taken Claire away? She didn't seem friendly towards Claire either.

Did they have some conflict?

Daphne suddenly remembered a famous saying: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend!" She desperately wanted to find and befriend that girl. But did that girl also like Rowan? The thought made

Daphne panic.

As she considered the possibility that someone else liked Rowan, jealousy stirred within her, making

her feel terrible. Just then, her phone rang. It was her mother. "Hello, Mom," she answered, trying to compose herself.

"Daphne, I've been coughing up blood lately, and a doctor nearby said that bleeding should be taken seriously. It could be a sign of a serious illness."

"How do you feel? Are you experiencing any other discomfort?" Daphne worried, her whole body tensing up.

"I'm fine, really!" her mother hurriedly reassured her. "Don't worry too much. I just want to have a check-up, since our family's situation is getting better. Your brother and you have grown up, and your father and I want to take care of our health so we can help with the grandchildren."

"I've always encouraged you both to get check-ups, but you were reluctant," Daphne said, relieved.

"Now you finally understand, right? It's better to prevent problems and have peace of mind, since our bodies are our own."

"That's true, you make a good point," Mrs. Well agreed. "But your father said we shouldn't do it in our small county. Our daughter is a doctor, and Rowan's hospital has advanced facilities. So, we're coming to the city to find you, get a check-up, and bring some local specialties to thank Rowan for taking care

of you."

Daphne's face changed, and she grew nervous. "Mom, a basic check-up can be done at the county hospital, and it's a two-hour drive to Arkpool City. It's not even worth the trip."

Chapter 1327: If It's Unstable, Just Snatch It

It took her a while to put down her phone, her grip on the railing tightening bit by bit, a trace of panic flashing in her eyes. As she gazed over the vast river, Daphne's mood was terrible.

How was she supposed to handle her oblivious parents all by herself?

After a long period of thought and hesitation, she picked up her phone and called Rowan. The familiar ringtone echoed, and her heart was filled with anxiety, fearing that he would answer and fearing that he wouldn't.

In the end, Rowan didn't pick up.

Feeling a bit disappointed, Daphne thought Rowan did it on purpose. Surely, he was fed up with her by now. But how could she put an end to this situation with her parents' persistent and relentless rural character? It would be strange if they didn't make a scene at the hospital.

At Charity Medical Center, everything was orderly. Rowan was in a very busy state, having seamlessly

completed two surgeries that morning. It wasn't until later that he noticed the missed calls on his phone, some from Daphne and some from Mrs. Well.

He wouldn't care about Daphne's call.

But when Mrs. Well called, as her junior, he felt obliged to return the call, so he called her back immediately.

"Rowan, have you been busy all this time?" Mrs. Well's cheerful voice came through the phone, with no hint of blame.

"Auntie, it's not too bad, I just finished," Rowan replied as he entered his office. He was temporarily free and very polite, "May I ask if you're looking for me for something?"

"We've arrived in Arkpool City and just got off the train. We're planning to come to your hospital for a check-up. Are you free at noon? We'd like to invite Daphne and have a meal together, the four of us, what do you think?"

Rowan could sense her intentions, and said, "I'm free at noon, but there's no need to have a meal together. Your daughter and I were in the news a couple of days ago, and the hospital fired her."

"What? It was in the news? What happened? She was fired?" It was clear that Mrs. Well hadn't been

paying attention. Her heart sank with worry, "What did my daughter do?"

Rowan didn't want to beat around the bush and answered directly, "I have a girlfriend now, so I need to keep my distance from your daughter, Daphne. There's no need for a meal. If you want to have a check-up, you can come to our hospital. I'll arrange for someone to take care of it. Just give me a call when you arrive."

"What?" Mrs. Well was shocked, "You already have a girlfriend?" It seemed the focus was not on the check-up, "When did this happen? Why haven't I heard about it?"

"Yes," Rowan emphasized again, "I have a girlfriend now."

"..."

Until the end of the call, Mrs. Well hadn't recovered from the shock. She felt as if she'd lost a great treasure. Was it because they acted too late?

Daphne picked up her parents at the train station and took them to the rented apartment. On the way, her parents kept asking her if Rowan really had a girlfriend.

"Yes, yes, yes, didn't I tell you already?" Daphne was annoyed.

Mrs. Well scolded, "You lived in his house for a while, why didn't you try harder then? If you could be with Rowan, you wouldn't have to worry for the rest of your life!"

Hearing this, Daphne's mood worsened, "I didn't think about whether I would worry for the rest of my life or not. I like him, but what can I do if he doesn't like me?!"

"..." Mrs. Well was speechless.

However, Daphne didn't want to vent her bad mood on her parents, who had come from far away.

Mr. Wells sighed, "We sent you to study and you worked hard. How could happiness slip away when it was right within your reach?"

Daphne was even more speechless, "Stop talking, my head hurts." Her mental state was not good due to excessive drinking in the past few days, and her mood was constantly gloomy.

"Daphne, your father is talking to you, can't you hear him? What's with your attitude? Your head hurts?"

Mrs. Well also felt regretful, "How long has Rowan been dating his girlfriend? Are they stable in their relationship?"

If it's unstable, just snatch it!

Chapter 1328: The Forgotten Monica

"Daphne is so outstanding, there must still be a chance, right? As long as they're not married yet." Mr.

Wells, Daphne's father, didn't want to let go of this golden opportunity.

Upon hearing that he had opened his own hospital, Daphne's parents rushed into the city to support their daughter. It proved the old saying: A family that doesn't work together doesn't stay together.

"Please go back, immediately, right now!" Daphne roared, on the verge of a mental breakdown. "I know you didn't come here for a checkup! If you really want a checkup, please do it at the county hospital!"

As she spoke, she took out her phone and immediately contacted her younger brother, asking him to take their parents for a checkup. She would cover the expenses.

Her parents were frightened. "What's wrong with you? Why are you so angry?"

"Mom, Dad, go back!" Daphne dragged them away. "Leave me alone, I'm tired."

Then, without any courtesy, she sent them away with the bags they had brought.

Her temper and alienation frightened Mr. and Mrs. Wells. They didn't dare confront their daughter

because they felt she had become a different person. Was this still their filial daughter?

They took a cab downstairs and asked the driver to take them to the bus station.

Daphne stood alone in the cold early winter wind, her eyes filled with tears, and her emotions nearly

collapsing again.

Her head ached, her hair was a mess, and she had taken a lot of sleeping pills recently. She felt her body couldn't take it anymore.

Back in her rented room, she opened another bottle of wine.

What is love in this world?

It was something that could make people worry, exhaust them, and make them want to trade their lives for it. She had liked Rowan since she was a child!

She didn't want to give him up to anyone more than anyone else!

What Daphne couldn't understand the most was that she didn't think Claire was better than her!

Was it only when Claire died that Rowan would take a closer look at her?

Because of her deep obsession, Daphne's thoughts were twisted. In just a few days, she had become depressed to the extreme, and her mental state had somewhat deteriorated.

For an entire day, Daphne turned off her phone and didn't go out.

At noon.

In a hotel suite not far from the Clarke Corp, the room was spacious and cost several thousand a night.

Monica stared at the long row of exquisite bags on the sofa, containing clothes, shoes, hats, and some accessories, as well as food and other things.

By a rough calculation, she knew she owed Tristan a lot of money.

She had no money in her phone, and her commonly used cards were in her suitcase, which was still in Canada.

Finally, it was nine o'clock in the evening.

Not only had she not received a call from Tristan, but she hadn't even received a single Facebook message!

What was happening?

Could it be that he was so busy that he had to work overtime?

Or had he forgotten about her?

Monica took a shower, put on her pajamas, curled up on the sofa, picked up her phone hesitantly, and made a bold move by making a video call to him on Facebook!

It was a daring act, not caring what he was doing or whether it was convenient.

The phone rang for a little while.

Tristan answered. The girl was a bit nervous, but she overcame it and stared at him. "Where are you?"

She was sure it wasn't his office.

"At home." Tristan was wearing a bathrobe, having already taken a shower.

The room was large, and the decor was simple and unique.

Monica shifted her focus to him, staring at his handsome side face as he bent down to tidy up the coffee table. The camera was pointed at him, but he didn't look at the screen.

"What are you doing?" she asked again.

"Nothing." As his words fell, Tristan picked up the remote and turned on the wall projector, then sat down on the sofa. He was watching TV.

Monica heard the sound coming from the TV and found him strange. He never looked at the screen, so she asked, "You... don't you come to see me after work?"

It was only then that Tristan looked at her, his handsome eyebrows slightly furrowed, as if he didn't understand her meaning.

From his distant gaze, Monica felt that they were not on the same wavelength. She was waiting for him,

but he hadn't thought about coming at all!

"I... I mean..." Monica stammered, struggling to find her words. She rephrased, "I mean, you helped me check into the hotel and bought me so many clothes. Shouldn't we settle the accounts? How much do I owe you? I just want to know."

"How about it?" Tristan asked indifferently, "Can you pay it back now?"

Chapter 1329: Video Call with Tristan

"I... I can't pay it back now! But at least I'd know the amount!" The girl's eyes flickered, "Don't make it seem like I really need your charity!"

Tristan's expression remained calm as he said seriously, "You don't need to pay it back, but there is one thing you must do."

Must do?

A serious feeling.

"What is it? Tell me, and I'll see!" The girl was curious and couldn't help but worry. Would he make some bizarre request?

Tristan wasn't angry. In a friendly tone, he said, "You have to apologize to Claire. After all, you were in

the wrong today. It was quite abrupt."

"Oh, that?" Monica thought it was something else. She nodded, agreeing with him.

But hearing it from him made her feel inexplicably uncomfortable. Was he defending that girl? Did he

feel sorry for her after she was pulled away?

"Can I ask you a question?" Monica was serious, her smile gone.

"You haven't agreed to what I said."

"Fine, I agree." Monica readily accepted, "Next time I see her, I will definitely apologize!" She would

have done it even without Tristan's reminder.

He fell silent.

She asked again, "Can I ask you a question?"

Tristan looked at the TV, "Go ahead." He didn't look at her, nor did he mind the video call.

"Do you like this Claire?" Monica asked, guessing based on a woman's intuition.

Tristan didn't answer immediately. Each second of silence made Monica's heart feel uneasy.

It made sense, though. If he didn't like Claire, why would he bring her to avoid the blind date?

But what about using himself to block Daniel?

Was it because he liked her too?

No, it was because he had no other options.

How ironic.

Caught in a game, she felt somewhat lost.

Tristan's gaze shifted from the TV to her, and he said seriously, "No, she has a boyfriend."

Hearing this, Monica felt happy whether it was true or not.

She reassured him, "Don't worry, I'll apologize to her properly when I see her."

Tristan didn't say anything further, nor did he nod or even think about ending the video call.

Monica couldn't find a topic for a moment. It was quite awkward for their first video call.

After some thought, not wanting to leave things cold, she explained, "I just didn't want you to be cheated on, so I acted impulsively today." She used the excuse of looking out for him to chat for a few more minutes.

Tristan didn't look at her.

Monica could clearly see the corner of his mouth lift slightly. It was like a cold smile, yet something else.

He seemed to be laughing.

His demeanor seemed to say, do you think a high-quality man like me would be cheated on?

"Umm..." Monica searched for a topic, "Are you planning to come to the hotel to see me?"

"If you need anything, contact Kevin," Tristan said simply, making it clear he wouldn't come.

He didn't ask why she came to Arkpool City.

He didn't ask how long she would stay in Arkpool City either.

Did he not care about her at all?

Awkward!

Even across the screen, it was awkward!

"I..." The girl was left bewildered by him, "I'm tired, good night."

Tristan didn't say anything. He glanced at her and then looked back at the TV, seemingly emotionless.

It appeared to be a financial news channel playing in the background. Monica vaguely heard the sound

and didn't want to bother him anymore. Awkward chatting was worse than ending the call.

Monica hung up the video call, thinking, why is Tristan so dull?

He was like a block of ice, the sense of distance perfectly embodied in him.

It hadn't been like this when they were together in the UK.

Moreover, this morning outside his company, he had given her a head pat. Was it an illusion?

Did he like her or not?

Monica had no confidence in her heart because this man was so unpredictable.

Just as she was feeling confused, her phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, it was her mother!

She had to answer!

After all, it was her mother. If she didn't answer, her mother would worry.

So, Monica cleared her throat, prepared for an hour long lecture, "Hey, Belinda!"

Her attitude could never be any better.

Chapter 1330: Mr. Tristan, Please Help

"I just have one question for you." Belinda's calm voice made Monica doubt her ears for a moment,

"Answer me honestly, are you in Arkpool City?"

Was this the calm before the storm? The girl's heart skipped a beat.

"Yes."

Monica could no longer lie, "Belinda, don't be angry, I..."

"I'm not angry." Belinda said with a smile, "I'm on my way, I'm waiting for my flight. I'll be there tomorrow!"

"..." Monica's eyes widened in shock, "Why are you coming? To catch me and make me go on a blind date?"

"I won't force you to go back to Canada, but the blind date is still necessary." Belinda didn't hide her intentions, "Your blind date is in Arkpool City. I'll contact you when I arrive, and we'll meet up for a meal!"

With that, Belinda hung up the phone.

Not giving Monica any chance to argue, she nearly turned to stone as she clutched her phone.

Was this really happening?

She didn't want a blind date!

She wanted to be with Tristan!!

She wanted to be with the person she liked!

That night, Monica couldn't sleep well, unsure of how to deal with her mother.

Belinda was usually so assertive, handling family matters as efficiently as her work. She showed no

mercy.

The next morning.

A Maybach headed towards the Clarke Corp. The driver drove the car.

Tristan and Kevin sat in the spacious backseat. Kevin reported, "Mr. Norwell, the property project we're collaborating on with the Fritz Group has topped out today. Mr. Fritz would like to invite you to visit the site."

"Has he returned from Canada?"

"Yes, he said that he has moved the company headquarters to Arkpool City and will be working here most of the time."

Tristan asked, "Show me my schedule for this morning."

"Since Mr. Fritz invited you, I have cleared your entire day's schedule." Kevin said with a slight smile, "I guessed you would definitely go."

"Alright, set up a meeting with him at nine."

"Okay."

As soon as Kevin sent the message, the car stopped at the entrance of the Clarke Corp's main building.

The car door opened, and Kevin got out, respectfully welcoming Tristan.

Tristan stepped out of the car, his polished shoes shining in the early winter morning light. He was tall and slender, with an elegant demeanor.

He straightened his suit and walked towards the steps.

Monica, who had been waiting for a long time, emerged from the bushes of a flower bed and ran towards him, "Wait!"

Tristan stopped and turned his gaze to her. Monica grabbed his arm and pulled him aside, "I have something urgent to talk to you about!"

This scene surprised both the company employees who were about to enter the building for work and Kevin.

They couldn't help but look at them.

Tristan disliked being touched. He frowned slightly, glanced at her, and then at her hand gripping his arm. He used his eyes to signal her to be mindful of her appearance.

"Sorry!" Monica quickly withdrew her hand, "I need your help." She frowned pitifully, "It seems like only you can help me. I'm a stranger in Arkpool City..."

"What is it?" Tristan interrupted in a soft voice, "Get to the point."

His time was precious, and his aura was cold, but he still had some patience for her.

"My mom is arriving in Arkpool City soon." Monica sighed, feeling particularly helpless, "She's determined to make me go on a blind date. I've helped you once in the UK, can you pretend to be my boyfriend this time? Just think of it as... as..."

She racked her brain, "Think of it as a favor you owe me!"

Tristan didn't express his opinion but looked at her carefully.

He was composed and restrained, his calm expression carrying his unique pride. He finally understood that she was running away from a blind date.

"Please!"

Monica was afraid he would refuse, so she couldn't help but shake his arm again, looking at him

pitifully, "Mr. Tristan, I don't know any other men in Arkpool City besides you. Only by doing this will my

mom give up. Please, can you help me?"