

Surprised 1401

Chapter 1401: Daphne Wells Arrives

"Thank you." Claire took the delivery and closed the door, and a wonderful day began. They had arrived the night before. This was Claire and Rowan's first trip together, choosing a beautiful place to stay.

Rowan's work was usually stressful, so he came to relax, while Claire came to find inspiration. Their room had a large balcony separated by glass doors, with sofas, a coffee table, potted plants, and a tea set on the balcony. A large pair of stuffed bears sat on the sofa, very popular among young people.

The poetic atmosphere of the place was something Claire particularly loved. The carved wooden railing looked weathered. Rowan stood in front of it, hands on the railing, gazing at the beautiful scenery across the river.

"Breakfast is here!" Claire came through the glass door, bag in hand, and cheerfully said, "It's still hot,

Dr. Watson. Hurry up and eat while it's warm. Good for the stomach!"

On the balcony next door, Daphne Wells, dressed in red, stood in front of the railing, her face pale as she listened to Claire's chatter. She looked calm, but a hint of coldness flashed in her eyes.

Separated by a row of wooden planks, Rowan looked tenderly at the girl beside him, taking the bag from her hand. "If I could live in a place like this for the rest of my life, that would be a kind of happiness."

The moss-covered ancient bridge, the clear river, and the majestic city wall all resembled a painting. "It depends on who you're living with," Claire quickly replied.

"Of course, with me." Claire met his gaze, her eyes full of smiles. "That would be my honor."

On the neighboring balcony, Daphne Wells clearly heard the couple's conversation. Her mood, which had calmed down earlier, became irritable again.

"The fried dough sticks and soy milk here are the most famous. You have to dip them together to get the full experience." Claire had done her homework before coming and was now teaching Dr. Watson at the scene.

Rowan followed her example, dipping the dough stick in soy milk. "The taste is indeed good." The girl's smile was contagious, and his mood brightened.

The two enjoyed breakfast and chatted, their faces full of soft smiles. Claire stood by his side, eating and talking, feeling very content.

Next door, Daphne Wells automatically ignored Rowan's voice but Claire's words kept spinning in her head. Sentence after sentence piled up, eventually becoming a chaotic mess that caused a headache for Daphne Wells. She covered her head with both hands and sat down on the sofa.

Rowan and Claire's conversation continued, not too loud, just normal conversation. But to Daphne Wells, it was unbearably noisy and piercing. She rushed back into her room and covered her head on the bed.

Yes, she had followed Rowan secretly. As for why, she couldn't say clearly, only knowing that a strange possessiveness was at work. Up to now, she still couldn't accept the fact that Rowan and Claire were dating.

In Rowan's view, his issue with Daphne Wells had come to an end. He had made things clear and fired her; she shouldn't appear again. What he didn't expect was that Daphne Wells was a dangerous person, her mental state already deteriorated and her actions uncontrollable.

The pain of loving and not being loved had broken her. Tristan drove Monica to the same ancient town, and they had no idea what would happen next.

Chapter 1402: A Romantic Morning

Arkpool City. Algerone Swain woke up early today. In fact, after Tristan left last night, he sat on the terrace and thought about his life for a long time. He also suffered from insomnia. Although he hadn't slept well, he should have been tired today, but he woke up very early. Moreover, he did something especially romantic early in the morning. This was something he had thought about for a long time last night, and he immediately put it into action.

In the courtyard of his usual residence, two small trucks were parked. Ten workers carefully unloaded rose seedlings from the trucks, their roots wrapped in thick soil. A small car slowly drove in, stopping not far away. The car door opened, and Mrs. Fritz stepped out. Dressed elegantly, she walked towards Algerone Swain. The early winter wind brushed her face, and she wrapped her cloak around herself.

The elegant aura emanating from her bones always accompanied her.

Algerone Swain directed the workers behind the trucks, "Be slow, don't damage the roots, and don't let the soil fall off. It's okay to take some time, but the job must be done well." As soon as his words fell, he glanced at Mrs. Fritz. Then he helped with the unloading, as if the rose seedlings were more important than the guests. Mrs. Fritz didn't mind and joined him.

"Good morning," Algerone Swain looked at her briefly, "I'm sorry for making you get up so early today."

Holding a rose seedling in his hands, his gaze returned to the workers transplanting the seedlings, "Be careful, and don't let the soil fall off." Mrs. Fritz replied, "It's fine, I'm used to getting up early."

"Thank you for your generosity, you practically moved half of your yard for this. I hope these little ones can survive," Algerone Swain said with anticipation. Mrs. Fritz, although she liked roses, was the kind of person who enjoyed helping others. And how could she refuse the request from her best friend's ex-husband?

"Compared to a relationship that can be mended, what does half a yard of roses count for?" The elegant middle-aged woman smiled and looked at everyone. She too looked forward to the day when the courtyard would be filled with roses. Many of the seedlings had flower buds, and their roots were wrapped in thick soil, indicating a high survival rate.

Algerone Swain sighed softly in his heart after hearing her words, "I hope she will like it." In his view, the fact that his ex-wife Belinda agreed to live in his vacant cottage showed that the barriers in her heart had lessened. For Monica's sake, and to make up for his own regrets, he was willing to do what he could.

"Newly planted roses need deep watering. It hasn't snowed yet, and the temperature is still suitable.

With so much soil around the roots, the survival rate will be high," Mrs. Fritz wasn't worried about her roses dying. "Okay," Algerone Swain expressed his gratitude, "Thank you."

"As her best friend, I, of course, want her to be happy," the woman turned her eyes to him and continued, "My husband and I have discussed this topic. He also thinks that your remarriage is the best choice. Only you can tolerate her temper." The middle-aged man looked up at the clouds in the sky, squinting his eyes, "Tolerance comes from caring."

Mrs. Fritz looked at his graying temples, as if she saw the traces of time. The most beautiful years of life were missed... What kind of regret was that?

Chapter 1403: I'll Listen to You

Two people who clearly still cared about each other had lived separately for so many years, all because of their mutual pride. In the quiet of the night, when they looked back, would their hearts ache as well?

"Let nature take its course," Algerone Swain sighed softly. With a helpless smile, he felt he had done his best, and now it was time to leave the rest to fate. He turned his gaze to the woman beside him, expressing his gratitude. "Thank you for today."

The middle-aged woman nodded and met his gaze. "I'll leave now. I hope one day we can all sit down together and have a reunion dinner."

"If we really do get back together, it will be thanks to you," Algerone Swain said humbly, his vision grand. "I hope you'll put in a good word for me when you speak to her."

"I will, for sure."

After chatting briefly, Mrs. Fritz said, "You can continue with your work, no need to see me out." She turned around and left, driving away shortly after.

Algerone directed the workers unloading the seedlings in the yard and even helped with the transplanting. He could imagine the courtyard full of blooming roses in a month or two.

In the quiet ancient town, the sky was gray; the weather would change soon. The distant scenery was shrouded in mist, like a hazy silhouette emerging from the clouds.

Daphne Wells took a large number of white pills in the inn, gulping water to wash them down. She clutched the blanket, her agitated mood finally subsiding. When she recovered and pushed open the glass door to the balcony again, the neighboring balcony was silent. She couldn't hear any sound.

It was strangely quiet.

Her brows furrowed, she gripped the railing tightly, mustering the courage to lean out over the river.

Peering past the wooden partition separating the balconies, she saw no one on the neighboring balcony.

Only the two stuffed bears sat nestled together on the sofa, as if smiling at her. The curtains were not drawn, and the glass door was closed. The room was empty.

Daphne Wells looked closer and saw two beds! She held her breath, puzzled. Was it a twin room? Both beds had been used, so they hadn't slept together?

Somehow, seeing this scene, she felt inexplicably happy, and her furrowed brows relaxed.

At this moment, after breakfast, Rowan held Claire's hand as they strolled through the narrow ancient lanes, as if they had traveled back a hundred years, far from the hustle and bustle of the city.

Whenever they found a suitable spot for a photo, Rowan would become a photographer, with Claire as his model. She was happy, and so was he.

Under his lens, Claire was sometimes elegant and sometimes playful, each photo incredibly beautiful.

"Let me see!" She happily ran towards him, linking her arm with his as they walked and looked at the

photos in the camera.

"How do they look? Are they all beautiful?"

"Yes." She was very satisfied and looked at him admiringly. "The camera is good, and Dr. Watson's photography skills are great!"

"Isn't it mainly because the model is beautiful?"

"Hehe."

Since Rowan was really busy, Claire would find it difficult to see him even once if she didn't go to the hospital. So she cherished the time they spent together these few days.

"Shall we go eat barbecue later?" Claire asked expectantly. "I want to do 100 little things with you, and eating barbecue in the ancient town is the first."

Were all novelists so thoughtful? How long would it take for him to accompany her through 100 little things, given how busy he was?

"Dr. Watson, what are you thinking about?"

He gently patted her head with his considerable height advantage. "I'll listen to you."

Chapter 1404: The Luckiest One to Be Abandoned

The ancient town in winter had a chill in the air. Daphne Wells hurriedly put on a coat and rushed downstairs, causing the wooden stairs of the inn to creak. The ancient town was not large, with some complex alleys on both sides of the river leading to different scenic spots, either the former residences of celebrities or places of cultural significance.

Daphne Wells felt like a child abandoned by her parents as she dashed out of the inn. Glancing left and right, she saw no end to the deep alleys, and there wasn't a single passerby in sight. So where did they go? She followed her instincts and turned right, then started running through the alley. On her left was a high bluestone wall weathered by wind and sun, covered with moss. On her right were rows of distinctive riverside inns.

After running past the long row of inns, she continued along the first branching alley, searching for Rowan and Claire's figures. As for why she was looking for them, even Daphne Wells didn't know.

Unrequited love had turned her into an anxious stalker, unable to control her actions.

In another alley, Rowan and Claire were looking at bracelets in front of an ancient cinnabar shop.

Under the bright light, each bracelet was eye-catching, attracting the young girl's attention. "I really

can't resist these little accessories," Claire said with joy, like a child. Rowan accompanied her, slowly selecting with her.

The shopkeeper was a young, beautiful girl dressed in traditional clothing, with a sweet voice. "Miss, this one suits you better. The lucky bead bracelet is smaller and more delicate, making your skin look fairer. The lotus pattern actually seems a bit old-fashioned." In fact, Claire preferred the bracelet with the lotus pattern. She tried on both, comparing them.

"Dr. Watson, which one do you think looks best?" she asked, seeking his opinion.

"Just buy both," Rowan replied. That's how men were, especially those who had money.

Claire shook her head, her gaze returning to the bracelets. "No, I want to choose one of the two." As soon as her words fell, she made up her mind. "I'll take this one, okay?"

She looked up at the shopkeeper and said, "I'll take the one with the lotus pattern. Please wrap it up for me, thank you!"

"Alright," the shopkeeper replied with a smile, glancing at the elegant man beside her. "Sir, would you like to pick one too? There are couple's versions of this bracelet."

The shopkeeper was good at doing business, smiling at them. "You two make such a perfect, talented

couple."

Rowan shook his head. "Thank you, but I don't need one."

Claire spoke up with a smile. "Just wrap this one for me. He's a doctor, and he has to go into the operating room every day. It's not suitable for him to wear these things."

The shop assistant nodded in understanding. "So he's a doctor," she thought, unable to help but take a few extra glances at him. "I'll wrap it up for you, please wait."

Perhaps everyone had a mysterious admiration for doctors since they could save lives. Claire put the lucky bead bracelet she had removed back on the display tray.

Rowan gently touched the three beads that had been abandoned, feeling a bit emotional. "When you have to choose between two options, it's the one that's abandoned that's the luckiest."

There was some wisdom in his words.

"Right," Claire agreed, taking the bag from the shopkeeper. Rowan scanned the QR code to pay.

"Take care, you two! May you grow old together and have a pleasant journey!"

Rowan gave her a warm, polite smile, put his arm around Claire's shoulders, and continued walking

along the row of shops.

Claire said, "You were right just now. When you have to choose between two options, the one that's abandoned is the luckiest."

"Wow! This lucky bead hand-woven rope is so beautiful! Boss, how much is it? I'll take it!"

Rowan and Claire paused, glancing back at the cinnabar shop they had just left. They saw a girl in a long dress, who had just put on a bracelet and paid, leaving the shop with a delighted expression.

Chapter 1405: Sudden Situation

Rowan and Claire withdrew their gazes, exchanged smiles, and continued walking forward. The scenery here was unique, with a cloudy forecast for the day. The gray sky gave off the feeling of a misty, rainy scene, as if they were in a traditional ink painting.

Indeed, the one that was abandoned was the luckiest, for it would meet someone who truly appreciated it and cherished it, allowing it to realize its greatest value.

The Maybach headed toward the ancient town, gradually moving away from the hustle and bustle of the city and onto a narrow mountain road.

The car windows were closed, and the temperature of the heater inside was just right. The girl in the

passenger seat had even fallen asleep. Tristan noticed this and appropriately slowed down the car.

Worried that she might catch a cold, he pulled the car over, took a blanket from the trunk, and carefully covered her.

Standing next to the passenger seat, he gently tucked a strand of hair that had fallen on her forehead behind her ear. Half-bent over, he gazed at her up-close, and Tristan felt an inexplicable sense of tranquility in his heart at that moment. He closed the car door, returned to the driver's seat, and restarted the car.

About a minute later, Tristan noticed that the sky had become significantly darker, with the signs of an impending storm. He glanced up at the sky, where heavy, dark clouds hung overhead. A strong wind howled, causing the tree branches to sway violently. It was indeed going to rain.

The mountain road wasn't too rugged, and once they passed the mountain, they'd reach the elegant ancient town on the other side. If the road and weather were good, they could have arrived within an hour.

But almost immediately, heavy rain began to pour, with large droplets pounding on the car body, creating a chaotic noise. The girl furrowed her brow and opened her eyes. She saw the thick rain mist

outside the car window and the splashes of water on the hood. The mountain road ahead was barely visible, and she could feel the car slowing down.

"How did it start raining all of a sudden?" she asked, turning to look at him in disbelief.

Tristan suddenly hit the brakes. The car, already moving slowly, came to a complete stop. He seemed to have seen something. His face turned serious, and he didn't immediately answer her question.

Instead, he stared at something ahead in shock.

Monica also heard an unusual sound. She turned her attention forward and saw, with wide, panic-filled eyes, "A landslide?!"

In the next second, Tristan decisively began to reverse the car!

The heavy rain continued to pour, the wind howling, and the tree branches swaying violently, as if the heavens had suddenly changed their mood. Monica's heart tightened, and her hands clenched into fists.

Tristan's grip on the steering wheel tightened, and his expression changed instantly. There was no place to turn the car around, and the heavy rain severely affected visibility. However, Tristan remained

calm and controlled the car's speed well.

Monica didn't dare speak or even breathe heavily. She stared at the landslide sliding towards them,

inching closer and closer to the car. One misstep, and they would be buried.

She was terrified, her hands clenched, silently praying.

At that moment, a huge noise came from behind the car, startling both of them. Through the rearview

mirror, they could vaguely see rocks rolling down from the mountain, mixed with dirt. It was a torrential

downpour of debris.

"Ahh!" Monica became restless. She turned to face the side, feeling an intense premonition that they

would die here today.

Tristan's heart also skipped a beat, and he slammed on the brakes. They couldn't reverse any further.

The car came to a steady stop, but the road was blocked both in front and behind them. The safe area

was shrinking, creating a feeling of being caught in a pincer attack.

"What do we do now?!" Monica's heart was about to jump out of her chest, her eyes filled with

unprecedented fear.

Chapter 1406: Tristan, I Like You

She was on the verge of tears! But she didn't make a fuss or yell; she just clutched her heart tightly, her body trembling involuntarily. The blanket that had been covering her slipped off. Tristan gripped her hand, "...". Although he had experienced countless storms in the business world, this was the first time he had encountered a life-threatening situation.

The current situation could not be resolved by relying on wisdom alone. He interlocked his fingers with hers and turned to her, saying, "Monica, look at me." Monica slowly regained her composure from the fear, her gaze meeting his deep, determined eyes.

Tristan unbuckled his seatbelt with his other hand, simply turning his body sideways and pulling her into his embrace, feeling guilty. Monica looked up timidly, "I want to call my parents..." She felt she was going to die.

Tristan didn't answer, but took out his phone, quickly sent his location to Kevin, and called him, using the simplest words to explain their current predicament. After hanging up, Tristan put away his phone, turned his body to hold her shoulders again, and blocked out the terrifying, life-threatening sounds coming from the front and back of the car.

"Monica, I'm sorry," Tristan gazed at her, "Don't contact them; they'll worry." Looking at her pure, natural

face, he said guiltily, "I shouldn't have brought you here." But Monica shook her head, her eyes filling

with quickly gathering tears, "I don't want you to be here alone; I want to be with you."

At that moment, she also put the sounds from outside the car out of her mind. Resigned to their fate,

she shook her head vigorously, facing his gaze, "Don't blame yourself; it's not your fault. No one

expected the weather to change suddenly."

Tristan hugged her tightly, feeling her shivering, "Monica, Kevin is coming to save us." Indeed, Kevin

was efficient; he had already mobilized a rescue helicopter, accompanied by professional firefighters.

"I'm sorry..." Tristan didn't know what else to say. He could only pray as he estimated that the safe area

was only about ten meters, and it was still shrinking.

Monica looked up from his embrace, the fear of death dissipating bit by bit, even though the heavy rain

outside continued to pour. "Tristan, I like you," she bravely confessed, her lips curving into a bitter

smile, "I don't want to have any regrets, so I'll just tell you, anyway..."

The man tightened his grip on her shoulders, "Anyway, what?" His tone was somewhat expectant.

"Anyway, it won't be awkward later," Monica didn't dare to look forward or back, because the sound of the landslide was so clear, continuously pouring down.

The strong wind howled, and the heavy rain poured down, the horror was overwhelming! It seemed impossible for them to escape today. "We won't die, we won't," Tristan's tone was very firm, hugging her again. Although he didn't know how fate would arrange things, in such a desperate situation, as a man, he should give the woman unwavering faith!

So, did he like her? He didn't respond to her confession. Monica really wanted to know the answer. He brought her here, held her hand several times, and asked her father about her marital situation... What did all this mean?

But... she couldn't just ask directly, could she? Even when facing death, a girl should be more reserved. Her confession was already quite abrupt. Tristan's gaze shifted forward, the massive landslide blocking the road. The mountain was still sliding, and with the torrential rain, it was already approaching the car.

Tristan estimated there was only a five-meter distance, and the situation was extremely critical. He placed his large palm on the back of her head, pressing her forehead tightly against his warm chest,

not letting her see the imminent terror.

Chapter 1407: Her Matters, Weighing on His Heart

He was praying for a miracle to happen, praying for time to pass slower, praying for Kevin to be faster!

The heavy rain showed signs of weakening; the raindrops falling on the car's hood and the splashes of water gradually grew smaller, and the force was not as strong as before. The whole world had become considerably quieter.

Tristan glanced in the rearview mirror; the road behind them was completely blocked, but the mountain seemed to be gradually stabilizing. Three meters away, the road was piled with rocks and soil, with only a few small branches and mud continuing to slide down. They couldn't breathe a sigh of relief yet, as no one knew the situation on the mountain.

At that moment, Kevin, along with a team of professional firefighters, was rushing towards them in several helicopters. It would take at least ten minutes to reach them at the fastest. Halfway up the mountain road, in the Maybach, Monica's forehead was pressed against Tristan's warm chest, and as the rain stopped, she seemed to hear the sound of his heartbeat.

With each beat, strong and powerful, her heart gradually calmed down. The rain had completely

stopped, and Monica looked up from his embrace, his face gentle. She slowly turned her gaze to see the dark clouds dispersing in the sky, and the dazzling sunlight shone through. For a moment, the sunshine blinded her eyes.

The world was silent, and she seemed to hear the sounds of insects and birds. If it weren't for the blocked roads in front and behind them, she would have thought it was all just a dream. Tristan's deep gaze gently fell on her face, seeing her tense lips finally lift into a slight smile. Then, the girl's silvery voice rang in his ear-

"The rain has stopped! The sun is out!" She looked at him joyfully, "We are saved! Heaven has truly blessed us! We'll be even more fortunate after surviving a great disaster!" She quickly pulled her hand out of his palm, opened the car window, and looked back-

"Oh my goodness, couldn't our stopping position be any better? If we had gone a little further forward or backward, we would have met the King of Hell together!" In fact, Tristan also had a feeling of surviving a catastrophe, and the worry in his heart finally eased, with the corners of his lips lifting into a shallow arc.

He didn't seriously listen to her words, as if the sentence, "Tristan, I like you," still lingered in his ears.

So... she was serious. Monica collected her thoughts, sat up straight, and found Tristan staring at her intently when she turned her gaze. She felt a slight constriction in her chest, "..."

Their eyes met, and time seemed to stand still... "Miss Monica, I would like to interview you now,"

Tristan said gently, starting the conversation. The girl thought of her hasty confession just now and blushed, "What do you want to ask?" She lowered her gaze, "I will answer selectively."

"Were you scared just now?" He continued to look at her without blinking. She looked up, "Yes, I really thought I was going to die here." "What kind of mood were you in then?" Tristan asked, "Anxious? Regretful? Worried? Or calm?"

Monica didn't know what he meant but thought about it seriously, "Mostly fear. This was the closest I've ever been to death, but..." She felt warmth in her heart when she thought of several moments. "At the most fearful moment, what was on your mind?" Tristan wanted to chat with her so that time would pass faster.

If they were just sitting and waiting for rescue, it would be unbearable, as the fear had not completely dissipated. She withdrew her gaze, sat up straight, and said- "I thought of my parents. The three of us

haven't sat at the same table for a meal in a long time. I thought that if we could have a meal together, my life wouldn't be so full of regrets."

That was one of her wishes, right? So Tristan was thinking about helping her fulfill this wish when they returned. Having a meal together was a small matter. Her matters, he held them in his heart.

Chapter 1408: Danger Approaching

"What about you?" Monica turned her head, blinking her beautiful eyes and asked curiously, "What were you thinking at your most fearful moment?"

About work?

About his father? Or his sister?

Tristan leaned back in his chair, his gaze drawn to the clouds in the sky, split by sunlight. At that moment, he seemed to feel the radiance of Buddha, and the cloud was truly stunning.

His lips parted slightly, "Actually, I was quite calm inside because I've always believed that life and death are predestined. However," he turned his eyes and said firmly, "I don't want to take you with me."

"..." She met his gaze, feeling his slightly hoarse but clear voice, and there was a hint of complexity in his eyes.

He sincerely told her, "If I hadn't called you, you wouldn't have been in a desperate situation, right?"

"The sun is out, where's the desperation?" Monica smiled warmly, as if to comfort him, "You shouldn't feel guilty anymore; dying together with you wouldn't be lonely!"

Seeing her smile, he was happy, and hearing her words, he was even happier.

"Tristan, do you fear death?"

"Yes," he replied without thinking, "I believe everyone in this world fears death unless they are depressed and in extreme pain."

It was great that he didn't mention her confession; maybe he could treat it as a feverish whim!

He was so mature and steady that he probably wouldn't hold it against her, and maybe he didn't even take it to heart.

The sound of a helicopter hovering overhead drew their attention; Kevin's rescue team had arrived.

In the ancient town separated by a mountain,

Rowan and Claire walked down the steps and arrived at the mossy green ancient bridge. The bridge was long, resembling the Great Wall in architecture, with stone railings reaching only to the waist.

Standing on the bridge, one could overlook the beauty of the entire ancient town.

The alleys, the winding river, the towers rich in historical charm, and the stilted houses lined up along the riverbank.

"I'm going to the restroom; wait for me?" Rowan said to the girl beside him.

"Okay!"

Rowan walked toward the nearby public restroom. He was gentle and considerate, seemingly without a temper, and kind to everyone around him.

A minute later, when his figure disappeared, Daphne Wells stepped up to the last step, standing silently behind Claire like a ghost.

Daphne Wells had straight long hair, and her lifeless eyes revealed a hint of coldness as she stared at the back of Claire's head.

Claire, unaware of the danger approaching, took out her phone to take a photo of the stilted houses on the opposite bank!

With all her strength, Daphne Wells lifted Claire by her waist and pushed her off the bridge before she could react!

"Ahh!" A terrified scream rang out, followed by a splash!

When Rowan heard the sound and came out, there was no sign of Claire on the empty winding path, but the scream sounded like her voice.

"Claire?! Claire!"

Rowan ran forward, searching and calling her name!

As he ran, he also used his phone to call her, but it showed that her phone was turned off.

"Claire! Claire, where are you?" Rowan panicked, having a vague sense of foreboding because she had left with a fully charged phone; it couldn't have been turned off intentionally or automatically.

"Claire!!"

Rowan leaned on the railing and looked down at the calm river; not far away was a fishing boat, incredibly beautiful.

"Claire! Where are you?" He turned and ran down the steps, wondering if she had left on purpose? To give him a surprise? Or a prank?

Twenty minutes later-

The helicopter brought Tristan and Monica to the entrance of the ancient town. They walked towards the gate and crossed the bridge; no vehicles were allowed inside.

Tristan glanced at her, "Shall we go?" He carried her suitcase; they had already booked a guesthouse and contacted the owner to pick them up.

"Are you Mr. Norwell?"

"Yes."

"Please follow me, give me your suitcase." The guesthouse owner seemed like an artistic person, a big man with long hair tied in a low ponytail, yet not effeminate at all.

After passing through the gate and the ancient bridge, they saw several police cars parked inside, and many officers were questioning pedestrians and taking notes.

"What happened?" Tristan asked.

"A girl disappeared in broad daylight." The guesthouse owner reminded them, "You two should also be careful; don't let the girls act alone."

Chapter 1409: The Police Arrive

Monica's heart tightened, instinctively leaning toward Tristan. She felt uneasy and said, "Is today not a

good day? Why do we keep encountering these things?"

Tristan glanced at her, unsure of what to say, "Don't worry, everything happens for a reason. I'm here, so you won't face this."

He, too, felt that today was somewhat inauspicious.

The air seemed filled with something that made people anxious and uneasy, and there was an indistinct sense of foreboding.

"However, our town is usually very safe. You can even leave your doors unlocked at night."

The innkeeper, carrying their luggage, reassured them, "You don't need to worry too much. This might just be a prank between lovers. The girl might have hidden herself on purpose to test her boyfriend's love for her. Young people nowadays don't know their limits, and sometimes they go too far."

"Pranks should have their limits!" Monica disapproved, criticizing, "If that's true, then that girl must be out of her mind! The police are already here! Don't they have enough to do?"

The innkeeper didn't say anything more, perhaps realizing that this wasn't an ordinary prank.

As they walked, Tristan observed their surroundings. With his wide experience, he knew that things were not as simple as they seemed.

The fact that the police were involved meant it wasn't just a lovers' prank.

The town attracted many tourists and some business people, so there was always a mix of characters.

Furthermore, there was a bar street on the other side of the river, and all kinds of people might appear at night.

Pretty young girls, under various unfortunate circumstances, could easily be hurt. It was a matter of luck.

"Please follow me; your reserved inn is over there, about three minutes away." The innkeeper reminded them, hoping they wouldn't have a bad impression of the town.

Tristan and Monica followed him.

Along the way, they saw police officers investigating and heard murmurs and gossip from the townspeople-

"Disappearing in broad daylight, could she have entered a black hole?"

"Maybe she was taken by a ghost? After all, similar things happened ten years ago."

"There are no ghosts in this world!"

An older person said, "There are some things that it's better to believe they exist than not."

"Disappearing like this, it's very possible that she was targeted by a criminal gang. It's not impossible that her organs were harvested for the black market." Another person shared their opinion.

Hearing this, Monica shivered, feeling a chill down her spine.

Tristan put his arm around her shoulders, and she instinctively leaned closer. Monica looked at him and asked, "How can someone just disappear without a trace?"

"The police will definitely find an answer without stirring up public opinion," Tristan said. "Justice will prevail, and I hope the girl is safe."

"Yeah!" She sighed deeply, "Women will always be a vulnerable group."

As they walked, Tristan glanced at her and asked, "So, you're scared after hearing this news?"

"I've always been easily frightened," she admitted. "When I was little, I read 'One Hundred Thousand Whys,' and when I saw stuff about aliens, I was too scared to go outside at night! As soon as it got dark, I felt wrapped in fear, as if aliens were about to abduct me!"

So that was it? Tristan's lips curled into a smile and looked away.

Police officers were still investigating nearby, making the situation seem anything but ordinary.

Different people continued to discuss their theories, each more far-fetched than the last. The

conversation had escalated to supernatural levels, making listeners feel cold sweats.

Walking along, Tristan suddenly stopped and let go of her hand.

Chapter 1410: Meeting in the Ancient Town

Monica also stopped and looked at him with a puzzled expression, wondering why he wasn't walking.

He took out his phone and earphones, tapped the screen with his well-defined fingers, and then hung

the earphones around her neck. "Listen to music, don't listen to their nonsense."

Still confused, she let him help her put on the earphones, and a song began to play. He adjusted the

volume to a suitable level, put the phone back in his pocket, and wrapped his arm around her shoulder

again, leading her forward. The beautiful melody and lyrics quickly captivated her thoughts and

drowned out the surrounding gossip. Monica gradually immersed herself in another world and felt less

afraid.

The morning dew began to thin, and they followed the innkeeper along the green stone path. There

weren't many tourists, making the place even more serene. Monica admired the beauty of the ancient

town, listening to the folk-style songs, and felt content beside the man she liked.

"Claire! Claire?!" Not far ahead, Rowan was running and searching. He was coming towards them, already sweating on his forehead. Tristan and Monica saw him at the same time and both paused in surprise. Rowan walked anxiously, glancing around as if searching for something, taking out his phone to make a call, but no one answered.

"Claire! Where are you?! Claire! Come out!!!" Rowan was really worried. Tristan and Monica stopped walking, and she even took off her earphones, hearing Rowan calling for Claire. When they were only three meters apart, Rowan finally saw them.

Rowan, who had been searching anxiously, stopped in his tracks, holding his phone. Why were they here too? Tristan had a vague feeling that something was wrong. Rowan approached him, "Have you... seen Claire?" He sounded panicked. From the fear and panic in his eyes, Tristan realized that Claire was missing. His heart sank heavily, plummeting to the bottom!

The innkeeper, who was carrying their luggage, looked back and thought, "How did they start chatting?" Tristan met Rowan's gaze, becoming more certain of his inner suspicions. He tensed up and quickly told the innkeeper, "Please put our luggage in the room first. We'll navigate there ourselves

later!"

"Oh, alright!" The innkeeper glanced at the three of them, picked up the luggage, and left, thinking it was quite a coincidence to meet acquaintances like this. They looked around and saw more than ten police officers helping with the search, as if they were investigating a criminal case.

Rowan quickly explained the situation to them, telling them that Claire was missing. "Her phone was fully charged when she left. We were on an ancient bridge, and I just went to the restroom. When I came out, she was gone, and her phone was unreachable."

"How long has it been?" Tristan's expression changed, and there was a hint of anxiety and concern in his voice. Rowan replied, "It's been two hours already." Her heart grew even more panicked.

Tristan pointed to an alley on the right and asked, "Have you searched this alley?" "Not yet," Rowan shook his head, feeling helpless and regretful. "It's all my fault." "Now is not the time to blame yourself; finding her is more important." Tristan didn't even hold onto Monica, walking straight into the alley by himself.

Monica was startled, glanced at Rowan, and hurriedly followed Tristan. The earphones playing music fell out of his pocket. Just a moment ago, he had been worried about her being scared, but now he had

left her behind.