

Surprised 1411

Chapter 1411: Tristan's Worry Written on His Face

Monica looked at the anxious figure and felt a sour emotion surging within her heart. As her breaths deepened, the sadness became more apparent. Perhaps it was because she was not very familiar with Claire, but compared to Tristan's tension, Monica was relatively calm. Of course, she was still worried.

Tristan hurried and stopped, looking around everywhere, not missing a single shop. The usually steady man was very anxious at this moment, a state rarely seen. Monica noticed the furrow between his eyebrows, saw him almost miss a step, and saw the desperation in his eyes as he tried to find Claire.

She saw the same anxiety and urgency in him as in Rowan.

Monica followed and thought about the situation, gathering her thoughts and staying close behind Tristan. Sometimes she jogged, other times she looked around, helping him search for Claire. Once they found Claire and returned her safely to Dr. Watson, perhaps Tristan would pay more attention to her.

Not far behind, some police officers followed and began visiting every street and alley, questioning anyone suspicious. The entire ancient town was undergoing a comprehensive search. Every second,

every minute was agonizing for Rowan, and perhaps for Tristan as well.

"Ouch!" Monica, hurrying down the steps, missed her footing and twisted her ankle. The pain was intense. Instinctively, she reached out to support herself against the moss-covered stone wall on her left, getting her hand sticky and slippery. The moss emitted a faint stench, and her sleeve got dirty.

As Monica looked up, she realized Tristan had already run far ahead. She quickly straightened up and walked towards a faucet not far away. After washing her hands, she limped forward, enduring the pain in her foot.

Disappearances in broad daylight, coupled with the ghostly legends lingering in her ears, frightened her. Even though there were passersby around her, she only felt safe with Tristan, not even fearing life and death.

"Claire! Claire!!" Tristan searched, cupping his hands around his mouth and shouting her name loudly.

As he turned around, he inadvertently saw Monica walking towards him. He stared at her awkward gait, paused for a moment, and asked, "How did you get here?" He lowered his hands and walked towards her.

How? Had he not noticed her all along? Hadn't she followed him the whole way?

"What happened to your foot?" Tristan squatted in front of her, holding her injured ankle, and looked up

at her. "Did you twist it?" Monica looked down at him, feeling a little surprised. "No, it's nothing. I'm

fine," she said with embarrassment and a touch of disappointment.

So, he hadn't seen her twist her ankle earlier? She had cried out in pain, and he had been just a short

distance ahead. It was clear that his entire focus was on Claire. Hearing her say it was fine, Tristan

stood up, patted her shoulder, and then continued searching for Claire with quickened steps.

Monica watched his retreating figure, realizing something: he liked Claire. Filled with disappointment

and attachment to him, she followed behind Tristan, her heart heavy with thoughts.

The ancient town was not large, with several alleys intertwined. Twenty minutes later, Tristan and

Rowan met at the end of an alley, both empty-handed and with their disappointment and anxiety written

all over their faces. At this moment, two police officers approached, and one of them said, "Mr. Watson,

please take us to the spot where she disappeared. We will investigate it more carefully."

Since they had searched the entire ancient town, they still hadn't found anything.

Chapter 1412: Every Second is Agonizing

"Alright, let's go now!"

Rowan was more than willing. He desperately wanted to find Claire as quickly as possible. The longer it took, the more likely that things would take a turn for the worse. Such a disappearance was illogical and worrisome. Tristan went, and naturally, Monica followed as well. As friends, they were also concerned.

With such a significant incident, Monica couldn't possibly return to the inn by herself to rest. She was a kind girl, and she had met Claire before. In Monica's heart, Claire was not at all annoying. Although Tristan was very worried about her, Monica could understand. After all, a person who had vanished into thin air would have many people worried about her.

Moreover, Tristan had booked the inn with his mobile phone, and she didn't know the exact location.

Despite having walked nearly 20,000 steps with high heels, and her legs already sore, Monica continued to follow.

They went to the ancient bridge with the police officers, who turned to Rowan and asked for confirmation, "You two are a couple, right?"

"Yes."

"Is your relationship deep? Did you have any quarrels before the incident?"

"No quarrels." Rowan was helpless but patient, "We have a great relationship, Officer. You don't need to suspect me. Really, the most important thing is to find her. I suggest sealing off the entire ancient town so that the criminals can't take her away!"

He was somewhat emotional, even making some gestures, but his upbringing told him to restrain himself.

"Mr. Watson, the entrance has been sealed off. Our principle of handling cases is not to let any suspicious person go. It's not that we suspect you, but we can't rule out the suspicion of you either."

Rowan was speechless. At that moment, he wished he were a god.

Tristan glanced at Rowan, trying to see something from his handsome face, as the culprit of a high IQ crime often didn't look like a criminal. But Tristan also had a feeling that Claire's disappearance had nothing to do with Rowan.

Soon, everyone went up the steps and arrived at the place where Rowan had last seen Claire. Rowan described the scene in detail again, and the police officer took notes carefully. Tristan noticed the clear

river. With his height, he could easily climb over the railing. He thought about Claire's height and looked at the river with furrowed brows.

Below was a calm surface... But it seemed to hide something unusual, and the possibility of falling into the water couldn't be ruled out.

"Could she have fallen into the water?" Monica blurted out. She looked around and found that there were no surveillance cameras in this location!

"But the railing is not low, and a perfectly fine person shouldn't suddenly fall into the water, right?"

One of the police officers said, "Moreover, this girl was in a good mood, didn't quarrel with her boyfriend, and didn't have depression. Even if she fell into the water, she should have floated back up."

Another officer crouched down. He carefully examined the scene and found no signs of a struggle.

"The footprints are not very clear, but you can see that more than one person has been here."

Everyone else crouched down as well.

"I don't think the footprints are clues. This is a public area, and the restroom is on this side. It's normal for people to come and go," the officer analyzed.

Tristan leaned on the railing, staring at the river with a blank expression, his eyebrows slightly furrowed and his eyes becoming deeper. Monica stood up, her gaze falling on his side profile. Today, there was no sun, and the light was dim, making his jawline even more distinct.

He was worried about Claire.

And Monica was worried about him. She wanted to share his worries but was powerless to do so.

After everyone had finished examining the scene, they continued searching separately. Time passed by, and soon it was night. Several hours had passed, but there was still no news. Rowan, Tristan, and Monica sat in an open-air restaurant. The owner served them three fragrant plates of fried rice.

They were all hungry, but they had no appetite. Their hearts were filled with worry for Claire, and no one touched the food.

"Let's eat something first." Rowan looked up at them and started eating, "Not eating or drinking won't change the situation." His face was filled with disappointment, and deep in his heart was self-blame.

Chapter 1413: United Efforts

"Could she have fallen into the water?" Monica asked in a soft voice, glancing at Rowan and then at Tristan, her tone tinged with sadness. "What if it was hypoglycemia? She wouldn't have been able to

control herself or even call for help when she fainted." Rowan shook his head, not daring to think.

"We've already sent people to search for her in the river. I'm afraid of what we might find." Only he

knew that at the moment of the incident, he had heard a terrified scream, but it had been just a fleeting sound.

Everyone fell silent... The wind was cool, sometimes chilling to the bone. Indeed, if they had to search the river, what good outcome could there be? They all knew from the news that most of the time, what was retrieved from the water was a lifeless body.

After a while, Rowan spoke up, "Let's eat something first." He looked at them again, the corners of his lips lifting in a polite attempt to lighten the atmosphere. As a doctor, he had seen life and death many times, but when it happened to Claire, Rowan couldn't remain as calm as usual. After all, she was someone who had entered his heart.

Tristan's emotions were extremely complicated. He had once fought with Rowan because of Claire.

Today, as he searched for her, he wanted to confront Rowan about why he had brought her out without protecting her properly. However, due to Monica's presence, Tristan held back. He knew his place and getting angry again would be inappropriate.

Night fell, and the ancient town lit up with festive decorations, everything as it was the day before. On the third floor of an inn, Daphne Wells sat on the balcony, separated from Rowan and Claire's room by a wooden wall. The room was now dark and silent. She held a cup of tea, looking at the dazzling night scene across the river.

The ancient town had transformed, with colorful lights illuminating the streets, rocks, river, and rows of stilted houses in a breathtaking display. She gazed calmly at the river, its waters dyed red by the lights, a mysterious smile playing at the corners of her lips. She thought to herself that Claire must have drowned, and no matter if the police were alerted, they would only find a bloated corpse. It had already been so long.

Daphne Wells reveled in her unprecedented joy, imagining that one day, she would be with Rowan, marry him, and become a dutiful wife and loving mother. She even envisioned having two children with him and living a harmonious life.

At eleven o'clock that night, Rowan, Tristan, and Monica had found nothing. After dinner, they searched again, but the chances of finding her were becoming slimmer. The police continued to search the river

but had not yet informed the Russell family.

"You've all been busy all day without a break," Rowan said apologetically, looking at Monica and then

Tristan. "Let's go back to the inn and rest. She must be exhausted from wearing high heels all day."

Indeed, Monica was tired but had not said anything. She felt that if she took another thousand steps, her legs would give out.

Tristan was in a terrible mood. It wasn't until he saw the weary expression on Monica's face that he

realized she had been running around with him all day without even a drink of water. Glancing at

Monica and then back at Rowan, he said, "Alright, let's keep in touch by phone if there's any news-any news at all," including the bad news.

If it weren't for Monica accompanying him, Tristan would likely have searched all night. He didn't rely

solely on the police; he had also summoned professional search and rescue teams. "Thank you for

today," Rowan said, filled with gratitude, and bowed deeply to him. The two men had finally put their differences aside and were now working together.

Tristan patted Rowan's shoulder. "I think it's necessary to inform the Russell family," he said, because

this was not a simple missing person case-the consequences could be unimaginable. Rowan nodded,

saying he would consider it.

He had taken Claire from Finnley's care, and now... he had lost her. How could he face the consequences? He wanted to wait a little longer, hoping for Claire's return, a miracle to happen. Rowan still clung to a glimmer of hope.

Chapter 1414: Only One Room Left

Then, Tristan led Monica towards the inn they had reserved earlier in the day. It was late at night, and even with the lamplights, visibility was not as good as during the day.

As they descended the steps, Tristan said, "Watch your step." He reached out and took her hand, holding it tightly. For the first time in the past several hours, his heart returned to Monica.

Monica's chest tightened, unsure if it was joy or sorrow. She glanced at him, then followed his pace.

His face was handsome and elegant, more attractive than any male celebrity in the entertainment industry.

Her hand was held firmly in his palm, their warmth intertwined. He slowed down, considering she was wearing high heels, and didn't let go even after they had descended the steps. For a brief moment,

Monica felt like it was all surreal.

Tristan led her to the riverside inn not far away. The girl's brows furrowed slightly, her expression calm and still, neither sad nor happy. She was truly exhausted, both physically and emotionally.

The navigation ended.

Tristan stopped and said to the girl beside him, "This is the place." He looked up to double-check the sign. All the inns along the street looked almost identical from the outside.

"Okay." Monica also looked up and noted the inn's name and the unique features at the entrance, such as the two pots of lush money plants placed on either side.

Tristan pushed open the glass door with his other hand and said, "Watch your step." He led her inside.

Under the bright indoor lighting, they looked like a happy couple, hand in hand.

The innkeeper immediately came to greet them, smiling and handing over a room card. "Mr. Norwell, this is your room card, Room 303."

Tristan released Monica's hand and took the card. "Just one?"

"Isn't one card enough for two people?" The innkeeper smiled and replied, "I thought you'd be going in and out together. Security hasn't been great lately, but if you need two cards, we can provide them."

As he was about to turn around and fetch another card, Tristan grabbed his shoulder, stopping him in his tracks. Tristan frowned slightly, "You mean... you only prepared one room for us?"

The innkeeper looked puzzled, glancing back and forth between the two. "... He didn't know what to say. They had just walked in holding hands, so wasn't one room appropriate? Who would book separate rooms for a couple on vacation?

Monica felt a bit embarrassed and stood to the side, biting her lip without saying anything.

Tristan told the innkeeper, "Give us another room."

"Huh?" The innkeeper looked surprised, then quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, but all the rooms are occupied. There are no vacancies."

Hearing this, Monica turned to Tristan, and Tristan also looked at her. He quickly looked outside the door.

At this moment, the innkeeper said to him, "Mr. Norwell, there are no rooms available on this entire street. Believe me, there's going to be a grand food festival here in a few days, attracting foodies from all over the country."

"..." Tristan's expression remained calm.

He regretted not booking two rooms in the first place. Reservations now required real-name registration, and he didn't have her ID number at the time. He thought he could add it later, but Claire's situation had delayed them.

Monica had been standing for a while, her legs sore and tired. She just wanted to sleep.

Tristan looked at her, caressed her head, and said, "So... make do for tonight?" He glanced at her legs.

"You must be exhausted. You can sleep on the bed, and I'll sleep on the sofa."

She pursed her lips, lowered her eyes, and didn't refuse.

What other choice did she have? They were already in this situation.

Seeing that she didn't refuse, Tristan asked the innkeeper, "Do you have any medicine for sprains and bruises?"

"Yes." He quickly turned to fetch it.

Tristan took the bottle, "I'll return it tomorrow, thanks." Then, he took Monica's hand again and led her toward the wooden staircase.

Monica's heart felt a mix of bitterness and warmth, no longer calm. She was a bit afraid to look into his

eyes.

His palm was so warm and seemed to have a magical power.

Chapter 1415: Both Thinking of Each Other

The stairs in the inn were narrow, and it was a bit crowded for two people to walk side by side.

Moreover, they had to turn a corner soon. In such a stilted inn, the floors were never too high, and the

layout was almost the same. The tall Tristan led the way, holding her hand tightly, guiding her step by

step to the third floor.

In front of room 303, he swiped the card to enter without letting go of her hand. It felt like an older

brother taking care of his younger sister. After entering, he inserted the key card, and the whole room lit

up. The lighting was warm and yellow, the walls were made of wood panels, and there were ancient

murals decorating them. It was a spacious room with a large bed.

The bed was over two meters wide, with neatly arranged yellow bedding and two heart-shaped pillows,

giving a comfortable feeling. However, there was indeed only one bed.

"Come, sit down first," Tristan said as he helped her sit on the edge of the bed before letting go of her

hand. He knelt on one knee in front of her, opened the medicine bottle, and placed it on the ground.

Tristan then carefully lifted her injured foot onto his lap.

Without a word, he gently rolled up her pant leg, his distinct fingers moving with extreme care. At that moment, he seemed as professional as a doctor. The girl stared at him up close, feeling a bit nervous and her heart racing. She wanted to say thank you, but hesitated, biting her lip as a faint blush spread across her face.

With her pant leg rolled up, her exposed ankle was visibly red and swollen. Tristan frowned and looked at her with evident concern. Their eyes met, and Monica blinked quickly before smiling and saying, "It doesn't hurt, really, not at all."

Tristan gazed deeply into her eyes for a moment, sighed, picked up the medicine bottle, and began applying it gently to her injury. He even blew on it from time to time, afraid of causing her pain. His attentiveness and gentleness, as well as the guilt and remorse buried in his heart, stirred ripples in Monica's thoughts.

He must have cared for her, too, but the situation had been urgent. "I'm sorry, Monica," he said as he gently massaged the medicine into her injury, trying to make it work as effectively as possible. Looking up at her, he continued, "I brought you out here, but I didn't take good care of you."

Hearing this, she shook her head vigorously, feeling a sudden warmth in her heart. At that moment, there was no Claire between them - only him and her. "I'm already a grown-up, and I don't need to be taken care of," she said with a smile. "It was my own carelessness that caused the twist. Next time, I'll be more careful and won't cause you any trouble."

Hearing her words, Tristan felt even more guilty. He looked away and said, "You don't have to go downstairs tomorrow. Just rest here and let your injury heal first." Was she supposed to stay in the room alone? No! She was afraid!

Monica suddenly felt a chill in the air. After what had happened, any girl left alone would feel fear until the final outcome was known. Not hearing her response, Tristan looked up and saw the hesitation in her eyes. Locking eyes with him, Monica spoke softly, "I... I'd rather go with you. I'm not in pain anymore, really."

Unexpectedly, Tristan replied, "I won't go either. I'll stay here with you." Her ankle was swollen - how could it not hurt? The girl's eyes widened in surprise. Was he not going to search anymore? Tristan gently put her foot down and stood up, picking up the medicine bottle. "If I could find it, wouldn't I have

found it today?" he asked.

"..." She didn't know how to respond.

Chapter 1416: Claire Will Be Fine

"You've had a long day, too. Get some rest early," Tristan said, turning around and putting down the

medicine bottle. "You sleep in the bed tonight, and I'll sleep on the couch."

His voice was gentle, and his tone was relaxed, giving her a sense of security at that moment.

He added, "Don't worry, I won't leave through this door. I'll be with you, so sleep with peace of mind."

Monica was indeed tired. She moved her body, lifted the blanket, and got into bed. She was really

exhausted after a whole day of turmoil.

Tristan saw that she had already lain down and turned off the main light in the room.

Monica lay on her side, watching him without blinking as he opened the glass door and went out to the

balcony alone.

She thought to herself, his mood must be terrible, right?

The balcony light was on, and the curtains were open. Monica, lying on her side, could see his tall

figure leaning against the railing.

She knew that he must be worried about Claire. At that moment, her heart felt strange.

Monica couldn't help but remember the scene when she last met Claire. Tristan took her to the hospital to visit Eason, which was also her first time going there.

They had just come out of the elevator when they met that girl. She had a gentle smile, was poised and gave Monica a deep impression.

That day, she had apologized to Claire.

That day, Claire had left with Dr. Watson.

If something were to happen to a girl like that, Monica would also feel endless emotion.

The connection between people is really so short-lived. When they are together, they should cherish it and not be bothered by trivial matters.

How could she sleep when Tristan wasn't sleeping?

Although lying down made her body feel more comfortable, her mind couldn't help but wander.

The night view across the river was beautiful and enchanting, with neon lights so dazzling that they were intoxicating. Even the river surface was full of colorful lights. The search and rescue team hadn't reached this section yet, and tonight's view was truly breathtaking.

But Tristan had no interest in admiring the night view. He was praying, praying for Claire's safety.

A cool breeze blew, and he couldn't help but curl one hand in front of his lips and cough softly.

Daphne Wells, sitting on the neighboring balcony's sofa, frowned and concentrated for a moment. Had

Rowan returned?

She held her teacup, stunned for a few seconds, and finally realized that Rowan was staying on the

other side. Her hanging heart was somewhat relieved.

But she still put down her teacup, got up, walked to the other side, propped her hands on the railing,

and leaned out to look at the neighboring balcony. It was pitch black.

She couldn't help but smile, thinking that Claire must be dead, and Rowan must be feeling very guilty.

However, after the collapse, he would have to start a new life.

She would give him enough time, believing that he hadn't been with Claire for long, and their feelings

weren't deep.

Forgetting a person completely is also a simple thing.

"Claire will be fine."

Daphne Wells was slightly startled, and suddenly turned her eyes to the illuminated side, where a woman's voice came from!

And it mentioned Claire!

Daphne Wells pricked up her ears, her face turning cold!

On the other side of the balcony separated by a wall, Monica put a windbreaker on Tristan after hearing him cough. She quickly got up from the bed.

Tristan looked at her as he heard the noise, his gentle gaze meeting hers, "..."

"Let's pray for Claire together." Monica looked up, her usually watery eyes filled with sincerity.

Daphne Wells, who heard these words, felt a burst of secret joy in her heart. If they needed to pray, it meant they hadn't found her!

It would be strange if she didn't drown after so long!

Tristan turned around, his hands on Monica's shoulders, and asked with concern, "Why aren't you sleeping?" He looked at her feet and said, "You need to rest. Don't walk around." As he spoke, he picked her up in his arms.

Chapter 1417: Why Don't You Sleep in the Bed Too?

Monica's chest tightened suddenly! Tristan held her as he walked inside, and as he lowered his gaze, his deep pupils reflected her astonished face. To Monica, it all felt so unreal! She even held her breath.

"..." She wrapped her arms around his neck, her cheeks as red as an apple. Time seemed to freeze in that moment. Monica noticed a hint of emotion in his eyes that she couldn't understand, but Tristan quickly averted his gaze and carried her to the bed, stopping in front of it.

Bending down, he carefully placed her on the soft bed. She let go of him and looked at his handsome face, which was now very close. "Get some sleep," Tristan said with sincerity in his eyes. He bent down again to help her take off her shoes and covered her with the blanket.

Monica watched as he closed the glass door and drew the curtains. At the same time, Tristan turned off the balcony light. The room darkened, and Daphne Wells, who was next door, felt a sinking feeling in her chest! She hadn't been able to see who they were!

She quickly propped herself up on the railing and stuck her head out to get a better look, but she couldn't see anything anymore. The curtains were closed. Who could those two people be? Were they

Claire's friends? Daphne Wells really wanted to know. She was curious about anything related to

Claire!

But no matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't figure out who might be staying next door.

That night, Daphne Wells was destined not to sleep. She would let her imagination run wild and create a wonderful future world for herself. In her mind, Claire was already dead.

The body that might be found the next day could be bloated and ugly from being submerged in water!

That was the scene Daphne Wells most wanted to see. In the next room, Monica turned her head slightly and looked at the small 1. 2-meter-long sofa not far away. Tristan, being a tall guy, would not have enough space, even if he curled up.

Sleeping like that for a night would undoubtedly be very uncomfortable, and... it would be easy to catch a cold because there was only one blanket. "Why don't you sleep in the bed too?" Monica blinked and suggested softly, "The sofa is too small, and you'll catch a cold without a blanket."

Tristan hesitated for a moment and then stepped forward to meet her gaze. They were both silent for a few seconds. She saw his handsome face filled with contemplation. She pursed her lips, trying to control her racing heartbeat and awkwardly waiting for his answer.

"Alright," Tristan replied gently, his voice full of respect for her, and he looked at the bed like a

gentleman. "The bed is wide enough; we can each sleep on one side."

"..." Monica looked away, her cheeks blushing slightly. Tristan noticed her blush and didn't want to

make her feel embarrassed. He casually said, "Let's sleep like this then. I don't snore."

"I know," she replied without thinking. This reminded them both of the night they spent together at

Darcy Manor.

Tristan sat down on the edge of the bed, and Monica closed her eyes obediently. She pricked up her

ears to listen to the sounds around her, feeling both nervous and reassured because he was there.

Tristan helped her adjust the blanket before lying down and covering himself as well. He reached out to

turn off the light, and the room darkened, becoming especially quiet. The night grew deeper...

They could hear each other's breathing and heartbeats, and they couldn't help but think back to that

night at Darcy Manor when they were forced to stay in the same room and sleep in the same bed.

That night, they were as close as they were now. That night, Monica felt the same way she did now.

Remembering these past events filled her heart with happiness. She seemed to smell the faint scent

emanating from Tristan's body and gradually drifted off to sleep.

That night, Rowan didn't return to the inn. He was waiting by the river, hoping for a miracle. The big

man's eyes reddened, and tears welled up, but he refused to let them fall.

It was already midnight, and the search and rescue team was still busy. They were determined to find a person alive or a body dead, so the team grew larger and the river became quite lively.

The sky was gloomy, and suddenly, it started to rain...

Chapter 1418: The Heartbroken Dr. Watson

The pitter-patter of rain gradually drowned out all other sounds around. The icy raindrops hit Rowan's hair, face, and shoulders. His eyes emitted a chilling light as he tightly gripped the railing, the force seemingly enough to crush it. He was filled with anger, both towards the evildoers and himself.

Gazing at the river's surface covered in rain, a look of sadness flashed in Rowan's eyes. He felt utterly desperate. "Claire!" Unable to contain his surging emotions any longer, he screamed towards the river, "Where are you?! Claire! Where on earth are you?!" "Claire! Claire..."

The memories of their time together, her every frown and smile, played in his mind like a movie. The way she happily linked her arm with his, her eyes curving into a smile, her face filled with happiness...

She would hop like a bunny and stroke his hair, walk backward while holding his hand, her eyes brimming with admiration... She would occasionally make a funny face at him, sometimes appearing

dignified and gentle, and other times playful and adorable. Each scene was so familiar.

"Claire, I'm sorry... I lost you..." Rowan felt a sharp pain in his heart, as if it was tearing apart. The cold

rain rolled down his cheeks, soaking his clothes. Wet eyelashes gave way to tears, which finally flowed

out, mingling with the rain. This man, who had seen and grown indifferent to life and death, cried for the

first time.

Though they hadn't been together for long and hadn't experienced a long romance, their chemistry and

values aligned, and they were heading towards marriage. The rain grew heavier, and the temperature

dropped. Swallowing the bitterness in his throat, he was filled with self-hatred.

"Dr. Watson!" Someone ran over, holding a large black umbrella over his head, and said with concern,

"You should go back to the inn and rest! We'll notify you if there's any news." He shook his head,

gripping the railing tightly, his heart seemingly bleeding. Though the rain no longer drenched him, he

was already soaked.

"Dr. Watson, please go back to the inn. You'll get sick like this, and there are so many patients waiting

for you. You can't fall now." "I'll only rest when I see her, dead or alive," Rowan replied hoarsely. Only

then would he feel closer to Claire, so she wouldn't be lonely and afraid.

The downpour continued, pounding on the umbrella, as if telling a tragic story. With a pained

expression, Rowan said, "If we don't find her tonight, I'll notify the Russell family tomorrow." This was a

carefully considered decision. "Mhm," the man nodded, still holding the umbrella for him.

But everyone knew that after so much time had passed, even if they found her, the odds were slim.

This man was one of Tristan's subordinates. Before leaving, Tristan had repeatedly instructed him to

take care of Dr. Watson, as people in extreme pain might do things beyond their control.

Another group was checking the surveillance footage at the entrance of the ancient town, carefully

examining any suspicious individuals who had come and gone in the past few days. Sometimes, the

police could solve cases based on their judgment. In any case, they clung to every hope.

The night deepened... Monica and Tristan had already fallen asleep, both of them calm this night,

sleeping soundly. They had searched all day, and their bodies were truly exhausted.

Chapter 1419: A Night Spent Together

Claire's situation was temporarily pushed to the back of their minds, as it wasn't something they could

resolve with just effort. Tristan had done his utmost, sending many people to help. Daphne Wells didn't

wait for Rowan to return that night, sitting alone on the balcony sofa and admiring the rain. As the rain grew heavier, it also got colder. Eventually, she couldn't stand it any longer and chose to return to her room to sleep. She believed that when she woke up, there would be satisfying news circulating in the ancient town: a floating corpse in the river.

The next morning, the rain had stopped, and a faint chill lingered in the air. When Monica opened her eyes, the room was exceptionally quiet. The ceiling and walls were made of wooden planks, with water plants hanging above in a very artistic manner. Breathing carefully, she could smell a faint scent of wood. Her memory was clear, and she recalled the events of the previous day. She worried about Claire's safety and the fact that she had slept in the same bed as Tristan the night before.

So, she glanced over slightly, and sure enough, there was Tristan lying on the other side of the bed, still in the position where he had laid down last night. Monica's gentle gaze lingered on his handsome profile for a while. His perfect nose was as if chiseled by a knife. Her eyes seemed a little dazed for a moment, but it was fleeting. She sighed, wondering how Claire was doing. But Monica, you slept with a man again. Although their relationship hadn't progressed substantially, she was quite content. Her

affection for him was evident.

She didn't know how Tristan could feel her gaze, but even with his eyes closed, he spoke softly, "Good

morning." Startled, Monica immediately became alert. Did he have a third eye? Seeing that the girl

didn't respond for a while, the lying-down Tristan opened his eyes, glanced over, and their gazes

collided. "Good morning," Monica blinked awkwardly, quickly adding another sentence, and then looked

away. "Did you sleep well last night?" Was he up all night worrying about Claire?

"Mhm."

Tristan lifted the blanket on his side and got out of bed while answering, "The inn owner has good

taste. The bed is as comfortable as the one at home." Hearing this, she didn't know how to respond.

Comfort? Sleeping in the same bed with a woman, didn't he feel even slightly uncomfortable? But she

just pursed her lips and sat up.

"How is it? Is your foot better?" Tristan put on his shoes, sat on the edge of the bed, turned, and looked

at her. His gaze and tone were full of concern. "Mhm," the girl nodded, "Much better." Tristan stood up,

"I'll go wash up first, and then I'll take a look at your foot and apply medicine. Oh, what do you want for

breakfast? You can order here." He checked his phone, but there were no messages or missed calls

from Rowan. A touch of melancholy flashed in his eyes.

Monica thought to herself, so he's really not going down? "Anything is fine." Tristan stood up and asked

seriously, "What do you mean by 'anything'?" There seemed to be a hint of unhappiness in his tone,

"You didn't seriously consider my question." "Anything means I'll listen to you," Monica quickly

corrected herself, giving him a beautiful smile.

Tristan's expression softened, and the curve of his lips was charming. "Then you go wash up first," he

said, planning to call Rowan. "You go first," the girl stood in front of the bed, staring at him with a

lovestruck expression, "Hurry up, don't waste any more time!" Tristan glanced at her, then strode

towards the bathroom.

Monica finally let out a sigh of relief! Sharing such a small space with another person was really...

uncomfortable!

Chapter 1420: Monica Prays for Claire

She was still complaining to herself, "What's wrong with you?!"

Weren't you always fearless and carefree? When did you ever feel nervous? And what situation haven't

you experienced before?

Why is it that whenever she's with Tristan, her heart races like a frightened deer? Even breathing

requires practicing hundreds of times?

It's so annoying! Every time her heart races, her cheeks flush, her blood heats up, and it's incredibly

embarrassing!

She's afraid Tristan won't notice!

And now is the time to find someone, not the time to be emotionally attached!

But she knew very well in her heart that this was the feeling of love, like a raging flood and ferocious

beast, uncontrollable.

If Claire hadn't disappeared, then this trip to the ancient town would have held extraordinary

significance for her and Tristan.

But the current situation was not suitable for romance...

Claire was missing, and everyone was concerned and worried.

There was the sound of water from the bathroom, and Monica gathered her thoughts. She shook her

head to get rid of these messy thoughts, bent over to fan and straighten the quilt.

Then she pulled back the curtains and opened the sliding glass door, letting the fresh air in.

Monica stepped out, and the rows of stilted buildings on the opposite bank of the river came into view,

like an ancient painting.

She came to the edge of the balcony and saw many small boats floating on the river. Those were the

rescue workers, wearing clothes with the word 'rescue' printed on them.

Monica's heart sank heavily, her relaxed expression disappeared, replaced by a solemn look.

Her world seemed silent at that moment, staring blankly at the scene...

A whole night had passed... and still no news...

But was no news the best news?

Not necessarily...

Monica clasped her hands together and closed her eyes, praying for Claire.

"Claire, you must be safe; we're all waiting for you to come back," a voice in her heart whispered.

How could such a living person just vanish into thin air?

In the bathroom, Tristan hesitated again and again, not calling Rowan.

He brushed his teeth while ordering breakfast for Monica on his phone.

On the balcony, Monica continued to pray... She was a kind-hearted girl.

Soon, footsteps approached from behind her. Monica didn't turn around, only returned to her senses, opened her eyes, and lowered her clasped hands.

Looking at the restless river, her mood was terrible. The sky was gray, and it had rained heavily the night before. It seemed that it would rain again soon.

Tristan's gaze swept over the girl's silhouette and landed on the boats floating in the middle of the river.

Professional salvage teams had been working all night, still trying their best to search and salvage... It was as if even the air was telling them that hope was growing dimmer and dimmer.

Soon, someone delivered breakfast, and the doorbell rang.

Tristan turned to open the door, "Hello."

"Sir, enjoy your meal," the attendant kindly reminded him. "Sir, please be careful when going out recently. There has been a disappearance in the ancient town, and the cause has not been determined."

Tristan nodded, "Thank you for the reminder." He watched the attendant go downstairs, a trace of

sadness in his eyes.

Then he closed the door, and Monica came in from the balcony.

"Monica, let me apply the medicine for you first," Tristan put the bag on the TV cabinet and picked up

the medicine bottle. "Wash up after I apply the medicine."

Monica sat down on the edge of the bed and watched him open the medicine bottle.

As he had done the night before, he knelt down on one knee, placed her sprained foot on his lap, and

gently rolled up her pant leg.

"Thank you," Monica said sweetly.

"Why be polite?" Tristan looked up and saw her eyes filled with stars.