

Surprised 1451

Chapter 1451: The Situation at the Welfare Home

Violet was deeply self-blaming, a mist rising in her eyes. A gust of cold wind blew, rustling the hem of her black trench coat, but unable to dispel the sorrow in her heart. The couple spoke words of regret in front of the tombstone, and finally, it was Albert who spoke through his pain, "Claire is still missing, and the salvage team is still continuing their work. If you are there in spirit, please let Claire appear."

Violet said, "If possible, send us a dream, so we can bring her home." Her voice trembled slightly, and tears swirled in her eyes. The winter wind continued to blow chillily.

"Even if she is already dead, please let her body appear. Don't let her soak in the cold water, it's going to snow soon, and the water will be cold," Albert tearfully said, "Let us give her a ceremony, let her rest in peace."

What answered him was a long silence...

After a while, the couple bowed again. Two minutes later, Albert took his wife's hand, and they left in sorrow. Today, the sun did not come out, the sky was gloomy, and the air was filled with sadness.

Nine in the morning, Charity Medical Center.

Tristan and Monica came to see Eason, as they had promised him yesterday. At this time, Zack and Tristan were discussing work in the room, while Monica was playing poker with Eason by his bed, as it was not yet time for his drip.

"Monica, I'm quite good at this," Eason told her happily, "I play by myself when I'm bored."

"Eason is really great." Monica also felt that he had made progress during this time, he had been trying very hard.

As Monica laid out the language cards, Eason blinked his black eyes curiously, and asked, "Sister, what's the name of the new friend you're going to introduce me to? Where do they live?"

Monica told him, "The welfare home, Eason, do you know what a welfare home is?"

The little guy shook his head blankly, he did not know, and had never heard of it.

So, she patiently explained, "In the welfare home, there is a Mr. Adams who is very kind-hearted. He has adopted some homeless children, raised them from a young age, named them, arranged their food, clothing, shelter, and transportation, and taught them knowledge. Mr. Adams is a doctor, he has read many, many books..."

She told Eason about the welfare home like a story, introducing the kind and lovely children there...

And he listened very seriously, the image of Mr. Adams suddenly becoming noble in his mind.

In the southern suburbs, a regular old two-story building shaped like the number 7, the yard was enclosed by a wall, and a large iron gate was locked.

In the spacious and old classroom on the second floor, 11 children sat scattered at their desks, their backs straight, their small hands resting on the brand-new desks, looking up at the man teaching.

Just after a lesson, the children listened attentively to the teacher telling a story -

"The little ant asked, tell me quickly, how did you climb out? The ant outside the glass bottle replied, the closer to the end, the more difficult it is."

"But it is during the most difficult times that we must not lose faith. Persist, persist, and persist again, and we can achieve victory."

"The little ant was inspired and encouraged, no longer afraid of being smashed to death, but bravely climbed up and finally climbed out of the glass cup."

Jack Adams's voice was deep and magnetic, and the story was very touching. The children listened very seriously, and the classroom erupted with enthusiastic applause!

Chapter 1452: Miss, May We Come In?

Most of these children were mentally normal and physically capable. They had been well-educated, with the commonality of having been abandoned by their families from a young age, or having lost their parents for various reasons. They were all adopted by the benevolent Jack Adams, given a home, and a complete childhood. Thus, they were lucky in their own way.

"Class dismissed." Jack Adams tidied the books on the desk, his voice soft, a warm smile on his slightly wrinkled face.

The children also began to tidy up their desks, not making loud noises, because they all felt that class was a process of learning, a rare and interesting experience that they needed to cherish.

The children at the welfare home were well educated by Jack Adams. They did not think that the end of class was something to cheer about, only slackers would think that way.

"Headmaster, can we go down and play ball?" A six-year-old boy holding a basketball came to Jack Adams, who was about to leave the classroom, and asked him with great expectation.

Before the headmaster could answer, ten-year-old Green came over. She sensibly said, "Pam, didn't the headmaster say that we can't play ball recently? The young lady just woke up this morning and

needs to rest because she is weak."

"But she woke up, didn't she? We've been so quiet for so many days, maybe if we make some noise, she'll wake up even more."

Sensible Green was left speechless, "You..."

However, Jack Adams had a kindly smile on his face, he patted the heads of the girl and boy, saying,

"It's fine, go ahead, just keep it down."

"Okay! Thank you, headmaster!" Young Pam, a head shorter than Green, made a cute face at Green.

Green also smiled as she watched his small figure leave with the ball.

Nine-year-old boy Jun passed by her, patting her shoulder on the way, "Green, let's go! Let's go play ball!"

"I'm coming too!" At this time, Mino got up and ran towards the door, "Jun, wait for me!"

Ten-year-old girl Green also took a step out, followed closely by the other children. After all, playing is in the nature of children.

Mr. Adams had built a simple basketball hoop for the children, always telling them to combine work and rest, and teaching them how to shoot correctly.

Jack Adams turned his gaze, only five-year-old Kay was still in the classroom, the little girl walked

towards him, "Headmaster, can I go with you to see the young lady?"

She blinked her beautiful big eyes, her eyes full of expectation, her voice soft and cute. She was a

relatively quiet little girl, and also very pretty.

She was too young, only five years old, unable to play basketball, and afraid of being stepped on by

her older brothers and sisters.

Jack Adams took her little hand, saying lovingly, "Let's go, I'll take you to see her."

Little Kay nodded her head and followed the headmaster out of the classroom.

They went downstairs and walked towards a certain room. When they got to the door, Jack Adams

gently knocked and asked, "Miss, may we come in? Are you asleep?"

"Come in..." Claire's voice was a bit weak and was accompanied by a couple of coughs.

Jack Adams and Kay exchanged smiles, gently pushed the door open, and entered. Claire's vital signs

were stable.

Claire had a bandage wrapped around her forehead. She sat on a relatively simple but very clean bed,

covered with a floral quilt. She put the water cup in her hand on the table and then looked towards the people who came in.

"Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?" Jack Adams asked kindly as he approached the bed, "You were in a coma for two days, and you hurt your head and right leg. Although my ointment is effective, it will still take time for a complete recovery."

Yes, she had just woken up, about half an hour ago. Jack Adams had advised her to lie down and rest, and he would come to see her after his class.

Chapter 1453: My Name is Claire

"Did you save me?"

"Hmm," Jack Adams nodded.

During his recent class, Claire had been reflecting on the events of that day. She was pushed off a bridge by Daphne Wells, her head struck a passing boat, and then she fell into the water...

What happened next, she couldn't remember. Upon awakening, she found herself lying here, her head feeling heavy.

She wasn't dead? Claire exhaled in relief, a wave of joy welling up from her heart.

"Thank you!" She looked at Jack Adams, tired but pleased.

"I thought you would remain unconscious for at least another week." Jack Adams was also gratified, "I didn't expect you to wake up so soon, that's good. Do you remember who you are?" He quickly handed her his phone, "Here, call your family."

Typically, a person in her situation might suffer from a concussion which could lead to memory loss. In severe cases, they could even end up in a vegetative state.

Claire raised her eyes to look at Jack, slowly took the phone from his hand, and murmured, "My name is Claire, I'm a web novelist, I... I don't have parents, my parents are dead." This memory wasn't deep.

Ah?

Was she an orphan too?

Jack Adams was slightly shocked inside.

She sat up in bed, her eyebrows furrowed, staring at the phone in a trance, as if trying to recall something.

Seeing her condition, Jack Adams waited patiently. He was worried that she might have lost her memory. If that was the case, finding her family would be difficult.

"Rowan Watson." She suddenly said a name, looking up at him, "I remember Rowan Watson, he's my boyfriend. We went to the ancient town together. When he went to the bathroom, I was pushed off the bridge by a woman named Daphne Wells."

She was pushed?

Jack Adams was shocked inside, this was attempted murder, which was against the law.

"Do you remember his phone number?" The middle-aged man asked hopefully.

Claire shook her head. She didn't remember, but it was on her phone, she looked around again.

"Miss Russell, when I rescued you, you didn't have a phone on you."

She remembered then. She had been taking photos of the scenery across the river when she was pushed by Daphne Wells and her phone fell into the water.

"Where is Rowan Watson? What does he do?" Jack Adams was particularly kind, "You've been unconscious for so long, he must be looking for you everywhere, he must be very worried about you."

For his questions, Claire couldn't answer, as she tried to recall deeply, she felt a splitting headache and her expression was pained.

"Don't think about it anymore." Jack Adams advised her, "It's good that you're alive, you should rest and recover first, you injured your head."

"Did you treat me?" Claire asked in confusion, "Or did you bring me back from the hospital?"

The middle-aged man responded truthfully, "I have all kinds of medicinal herbs in my backyard, their effects are not worse than the medicines in the hospital. You didn't injure your bones, don't need surgery, and there's no internal bleeding, these are good signs. So, I treated you myself. I didn't expect you to wake up so soon."

Claire's misfortune turned into a stroke of luck. That day, Jack Adams' fishing boat happened to pass by, so he was able to save her. Otherwise, she would have surely drowned.

Claire was filled with gratitude for him, "Thank you." Then she looked at the quiet little girl sitting at the foot of the bed and then at him, "Your daughter?"

"No," Kay replied sweetly, "He's our headmaster, this is an orphanage."

Orphanage?

Claire was a bit shocked. She looked at the kind man in front of her and then at the cute little girl. Could it be that she was a child adopted from the orphanage?

A sense of inexplicable sadness welled up inside her.

Claire looked at Kay. Kay was holding the headmaster's hand and tilting her head, smiling at her,

"Claire, shall we call the police? Let the policeman take you home?"

Chapter 1454: This Is Not Amnesia, It Will Recover

"Call the police?"

Claire seemed to have heard a fresh term. She thought for a while, holding her phone, and looked up at the middle-aged man standing in front of the bed.

"Mr. Adams, what should I say when I call the police? My parents are gone, and now I only remember my boyfriend's name. I don't even know what he looks like, where he lives, or what he does."

There was a brief silence in the room...

Kay turned her eyes and asked in confusion, "Did Miss lose her memory? Mr. Adams?"

Claire's lips were slightly pale. She sighed lightly and muttered somewhat frustrated, "Who is Daphne Wells? Was it really Daphne Wells who pushed me?" She suddenly found her memory a bit blurry and was not so sure anymore.

"Why would she want to push me?"

"It seems like I know her, but it also seems like I don't."

If she tried to recall harder, Claire felt her head was about to split, she couldn't continue thinking.

Judging her injuries, Jack Adams advised, "First, recover from your injuries, drink some medicine, you should be able to remember everything. This is not amnesia, at least you still remember who you are and what you do, which is good."

"Not amnesia?" Claire looked at him happily.

He said, "You just have a rather serious concussion, which can be adjusted through herbal treatments, but you still need to rest a lot."

Claire nodded. At this point, this was all she could do. If she remembered in a few days, she would contact her friends.

She returned the phone to the headmaster, then her gaze fell on Kay's face, and she reached out to the little girl, "Hello, child."

Kay had a warm and sweet smile. She let go of the headmaster's hand and put her own small hand into Claire's palm, "Hello Claire, fortune comes in by a merry gate."

Such a sweet talker!

"What's your name?" Claire looked into her eyes. It's often said that eyes are the windows to the soul,

this little girl was clearly full of goodness, clever and lively.

The little girl's voice was soft and tender, "My name is Kay, Mr. Adams named me, the meaning is to

remain kind and warm, never changing the original intention."

Claire thought that was especially good, she also liked this little girl very much.

She looked down at Kay's small hand, noticing that she was wearing a rather unique bracelet, not the

kind that could be casually bought on the street. It was quite old, but each detail was exceptionally fine,

the design was also very novel, even including a small apple pendant.

Claire thought, if she wasn't abandoned, she must be a rich young lady, perhaps the cherished

daughter of a wealthy family?

"Kay, let's let Claire rest well first, and come to see her after the medicine is ready, okay?" Jack Adams

also felt relieved. Saving someone's life was more meritorious than building a seven-storied stupa.

Claire let go of her hand, she smiled at Mr. Adams, "Thank you for your hard work, Mr. Adams."

"It's not hard." The man who was about to turn around looked back at her, "You rest and recover. I have

done research on herbal medicine, and your condition should recover in about a week."

Claire was very happy, she would definitely cooperate well with the treatment. Like she suddenly remembered something, she asked again, "By the way, Mr. Adams, do you have a laptop? I want to borrow it, my novel has not been updated yet."

The novel was probably the only thing she could clearly remember.

Jack Adams nodded, "Yes, I will have Kay bring it to you."

"Okay." Claire had a smile on her face, "Thank you, and also thank you Kay."

"You're welcome." Kay was exceptionally polite, "See you later."

Chapter 1455: Algerone's Hard Work

And so, after they had left, it wasn't long before Kay walked in with a laptop in her arms. "Claire, Mr.

Adams said this one isn't password protected, you can use it as you like."

"What a good girl, thank you, Kay, you're such a little helper! Mr. Adams must like you best!"

Claire accepted the computer, once again tugging at her little hand, the apple pendant looked better and better the more she looked at it. "You can go and get busy, okay?"

"Okay, Claire, I'll leave you to your work, I won't disturb you." Kay gave her a sweet smile, turned

around and left. She was going to help Mr. Adams stoke the fire.

Mr. Adams said that simmering herbal medicine required a small fire and patience, just like treating patients. One must not be impatient when it comes to maintaining health.

In her room, Claire recalled the endearing appearance of Kay, her liking for her grew more and more.

She also heard the sound of children playing in the yard.

Kay was certainly not the oldest in the orphanage, but she must be the most sensible. Her gentleness was innate, carrying a touch of nobility.

Opening the laptop, she gathered her thoughts.

Because writing was a dream carved into her bones, no matter what happened, she never stopped updating her work. So even if she lost some of her memory due to a concussion, she still remembered she was an online novelist, and updating her work was her duty.

Mother, she hadn't updated for four days!!

The comment section was already full of complaints. She saw her book had made it onto the leaderboard, and its popularity was higher than ever.

"Is this a recommendation?" Claire was both puzzled and excited, "I must add more updates then!"

In Emerald Bay, Rowan Watson had taken care of the hospital matters. He planned to take a break to adjust his emotions and state.

But when he was idle, he still missed Claire, missed her so much.

It turned out that she had unknowingly walked into his life and occupied his heart.

Rowan Watson was reading her serialized novel, starting from the beginning, and he had stayed up all night reading it yesterday... Perhaps this was the closest way to her.

To understand her, to read her, to love her, to re-identify her through her words.

Rowan Watson used to never read novels; he only studied medicine.

But now, he was actually infatuated with this novel. In his eyes, it was a great story, it's just a pity, it was going to remain unfinished...

In the evening, in the Swain family's yard.

The first thing Algerone Swain did when he came back from the company was to check on the roses that had been transplanted from the Fritz family. They had basically survived, and even in the dead of winter, some were beginning to sprout new shoots.

Today's wind was too cold to describe as cool, it was a bit cold. The forecast said that Arkpool City would see its first snowfall of the winter in the next couple of days.

Recently, he strictly controlled the watering of the plants, also stopped fertilizing, and prepared for frost protection.

He had put so much effort into learning recently, he had directly apprenticed himself to Mrs. Fritz, he was practically becoming a professional florist.

Tristan's car was driving towards this side. Monica said she wanted to come and see her father. She had initially gone to the company, but her father wasn't there. It was said that he had been leaving work early recently, and no one in the company knew why.

"Do you think dad is sick? His body can't take it? So he doesn't work overtime?" Monica was quite worried, she was making wild guesses in the passenger seat.

"That's unlikely." Tristan seemed somewhat calm, "If there's a problem with his health, he'd go to the hospital during the day, people these days see through things quite clearly."

"Ah, I hope so."

Soon, the car stopped outside the Swain family's yard. Monica looked at the scene in the yard and was simply astonished, "What is he doing? What is he planting?" She got out of the car quickly, brimming with curiosity.

Chapter 1456: Caught Between Parents

Tristan was also a bit puzzled as he got out of the car.

In the yard, Algerone Swain looked up at them entering, "Tristan? Monica?" His slightly wrinkled face bore a joyful smile.

He hadn't seen his daughter for quite some time.

"Dad, what are you planting?" The girl bent down to take a closer look. Were these roses all over the yard??

"Roses," the middle-aged man happily told her. "These are all different varieties of roses." He could even imagine the scene a few months later when all the flowers would be in full bloom.

Tristan saw two words: romance.

Monica was very puzzled. She was a beat slow, "Why suddenly start planting roses? You're not of retirement age yet, are you? And such a big project..." It was simply astonishing.

Algerone gave an embarrassed smile. He didn't know how to answer for a moment. There were some things he didn't want to say, he just wanted to do them first.

Tristan, recalling the conversation from the other night, seemed to have figured something out. He leaned over and whispered in Monica's ear, "He might be doing it for your mom. Does your mom like roses?"

Monica was taken aback, then her eyes lit up. Before she could say anything, the phone in her pocket rang.

Seeing it was Belinda calling, she felt somewhat guilty since she was at her father's house; she didn't dare to answer.

Algerone Swain could tell something from his daughter's expression. The ringtone continued, and he guessed it was Belinda who was calling. He bent over and continued tending to his flower seedlings, remaining silent.

Tristan, tall and slender, also helped Uncle Swain with the plants. Neither of the two men planned to speak.

Monica understood. She slid her finger over the answer button, "Hello, Belinda." She didn't deliberately

avoid it.

"Why did it take you so long to answer? What are you doing? Who are you with?" Belinda's distrustful voice came over, carrying a hint of displeasure, "You better come back."

"I'll be back soon, I'm on my way. Is something wrong?"

"Of course there's something wrong. I found a house I like. We'll buy it in your name; you come and sign."

"Oh, okay." Monica didn't argue with her here, but she was puzzled. Belinda had been living in her father's house but was thinking about moving day by day?

Her father had never even visited, let alone disturbed her. Why was she doing this?

The call ended. The daughter looked at her father, and the father also stopped his work, looking up at his daughter.

Monica looked at the large patch of rose seedlings, then said to her father, "Dad, don't worry, I'll pretend I know nothing!"

Algerone Swain gave an awkward laugh.

Monica was very moved that her father could plant such a large patch of roses for her mother, and that he had been single all these years for her mother.

Then she turned to Tristan, "I have to go back now, my mom needs me."

"Okay, I'll take you."

So, Tristan and Monica waved goodbye to Algerone Swain.

On the way back, Tristan saw Monica seemed to have something on her mind, so he asked her, "What does your mom need you for?"

"She's living in the house Dad arranged for her. Dad hasn't disturbed her, yet she wants to buy a house in my name. She wants me to go back and sign." Monica was really puzzled. Thinking of her father's actions, she felt a bit sorry for Algerone.

Tristan was silent for a few seconds, then turned to ask, "So what do you think...?"

"Since they are both single now, of course I hope they can get back together. That's the greatest wish of their children, right?"

"Uh huh." Tristan agreed with her on this point and would help her. So this house couldn't be bought, and Belinda couldn't move out.

Chapter 1457: Related to Dad

"Have you told your mom about your dad's marital status?" Tristan asked with concern.

"Not yet, she's been in video meetings these past few days. I haven't had a chance to talk to her properly." Monica sighed lightly, looking out the window, "I don't know what she'll think when she finds out."

"You've been living with your mom all this time, why do you think she hasn't tried to find someone all these years?" Tristan started to analyze this relationship with her.

Monica thought about it very seriously. Tristan gently suggested, "Could it have anything to do with your dad?"

What?

Monica turned to look at him again, disbelief in her eyes, "Related to Dad?" For the first time, she calmly considered this question and found that it wasn't impossible.

Tristan, driving the car, curiously asked, "Monica, your mom is so beautiful and well-kept, haven't there been suitors over the years?"

"Yes, there have been." She could answer this question without hesitation, and images of some high-

quality middle-aged men appeared in her mind, "There was even an uncle I quite liked. For a while, I compromised and stopped hoping for my parents to get back together. I encouraged Belinda to start a new life, but she did not agree."

"So, your mom still has feelings for your dad. Think carefully about the real reason for their divorce.

Was it truly because they fell out of love?"

"..." Monica pondered.

Tristan, like an outsider, analyzed all of this with her. On the road to her parents' reunion, Tristan would also contribute his own efforts. After all, this was Monica's wish.

In the small western-style building that Algerone Swain provided for Belinda, a major shareholder of a real estate company sat on the sofa with a purchase agreement, waiting.

Because the two were friends, and because this deal was a big one.

Waiting for Monica to come back and sign, and a fully furnished house would be sold.

Belinda stood by the window, her arms crossed, looking out. She felt a bit conflicted. Buying a house was not her obsession. These days, Algerone Swain was like a dead man, and she hadn't even seen a

ghost of him!

Hmph!

She wanted to move out from here!

She felt as if she was holding her breath, not knowing where this feeling came from, but it was

uncomfortable!

Belinda thought Monica should be coming back soon, so she took out her phone and dialed Algerone

Swain's number.

In the Swain family's breezy yard, Algerone Swain was still caring for those rose seedlings.

When he saw the number on the phone screen, he was first taken aback and then worried, "Hello,

Belinda, what's wrong?"

"Thank you for taking me in these past few days, I'm not staying in the house anymore!" The woman

said sullenly, "I've bought a fully furnished house and plan to move out later, just calling to let you

know."

"You..." Algerone Swain was shocked and asked anxiously, "Why? Is there something about the house

you're not comfortable with? If you're not comfortable, tell me!"

Hmph, I haven't even seen a ghost of him!

Belinda didn't answer him, but hung up the phone in a huff. She had a hunch, and a bit of hope, that

Algerone Swain might come over.

As expected, the middle-aged man who was tending to the rose seedlings got up and walked out,

without even having time to wash his hands.

Having been hung up on for no reason, he was very anxious. The other party was clearly emotional.

"Mr. Swain, where are you going?" The servant standing at the door of the living room called out,

"Dinner is ready!" At this time, the night was about to fall.

"I have to go out for a bit." He quickly got into the car.

"Will you be back for dinner?"

"I don't know." Algerone Swain answered, quickly starting the car. He was very puzzled, why would she

want to leave when she was living well?

He had told her to call him if there was a problem, and he hadn't received a call from her in the past

few days. The only call he received was her saying she wanted to move out. It was really strange.

Tristan's car stopped in the yard in front of the small western-style house. After he and Monica got out of the car, they quickly walked towards the living room. Through the floor-to-ceiling window, they saw their mother standing by the window with a phone in her hand, looking unhappy.

Chapter 1458: Women Probably Have Some Drama

"Mom, what are you doing?" Monica asked after entering the room and glancing at the man sitting on the sofa with a home purchase agreement. She looked at Belinda, puzzled, "Why buy so many houses? Your company is not in Arkpool City, and you don't live here often. Isn't it unnecessary?"

"Just sign the document and move out immediately," Belinda said coldly, her face showing discontent.

"Dad never came to bother you, did he? Consider this house as having nothing to do with him, he's not charging you rent, why are you having a problem with the money? Buying a house is not like buying cabbages!" Monica argued.

"Monica, I said, sign the document quickly! Don't you understand?!" Belinda raised her voice, seemingly frustrated.

Tristan furrowed his brows, feeling like he had sensed something. If she really wanted to buy a house, couldn't she just sign the document and move out?

This must be a woman's-drama.

Yes, Belinda knew her daughter was stubborn and wouldn't sign easily.

Tristan pondered and then spoke, "Auntie, if you're unhappy about something, you can communicate it.

Buying a house outright may not be a big deal for you, but Monica thinks it may be unnecessary."

As he spoke, he looked around, then asked with concern, "Is there something wrong with this house?

Or is there a problem somewhere?"

"Tristan," Belinda's gaze shifted slightly, landing on him. She asked coolly, "In what capacity are you

here discussing family matters with me?"

Family matters?

The clever Tristan seemed to understand something. In her subconscious, she considered Uncle

Swain as a family member.

So, Tristan, seeing the situation was ripe, said to Monica, "You should call your dad. Buying a house is

okay, but if we are to move out of here, at least he should know."

Something flashed in Belinda's eyes, and her expression softened when she looked at Tristan.

Monica thought his words made sense, "Okay." She took out her phone, giving her mother a wary

glance.

Unexpectedly, her mother didn't object.

Until Monica dialed her father's number, Belinda didn't say anything. She suppressed an awkward

feeling, turning her back to hide her discomfort.

Algerone Swain didn't answer his daughter's call. Belinda was puzzled, wasn't he reachable just now?

How come? He couldn't be reached now?

Just as Monica was confused and disappointed, another car drove into the yard and parked next to

Tristan's car.

Algerone Swain got out of the car and walked in quickly. He couldn't figure out why they would want to

move out of nowhere.

Everyone's eyes fell on him, only Belinda's face was cold, her gaze seemed to look at him, but not

really.

"Uncle Swain," Tristan greeted politely.

Because Monica had just come back from his place, and the situation today was... clearly off.

So she didn't speak, and she didn't dare to get too close to her father to avoid annoying her mother.

Algerone Swain glanced at the man who had stood up from the sofa and also saw the home purchase

agreement in his hand, "Belinda, what are you doing? Are you uncomfortable living here?"

He finally came, and he came in such a hurry that he didn't even have time to answer his precious

daughter's phone call. Belinda's frustration and irritation were halved instantly, and she felt strangely

touched.

Belinda couldn't answer her ex-husband's question, and she was even more embarrassed when she

realized that Tristan was also present.

"Mom, you shouldn't buy a house," Monica broke the silence, "We have a place to live now, it's better to

save the money for something else."

"Yeah, why buy a house when we have one to live in?" Algerone Swain blurted out, "If you're insecure,

I can transfer the house into your name."

Belinda looked up, meeting his eyes for the first time. She didn't want a house, she saw a long-lost

care.

Algerone Swain met her gaze, perhaps he was too nervous, he didn't think it through, and quickly corrected himself, "Or I can transfer it to our daughter!"

Belinda withdrew her gaze, instantly speechless again.

Chapter 1459: Tristan Assisting

Tristan observed carefully, discerning the mindset of every person present and forming some of his own conjectures. He even doubted the man holding the house purchase contract-did he truly intend to sell the house, or was he just a random pick by Belinda?

Algerone Swain's gaze fell on the unfamiliar man. "No need for the house, you can go now," he proclaimed, effectively dismissing the man. The man glanced at him and then at Belinda, aware that it wasn't him who had invited him.

At this moment, Monica also spoke up, somewhat anxiously saying, "You can go for now. We'll contact you if we need to purchase a house." After all, they were discussing family matters.

Tristan's gaze also landed on the man, adding pressure. Without waiting for Belinda to say anything, the man nodded and said, "Alright, contact me later," and quickly left with his head down.

Tristan's eyes followed the retreating figure of the man, analyzing in his mind. Belinda had a chance to

stop the man from leaving, but she didn't. Therefore, Tristan turned to Monica, as if suddenly

remembering something, he said, "Oh, Monica, your bag is still at the hospital!"

Monica turned to look at him, her expression filled with confusion. Before she could say anything,

Tristan took her by the wrist and led her out of the cottage. In the yard, he swiftly pulled her into the car.

Soon, Tristan drove off, and the girl finally responded, "Are you giving my parents a chance to talk?"

"What do you think?" Tristan drove at a leisurely pace, his voice gentle as the night descended.

Monica ought to have been moved, but she looked back worriedly, "Won't they start arguing? What exactly does my mother want to do?"

"She just wants to see your father, nothing more," Tristan hit the nail on the head, "She never planned to buy a house."

"Huh?" The girl turned her eyes wide, "She didn't plan to buy a house?"

"Yes," Tristan was certain.

"How did you figure it out?"

Tristan, still driving, analyzed from the perspective of an observer, "First, if she really wanted to buy,

she could have signed the agreement in her own name in just a few seconds. Second, she didn't keep the man around even though she had the chance to do so, despite you taking your father's side."

His analysis was sound, and Monica couldn't argue. She digested his words.

Then the corners of her mouth lifted in a beautiful smile, "Do you think Belinda knows that my father is single? Is she trying to force him to take the initiative?"

"If you didn't say anything, she wouldn't know. Think about it, your father hasn't been around these days, how could she know?"

"..." Monica suddenly regretted not saying anything earlier.

"Do you think my father will tell her? Now they're alone, a moment I've dreamed of. I can't even imagine, they're actually alone together! They used to be like water and fire."

Tristan answered truthfully, "I can't be sure about that. After so many years apart, they're both proud people. Your father has been planting so many rose saplings without planning to tell her, probably waiting for an opportunity, or the right time."

"My mother likes roses, her perfume is that scent."

Monica suddenly took interest, turning to him with delighted eyes, "Tristan, you're so smart and calm,

can you strategize for me? I want to create an opportunity for them, let them naturally come together, drop all defenses, and get back together!"

Actually, she didn't need to ask, Tristan was already considering it because it was her dream, and he already had a great idea.

Chapter 1460: To Take or Not to Take?

The asphalt road leading to the villa complex was wide and winding, with valuable trees planted on both sides. Some even bloomed with white flowers. It was a graceful environment, with streetlights on both sides gradually lighting up, emitting the warmest light.

The car wasn't actually going to the hospital to pick up a package, so after a slow drive for a certain distance, it pulled over to the side. The girl sitting in the passenger seat turned her gaze and found a unique cake shop hidden behind a dense tree on the right.

The house was low and uniquely styled, with rows of lights flashing around the exterior, making it romantic and beautiful. Through the large floor-to-ceiling windows, one could see the interior layout of the shop and the cakes in the bright display window from the car.

"Is there really a cake shop here? I just noticed it." She spoke with curiosity, trying to see the shop's

name, "Rainbow Wheat Waves?"

Tristan turned his gaze, looking at her side profile. The light in the car was dim, and from his angle, he could see the unusual tranquility radiating from Monica.

She was not usually a quiet girl, nor did she have such a gentle side. Her personality was straightforward and carefree.

"Let's go, get out of the car and take a walk," Tristan suggested, unbuckling his seat belt and opening the car door, "Give your parents some more time."

Seeing him get out of the car, she hurriedly followed suit.

"What kind of cake do you want to eat? My treat." He strode forward.

The girl looked at him, quickly catching up with him and arriving at his side within a few steps,

"Anything is fine, let's see what's available first. The decor is quite romantic."

The cake shop was also beautiful, with the words 'Rainbow Wheat Waves' on the sign at the entrance emanating a warm glow.

"Welcome to Rainbow Wheat Waves~" the server greeted, her voice sweet, "Please come in, what

would you like? Today is our shop's seventh anniversary, couples get a 50% discount, and we also give away a sunflower."

As soon as her voice fell, another pretty server came over with a sunflower and handed it directly to Monica, saying sweetly, "Miss, this is for you, we wish you a lifetime of happiness." She couldn't help but sneak a glance at the man beside Monica, he was really handsome!

Monica was a little embarrassed, whether to accept or not was a dilemma, they were not a couple at all.

But Tristan's expression was relaxed, the corners of his mouth slightly curved. He took the sunflower and handed it to the girl beside him.

Monica turned her gaze to him in surprise, then looked down at the sunflower, "Thank you." She quickly reached out to take it, a peculiar feeling sprouting at the bottom of her heart, as beautiful as the first love.

"This is our new arrivals section, let me know what you like," the charming server said, holding a tray and tongs, standing by to serve them.

They were already being treated as a couple, envied by others. The server was also pleased, they

were such a visually pleasing pair, a perfect combination of talent and beauty.

"What do you like to eat?" Tristan asked softly, "You can also take one for your mother." His meaning was clear, he was willing to buy, you pick, don't feel embarrassed.

In the warmly lit display window, Monica spotted a cute bear cake, "This one."

"Okay, I'll get it for you." The server opened the clean glass door.

"Is this bear style the only one?" Monica thought it must taste really good based on her experience.

The cream was smooth but not greasy. However, it was too small, Tristan should also have a taste.

The server explained, "Yes, miss, this is a new couple style introduced by our store. It's meant to be shared by two people. Each one is unique. Eating alone is sweet, but eating together is sweeter. If you don't believe me, you can try."

"..." Her cheeks turned slightly red!

Monica seemed to stiffen, not daring to look at the man beside her. This situation was so awkward, should she buy it, or not?

She said, "Let's not take this one."

"Let's take this one." he said.

Monica and Tristan spoke at the same time, leaving the server confused. The cake tongs she extended

hung in mid-air. After a couple of seconds, she laughed and asked, "So... are we taking it or not?"