

Surprised 1461

Chapter 1461: A Fury Hangs in the Air

As Monica turned her gaze, so did Tristan. Their eyes met, stirring her emotions and revealing a profound gentleness in his eyes. The waitress seemed to suddenly understand something; her smile sweetened as she brought out their cake.

"What else would you like?" Tristan withdrew his gaze and looked towards the cake display, seemingly making a selection.

However, she fixed her gaze, the warm yellow light illuminating his profile. For a moment, Monica was spellbound by his masculine charm. Sensing the heated gaze of the girl, Tristan did not look at her again, not wishing to shatter this peaceful moment and cause her embarrassment.

They simply selected a few types of cakes, all very exquisite, even the packaging boxes were printed with unique declarations of love -

"The one who watches the sunset with me is gentler than the sunset itself."

"You came, bringing the stars and the moon."

"Peace and joy, four seasons with you."

"Cherished favor, generous all my life."

Each sentence was truly heartfelt, the playful font exuding the romanticism favoured by young people.

This shop seemed to be designed for couples.

"Take your time, we welcome your next visit, and wish you happiness!"

Monica felt warmth in her heart, her smile sweet, but she dared not show it too much. In front of the one she liked, she would always have a bit of restraint.

Welcoming the evening breeze, Tristan also felt somewhat relaxed. Being with Monica, he always felt a sense of contentment and peace. This girl had unconsciously stirred his protective instinct.

Though he was also worried about Claire's safety, he could not neglect the one worth cherishing by his side for an impossible person, for a friend. Besides, in the matter of finding Claire, Tristan had already made great efforts, arranging many people.

At this moment, the night was as dark as ink.

Not far away, in a small western-style building, the living room was lit, silent enough to hear a pin drop.

Only Algerone Swain and Belinda were present. Since their daughter left, the atmosphere here had become a bit awkward.

Neither of them initiated a conversation, their eyes did not meet, perhaps both brewing something, after

all, their relationship had been tense for many years.

"You should go back and have dinner with your wife." Belinda still had a grudge in her heart, she asked

unhappily, "What's my status living here? How do you regard me?"

"Why do you think so much? I am just making it convenient for you." Algerone Swain was a bit scared

of her anger, trying to appease her, "The house would be empty anyway."

However, his words obviously did not touch her heart, making Belinda feel even more uncomfortable,

"Charity? There are plenty of vacant houses in big Arkpool City!"

"Belinda, are you reasonable?" Algerone Swain felt wronged. He had done a good deed and didn't get

a good result.

"I am unreasonable! That's why we divorced. You clearly married a reasonable woman, if you want to

reason, go home and reason with her, why run here to reason with me?" Belinda was always hot-

tempered.

"You..." Algerone Swain, who was never eloquent, was clearly at a disadvantage in this verbal battle.

There was a palpable tension in the air.

As a man, Algerone Swain could hear a hint of jealousy from her words, though it might be a misconception. So he was considering telling her about his real marital status.

As for Belinda, after calming down, she particularly regretted it. She felt she shouldn't have said those things, which could easily lead to misunderstandings, as if she was jealous!

"Belinda."

Algerone Swain finally sighed softly, compromising, "Now that Monica has grown up, I think we should be a bit more calm and don't influence our daughter's view of choosing a spouse, trying to get along as peacefully as possible."

Their daughter was also Belinda's weak spot. Hearing his words, her feelings were complicated. She didn't respond, waiting for him to continue.

"There's something that I think I need to explain to you." Algerone Swain didn't want to delay any longer at this moment, regardless of the future, he felt an impulse to confess.

Chapter 1462: Why Did Algerone Run Off?

Belinda focused her attention, for the first time witnessing him in such a formal manner, brewing his

emotions, as if he was about to pour out his heart. She began to feel a bit of anticipation.

Just as Algerone Swain was about to speak, the ring of a phone shattered the atmosphere and interrupted their thoughts. Belinda immediately snapped back to reality, her face becoming stern once again.

Algerone Swain took out his phone to check the incoming call before answering, "Hello."

The call was from his personal assistant. Belinda didn't know what was said, but she saw his brows furrow slightly as he patiently listened to the call. Eventually, he said in a deep voice, "Alright, I'm on my way!"

It seemed as if something major had occurred.

After ending the call, Algerone Swain suppressed the urgency in his heart. He calmly looked at the woman in the room, "Something came up at the company that requires my immediate attention. You can stay here for now, I'll come back for you tomorrow."

Without waiting for her agreement, Algerone Swain immediately stepped towards the door. Belinda watched as he disappeared into the darkness, her heart suddenly felt empty. If he hadn't left, what was

he about to tell her?

The perfect atmosphere was ruined by a phone call. Belinda had an illusion that Algerone Swain was about to say something she wanted to hear.

At night, sitting in a car parked by the asphalt road, Monica held a teddy bear cake in her palm, muttering, "Why did they only give us one fork?"

Tristan turned his gaze to her, his deep and gentle eyes landed on her face, but he said nothing.

Monica divided the cake into two, "You eat first? Want a taste?" She offered him the fork and held the cake up to him. She didn't mind sharing a fork with him, nor was she disgusted by his saliva.

"You eat." Tristan's gentle voice was like a beam of pure light. He took the fork and picked up a piece of cream, offering it to her lips.

Monica hesitated for a moment, her heart skipped a beat. Meeting his gaze, she blushed and opened her mouth. Her heart was racing!

Tristan fed her another piece of cream. Her eyes shone with a soft light, a faint smile reflected in his eyes as the car's interior light blurred.

Just like that, Tristan fed her a few bites of the cake, giving her the illusion of being in love.

Not until a car passed by them, Monica glanced at it unintentionally, she furrowed her brows, "My dad's car?"

Tristan also turned to look, recognizing the license plate. It was indeed Uncle Swain's car.

"What's going on?" Monica became nervous, "Did they have a fight?" She suddenly lost her appetite,

"Tristan, take me home immediately!"

"Okay." He handed her the fork, gripped the steering wheel with both hands, started the car, turned around, and drove towards the small western-style building.

The lights in the living room were still on. As soon as the car stopped, Monica saw a familiar figure at the window through the car window.

"I won't go inside." Tristan didn't even plan to get out of the car, he told her, "If your dad hasn't told your

mom about his marital status, you must tell her. It's crucial."

"Okay." Monica nodded, she quickly got out of the car, "Take the rest of the cakes, they're really delicious. I've got this teddy bear, bye!"

She waved at him, closed the car door, and walked towards the living room.

Tristan looked in the direction of the living room, started the car, and drove away.

Seeing her daughter approaching, Belinda concealed all her emotions, becoming as cold and unreadable as before.

Upon entering, Monica felt something was off. She brought the cake to her mother, picked up a piece of cream with the fork, and held it to her lips, "Here, Belinda, you have to try this cake, it's absolutely delicious!"

Belinda glanced at her daughter and opened her mouth.

"How is it?" Monica asked with a grin, "Pretty good, right?"

Tasting the cake, Belinda scrutinized her, "Where's your bag? You went all the way to the hospital and didn't bring it back?" Her gaze seemed intent on seeing through her.

Chapter 1463: Claire's Current Situation

This was indeed an awkward situation!

Monica gave her a mischievous smile, her eyes narrowed, "Did my dad talk to you about anything?"

She fed her another piece of cake to divert the conversation, "How did your chat go? Pleasant or not?"

Why did he... leave so quickly?"

Question after question, the daughter's gaze never left her mother's face. She could tell at a glance whether her mother was lying or not.

Belinda's eyes were a bit evasive, knowing that Monica was a cunning girl. She sat down on the sofa without intending to speak.

"Mom, do you know that my dad is single now?" Monica asked seriously while eating cake and standing in front of the coffee table, "Did he confess to you just now?"

Single?

Something flashed in Belinda's eyes. She looked at her, surprised and somewhat disbelieving her daughter's words.

While eating her cake, Monica said, "Don't doubt it, my information is never wrong."

"How do you know? Didn't he get married? You're listening to his nonsense!"

"I just found out. I planned to tell you earlier, but your video conferences ended late recently, and I never found the right time. He wasn't lying, he's truly single!"

Seeing her daughter's serious look and knowing that she wouldn't lie about such a thing, Belinda felt

more than just shock... there was also a touch of joy.

However, Belinda didn't show it. She simply asked lightly, "What about his wife?"

"They divorced not long after getting married, and he's been single since," Monica said, "Maybe he

hasn't let go of you. What do you think? Why hasn't he found someone else all these years?"

"..." Belinda was still in shock and remained silent.

"In fact, you haven't let go of him all these years," Monica pointed out directly. "There are no outsiders

here, don't deny it!"

Tristan's analysis gave Monica confidence!

Belinda suddenly looked up, her words colliding with her daughter's triumphant gaze, she wanted to

speak but was at a loss for words.

"Belinda, are you telling me that you made this scene today not to see him?" The girl tasted her cake

playfully, it was exceptionally sweet!

"Monica, you're too much!" Belinda was so embarrassed! As an elder, having her feelings exposed like

this was so disgraceful!

Seeing her mother's evasive eyes, she laughed.

With this, Monica was even more convinced of Tristan's guess. These two people had not let go of each other, so the chances of them getting back together were increasing!

"Mom, do you still love dad?" Monica put down her cake, sat next to her, affectionately took her arm, and couldn't help but say, thinking of her father's rose garden, "I think Algerone loves you a lot!"

"..."

On the same night, in the suburban welfare home.

Claire sat leaning against the head of the bed. She had just finished a bowl of herbal medicine. Kay took the empty bowl from her hand, "Claire, you're doing great, your health is getting better and better."

"Thanks to Mr. Adam's medicine, the effects are especially good," Claire gratefully said from the bottom of her heart, then looked up at the man in front of her, "Mr. Adams, thank you, you're a godsend."

"You're welcome, would you like to get out of bed and walk a bit? Let's see how the recovery is going,"

Jack Adams is a very benevolent person.

Encouraged by him, Claire nodded. She pulled back the blanket, and Kay hurriedly helped her put on her shoes.

"Thank you, Kay."

"You're welcome!" The girl looked up, her black eyes shining like gems.

Kay was very beautiful, with a gentle personality. She paid attention to all the details, which made her very likable.

As she was about to get out of bed, Jack Adams extended a hand to support her.

Claire stood up and took a few steps. Surprisingly, it didn't hurt at all. She laughed, "Is this medicine so magical? My foot doesn't hurt anymore! Mr. Adams, did you study medicine?"

Jack Adams just smiled, neither admitting nor denying it.

Chapter 1464: Fortunate to Meet Mr. Adams

"Mr. Adams, can you tell me about the situation when you saved me that day?" Claire was eager to

know, hoping that it might trigger some of her memories. She was desperate for a complete recovery.

Jack Adams had initially planned to tell her about the situation once she had fully recovered, but since she asked, he decided to share it now.

"To provide fresh fish for the children, I got myself a fishing boat and take it out on the river once a month."

"On the day you fell into the river, my boat happened to pass underneath. You hit your head on the edge of the boat and your body bounced off into the water. I managed to catch your arm and pulled you onto the boat, but you were already unconscious."

"At that moment, I received a call from Green. She anxiously reported that Pam was bleeding a lot from her nose. Green is the oldest child in the welfare home, and I had previously taught her some emergency knowledge, but she was panicked. I sensed the severity of the situation and immediately sped back to the welfare home, bringing you with me."

"I examined your injuries on the boat and felt that you would recover faster if you came back with me than if you went to the hospital. I wouldn't claim to have superb medical skills, but I have done some in-depth research in this area."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams," Claire expressed her gratitude. "I really feel much better. After taking the medicine, my condition changes every hour."

Jack Adams asked her, "So, did you remember anything today?"

"I recall having a brother named Finnley Russell. I can vaguely remember his face. I grew up in his

home, raised by my aunt and uncle," Claire reminisced. "But I don't know where that home is, and I don't have any impression of my aunt and uncle."

Upon hearing this, Adams was pleased. "Continue taking the medicine for a few more days, and you'll be able to remember everything. By tomorrow afternoon, you might even recall some important things."

So, it can be said that Mr. Adams has quite an in-depth understanding of herbal medicine.

"I will definitely cooperate, taking my medicine on time and in the right amounts." Although Claire had grown familiar with everyone and liked the children very much, she ultimately had to go home.

However, she would often come back to visit even after she left.

"By the way, Mr. Adams, does the notebook have internet access? I've written two thousand words and plan to upload them." Claire walked around the room and then sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Of course." Jack Adams went to the table, turned on the computer, and helped her connect to the internet.

"Thank you, Mr. Adams."

"You're really too polite." Jack Adams was very easy-going.

At this moment, a girl about ten years old entered from the door, holding a red apple in her hand.

"Claire, this apple is for you. I've washed it!"

"Thank you, Green." Claire reached out and took it.

Soon, more children came in. They looked innocently at the girl sitting on the bed. The welfare home had a new guest, and the children were very happy.

"Hello Claire." The children spoke in unison.

"Hello, little friends." Claire smiled warmly at them, then called out their names one by one, "Lili, Joy,

Mino, Pam, Jun, is that correct?"

"Yes!"

"Claire has a good memory!"

Jack Adams ushered the children out, "Off you go, don't disturb Claire's rest. Go take a bath and go to bed, it's getting late."

The children were 'chased' out by Mr. Adams. Green and Kay were the last to leave. They held hands, waved at the girl sitting on the bed's edge, "Good night, Claire."

Chapter 1465: Updating the Novel

"Goodnight." Claire watched the two girls leave with a smile, seeing them sensibly close the door behind them. Now she was alone in the room.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, her smile faded as she sighed softly. How could she have lost her memory? Although the condition wasn't severe, it was quite bizarre. Would anyone believe it if she wrote this experience into a novel?

She got up and walked to the desk, grabbing the mouse and opening the novel website... Yes, she was going to update.

On the same night, at the Charity Medical Center, Rowan Watson had come to the hospital today. An urgent neurosurgery required his expertise. For a doctor, nothing was more important than life. Rowan Watson adjusted his state and devoted himself wholeheartedly.

The operating room was brightly lit. The scalpel in his hand was thin, and his assistants and team members were just as calm and steady as him.

At this moment, his phone screen lit up in his office drawer, displaying a text message: "Hello, the novel you're tracking has been updated."

Inside the operating room, Rowan Watson's eyebrows furrowed, "The tumor is malignant and has

developed so rapidly that it has invaded the surrounding tissues and is seriously adhered. When was the MRI taken?"

"Three days ago," someone replied.

"..."

The person continued, "Mr. Adams, MRIs were done three days ago and five days ago. There was not much change in comparison, but we didn't expect this in three days..."

"Enough." Rowan Watson immediately became stern, "We now need to strip these tumors and the adhering tissues around them, try to minimize bleeding, and shorten the time. Let's begin."

"Yes."

Under the operating light, in front of the operating table, Rowan Watson kept his cool in the face of danger. He was like a beacon of light, akin to an angel, professional, calm... he brought hope to everyone.

At night, in a suite at the Charity Medical Center, Eason dialed Tristan's number on his phone, "Brother, I don't need to have an IV drip tomorrow. Can Monica take me to the welfare home?"

"Sure."

Tristan agreed and the two brothers chatted briefly, "Then Eason, go to bed early tonight. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, brother."

Tristan hung up the phone. He had already returned home.

While walking upstairs, he dialed Monica's number. At this moment, Monica was chatting with Belinda.

They were having an open heart-to-heart conversation for the first time, talking about their father and marriage.

"So Belinda, stop being sharp-tongued but soft-hearted. When Algerone leans towards you, don't push him away so hard!" Monica was giving advice to her mother, "You've missed so many years, don't miss any more."

Her phone rang, interrupting Belinda mid-sentence.

Monica looked at her phone. It was Tristan? She quickly answered, "Hello?"

"Monica, are you free tomorrow?" Tristan's voice was gentle, "Eason said he doesn't need an IV drip and wants you to take him to the welfare home."

"Sure, no problem, just arrange your time."

"Mm." Tristan responded, "Then I'll come over to pick you up tomorrow. Goodnight."

"Okay, goodnight."

After Tristan hung up, Monica put down her phone. The smile on her lips revealed her mood.

Belinda asked her, "What's going on with you and Tristan? Are you two dating?"

"..." Monica was speechless, "I don't know if it counts. We haven't made it clear, but it seems like it."

"What are you saying?" Belinda frowned, "Doesn't he like you?"

Chapter 1466: Good Things Interrupted

"It's not that I don't like him..." Monica didn't know how to explain. When it came to her own feelings,

she suddenly couldn't articulate them, "Let's take it slow. So many things have happened recently, and I

think the way we are now is quite nice."

"What do you mean by 'quite nice'? You like him so much, and he hasn't confessed to you yet? What

does he mean by that? Is he keeping you as a backup?" Belinda didn't want her beloved daughter to

be wronged.

"Mom!" Monica defended Tristan strongly. "I won't allow you to talk about him like that!" She stood up,

her face changing, "You'd better think about your own relationship with Algerone!"

With that, she turned and went upstairs, her mood undoubtedly exhilarated.

Monica was truly happy. She would have a valid reason to see Tristan again tomorrow! He would even drive over to pick her up, how nice!

The feeling of loving someone was like this, seeing them once was satisfying enough, and a single glance felt like possessing the whole world.

At 11 p. m., the doors of a certain operating room at the Charity Medical Center opened.

Rowan Watson walked out looking tired. He had already changed his clothes and washed his hands clean. Despite the unexpected situation during the surgery, everything had been handled appropriately.

It was a successful operation, complex, but the patient was now out of danger.

Rowan Watson finally breathed a sigh of relief. It was late, and he was ready to knock off work.

Back in his office, he opened the drawer, took out his mobile phone, put it in his pocket, and left.

Instead of returning to Emerald Bay, he drove home. Along the way, random songs were playing in the car.

Rowan Watson couldn't help but think of Claire, who had been missing for many days... The feeling of

sadness was always there, unshakeable. He probably wouldn't love again in this lifetime.

The salvage team that stayed in the old town still had no news, neither good nor bad.

Back home, Rowan Watson came out of the shower, and it was already midnight.

He picked up his phone to set the alarm, but noticed the novel update notification on the screen.

Rowan Watson paused, staring at the screen, shock flickering in his eyes! It was very surprising!

He quickly opened his phone to confirm again,
his eyes scanning the text. He was sure it

was Claire's writing style, her spirit and kindness radiating between the lines

After the excitement passed, he quickly dialed Claire's number! The phone was still switched off.

He didn't lose heart, and quickly dialed Ivan Marsh's number, not caring about the time or whether the
other party was asleep.

At this moment, in the master bedroom of Emerald Bay.

In the wide and soft bed, Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh were actively trying to complete the difficult task
assigned by Alfie and Diana.

But the phone rang at an inopportune moment...

Interrupting the rhythm of the two, Ivan Marsh was a bit frustrated. Jennifer, however, held his face and said, "Answer it. It must be urgent at this hour. Most people wouldn't dare to call you at this time."

What a mood killer!

Ivan Marsh nodded, listened to his wife's words, withdrew, and reached for the phone on the bedside table. Seeing that it was Rowan Watson, he answered, "Hello."

"Mr. Marsh, Claire's novel has been updated!"

Rowan Watson's extremely excited voice came through, shocking Ivan Marsh who immediately asked,

"Are you sure? Did you misread? Is it her novel?"

"Absolutely sure! I've added this book to my shelves, and I've been following it, so I got an update notification. It was updated at eight o'clock tonight! She's alive! She's alive!" Rowan Watson was practically overjoyed.

Ivan Marsh knew that Claire's phone must be unreachable. He thought for a moment, "Alright, I'll have

Finnley Russell trace the server from where the novel was published. Send me the name of the novel and the website where it was first published, and I'll get back to you tomorrow."

Chapter 1467: Too Excited to Sleep

The call ended, and Ivan Marsh turned around to sit against his headboard, pulling the blanket to his chest. He dialed Finnley Russell's number, indifferent to the time and whether Russell was asleep. After all, the matter of Claire had been a constant worry for everyone.

"Hello, Mr. Marsh." Finnley Russell was nervous receiving a call in the middle of the night. "What's up?" he asked, all ears.

"I just got a call from Rowan Watson; he said he saw Claire's novel updating. You need to quickly find someone to trace the IP address of the published novel. You know the website she signed a contract with, right?"

"I do." Finnley Russell was stunned. The novel was updating?!

He hung up, sleep an afterthought, and quickly opened the novel website on his phone... the novel that had not been updated in four or five days was actually updated!

"What's wrong?" Mya, who was lying next to him, became anxious, "Dear, what happened?" In the light emitted by the phone screen, one could see his tension and urgency.

Staring at the screen, Finnley Russell's voice trembled with joy, "Claire's novel has been updated, it's been updated!"

"What?!" Mya propped up her body, then her heart surged with joy, "She's still alive?! That's great!" She

pushed him, "Go tell mom and dad! Quick!"

"Hold on." Finnley Russell calmed down and quickly opened his contacts, "I need to make a call first."

"Who are you calling?" Mya was puzzled, shouldn't he let his parents know first? They hadn't slept well

for many days.

Finnley Russell held the phone to his ear, and after a while, he spoke anxiously, "Hello! Alfie!"

"Finnley?" The young man asked calmly, "What's up?"

"I need a favor, it's urgent!"

"Go ahead."

"..."

Right, why should he ask someone else to trace it?

Here was a ready-made computer genius who dared to hack his own father's computer, and steal the

Blue Sky Plan. Tracing an IP address was a small task!

So, Finnley Russell delegated this task to Alfie.

Then he went to his parents' bedroom to deliver this good news.

As the night deepened in Emerald Bay, the little night light in the master bedroom was glowing. The atmosphere was intense. Ivan Marsh told the woman beside him about the possibility of Claire still being alive, although Jennifer had heard the conversation on the phone.

But telling her was a form of respect.

"That's great, do you think we can find her when we wake up?" Jennifer speculated, "Did she lose her memory? Is that why she hasn't contacted her family?"

Ivan Marsh did not answer her question. He turned around and their lips met again...

Her fingers, wrapped around his sturdy waist, slowly slid down... responding to him.

Outside the window, snowflakes began to fall, one by one, intoxicatingly beautiful.

It was almost New Year.

At this time, Rowan Watson, despite being busy like a top in the hospital all day, and feeling physically and mentally exhausted when he finished work, was wide awake. His mood was indescribably beautiful, as if a flower had blossomed in his heart.

Claire was still alive!

His Claire was still alive!

The snowflakes in the sky fluttered like catkins in spring, beautiful and romantic.

The night was particularly silent.

Rowan Watson, wearing a white high-necked sweater, leaned against the balcony railing with a glass of blueberry wine in his hand.

Every now and then, he gently swirled the wine glass, took a sip, and knew he would not sleep tonight.

Not because of sadness, but excitement.

There would be good news as soon as dawn broke! Tracing an IP address was a simple matter for the Jing Corporation.

At three in the morning.

The sleepless Rowan Watson opened the novel website again, registered an account with his own name,

"Claire, where are you? I'm Rowan Watson, I'm looking for you, I miss you."

"Claire, is it you? Are you safe?"

"Claire, are you asleep?"

Chapter 1468: Monica is Embraced by Someone Else

"Claire, what are you doing?"

"Claire, please reply when you see this, I'm waiting online."

He sent five comments in a row. When he was about to send the sixth, the system prompted: You are sending too frequently, please try again later.

Rowan Watson stared at the screen, frustrated, reading the five comments he had just sent over and over, hoping he could receive her reply by tomorrow morning.

Even though Claire didn't have the habit of interacting with readers in the comments section.

At night, it was so quiet that only the sound of snowflakes falling could be heard...

The snow was getting heavier, and by tomorrow morning, the whole world would be covered in a silver-white coat, beautiful like a fairytale.

At this time, Claire, who was still recuperating, had fallen asleep. She had a dream about Rowan Watson and saw his face clearly in the dream.

She also longed to recover all her memories, return to her family, and stop them from worrying. So,

Claire had been obediently taking her medicine and ensuring ample rest.

She had already noticed that Mr. Adams was a highly skilled doctor, worth trusting.

The next morning in Arkpool City, the snow that had fallen all night finally stopped, and the whole world was renewed.

In the villa area, the small western-style buildings dressed in white were particularly beautiful. The lush surrounding trees had changed their verdant outfits, becoming silver-white and exceptionally enchanting.

The endless white snow decorated the entire world, a sight too beautiful for words.

"Wow, it's snowing! It's so beautiful!"

In the bedroom, Monica, wearing a nightgown, pulled open the curtain and was stunned by the scenery before her. She was as excited as a child!

Because Tristan was coming to pick her up and they were bringing Eason to the welfare institute today,

Monica was very excited! Even the air was filled with romance.

Humming a little tune, she changed her clothes and did her makeup, put on a white hat, and looked at herself in the mirror. She was at her peak beauty today!

When she was ready to go downstairs, her phone rang. It was Tristan, and she excitedly answered,

"Hey, good morning."

"Monica, have you gotten up?" Tristan asked softly.

"I'm up! What about you?"

"Then I'll come to pick you up. Let's go for breakfast, then pick up Eason from the hospital. I probably have to rush back at noon. I have an important meeting at one o'clock that I can't miss."

"Alright, I'm ready to go."

"Ten minutes." Tristan said, "See you in a bit."

"Yep!"

After ending the call, Monica happily went downstairs. She planned to play in the snow in the yard.

After all, it had been a long time since she had seen snow. It was truly romantic.

As she reached the entrance of the living room, she noticed that Belinda had gone out, "So early?"

Because her shoes were not there.

Monica didn't think too much about it. After all, Belinda also had friends here.

She opened the door and stepped into the yard. The fresh air hit her face. Excitedly stepping on the accumulated snow, she left footprints all the way to the tarred road.

No cars had passed by yet, and the snow on the entire road was smooth.

Tristan's car was coming this way...

Monica, wearing a pink knee-length trench coat, with her long black hair flowing and a white hat on her head, looked particularly ladylike.

She had her hands in her pockets, hopping around in the snow, making the shape of a few small rabbits. She laughed out loud, looking like a fairy.

"Monica!"

Hearing the voice, she looked up, only to see a young man with white skin, high nose bridge, and blue eyes standing not far away.

When their eyes met, he happily approached her, "It's really you! Monica! Long time no see!"

"Norberto?" Monica was also surprised. How did she meet him here?

Before she could react, he ran over and excitedly embraced her tightly!

Chapter 1469: This is a Shock

Monica was startled by his enthusiasm, her face awkward, "Long time no see."

"Monica! It's really you! It's really you!!" Norberto was extremely excited. "Why are you in Arkpool City?

Why are you living here?" He gripped her shoulders, looked at her, and then around them.

Monica smiled, not knowing how to respond, when she was once again enveloped in his embrace.

This time the hug was so tight it left her breathless. Monica coughed due to lack of oxygen, "Well...

well, you should let me go first."

But he was still thrilled, "Monica! Am I dreaming? We meet again! What a small world!"

"Norberto, let go, let me go..." Monica struggled, pushing against his firm chest, "I can hardly breathe,

please!"

At this moment, a Maybach parked not far away. The scene of the man hugging the girl fell right into

Tristan's view from the driver's seat, causing his body to stiffen as if a sword had pierced his heart.

It hurt quite distinctly!

What was going on??

In the snow, Monica finally pushed the passionate man away, jokingly saying, "Norberto! You almost

strangled me! Here, murder is punishable by death!"

The man's face was full of smiles, "It's been a long time, I was so excited I thought I recognized the wrong person. How have you been these past two years?"

From Tristan's position, he could see the man's full-faced smile, his heart blooming with joy, his eyes all on Monica, excitedly saying something.

Then he saw Monica laughing heartily. It was clear from their interaction that they were old friends.

Seeing another man embracing Monica so intimately, Tristan felt... particularly uncomfortable!

As though his most precious possession was coveted by someone else.

His expression changed, he unbuckled his seatbelt, opened the car door, and walked directly towards them.

Tristan stared at the man with a stern face, emitting an aura of displeasure.

"Monica." When he called her name, his voice softened considerably.

Monica turned at the sound of his voice, noticing Tristan standing behind her. He said, "We should go, Eason is waiting."

"Oh, alright." So, Monica waved goodbye to Norberto and introduced, "This is my friend, Tristan, we

have an appointment today, we must go first."

When Norberto looked at Tristan, Tristan was also looking at him. Norberto could feel the icy and dangerous aura of this man permeating the air he inhaled.

Before Norberto could say anything, Tristan wrapped his arm around Monica's shoulder and led her away.

This surprised Monica. As he led her to his car, Monica looked up to see a cold and stern face.

Tristan's face today had lost some of its warmth and gained some coldness, what happened to him?

It wasn't until he opened the passenger door for her, "Get in."

She snapped back to reality, bent over and got in, while Tristan turned and gave the man a warning look.

Which left Norberto somewhat taken aback.

Tristan closed the car door, walked around to the driver's side, got in, and drove away.

"Boyfriend?" Norberto stood in the snow and muttered to himself, "Misunderstanding?"

Inside the departing Maybach, Tristan's mood was shrouded by clouds. Recalling how Monica was tightly embraced by another man just now, he felt a sour taste in his heart!

His eyes, looking forward, were filled with coldness! His fingers gripping the steering wheel also

inexplicably tightened.

Chapter 1470: Tristan is Catching On

Monica sat in the passenger seat once again, feeling that the atmosphere today was a bit unusual.

After a silence of more than ten seconds, she tried to look at him, feeling that today's Tristan was a bit

strange, "What's wrong with you? Are you in a bad mood?"

"I'm fine." Tristan drove, not turning his head to ask, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"I'm okay with anything, it's up to you." Monica stared at him unwaveringly, "Did you finish your cake?"

How was it?"

Thinking about the moments from last night, she was quite happy, but didn't dare to show it.

"I brought it home, haven't eaten it yet." Tristan's tone softened a lot, he wanted to ask who that man

was just now, what his relationship was with her, and what was going on with their hugging and

cuddling so early in the morning.

But he knew he had no right to ask.

Monica spoke again, reporting the situation to him, "I told my mom the true marital status of my dad last

night, she was shocked and didn't believe it."

Tristan didn't respond, focusing on driving, it was unclear what he was thinking.

She withdrew her gaze and continued the topic, "But I feel that there's a possibility of them getting back together. I can tell that my mom has never let go of him."

"Who is he?" Tristan's thin lips slightly opened.

"My dad, who else could it be?" Monica found it funny, had he not been listening to her at all?

But Tristan turned his gaze, adding, "Who was that man just now?"

"You mean Norberto?" Monica was following the conversation, "The boy in the snow?"

"Hmm."

Monica looked at him and honestly replied, "A friend I met on a trip, I haven't seen him in three years.

We were in a tour group in Europe for half a month, he's a photographer, he took a lot of pictures for us, why?"

Haven't seen him in three years? Just a friend met by chance?

Tristan seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, as long as he wasn't a persistent hanger-on.

"Does he like you?" Tristan asked while driving, "Does he?"

"No!" Monica denied, then looked at him in surprise, "We never kept in touch! What would he like about

me? Did... did you see us hugging? That's just how people are over there."

Tristan certainly believed her words, but he also understood that he had been jealous this morning!

And he was completely filled with it!

He still hadn't digested it!

Perhaps it wasn't until now that he realized that he was in love with the girl beside him.

Loving genuinely, passionately, to the point of not allowing anyone else to approach her...

But Tristan was a very cautious person, he knew that girls valued rituals, so even if it was a confession,

he wanted to be prepared, not to be too abrupt or casual, he wanted to leave a deep impression on her.

"Do you have any plans for tomorrow?" Tristan asked her again.

The girl turned her gaze, "What for?"

"Tomorrow night, I'll give you an address, you come find me." Tristan had an idea in his mind, and he

would put it into action.

He couldn't let Norberto get there first.

He couldn't wait any longer, he was afraid of missing out, after all, Monica was also very excellent.

That Huo Junyue guy was also watching silently!

Monica didn't agree with him, because she didn't know what he wanted to do, he was so strange today.

Did he like her or not? Sometimes she just couldn't figure it out.

Some moments were like love, and some moments... seemed even less than friendship.

This situation made Monica feel tired, she turned her gaze to look at him again, finding that his cold

demeanor had softened a lot.

Tristan always gave her a feeling of being close at hand, yet far out of reach.