

Surprised 1471

Chapter 1471: Bringing Eason to the Orphanage

In the early morning at the orphanage.

Claire had already woken up. She opened a novel webpage on her computer, checking her comment section. Many readers expressed excitement at her resuming updates after a hiatus of four to five days and encouraged her not to stop updating again.

Some asked if she had been very busy lately.

Others were worried if she had fallen ill.

But even more readers declared their unwavering dedication to her novel.

As she scrolled through these hundreds of comments, a wave of warmth welled up within her. Her eyes moistened involuntarily, she was truly touched.

Writing was a passion that permeated Claire's bones. She loved the stories under her pen, and she loved her supportive readers.

While scrolling, her slender fingers paused. Claire spotted five comments from Rowan Watson-Rowan. Watson was looking for her!

A new account, named Rowan Watson!

A spark ignited in Claire's eyes. Rowan Watson was her boyfriend! She remembered!

Fixated on the name, she felt as though she had found a glimmer of hope. She quickly responded to his comment-

"I'm at the orphanage. I'm fine. I'm still alive. Don't worry. I'll come to see you in a few days."

To avoid revealing her private address publicly and putting the orphanage under the scrutiny of all her readers, Claire didn't reply in too much detail.

But even such a simple response didn't post successfully. The comment was under review!

Claire was frustrated. All she could do was wait patiently. She didn't usually interact with her readers, she had only just realized that comments needed to be reviewed by the website.

She got up and looked out the window. The world outside was pure and clean. The snow, fluffy like cotton, danced in the wind.

Such beauty could certainly bring joy to people.

She was thinking about Rowan Watson, even though she couldn't recall his face.

At this moment, a Maybach was driving towards the orphanage... It had already left the city area.

"The snow in the suburbs still hasn't stopped." Monica and Eason sat in the back seat, she looked out

the window, "It's so beautiful! Like a thick quilt!"

Eason also liked the snow, "Monica, can I build a snowman?" Probably all children loved snow.

"Of course!"

But he was more excited about meeting new friends today. Eason had carefully prepared gifts for them

and brought cards for playing the idiom solitaire game. He was both nervous and excited.

"Monica, will they like playing with me?" The little guy lacked confidence, he hadn't interacted with

outsiders for quite a while.

"They definitely will!"

Eason was bundled up in a hat, scarf, and gloves.

"Eason, are you cold?" Tristan, who was driving, asked him, "Give your hand to Monica for a check."

The doctors had repeatedly instructed when they left that he must not catch a cold during treatment.

"Brother, I'm not cold!" The child was excited, his body was warm.

But Monica still checked Eason's hands and back, then reported to Tristan, "He's not cold, and he isn't

sweating."

Back at the orphanage.

Jack Adams had prepared breakfast for the children, they were lining up to get their food. The kids

were excited to hear that Monica was coming!

"I want to have a snowball fight with Monica!"

"Me too! Me too!"

Jack Adams smiled and told them, "Monica will bring a special little friend over. You all must protect him

well. He wants to make friends with you. He's a sick child, so you must give him extra care and love."

"Okay, Mr. Adams!"

"Will he live here all the time?" Mino asked curiously, "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a boy. He won't live here, he's just coming to play with Monica and will leave by noon."

"Oh, I see."

After breakfast, the kids went to the courtyard to wait, some built snowmen, some had snowball fights.

As they played, they would look towards the road outside the yard. Finally, they saw a car entering their

sight.

"They're here! They're here!! Monica is here!!" The children jumped in excitement, clapping their hands and revealing genuine smiles.

Chapter 1472: A Kind of Love Called Love for the Whole Family

Despite the snowy weather, Tristan's driving skills were still excellent.

"Brother, are we almost there?" Eason looked through the car window at the children near the entrance of the large courtyard in the distance. Were they his new friends?

"We're almost there, just up ahead," Tristan glanced back at him, gently instructing, "Eason, you should take the initiative to greet them."

Sitting next to Monica, holding the bag of gifts in his hand, Eason felt a bit nervous. He feared strangers.

One who had been alone and ostracized for a long time could easily develop social phobia. This was the legacy his biological mother and sister had left him. He had tried so hard to please them, but received not a shred of warmth in return.

The Maybach slowly rolled into the yard of the orphanage. The children excitedly clapped their hands to make way, "They're here! They've finally arrived!"

The car came to a stop and the doors opened. Tristan and Monica were the first to get out.

"Monica!"

"Monica, long time no see!"

"Good morning, Monica!"

The children were extremely enthusiastic, each one joyfully hopping and jumping around. Even the children with mobility issues had happy smiles on their rosy faces.

"Hello, children. Green, Lili, Joy, Kay, Mino... Hey, you all!" Monica warmly greeted them, "Today I'm introducing a new friend to you!"

Although she didn't visit often, she still video-called frequently to encourage the children, so she remembered their names.

The children were very excited! They loved new faces.

Monica turned around and led Eason out of the car. The pure white snowflakes fell on their shoulders and hair, fluttering about.

At this time, Jack Adams also came out of the house. When he looked at Tristan, his face was full of

grateful smiles.

"Hello, Mr. Adams." Monica shielded Eason in her arms, closed the car door, and held his little hand,

"Let me introduce you. This is Tristan, my friend, and this is Mr. Jack Adams."

"Hello, Mr. Adams." Tristan had heard about his deeds and admired him greatly.

"Hello, Mr. Tristan, thank you for coming all this way!" Jack Adams was wearing a black woolen coat

with a raised collar. His mental state and inner cultivation made Tristan feel this man was infinitely

charming, despite his age.

"Eason, come, say hello to Uncle Adams." Monica squatted down next to Eason, held his small

shoulder, and patiently guided him.

She had already explained Eason's situation to Jack Adams over the phone.

Jack Adams squatted down, kindly looking at the special little boy in front of him, giving him an

encouraging look, patiently waiting for him to speak.

Eason was afraid of strangers. He met Jack Adams's gaze, gripping Monica's hand tightly. After a long

time, he finally uttered a soft, "Mr. Adams."

His voice was very small, but because it was quiet all around and all eyes were on him, Jack Adams

heard him clearly.

"Hello, Eason!" Jack Adams was delighted, he kindly patted his little head, "Eason is great!" Then he looked at the bag Eason was holding, "Is this... a gift?"

The children of the orphanage lined up behind Mr. Adams, tall and short, quietly watching Eason.

They all knew about his situation and today they were to make friends with him, to play with him, and to help him blend into their group.

"Eason, sister will introduce you now. You have to listen carefully, and then give your new friends the gifts, okay?" Monica patiently guided him.

Because of her love for Tristan, she also loved Eason as if he were part of the same household.

Chapter 1473: A Glimpse of Claire

Eason nodded, "Okay." His voice was timid, but he was trying to overcome his fears.

"Green." Monica's gaze landed on a girl of about ten and waved at her.

Green stepped forward, "Hello, Eason." Her smile was full of kindness.

"Hello, Green." Eason pulled a delicate little box from the bag and handed it over, "This is a gift for you, hope you like it."

"Thank you, Eason!" Green took it, "It's beautiful, I really like it."

Giving joy can always harvest double the joy, and Eason's timidity diminished slightly.

"Kay." Monica called softly again.

"Hello, Monica." The gentle little girl stepped forward, then looked at the little boy in front of her,
"Hello,

Eason, nice to meet you!"

"Hello, Kay." Eason took another delicate box out of the bag and gave it to her, "This is a gift for you, I

hope you like it."

"Thank you." Kay's smile was sweet.

In this way, Monica called the children's names one by one, patiently introducing them to Eason, and

Eason carefully remembered the appearance and names of his new friends.

Snowflakes were still falling, like catkins, and like dandelion fluff dancing in the sky, light, silent, that

was the unique beauty of winter, the unique romance.

In the midst of the snowfall, Tristan inadvertently looked up and saw Claire standing at the balcony on

the second floor!

Tristan was stunned, his eyes full of surprise!

Was this a dream??

Claire was wearing a big red cape, the fur on her hat was even whiter than today's snow, quietly

watching everything happening in the courtyard, like a princess from a different time.

Noticing the man staring at her, Claire also focused her gaze on him.

Meeting Tristan's gaze, Claire seemed to have no emotional fluctuations.

"Claire?" Tristan spoke softly, he couldn't be mistaken, and this was not a dream!

Monica, who was just standing up after giving out the gifts with Eason, happened to hear Tristan's

voice, looked at him, then followed his gaze to the second floor-

Monica also saw the familiar figure standing in front of the railing!

"Claire?" She was extremely shocked!

Jack Adams stepped out two steps, also looked up, then looked at Tristan and Monica, "What's up? Do

you know her?"

Tristan came back to his senses, looked at Mr. Adams, and asked, "Why is she here? Wasn't she

pushed into the river?"

"I saved her." Jack Adams kept it short, "My fishing boat happened to be passing by at that time."

Monica was simply overjoyed, she reacted, ecstatic, "Claire!" Then she ran towards the stairs.

Tristan also quickly followed!

Leaving Jack Adams surprised, it seemed they knew each other.

While climbing the stairs, Tristan dialed Rowan Watson's number on his mobile phone, he urgently

said, "Dr. Watson! No need to search anymore! Claire is at a welfare home in the southern suburbs!

Monica and I have seen her!"

"We are also on our way!" Rowan Watson, who was driving the car, was thrilled, "How is she? Any

injuries?"

"She looks fine, drive carefully on the road, and notify Mort Assistant! See you later!" After finishing

speaking, Tristan hung up the phone and quickened his pace.

At this time, three cars were rushing towards them.

Finnley Russell received the accurate location from Alfie, shared it with Mr. Marsh and Rowan Watson,

and set off towards the location with his parents as soon as dawn broke, driving his own car.

Chapter 1474: They All Arrived

"There's snow on the road, drive slowly, safety first." Albert, sitting in the back seat, voiced his concern despite his urgency.

"Don't worry, Dad." Finnley Russell was a cautious person.

Everyone was relieved, their hearts aflutter. After days of searching and sleepless nights, they finally had news of Claire. It was the best news before the New Year.

Violet clenched her hands together, wishing she could immediately go to Claire's parents' grave and share the good news.

Pregnant Mya was taken care of by the servants and the housekeeper. She couldn't leave the house, but her heart had already flown off.

"Young lady, don't worry too much. The young miss is definitely alive. Her novel is even being updated." The housekeeper was also very happy.

"Yes." Mya finally exhaled in relief, "Tell the nutritionist to cook the dishes Miss likes at noon."

"Yes, I have already arranged it."

Mya stood in the living room with the heating on, looking out at the snowy landscape, "It's a bit far to

the southern suburbs, I don't know if the road is icy."

"Don't worry, there are anti-skid chains in the car."

On the edge of the city, inside the limited edition Lamborghini, the driver pressed on.

Ivan Marsh and Jennifer sat in the back seat. They hadn't gone to the company that day; Ivan Marsh even cancelled an important meeting, and they were directly rushing here after receiving the address.

"Our son is really capable." Ivan Marsh was very satisfied, "With proper training, he could become a top computer genius in the world."

"Of course, look at who's son it is." Jennifer joked with a smile, "A tiger never fathers a dog."

Of course, as soon as Rowan Watson received the location sent by Finnley Russell, he immediately started driving in the direction.

Since seeing the update of her novel, Rowan Watson was so excited that he had not slept all night.

On this snowy morning, everyone's heartstrings were pulled for Claire, but their moods were different from the last time they went to the ancient town.

Everyone was full of hope and excitement.

In Finnley Russell's car, Violet tightly held her husband's hand and said solemnly, "I won't agree to Claire dating Rowan Watson again."

A brief silence followed in the car.

On this matter, Finnley Russell didn't voice his opinion. He thought the most important thing now was to find her and ensure her safety.

After all, she was pushed from such a high place...

Albert's face also darkened a bit, "Although we believe in democracy, Dr. Watson is indeed not suitable."

Violet also said, "He's a good doctor, not necessarily a good husband. With his constant busyness, he couldn't possibly be a good father. He can't even offer the most basic companionship."

At this moment, Tristan's call came through to Jennifer's phone. She glanced at the caller ID and answered, "Hello, brother."

"Jennifer, we saw Claire at a welfare home. She's safe, but she has partial amnesia." Tristan informed her, "The search in the ancient town can be stopped."

"Okay, we're also rushing to the welfare home, we'll be there soon." Jennifer said, "Claire updated her

novel last night. Alfie found the IP address of her novel's post."

"Okay, drive safely."

About five minutes later, Finnley Russell's group arrived first.

Jack Adams took the children into the classroom and also arranged a spot for Eason, even making sure he sat in the front row.

"Green, lead the new text reading." Jack Adams instructed. As he turned, he saw the car that had just stopped in the yard.

"Okay, Mr. Adams."

Before leaving, Jack Adams took a book and put it on Eason's desk, "Eason, can you read?"

The textbook was simple, third-grade content. Eason had been tutored by teachers recently, so he nodded, "I can read."

"Good, turn to page 32 and read along with Green." After saying this, Jack Adams patted his head encouragingly, then walked away.

Chapter 1475: Has She Remembered Everything?

When Jack Adams emerged, he saw three people getting out of a car. He took a few steps forward into

the yard and speculated, "You must be here for Claire, right?"

He suspected that Tristan had called them.

The Russells closed the car door and nodded at him in acknowledgement, "Hello."

Albert asked, "Are you the one who saved our niece Claire? I'm Claire's uncle, this is my wife, and this is our son."

They were all Claire's family.

Jack Adams, his defenses lowered, smiled kindly and introduced himself, "I am Adams. Claire has partial amnesia. I have some knowledge of herbal remedies and have been preparing medicine for her recently. She is recovering."

Claire really was still alive!

Violet was filled with gratitude, tears welling up in her eyes, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Adams!"

"Go upstairs, Claire's friend is also here. Today is a good day indeed. I'm happy to see her reunited with her family," Jack Adams said, his spirit always generous.

The Russells nodded and quickly made their way towards the stairs.

At this moment, a room on the second floor had its door wide open.

Claire was sitting on a stool. She looked at Tristan, then at Monica, trying hard to remember.

Fragments of her memory were coming together, from vague to clear...

Neither Monica nor Tristan rushed her, nor did they ask any questions. They just watched her, patiently waiting, their eyes full of encouragement.

"Tristan..." Claire suddenly focused, "I remember you, you're Tristan! Jennifer's biological brother, Mr. Marsh's uncle!"

A look of surprise and delight crossed Tristan's eyes, "Yes! You remembered!"

"And what about me?" Monica quickly pointed to herself and asked her, "Claire, do you remember me?"

"You're..." Claire looked at her, remembered her pulling herself to meet Tristan, remembered her and Tristan together outside the hospital elevator, and remembered that blind date...

But she just couldn't remember her name, after all, they didn't have much interaction before and even the number of times they met could be counted on one hand.

"I'm Monica, nice to meet you again!" Monica reached out to her, giving her a pleasant smile.

Claire finally remembered her, "Yes, you're Monica." She smiled at her, then looked at Tristan, "Are you two together?" She was delighted and hoped they were a couple.

Tristan and Monica glanced at each other. How to answer this question? They were in a period of ambiguity.

There was a trend towards being together, but the relationship was not confirmed.

Monica quickly turned her gaze back to Claire, "Do you remember Rowan Watson? He's a very important person!" She changed the topic, relieving her own embarrassment.

"Claire!"

At this point, Violet walked in excitedly!

Everyone in the room turned their heads at the sound. Claire stood up as everyone watched the three people entering from the door.

Violet almost tripped over in her excitement. After entering, she hugged Claire tightly, "Claire! My Claire! We finally found you!"

At this moment, all of Claire's memories began to return, rushing towards her like a tide.

"Claire, these days have been terrifying for us. Thank heavens you're alive, as long as you're alive!"

Violet felt overjoyed as if she had found a lost treasure.

Finnley Russell and his father also came in. They saw Tristan and Monica. There were eye contacts,

but no exchanges.

The next second, all the focus was on Claire.

"Claire, do you know how worried we've been for you..." Violet was still frightened at the thought. She

even thought she would never find Claire again, "Child, did it hurt when you fell from such height? Do

you remember us?"

"Auntie, I'm sorry..." Claire's voice trembled as she began to speak, tears streaming down her face.

This shocked everyone. Had she remembered everything?

Chapter 1476: The Relationship Between Jennifer and Jack Adams

Violet, clutching her shoulders, quickly pulled her out of her embrace, staring at her incredulously,

"Claire! What did you just call me? Do you remember who I am? Have you remembered everything?"

"Auntie." Claire muttered sadly, looking at the middle-aged man next to her, "Uncle..." finally, her gaze

fell on Finnley Russell, "Brother..."

All the briefly lost memories flooded back into her mind. She could imagine how worried her family must have been during the days of her disappearance.

Although she was not the biological daughter of the Russell family, she was indeed treated as a precious gem.

Claire, full of guilt and tears in her eyes, sincerely said, "I'm sorry, I made you all worry."

"Claire, don't say that, you silly child!" Violet tenderly cupped her face.

"Have you regained your memory? That's great!" Albert was overjoyed, tears filling his eyes as he laughed heartily, "This is wonderful! You've remembered everything!"

Downstairs, in the snow-covered yard, snowflakes were still fluttering in the air.

The sound of reading came from the classroom.

Jack Adams saw two more cars driving towards them.

He couldn't help but wonder. It seemed that Claire was a child from a wealthy family, so many people were concerned about her, and all the cars were luxury ones.

You know, in ordinary days, there would be no outsiders at the orphanage. It was a relatively closed environment.

Rowan Watson's car was in front, followed by a limited edition Lamborghini, about twenty meters apart.

Rowan Watson had just driven his car into the yard and stopped.

He quickly unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car, "Are you Mr. Adams? Hello, I'm Claire's

boyfriend. Is she here?"

"Yes, she's upstairs." Jack Adams noticed his eagerness.

"Thank you!" Rowan Watson didn't have time to ask the questions in his heart, nor did he have time to

say more words of thanks. His mind was full of Claire, so he dashed towards the stairs!

Jack Adams turned his gaze to the tall figure, sensing how tormented and anxious this man had been

these days.

The exhaustion on Rowan Watson's face was evident to Jack Adams, a herbalist.

He saw in Rowan Watson, a man of loyalty and deep feelings.

Soon, the limited edition Lamborghini also drove in and parked next to Tristan's car.

When Jack Adams saw the logo of the car, he was taken aback. Each car was more luxurious than the

last, and all were here for Claire?

The driver got out of the car and quickly opened the rear door.

Hmm, quite grand.

Jack Adams couldn't help but become more alert.

A man with a king-like aura and a young and beautiful woman got out of the car.

The moment the car door closed, Jennifer looped her arm through Ivan Marsh's and was about to step

forward when she caught sight of Jack Adams.

Jennifer halted, surprise flashing in her eyes!

Seeing that his wife had stopped moving, Ivan Marsh turned and saw the subtle change in Jennie's

face. Following her gaze, he saw a middle-aged man, surprise also evident in his eyes.

Ivan Marsh's eyebrows furrowed.

"Jack!" Jennifer's voice trembled, her defenses completely shattered.

This address made Ivan Marsh very surprised. Jack?

Looking back at Jack Adams, his surprised eyes were filled with joy, "Jennie! Is it really you?"

Jennifer stepped forward and Jack Adams excitedly grabbed her arm, "Jennie..." They had a long-

awaited reunion!

They had lost contact over the years.

At this moment, Rowan Watson entered the room. When he walked in, the Russells were warming up to Claire.

"Claire..." He stood at the door, calling her name softly, his longing gaze falling on her face.

The Russells turned their heads. Violet was not happy to see him!

Chapter 1477: I'm Sorry, Claire

He held Claire in his arms, giving Rowan Watson a strong repelling glance.

"Claire..." Finally meeting the person he had missed day and night, Rowan Watson disregarded the stares of others. He approached her, with only her in his eyes and heart.

Claire looked at his haggard face, able to see the stubble on his face from a distance. Bitterness welled up in her heart, accompanied by a pang of pain deep within.

She gently removed her aunt's hand from her shoulder and also stepped towards Rowan Watson... like a slow-motion scene in a movie, they walked towards each other.

"Rowan Watson..." Claire felt pained for him. With tears in her eyes, she took the initiative to rush into his arms, her hands tightly wrapped around his waist.

Rowan Watson also held her tightly in his embrace, his chin resting on her hair, as they shared a long-awaited, passionate hug.

"I'm sorry." Rowan Watson was filled with self-reproach, his chest aching with each breath. "I'm sorry, Claire, it was me who caused you suffering." He hugged her tightly as if trying to meld her into his body.

"No... it's not your fault." Claire's heart was filled with sourness. Raising her eyes from his embrace, she asked tearfully, "Why have you become so haggard? You have grown a beard."

Rowan Watson looked deeply into her eyes, not even willing to blink.

This scene moved both Tristan and Monica, especially Monica, who couldn't help but tear up because she knew what Rowan Watson had been through these days.

Especially that night in the ancient town, he had stood in the wind and rain all night...

But it failed to move the two elders of the Russell family, especially Violet.

She instinctively glanced at Tristan. The sense of security he exuded made him seem more reliable the more she looked at him.

Tristan was actually the first one to find Claire, which comforted Violet even more.

She thought this might be the arrangement of fate.

"Claire." Violet regained her composure and took a few steps forward, pulling Claire away from Rowan

Watson and hugging her shoulder again, "Come home with your aunt, let's take good care of our

health."

At this moment, Claire was in tears, her heart shattered, and Rowan Watson's feelings were incredibly

complex.

"Dr. Watson, please stay away from our Claire in the future!" Violet looked at him, speaking bluntly,

"Claire didn't die this time, we must learn our lesson and not make the same mistake again!"

Hearing these words, Rowan Watson was disheartened. He understood what the aunt meant, "Aunt,

I'm sorry, I love Claire, I can't stay away from her."

"Then find a way!" Violet was firm, not wanting to waste words with him. She looked at the girl, "Claire,

let's go, go home with your aunt!"

"Aunt..." Claire knew everyone was worried about her.

"Claire, let's talk about it when we get home." Albert interrupted the girl's words, pulling her to leave.

Violet turned her gaze to Tristan, her voice becoming incredibly gentle, "Tristan, thank you, I'll treat you

to a meal another day."

She said these words for Rowan Watson to hear. After saying this, Violet also stepped away, not even glancing at Rowan Watson again.

Monica was puzzled, why thank Tristan?

And why invite him for a meal?? When she turned to look at Tristan, Tristan was also looking at her.

Tristan also looked confused.

Rowan Watson glanced at them, then turned and followed...

Downstairs, in a certain room.

Jack Adams took out a handwritten medical book from a cabinet and handed it to Jennifer. She recognized her master's handwriting from the cover with just a glance.

"Where is my master?" This was Jennifer's most pressing concern right now. She was both hopeful and afraid to know the answer.

Jack Adams looked steady, with a hint of sadness in his eyes, "His mission is complete, he has gone to heaven."

Jennifer's heart ached. Ivan Marsh put his arms around her shoulders, her mind began to wander.

"How did my master die? He was always in good health," Jennifer asked, wanting an answer, a vague sense of foreboding in her heart.

Jack Adams didn't want to stir up more hatred, and also respected the wishes of his senior brother, so he didn't reveal much.

Chapter 1478: Today is a Wonderful Day

"Uncle Marsh, please tell me the truth," Jennifer seemed calm, but Ivan Marsh could feel her body trembling slightly.

Jack Adams' gaze fell on the handwritten medical book in her hand, "This medical book is priceless. My senior brother tested drugs on himself, sacrificing his life for his beloved medical profession. Many people in the world want to get this book, and because of this, I've had to live under a pseudonym."

Suddenly, Jennifer seemed to understand something, and she felt the weight of the book in her hand.

She also understood why Uncle Marsh saved Claire and didn't call the police - there were too many people looking for him, and even more who wanted this book.

At this moment, the Russells came down with Claire.

Ivan Marsh took the medical book from his wife's hand, turned around, walked towards his

Lamborghini, and placed the book in the car.

"Mr. Adams, thank you for saving our Claire," Albert thanked him again, "If there is anything you need

at the orphanage, please don't hesitate to ask. Here's my business card."

Jack Adams took the card, "This is also a kind of destiny. We lack nothing here. I appreciate your

kindness."

"Mr. Adams," Claire was wearing a red cloak, gratitude filled her heart, "Thank you."

Jack Adams just shook his head with a smile.

However, as the Russells, they would certainly send some supplies today, after all, there were children

here who needed things like quilts.

The snow was still falling.

The Russells took Claire to the car, Rowan Watson stood in the yard, watching this scene helplessly.

He didn't forcibly take Claire away.

After all, he had been tormented these days, and so had the Russells.

They were Claire's family, he had no right to interfere, nor could he replace them.

Before getting in the car, Violet glanced at Tristan, her eyes full of deep meaning, as if they contained a thousand words, and the clever Tristan seemed to understand something.

Yes, Tristan and Monica also came down.

"Claire is our friend, we've been looking for her these days," Jennifer told Jack Adams. "She's really lucky to have met you."

With that, she looked around and heard the sound of reading from the classroom. Then she looked at Tristan, "How did you end up here?"

"Eason is in the classroom," Tristan told her, "We brought Eason here."

Jennifer was surprised, she looked incredulously at him, then at Mr. Adams, and then walked towards the classroom.

"Starlight pours into my eyes, flowing through my body, telling me a secret. Far, far away, on the other side of the universe, is the reflection of this side..."

The children's reading voices came from the classroom. Through the window, she saw Eason sitting in his seat with his textbook.

Seeing him like other children, no longer afraid of strangers, holding his book seriously, Jennifer was especially moved, her throat a little choked up.

This really was a wonderful day.

Her younger brother was recovering day by day, and becoming better day by day.

Jack Adams came to her side, and from her expression, it wasn't hard to guess something, "Do you also know Eason?"

"He's my brother," Jennifer didn't hide it, "My half-brother, same father. Different mothers." She looked at Uncle Marsh, "Thank you."

Jack Adams was shocked, then said to her, "Well, in that case, I can provide him with a place to stay, so he can better integrate into this group."

Jennifer shook her head, "Not now, he needs to receive treatment at the hospital, but when it's convenient, we can bring him over."

Chapter 1479: Is He Rowan Watson?

"Alright, feel free to contact us anytime." With this new connection established, everyone felt closer.

Jennifer and Ivan Marsh were here for Claire today, so after the Russells took Claire away, there was

no reason for them to stay longer.

After all, Eason had Tristan and Monica to accompany him.

So, Jennifer said goodbye to Jack Adams, left a contact number, and exchanged phone numbers.

"You're staying with Eason, right?" Jennifer looked at Tristan, then at Monica, "When will you return to the city?"

"We'll leave around noon," Tristan answered her, "You can go ahead with your things."

Jennifer nodded, "We have some business at the company this morning, so we'll leave first." Then her gaze fell on Rowan Watson.

Rowan Watson seemed calm, but the exhaustion and frailty were written all over his face. He had been greatly tormented these past few days.

"You go ahead, I'll leave in a bit." After all, everyone had their cars.

"Okay," Jennifer nodded and advised, "Be careful on the road, and drive slowly."

"Alright."

With that, she and Ivan Marsh bid Jack Adams goodbye again, and headed towards the Lamborghini.

The chauffeur had already opened the car door. After they got in, everyone watched as the car drove

away.

Only today did Jack Adams realize that she was Mrs. Marsh, and the two children were Mr. Marsh's own flesh and blood.

So, giving the medical book to her was a very wise choice. The book's potential could be fully realized, relieving the pain of many patients, and even saving lives.

Tristan and Monica watched as Rowan Watson took a few steps forward and approached Mr. Adams.

Rowan Watson's furrowed brow reflected his mood, but his upbringing made him respectably bow his head and sincerely say, "Thank you, Mr. Adams, for saving Claire."

Mr. Adams quickly reached out to steady his arms, "It was nothing, just a simple task."

"I am Rowan Watson, Mr. Adams from the Charity Medical Center. Here is my business card." Saying this, Rowan Watson handed over a business card, sincerely saying, "If the orphanage needs any help, just give me a call."

Is he Rowan Watson? The Rowan Watson from the Charity Medical Center?

When this name was mentioned by Claire, Jack Adams didn't think too much about it. Initially, he just

thought it was a coincidence.

But the Charity Medical Center was so famous, and Rowan Watson was a medical genius! He had developed countless new drugs to treat intractable diseases and saved countless lives.

He was so young!

And so humble!

Jack Adams was very excited and inexplicably moved. He quickly took the business card, "Okay!"

Rowan Watson's sincere look moved Tristan and Monica, they had just witnessed how the Russell family elders treated him.

Rowan Watson, although injured himself, still paid attention to every detail. He came for Claire, but couldn't take her away. How much pain must his heart bear?

In the leaving car.

Finnley Russell was driving, with Claire sitting between Albert and Violet in the back seat. They held her hands, which were a bit cold.

Feeling the weight of their concern, Claire's heart was still focused on Rowan Watson.

Having not seen him for a few days, he had become haggard... He even grew a beard... He was Mr.

Adams, didn't he care about his image?

These days, he must have been blaming himself deeply, right?

He must not have slept well, right?

"Claire, you shouldn't write your novel during this time." Violet felt pity for her, "When we get home, just

take care of your health. We will take you to the hospital for a detailed check-up now."

"Aunt, I'm fine..." Claire regained her senses, her lips curving upward, "Mr. Adams is a miraculous

doctor. He took my pulse and gave me medicine. I have almost recovered and don't need to go to the hospital."

Then, she looked at Violet, then at Albert, "Uncle, Aunt, this incident really can't be blamed on Rowan Watson."

"He was the one who took you out, so it's his fault!" Violet was angry when she thought about it, "He is just a doctor, only knows how to take care of his patients, he doesn't know how to date!"

Chapter 1480: Poor Algerone is Freezing

"First, let's get your health back on track, we can put aside emotional matters for now," Albert said in a

gentle tone, hoping to end the topic, "Claire, being pushed from such a height, even if you've physically recovered, you must have been terrified, right?"

"..." Now that her memory had returned, Claire didn't dare to recall the events of that day. The moment she screamed, she truly thought she was going to die.

Suppressing the dissatisfaction in her heart, Violet's voice remained gentle yet firm, "In any case, you cannot continue to be involved with Rowan Watson. He's currently unable to handle his emotional issues. If in the future he can't handle doctor-patient relationships properly either, that would be truly terrifying."

Claire knew she had no way to defend herself right now and could only leave it to time. Her aunt was still angry because she cared about her, which Claire could understand.

In the car, Violet let out a light sigh, finally able to pay respects at her brother's and sister's graves.

She tenderly stroked Claire's hair, "Claire, we promised your parents that we would take good care of you. This was a false alarm, a lesson for us. We really can't make any more mistakes in the future."

When her parents were mentioned, Claire also felt sad.

In Arkpool City, heavy snow fell last night, covering the world in a pristine blanket of white over

courtyard and grounds. This sight was beautiful and untouched.

Outside the villa, Algerone Swain stood in the yard holding a bouquet of roses, waiting.

Almost an hour had passed, and he still hadn't seen Belinda returning. He was practically freezing stiff.

When he arrived, he saw two sets of footprints in the yard and knew that his ex-wife and daughter had gone out.

He had the fingerprint password, but he didn't barge in. This was out of respect for his ex-wife. He had lent her the house, so he needed to ensure her sense of security.

It was strange, Calls to Belinda went unanswered... He wanted to ask her when she would be back.

Algerone Swain had been brewing his feelings all of last night. He had prepared to confess to Belinda about his marital status, and tell her that he had never forgotten her all these years.

But as time passed... Algerone's courage began to wane. Some things needed to be said while under the influence of alcohol, or in a moment of impulse.

Around noon.

When Tristan and Monica took Eason to leave the orphanage, Jack Adams also drove out.

He had an appointment at noon, so he specially wore a trench coat that fully displayed his charming personality. He even took a bath and styled his hair this morning, making a thorough effort to dress up.

In Arkpool City, the snow had stopped early in the morning, leaving the whole world blanketed in white.

In a restaurant with an elegant Italian style, it was a workday, and the accumulated snow on the roads made travel inconvenient, so there were not many customers.

The restaurant was warm with yellow lighting, and the heat was on. Jack Adams and Belinda sat across from each other.

Italians value romance, even the bottles on the table were adorned with roses. The strong scent filled the air, lingering in the nostrils.

"Guess who I met today?" Jack Adams asked, cutting his steak and looking warmly at the woman across from him.

The man in the black trench coat, despite no longer being young, was still striking.

Belinda didn't guess, she directly asked, "Who?"

"Monica."

Belinda was slightly taken aback, she looked at him intently, "Where did you run into her?"

"At the orphanage." Jack Adams said with a smile, he told her about Monica and Tristan taking Eason to the orphanage.

Upon hearing this, Belinda felt uneasy. This girl is too enthusiastic, isn't she? She's treating Tristan's matters as her own.

Clearly, Belinda didn't know about this, and she wasn't pleased.

They haven't even officially started dating, right? It's not good for a girl to be too forward. Belinda was becoming concerned about her daughter's situation. What was going on with Tristan?

Are they just casually seeing each other?

"What's wrong?" Jack Adams could see something in her expression. She seemed to be worried.