

Surprised 1551

Chapter 1551: Who Are These People?

"Is Ting..." At this moment, Jane happened to come out.

However, Tristan gently interrupted, "We never put salt in chicken soup at home, because it tastes fresher and more nutritious this way."

"..." Is that so? Monica looked at him in disbelief.

Tristan's lips curled up as he praised, "So the chicken soup you made last time was especially good. I really enjoyed drinking it! And I'm used to it."

Jane was shocked, and she also seemed to understand something. Did Monica forget to put salt in the chicken soup she made for him? So he was giving her a way out?

"Oh, I see." Sure enough, Monica was happy, but as she drank the soup in the bowl, it smelled fragrant but had no taste at all, it was simply... hard to swallow!

That morning, Finnley drove from the Russell family and headed this way.

Violet sat in the passenger seat, looking out the foggy window, her mood heavy.

Albert didn't come because having more people would unconsciously put pressure on Claire. He was

just going to pick her up. This wasn't a negotiation.

"Mom, when you see Claire later, don't say too much or put more pressure on her. Young people today are already under a lot of stress." Finnley said kindly as he controlled the steering wheel.

Violet had thought about it for a long time last night. "Son, it's not that your mother is unreasonable, it's that you haven't stood in your mother's position. If Claire was my own daughter, I probably wouldn't be so firmly against her being with Rowan today."

"She's not your own, so you want her to be happy even more." Finnley understood.

"Yes." Violet admitted, "Your uncle and aunt entrusted Claire to us before they passed away. We have a responsibility and obligation to raise her and let her live happily. We've lost her once already, we can't lose her a second time."

"Last time was just an accident. How many times can a person experience an accident like that in life?"

Finnley didn't quite understand and asked, "Should we all choose not to go out when we see news of a car accident?"

Violet was silent.

He said, "It's the same logic. Accidents happen, but we just need to be careful."

"I know you love her, and Claire knows too. But everyone's understanding of happiness is different. To let the people we love feel happy, that's real happiness, not forcing on them what we think is happiness."

The son's words were reasonable. Violet remained silent... she really was conflicted.

When Finnley arrived, Tristan and the others had already finished breakfast and were coming to the living room. They inadvertently saw a car parked steadily in the yard.

Rowan and Claire recognized at a glance that it was Finnley's car. Everyone came to the living room door and saw Finnley and Violet get out of the car and walk over through the snow.

Claire's seemingly calm gaze contained a hint of apology as she looked at the middle-aged woman walking towards her through the snow. She looked a little haggard, probably from worrying all night without sleep?

"Auntie, brother." When they got closer, Claire softly greeted them.

Rowan did the same. "Auntie, Finnley." His voice was gentle and calm.

Violet stared at Claire without blinking. Just as she was about to say something, a rumbling sound

came from the sky.

Everyone at the door raised their heads to look, only to see five helicopters appear in their vision, the powerful airflow from the propellers messing up everyone's clothes and hair. The helicopters were circling above the yard in a surrounding formation.

Rowan took out his phone and saw the muted screen displaying an incoming call from Lu Layuoka's number.

The call was still coming in. He looked up at the helicopters.

Obviously they had located his position and found him.

With so many friends here, Rowan didn't turn and flee. His jawline was as noble as European aristocracy, and his eyes shone with a firm, cold light.

Chapter 1552: Rowan Was Taken Away

The helicopters began to descend, flying lower and lower. Everyone realized the situation was bad, because they had never seen anything like this.

This was Tristan's territory, even he was confused and unclear about the situation.

"What's going on? Who are they looking for?"

"Why are there helicopters? And five of them? Did they get the wrong place?"

Finnley was also very puzzled. He silently analyzed it, his gaze falling on Tristan's face, and asked in a

low voice, "Who are they?" Sensing the visitors were unfriendly.

Tristan stared at those helicopters. His starry eyes narrowed, "I don't know either." He watched them

warily as they steadily landed in the yard.

Soon they saw those cabin doors open, and big men walked out one by one, at least fifty some people.

They wore unified black clothes, as if taking orders from some organization.

"What are they trying to do?" Although Monica was worldly, she had never seen anything like this. She

couldn't help feeling a little nervous, reminiscent of TV shows capturing drug lords.

In fact, everyone realized something was wrong!

At this moment, only Rowan took a step forward. His deep eyes stared at those people, and he said

gently to everyone, "They came to find me."

In an instant, everyone around turned to look at him!

With astonishment, suspicion, worry, and puzzlement.

"What did you do to offend someone?" Claire's heart was clenched tight as she asked in a trembling

voice.

Before Rowan could explain anything to her, a leading man walked over to him and stood in front of him. "Please come talk for a moment." Without even greeting them.

Rowan looked at Claire, then strode over. That man leaned in and whispered something in his ear.

It made Rowan's expression change slightly, his eyes bright as stars but emanating a hint of cold light.

"Give me two minutes."

"Yes." The man was extremely respectful and turned back towards the helicopters.

Rowan walked over to Claire and the others. He took her hand and reluctantly rubbed it in his palm.

"Claire, I have something to take care of. You take care of yourself."

Claire looked at him, having a premonition of impending loss.

With tears in her eyes, she held his hand tightly and softly asked, "Who are they? Why are they looking

for you? What happened?" Crystal clear tears rolled down her cheeks.

She didn't want to cry, she just wanted an answer to reassure her heart.

"They are from the country of Lu Layuoka, here to take me home. Something happened at home."

Rowan said sincerely, then reluctantly stroked her hair. "I have to go. Wait for me to come back."

Claire's eyes were filled with tears as she bit her pink lips tightly. She nodded firmly, "Okay, I'll wait for you!" Though she really wanted to shake her head, not wanting to let him go, she had to be sensible!

Rowan let go of her hand, restrained his emotions for a moment, and looked at Auntie apologetically.

He respectfully bent over to bow to her.

Then he also apologetically looked at everyone before finally turning to leave.

Watching his departing back, Claire's brows furrowed tightly. Her intuition told her things were not as simple as he said.

If something happened at home, couldn't they just call?

Was it necessary to go through so much trouble?

Seeing Rowan get on the helicopter and the men in black also boarding, it wasn't long before the propellers started spinning and the five helicopters took off again, flying towards the horizon.

The moment she retracted her gaze, the tears in Claire's eyes fell again.

She desperately wished this was just a dream.

At this time, Tristan sent a Facebook message to Jing Ting, telling him about the situation when Rowan

was taken away, and sent him a few words about the country of Lu Layuoka, asking if he knew about this country.

Anyway, Tristan had never paid attention to it before.

Chapter 1553: A Woman Who Wants to Get Close

At this time, Ivan was in the group office, processing documents. His phone rang with a notification sound. After a while, he picked up his phone and opened it to read the text Tristan had sent carefully.

From the text, it was not difficult to see Tristan's anxiety and worry. What was happening with Rowan?

Ivan tapped the screen with his fingers and quickly replied to Tristan with six words: "Family matters, don't worry."

Upon receiving the message, Tristan was very confused, but he immediately held up his phone screen for Claire to see, letting her read the message.

Claire glanced at Tristan, then looked back at the screen in front of her and read the words carefully.

She saw the message Tristan had sent to Ivan, and also Ivan's understated reply.

"Family matters?" She looked back at Tristan again, puzzled, "Is Rowan from this country?"

Tristan put away his phone, "Maybe." Recalling the situation just now, it didn't seem like they were

arresting him either.

Because the information came from Ivan, it could reassure Claire to some extent.

She knew Rowan and Ivan were good friends, and he used to be his private doctor.

If something really happened to Rowan, with Ivan's capabilities, he would not stand by and do nothing.

Monica put her arm around Claire's shoulder and looked at Violet with a smile, "Auntie, can Claire stay

here today? I'll chat with her here and take her home in the afternoon, okay?"

Violet also regained her composure. She glanced at Monica and saw the kindness in her eyes, so she

didn't object too much. "Okay, I'll leave it to you then."

Because Claire was in a bad mood, Violet felt that being comforted by a peer might be better.

"It's no trouble at all, we're friends, we slept together last night!" Monica said on purpose.

Violet was taken aback for a moment, and looked at the girl again. She just saw her face as calm as

water, with a faint smile.

Violet nodded. "Well." Then she looked at her son beside her, "Finnley, let's go." Then she looked at

Tristan again and said with complicated feelings, "Sorry for disturbing you."

"Auntie, please go slowly," Tristan said very calmly and politely. "We'll take Claire home."

Violet's mouth curved up slightly. She turned around and walked out of the living room. She still felt

regretful. Tristan was such a good man, how could she not hold onto him?

He was polite and handsome, and always gave a strong sense of security no matter when.

But now, Violet clearly understood that Claire had lost this blessing.

On the same morning, in a townhouse in the villa complex.

With Monica not around, the whole house was Belinda's kingdom, free for her to do as she wished.

She had finally found her daughter's recipes and bought a lot of ingredients. She was busy cooking in

the kitchen now.

Yes, she was going to cook soup too.

Two hours passed quickly, and the air was filled with the fragrance of mushroom chicken soup.

Just smelling it made one hungry. The color was also very good. The soup was thick. She was very

happy to ladle the cooked chicken soup into an insulated bowl without spilling a drop, and couldn't bear

to taste it herself.

Then she carried the insulated bowl and went out the door.

The car headed towards Algerone's company -

Yes, Belinda cooked chicken soup for Algerone. Perhaps because last night's chat was quite pleasant, although they didn't talk about feelings, it brought the relationship between them closer in an imperceptible way.

She was driving with a smile on her face, and couldn't help imagining his reaction when he saw her later. He must be very happy too, right?

Being single for so many years, he must still have feelings for her in his heart, right?

Belinda couldn't help but recall when the power went out last night, he had protected her in his arms and told her not to be afraid. At that moment, it truly awakened all her sleeping memories in an instant.

Chapter 1554: The Result of Following All The Way

At this moment, outside the lobby of the main building of Swain Group, a luxurious black Bentley was parked.

The door was already open, and two bodyguards in black stood waiting by the door.

Soon, the well-dressed Algerone and a middle-aged woman came out of the lobby. They chatted as they walked, followed by seven or eight company executives.

Having just finished a meeting, they completed the signing of a contract with this woman.

"Ms. Janice, are you going to the jewelry mall now?" Algerone had just heard her take a phone call.

The woman stopped and turned to look at him. "Yes."

Algerone happened to have time, so he asked, "Or I can have my driver take you there?"

"It would be even better if Mr. Swain accompanied me," the middle-aged woman said with a smile,

joking, "Would you oblige?"

Algerone thought about it and readily agreed, "Sure, please get in the car!"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "Really?" She had wanted to ask him to go together, but was

afraid he was too busy to agree, and didn't want to lose face by asking directly.

She didn't expect that he would actually agree.

Janice's eyes, full of smiles, narrowed for a moment. "That's great then." She got into his car, and

Algerone got in too.

The bodyguard closed the car door, and the driver quickly drove away.

Not far away in another car, Belinda, who was sitting in the driver's seat, witnessed it all from Algerone

and that woman coming out of the lobby.

At this moment, the smile on her face disappeared little by little.

As a proud woman, she had gotten up early in the freezing cold this morning to buy ingredients and spent two hours cooking in the kitchen. She was overjoyed to bring the freshly cooked chicken soup to him.

But he... was chatting and laughing with another woman as they left together!

How could Belinda not get angry with her temper?!

She gripped the steering wheel tightly and stepped on the accelerator to follow them!

A woman's jealousy and curiosity were strong, innate traits.

She just wanted to find out what Algerone was doing with that woman! Were they going on a date?

Following them, Belinda's car also stopped, because his car stopped outside a mall. This was a prosperous area with all kinds of high-end goods.

What? Buying gifts for this woman?

Soon, she saw the car door open, and Algerone got out of the car with the blonde woman. The two walked side by side into the mall, chatting and laughing.

Although Belinda didn't live in Arkpool City often, she was still very familiar with this area. All the famous jewelry brands were clustered here.

She quickly unfastened her seatbelt, put on a scarf and sunglasses, and followed them in decisively.

Customers coming in and out here were either rich or noble, evident from their dress and style.

Going up the escalator, Belinda's eyes stayed on their backs the whole time. If looks could kill, the two would have been badly injured already.

Although Algerone didn't have any physical contact with the woman, he didn't put his arm around her waist, hold her shoulder, or hold her hand.

But the two walking side by side, chatting and laughing, already made Belinda following behind very uncomfortable.

Perhaps she still didn't realize that she was still deeply in love with Algerone.

Following them, they arrived on the fourth floor.

The lights everywhere were as brilliant as glaze. The decor of the jewelry stores was elegant and tranquil, without a trace of restlessness or extravagance. This was the aesthetics of truly wealthy

people.

Belinda saw them finally stop in front of the counter of a jewelry brand. They were picking out something.

The salesperson was also enthusiastically serving them, taking out the selected items for the woman to hold.

At this moment, Belinda fully recognized the reality. Some bits and pieces over the past few days were just flashes in the pan.

Chapter 1555: So That's How It Is

"Madam really has good taste. This necklace is our shop's treasure. It uses the best hydro diamonds from South Africa, very high quality," the salesperson introduced with a smile. "And it's from the hands of a famous Italian designer."

"I've seen it. That designer is my friend," the woman said without arrogance.

Algerone also liked this necklace at first sight, so he said to the woman beside him, "Try it on? Let me see how it looks on you."

Janice gave him a bright smile. "Okay." She put on the necklace, and Algerone also helped her.

This scene made Belinda furious. She turned around and went down the escalator.

With the necklace on, Janice's temperament was further enhanced. She looked down and liked it very much too. "Who are you going to give this necklace to, Mr. Swain?" She was very clear it wasn't for her.

Algerone appreciated the necklace with a smile but didn't answer. The woman asked again, "Does it look good?"

"Yes, very good," he really liked it.

The woman reached out and took off the necklace, carefully placing it back in the box held by the salesperson, and said with a smile, guessing, "She must be a lucky woman to receive so much care from Mr. Swain."

Algerone just smiled, not revealing too much about his love life to her. After all, she was just a business partner of the company.

"Thank you for today. You are always at the forefront of fashion, with great taste." Algerone sincerely thanked her. This was the reason for taking her out today.

"You're welcome, I was coming here anyway."

"Then this one it is," Algerone told the salesperson. "I trust Ms. Janice's taste. Please wrap it up for me,

I'll pay by card." And handed over a card.

"Alright, this necklace is thirty million," the salesperson took the necklace to process the invoice.

Janice was very envious. "Mr. Swain, you have a special someone, don't you?" She sincerely

congratulated him, looking at him appreciatively. "Do I know the lucky woman?"

"Belinda, my ex-wife," Algerone confessed. He thought there was no need to hide it from her. He might

even give Belinda a grand wedding ceremony someday.

The first time they got married, the company had just started up and they didn't have a proper

ceremony.

He felt that he owed her and wanted to make up for it as much as possible while still alive.

Janice was clearly stunned for a moment, then laughed and asked, "Aren't you two... like fire and

water? I heard she doesn't even let you see your daughter?"

"Rumors," Algerone looked her in the eye and said seriously. "That is absolutely a rumor. I saw my

daughter just yesterday."

Recalling the past few days together, he felt a little elated again.

"They came to Arkpool City?" The woman was surprised again. "Not in Canada anymore?"

"Yes," he nodded. Thinking that Belinda was living in his house and sleeping in his bed made him feel very happy.

At this time, the salesperson came back with the bag containing the necklace and the card, and handed them to Algerone with both hands. "Sir, thank you for your patronage. I wish you the best of luck, your receipt is in the bag."

Algerone took them and thanked Janice again. "I trust your taste, thanks!"

"And I trust your taste too, good luck!" Janice gave her most sincere blessings. "You must let me know if you remarry."

"Definitely." Algerone was in a hurry and bid her farewell before turning to leave.

At this time, Belinda's car was heading towards the townhouse. The speed was still fast even in the heavy snow. She was also thinking about buying a house, she didn't want to live at his place, and didn't want to be a mistress!

Chapter 1556 In fact, each had the other in their heart

Belinda parked her car in the courtyard of the small villa. She carried a thermos of chicken soup and

got out of the car, walking into the living room alone in a huff.

She heavily put the thermos on the coffee table and sat down on the sofa angrily. She felt so disappointed!

She thought, she must move out of here!

She wasn't joking today. This wasn't like last time when she was just testing the waters. She wasn't being overly dramatic, she was really leaving! She had to leave! What was the point of staying here in this situation?

She determined that Algerone wasn't the person she thought he was. Even though he wasn't married, that didn't mean he lacked women.

If Belinda hadn't signed a contract with Tristan to jointly develop a new property after the new year, she would have gone back to Canada immediately!

At that moment, Algerone's car was also driving this way. He looked forward to it, thinking about how Belinda would look when she received the gift, and he couldn't help but smile.

In less than five minutes, his car steadily parked in the courtyard.

Belinda turned her head when she heard the sound and saw Algerone get out of the car through the

floor-to-ceiling window, carrying a bag and walking this way.

Sitting on the sofa, her back suddenly stiffened a little as she ate a secret shock. She watched as he came in directly.

He said, "You're home, great." With a smile on his face.

Algerone put the bag on the coffee table and sat down on the sofa opposite her. He pushed the bag towards her and smiled, "This is for you."

Belinda looked at him, her gaze going down. At a glance she saw the logo on the bag, it was the jewelry brand store from earlier.

She missed half a breath, slowly raised her eyes to look at him, very puzzled.

But Algerone had a smile on his face. He was a little awkward but spoke casually, "This thing was a gift from a client. I don't need it either. It's worth 30 million, and it even has an invoice. Don't feel bad about taking it, just consider it... taking it on the principle of not wasting."

A gift from a client?

Wasn't this something he just bought at the mall?

He went to the mall with another woman, bought a necklace, but was giving it to her?

Her brows unconsciously twisted slightly.

At the same time, at Tristan's house.

Tristan went to the company and would come back after handling things.

Monica was at home with Claire. On the heated balcony on the second floor, the two girls sat on wicker

chairs with hot snacks and tea on the small round table in front of them.

Outside the window, the courtyard was still covered in thick, snow white snow, reflecting the whole

world in a bright and clear way.

Claire held her phone, staring at the message Rowan had sent not long after boarding the plane. She

could recite every word, and was still reading it over and over...

Chapter 1557 Go find the savior

Monica had seen this message too, but there wasn't much information she could get from it.

Rowan's original text was as follows:

Some things can't be explained in a sentence or two. You must wait for me to come back. I will deal

with it as soon as possible.

Seeing her anxious yet helpless look, Monica felt very distressed, and didn't know how to comfort her for a moment.

She just silently accompanied her.

"He must have run into trouble." Claire sighed softly, put down her phone and picked up her teacup.

Her eyes were filled with sadness, "I don't know if there's anything I can do for him."

"You can." Monica's gaze fell on her. "Wait here for him to come back, take good care of yourself, and believe in him unconditionally."

That's right, maybe that's the only thing she could do now.

Claire recalled what Rowan had said to her during their walk last night -

"Claire, no matter what happens, I will steadfastly walk towards you, on all sides of you. Remember this sentence, wait for me."

She suddenly froze, feeling a piercing pain in her heart!

"Monica." She realized belatedly, looking at Monica nervously, "He was saying goodbye to me last night! He had a premonition about what would happen today!"

"What?" Monica asked, "Saying goodbye last night?"

"Yes, it's just... I didn't take it to heart." Claire regretted it so much. She really should have hugged him

tight. "He told me to wait for him, but... but I didn't react much at the time, didn't think too deeply about

it at all."

Thinking of this, Claire really regretted it immensely, her intestines twisted in remorse.

"Monica, go with me to Marsh Group, okay?" Claire put down her teacup. She suddenly had an idea,

"Ivan must know the reason. I want to go find him!"

"You probably can't see him without an appointment." Monica had her own worries. He was a big CEO

after all. "His schedule must be very full."

"Let's go first and see." Claire couldn't wait any longer. She wasn't sure either. "I can wait. He can't be

spinning like a top for 24 hours. As long as I go, I'll be able to see him sooner or later. He must have 10

minutes of time."

Monica agreed. "Let's go now!" She got up and went downstairs with Claire, telling Jane before leaving.

After they left, Jane called Tristan to tell him the situation.

At this time, Tristan was in the CEO's office at Clarke Group, reviewing a document. When he received

the call, he thought that they might be stopped by the front desk if they just went over like this.

So he called Ivan, "Ivan, Claire and Monica are coming to the company to see you. It's probably about Rowan. Do you have time to meet them?"

"Have they arrived?" Ivan's voice was low and gentle. "If they've arrived, I'll call the front desk and take them upstairs directly."

"They probably haven't arrived yet, they just left my place."

"Okay, I'll contact the front desk now." Ivan said, "I happen to be free for about forty minutes right now."

"Great, then I'll call them now."

When they got Tristan's call, the two girls were in a taxi.

After the call ended, Monica happily told Claire, "Tristan contacted Ivan for us. He said Ivan has forty minutes free and is waiting for us in his office."

"That's so great..." Claire looked very calm. "Driver, please go faster, we're in a hurry."

After Rowan left, Claire had actually thought about many things, and imagined countless reasons why Rowan was taken away.

Chapter 1558: Rowan's True Identity

The taxi soon arrived at Marsh Group. The two girls hurried out of the car, holding hands as they rushed into the lobby, unwilling to waste a single second.

Just as they entered through the glass door, a female clerk in a suit walked over with a smile. "You must be Monica and Miss Russell?"

"Yes, yes, that's us!"

"Please come with me. The president is upstairs."

"Thank you!"

The woman led them directly into the elevator and up the building.

It had to be said, Tristan was very thoughtful and considered every detail well, which was why Clarke Group had thrived under his leadership. Monica had been to Tristan's office before, which was very stylish already, but Marsh Group today was on a whole other level.

Everything was fully automated with a high-tech vibe, and the visual impact was tremendous. As expected of an industry leader.

Without even seeing Ivan yet, the two girls could feel a powerful aura.

"This way, please."

"Alright, thank you."

Stepping out of the elevator, the capable and beautiful executive assistant led them to the left. Soon, they arrived at the president's office door.

"Mr. Ivan." The assistant politely knocked on the open door and smiled as she reported, "Miss Russell and Monica have arrived."

"Okay." At his desk, Ivan looked up. "Come in." He started tidying the files on his desk.

The two girls thanked the assistant again, then stepped inside.

Soon, a female clerk brought in tea. Finnley and Xiang Heng were not present.

Ivan got up to greet them. "Have a seat." His expression was gentle with a faint smile.

Claire and Monica came over to him. Ivan exuded a warm aura, not putting on any airs.

"You can just leave the tea here, thanks." Ivan said to the clerk.

"Yes, Mr. President." She set down the tea and left.

The man sat down on the sofa and leaned forward to personally pour tea for them.

"Ivan, who took Rowan away?" Claire stood by the sofa, getting right to the point since she knew his time was precious. "Do you know where he is now? What on earth happened?"

Her tone sounded calm, but the anxiety churning inside her was like a volcano brewing under the sea, impossible to suppress.

Ivan finished pouring three cups of tea. He picked one up, looked at the two girls standing shoulder to shoulder, and saw they seemed a little nervous.

Both were staring at him intently, awaiting his response.

Ivan maintained his graceful smile, the corners of his lips arched elegantly. "Have a seat, let's chat while we drink tea."

Claire was suddenly excited. This meant Ivan not only knew, but was also willing to tell them.

So they sat down on the sofa across from the coffee table, their gazes still fixed on his chiseled face.

"Rowan never told you about Lu Layuoka, right?" Ivan guessed.

Claire pressed her lips and shook her head. "No."

Then a brief silence filled the stylish yet simple office.

Ivan was thinking.

The two girls continued gazing at him, waiting for him to speak again.

After a while longer, Ivan looked up, and his thin lips parted lightly. "He probably didn't tell you for his own reasons, but now... I think it's better if I do, since you two are already together."

Claire was very grateful to him. "Thank you."

Ivan said, "Rowan is the prince of Lu Layuoka, a very wealthy country. Due to its unique geography, it has the exclusive rights to produce the clearest diamonds in the world. Almost everyone there is rich from diamonds, so the country has no poor people."

Prince of Lu Layuoka??

Chapter 1559: Silence of Claire and Monica

Claire and Monica were silent, shock in their eyes.

But Ivan would not joke with them about this.

They listened as he continued, "Rowan was born at the unreachable finish line. He already had money and power from birth, so he didn't need to struggle. But he was unwilling to live such an extravagant and meaningless life. Plus he had a passion and talent for medicine and pharmaceuticals. That's what we call aptitude. So from a young age, he was determined to become a doctor."

"Although Lu Layuoka is very wealthy, it's still a small country. So after coming of age, Rowan came to Arkpool City alone. He wanted to shed his prince status and devote himself wholeheartedly to medicine."

"He's actually a prince... I can hardly believe it." Claire was truly shocked to hear this.

And Rowan giving up his noble status as prince to contribute to medicine was even more admirable.

His graceful body housed a sacred and noble soul.

Monica asked, "Ivan, why did they send people to take him away this time? He left Lu Layuoka many years ago, right? Shouldn't they have accepted it long ago?"

Claire regained her focus and also looked intently at Ivan. She wanted to know the answer too.

But Ivan shook his head. "I don't know. He didn't tell me anything. I last saw him about two weeks ago."

Silence. The kind of silence that left Claire at a loss...

After a while, Ivan added, "Maybe they want him to go back and inherit the throne. Come to think of it, the king is getting old too. This is a responsibility he can't avoid."

"What about his hospital then?" Claire couldn't help worrying. "Will he come back? What if he doesn't

want to be a prince again? Will his family force him? He'll be unhappy for life."

Ivan shook his head. "Unclear. We can only speculate now. But the only certainty is he's not in any danger, nor has he offended some evil force. He just went home."

Hearing this, Claire and Monica both felt some relief, although the concern was unavoidable.

"Ivan, I know you're very busy with a packed schedule..." Claire opened apologetically. "I shouldn't even ask this, but I've already taken up so much of your time today."

"It's fine, go ahead." Ivan's gaze was gentle.

With tearful eyes, Claire boldly made her request, "Do you have any contacts with Lu Layuoka? With your status, could you get in touch with their king? Can you ask about Rowan's situation? He's your friend too."

Ivan thought for a moment and was upfront with her. "I was planning to give him a few days first, to see if he'll come back."

He said, "If he doesn't return, we can look into what exactly happened. Even if he decides not to come back, there are still formalities on the hospital side that need handling. I'll meet with him for the handover."

Ivan's response reassured Claire. With his capabilities, he could get in contact.

Although she couldn't wait another day. She had a strong premonition that if they didn't do something, Rowan would never make it out of that whatever country.

"Claire." Monica put an arm around her shoulders to comfort her gently. "Don't be too anxious. He's a prince, who would dare harm him?"

Ivan glanced at his watch. Though he didn't say anything, the action caught Claire's eye.

"Thank you, Ivan." Claire stood up, placing all her hopes on him. "May I come see you again in a few days?"

Chapter 1560: Never Too Busy For You

"Of course." Ivan got up and handed her his business card. "Give me a call in advance, or you can also reach me through your brother. He knows all my schedules."

Claire took it with both hands. "Thank you." Then she bowed deeply to him. "Please go ahead with your work. Sorry for bothering you."

With one more grateful look at him, she and Monica turned to leave.

The two girls had taken a taxi over, so they rode the elevator down. Just as they walked out of the

magnificent lobby, Claire took out her phone, about to call a car.

A familiar Maybach drove up and stopped steadily in front of them. Through the lowered window, they immediately saw Tristan in the driver's seat.

"Get in!"

Before they could react in surprise, Tristan spoke gently.

Monica quickly pulled open the rear door. "Claire, you go first." Then she accompanied Claire into the back while the front passenger seat remained empty.

"How come you're here?" Monica closed the door. "Aren't you super busy today?"

"Things can be rescheduled. I'm not that busy. Nothing is more important. I heard from Jane you two took a taxi out, scared me to death." Tristan started the car and glanced back at them as he drove.

"The roads are slippery these days with the snow. Accidents happen frequently. I don't feel assured unless I drive you myself."

Monica felt warm inside but didn't show her delight openly. After all, there was another unhappy girl sitting next to her. She had to be considerate of Claire's feelings.

"Claire, don't worry. With Ivan on it, I think no matter what happens, he'll help resolve it for us."

Monica held her hand and rubbed it in her palm. She smiled and said, "Let's exchange numbers, okay?"

Contact me anytime you're bored or feeling down, day or night. Or... you can just move in and stay with me for a few days while we wait for news about Rowan?"

Her words, one after another, flowed into Claire's heart like a warm stream, steady and real.

Moreover, Monica's voice carried the most sincere emotions, as beautiful as the misty night fog.

Claire turned to look at the girl. Her eyes were dark and bright, lips arched slightly. The soft expression was as if she was comforting an injured cat.

"Mm-hmm!" Claire pressed her lips and nodded firmly, then took out her phone to exchange contacts.

Tristan glanced back and asked, "So where should I take you now?" He was willing to be their chauffeur.

Claire answered, "Or just drop me home first?"

"Alright."

The car headed for the Russell house. Monica chatted with Claire along the way to lift her spirits.

When they arrived, Monica got out of the car too. "Claire, let's stay in touch, okay?"

"Sure, thank you for today." Claire looked at her deeply and also gave her a smile. She suddenly liked this girl so much.

The two waved goodbye.

Only after Claire had walked into the yard did Monica get into the passenger seat. Watching her figure recede, Tristan drove off.

"Miss Swain, you have the piano tutoring orientation today, right? I've been keeping that in mind."

Tristan had been helping her remember this matter.

The girl turned to him. "Thank you for the kind reminder, Mr. Marsh. Yes, I have to go check in this afternoon. I'll start teaching the kids tomorrow."

"Then shall I drive you to the school now?" Tristan asked. "Where is it? Tell me."

Monica glanced at him teasingly. "Not busy, Mr. Marsh?"

"Never too busy for you." Tristan gently replied, then gave her a look. "No matter when, one call from you and I promise to show up before you immediately."

He thought she looked even more beautiful today. Seeing her kindness again made his love for her

grow deeper.