

Surprised 1571

Chapter 1571 Ivan is So Nice

Claire kept her phone plugged into a power bank. She got a new data plan and kept an eye on the novel's comments, which got a lot asking for updates, but Rowan never showed up.

Of course, as a prince who had returned to the royal family, how could he possibly have time to read novels?

Claire sighed again. She kept Ivan's business card with her. If Ivan got a chance to enter the royal family, she would wait for him at the door.

Anyway, she had to find out about Rowan's situation.

Arkpool City.

A breakfast place decorated quite nicely in a fresh, minimalist style. Today was Saturday and Tristan had cleared his morning work schedule.

He was currently sitting across from Monica, eating breakfast and chatting.

Monica poked at the milk in her cup with a straw while propping up her chin with one hand, looking

quite puzzled as she spoke, "It's Saturday, but I can't get through to Claire's phone, how strange, could

she still be asleep?"

"Maybe, writers sleep late I hear, inspiration for writing novels supposedly only comes at midnight."

Tristan randomly commented.

After speaking, he realized no one responded, and when he looked intently at the girl sitting across

from him, he saw she was staring fixedly at him.

Her phone dinged and Monica came to, taking out her phone to check the message.

Tristan was desperate to save himself and hurriedly explained, "Actually I don't know, I was just

guessing, I don't normally keep in touch with Claire and don't know her schedule."

"Claire sent me a message..." Monica was still in shock, and didn't really listen to his previous

explanation at all.

She stared at the message, then slowly raised her eyes, "Guess where she is?"

Tristan shook his head, "Don't know."

"She went to Lu Layuoka." Monica was very shocked and also quite puzzled, "Didn't we say to wait a

few days for news from Ivan's side?"

She felt a little worried.

Tristan was silent for a while, "Her going doesn't help, can she contact Rowan?"

"Unlikely, Rowan's phone still can't be reached, I just tried calling too."

"..."

Monica sighed and asked in puzzlement, "Judging by how it looked that day, it didn't seem like welcoming the prince home right? It looked more like coercion to me, although no one had ropes."

"Where there are people there are cliques, let alone in a royal family?" Tristan took a sip of milk, his expression solemn, "That must be a place full of undercurrents, no wonder he became a doctor with his non-contentious personality, not good for surviving in the royal family."

"But a person can't change the circumstances of their birth." Monica said. "We can only wish him luck, he's alone and powerless now."

"Not necessarily." Tristan said. "He is the king's own son."

After a moment of silence, Monica said to Tristan, "You let Ivan know about Claire's situation okay?"

He's your brother-in-law, it'll sound better coming from you."

Clearly, Monica was worried about Claire and wanted him to help.

So Tristan called Ivan and put it on speakerphone.

Monica pricked up her ears to listen carefully.

The ringtone quickly ended and Ivan's voice came through, "Bro."

"I heard Claire went to Lu Layuoka." Tristan told him, "Do you think there could be any danger?"

Ivan was silent for a while, seeming to be thinking, "There shouldn't be, but what's the use of her going

there? Can she sneak into the royal family with her abilities to find out news?"

"She must be thinking like that, after all people in love lack some rationality." Tristan asked, "If there's

still no news of Rowan these next few days, what do you plan to do?"

"I already have a plan, give me Claire's number and I'll contact her." Ivan was still very reasonable.

Chapter 1572 Yes, I'm going on a date with you

"Okay." Tristan looked at Monica, and they both felt relieved.

After the call, Tristan directly sent Claire's phone number to Ivan.

Only then did Monica feel at ease, because in her opinion, as long as Ivan took action, things would

definitely work out!

"Thank you!" Monica smiled brightly and happily, "Oh right, there's something I almost forgot to share

with you."

Tristan was very willing to listen, "Share now." And looked at her expectantly.

"Algerone actually gave Belinda an expensive necklace!"

The girl happily described the scene from last night. She couldn't help but gesture animatedly, "At first

she hid it from me, standing in front of the bathroom mirror admiring it alone, completely unaware of my

presence. It was the first time I've seen that girl's side of her! Algerone even called to ask if she liked it!

Haha, I was right there!"

Hearing her describe it this way, Tristan was also very happy, "That's really great, with feelings as a

foundation, if your dad tries a little harder, he can win the beauty's heart."

"Now, I'm totally relieved! There's hope for remarriage!" Monica drank up her milk.

"Monica, are you free this afternoon?"

"Yup, I happen to have no classes this afternoon, what's up?" The girl looked at him expectantly and

deliberately asked, "Are you asking me out on a date?"

"Yes, I'm asking you on a date." Tristan was gentlemanly and calm, with a touch of charming smile at

the corners of his lips, "I want to take you to the amusement park."

She was shocked, she guessed right??

But then a brilliant smile blossomed on her face and she made an OK gesture, "No problem! But

Tristan, is your heart okay? Can you handle the pirate ship?"

"We'll see if my heart is okay this afternoon."

They looked at each other, both smiling even more brightly.

Lu Layuoka.

Claire found a hotel with great value that was also close to the royal family.

She stood by the window overlooking those magnificent buildings.

She just got off the phone with Ivan, he took the initiative to call her.

Ivan told her on the phone that first of all she had to protect herself in a foreign land alone. She also

told him about her situation.

Ivan told her about the Marsh family wanting to build a castle park for Queen Katharine, and it was for

Rowan.

Ivan also said he would come in the next couple days to survey the site in person, and bring her along

to sneak into the royal family and probe the situation.

Claire was filled with gratitude towards him.

These people were really nice, it felt like everyone was an entity, with a sense of all rallying when one was in trouble.

Although right now everyone was still unclear about Rowan's exact situation.

She sat down on the sofa and calmly thought, it didn't seem difficult to sneak into the royal family now, but staying would be nearly impossible.

If she wanted to get close to Rowan, or even help him, Claire had to think of a way to stay in the royal family.

She wasn't actually rash at all, she had read many books and seen some things in the world.

So she calmly analyzed and considered... looking for information on Queen Katharine as much as possible.

An hour quickly passed, and the only information Claire got was that this woman was King Bertie's second wife. Based on her age, she couldn't be Rowan's mother.

She also saw posts about Queen Katharine specially studying Arabic...

Finally, Claire thought of a way, so she went out the door.

As long as there was a glimmer of hope, she would not give up. Arabic wasn't her strong suit, but she had studied it, her speaking was still fine.

She was going to the bookstore to buy a dictionary and study the language better.

Arkpool City.

With the new year in two days, many places already had a strong festive atmosphere, starting to put up window flowers and spring couplets, with red lanterns hanging everywhere on the streets.

In the afternoon, Tristan brought Monica to the amusement park on time.

Chapter 1573 Earn a good bride price and marry me

"Oh my god! Why are there so many people?!" Monica looked at the long queue at the ticket counter and felt dizzy, frowning as she turned to the man beside her, "Will we have to wait till the end of time just to buy a ticket?"

Tristan just smiled without answering, and handed two tickets to her.

Monica was surprised, "Didn't we come together? When did you buy tickets?" She looked up at him

and asked, then reached out to take them, seeing his reassuring smile, she also smiled, "Let's go play!"

What couldn't he handle?

After scanning in, Monica realized it was an all-day pass! They could play dozens of rides and attractions for free.

Seeing the countless amusement facilities, hearing laughter and screams from all directions, Monica's inner childlike nature was awakened.

Seeing her excited, eager appearance like a child's, Tristan felt indescribably satisfied and happy inside too. He was older than her and more steady, not one to openly show joy or anger, but he kept a smile on his face.

It was Monica's pure nature that deeply attracted him.

Because it was Saturday today, there were still many visitors, but most were parents bringing children to play, as well as some young couples, intimately sticking together wherever they went.

"Have you played it before?" Tristan asked her.

The girl shook her head, "I really wanted to play when I was little, but Belinda didn't allow it."

"Why not?"

"She felt it was unsafe, what if there was an accident, she couldn't bear the pain of losing me."

Tristan was moved by this motherly love.

It was obvious she really wanted to play.

So Tristan took her hand, "I'll go with you today, even if there's an accident, we'll die together."

"Psst, take back what you just said!" Monica reached out to hit his chest, "Live well, earn a good bride price and marry me! I'm expensive!"

Tristan couldn't help laughing at her joking, "Yes ma'am!"

So they moved forward to stand in line with the young people. About 30 people could play each time.

Soon, the swinging pirate ship's arc gradually decreased until it steadily stopped.

After the tourists disembarked one by one, Tristan accompanied Monica in line to get on. After boarding, the two sat together and fastened their seatbelts.

It was about 4-5 meters off the ground, just the swinging when it started would test one's heart.

"Give me your hand." Tristan unceremoniously took her hand.

After everyone was seated and belted in, the staff slid down a safety bar behind them that securely

blocked in front of the riders, adding another safety barrier.

Their held hands clasped tightly, the other hand gripping the bar.

Soon, the pirate ship started, swaying just a small arc at first that everyone could still handle, feeling novel.

As the arc gradually increased, almost everyone instinctively tensed up and started screaming!

In fact, Monica was afraid. She bit her lower lip tightly. Tristan could feel her trembling beside him, while some others were already shouting they couldn't take it.

"Monica, close your eyes." Tristan turned to look at her steadily, "Imagine there's a sea in front of you, a beautiful blue sea, the sunset is shining on it, the surface glitters, and we're by the seaside blowing in the wind."

Chapter 1574 A Pleasant Afternoon

Monica obediently closed her eyes and started using her imagination as he suggested, picturing a sea in front of her...

Tristan stopped talking, just tightly holding her hand. He also had his eyes closed, seeming to transmit a force to her invisibly.

Gradually, Monica's heart calmed down, ignoring all the terrified, thrilling screams around them.

Although she could feel the height they were swinging to, with him by her side, Monica felt extremely reassured.

It felt as if he was with her on a swing by the seaside, facing the gentle sea breeze, leaning against each other, so comfortable.

After a few minutes, the pirate ship's arc gradually decreased until it came to a stop.

Getting off the pirate ship, Monica was even more bold. She pulled Tristan along to accompany her on the rollercoaster and various thrilling rides.

Tristan accompanied her the whole time without refusing once. He was mentally tough, as long as she was willing, he had the time anyway.

"Come with me to the haunted house, okay?" Monica finally dragged him to the haunted house. They didn't need tickets here either. She looked at him excitedly.

Seeing the girl panting with excitement, Tristan's lips curled up. "Let's go." He put his arm around her shoulders and strode towards the haunted house. "I heard this is extremely terrifying, level 10."

"It's okay, with you here, I'm not afraid!" She felt very reassured.

Half an hour later.

"Ahhh-! Don't come over!"

Monica screamed as she dragged Tristan to flee outside, running out to an open area. Then she turned

and threw herself into his arms, hugging him tightly, "Wow! This is too realistic!"

"How realistic?" Tristan stroked her head and jokingly asked, "Have you seen a ghost before?"

"No, not really." The girl looked up at him and smiled. She had played so thrillingly today! Very happy!

"Is it going to snow?"

"It's getting dark." Tristan showed her his watch.

"Almost seven??" She was shocked, she had really played until she forgot everything. Um... she

giggled, a little embarrassed.

"Still want to play? We haven't gone to the ice world yet." Tristan asked her.

Facing Tristan's gaze, Monica shook her head, "Let's not play anymore, I'm a little hungry." Leaving the

ice world for next time gave her a reason to come back!

"What do you want to eat?" He was willing to listen to her opinion.

She thought about it, "Have you experienced an outdoor barbecue restaurant? Let's go eat skewers and drink beer?" She looked at him expectantly.

Not waiting for Tristan's reply, she dragged him to quickly leave, "Come on! I'll let you experience it once!"

Clearly, Tristan had never experienced these things before.

Half an hour later, the two sat down at a roadside stall, their table full of grilled skewers. She picked up a lamb skewer and handed it to him, "Try it too? Don't just watch me eat."

Tristan awkwardly accepted it, his smile also turned awkward, "..."

"Try it, you normally can't eat this anyway. The taste is not bad, although not very clean, but it's not everyday, so it's fine."

Seeing her eat with such relish, Tristan also had to try some. He was really elegant even just eating a skewer.

He asked her, "How did you get to know these things?"

"From travelling everywhere, making friends everywhere, do as the locals do." Monica looked at him with narrowed smiling eyes as she held up the skewer, "In Arkpool City, this barbecue place has the

most authentic lamb skewers, I really like their special cumin flavor."

Speaking of which, she opened two cans of beer and happily handed him one, "Thanks so much for today! I haven't played such thrilling rides in a long time, it really awakened my inner child! Cheers!"

"I don't drink." Tristan's gaze was deep and gentle, a smile constantly on his lips as he slowly chewed the lamb.

"Why not?" She didn't understand, "Beer is nothing! It's not that alcoholic."

Tristan told her, "I still have to drive you home later. I have to drive."

Chapter 1575 An Escort

It had to be said, Tristan was really a person who never held out hope. He was an upright, law-abiding citizen, dependable.

Monica looked at him, unable to hold back an even brighter smile, "Right, you have to drive!" She bit the skewer and laughed, "You're an escort! You have to stay sober."

Tristan was very steady.

So she poured him a glass of water, "Come, let's toast, to Algerone and Belinda's relationship progressing. Let's set a small goal for them to get married within a month!"

Tristan raised the cup, "Then we'll have to work hard, let's do our best together." He lightly clinked it against her beer can, "Speaking of which, do you still remember your dad planting the yard full of roses?"

"I remember." The girl nodded, "It's so cold now, hope they didn't freeze."

"They won't, your dad will take good care of them." Tristan asked, "Your mom doesn't know about this right?"

Monica thought about it, "Probably doesn't know I feel."

"So, we have to strike while the iron's hot this time, reveal this to her naturally to move her." Tristan reminded her, "We need to think of a way."

"Okay! Yup!" Monica was very happy, "Cheers!"

"Didn't expect you'd drink too." Tristan's horizons were broadened a bit as their drinks clinked.

"Just a little, I'm in a good mood today, can't help it!" She smiled till her eyes narrowed, and said to him,

"I drank it, you can do what you want."

Seeing her so real before him, how could he not love her?

She drank a mouthful of beer then ate a skewer, laughing as she said, "Anyway you're by my side, with an escort, even if I get drunk, at least I won't wander the streets!"

"That won't happen, I'll protect you." Tristan didn't eat many skewers, he wasn't used to the strong flavors, but he really enjoyed being with her.

Just like every moment right now, it made him feel especially comfortable, no work pressure, no troubles either.

Monica really couldn't hold her liquor. After just two cans, she felt a little tipsy. "Tristan, you're so handsome, have you noticed?"

"I rarely look in the mirror."

"Why not?"

"Waste of time."

She gazed at him adoringly, eating lots of skewers. She had basically finished what they ordered.

"Boss, bill please!" Finally, Monica pushed herself up from the table tipsily, almost like a chivalrous lady.

She nearly lost her balance.

"Careful!" Tristan quickly got up and steadied her, "Let's go, I already paid, be careful."

"When did you pay?" Monica walked with him, swaying and falling into his arms several times. She struggled to look up at that handsome face and joked, "Tell me, are you planning to be my sugar daddy?"

"If you say so, then so be it, whatever you say is right." Opening the car door, Tristan helped her into the passenger seat, "Lift your legs, careful."

He buckled her seatbelt for her and found she had closed her eyes and fallen asleep. He took a blanket to cover her.

Going wild at such intensity for half a day, she must be very tired!

Tristan returned to the driver's seat. He started the car and drove towards the little villa among the mansions.

On the way, he held her hand. Finding it a bit cool, he hurriedly turned on the heater.

Driving her home, his speed remained slow. Tristan especially treasured every second with her, even just like this without talking, as long as she was by his side, he felt reassured.

About twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of the little villa, in the yard. He saw the whole

building was pitch black without a single light on.

Clearly no one was home.

"Monica." Tristan leaned over holding her hand, "Monica, wake up."

The girl was sleeping hazily but still heard his voice. She murmured in her seat without opening her eyes. Her head was still dizzy.

"Monica, your mom's not home. When is she coming back?" Tristan asked patiently, "Do you bring your keys?"

"She's back to Canada now..." The girl said with her eyes closed.

Chapter 1576 He Took Her Home

Chapter 1576 He Took Her Home

"What?" Tristan frowned slightly and looked again at the pitch-black building. "She went to Canada?"

Monica leaned against the back of the chair, her head tilted as she slept soundly, no longer responding to his question.

Tristan looked at her and sighed lightly. He thought it would be more convenient to take Monica back to his place, plus he had an important video conference tonight.

So Tristan started the car again, wanting to take her home. He really didn't feel assured leaving her

alone here.

Tristan looked ahead steadily. His handsome face was incredibly gentle and made people feel utterly reassured and inclined to get close when looking at him.

Soon, the car stopped in the yard.

Tristan moved gently to remove the blanket from her body and helped her undo the seatbelt, then carried her directly out of the passenger seat in his arms.

Just like that, he princess carried Monica towards his residence.

Once inside, Tristan carried Monica straight upstairs and laid her on the bed in the guest room. He took off her shoes and carefully tucked the blanket around her.

Monica was truly drunk and slept very soundly. She laid there with her long hair draped around her, looking like a docile little kitten.

Tristan gently closed the door and first went to the bathroom to take a shower. He had the habit of showering as soon as he got home, washing away the day's fatigue and changing his mood before getting to work.

After the shower, his mind would be much clearer. He persevered in working in his study for at least two hours every night. He always had this helpless feeling that he couldn't grasp time and felt he was aging prematurely.

The sound of water stopped and Tristan came out in home clothes after a while.

He blew dry his hair and got a glass of warm water before going to his study.

His study was very simple, in a gray-white style. Some car models he had designed were placed on the bookshelves, and some had already gone into production with the models from last year leading sales nationwide.

A few tool books that were hard to find on the market were placed in the most conspicuous position, obviously frequently used.

Tristan sat down at his desk, turned on the computer, and glanced at the time on the clock on the wall.

There was still half an hour before the video conference started.

He opened his email to view some feedback from customers today and patiently responded.

Kevin could have handled these matters, but Tristan's replies helped demonstrate Clarke Group's cooperative sincerity.

In the guest room, Tristan had deliberately left a small night light on for her, and the warm light suffused the room.

The curtains weren't closed, allowing some faint light to shine through.

Perhaps it was because the bed was too big and soft, but Monica slept very soundly...

Two hours passed unknowingly.

Tristan's study was still brightly lit as the video conference continued.

He would also take notes from time to time, listening carefully to the executives' suggestions and expressing his own views.

In the guest room, Monica rolled over on the spacious soft bed. She just felt parched, her throat seeming to spew smoke.

Under this tormenting feeling, she could no longer sleep well.

In a daze, she opened her eyes, blinking them open. She was suddenly stunned.

In the dim light, Monica saw the room's layout clearly. Where was this? An unfamiliar environment!

She sat up abruptly and took a look under the blanket at herself. Fortunately she was fully clothed, and

she breathed a sigh of relief. But on second thought, she couldn't help feeling nervous again.

How did she end up here?

Sitting on the bed, she tried hard to recall the afternoon at the amusement park with Tristan, and then

they went to eat at a street stall where she also drank beer...

Could this be Tristan's home?

She stared at the doorway, and suddenly even her breathing became cautious.

How could he have brought her back here??

Chapter 1577 The Meeting Was Interrupted Because of Her

Monica put on her shoes and stepped lightly towards the doorway. She walked in the direction the light

was coming from.

She felt a little expectant and also a little nervous, her heartbeat speeding up.

He had actually brought her here... She didn't dare imagine it, unable to stop smiling to herself. Her

heart felt as sweet as being filled with honey.

It was late at night and the surroundings were exceptionally quiet. Her footsteps were light, light... like a

little kitten's.

As she walked, she came to the study door and sneakily poked her head out. She saw Tristan sitting at his desk with the computer open in front of him, staring intently at the screen.

Working so late? She was slightly dumbfounded. He looked so handsome being hard at work!

Tristan wrote something down with a pen, still unaware of her presence at the door.

It wasn't until Monica stepped lightly into the room, almost reaching the desk, that Tristan raised his eyes and saw her.

He was a little surprised that she had woken up.

"I'm thirsty," Monica stepped forward to stand next to him, leaning against the edge of the desk with her

back to the computer screen, looking at him pitifully.

At this time, the video conference was still ongoing with Tristan wearing bluetooth headphones. The camera happened to capture the back of the girl.

The conference room in France erupted!

And her coquettish "I'm thirsty" was also transmitted to the conference room on the other end, to the executives of the branch.

Everyone was shocked that there was actually a woman in Tristan's home. Was he cohabiting with his girlfriend?

Tristan's calm tranquil gaze remained fixed on the girl's face. He casually handed her the half-full glass of water on the desk.

"Have you had this before?" She reached out to take the glass, feeling a little embarrassed.

Tristan casually closed the laptop, his eyes still on her face. "Do you mind?"

The girl's cheeks flushed slightly. They had even kissed already, so saying she minded would be... too pretentious?

No, she was too thirsty! Her throat was spewing smoke. She directly downed all the water in the glass.

"Want more?" Tristan took the empty glass from her hand and put it down.

She shook her head. "No more."

He gazed at her intimately, grasped her hands. His eyes were ardent yet gentle as he looked at her, making her a little embarrassed.

Tristan gently pulled her and Monica straightened up. His right hand circled around her from behind, hugging her waist. "Want to take a shower?"

"..." Monica's heart gave a little leap and her ears turned red. Meeting his gaze, she felt like she had missed half a breath.

"I mean..." Realizing she might misunderstand, Tristan hurriedly explained, "You smell of alcohol."

"You're repulsed by me?" Monica stared at him insistently, but she wasn't really angry.

"Of course not," Tristan looked up at her and said gently, "I just don't want you to feel uncomfortable yourself."

She knew what he meant and had said that on purpose just now.

Monica couldn't help smiling. "I won't go." Her smile was a little mischievous, full of sweetness. "How could you bring me back here?"

"You said your mom went to Canada and I didn't feel assured leaving you alone there."

"..." She looked at him gratefully. "Thank you for taking me in."

"Can I kiss you?" Tristan gazed at her tenderly. "As payment for taking you in." Even though he already had a strong desire to get close to her, he still sought her opinion.

The girl couldn't help her smile growing sweeter. She pursed her lips without answering, her eyes dark

and transparent.

Tristan gently cupped her face and his lips gradually moved closer until kissing hers.

The moment their lips touched, the air in the study was suffused with sweetness like never before.

Chapter 1578: Just Say It

He kissed her with caution, repeatedly and gently pressing his lips against hers, without

possessiveness or forcefulness, only gentle care.

It was like dragonflies skimming the surface of water, reluctant to leave, repeating this motion.

Monica could feel his intense love for her, coupled with a deep sense of respect.

Monica softly held onto his shoulders with her hands, tenderly and intentionally adding a hint of

fierceness to her kiss...

On this night, of course, they didn't sleep together. It was due to Monica's upbringing and modesty, as

well as Tristan's respect for her.

It was getting late, and Tristan escorted her back to her guest room, helping her get under the covers.

They bid each other goodnight.

Late at night, at the Russell family.

Finnley came back particularly late today. He had finished work at Marsh Group and then went to his own company. Soon, he would officially take over.

A car's headlights shone into the yard, and he walked towards the living room with his father, Albert.

Violet, filled with worry, stood by the railing, gazing at the father and son coming in from outside. She glanced behind them anxiously and asked in a hurry, "Where's Claire? Didn't she come with you?"

"Why?" Albert was puzzled. "Hasn't she returned yet, even though it's so late?"

Upon hearing this, Violet's heart skipped a beat, and worry filled her once again.

"Dad, Mom," Finnley looked at the two elders and spoke honestly, "I haven't had a chance to tell you something."

"Claire, what happened to her?" Violet's heart raced. "Has something happened again? Tell me! Don't keep it from me!"

"It's not that," Finnley's expression was gentle, and he quickly explained, "Don't worry too much. I just wanted to tell you something."

He then revealed Rowan's identity and Claire's decision to go to Lu Layuoka.

Albert and Violet were shocked to hear this, unable to say a word for a long time...

Under the bright lights, Finnley looked at his father and then at his mother, realizing that this kind of identity was impossible for them to digest at the moment.

He said, "I was shocked when I first found out too."

"Finnley, is he really Lu Layuoka's prince?" Albert knew about this country, which was particularly prosperous. The Diamond Kingdom, as it was known, was famous among the many royal families worldwide.

"Yes," Finnley replied. "Dad, this is a fact."

"In that case, Claire can't be with him! This royal family practices polygamy, right?" Violet worriedly exclaimed.

"Don't you know the bad habits that might be left behind? Is there a struggle for the throne? How can you live on such thin ice? Moreover, she's not worthy! I strongly oppose it!"

Finnley couldn't answer these questions; he simply sighed and held his forehead. "Mom, actually..."

In the end, he chose to remain silent.

Albert, with flashes of Rowan's face in his mind, was still amazed by his noble identity.

Night grew deeper.

Lu Layuoka, the royal palace complex.

Taylor had just returned from the stables, wearing a black riding outfit. He was in high spirits and hadn't even reached his residence when someone called out to him, stopping his footsteps. "Prince!"

Taylor paused and turned his gaze. The person came over, "Prince, where have you been? The Queen has been looking for you. Captain Julie has come many times."

Without waiting for Taylor to answer, footsteps approached, and he shifted his gaze further away, only to see a woman in a light blue military uniform with white boots walking towards them.

Julie's expression was blank, her steps brisk, and her gaze locked onto him!

Finally found him!

Taylor frowned in boredom and asked impatiently, "What's the matter?" He didn't pay much attention to

her, despite being the center of attention in front of his mother.

"Good day, Your Highness." Julie stood still in front of him, saluting respectfully and speaking coldly

and seriously, "The queen has something to discuss with you. Please accompany me to her

residence."

"What's the matter? Can't you tell me first?" Taylor showed little interest. "I'm tired and need to rest."

The woman had no extra expression on her face and replied respectfully, "It's an important matter, a big matter, and it concerns you. The queen says you must go."

With his hands in his pockets, Taylor raised an eyebrow and sighed, "How big of a matter can it be? Is the sky falling?" he quipped, but still started walking towards his mother's palace.

"Almost." Julie followed behind him.

Taylor glanced back at her and found it quite ridiculous! He couldn't believe the sky was falling Taylor quickened his pace, and Julie followed suit, afraid that he might break his word and run away.

The Queen's palace was large, styled like a Western castle, outwardly magnificent but with a touch of modernity inside.

Katharine, who had a passion for design, had made improvements to the castle's style. The king favored her, so there was no resistance to her ideas. Her palace was the most fashionable among all the palaces.

Two large peacock decorations adorned the entrance, adding beauty and significance.

Taylor's steps were fast, not because he was anxious, but because he wanted to shake off Julie.

He also wanted to quickly finish meeting his mother and then return to his own palace to sleep. He was accustomed to a life of freedom and laziness.

Julie, who had always been agile in her steps, was having trouble keeping up with him. Fortunately, he entered the Queen's palace, and she thought, "Finally, this ancestor has been found!"

"Mother! What do you want with me?!" As soon as Taylor entered the door, he rushed inside. Familiar with the layout of this labyrinth-like luxurious house, he loudly shouted, "Mother! What do you want? I'm

here! Where are you?"

Guards and servants who heard his voice respectfully saluted, "Your Highness!"

"Where's my mother?" He stopped in a gray and white hall.

At that moment, Queen Katharine, dressed in splendid attire, emerged from the room and walked slowly towards her son, her stern gaze fixed on him. "What are you shouting about?"

"What do you want with me?" Taylor asked directly, as if he wouldn't have come if his mother hadn't called for him.

Their relationship was filled with both love and differences in opinion, after all, they were from different generations.

Katharine stood in front of her son, her displeasure evident as she scrutinized him. "You're never seen, always absent. Do you really not want to come to me?"

"It's not that I don't want to come, I just don't want you to worry too much. I've grown up, I need my own

freedom and space." He emphasized his needs once again.

"Freedom?" The woman seemed to find the word extremely amusing and burst into laughter. "Taylor, have I ever told you? Since you were conceived in my womb, the word 'freedom' has never existed in your dictionary."

"That's because it doesn't exist in your dictionary." Taylor retorted, "Freedom is the first word in my dictionary."

"You..." Katharine was infuriated.

Taylor asked, "Mother, what is it that you want from me?"

"Sit." Katharine's voice was icy cold as she sat down on the sofa and instructed the servants, "Leave

us."

"Yes."

Everyone saluted and left, and Julie, who had followed them in, turned and closed the door.

Chapter 1580 Serious Situation

Taylor realized that something was off with the atmosphere today, so he focused his attention. "What's

going on? Has something happened?"

"Don't be so idle all day," the woman raised her gaze and asked earnestly, "Can't you have a sense of crisis?"

"Why should I have a sense of crisis?" Taylor laughed.

He casually sat on the couch. "They've been saying that Father is seriously ill for the past two years, but he's still doing fine, isn't he?"

"Besides, even if Father dies, isn't it only natural for the throne to fall into my hands? Can Eden or

Arthur snatch it away?" Taylor didn't even consider them a threat.

"Father is still alive, our family is intact, so no matter what happens, I don't need to worry about

anything. I just hope Father lives a long and healthy life!" Taylor picked up a teacup, took a sip, and

then chuckled. "You can rest assured, Queen Mother. Your position is ultimately secure. It can't be taken away! It's just a matter of time."

Katharine listened to his words without interrupting. If she had heard these words before, she wouldn't have taken them seriously. After all, they made sense.

But now the situation was clearly different. The King had secretly brought Louis back without consulting her, the Queen.

Clearly, the King's focus was leaning towards his eldest son.

"Louis has returned," Katharine said calmly, observing her son's expression.

"Louis? Who is Louis?" Taylor didn't pay much attention. He met his mother's gaze and saw the seriousness in her eyes. He paused for a moment, then quickly regained his composure. "Louis?" The name surfaced in his mind, not unfamiliar to him.

Katharine remained silent, calmly and seriously observing him, hoping he would take this matter seriously.

Taylor expressed disbelief. "Prince Louis?" He confirmed with his mother, "The son of Queen Elsa and Father? The crown prince?"

"Yes," Katharine's gaze grew solemn. "He has returned and intends to challenge you for the throne. He is in the palace with your father."

"..." Taylor was taken aback. How could this be possible?

Katharine informed him, "And your father has already ordered that no one can enter or leave the palace without his permission."

"..." Taylor was shocked. The situation had become serious.

But soon he calmed down and chuckled dismissively. "How is that possible? How can we be sure that he is Father's son? Where is he? Does anyone know him?"

"I haven't seen him myself, but they say it's him," Katharine replied.

"They?" Taylor sneered. "Who are 'they'? Eden? Or Arthur?"

Katharine couldn't answer, but the information Julie received couldn't be wrong.

"How many years has Louis been away from the royal family? Even if Father has been ill for so long, Louis hasn't come back, and they haven't reunited. Doesn't this show that he has given up his claim to the throne? What is he doing now?"

"He has returned to inherit the throne, and your father brought him back," Katharine didn't want to waste time with her son. "So you can't continue being careless like before. We can't underestimate the fact that there are two princes and only one throne."

"..." Taylor fell silent, shocked and struggling to adapt to the situation.

As a prince, who wouldn't want to inherit the throne?

Inheriting the throne not only meant having supreme power but also inheriting all of Father's wealth. It was an immeasurable fortune. That's why there had always been intrigue within the royal family.

"No..." Taylor suddenly spoke up. Although he wasn't academically inclined, he had his own thoughts and wasn't a fool.

He seemed to have thought of something and raised his gaze. "Mother, I think there's something suspicious about this. Louis has been away for so many years. Father might not even recognize him.

What makes them so sure that he is Louis?"