

Surprised 1631

Chapter 1631 A Sense of Happiness

Monica was especially happy to hear this.

Tristan urged, "Go accompany your mother quickly, don't let her sit alone awkwardly, this is Algerone's house after all."

"Okay!" Monica also understood his intention, and nodded vigorously, "I'll go first then? Work hard here." Then she tiptoed and planted a light kiss on his face, "Love you!"

She waved at him like a sprite, very playfully, and ran away.

And the small spot on Tristan's face also turned slightly red. She was happy, and how could he not be?

Just after leaving the kitchen, Monica saw the scene in the living room at a glance. She stopped.

"Belinda, drink a cup of warm milk first?"

Algerone was seen bending over and gently placing the milk cup on the coffee table, his voice gentle

as he said to her, "We just made your favorite chicken wings, they're still in the air fryer, they'll be ready soon."

"Thank you." Belinda looked up at him, full of emotion.

Seeing this, Monica was extremely happy. Dad and Mom could finally get along! With each other in their eyes and hearts! She was even happier than New Year's.

Monica walked happily towards her parents, clapping her hands lightly, a smile on her face as brilliant as a flower, "How wonderful!"

Hearing the sound, Algerone turned to look. He was suddenly a little embarrassed, looking at his ex-wife and then at his daughter, then his gaze narrowed as he awkwardly strode towards the kitchen.

Preparing New Year's Eve dinner with Tristan, Algerone was also very happy.

"Belinda." Monica sat down next to her and leaned against her, whispering, "Do you have a sense of happiness?"

The smile at the corner of Belinda's mouth proved everything.

Emerald Bay.

Downstairs in the kitchen, it was also busy, destined to be another full table tonight.

Aubree was on site overseeing every detail, going over the menu carefully again and again. There were important guests tonight, in-laws were coming over, so there could be no slightest neglect or mistake.

Upstairs in the living room on the third floor, the lights were bright and the decor was simple and warm.

Jennifer took off her shoes, put her legs on the sofa, and leaned lazily against Ivan's chest.

He hugged her from behind, his long, beautiful fingers stroking her long hair, smelling her hair

fragrance, involuntarily closing his deep-set eyes.

Jennifer was carefully looking at the note he gave her, written in Rowan's handwriting. There weren't

many words on the note, but she read it carefully three times.

Finally, when Ivan opened his eyes, he saw his wife's delicate eyebrows slightly furrowed, and her

originally calm complexion also changed slightly.

He didn't disturb her or ask questions, just watched as Jennifer put down the note and picked up the

medical book.

She sat up straight, looking very seriously for something.

Ivan then picked up the note on the side. Although the note had accompanied him for two days, this

was the first time he read it.

It said that the king had been poisoned for five years, and wrote about the basic conditions after

poisoning, as well as some of Rowan's own guesses.

And some herbs he needed that could not be found in Lu Layuoka, asking her for help.

After a while.

Jennifer turned to look at the man behind her, and said softly, "We can solve this poison and make an antidote, but it will take some time."

"How much time is some time?" Ivan was worried the king couldn't wait, "You have to hurry then."

Jennifer met his gaze, "I can't guarantee specifically, but from his description, there is still a possibility of redemption. Let's not underestimate the power of traditional medicine."

Ivan took out a box from his pocket, opened it gently in front of her, inside were some fabric scraps.

Chapter 1632: She Worries About Him

"What is this?" Jennifer asked, puzzled.

"It's a handkerchief stained with coffee, milk, and juice residue. The paper contains food particles," Ivan

explained as a flash of the moment they sent the plant to Rowan's palace crossed his mind. He and

Claire had intentionally kept some samples for him to bring back to Arkpool City.

He said, "This is the king's breakfast, sampled from the kitchen. Can you detect any poison in it?"

Jennifer met his gaze, her chest tightening as she listened. "Are you investigating alone?"

Before Ivan could answer, she worriedly reproached him, "Do you know how dangerous this is? If they dare to poison the king, they are nothing short of desperados. They might come after you too! It's not your territory!"

She could feel her nervousness and fear.

Ivan reached out and grasped her shoulder, his tone gentle and apologetic, "I'm not alone; I have Claire, Rowan, and our construction team. Isn't that enough?"

Jennifer didn't think about anything else; she was just terribly worried about him. "You're going there again, aren't you?"

"Of course," he replied to her, "Rowan is my friend, and we must find the killer for him."

But the dangers involved were easy to imagine.

"My dear, I know you're very worried about me, and you're equally concerned about Rowan, so we need your help now," he said.

Jennifer wasn't the kind of woman who feared death. Her gaze fell on the box on the coffee table. "Let's go to his laboratory and see if these foods are poisoned."

"Okay."

So Ivan released her shoulder and took the box, standing up.

Jennifer put on her shoes too. "You act too quickly; you haven't figured out the situation in the royal palace yet."

"We'll be more cautious next time," Ivan said as he took a down jacket from the hanger and helped her put it on. "Please, my lady, rest assured. No one dares to touch me."

Then he carefully zipped up the jacket and tied a scarf for her, taking her hand and leading her downstairs.

"You've worked hard," Ivan said to her.

"Don't say that," Jennifer rubbed against him. "It sounds like I don't want to help him. He's my friend, and he's my apprentice too."

She glanced at him. "I'm just worried about you. You've only been gone for a few days, and you're already taking such risks? You haven't even figured out the situation in the royal palace, and yet you've obtained food samples."

"I didn't do this," Ivan let go of her hand, put his arm around her shoulder, and told her honestly as they walked downstairs, "Claire did it."

"Ah?" Jennifer was startled.

Then Ivan explained Claire's identity and situation over there to her.

Claire was the Arabic translator by the king's side, Ivan's cousin, and completely unfamiliar with Prince Louis, but she had captured the admiration of Prince Taylor.

"So... will that be okay?" Jennifer worried. "Feelings are selfish. She is Rowan's girlfriend."

"It's fine; they have enough trust between them. Besides, although Taylor is the son of Queen

Katharine, he isn't scheming. When necessary, he can still be of help."

As they chatted, the two of them reached the living room downstairs.

"Are you going out?" Aubree happened to come out of the kitchen, seeing her daughter-in-law already wearing a down jacket and a scarf.

"Yes, Mom," Ivan replied, "We're going out for a while, but we'll be back soon."

Aubree didn't ask for more details. "Wait!" She quickly brought a hat and came to Jennifer, directly helping her put it on and instructing, "You're pregnant, don't catch a cold. It's cold outside."

Chapter 1633: The First Round of Testing Begins

"Thank you, Mom." Jennifer had a sweet smile on her face and then cast a happy glance at the man beside her.

"Let's go," Ivan said, putting his arm around her shoulder and leading her outside with confident steps.

"Be careful!" Aubree cautioned, "Walk slowly, one step at a time!"

In the spacious yard, in front of the limited edition Lamborghini, Ivan considerably opened the car door for her.

Jennifer bent down and sat in the passenger seat, and he closed the door for her before returning to the driver's seat.

When Ivan and Jennifer were together, he usually drove himself. He enjoyed this time spent with her.

"Do you remember my medical books?" Jennifer turned her gaze to the handsome profile of the man.

"They were given to me at the welfare home."

"Of course I remember, the one you were just reading."

"It describes various covert methods of poisoning and the preparation of antidotes, all related to plants," Jennifer informed him.

"The description Rowan wrote on the note is very similar to one of the cases in the book, but I can't be a hundred percent sure it's that particular method of poisoning."

Upon hearing this, Ivan seemed to see a glimmer of hope. "Isn't that a coincidence?"

"But there's at least a ninety percent chance that my guess is correct," Jennifer said. "I'll first determine the type of poison and then try to formulate an antidote."

Ivan sighed with a smile and looked at her. "Now you're Rowan's strongest and most powerful helper. If you can develop an antidote similar to the class within a short time, it would be a good choice for me to bring it over."

"That's easy, but finding the culprit will be more difficult," Jennifer asked softly, "Do you have a better way to identify them?"

"As a prince who has just returned to the palace, he is most likely under surveillance. So I haven't had direct communication with him; in the eyes of others, we are strangers. That's the most frustrating part."

"Then give him a phone, the kind that prevents eavesdropping. Put my number in it. I think it would be more convenient for me to research the medicine here than for him over there," Jennifer suggested.

"Okay." Ivan then told her that Rowan had bought many plants at the flower market, some of which were mixed with herbs. He was also researching tirelessly over there.

Jennifer listened silently, her thoughts drifting off. "You know, if the culprit's method of poisoning is exactly the same as described in the book, if it is determined to be the same type of poison, then... is it a coincidence? Or has the culprit also read this book?"

As she finished speaking, she looked at him.

Ivan glanced sideways, meeting his wife's gaze, and felt a chilling thought.

Soon, the Lamborghini came to a stop in the courtyard of Rowan's villa, and the conversation on this topic came to an end.

They got out of the car, stepping on the accumulated snow and made their way towards the living room. Along the way, Ivan held her waist, protecting her safety. "Are you cold?"

"No, are you?" She turned her gaze to him.

He said to her, "With you by my side, how can I feel cold?"

Climbing the steps, Ivan entered his fingerprint code, and the door opened.

In the living room, they went straight upstairs and arrived at the entrance of the futuristic-looking pharmaceutical research laboratory.

Entering the code, the door opened, and the whole room instantly lit up. The previously open curtains closed automatically, like a graceful dancer.

Ivan handed the box to Jennifer, and she took it and gently placed it on the table.

Then she took off her down jacket, skillfully took out a sterile suit from the cabinet, and quickly tied up her dark hair. She was ready to immerse herself in work.

Chapter 1634: Seeking the Antidote

In the field of pharmaceutical research, no matter how intelligent and capable Ivan was, he couldn't really be of any help. It was a domain he had never been involved in.

Standing by and waiting, silently accompanying her, he once again began to admire this woman, and his love for her grew even stronger.

After all, Jennifer was Rowan's master, so she was quite knowledgeable in the field of pharmaceutical research.

She was organized and every move she made was steady, using precise instruments to test whether

the food samples brought back from afar were poisoned.

Ivan crossed his arms and leaned against the corner of a nearby table, his admiring gaze always fixed on his wife.

This seemingly delicate woman always possessed a tremendous amount of energy.

As if sensing his intense gaze, Jennifer prepared the equipment while turning her gaze towards him.

"What are you doing?"

His lips curled up, a smile filling his deep eyes. He always felt that this woman had a power capable of enchanting his heart.

Jennifer couldn't help but laugh. "You're already a father, don't act like a love-struck fool." She withdrew her gaze and focused on her research.

To avoid distracting her, Ivan picked up a book on medical research and turned around, engrossed in reading it.

The research lab was especially quiet.

Half an hour passed unnoticed.

While tidying up the workstation, Jennifer gave her conclusion, "These foods are not poisoned. They're safe."

Ivan closed the book in his hands, casually placing it down, and turned to look at her. "So, the person poisoning isn't the chef? That can be ruled out?"

"If the poisoning is still ongoing, we can eliminate the chef," Jennifer tidied up the instruments. "But if the poisoning has stopped and the previous poison was indeed caused by the chef?"

In reality, that possibility existed.

Lost in thought, Ivan pondered, "Who had contact with the food? They would have the possibility of poisoning. We need to examine the food served and make comparisons to be sure."

"But Claire should be able to get the second batch of samples soon." Ivan supported his chin with one hand. "Are the instruments you just used easy to carry?"

"They are," Jennifer said as she prepared to pack up. "We need to figure out how to give them to him without arousing suspicion. It's easy to bring them into the palace from this side. Didn't you say he's likely being monitored?"

"We can figure out a way. Let's pack them first." He stepped forward to help.

The neatly arranged items didn't take up much space, and a small, precise box was just right.

"Come with me to the village. I have some rare herbs planted in my previous backyard. They can be used to formulate an antidote," she said. "Although I'm not sure what kind of poison it is, my judgment is almost certain. We can prepare some to take over there."

"Okay."

And so, Ivan carried the small box and left Rowan's pharmaceutical research lab with his wife.

In the yard, they got into the car and drove towards the village...

Soon, Zack arrived at Emerald Bay with Eason. Ivan and Jennifer hadn't returned yet, and Aubree personally came out to greet them, happy to see them.

"Grandpa!! Eason!"

"Hello, Grandpa!"

The children were excited to see them and ran over, holding Eason's hand and pulling him away.

"Eason! Let's play with the race cars! You can sit with Diana! Shall we race?"

"Sure."

Eason had been recovering well lately, growing taller each day, and his intelligence gradually returning.

Of course, he was still living in Rowan's hospital with dedicated doctors and nurses taking care of him.

Being blood relatives with Alfie and Diana and all being children, they easily played together.

"Please come in." Aubree, elegant and graceful, said to the middle-aged man. "Ivan and Jennifer have gone out on business, but they'll be back soon."

"Okay." Zack smiled and followed her inside, his gaze falling on the backs of the children. "Alfie and

Diana have grown quite a bit, haven't they?"

Chapter 1635: The Goodness of Human Nature

"Yes, I just measured it yesterday. He grew three centimeters taller in a month," Aubree said, every word filled with joy and pride.

Zack followed her words, "With Mom and Dad's genes, and such good looks, in the future, they'll definitely have a line of outstanding suitors waiting for them."

As elders, when it came to talking about children, there was never-ending praise. They say that there is a special bond between generations, and this statement is truly accurate.

In the evening.

The Lamborghini drove into the yard under the cover of night and parked steadily in front of the villa.

Red lanterns hung throughout the courtyard emitted beautiful light, creating a festive atmosphere.

Ivan and Jennifer had returned. They had just entered the living room when a black Volvo also entered the yard.

The driver's door opened, and Spencer, still dressed coolly, stepped out of the car. The air of unruliness around him had grown even stronger.

His appearance and demeanor were very appealing to young girls nowadays, especially since he had gained popularity from acting in a recent film, accumulating a considerable number of fans.

With his hands in his pockets, he walked confidently into the brightly lit living room. His black bangs on his forehead were slightly damp, freshly styled with hair gel.

His friends from the club who hadn't gone home for the Lunar New Year would also be coming over later.

Spencer's devilishly handsome appearance and wild stride made one wonder if there would ever be a woman capable of completely capturing him.

From head to toe, from heart to body, restraining him completely.

"Hi, everyone, good evening!"

Spencer entered the living room, tilting his body proudly backward, extending his arms in a sociable manner, and looked happily at everyone within his line of sight.

"Uncle Spencer is here!"

Before anyone could fully react, Alfie excitedly screamed and rushed towards him. "Uncle, I missed you so much!"

"Hello, Uncle!" Diana hopped towards him like a little rabbit. "Uncle, you look so handsome today!" Her sweet words were like honey.

Everyone welcomed him, inviting him to take a seat. Some asked about the club's recent performance, others brought him snacks and tea, and some inquired about his competition results.

Spencer had completely assimilated into this family.

"Spencer." Aubree's kind gaze fell upon him, and she asked genuinely, "Why did you come alone again? What about your girlfriend?"

He smiled at her and honestly replied, "Unless we're sure about getting married, we can't call her a

girlfriend. At most, she's just a female friend. So... I didn't plan on bringing her to this family gathering."

From his words, did that mean he's no longer single and has a partner?

From his words, does he still have a casual mindset?

"Spencer, you're not young anymore, right? It's time to have a serious relationship with marriage as the goal. Look at your brother; he's about to have his third child," Aubree, acting like a mother, genuinely cared.

Spencer sat down on the sofa, picking up a few grapes from a plate. "Aunt, if I have a child, would you help take care of them?"

"Of course, as long as you have children, I'll definitely help!" For some reason, Aubree had developed a special fondness for children.

It's said that human nature is inherently good. Having witnessed so much evil in the first half of her life, she believed that the innate goodness in children was especially precious.

Laughter and joy filled the living room.

"Spencer, come on, give me your number," Aubree said seriously, pulling out her phone. "If there's a suitable girl, I'll definitely recommend her to you. You must settle down!"

Chapter 1636 Spencer is Very Flirtatious

Laughter filled the living room as the atmosphere remained harmonious.

Faced with the elders' urging to get married, Spencer smiled gracefully and responded in a very frank manner. He casually took out his phone and did not resist adding her on WhatsApp.

"Then I'll have to trouble Auntie to play matchmaker. With a girlfriend right around the corner, I'll do my best to bring her back next year to meet everyone!" Spencer had become quite adept at going along with social situations.

Sometimes, Spencer also wanted to settle down. During quiet nights alone with a drink, he would occasionally think of having a family.

But he had never met a woman who made his heart skip a beat at first sight, someone he was head over heels for. Spencer would never compromise when it came to love.

Who doesn't yearn for a happy and beautiful romance?

Aubree added his WhatsApp after scanning his QR code, but was shocked by his personal signature-

"Spencer, your WhatsApp signature..." Aubree's smile faded as she found it hard to even read it a second time.

Meanwhile, Spencer didn't realize what was going on either. He had set that signature ages ago and long forgot what it said.

"What is it? Let me check." Spencer grabbed his phone and hurriedly opened his WhatsApp signature.

Seeing Aubree's surprised and embarrassed expression, Jennifer and Ivan also took out their phones in unison, curious to see Spencer's WhatsApp page.

The signature read:

Be a bright and flirtatious man. Don't captivate the country or city, but captivate the girl you love and roll

around in bed with her.

Jennifer couldn't help but laugh out loud, "You're pretty straightforward, your intentions are crystal clear."

After seeing it, Spencer put his phone away, looking especially modest as he said, "No no no, this is just... my signature from years ago."

Aubree was still a bit conservative. As an elder, she sincerely wanted the best for him.

So she gave him well-meaning advice, "Then can you change it now? This... if a girl's mother saw this,

her impression would likely drop quite a bit. The older generation isn't that open yet."

"Sure, I'll change it right now." Spencer readily agreed, his fingers busily tapping the screen.

Although he looked carefree and uninhibited, he could still listen to the elders' suggestions.

Soon, under everyone's "supervision," he changed it to a normal personal signature:

A man should strive!

The simple six words marked a drastic change in tone, barely reminiscent of him.

At this, Aubree finally relaxed, a smile appearing at the corners of her lips. Everyone else followed suit

with laughter, the living room once again filled with chatter and laughter.

Soon, several supercars drove into Emerald Bay, parking in the yard.

Spencer's club buddies who didn't go home for the holidays came over, very courteous and carrying

plenty of gifts. They greeted everyone as they came in, calling them Uncle, Auntie, Big Brother, Big

Sister...

They were all handsome youths in their early twenties, very likable.

After a while, Jolly came to notify everyone dinner was ready.

"Let's go, eat first," Aubree had no airs of an elder, very easygoing, "We can chat while we eat."

Those on the sofa got up and made their way to the dining room.

Just inside the foyer, the spacious area felt bright and open, the intricate crystal chandelier giving off a dazzling brilliance.

The long white dining table was very wide, filled with a lavish feast that must have had dozens of dishes, looking exquisite and appetizing.

Lined along the dining table were over a dozen leather dining chairs, the scene majestic.

Chapter 1637: No Secrets Among Family

"Please, please, have a seat. Today, we don't distinguish between generations. Just find the nearest available seat and sit down. Don't be polite. We will have gatherings like this more often in the future,"

Aubree said, inviting everyone to take their seats. Everything was orderly, without being too rigid.

The wine glasses on the table sparkled like crystal under the lights, and the folded handkerchiefs formed attractive shapes. The New Year's Eve dinner at Emerald Bay was arranged with great grandeur. It was said that each dish was prepared by top Italian chefs.

Amidst the liveliness, a warm atmosphere filled the air. Everyone raised their glasses to toast, wishing

each other a better year ahead. As they ate and chatted, the distance between them narrowed once again.

At the same time, in the villas nearby, the lights were also on. The table was filled with seafood and Canadian specialties. Belinda was enjoying the meal and felt deeply moved. She continuously praised Tristan's cooking skills and thanked him.

"Talented people are truly versatile, managing the company so well and having excellent culinary skills," Belinda said, taking a sip of red wine and becoming more satisfied with her son-in-law.

Tristan couldn't help but smile, feeling a bit embarrassed by the compliments. Belinda asked, "Tristan, you rarely cook at home, right?"

Tristan raised his gaze, his eyes filled with tenderness. "Yes, rarely," he admitted, "but if we start a family in the future, I will cook more often."

Monica blushed upon hearing his words. "Haha, you've worked hard today," Belinda said happily, as she had eaten two bowls of rice tonight.

Monica glanced at Algerone, who was eating quietly, intentionally not looking up. But it was clear that he was in a good mood tonight.

"Belinda, two people cooked tonight. You shouldn't just thank Tristan," Monica said with a smile.

"Right? You've also eaten a lot of the dishes Algerone made."

Algerone looked up, and his gaze coincided with Belinda's gentle eyes. She said to him, "Thank you, Algerone."

"You're welcome, you're welcome! No secrets among family!" Algerone blurted out, feeling even more embarrassed. They weren't remarried yet, but they were already a family... Wasn't this a bit...?

Fortunately, Belinda didn't say anything. Monica quickly raised her glass to ease the situation. "Come, let's toast! Since we're all family!"

Seeing her making an effort to create a warm atmosphere, everyone raised their glasses.

"May the companies of the three of you continue to prosper!"

"May Algerone grow younger and younger!"

"May Belinda become more and more beautiful!"

"May Tristan earn enough dowry soon and marry me, such a virtuous woman! Cheers!"

Tristan and Algerone couldn't help but burst into laughter at her words. Only Belinda blushed and said

for her, "You're shameless, a young girl like you! You keep talking nonstop!"

"What's the problem? No secrets among family!" Monica boldly clinked glasses, "May we have a better

Christmas than the previous year, and may everything go smoothly!"

Then she tilted her head back and happily drank the wine in her glass.

The plates were almost empty, and the New Year's Eve dinner was coming to an end. Everyone had

eaten their fill. During the meal, they had also raised their glasses and had a few drinks, bringing the

festive atmosphere to its climax.

Perhaps Algerone had been planning it all along. When he put down his utensils, he looked at the

young couple beside him and said, "Tristan, Monica, it's lively outside tonight with fireworks. Don't you

want to go out and see?"

Tristan immediately understood the meaning behind his words and replied, "We plan to go. We'll go in

a little while."

Monica also caught on, realizing that Algerone had finally come around. He understood the need for

some alone time for the two of them.

"What do you mean 'in a little while'?" Monica grabbed a handkerchief and wiped her lips. When she

got up, she directly took Tristan's arm. "Let's go now! Come on!"

And so, Tristan was forcibly pulled out of the living room and brought to his car. Monica opened the car door for him and said, "Get in?"

Chapter 1638 When Do You Want to Get Married?

Tristan couldn't help but ruffle her hair, the corners of his lips curving up gently, "What a sly little thing."

Monica smiled at him happily before letting him go and quickly sitting in the passenger seat.

Tristan also got in the car very soon, and it started up after a while.

The streets were especially lively during the Christmas season. Arkpool City was one of the most prosperous big cities, attracting countless young dreamers. Traditional culture was also well promoted here.

There were cheerful decorations everywhere, a completely renewed scene.

Tristan held the steering wheel with his left hand and naturally held her hand with his right, gently interlocking their fingers, "Monica, when do you want to get married?"

"Ah?" The girl was taken aback for a moment and turned to look at him.

This topic was a bit sudden!

The corners of Tristan's lips curled up as he slowed down the car and glanced at her, "I was just asking when you want to get married."

In case she didn't hear it the first time, he repeated it again.

"..." The girl gazed at his charming smile, even forgetting to breathe for a moment.

He didn't seem to be joking.

"What's wrong?" Tristan smiled in surprise at her wooden reaction, "Not ready yet?"

"We..."

Monica was suddenly a little shy, "Haven't we just started dating? Do you know me well? Are you ready to spend your life with me? Are you really considering marriage?"

"From the moment I decided to be with you, I even had our children's names picked out." Tristan squeezed her hand and glanced at her again.

His eyes were full of affection, tenderness, and abundant feelings.

Monica was simply touched!

She looked back at him happily, "Can we do it after my parents remarry?"

"Sure." Tristan understood completely. He had decided to be with Monica for life, so a little while longer didn't matter.

Now that he was holding her hand, he would never let go.

The car moved forward without a specific destination. With her by his side, everything was calm.

Braving the winter winds also felt blissful.

At this moment, the sky not far outside the window suddenly lit up, accompanied by cheers.

They looked up to see hundreds of drones in the sky, combining into various romantic patterns.

One moment they formed Cupid with wings, shooting an arrow at two hearts.

The next moment they depicted a man kneeling to propose to a woman, the bouquet of roses in his hand looking so realistic.

Then "I Love You" appeared in the sky, quickly switching to Chinese, then French, then German...

This was simply an extravagant romance.

Tristan had originally slowed down, but when he turned to look at the girl beside him, he found her watching the window expectantly, looking extremely happy, as if captivated by the scene.

Tristan simply parked the car at the side of the road. He took off his seatbelt, got out of the car, walked

around to her side, and opened the door for her. "Come on out? I'll take a walk with you."

"Okay!"

Girls always looked forward to events like this. Even if she wasn't the female lead, she still wanted to watch.

It turns out romance and happiness can be shared.

On the embankment not far away, young men and women stood side by side, everyone holding up their phones to film the sky, occasionally screaming excitedly and clapping their hands.

The hundreds of drones in the sky went through myriad transformations, the scene magnificent.

Monica had lived overseas with her mother since she was little. She was a socialite in elite circles and had seen many extravagant scenes.

So she didn't react with the kind of wonder of someone who hadn't seen the world. She was very calm, the corners of her lips turned up as she appreciated the drone show.

She wondered if the female protagonist must be happy?

Tristan stood by her side. Under the warm yellow streetlights, his affectionate gaze fell on her rosy

profile. She was the only one he saw.

Chapter 1639 Ordinary Little Happiness

"A good marriage can give someone rebirth." The corners of Monica's lips curled up in a smile as she turned to the man beside her, "I really hope this girl finds happiness."

"Yeah, the divorce rate is too high nowadays." Tristan lamented, "Mainly because women are becoming more and more excellent and independent, not relying on men at all."

"Relationships require cultivation, and so do marriages." She cherished them and was grateful.

Tristan lightly put his arm around her shoulders, also looking up at the romantic drone show in the night sky.

A very large ring slowly slid onto the slender fingers of the girl.

To Tristan, the scene looked clichéd and tacky, but every second the drones hovered in the sky cost money.

Spending so extravagantly on a girl was also proof of love.

"Big brother, do you want to buy a rose for big sister?"

A tender voice caught their attention. They lowered their eyes to see a little boy holding a flower basket

standing before them.

With one hand holding the basket and the other holding a vibrant, blooming rose, he directly reached out to Tristan, his eyes full of expectation.

"How much?" Tristan let go of Monica and took out his wallet to ask.

"Ten dollars each! Just picked from the rose garden this afternoon!"

"I'll take them all." Tristan was very kind. "You count how many there are."

Monica turned to look at him. One would be enough, or they didn't have to buy any.

But seeing the little boy happily counting the roses in the basket, she didn't say anything.

After all, it was New Year's Eve today. The sooner the boy sold all the flowers, the sooner he could go home.

"Brother, there are 18 roses total. 150 dollars is enough!" The little boy squatted down again, neatly wrapping all the roses in a pink card and tying them into a beautiful bouquet.

Standing up, he held out the lovely bouquet to Monica, "Sister, I hope you stay happy forever!"

"Thank you." Monica bent down politely, reaching out to accept the roses solemnly.

To her, this was not just a bouquet, but the most sincere blessing from a stranger.

"Here's two hundred, no need for change." Tristan handed the money to the boy and lovingly ruffled his

little head, "Go home quickly."

"Thank you, brother and sister! Merry Christmas!"

The little boy's eyes shone brightly as he waved to them with a smile, "Stay together forever, goodbye!"

Then he happily ran off.

Watching the child run off into the distance, Monica and Tristan retracted their gazes at the same time,

meeting each other's eyes as the corners of their lips curled up lightly.

"Thank you for the roses." Monica tilted her head, gazing at him affectionately.

Tristan also felt as sweet as honey in his heart. He held her shoulders with both hands, planted a light

kiss on her cheek, then put his arm around her and strode forward with her.

Glancing at his watch, Tristan said to her, "It's just past nine. Let's go catch a movie, then ring in the

new year together after it ends."

"Okay!" They hadn't gone to the movies together yet after getting together.

So Tristan used his phone to look up the location of a nearby theater, took her back to the car, and

booked movie tickets before driving off. "The last two seats, how lucky."

"We haven't even gone to the movies together yet." Monica casually remarked, though she didn't sound regretful.

But Tristan took it to heart. He felt quite apologetic, "After the new year, when the company's new project is underway, I'll definitely be able to spend a lot more time with you."

Chapter 1640 The Atmosphere is Right

Monica held the rose in her hand and glanced at him. Her eyes peered deeply at him as she jokingly said, "You want to have a down-to-earth romance, right?"

"Yes," Tristan didn't deny it. He even had an idea, "We should experience everything a normal couple experiences, except for breaking up."

Monica was amused by him, "So it's a down-to-earth romance without breaking up."

"Yes."

She suddenly remembered, "I remember there's a very popular notebook online called 100 Things

Couples Must Do Together!"

"Let's buy it and schedule things according to the time. Once we finish it, we'll get married. What do

you think, Monica? Are you interested in cooperating?"

Tristan wasn't joking. With one hand on the steering wheel and the other holding her hand, he asked.

The car soon stopped outside the movie theater.

Of course she was willing. She loved him so much, didn't she?

Tristan and her got out of the car. Monica didn't ask what movie they were watching tonight, because

for her, being able to sit with him for two hours was a kind of happiness.

The two took the elevator upstairs. Tristan took the tickets, bought her a coke and popcorn, and also

bought two sticks of haw candy.

There were couples everywhere in the lobby.

They arrived almost on time. After buying everything, they could check in and enter Theater 3.

Tonight, all the young couples who came to watch the New Year's Eve show were hand in hand,

intimate with each other. The air was filled with happiness.

Tristan and Monica became one of them... They were extremely good-looking and attracted a lot of glances.

At this moment, in Algerone's townhouse.

He let Belinda sit still and cleared the tableware on the dinner table by himself. Then he brewed a pot of tea and brought it to the living room.

Belinda sat on the sofa the whole time. She was even breathing carefully, always absent-minded for no reason, but trying hard to concentrate.

"Okay, I've put everything in the dishwasher." Algerone sat down on the sofa and leaned forward to pour two cups of tea. He had a gentle expression on his face, having imagined the following scene countless times in his mind.

He handed a cup to her.

"Thank you." Belinda was still a little restrained. She held the teacup with both hands. The atmosphere tonight was very unusual.

It felt like young people on a blind date.

Her daughter and son-in-law were obviously sent away, so Algerone... was he going to confess to her?

The timing was good and the atmosphere was in place.

As a woman who still had him in her heart, Belinda's anticipation and nervousness were uncontrollable.

If feelings could be self-controlled, what would the heart be for?

Algerone glanced at his watch, then glanced out the window again, in no hurry to say anything.

And Belinda didn't know what he meant.

The silence in the living room made her a little uncomfortable.

Until three minutes later, someone walked over the snow in the yard and rang the doorbell.

When Belinda was puzzled, Algerone hurried to open the door, a little impatient.

"Mr. Swain?"

"Yes, thank you, thank you."

The woman sitting on the sofa only heard the brief conversation, and then saw Algerone close the door

and walk towards her with a big bouquet of roses.

"Belinda, these flowers are for you, wishing you a safe and happy new year in advance." Algerone

stood in front of her, bent over and handed her the bouquet.

The strong scent of roses rushed into her nostrils. Belinda took the roses blankly and looked up to see

Algerone's smiling face etched with wrinkles.

She was a little moved in her heart, and also a little sour. A feeling of déjà vu grew in her heart.

Belinda had really missed many years with him...