

## **Surprised 1671**

### Chapter 1671 I Also Want to Know Why

Jolie frowned worriedly. She sighed and analyzed, "It's very abnormal. Prince Taylor has always been favored. Even after Prince Louis returned, the king did not treat the others differently. Why did he suddenly say such harsh words to the prince because of Claire?"

Catherine couldn't understand it either. The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she felt. So she asked anxiously, "Where is Taylor? Where is he now?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she saw Taylor passing by the palace gate, which happened to catch Catherine's eyes.

"Taylor!" She called out at the gate.

Her son completely ignored her, and his figure quickly disappeared from her sight.

Catherine hurriedly chased after him, and Jolie chased after him too!

"Taylor!" Catherine was angry! Looking at that back figure shouting, "Taylor! Stop right there!"

She finally stopped that figure!

With a frown, Taylor stopped in his tracks carrying his schoolbag. He really couldn't understand why his

father was so angry.

He felt deeply wronged!

Seeing her son stop, Catherine walked up to him and stood still, asking, "What exactly is going on?

Why is your father angry?"

"How would I know?" Taylor irritably replied. He was also very depressed.

At this moment, Jolie's phone beeped. She took it out and saw someone had sent her this text:

[The king does not allow Prince Taylor to set foot in the palace again]

Jolie stared at this line, and she finally realized the severity of the situation. She held the phone screen

in front of the queen.

When Catherine saw this, she was shocked!

Was the king so angry?

"Taylor!" She pushed away the phone and shouted at her son again, then grabbed his arm, "Come with me!"

She directly pulled her son back to the palace!

"Your Majesty..." Jolie was worried and hurried to catch up, "Let's communicate properly!"

"Speak, what exactly did you do?!" Catherine interrogated. She was very confused and also frustrated!

"Why did you have to do this? Why did you make your father so angry? Do you know you're the one competing for the throne? Do you even care about Louis? If you anger your father to death, will the throne fall into your hands?! You unfilial son!"

After being wronged by his father and interrogated by his mother, Taylor was even more puzzled.

"How would I know?" Taylor irritably replied, "I didn't do anything! I just fell in love with learning! I'm becoming better, why are you still not satisfied?"

"You really were just studying?! You didn't do anything else?" His mother didn't believe it.

"What did I do? I was just studying! There are so many eyes watching! If you don't believe me, go ask the servants!"

Seeing her son so emotional and depressed, Catherine chose to believe him. After all, she knew her own son very well.

But if this was really the case... why did things become so terrible?

"Father won't let me get close to Claire, and I don't know why either!" Taylor angrily blurted out. He

threw his schoolbag on the table, "I also want to know why!"

"..." Catherine was stunned, then at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, a bold thought suddenly flashed through Jolie's mind. When this thought flashed by, she was so shocked!

"Alright, I'll go ask why right now!" Catherine said and then left!

"Your Majesty!" Jolie reacted immediately, rushed forward and pulled her back, "I have something to tell

you!"

Catherine stopped and turned around. Jolie's eyes contained a thousand words, as if it was very important.

Chapter 1672 This is a huge misunderstanding

At this time, Taylor picked up his backpack and stomped away angrily! He just wanted to find a place to calm down!

Catherine was also in no mood to care about him anymore. She followed Jolie towards the inner room, feeling a little uneasy. "What exactly do you want to say? Did you notice something wrong?"

Jolie walked into the room and closed the door. Her eyes were half-narrowed as she said with some

certainly, "The reason why the King is so angry is because Prince Taylor made a move on his woman."

At first, Catherine didn't understand what this meant.

Because in her constant understanding, only she was the King's woman.

How could Taylor make a move on her?

As the master and servant's eyes met, Catherine finally reacted. "You mean..." Her chest throbbed

again. "You mean Claire?"

"Yes, the King has taken a liking to Claire," Jolie said bluntly and decisively. She said coldly, "Otherwise

there is no way to explain this matter."

"No!" Catherine suddenly laughed. She spoke lightly and quickly, "That's impossible. There's a

generation gap! And it's only been a few days! She's just a translator, how could she capture the King's

heart?"

"Since ancient times, when a man looks for a woman, he wants to find someone younger than himself.

The younger and more delicate the better," Jolie said. "Because apart from this, I can't think of any

other reason. Prince Taylor is his own son. Calling him to get out and no longer allowing him to set foot

in the palace, this punishment is too severe."

Although Catherine couldn't find a reason, she also thought this reason was too outrageous.

But Jolie's judgment was always very accurate. And she spoke so decisively that in the end it did make

Catherine feel a little creeped out.

Could it be... Is this Claire really a witch?

"Your Majesty," Jolie's voice was low. "I just had someone investigate and they sent back a message. I

don't know if I should say it or not."

Catherine narrowed her eyes slightly. "What do you have that you shouldn't say? Tell me." She

suppressed the panic in her heart and looked at her intently. "Speak."

"The King ordered Miss Claire to accompany him for meals, breakfast, lunch and dinner, a few days

ago," Jolie reported truthfully. "Eden and Arthur are standing guard outside."

When Catherine heard this, she could hardly believe it! Her eyes were full of shock.

The King didn't have a cleanliness obsession, but he was used to dining alone. He liked tranquility.

Apart from Catherine herself, no one else had ever accompanied the King at meals.

Even his son Taylor rarely, very rarely, would accompany his father, to visit his father, but rarely went

into the dining room.

"Your Majesty," Jolie saw her shocked expression and gently comforted her. "The King's health is deteriorating day by day. He would never be so reckless as to take Miss Claire as his concubine. So I think this matter can be overlooked. Just pretend you don't know about it."

"No!" Catherine loved the King. She could not tolerate other women approaching him. "He is my husband! How can I allow other women to get close to him? Even if he is dying, I must still be his only consort!"

Thinking of Claire's appearance, like a water lily emerging from the water, Catherine was jealous!

At such a young age, she had already captivated both father and son!

If this got out, wouldn't it become the royal family's biggest laughing stock? And she, Catherine, would definitely be the subject of ridicule and gossip.

Then she started to reflect, "It's my fault, I'm not good enough. These days I've put all my thoughts into the project with the Jing Group and didn't take out enough time to accompany him, leading to bad people taking advantage of the opportunity."

On the one hand, she started to reflect.

On the other hand, she also pushed this responsibility onto Claire.

She felt that this girl was insincere, vain and pretentious!

Chapter 1673 Claire Summoned by the Queen

"Jolie, bring Claire to see me!" Catherine's eyes were a bit cold.

She wanted to take the opportunity to have a good chat with this girl before Ivan arrived, to advise her to turn back now and not do anything foolish.

Jolie also guessed the Queen's intentions. She bowed respectfully, "Yes." Then she stepped quickly out to fetch Claire, estimating that Mr. Marsh should be arriving soon as well.

In the luxurious palace, Catherine paced back and forth on the rabbit fur rug, in a very bad mood.

This Claire must be quite cunning, to have father and son wrapped around her finger.

In the King's Palace-

Since Prince Taylor had been chased away, Claire felt very awkward. She also felt guilty, knowing the escalation didn't benefit anyone.

Yet the King didn't blame her at all. Instead he apologized, "I'm very sorry, Claire. He's ignorant and

caused you distress."

"Your Majesty," Claire was very concerned about Rowan's feelings. This matter must have spread through the royal family by now.

"I'm sorry, I didn't handle it well and caused you worry," Claire apologized again. "Please take care of your health."

The King's anger had aggravated his condition. Clutching his chest, he took a deep breath. "Continue your studies. I'll go rest in my room."

With Arthur's support, he headed towards his bedroom.

The King insisted Claire return to the study room and continue learning, refusing any assistance from her or letting her see him off.

Watching his retreating figure disappear through the doorway, Claire was still in a daze, feeling a little down.

She wondered, if Rowan found out about today's incident, what would he think? Would he misunderstand?

And if Queen Catherine knew, what would she think?

But Claire's deepest concern was whether this would implicate Rowan.

She had to fully cooperate in keeping her identity hidden, as Rowan had done.

The King's protection of her today made it obvious she was no ordinary person. Queen Catherine's

captain of the guard Jolie was very shrewd.

Still, Mr. Marsh would be arriving soon, bringing new hope.

Just as Claire gathered herself to return to the study, she heard approaching footsteps, brisk and steady.

Soon, Captain Jolie appeared at the doorway, heading straight for Claire.

Their eyes met. Claire could tell she had come for her.

"Miss Claire," Jolie halted before her and relayed her orders evenly, "The Queen requests your presence."

Facing those cool, detached eyes, Claire had a bad premonition.

Had the Queen summoned her because of Prince Taylor's behavior today?

Claire didn't say anything or stall for time. She stepped forward, with Jolie following behind.

Once downstairs and out of the palace, Jolie led the way to the Queen's palace, though Claire already knew where it was.

As they walked, Claire pondered like a writer - what questions would the Queen ask?

As a mother, how would she feel upon hearing her son had been chased out by his father?

Claire treated it as a story, profiling Queen Catherine's character. How would someone like her react in this situation?

Claire had only one thought - to protect Rowan.

She must not expose that she was Rowan's girlfriend. She couldn't let Rowan worry while he was researching.

Soon the two peacocks at the palace gates came into view. Claire was led inside by Jolie.

Chapter 1674 Let's Speak Frankly

On the way here, she had mentally prepared herself.

Jolie brought Claire to the Queen's palace. It was different from the other royal palaces, with a modern flair, almost trendsetting.

The palace was enormous. Claire followed Jolie through a maze of twists and turns for five minutes

before finally arriving at a spacious tea room.

As soon as Claire entered, she saw a figure standing by the window.

"Your Majesty, I've brought Miss Claire," Jolie bowed and exited, closing the door behind her.

Claire's gaze never left that figure as she tried to guess her thoughts.

So she's not going to turn around?

"Your Majesty," Claire slightly nodded her head, speaking gently with proper etiquette. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Catherine turned with a stony expression, scrutinizing her from head to toe, from her face to her figure.

Claire was very calm, even tranquil as she met her gaze, trying to discern her inner thoughts from her expressions.

Recalling Jolie's words, with Claire now before her, Catherine was furious as a woman. If not for her being Ivan's sister, she would have slapped her already!

But she knew she had to restrain herself.

So Catherine's lips curved up. "Have a seat, I've brewed some tea. Let's chat while we drink." She still wanted to advise her.

"Your Majesty," Claire remained standing, watching as Catherine sat down. She sincerely explained in

a soft voice, "I have a boyfriend in Arkpool City, so I cannot accept Prince Taylor's affection."

"Oh?" The Queen had just picked up the teapot but glanced up at her remark before withdrawing her

gaze to pour tea. "If you're so principled, why accept the King's affection then?"

"What?" At first Claire thought she had misheard, not understanding her meaning.

Because she had misunderstood in a way Claire hadn't considered at all.

Catherine set down the teapot. Sitting straight, she didn't ask Claire to sit either, just lifted her eyes to

the girl standing not far away.

But this time, her gloomy dark eyes held scrutiny. "There's no need to pretend you don't understand.

Although I called you here, let's speak frankly."

Clearly the Queen was unhappy, even suppressing anger.

Claire had often written such expressions and mannerisms in her novels - barely containing rage, yet

enduring and considerate, with a chilled gaze.

"Claire, I know you're Mr. Marsh's sister, but trying to steal my husband here is wrong of you,"

Catherine's eyes narrowed as she calmly sipped her tea. "Although the King is ill and aged, he's not muddle-headed."

Now Claire finally understood the misunderstanding... she was speechless!

In her heart Claire ridiculed Catherine's characterization - not low EQ, but low IQ.

"Your Majesty, just because Prince Taylor was clinging to me and the King called him out for neglecting his duties and chased him away, you think I'm having an affair with the King? Is that what you mean?"

Catherine's eyes answered her.

Claire really wanted to laugh, but she had to respect the Queen's status. So she explained earnestly and sincerely, "This is a misunderstanding. I'm not that kind of person, neither is the King."

Seeing her emphasize so seriously, she didn't seem to be lying.

Catherine examined her for a bit. "Regardless of whether it's true, it's a fact you dined with the King.

That's already improper. I hope you'll cease such behavior!"

The Queen's anger didn't benefit anyone, and Claire had already obtained the food samples.

So Claire readily agreed, "Alright."

Catherine was actually surprised by her sudden cooperativeness.

## Chapter 1675 Rowan Finds Out

So she said again, "The restaurant is a relatively private space. You are not a doctor, please remember your identity as a translator."

"I can confirm this is a date!"

"It can also ruin you, but as long as you come to your senses and immediately stop this behavior and give up any feelings you have for the king, I can let bygones be bygones."

"I promise to stop this behavior," Claire said. "It's not because I've come to my senses, I'm not lost at all. And whether it's a date or not, the king will explain it to you! Please go ask him!"

Claire simply didn't want to communicate with her anymore. She felt the queen was an idiot who only knew how to be irrationally jealous.

There was a flash of something in Catherine's eyes. This girl's tone made her very dissatisfied! She was the queen!

So Catherine put down her teacup and stood up. She said with some momentum, "Claire, I warn you, I don't care who you are, don't have any improper thoughts about my husband! Even if he's dying, he's still mine!"

"I would also warn your son to stay away from me in the future. He has already caused me distress.

And, your husband is the king, please respect his status and do not slander him." Claire looked straight at her and said softly with rosy lips.

Before Catherine could respond, Claire continued, "Queen, if I told the king about our conversation today, do you guess he would look for you?"

Hearing this, the woman's expression changed.

Claire smiled and said, "Don't worry, I won't."

As her words fell, the two women looked at each other, both feeling a sharp aura.

They stared at each other for a full minute.

In the end it was Claire who spoke first. "If the queen has nothing else, then I'll be going first."

Catherine didn't say anything more, just a determined look in her eyes.

Watching her back as she left, she really didn't expect this girl to be so tough, with a fearless attitude that came from the bone. That calm and composed manner was innate.

At this time, Taylor had returned to his own palace. He took out his emotions by smashing things, and

the servants couldn't persuade him to stop no matter what.

The palace was in chaos, and he felt wronged like a child.

This incident naturally reached Rowan's ears as it caused a small commotion.

"What did you just say?" Rowan asked gently.

In the courtyard, the two servants who were watering the flowers and plants were shocked and looked

back. When they saw him, they quickly knelt down, "Prince!"

"Get up quickly." Rowan helped them up politely and asked gently again, "What happened to Prince

Taylor?"

Originally he wasn't interested in Taylor's affairs, but he heard Claire's name.

Seeing that Prince Louis wanted to investigate and not blame them for not watering carefully, the two

servants told him the whole story sentence by sentence. Although they had only heard it through the

grapevine, it was mostly accurate. The news came from the king's palace.

"The king made Prince Taylor get lost and never allowed him to step foot in the palace again. It was

Duke Eden who saw him off."

"Then Miss Claire was also taken away by Captain Jolie, probably summoned by the queen."

As Rowan listened, his heart stirred and he became a little worried.

"I see, go on with your work, thanks for the hard work." After that, he turned and walked toward the king's palace.

Rowan felt very sorry that he hadn't been able to protect her well. His thin lips tightened and his deep eyes were slightly gloomy as he quickened his pace.

As he walked, he saw Claire in the distance, and Claire came from another intersection and immediately saw him too.

They were both startled and slowed their steps, with about ten meters between them.

Walking in the same direction, they gradually drew closer to each other...

Chapter 1676 Ivan Comes

Both were very vigilant, observing their surroundings with the corner of their eyes. They didn't see anyone in their line of sight, and the sentry guards were also standing far away.

"Claire, did Catherine give you a hard time?" Although Rowan was a little jealous in his heart, he still asked with concern.

Because he remembered the scene of Taylor putting his arm around her shoulders, which made him

very uncomfortable.

"No, not at all," Claire turned her head as she walked to give him a smile. She didn't want him to worry about her. Seeing him haggard, she felt so heartbroken.

However, this smile of hers made Rowan feel inexplicably sad when it fell into his eyes.

The two walked forward, each harboring their own thoughts.

He was wondering what exactly Taylor had done to her that made his father so angry?

For the first time, Rowan felt dislike towards Taylor.

Just as Claire was preparing her emotions and about to say something to him,

Someone approached them from not far away.

So the two deliberately distanced themselves a little more. This feeling of being so close yet acting like strangers made both of them very uncomfortable.

Actually she really wanted to ask him how his research was going.

It was at this moment that Claire could feel him visibly quickening his pace.

Soon, Rowan's back fell into her line of sight. Claire's chest tightened and she couldn't help but slow

down her footsteps.

She had a strong premonition that Rowan was angry.

She thought back and suddenly realized it was her perfunctory smile that probably hurt his feelings.

After all, he was worried about her, but she made him feel like he was worried for nothing.

Rowan went into the palace to see his father and ask about his health and condition.

Claire returned to the palace and locked herself in the study, but she couldn't concentrate on reading

books at all right now. Sitting at the desk, she was miserable thinking -

She should find a way to meet Rowan, even if only for a short five minutes, it would still be precious to

her.

As a novelist, she of course knew that misunderstandings were simply fatal.

Misunderstandings in a relationship must be resolved in time, otherwise it really affects the feelings

between the two people. In worse cases, it could lead to missing out on a connection.

And Ivan could help arrange a meeting.

So Claire was waiting for him.

At this time, a private jet flew lower and lower, landed successfully, began to slow down, and finally

came to a steady stop at the royal airport.

Catherine, in order to get closer to Ivan, had brought Jolie to personally welcome him, and had already been there for some time.

This was unprecedented treatment from her towards others.

The cabin door of the plane opened, and under the warm sunshine, Ivan walked out.

He appeared in everyone's sight, a black coat lazily draped over his shoulders, not worn properly, with both hands in his pockets, yet still noble and arrogant, an aura that was innate.

Behind Ivan followed several entourage members, also with upright postures and extraordinary bearings.

Everyone came down the gangway.

All the people who came to meet the plane fixed their gazes on Ivan. His tall figure was like a god, with unfathomable black eyes, seeming to contain endless mysterious power, dangerous, yet also attractive.

Ivan always made people instinctively look up to and admire him, even infatuated.

No matter where he appeared, he would become the focus. He was the chosen one. But he also

always gave people a sense of awe, that ordinary people didn't dare get close.

Catherine kept a smile on her face. As his steps drew near, she also stepped forward, her smile deepening.

"Mr. Marsh, Merry Christmas." She took the initiative to greet him, having learned about the customs in

Arkpool City, which had just passed Christmas.

Chapter 1677: Delivering Sculptures

"Merry Christmas." Ivan's lip curled slightly, aloof and perfunctory.

Catherine was very happy. She saw some people carrying two large objects covered in red cloth off the plane, mysterious and intriguing. It took two big men to carry one sculpture and four men to carry the other two.

"Mr. Marsh," she looked at Ivan, then at those men, before bringing her gaze back curiously. "May I ask what those are?"

Why bring such strange things here?

Ivan glanced over. He answered gently, "Those are gifts I prepared for the two princes."

He had his hands in his pockets, expressionless but gentle as water.

Ivan explained, "I was too rushed last time I was here and didn't have time to find suitable gifts. These two sculptures are exquisite works of art that I commissioned master artists to create. There are only two in the world, and I think the princes will surely like them."

"Mr. Marsh went to great effort. I thank you on Taylor's behalf," Catherine sincerely appreciated it. She thought to herself that Louis was getting a free sculpture out of this.

Mr. Marsh only gifted the sculptures for her, Catherine's, sake.

"Come, let's bring them directly to the princes. No need to go through the Queen's palace. We'll go to Prince Taylor first," Ivan said placidly.

Catherine could clearly see that Mr. Marsh was in a good mood today.

That he was going to Taylor first proved he was doing Louis as an afterthought.

Ivan was very thoughtful, making Catherine extremely happy. He made sure no one would suspect his true intentions.

And so, they headed towards Taylor's palace.

But Catherine suddenly thought of something. She hurriedly took out her phone and called her son.

Right now, Taylor was furious. He had smashed many things and was still venting his anger. The room

was a complete mess.

So he didn't pick up the phone or even hear it ring.

Realizing her son was having a tantrum, Catherine turned to Jolie beside her and whispered

something.

Jolie understood and hurried off.

Catherine then smiled and said to Ivan as they walked, "Mr. Marsh, in the royal family, even though the

Queen is gone, Louis is the eldest son. I think we should deliver your sculpture to his palace first."

She was buying time for her son to calm down. He had the habit of smashing things when angry, and it

wouldn't be good for Mr. Marsh to see that.

"That's fine," Ivan glanced at her, smiling as he complimented, "The Queen is very magnanimous."

Hearing his praise made Catherine beam happily. She suddenly felt very accomplished, certain that Mr.

Marsh would side with her and help her.

As they chatted, the group headed towards Louis's palace.

Along the way, Catherine introduced the palace's history that met their eyes. She was quite familiar

with everything here after all.

At this time, Jolie hurried into Taylor's palace.

"Captain," the servants at the door greeted respectfully, heads bowed low.

Just inside, Jolie heard crashing sounds and frowned, quickening her pace.

Reaching the door, the scene before her was somewhat shocking. She took a deep breath to steady herself.

"Prince!"

At Jolie's shout, Taylor looked over upon hearing her voice, a bit annoyed to see her at the door.

Jolie took two steps forward and coldly told the servants frozen in fear, "Hurry and clean this up.

Important guests will be here soon!"

"Yes." Only then did the servants dare start cleaning.

Taylor's mood stabilized somewhat. Who was coming?

He didn't care!

Chapter 1678: Look Above

Tyler turned around with his hands on his hips, not looking at her, hoping she would be sensible

enough to leave on her own.

Jolie took a few steps forward and stood beside him, treating him like a child.

Although her tone was cold and solemn, it had softened a bit. "Please manage your emotions, Prince.

You are the heir to the throne and must mature. The Queen has high expectations of you."

"Who wants to inherit the throne?!" Tyler suddenly turned his gaze and felt a surge of anger inside him.

He vented towards her, "My father has already kicked me out! It will be difficult for me to even see him

in the future! Inherit the throne? What a joke!"

Jolie looked at him and reminded him, "That's why you have to behave well and improve your image in

the King's eyes."

Tyler felt wronged. He also wanted to be a good son, but his father's temper was too strange!

Jolie stared at him without blinking, still serious and not smiling. She said to him, "Mr. Marsh will be

coming to give you a gift later. As the Prince, you represent the Queen, and she specifically asked me

to remind you."

Her meaning was clear: he needed to know what to do, and he wasn't a child anymore.

Then Jolie looked at the servants who were tidying up the mess on the side, and her tone became

more severe. "Hurry up!"

"Yes, Captain!" They didn't dare to take a breath and quickly started tidying up.

Then Jolie looked around and saw that several of the paintings on the wall had been damaged by him.

She sighed inwardly and patiently looked back at the boy in front of her. "Prince, please step outside. I

think it's better to greet the guests outside."

They should be arriving soon. They said they would come here first.

Tyler was overwhelmed by Jolie's presence. Since she was sent by his mother, she represented his mother.

So he averted his gaze and irritably stepped out.

Jolie followed him like a monitor and said, "Please tidy up your clothes, Prince, and also tidy up your mood."

Tyler's mood was really terrible. He didn't lack anything, so what could he possibly receive as a gift?

In Prince Louis's palace courtyard, the servants were trimming the plants and flowers, all taught by

Prince Louis himself.

Ivan, Catherine, and nearly ten others arrived at Prince Louis's palace gate in a grand manner. The guards respectfully saluted, "Greetings, Queen!"

"This is Mr. Marsh who has come from afar. He is a distinguished guest of our royal family. Please inform Prince Louis that Mr. Marsh has come to deliver a gift." The Queen spoke.

"Hello, Mr. Marsh." They greeted him.

"Yes!" The guard quickly ascended the stairs.

The servants hurriedly invited everyone to take their seats, made tea, and prepared refreshments, not daring to be the slightest bit negligent.

It was Catherine's first time coming here. Even though she had returned to the royal family for so long, she hadn't formally met him yet.

Rowan's palace was spacious, almost preserved in its original form from the last century. He always respected the remnants of history, which was a rare sentiment.

In a short while, Rowan appeared at the corner of the staircase.

He was like a humble gentleman, with a calm expression and watery eyes, walking down the steps.

Ivan's gaze fell on his face for a few seconds and noticed the visible exhaustion.

"Hello, Prince Louis!"

When Rowan stepped down the last step, all the servants greeted him in unison.

Rowan and Catherine locked eyes and saw the large object carried by two men, covered in a red cloth.

He approached everyone and spoke calmly, "Greetings, Queen." It was a sign of respect to his father,

and he also thanked her for sincerely accompanying his father all these years.

This made Catherine gain face in front of Ivan.

"Hello, Prince," Ivan said lightly.

"Hello, Mr. Marsh," Rowan greeted him as well.

Chapter 1679: Successful Delivery

Ivan's lips curled up slightly as he looked at the sculpture being carried by his two subordinates. A

luxurious red silk cloth covered it, exuding an ethereal and ceremonial aura. Then he turned his gaze to

Rowan and spoke in a gentle tone, "Prince, during your last visit to Lu Layeka, it was too rushed for me

to prepare a gift for you. This time, I happened to meet a renowned artist in Arkpool City, so I had him

customize this sculpture for your safety and also for its aesthetic appeal. It resembles the gods in

human dreams. It's just a small token of our meeting. I hope you like it."

While Ivan spoke, Rowan stared at him intently, and the two men's gazes converged. Rowan understood Ivan's thoughts and intentions. He was Ivan, and he didn't need to please anyone. Why would he give a sculpture as a gift?

Surely, this was not an ordinary sculpture. Rowan guessed that it was hollow inside and being carried by two people, merely a cover-up.

"Thank you for your kind gesture, Mr. Marsh. I really like it. Happy New Year," Rowan replied gracefully, then turned to his servant and instructed, "Please take the gift Mr. Marsh has brought and place it in my study. Be careful not to touch it."

"Yes, Your Highness!"

With Catherine witnessing the scene, two servants carefully received the sculpture covered in red silk from the hands of the two men. They then walked towards the nearby elevator. They were a bit puzzled as to why two people were needed to carry the sculpture, but they thought it was for ceremonial purposes. Through the ethereal silk, both servants could feel the beauty of the sculpture.

Catherine pondered that the gift from Mr. Marsh to Prince Louis was just a side matter. The person he

really wanted to give it to was Tyler. However, there were only two princes in the royal family, and Mr.

Marsh was a wealthy person who didn't want to attract unnecessary attention. So he had to play fair.

After delivering the gift, Ivan didn't linger any longer. "Prince, I won't disturb you any further," he said

while surveying the surroundings. "You seem to enjoy flowers and plants, and I believe you must

appreciate tranquility."

Rowan remained gentle and smiled as he gazed at Ivan. "I enjoy finding serenity amidst the hustle and

bustle."

"Good, that's great," Ivan replied. "Then we'll take our leave. You can continue with your tasks."

"Very well, Mr. Marsh, you're welcome to visit for tea whenever you have time," Rowan extended an

invitation to Ivan in front of Catherine. "I've recently acquired a batch of new tea leaves, and I believe

you're quite knowledgeable about tea. I'd like to discuss it with you."

"Sure, another time," Ivan nodded, then glanced at Catherine.

While Catherine's demeanor appeared gentle, her thoughts were clear. Louis, oh Louis, you won't be

able to win over Ivan!

With a smile on her face, she deliberately spoke affectionately, "Let's go, Mr. Marsh. You've been on

the plane for a long time, and it must have been tiring. Let's deliver Tyler's gift and have some tea."

Ivan looked at Rowan, then turned and walked towards the door. Ivan understood Catherine's intentions as clearly as a mirror.

Her light gaze glanced past Rowan's face before following him, intentionally staying close to Ivan. She wanted to use this physical gesture to tell Louis that Ivan was on her side and he shouldn't harbor any illusions.

Watching their departing figures, Rowan's lips curled up, but the smile didn't reach his eyes. After they left, he turned and headed upstairs.

Locking the door to his study, Rowan approached the sculpture and carefully removed the red silk covering. The sculpture was truly beautiful, resembling both a human and a god. Its graceful form brought a sense of joy.

However, it didn't pique Rowan's interest too much. His slender fingers explored the sculpture, searching for mechanisms. He then examined it closely for any cracks. After a thorough inspection, he found that the head of the sculpture could be twisted. So he gently removed the head.

As expected, Rowan saw a small box inside.

Chapter 1680: Rowan's Shock

He reached in with both hands, carefully pulling out the box, and immediately recognized it as his own belongings.

Did he go to the pharmaceutical research room?

Rowan was thrilled and quickly opened the box, his heart filled with excitement.

Ivan was truly brilliant and never failed to disappoint him. There must be more surprises in this box.

Sure enough, as soon as he opened the box, he saw a bottle inside, filled with liquid and marked with measurements.

Underneath the bottle was a handwritten letter, and upon opening it, he saw Jennifer's handwriting.

The letter roughly explained how she had tested the food and found no traces of poison.

However, based on Rowan's description, she had predicted the poisonous ingredients and developed an antidote.

Rowan held the timely medicine in his hands, feeling a glimmer of hope. Researching over there would surely be more convenient than doing it here.

Furthermore, Jennifer had written down the formula for the antidote on the paper.

Rowan had great trust in Jennifer's judgment, even though it hadn't been clinically proven. His father's health was already in an extremely dire state.

To put it bluntly, his father's situation was like a desperate attempt to revive a dead horse.

He wouldn't let go of any shred of hope.

Setting down the bottle, Rowan discovered a cellphone in the box, already turned on and without a password.

He opened it and realized it was a special phone capable of preventing eavesdropping.

Jennifer's number was still saved in the contacts.

Rowan glanced at the locked door and went to the window, dialing the stored number.

Since it was saved, it must be callable.

At that moment, Jennifer was at home with her children.

Suddenly, her phone rang, and she picked it up from the coffee table, glancing at the display. She said to her children, "You guys read the picture book for a while. Mommy will take a call, so don't make noise, okay? Keep your voices down."

"Okay," the children replied in soft voices.

With that, she got up and walked toward the floor-to-ceiling window, about 20 meters away from the two children. She slid her finger over the answer button and said, "Hello, Rowan, did you see the medicine?"

"Master, I saw it," Rowan replied calmly, though his heart was still filled with excitement. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. It's only natural. This phone, which is resistant to wiretapping, is a product developed by Jing Corporation. It has undergone more than a dozen tests, so you can use it with confidence. You can call me without any problems, but don't call Claire. Her phone may also be under surveillance," Jennifer reminded him.

"I understand," Rowan said, taking note. "Thank you."

"There's a photocopy of a handwritten medical book under the box. It's my master's lifelong research."

Rowan walked toward his desk and began searching inside the box.

She continued, "There's a method of poisoning described in there that bears a striking resemblance to the situation you described. So, according to the prescription given, I wrote the formula on a note. Take

some time to study this book. I've marked the important sections. Try giving the medicine to the king first and observe."

"Okay," Rowan said, pulling out the photocopy of the handwritten medical book from the box.

He casually flipped through it and was instantly shaken to his core!

"I see your markings, and it's indeed exactly like my father's condition! His stomach has already started to atrophy, and he eats very little."

"So, do you think this is a coincidence?" Jennifer couldn't help feeling a bit heavy-hearted.

"No, the similarity is too uncanny!" Rowan finished reading that page, and his chest tightened suddenly.

He had a strong premonition. "Are there more photocopies of this book? Who else has seen them?"

This method of poisoning is very safe, with an incubation period of up to ten years. It's too sinister and difficult to detect."