

Surprised 1701

Chapter 1701 - Rushed into the Emergency Room

Monica really regretted not taking her to get a physical exam sooner, really regretted not realizing the severity of the problem sooner, really regretted... regretted so much!

She regretted it to the core of her being!

Hearing her cries, Tristan's heart ached as well. He wanted to hug her but he had to drive!

"I... I left the house at seven this morning. Mom made breakfast for me before I left. She was fine then without any problems."

Her voice trembled as she tightly grasped her mother's hand, "Mom... please hold on."

How long had she been unconscious for?

Her body had become so cold. Everyone was very worried.

With bated breaths, Tristan drove as fast as he could!

Fortunately, Tristan was a skilled driver and the car soon arrived at the emergency department entrance of Boai Hospital. Professional medical staff were there to receive them.

The car door opened and Algerone carried Belinda out, "She's unconscious! Breathing is weak! Save

her quickly!"

He rushed with the doctors towards the hospital lobby! He didn't even bother with a stretcher, just flat out sprinted! A race against time.

Tristan and Monica followed right behind, taking the emergency elevator upstairs together with the medical staff!

In the few seconds in the elevator, a doctor checked Belinda's pulse while others asked about her condition when she fainted, "When did she lose consciousness? Were there any previous signs? How long has it been?"

"I don't know, probably after seven o'clock," Algerone held her horizontally in his arms. His arms were tired but he didn't feel any strain at all, "I just found her collapsed at the top of the stairs. Her body was already cooling and her breathing was weak."

"She needs oxygen immediately," the doctor said.

Ding-

The elevator doors opened and Algerone carried Belinda as he rushed with the medical staff towards the emergency room.

Two doctors were already waiting outside the emergency room with a stretcher prepared, "Quickly put her here, you can't come into the emergency room!"

The doctor reminded them.

Although reluctant, Algerone remained rational. He placed Belinda onto the stretcher which was quickly pushed inside by the doctors.

"Family please wait out here!" Having said that, the doctors hurried in and shut the emergency room doors.

The three of them stood outside, hearts heavy as if pressed by a thousand pounds of rocks, yet also feeling empty.

Tristan put his arm around Monica's shoulders, looking at her sadly as tears flowed down her face. He reached out to wipe them away, "It'll be alright. The doctors will find a way to help her..." He consoled her and drew her into his embrace, letting her rest her forehead against his chest.

Algerone thought back to this terrifying scene. He had a strong premonition that Belinda's fainting was not so simple, that something must be wrong with some part of her body.

"It's all my fault..." Monica blamed herself, her voice trembling as she sobbed.

Thinking of the two previous episodes she had noticed, she regretted it to her core, "It was me who didn't take it seriously enough, who didn't urge her to see a doctor sooner."

Hearing this, Algerone turned to look at his daughter, perplexed, "Monica, what did you just say..."

She lifted her head from Tristan's embrace, face covered in tears as she looked at her father -

"There were two previous times when Mom felt dizzy and disoriented. I advised her to see a doctor but she said it would pass after a bit... That day I went to pick her up at the airport when she returned from Canada..."

Recalling the scene, Monica hated herself for not insisting, "She had dizzy spells again and I told her to go to the hospital but she refused, promising me she'd get a physical exam after New Year..."

"If she had these symptoms, why didn't you tell me sooner?" Algerone was anxious but didn't blame his daughter.

Crying, Monica said, "I thought it was just low blood sugar..." She also felt regret.

Illnesses must be treated early.

"Low blood sugar wouldn't cause unconsciousness this long," Algerone told her. "Most of the time, low

blood sugar can be recovered from after a rest. The fact that she was unconscious for so long clearly shows this is not low blood sugar."

Hearing him say this, Monica became even more afraid. Tristan held her in his arms again as they anxiously waited.

Chapter 1702 Seeking Help from Jennifer

He calmly thought about it, then took out his phone and got ready to make a call.

"Who are you calling?" Monica asked with tears in her eyes. At this moment, she was really anxious.

"Calling my sister. She's also a doctor and Master Watson's teacher." Tristan placed his last hope on

Jennifer. "But Dr. Watson definitely can't come back now. He's also swamped over there."

Answering his girlfriend, Tristan called Jennifer. He waited quietly for her to pick up.

At this moment, in a room upstairs in the Emerald Bay, the lights were bright and it was quiet enough to hear a pin drop.

Jennifer was concentrating on making medicine. The table was full of all kinds of instruments and washed and sterilized herbs. She had already categorized them.

While she was engrossed in making medicine, her phone that was on the table started vibrating.

A few seconds later, Jennifer very carefully put down the instrument, reached out and picked up her phone next to her. Seeing who it was, she felt a little strange since her brother rarely called her.

Could something have happened?

So she quickly answered, "Hello, brother."

"Michelle, where are you? Are you busy?"

She could hear a hint of urgency in her brother's calm voice. Jennifer sat down on the chair and said,

"Not busy. What's wrong? Why are you looking for me?"

Tristan calmly and rationally told her about the sudden situation with Belinda. Jennifer listened very carefully. In the end, Tristan hoped she could come take a look.

"Okay, don't worry too much either. I'll head over now. I'm at home." Saying that, she got up and strode downstairs. "Which floor are you on?"

He told her the specific location. Jennifer quickly went downstairs. "Got it. I'll remember. See you in a bit."

"Madam, where are you going?" Jordan hurried over, sensing that she was going out.

At this time, Marry also came over with her gaze fixed on Jennifer's face. Everyone was very concerned about her.

"I'm going to the hospital. Monica's mother fainted. I don't know her condition now either. But I have to go take a look." Her voice was soft with a hint of sorrow. "But I must go over."

"I'll call two people to accompany you." Jordan took out his phone and dialed a number. "Go with Madam on a trip."

Soon, two tall men came in. They bowed respectfully to Jennifer in unison and stood to the side waiting for her order.

They were Ivan's elite subordinates, formidable fighters, and diehard fans.

"To the Charity Medical Center." Jennifer didn't pretend, having people accompany her was better. That would make everyone feel at ease since she was pregnant.

"Okay, please."

Just like that, Jennifer strode towards the yard with them.

Someone quickly helped open the car door for her. She bent down and got into the car.

The driver drove with the two bodyguards accompanying her by her side.

Jennifer looked very calm on the way. She was recalling Tristan's words on the phone and came up with several possibilities.

On the way, Jennifer called and contacted the deputy dean of Charity Medical Center, stated her identity, and applied to enter the emergency room to take a look.

The deputy dean agreed and he also attached great importance to this surgery, so he stopped what he was doing and started overseeing it in person.

Outside the emergency room on the 11th floor of Charity Medical Center.

The air was suffocating, as if it was lacking oxygen.

Algerone sat dejectedly on the long bench. His hands were clasped together against his forehead. His brows were tightly knitted and his eyes closed. He was full of sorrow.

Every minute and every second was extremely tormenting for him!

Tristan hugged the sobbing Monica, silently comforting her. He was also very worried.

Deep self-blame and regret surrounded the kind Monica. She was very panicked and praying for everything to be okay!

Chapter 1703 - Surgery to Be Performed Immediately

Very soon, the elevator doors opened, and Jennifer hurried over with two bodyguards escorting her!

Hearing the footsteps, everyone turned their heads and saw her at a glance.

At this time, the deputy dean also came over, holding a set of sterile clothes and some instruments.

Jennifer took a few steps forward and reached out to take them. She entered the password and the emergency room door opened.

Before going in, she stopped and turned to look at the three anxious people, giving them a firm look without saying any reassuring words, because every second counted now. She quickly entered the emergency room.

The deputy dean followed her in, and the door closed again. Everyone's hearts thumped lightly as they sank back into anxious waiting.

This scene also gave Algerone and Monica an even worse premonition.

After all, if it was just a normal low blood sugar faint, how could it take so long without a peep?

Tristan stroked Monica's hair, "... " not knowing what to say to comfort her.

Having been with her mother all her life, occasionally bickering, but their relationship had always been

good. She couldn't accept such a blow, nor had she ever experienced such emotions before.

At this moment, Algerone had only one thought in his mind, and that was that when Belinda woke up,

he would take her home to take care of her and never separate again.

Tristan was also very solemn, after all, he loved who Monica loved.

In the emergency room lit by the shadowless lamp, Belinda was still unconscious on the operating

table, wearing an oxygen mask.

After Jennifer and the deputy dean went in, someone whispered, "A tumor was found in the patient's

brain. The head x-ray was just taken, radioisotope brain imaging and cerebral angiography confirmed

it." As he spoke, he brought over the films.

Jennifer's chest tightened as she quickly took them and calmly reviewed the detailed data.

"Dean, if surgery is not performed in time, the patient may become paralyzed or even be life-

threatening," the surgeon reported.

The deputy dean replied, "Surgery immediately, no delay."

In the emergency room, other doctors and assistants, as well as anesthesiologists, were busy

preparing for a craniotomy.

"Seven centimeters?" Jennifer gasped, thinking to herself, didn't she have any discomfort or symptoms

normally? Why didn't she see a doctor in time?

Seven centimeters was already very dangerous, let alone in the head!

At this time, the deputy dean said, "Whether it is benign or malignant, surgery must be performed

immediately. Mrs. Marsh, will you participate too?"

"I'll do the surgery," Jennifer said calmly as she put down the films. "You assist me."

"Okay."

So they started preparing.

The knives in the assistant's tray were all very thin, all kinds, and everyone was actually a little

panicked. None of them had seen a seven centimeter brain tumor before.

This was probably the only brain surgery performed without an operative plan. It was too sudden and

the difficulty was great. Even a tiny mistake could cost a life.

"Dean, what about the consent form for surgery..." A doctor said softly. After all, this had to be signed

by the family, there were always risks in any surgery.

"Proceed with the surgery first, get the family to sign the form," Jennifer said as time was of the essence. "Anesthesiologist, get ready!"

"Yes!"

Soon, the emergency room door opened, and the three anxious people waiting outside turned their heads and hurried over! They saw the doctor come out with the form.

"Doctor, how is my mother?" Monica asked anxiously.

Everyone's eyes were focused on the doctor.

"This is the consent form for surgery and needs to be signed by a family member," the doctor said as he handed over the form, his expression extremely solemn.

Everyone's hearts thumped heavily. A few seconds later-

"Surgery??" Algerone's voice trembled. "Why surgery?"

The doctor regretfully told him, "A tumor with a diameter of seven centimeters was found in the patient's brain. It has already compressed the nerves. The surgery is already underway, performed by Mrs. Marsh herself. But all surgeries carry risks, so the procedure still needs to be followed. Please sign here."

Chapter 1704: The Surgery Is Very Difficult

Everyone's minds went blank for a few seconds. Monica's heart sank to the bottom, and there was a strong pain in her chest.

"This is not just a risky surgery, the risk is huge..." she murmured softly.

The doctor remained silent, giving them time to consider, and could understand the feelings of the family members, who must still be in shock.

However, signing was inevitable.

They were all still in shock, including Tristan!

A seven centimeter tumor growing in the brain, how big of an issue was this? It's unbelievable it went undetected until now!

Monica buried her head in Tristan's arms, crying uncontrollably!

Algerone's bloodshot eyes also shed a line of tears. He took the pen and consent form from the doctor's hand, and signed his name with a trembling hand.

"Doctor, please, we're counting on you. Please give us good news," he bowed ninety degrees and pleaded sincerely, "Thank you for your hard work." His heart was torn with pain.

"Alright, please wait here. We will come out immediately if there are any emergencies," said the doctor

sympathetically as he turned and walked into the emergency room.

The door closed again.

Algerone took slow steps back, as if heavily burdened, retreating to the bench and sitting down

somewhat dejectedly.

Monica buried her head in Tristan's arms, body trembling from crying, biting her lip as tears soaked his

shirt.

Tristan was also very sad. He held her, stroking her hair, praying silently in his heart.

Everyone understood clearly - brain surgery carried extremely high risks... Even if the surgery

succeeded, there was a chance of ending up vegetative.

But now, all they could do was pray and wait patiently.

Half an hour passed quickly...

One hour passed...

Two hours passed...

The three people waiting outside grew increasingly anxious, worried about the person inside.

The doctor had said he would notify the family if there were any emergencies.

So the current situation meant... there had been no accidents with the surgery so far?

But the longer the surgery dragged on, the more anxious everyone became. It was an extreme torment.

"It'll be okay," Tristan sat with Monica, his arm around her shoulders, holding her hand tightly. "Medical science is advanced today. The surgery will definitely succeed," he said softly.

"Is Dr. Jennifer really going to do the surgery?" Monica slowly turned to look at him, eyes brimming with tears. It was as if she had just regained her thoughts.

Seeing her tearful face, Tristan felt great heartache. He wiped the tears from her face and asked gently,

"You'd trust Dr. Watson more, right?"

The girl met his gaze but did not speak. A person who could even research a cancer vaccine must be very accomplished.

But Tristan assured her, "Jennifer was Dr. Watson's mentor, so... don't worry too much. Her skills are no worse than Dr. Watson's."

Monica leaned into his embrace. Anxiously waiting, second by second, she could only believe.

Tristan accompanied her, phone already on silent, work handed over to Kevin and Duan Sisi. He had directly canceled two important meetings that afternoon.

Undoubtedly, Tristan was a qualified boyfriend, choosing to stay by his girlfriend's side during her most vulnerable moment of need.

Inside the emergency room, over ten doctors and assistants worked closely together in this life and death battle.

The surgery was led by Jennifer. She took on the extremely difficult craniotomy that ordinary people would not dare attempt...

The skull had been opened...

The highly experienced deputy dean assisted her seamlessly. This was professional cooperation, flawless despite being their first time working together.

Although Jennifer had not operated in a long time, her expertise and composure greatly increased the chances of success. Her usual studying and accumulation allowed her to know the human body like the back of her hand.

After much effort, the team successfully opened Belinda's skull. They found the condition to be more complex than anticipated.

But to Jennifer, it just meant a slightly higher difficulty, nothing unsolvable. She handled it calmly and precisely.

Outside, amidst the silence, everyone silently cheered Belinda on.

Chapter 1705: The Child With O Blood Type Born to an AB Mother

A moment later, the door of the emergency room opened and the three people sitting on the bench immediately stood up and went to meet the doctor anxiously, asking, "Doctor! How is my mother?"

Everyone was hanging by a thread, their eyes fixed on this doctor who had just come out.

The doctor's grave expression made everyone feel extremely uneasy in an instant.

"It's like this," the doctor, who had come out to wait for blood, said, "The patient lost too much blood during the surgery and needs a transfusion."

They need the blood bank to deliver blood??

"Use mine!" Monica was extremely anxious and begged with tears, "She's my mother! I'm healthy! I have blood! I donate blood every year!"

Tristan held her shoulders tightly, feeling very distressed.

"In principle, close relatives cannot donate blood, there will be rejection reactions." The doctor understood the girl's mood and said calmly to her, "We have already contacted the blood bank, it will be delivered soon."

"How soon is soon? Is the blood bank far from here? Will it get stuck in traffic? Can my mom still hold on?" Monica grabbed the doctor's arm in near despair and pleaded bitterly, "I'm type O blood! Isn't O blood supposed to be the universal blood type? Why can't I save my mom?"

"You are type O blood?" There was a hint of surprise in the doctor's tone. She looked at the girl, then at the middle-aged man next to her, and said, "But the patient is type AB."

Algerone's heart sank heavily!

"What's the problem with that?" The girl asked puzzledly. "Please don't waste time! Let me give my mom a transfusion! I have universal blood! I must be able to save her!"

Having been dependent on each other since she was little, she didn't know what else she could do for Belinda. At this moment, there was a feeling of sorrow and panic at not being able to take care of one's own.

She was just so afraid. After all, it was a brain tumor.

The doctor thought for a moment, "Let me test your blood first before the transfusion." She was also racing against time.

Algerone reached out and grabbed the doctor's arm, his gaze firm, "She has type O blood! I can confirm it! Don't waste time testing anymore! Hurry up and save her!!"

From his insistence and anxiety in his eyes, the doctor saw something. Then she said to Monica, "Come with me."

Monica followed the doctor into the emergency room.

Watching his daughter's back, Algerone suddenly realized.

Today, the hospital was in urgent need of AB blood because a serious car accident had occurred, injuring six or seven people, five of whom had lost too much blood and were all AB blood type. What a coincidence!

As soon as the door of the emergency room closed, only Tristan and Algerone were left outside.

After calm and sensible contemplation, Tristan was shocked, and the feeling crept into his heart little by

little. He slowly turned his eyes and met Algerone's gaze directly.

Algerone looked at him and knew Tristan had noticed something. He choked up.

The father-in-law and son-in-law's eyes met, and all emotions melted into their eyes. Many words may have been organized in their minds, but neither spoke.

Tristan chose not to ask anything at this time, and Algerone did not know how to open his mouth either, unable to clarify things in a few words.

It could only be said that all of this happened too suddenly.

I thought I could keep my background a secret for a lifetime...

Monica's blood test results came out very quickly, confirming she was type O, and her blood quality was very good, meeting the criteria for blood donation.

So a nurse came to draw blood for emergency use, "Roll up your sleeve."

She did as instructed. "Doctor, how big are the chances of rejection reactions in close relative transfusions?" In the small room next to the emergency room, Monica was very worried about her mother and asked carefully.

"You don't have to worry, you are not a close relative." The nurse taking the blood answered her

casually.

"She's my mother, isn't she a close relative?" She emphasized.

The nurse looked at her and asked softly, "Not your birth mother?"

Monica was confused by the question. She was a little unclear about the situation. The nurse then said

to her, "An AB mother cannot give birth to a child with O blood type."

Chapter 1706 Monica Finds Out

Monica was stunned for a moment. She was truly shocked.

The nurse gave her an injection and didn't notice her microexpressions as she carefully drew blood.

Throughout the entire blood draw process, Monica's mind gradually went blank and she didn't feel any pain in her arm.

Her mind kept repeating what the nurse had just said.

"That's enough, press down for a bit longer." The nurse removed the needle.

Monica pressed the cotton ball as she sat on the stool, pressing the spot where the needle had been

for a minute. The nurse had already left with the blood bag, leaving her alone.

She didn't throw away the cotton ball until the bleeding had stopped. She slowly stood up like an empty

puppet, her face also somewhat pale.

Soon, a doctor came over, "You can leave now, the blood is being transfused, the surgery is going very smoothly so far." He wanted to reassure her.

She looked at the doctor with a kind of apprehensive feeling in her heart, and softly asked, "Doctor, isn't it true that a mother with AB blood type... can't give birth to a child with O blood type?"

"Yes, that's right." The doctor nodded very definitively, almost without thinking.

Monica felt as if she had been struck by lightning! But she was trying her best to restrain herself, and weakly pulled up the corners of her lips, "I see, thank you doctor."

"Go on out, you just had blood drawn, don't stand too long, sit down on the bench."

"Alright."

Monica walked out of the emergency room heavily, she could feel herself almost walking like the living dead.

Tristan quickly went up to meet her, "Monica." He took her hand and looked at it, gently and tenderly pulled her sleeve back down, pained for her.

The girl's mind flashed back to the doctor's words just now. A crack appeared deep in her heart, that kind of pain was a very particular feeling, completely different from the worry over whether Belinda would live or die.

"Monica..." Tristan realized something was off with her and suspected she might have found out something. He grasped her shoulders, "Monica, are you alright?" He looked down at her.

The girl slowly raised her eyes, looking at him with tears in her eyes. She couldn't help but reach out and put her arms around his waist, burying her head deep in his embrace, and tightly shutting her eyes as well.

How could this be?

How could she possibly not be Belinda's daughter?

Tristan tenderly embraced her, his gaze once again meeting Algerone's.

At this moment, the air outside the emergency room had frozen over a bit.

Inside the emergency room, a high-risk surgery was intensely underway. Jennifer was completely focused and had finally successfully removed the tumor.

At that moment, everyone breathed a sigh of relief and admired her even more. Next was the tense

process of suturing the brain, and she was still operating.

"Go notify the family," Jennifer softly instructed without stopping the work in her hands. Her voice was gentle, "Just say the surgery went very smoothly, the tumor was successfully removed, let them rest assured."

She understood the anxiety family members felt while waiting for news, especially after waiting for hours.

"Okay." An assistant removed his gloves and strode out.

The emergency room doors opened again, and the three silent people outside quickly came up.

The doctor had a smiling expression and looked relaxed as she brought the good news to everyone-

"The surgery went very smoothly. The tumor was benign and has been successfully removed. The patient is not in mortal danger, she may just be in a coma for a period of time. She is currently undergoing brain suturing."

"That's wonderful!" Algerone heaved a long sigh of relief.

Monica was also very happy, but she still had a huge question weighing on her mind, so her emotions

were still complicated.

After reporting, the assistant doctor turned and went back inside.

"Dad, please wait here, I'll go downstairs for a bit." Monica's lips curved up slightly, but that smile

absolutely didn't reach her eyes.

Chapter 1707 Who Am I

She didn't say why she was going down, she just turned around and walked towards the elevator.

Tristan and Algerone's eyes met for a moment, then Tristan stepped forward to follow her. The two of them entered the elevator together.

Algerone watched the elevator close slowly, pain in his eyes.

He stood outside the emergency room for a long time, with a bad feeling in his heart. This bad feeling didn't come from his worry for Belinda, but from Monica's birth...

Did she already know that she wasn't his biological daughter?

After donating blood, her whole state was very wrong.

At this time, Algerone couldn't calm his mood at all. He sat down listlessly on the bench. Was this adding fuel to the fire?

In the elevator, as a perfect boyfriend, Tristan didn't ask where she was going. He also had a premonition that she must have found out something...

Putting himself in her shoes, Tristan thought that this must be a huge blow that would be hard to accept immediately.

He chose to silently accompany her.

Meanwhile, Monica's mind was full of the doctor's words -

"An AB blood type mother cannot give birth to a child with O blood type."

"An AB blood type mother cannot give birth to a child with O blood type!"

"An AB blood type mother cannot give birth to a child with O blood type!!"

It was indisputable that her mother's blood type was AB. This was something that was confirmed over and over before each surgery.

But her own blood type was O, which was also indisputable. She had even donated blood before.

Ding, the elevator stopped.

The moment the elevator doors opened, Monica quickened her pace and rushed out into the lobby.

Tristan came to his senses and hurried to catch up!

She was seen running towards the entrance! The tears she had been holding back flowed down her cheeks. She ran, biting her lips tightly, her heart hurting so much she could barely breathe!

The air in the hospital made her feel suffocated!

With tears in her eyes, her whole heart was trembling violently!

The moment she rushed out of the hospital lobby, Monica seemed to regain oxygen. She took a few deep breaths greedily, then walked quickly towards the back of the hospital.

She wanted to be alone and calm herself, to give herself some time and courage to accept everything.

Tristan still didn't ask where she was going. He just followed closely behind her. No matter what happened, he would be by her side.

He could already determine that Monica had found out she was not a biological child.

Behind the hospital was a large artificial lake. There was green space around the lake, with several small paths intersecting on the lawn. Some benches were placed by the lakeside.

At this time of day, there were few patients coming here to sunbathe, after all New Year's had just passed and the snow hadn't completely melted. Although there was sunshine, the temperature was still

very low.

When Monica saw this artificial lake, she couldn't help but slow down her pace. She walked dejectedly towards the lakeside bench.

She had seen this artificial lake before, from Yichen's ward window. It was relatively quiet here.

Facing the wind, thousands of whys exploded in her mind...

Tristan, following behind her, carefully stopped and watched her sit down on the bench five meters away.

That lonely back was heartbreaking.

Monica wanted to restrain herself, she really, really wanted to. After all, her mother was still in the emergency room... She shouldn't be emotional, she shouldn't make everyone worry.

But a strange emotion was slowly growing from deep inside her... tormenting her.

Tristan stepped forward and gently put his hand on her shoulder. She didn't react, just cried even harder.

Tristan pursed his lips tightly, also feeling a sharp pain in his chest.

After a long while, Monica slowly turned her head and looked up at him. Sadly she asked, "Who am I?"

Who am I really?"

Tristan crouched down beside her, reached out to wipe away her tears, and grasped her hand tightly.

He was looking for the right words.

Chapter 1708 The Kind Monica

"You are Monica, you are my most beloved girl," Tristan squatted in front of her, gripped her slightly

cool fingers tightly, looked up and gazed at her, his deep eyes filled with earnestness.

The girl took a deep breath, endured the heartache, and asked softly, "Did Dad say anything to you?"

She wanted to know.

Tristan shook his head, "No."

The two looked at each other, and a breeze blew by. What lingered between him and her was a long silence.

Monica's heart felt like being pricked by needles, aching all over.

"Algerone and Belinda love you very much, Monica, this is a fact," Tristan's deep eyes flickered slightly,

"You also love them a lot right? After so many years, going back to find who your biological parents are and what reasons caused you to separate, actually... I think it's meaningless."

Tristan knew this was cruel, but he had to persuade her to accept this fact and that her current life was not too bad either.

But what if she was abandoned?

If she knew the truth, seeds of hatred would be planted in her heart, and she would not be happy in the days to come.

She would constantly deny herself.

"I don't want to find my biological parents, I just..." Monica was kind, she cried and said, "I just can't accept for a moment that I'm not their biological child. When they divorced, they fought over me... they loved me so much..."

"I also love you. Some love doesn't need blood ties," the man brushed aside her hair that was blown to her face by the wind, and hugged her shoulders affectionately, looking at her indulgently, "Monica, you are a lucky girl to have met such good dad and mom. This is also a gift from heaven to you."

Monica gently pulled him up and let Tristan sit next to her. He put his arm around her shoulders and gently hugged her into his arms.

"Monica, I understand your shock and feelings, but when you calm down and think about it, if you ask and they tell you about your background, what will you do?"

"..." She didn't know. She really didn't know.

Tristan asked gently again, "Are you going to recognize your original parents? Apart from blood ties, after being absent for so many years, what's the difference between them and strangers?"

"I don't want to. I don't want to recognize my original parents at all. I don't want to know about my background. I love Algerone and Belinda. I only love them," Monica shook her head and said firmly with tears, "I love Dad and Mom deeply, even more than I love myself, so I hope with all my heart that they can get remarried, and I did a lot of work for it."

She finally saw that they were about to remarry, she really didn't want to ruin this beauty. What's more, Belinda was still in the emergency room now...

Therefore, the kind Monica decided, "I'll act as if I know nothing. Don't tell them anything."

Tristan nodded, "Okay, shall we... go upstairs?"

"Is there anything to buy around?" She thought for a while, "I want to pack a meal for Algerone, he must be hungry."

"Shall we go and see?"

"Okay."

So Tristan took Monica up, and the two of them went to the hospital canteen. It was actually meal time now.

On the 11th floor, Algerone was half worried about Belinda and half about Monica as he sat on the bench outside the emergency room. His heart was chilled.

This sudden change also overwhelmed him a bit.

Monica knew about her background... He had a feeling that everything would change from now on, that many unexpected things would happen.

But at the moment, he was more concerned about Belinda's condition. How long would the suturing take?

Would there be any danger during the suturing process?

Chapter 1709: Surgery Went Smoothly

Soon, the elevator door opened, and footsteps could be heard approaching from afar.

Sitting on the bench, Algerone slowly raised his eyes and saw Tristan walking over here with his arm

around Monica's shoulders. He finally came back to his senses as well.

Both of their faces were relaxed, and Monica was even smiling slightly, which made Algerone stare blankly for a moment. They did not look like their spirits had been greatly shocked.

Could his guess be wrong?

"Dad." Kneeling down in front of her father, Monica offered the lunch box with both hands, her voice gentle, "Eat something first, Dad. We still don't know when Mom will come out, but getting through the danger to her life is a good thing."

He sat on the bench, just staring at his daughter. Algerone was a little surprised in his heart, and he also had many, many questions. Her state right now... it shouldn't be like this.

He raised his eyes again and looked at Tristan. Tristan's face was also gentle, just looking at the father and daughter.

"Dad?" Jia called softly. She had hidden her emotions very deeply.

The middle-aged man came back to his senses hurriedly and took the bag. "Okay." He also took out the lunch box and fork.

She didn't know it was best not to tell him. Tristan would also help keep it a secret, right?

A hint of a smile appeared on Monica's face. "The surgery was successful. I believe it won't be long before Mom recovers day by day." She slowly stood up, still feeling hopeful about the future.

Yes, compared to the moment of panic when she learned about the tumor in her mother's brain, everyone's mood was much calmer now.

They were all thankful to Jennifer and to the heavens as well.

When Algerone ate the first bite, he raised his eyes again to look at the two young people sitting on the opposite bench. He asked, "Have you eaten?"

"We're not hungry," Tristan replied gently. "We'll go down and eat later."

Algerone nodded. He retracted his gaze. In fact, he wasn't hungry either, and he really couldn't eat at all, but this was bought by his daughter herself. She still ate it bite by bite happily.

Thinking of his daughter's origins, he felt a little complicated inside.

Time passed second by second, and the situation in the emergency room also calmed down from the tension. They had finally raced against death and saved a life. The wound suturing was also nearing the end. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Not long after Algerone finished the lunchbox, the emergency room door opened, and Jennifer and the deputy dean came out.

The three of them went up to meet them right away. Before anyone could ask, Jennifer gave everyone a slight smile and reported, "The surgery went very smoothly. Next is the recovery period. The patient is still in a coma and may take three to four days to wake up, but don't worry, she is out of mortal danger."

Only now did everyone outside the door breathe a sigh of relief, with relaxed and grateful expressions on their faces.

"Thank you, Mrs. Marsh." Algerone excitedly grabbed her hand and shook both hands to express his gratitude.

"You're welcome, it's my duty," Jennifer said generously. After shaking hands, she looked at Tristan again, "Brother, I have to go first. The dean here will arrange the ward. The patient will come out soon."

"Okay, do you need me to send you back?"

"No need, I brought bodyguards here and we drove here."

As soon as Jennifer finished speaking, two men came up and bowed respectfully to her, "Madam."

She turned her eyes. "Let's go, we're going home."

"Yes."

"Thank you, Sister Jennifer," said Monica, her eyes filled with tears, looking at her with immense gratitude, her voice choked with emotion.

Before leaving, Jennifer patted her on the shoulder and looked at Tristan again, "You're my sister-in-law, we're all family, no need for thanks. Shall we go?"

"Okay, okay, be safe on the way back, get some good rest when you're home." Monica was quite worried about her. She really admired Jennifer for standing there for so long while pregnant.

Chapter 1710: Dreaming of Daughter

Under everyone's gaze, Jennifer went into the elevator with two bodyguards. She had to hurry back to work on the antidote, then personally take it to Lu Layeka. The situation there was also extremely urgent, hopefully it wouldn't be delayed.

Even her walking pace couldn't help but quicken.

"Be careful, ma'am," the two bodyguards protected her safety.

Upstairs, Belinda was quickly carried out on a stretcher, her face pale, wearing an oxygen mask.

Everyone accompanied her as she was sent to the VIP ward.

Lu Layeka, this prosperous country, everything seemed normal on the surface.

In the majestic and magnificent royal palace complex, undercurrents of various forces surged secretly.

The king had announced that Prince Louis would inherit the throne, and people trying to get close to

Prince Louis were increasing.

"Please leave, Prince Louis is accompanying the king recently and has no time to see you," Ethan

blocked the door, looking very business-like.

"Can you please pass this little gift to him?"

"No." Ethan was expressionless, "I've already rejected several groups for him. At times like this, I

advise everyone to keep a low profile."

The man's expression changed. With words spoken to this point, he could only leave dejectedly

carrying the gift.

Watching his back, Ethan's eyes narrowed.

At this time, Rowan was openly accompanying his father in the bedroom. He was working on the

antidote in the corner. The 'plum soup' was only enough for one more drink.

His father's condition was significantly better than before. Although he was still bedridden, it was feared that after the medicine was discontinued, the situation would deteriorate sharply.

At least he wasn't coughing up blood now, and his pulse was very steady. Rowan had to stabilize this situation before his master came, he had to develop something for his father to drink first.

At this time, the king was lying in bed, his closed eyelids fluttering lightly. He was dreaming.

He hadn't had a good sleep, let alone dreamed, for a very long time.

In the dreamscape -

A girl in her early 20s with long flowing hair was crying helplessly in a hospital department. He didn't know what had happened, nor why she was crying.

He followed the sound and saw doctors drawing blood from the poor girl, tube after tube... The color was strikingly vivid, as if to drain her dry.

He walked step by step towards the pitiful girl, gradually seeing her face clearly. In the dream, the king stopped in shock and softly called out, "Annie?"

The girl turned weakly, her pale face looking at him. The next second, she fainted due to excessive blood loss.

"Annie!" His chest tightened as he rushed over to support her, but the girl suddenly turned into a mist, magically disappearing before him.

Bertie stood stunned for a long time, incredulous at the scene!

Soon, the surroundings also dissipated bit by bit, the walls, furniture... all turned into mist...

Lying in bed, his closed eyelids were still fluttering, flickering rather urgently. His mind was tense, the dream continued.

After everything dissipated, he found himself standing alone on a lawn, the surroundings extremely empty.

In the distance was a circle of towering trees covered in vines, as if... in the midst of a primeval forest.

"Annie!"

"Annie!!"

He looked around calling out, with no response. It was as if... he had been completely abandoned.

Everything just now was so surreal.

"Annie... Where are you, Annie?"

In the bedroom, Rowan vaguely heard his father's voice. He focused his gaze and gently walked towards him.

"Annie... Annie..."

He heard his father calling his sister's name clearly. Rowan's heart ached as he came to stand by the bed.

"Annie..." His father was still asleep.