

Surprised 1711

Chapter 1711 Ivan's Plan

When he saw a tear roll down his father's cheek, Rowan felt a little moved. All the muscles in his body tensed up, and his heart tightened as well.

This must be his father's only wish right now.

But where was his sister?

After searching for so many years, there was no news at all. He used to dream about his sister too, but later, he didn't see her again in his dreams.

Rowan couldn't help feeling a little sad.

Just then, the king slowly opened his eyes as he woke up from his dream.

The first person he saw when he opened his eyes was his eldest son, which gave his helpless heart an added sense of security.

Father and son's gazes met. Rowan also regained his composure. He gently called out, "Father."

"Louis, I just... I just dreamed about Annie," the king said excitedly. "She's not dead. She grew up.

She's over 20 now."

"Mm," Rowan nodded. "I heard you calling her name." Although they hadn't found his sister, he also had a hunch that his sister was probably still alive.

Occult things like this were inexplicable. Why was the sister in his dream over 20 years old?

"Help me up," the king lifted his hand towards him, his voice weak. He calmly recalled the dream.

Rowan quickly bent over to help prop him up. Having just woken up, the dream was still vividly lingering in his mind. Every detail was very clear.

"I seem to have seen her face clearly..." the king recalled. "She doesn't look the same as when she was little. She has grown into a graceful lady. But why did I recognize that girl as Annie? When I called her name, she turned her head. That look in her eyes... she must be Annie."

Dreams were sometimes completely inexplicable. Human research was still very limited.

"Father," Rowan propped him up and put a pillow behind him to lean on. Then he poured him a cup of warm water. "Are you feeling better now?" His voice was extremely soft, afraid of eavesdroppers.

The king nodded. "My chest doesn't hurt as much anymore. I feel like I'm a little better. Do you think this is an illusion?"

"No," Rowan sat on the edge of the bed and told him firmly. "This is not an illusion. Your pulse has

stabilized quite a bit. My master is also working on an antidote that will be delivered soon. Just hang in

there a little longer, get your health back, and I will definitely find my sister and bring her back!"

"Mm hmm," the king nodded. A firm belief also arose in his heart - that he would definitely live to see

the day he reunited with Annie, as long as she was still alive.

If they were fated to meet again, their paths would cross once more.

In the palace where Ivan was staying, Claire slipped in to see him.

He led her upstairs and they entered the study, since they had a brother-sister relationship, their

meeting did not raise any suspicions.

"Mr. Marsh, the antidote is working. He said the king's pulse has stabilized," Claire reported to him.

"Eden doesn't seem to be taking any action for now and appears normal, but he always gives off a very

crafty vibe. In my judgement, that man is suspicious."

"He's the murderer, of course he's suspicious," Ivan said coldly, very confident in his intuition.

Claire still didn't know what Ivan's plan was, and it was probably safer if fewer people knew, so she

didn't ask.

She was just thinking, "What if he doesn't make another move from now on? Won't it be very difficult to get him to confess then? What if he won't admit it even in death? We don't have any evidence either."

"I have a way to get him to confess, and he will confess very soon," Ivan said confidently, his expression softening a little. "My wife just called me. She has developed the antidote and plans to set off this way immediately."

Claire truly did not understand why he had to insist on her coming.

But she understood very clearly that Mr. Marsh had his reasons for arranging it this way.

Chapter 1712 The Girl Troubled by Her Origins

After a while, Ivan said to her, "You go back to the king's palace first and protect yourself. If there is any emergency with Rowan, let me know immediately."

"Okay."

Claire didn't stay here for too long. She left with her mission.

Arkpool City, dusk. The sunset spread across Emerald Bay.

Jennifer went downstairs with the newly developed antidote, accompanied by several bodyguards. She boarded the private plane heading to Lu Layeka.

With her help, a perfect plan to force the culprit to reveal himself would soon unfold.

At the hospital.

In the spacious and comfortable VIP ward, Belinda lay on the big white bed, her head wrapped in gauze and wearing an oxygen mask, still in a coma.

Algerone sat on the chair in front of the bed, holding her hand worriedly, with an extremely heavy mood.

Monica stood by the window, gazing blankly outside, having unconsciously lost herself in thought.

Tristan carried some fruits in and gently put the bag on the bedside table. Then he strode towards the girl by the window who didn't notice his arrival.

Monica couldn't help but start thinking again: Who am I?

This question had almost driven her crazy.

Now that she knew she wasn't a biological child, there was no way she wouldn't speculate wildly,

although she pretended not to know anything in front of her dad and had no intention of recognizing her

biological parents.

But her once whole heart now seemed to have cracks that might never heal - it would be a permanent scar.

The issue of her origin was like a boulder weighing on her heart.

Tristan stood beside her, observing her expression, and could feel where her thoughts had drifted. He also understood her mood.

He felt so distressed, not knowing at all what he could do for her.

He could only reach out and lightly grasp her shoulder. Monica blinked blankly and met his gaze as she snapped back to reality. She gave a sensible slight smile, "You're back?"

But this made him even more distressed. Her smile was concealing her wounds.

"Monica, do you guys... want to take shifts here?" he suggested. "Auntie won't wake up for now and has to stay in the hospital for a while. If you both keep waiting here, neither of you will get proper rest."

Algerone heard this and it was just what he wanted to say. "Tristan, please take Monica back to rest well first."

"Dad..."

"Go home, dear." Algerone said to her. "You go back and rest now, come over to replace me tomorrow

morning. I have to go back to the company tomorrow morning to deal with some things."

Monica was silent. Her mom still hadn't woken up.

Tristan looked at her face, waiting for her decision.

Algerone spoke again, "Go back, there's no need to keep waiting here. We can take turns. Tristan also

has work to handle at the company."

"I'm fine, I've handed over my work," he replied. "I just hope you can all get good rest, after all the long recovery period will be spent in the hospital."

Monica didn't want Tristan to get too tired either, so she nodded in agreement. "Okay, we'll go back first and come again tomorrow morning."

Algerone was also relieved. "Go on, be safe on the road."

Thus, Tristan put his arm around Monica's shoulders and led her out.

After leaving the hospital, he drove to the riverside, rolled down the car windows, and slowed down too.

Monica sat in the passenger seat, gazing out the window. She was somewhat distracted by the issue of her birth.

After a while, Tristan parked the car at the roadside. Monica gradually came back to her senses and saw this wasn't the way home.

Their eyes met. Tristan said gently to her, "Shall I go for a walk with you down there?"

Strolling by the riverside, feeling the breeze, chatting - this could unravel a large part of the knots in her heart. One couldn't suffocate oneself.

Monica unfastened her seatbelt, getting ready to open the door and get off.

Tristan had been thinking about how to get her out of this whirlpool - that was his responsibility as her boyfriend.

Chapter 1713 Tristan's Surprise for Her

Getting out of the car, Tristan held her hand, instinctively intertwining their fingers, and walked with her along the riverbank.

The snow on the riverbank in early spring had melted, and the winter plum blossoms were still in full bloom.

"Do you want to find your parents?" Tristan turned to look at her as they walked, his voice low, "If you want to find them, I can help you, I will support you."

This was the decision he had made on the way back from the hospital.

Monica shook her head, "I don't want to, I don't want to go looking for them either. Since we're already separated, it just wasn't meant to be." She turned to ask, "Even if we found them, then what?"

Tristan saw a touch of sweet, faint smile at the corner of her lips, as if she had let go and become accepting in an instant.

Just walking like this, glancing at each other, the smile on the girl's lips grew deeper.

After a while, Tristan stopped her footsteps. He stood still in front of her, hands on her shoulders, his eyes gentle and affectionate, "Monica, your parents will be very happy that you can think like this. You have to truly let it go, little by little, day by day. Don't wrong yourself, tell me if you're unhappy."

He knew it would take time to let go, it wasn't something that could be done in just a few words.

"Okay, I promise you," Monica's voice was low, the smile at the corner of her lips gentle and pretty, "Are you busy? Going to the company?"

Tristan shook his head, "No, Hope has cleared my work for today. I'll stay with you the whole time."

"Then take me home," Monica said to him, "I'm a little tired. I want to sleep for a while."

He nodded, "Okay." Then he put his arm around her shoulders and strode towards the nearby car.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Monica glanced out the window until she came back to her senses and realized the car had stopped in front of his villa.

Not her dad's small western-style house at all.

"..." Monica was a little surprised.

But Tristan calmly unfastened his seatbelt, "Stay at my place tonight, I'll feel more at ease that way."

She watched him get out of the car, watched him walk around to open the passenger door for her. He was chivalrous and courteous, his eyes toward her very gentle.

Monica didn't hesitate for too long, it wasn't like she hadn't stayed over before, no need to be coy about it.

So she undid her seatbelt and got out of the car, striding with him towards the living room. Being with him always gave her a sense of security.

He entered the fingerprint password and the door opened.

Tristan said to her, "Wait here for a moment." Then he blocked the doorway, fiddling with the door handle as he entered the fingerprint lock's management mode.

He took her finger and added her fingerprint.

"You..." Monica was surprised again. They weren't even married yet, she felt a little awkward and uneasy.

But Tristan took her other hand, glanced at her, his eyes full of gentle emotions, "You're the lady of this house, entering the fingerprint password is inevitable sooner or later. The sooner the better, whenever you want to come over, you can come anytime without needing to notify me."

After entering the password, he took her hand and headed upstairs.

Before taking her back to the bedroom to rest, Tristan mysteriously said to her, "Monica, let me take you somewhere first."

"Where?" The girl was led by the hand, following passively behind him.

Soon, they turned a corner and a bright walk-in closet came into view. The open shelves filled with strips of lights were full of all kinds of little dresses.

Glittering and shining under the lights one by one.

"You..." the girl turned in shock, "Are these all for me?"

"Who else?" Tristan said to her, "I didn't know what styles you liked, so I got them all. You can pick out

the ones you like."

"This is too wasteful..." Monica turned and punched him in the chest, "You still have to save up for the bride price! This is reckless spending! I can just bring my own clothes when I come over!"

Chapter 1714 - Acted in a Play

"Oh dear, the bride price money has been saved up, don't worry my wife, you don't need to worry anymore."

Tristan held her shoulders from behind, then embraced her in his arms, with his chin gently resting on her shoulder, he affectionately said to her -

"What we need to do now is wait for your mother to wake up, wait for her to be discharged from the hospital, then we can complete the 100 things every couple must do, in the meantime, we first need to prepare a wedding for your parents, give them a surprise, then we can enter into the hall of marriage."

This was his plan, very thoughtful.

Monica thought this was a very beautiful thing, Monica felt very fortunate to have met the Mu family, to have met Tristan.

The script of life was very satisfying.

Looking at the full closet of skirts, she was instantly relieved about her birth, no longer caring about it,

life was short, she wanted to cherish the happiness she had now.

At the hospital, Algerone kept company at Belinda's sickbed.

He held her hand, trying to convey some warmth from his palm to her icy cold fingers, despite the air

conditioning in the room.

He really wanted to convey some warmth to her, convey some faith to her, there was always a voice in

his heart -

"Belinda, you have to keep it up, you've made it this far, you need to wake up soon, recover soon."

From the time he met her, every scene lingered in Algerone's mind, each picture was so clear, making

his heart vaguely painful.

Although out of mortal danger, she had undergone brain surgery, he had no choice but to be concerned

and worried.

He really felt for her and hated that he couldn't replace her pain.

He decided to make up for it for the rest of his life.

The night in Arkpool City was getting deeper...

Lu Layeka, the majestic and magnificent royal palace complex, the ancient castles left behind looked even more magnificent and mysterious in the reflection of the sunlight.

In the king's bedroom, luxury was evident everywhere, yet the atmosphere was always somewhat gloomy.

Rowan fed his father the last 30 milliliters of 'plum soup' from the bottle.

The king sat leaning against the headboard, he swallowed the medicine, and was actually somewhat melancholy as well.

Rowan comforted him, "Father, although this medicine is gone, but the medicine I'm working on will be ready soon, my master will arrive soon too, don't stress yourself."

"Okay." The king nodded, "Before Anne is found, before I see you safely on the throne, I will not die."

Rowan really didn't care about the throne, but he didn't want that position to fall into Taylor's hands either.

Because Taylor was incompetent, if Catherine listened from behind the screen, Lu Layeka would soon be on the road to extinction.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Father and son were on alert, but as soon as they looked back, they saw the door open.

Eden appeared in everyone's sight.

Standing in front of the bed, Rowan casually put the empty medicine bottle in his pocket, the king

coughed violently clutching his chest.

Rowan turned his eyes to see Eden walking steadily towards them.

"Uncle." His face was full of sorrow, and he took two steps back, with some tears in his eyes.

"Cough cough cough cough..." A series of sharp tearing sounds erupted from the king's chest, "Cough

cough... Eden, what's the matter?"

Eden stood still at the bedside, also looking somewhat remorseful, he lowered his eyes and reported,

"Prince Taylor wants to see you, he's come five times already."

Indicating that he had sent him away the previous four times.

Rowan poured a glass of warm water for the king, who finally gradually stopped coughing, one hand

clutching his chest, the other hand propped on the edge of the bed, he gasped heavily, raised his eyes

with difficulty, "What's the point of seeing him? I don't want to see anyone, I just want... I just want to go

in peace."

The message he conveyed was that his days were numbered.

Eden's gaze narrowed and fell on Louis' face, Rowan lowered his eyes, his expression extremely sad.

Chapter 1715 - Deceived by Eden

A deep sadness filled the room as everyone remained silent.

Although Rowan did not look at his uncle, he could sense his gaze fixed on him, observing his

expression.

So Uncle just used the excuse of Prince Taylor wanting to see Father to barge in and probe the

situation.

Although he did not yet have evidence, Rowan was more convinced in his heart that Uncle was the

murderer who wanted to kill Father.

Rowan looked silent on the outside but rage boiled within. He was usually quiet and appeared to have

no power or influence, but his heart was as clear as a mirror.

"Send him away. I won't see anyone," the king said as he took the cup of water from his son and

painfully drank a sip before weakly closing his eyes again.

Rowan quickly set down the cup and helped Father lie back down slowly.

Eden also bent down to help since the patient's body was very weak. Although the king had lost some weight, he still weighed around 150 pounds.

After the two helped the king lie down comfortably, Rowan tucked him in with the blanket.

Eden looked at the king, then at Rowan, before stepping away towards the exit.

To avoid arousing Uncle's suspicions, he had to detoxify Father's poison first. So Rowan also followed him out with a still grieving expression.

"Uncle," Rowan said heavily as they reached the grand hall. "Father coughed up black blood again this morning. I estimate... he probably won't make it through the week."

Eden stopped and looked at Rowan expressionlessly before consoling, "Sickness and death are natural parts of life."

Then he reached out and patted Rowan on the shoulder. "Louis, try to take it easy. Since he wants your company, it's best if you stay by his side without leaving so you'll have fewer regrets in life."

Watching his burly uncle's back as he walked away, Rowan's eyes flashed with something.

Uncle did not empathize or show any sadness or distress.

The division of labor was very clear now - Mr. Marsh was in charge of finding evidence while saving

Father was his own responsibility. Claire was responsible for relaying information between them.

Rowan withdrew his gaze and returned to the room, locking the door behind him.

Hearing the familiar footsteps, the king also slowly opened his eyes. "Louis."

Rowan came to stand by the bed and listened as he said, "I want to pass the throne to you now and

notify all royal family members to convene a meeting."

"No," Rowan said cautiously. "The fewer people you come in contact with now the better. Eden can't

see your true condition, but that doesn't mean others can't either. There are some shrewd people and

doctors who will notice you look much better."

The king was silent as his son's words made sense.

It wasn't that the king lacked confidence in his health, but he desperately wanted his eldest son to take

the position so he could feel at peace, not wanting anyone else eyeing the throne.

At that moment, in the palace with two beautiful peacocks standing guard at the door,

"Why did Mrs. Marsh come?" Jolie had a bad feeling she couldn't pinpoint. "I heard she's pregnant.

Shouldn't she be home safely nurturing the baby?"

"Although their eldest son and daughter are six or seven," Catherine said lightly while sipping tea on the couch, "they've been separated all these years. Strictly speaking, they're still in their honeymoon phase." So she could understand.

But Jolie remained suspicious, feeling something was off.

Catherine had absolute faith in Ivan. Construction on the castle had begun and she was very involved, as was Ivan. The two often ran into each other at the construction site.

Catherine was confident they had become good friends fighting side by side.

Chapter 1716 Jennifer Arrives at Lu Layeka

A flash of smugness went through Catherine's eyes, while Jolie remained expressionless. She was worried sick. The king had already ordered that the throne be passed on to Prince Louis. If they didn't think of something, this situation would be impossible to reverse.

Not only was Jolie ambitious, but she was also impatient.

"Mother! Mother!!"

The two women turned at the sound of the voice. Prince Taylor came in fuming. He directly tattled,

"Mother! This is the fifth time I've been rejected today! It was bad enough Eden wouldn't let me in, but he didn't even agree to announce me! He must be up to something sinister!"

Catherine's brows furrowed as she heavily set down her teacup. "He wouldn't even announce you?

What is he playing at? Does he only recognize the heir now and not the second prince?"

And this heir hadn't even taken the throne yet but was already being so arrogant?

If he did take the throne, would there still be a place for her and her son in the royal family?

"I think Eden is up to no good!" Taylor accused. "He doesn't want Father to see me! But I'm his son too!

Why does Louis get to keep watch?"

"Simply outrageous!" Catherine stood up angrily.

"Your Majesty, please calm down first," Jolie advised in a low voice. "Eden is just a dog. It was the king

himself who ordered that he see no one."

"That was just the king's mood at the time! But what about now?" Catherine retorted. "If Eden had gone to announce it, who can guarantee the king would have refused?"

Taylor was also very upset.

He had no interest in the throne, but his concern for his father's health was genuine. When he heard the king had coughed up blood that day and his life was now on a countdown... Taylor had also become restless.

These past few days, Taylor had been worried sick.

"Let's go. Forget him not announcing it. I'll take you to force your way in!" Catherine could no longer contain her anger. As she spoke, she strode towards the door.

Before Jolie could stop her, a servant came in. "Your Majesty, Your Highness, Captain."

"What is it?" the woman stopped in her tracks, her eyes cold as she stared at him.

The servant reported, "Mrs. Marsh has arrived. Mr. Marsh just picked her up from the airport."

So soon?

Well, she would have to go greet them out of courtesy. So she would have to put off Taylor seeing his father for now.

Catherine glanced coldly at her son. "You stay right here and don't make trouble! Just focus on your studies if there's nothing else! And don't stir up any nonsense! If you do see your father, keep it brief!"

Taylor hung his head dejectedly. The more he thought about it, the more aggrieved he felt. How could

Mother be angry with him too?

"Let's go!" Catherine's gaze swept over Jolie's face before she strode off. Jolie followed close behind.

Ivan had just brought Jennifer to the palace. It was Jennifer's first time here, and even though she was

worldly, she was still awed by the mysterious castles.

All the buildings were historical relics made of stone, surrounded by green lawns and dense forests.

The countless rooms, even separated by stone walls, still evoked images of prosperity within.

Jennifer followed Ivan into the palace Catherine had prepared to host them. At first glance, she saw Da

Vinci's famous painting on the wall and was shocked.

"That's the original," Ivan pointed to another painting not far away. "That's Rembrandt, also an original."

"Wow..." She walked over to appreciate them, unable to hold back sounds of astonishment.

The palace hall was hundreds of square meters. Everywhere she looked was filled with medieval

furniture and decorations. It wasn't hard to imagine that every room here was like an art gallery.

"It'll start getting cold tomorrow. There'll be a big storm," Ivan came to her side and gently grasped her

shoulder. "I think this is a sign from above to help us."

"Mm," she turned to ask, "Do you know where he's staying?"

Before the couple could exchange a few more words, Catherine came rushing in with Jolie and a large

entourage. The hurried, chaotic footsteps made the two turn.

Chapter 1717 Jennifer is going to take action

Catherine walked into the hall with a smile on her face, dressed lavishly. She swayed her hips and had

let herself in without an invitation.

She wanted to come over to build relationships. Today was also the perfect opportunity, and women

would have more to talk about together.

Ivan had his arm around Jennifer's shoulders. He just gave her a look before leading her towards

Catherine with strides.

Jennifer understood immediately and realized this woman's identity.

"Mrs. Marsh is here! Hello, hello!" Catherine hurried over to her and actively reached out her hand,

smiling from ear to ear. "On behalf of Lu Layeka I welcome you! Welcome!"

"Thank you," Jennifer also had a smile on her face. "You must be the far and wide famous Catherine,

the Queen?" She calmly shook the woman's hand.

"Yes. I hope you are comfortable staying in this palace. If there is anything that needs improvement, just let me know directly." Catherine was very happy. Was she really that famous?

She also said to Jennifer, "You and Mr. Marsh are both VIPs of Lu Layeka and are both my friends."

Ivan's lips curled up slightly. "My dear, Queen Catherine is warm and hospitable. You will definitely like her a lot."

"Your Majesty, I have long admired your great name. Today I have the fortune to meet you, it is my honor," Jennifer had admiration and worship in her eyes. "Your Majesty is so beautiful and elegant."

"Hahaha, you flatter me," Hearing this made Catherine bloom inside. She looked over the young woman before her. "Although Mrs. Marsh is young, she has an elegant aura. Her peers probably can't compare."

"Alright alright, let's not hurry to compliment each other. Come have some tea," Ivan extended an invitation. "We can chat while drinking."

The servants had already brewed the tea. The air was filled with the faint fragrance of Earl Grey.

Everyone sat down in chairs. Catherine started the conversation with small talk. Jolie stood by her side

accompanying her.

Through chatting, Jennifer also directly understood Catherine's personality better.

This woman didn't have too much malice. She might be a bit ambitious but her abilities were very limited.

On the other hand, the short-haired woman in white boots who was glued to her side, her scheming far exceeded that of the silly sweet Queen.

Jennifer was smart to begin with. After hanging around Ivan for so long, she could judge people accurately almost all the time.

Yes, Jennifer saw Catherine as a silly sweet type.

Someone of her caliber was simply negligible in Jennifer's eyes. So she couldn't have poisoned the King.

The woman behind the Queen might be the culprit, but she didn't have a motive. How could she dare to act without the Queen's order?

She seemed very loyal to the Queen.

Jennifer drank her tea with a perpetual smile on her face. She would respond to Catherine's words, chatting about fashion for a bit, then travel.

But Jennifer was quietly thinking to herself. The top priority now was to give Rowan the antidote.

But Catherine was like a chatterbox, endless. Jennifer had no way to discuss this with Ivan.

"Your Majesty," Jennifer finally gently interrupted with a smile. "Out of courtesy, I should also go see the King. I heard he is ill."

Catherine was slightly surprised and let out a soft sigh, rejecting, "He's not just ill, I'll tell you frankly, he's critically ill, dying. His life is on a countdown. He doesn't want to see anyone, not even his own son."

Jolie's gaze fell upon Jennifer again.

Jennifer could feel her stare but didn't look back at her. Jennifer was thinking, she must see Rowan, and as soon as possible!

Chapter 1718: Can I Meet the King?

Jennifer thought for a moment, her eyes sincere, "Queen, I must also go, even if I am stopped by him.

This is my etiquette. If I was an ordinary woman, being rude would not matter much, but today I came

to visit your country as Mrs. Marsh. Being rude would lead to gossip, and we are a country of courtesy to begin with. I would feel bad if I did not at least try to see the king."

Catherine was silent, feeling a bit conflicted. She felt Jennifer's words made sense, but the king would not even see his own son now, how could he meet a foreigner? It would be very awkward to be rejected. After all, she is Mrs. Marsh.

Ivan also looked at Catherine. Without discussing, he of course stood by his wife's side, also knowing what his wife wanted to do.

Catherine met Ivan's gaze. She certainly did not want to offend him or ruin his reputation.

Unsure what to do, Catherine looked towards the woman standing behind her. Jolie's eyes were downturned, her expression cold. She did not speak either.

Just then, Jennifer smiled and said, "Queen, when my husband came, the king held a banquet to welcome him. If I come knowing he is severely ill and do not try to see him, it would be hard to explain."

She appealed to Catherine's emotions and reason.

Finally, Catherine could refuse no longer. She put down her teacup and stood up, "Alright, I will take you there now."

She desperately wanted to win over Ivan! She wanted to become friends with him, use his power to bring down Ethan, and seize the throne from Louis' hands in the future!

After all, this sickly king could not be relied upon.

Jolie had always been very perceptive. She felt Mrs. Marsh's sudden visit had ulterior motives, definitely not just missing her husband.

No man was worth missing this much.

With the recent turmoil within the royal family, any sudden occurrence deserved suspicion. Having lived amidst the undercurrents of the royal family, Jolie had developed professional habits.

But seeing the queen leading Mr. and Mrs. Marsh out, Jolie could only follow. She would observe more and see what Mrs. Marsh was up to!

On the way to the king's palace, the scenery was beautiful. The gentle breeze carried floral aromas. No one spoke about the king's illness, since it had not been announced publicly or reported in the news.

Asking too much would seem rude and raise suspicion.

"How long will Mrs. Marsh stay?" Catherine curiously asked. "Will you wait for Mr. Marsh to return

together?"

Ivan and Jennifer held hands. Ivan answered for her, "Of course not, she just wants to visit the royal family and hopefully find some design inspiration. She is a designer."

"Oh?" Catherine was surprised and happily looked at the woman, asking, "An interior designer?"

"Also a fashion designer," Jennifer smiled humbly, "Just a hobby and interest. I work at his company."

To build rapport, Catherine said, "Could I ask Mrs. Marsh to design two evening gowns for me when you have time?"

"No problem," Jennifer readily agreed. "I've designed evening gowns for 15 queens. They were all very happy, and the gowns had the highest appearance rate among all dresses."

This shocked Catherine even more. "How excellent!" So Mrs. Marsh had interacted with royalty before.

No wonder she was so at ease, composed, and graceful.

Hearing this, even Jolie was a bit shocked.

She thought, looks like this woman is not simple. Although she got these jobs easily relying on Mr.

Marsh.

Or perhaps she did not actually design these gowns at all, only lending her name to them.

But being able to win over Mr. Marsh proved this woman was not simple.

Chapter 1719 Close Call

Soon, the king's majestic and magnificent palace was in sight. There were four guards at the gate, and

Jolie could tell at a glance that they were Eden's men.

Everyone walked up to the gate side by side. The guards bowed respectfully and said, "Queen, captain, Mr. Marsh."

Before Catherine could speak, Eden appeared out of nowhere and quickly walked over.

In the light that gradually intensified, Jennifer's gaze fell on this man. When she saw his build and his face, she couldn't help but hold her breath!

"Queen," Eden greeted politely when he got close, his voice seeming devoid of emotion.

"Please go announce that we've come to visit the king today," Catherine said coolly but firmly. She disliked Eden immensely.

Jennifer drew in a subtle breath. Seemingly nonchalant, she reined in her gaze, but waves rose in her heart.

"I'm afraid not, Queen," Eden rejected directly, maintaining a professional demeanor. He bowed deeply

again and said, "The king made it very clear that day..."

Not far inside the palace, Claire had just come downstairs. When she looked up, she caught the scene at the palace gate in one glance.

Her heart thumped heavily!

Without thinking too much, she swiftly strode towards the king's bedchamber!

Soon, she arrived outside the bedchamber and anxiously turned the doorknob directly, only to find the door locked!

Panicked and anxious, she quickly glanced back. No one was coming.

But she couldn't ring the doorbell now, so she knocked on the door with the most appropriate force.

Heart racing, she kept knocking persistently while praying and chanting in her heart - open the door quickly!

Finally, the door opened, and her eyes met Rowan's!

Seeing her, Rowan seemed a little surprised.

Claire swiftly updated him about the situation outside, "Sister Jennifer is here with Mr. Marsh. They are

being stopped by Eden outside the palace gate, along with Catherine and Jolie."

After listening, Rowan's pupils instantly contracted. "I see." Then he closed the door.

Claire also felt somewhat relieved. She quietly moved away.

Soon after, Rowan opened the door again. "Uncle! Uncle!"

Those blocked outside the palace gate heard Rowan before seeing him.

Eden also turned his eyes upon hearing the shout. Soon, he saw Louis rushing out and heading over quickly. "Uncle!"

"What's the matter?" Eden asked in a low voice.

Seeing Catherine, Rowan seemed to breathe a sigh of relief again. The anxious look on his face also eased up a bit. "The queen is here at just the right time. Father wants to see you. I was just about to ask uncle to call you."

Catherine was very surprised but soon extremely delighted.

The king finally remembered her! Then he must also remember Taylor!

After coming out, Rowan stood next to Eden and looked at Ivan's face. Somewhat happily, he said,

"Perfect timing. No need to call Mr. Marsh either. Father also wants to meet you, mainly to ask about

the progress and plans for building the castle."

Then he shifted his gaze to Jennifer and looked between her and Ivan. "This is..." He looked puzzled, also noticing their interlocked hands.

"My wife," Ivan answered calmly.

"Mrs. Marsh, pleased to meet you," Rowan said to her. "Please come in too."

"I just arrived in Lu Layeka and heard the king was ill. I was going to come see how he's doing,"

Jennifer said with a smile. "May I ask who you are...?" She had to play along seamlessly.

"Prince Louis," Rowan answered politely, amazed by her thoroughness.

If they didn't properly introduce themselves, and she called him Prince Louis later, wouldn't it seem like she had done her homework before coming?

"Prince," Jennifer greeted him.

"Let's all go in. Don't keep Father waiting too long, he's very weak," Rowan said. Then he turned and strode away without bothering about his uncle's mood.

Eden was stunned for a moment, rendered irrelevant?

Catherine looked at Eden smugly and contemptuously before striding inside arrogantly! Jolie followed closely behind.

Chapter 1720: Look at Claire at the Critical Moment

Jennifer took a step forward. As she passed Ethan, she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye.

This man's appearance, physique and aura were extremely similar to Kai's.

She dared to confirm that this was the person Mr. Adams had described.

He must also be the one who poisoned the king. Perhaps he was even the murderer of her master!

Thinking of this, Jennifer was a little excited. She felt the blood in her body boiling.

Ivan accompanied her and did not notice her thoughts at this moment. He strode towards the king's

bedchamber following Queen Catherine.

The antidote was in Jennifer's pocket. She had deliberately worn a large pocket jacket to carry it with

her. But Jolie kept staring at her, which also made Jennifer dare not determine if she could successfully

administer the antidote today.

If Jolie kept staring at her, how could she secretly give it to Rowan? Jennifer had not even entered the

bedchamber yet she began thinking about this problem.

Ivan also noticed Jolie's malicious intentions. Compared to the queen's naivete, this woman was meticulous and keen.

Just as the group was about to reach the king's bedchamber, Rowan walked the fastest and was the first to enter the door, quickly disappearing from everyone's sight.

A figure suddenly jumped out from somewhere. A tray carrying tea crashed right into Jolie!

"Ah!" Jolie was doused in tea. She instinctively cried out, then shook off the droplets on her body and looked at the reckless person with fury!

The teacup fell with a clang onto the carpet, splashing tea everywhere! It was a mess. Everyone present was shocked.

"Sorry, sorry..." Claire's face was full of regret and she was at a loss, "Sorry, I didn't mean it."

Jennifer looked at Claire. She kept apologizing to Jolie with a very sincere attitude.

Ivan was also a little surprised by this incident.

When Jolie saw it was Claire, the anger that had erupted was suppressed. She could not flare up.

Although her face was ugly, because Mr. Marsh was present, she could only say in a low voice, "It's okay."

"Go change your clothes, tea stains are hard to wash out completely," Claire said to her with concern.

"I'm really sorry, please forgive me."

At this time, Catherine also spoke up, "Jolie, go back first, don't keep me company." After saying that,

she stepped inside, eager to see the king.

Ivan squeezed Jennifer's hand tighter. Jennifer glanced at him. He led her forward with strides.

They both knew Claire had done it on purpose, just to get Jolie out of the way.

Both couldn't help but admire the girl's intelligence, she had been a great help. Jennifer also breathed a

sigh of relief.

Claire's gaze remained on Jolie. She blocked Jolie's path to the king's bedchamber, "Hurry up and

change out of it, if left for too long it will seep in. Your clothes don't look cheap."

What Claire just said fell into Ivan and Jennifer's ears. The couple couldn't help but break into a cold

sweat for her.

Outside, Jolie's face darkened. She cared a lot about her uniform, her eyes narrowed as she turned

and left.

Her clothes were generally custom-made and very expensive. Also, her uniform represented power and status, only the Captain of the Guards dressed like this.

Watching her receding figure, Claire was finally relieved. She looked back and only left after seeing the door close.

But she had barely taken a few steps when Ethan came straight towards her.

This unconsciously put pressure on Claire. She stopped at the side, unable to find a reason to stop him for the moment, she just lowered her eyes to show respect.