

Surprised 1971

Chapter 1971 Don't Mess with Summer

The director sighed, ran a towel through his hair, and casually tossed it aside. He picked up the glass of water on the table and took a sip. "Angel, before filming starts tomorrow, find him and settle your grievances. We can't afford to waste any more time." He was worried that with Spencer's personality, he might push her too far. At least he left without things boiling over.

"I don't understand what I did to him!" Angel was furious. "I didn't do anything to offend him!" "He's taking it out on Summer," the director reminded her. "Did you intentionally slap her this morning?"

"..." Angel couldn't deny it. She suddenly realized, and something flashed in her eyes. "Doesn't he like Summer? But she's a nobody, why does he care?"

"What does a man need to like a woman? If he's willing, that's enough," the director replied. "Especially Spencer, what does he need? Just a carefree mentality that tosses her away afterwards."

"..." Angel thought about Summer, still feeling angry. "You praised Summer's potential as the lead actress today. What do you mean? Are you all on her side? With her innocent face, can't you see how conniving she is?"

Seeing the girl upset, the director reached out to her, and Angel took a step forward, placing her hand in his palm. She then sat on his lap.

"Darling, can you stop bothering Summer?" the director pleaded kindly, then held her petite waist, and said with exasperation-

"With your status, do you really need to care about her? She's Mr. Marsh's person. No matter what their relationship is, they're a force we can't afford to mess with. If you keep being stubborn like this, not only will you lose the lead position, but I will too. Try me if you don't believe."

"Is it really that serious?" the woman was taken aback. "It's exactly that serious!"

This reminded Angel of Mr. Marsh's warning today, making her realize the severity of the situation. But she was still incredibly jealous.

"Alright, alright, let's not think about it," the director lifted her up and walked towards the nearby large, soft double bed. The next morning.

Along-planned grand wedding took place romantically on the beach.

Tristan was finally marrying Monica.

The crystal-clear blue sea, the soft, long beach, the warm sun, the coconut grove, the fresh, slightly salty sea breeze... The layers of light pink and light blue gauze intertwined...

Warm and romantic.

Bertie and Princess Catherine attended in their finest, just like ordinary parents, bringing a few of Lu Layeka's relatives to witness the special day.

Weddings are a family affair.

Rowan and Claire, who were on a honeymoon trip, rushed back

the Russ farpiimen. Gebe tor ya analke newborn baby, the rest were present, including Albert, Violet, and Finnley. .

Ivan and Jennifer were also present. Zack Clarke wore a handmade suit, despite some white hair, he still looked sharp. Eason had fully recovered and was growing normally. He wore a small suit and looked exquisite.

Algerone and Belinda had been anticipating this day for a long time. Their hearts were a little bit reluctant but they were satisfied with Tristan, Monica's marriage meant that she was finally all grown up. .

She was starting her own little family, aware that she had many things to face on her own.

The vast beach, soft music, blue and pink roses, romantic arches, every detail was full of sentiment. .

Chapter 1972: The Moment We've Been Waiting For

Jack also arrived, bringing the children from the orphanage to offer their blessings... After all, the children were witnesses to the courtship.

Tristan and Monica's relatives and friends, numbering in the dozens, were mostly family rather than business partners. While the guest list wasn't extensive, everyone present shared the closest relationships and offered their sincerest wishes.

As the melodious wedding march played and the sea breeze gently blew, the tall and handsome Tristan stood on the stage, smiling as he looked at Monica, who was linked arm in arm with Bertie and Algerone.

The father-daughter trio made their way slowly towards this side.

This wedding was somewhat unique, with two fathers wearing coordinated suits in the same color scheme. They wore smiles on their faces, yet their eyes betrayed a hint of reluctance.

Monica walked in the middle, draped in a pristine white wedding gown, exuding elegance and grace. She wore a custom-made necklace around her neck, complemented by matching earrings, with no further adornments — simple yet elegant.

Her beauty needed no embellishments.

As the wedding march melodiously played, breathtakingly sacred, they proceeded towards Tristan as the two fathers led the way. Monica's chiffon white dress framed her shoulders, and the long train trailed behind her, showcasing the couple's exceptionally high attractiveness.

Guests cast their eyes of blessings upon them, watching as the two fathers escorted their precious daughters to their respective grooms.

"Dad," Tristan paused and looked at the two elders, speaking from the heart, "I have been waiting for this moment for too long. Please entrust Monica to me."

Monica met Tristan's affectionate gaze with a sweet smile, her eyes as dark as a midnight rain mist.

The two fathers solemnly placed their daughter's hand into Tristan's palm, and he held it dearly. The two gazed deeply into each other's eyes, filled with only each other, radiating happiness.

"Please, both fathers, both mothers, rest assured," Tristan regained his composure, turning to Catherine and Belinda standing not far from the stage. Before all the guests, he promised, "Please, four elders, rest assured. I will take care of your precious daughter, cherish her, pamper her, and embrace her."

Monica's eyes glistened with tears. She loved him deeply, ever so profoundly. The moments of past happiness constantly replayed in her mind.

He continued to lead her down the red carpet towards the stage, as the wedding march transitioned into a rendition of "Enchantment of Encounter" —

"You've become my lucky charm, my master. You heal all the wounds in my heart, for you, I will be full of smiles, to repay you for playing the clown beside me..."

"My love for you is destined to endure; my feelings for you will last. Even though our meeting is a kind of charm, happiness is ours because of it."

The sweet voice of the female singer, combined with the setting of today, was perfectly fitting. Tristan wrote the wedding vows himself. Holding Monica's hand, he stood in the center of the stage and said lovingly — "Monica, today is the most memorable day of my life. Please believe that marrying me is the right choice for you."

Feeling her nose tingling, Monica listened as he said, "I will share your joys and sorrows."

He vowed, "I will love you, trust you, respect you. Whatever life we face in the future, I will stand by your side! I am here for you, just as I now hold you tightly. I will take care of you with my life and entrust the rest of my life to you."

Tristan's voice choked up slightly with emotion, as Monica's tears welled up into his eyes,

and tears glistened in them.

Chapter 1973: Wedding in Progress

After exchanging vows, they switched rings without the officiator asking if you would be willing to marry him, as no one would be unwilling at a wedding venue.

All the ceremonial proceedings were simple and sacred, and when it was time for the two fathers to speak, Algerone handed the microphone to Bertie, who was incredibly excited. "You go first," he said.

This was a gesture of respect, reflecting Algerone's stature and upbringing, as they no longer saw themselves as separate entities but both considered Monica as their own daughter.

Taking the microphone, Bertie felt a bit scattered in his mind. Today's special day was too overwhelming, with various emotions intertwining. He had rehearsed countless scenarios, but still found it difficult to control his feelings.

Applause erupted from the audience below, everyone looking forward to the speech of this elderly king. Taking a deep breath, he sighed heavily, then smiled at Monica. As father and daughter's eyes met, Monica took a step forward, and Bertie held her hand.

He said, "Annie, I was the first man to hug you in this world, the first to hear you cry, and to see you smile. From your first steps to your first words... but I missed out on your growth..."

His tone was filled with regret, as his daughter was about to get married in the blink of an eye.

Monica tightened her lips, holding her father's hand tightly, feeling his remorse. Her emotions started to overflow, and she reached out to hug this silver-headed old man.

"Father, we are a family brought together by fate, so no matter what happens, we will always stay together. We have gone through trials and tribulations, and from now on, every day we will be by each other's side, knowing each other's whereabouts and sharing each other's joys and sorrows."

"Don't cry, my daughter." Bertie held back his emotions, lightly patting her shoulder, then gently letting her go. "Even when I grow old and can't walk anymore, you will still be my... you will still be my most beloved little princess!"

Looking into his eyes, Monica was filled with deep emotion. Standing beside her, equally moved and shedding tears, was Claire, who found the scene particularly touching as a writer. She wondered, if she had a daughter, how would she feel at her daughter's wedding? Would she cry uncontrollably?

"Claire, sister?" A tender voice interrupted, and Claire snapped out of her thoughts to see a little girl standing before her, looking up at her with a beautiful smile.

When their eyes met, the little girl revealed her grin. "Long time no see."

"Waverly?" Claire's memory was sharp. Though she hadn't stayed long since the incident, this little girl left a deep impression. .

Despite being young, Waverly, aged about five or six, was remarkably mature.

Claire quickly crouched down, placed a hand on her shoulder and,

and said, "Hello here today too?" .

"Yes, we all came," Waverly's voice was sweet and gentle, "Everyone is here." "That's great." Claire stood up, holding the girl's hand. "Take me to say hello to them, alright?"

"Okay! They're over there!" Waverly led her to a nearby spot, with Wan, the guardian, following. Since beside Hicache's status had changed, as she was now a protected member of the family."

Chapter 1974: Claire Is Pregnant

After exchanging greetings with the children, everyone chatted briefly, with Claire showing the most interest in their academic achievements. She expressed her care to each child, and they happily replied truthfully, all thanks to the excellent guidance of Principal Qin.

Throughout the interaction, Claire held Waverly's small hand, still wearing the bracelet with the apple pendant on her wrist.

Before long, Jack approached. He had a robust stature and a gentlemanly demeanor. Claire and Rowan warmly greeted him, and the atmosphere felt like that of old friends meeting, bringing genuine happiness to everyone.

Lili's left foot was worsening, causing her to hobble alongside the principal, capturing Claire's attention deeply. Concerned, Claire glanced at the girl's foot and then worriedly at Jack.

Jack explained, "Lili's leg may have already formed, and even with treatment, there may not be much effect. We've consulted with the doctor." It was a regrettable situation.

A hint of melancholy could be seen on the girl's face, as she tended to be reserved and shy, not often smiling. Claire then turned her gaze to Rowan, placing her hope in him.

Understanding her intention, Rowan embraced his wife's shoulder and calmly said to Jack, "Principal, if you trust me, please entrust Lili to my care."

Jack was shocked, wondering if Rowan was willing to assist. He knew exactly who Rowan was — a genius doctor! Graduating with a doctorate at 22, proficient in both traditional Chinese medicine and Western

clinical practices, and possessing exceptional surgical skills. There seemed to be no illness he couldn't treat as long as he accepted the challenge.

Quickly regaining his composure, Jack said, "Of course, I'm willing. But I'm concerned... I'm afraid you may have plans to travel abroad and won't have the time."

"I'm not going abroad for now," Rowan replied casually, his face gentle as he spoke to her, "My wife is pregnant, and I need to stay home to take care of her."

Jack was delighted, as it seemed a double joyous occasion. Looking at Claire, he said excitedly, "Thank you! Congratulations, Claire, on becoming a mother."

"Thank you for your blessings, Principal," Claire said, gently placing her hands on her abdomen, a look of happiness on her face. Jack then prompted the children, "Lili, why don't you thank Dr. Watson?"

"Thank you, Dr. Watson. Thank you, Sister Claire," the little girl said, her face innocent and shy, with bright eyes.

Claire reached out to pat the child's head, saying, "You're welcome. It's the duty of a doctor to heal the sick."

Later, Jack shared some good news with Claire about plans to send the children to city schools for middle school, providing them better educational opportunities if they passed the entrance exams.

Despite being knowledgeable in various subjects and teaching the children well, he believed they shouldn't be too secluded and should have a healthy and normal growth environment.

Claire and Rowan supported his decision, considering it nefarious for the Chilean Café Hered "Principal, if you need our help, please don't hesitate to ask."

"Thank you in advance," Jack said, also pleased, as he generally didn't like troubling others.

As the wedding ceremony concluded, the banquet began, leaning more towards a relaxed gathering. Strong relates old friends, with a joyful and unconstrained atmosphere where everyone felt like familiar faces. .

After offering their blessings, they raised their glasses together and chatted about daily life.

On the film set, the scene of Tristan rescuing Riverflow by the pool was about to be reshot. Ori eG

the evening gown and put on exquisite makeup, though she couldn't shake off her inner turmoil. .

Would she be pranked again?

Chapter 1975: Just Apologize, Okay?

Angel had yet to see Spencer today, and she had no idea how he was feeling. It felt like there was a heavy rock weighing down her heart. She had no mood to look at the script, to prepare emotionally. She just didn't want to fall into the water again, it was too cold! And too embarrassing!

As she was lost in her thoughts, the director approached. She heard his footsteps and raised her gaze, only to notice that the director's expression was not quite right.

"Before we start filming, go talk to Spencer, apologize if you need to, and ask him to let it go," the director got straight to the point, with little patience. "We're behind schedule, the producer has issued a warning, too many NGs in important scenes are unacceptable."

"Why not warn him then? It's clearly intentional!" Angel exploded. "He's wasting everyone's time!"

The director's eyes hardened, he was almost sharp, "What about your performance yesterday morning? How many times did you need retakes with Summer? That seemed intentional too!"

"|..." Angel was speechless, feeling a heavy weight in her chest.

"Alright, alright, get going!" the director urged. "If you don't calm him down, you'll be the one at a loss in the end. | watched the footage, he didn't even raise a hand yesterday."

Yes, Spencer was deliberate about it! Angel knew he not only didn't raise a hand, but he probably wanted to kick her too.

As Angel watched the director walk away, she felt an overwhelming sense of frustration. She thought about finding a big tree, but at the crucial moment, she couldn't help at all.

After a while, the makeup artist applied blush for her, "There, Angel, your makeup for today is done." She didn't say anything, just stood in front of the mirror, feeling truly miserable.

At that moment, Adelaide, who had been standing nearby, took a step towards her. "Go on, Spencer is in the rest room number 3," he thought apologizing would defuse the situation.

Angel's gaze shifted suddenly.

But Adelaide calmly said, "Angel, | think the director is right. If you don't apologize, you'll be the one to suffer in the end. After all, he can retake a thousand times, and Mr. Marsh won't blame him for delaying the progress."

Angel felt invisible.

"This illegitimate son of a third party, with such an awkward status, has already been accepted into the Marsh family. It's clear how tolerant Mr. Marsh is towards him," Adelaide analyzed.

Facing the facts, Angel took a deep breath. "This is the most suffocating film I've ever shot."

"But this is just the beginning. If you don't apologize, every day ahead might be very difficult for you."

Speechless, just the beginning?

What other surprises awaited her?

Angel couldn't afford to think too much. She couldn't waste any more time, she had to go to the rest room number 3!

Apologize, apologize, just a simple apology, right?

Move your lips, it won't cost you anything! In the rest room number 3, Andrew sat with Spencer on the sofa.

Spencer glanced at the script, his face was cold and his demeanor a bit rebellious; no one knew what he was thinking. It was unclear if he was actually reading the script, it didn't seem like it. .

Soon, footsteps approached, and she looked up to see one of the most beautiful women in the room wearing a beautiful gown. Her gaze fell on Spencer, with a touch of cold elegance in her eyes. Please read the

original content at NovelDrama.Org.

But Spencer didn't even raise an eyelid, as if he had already expected it to be her, and didn't quite feel like acknowledging her. Andrew collected his gaze and discreetly reminded, "Spencer, Angel is here."

Spencer's face turned even colder, he slowly raised his eyes, of him,

his eyes dark and unfathomable. .

Andrew looked at him, then at her, feeling the atmosphere getting awkward. So, he stood up, "Uh, I'll step out for a bit, you two talk."

After saying that, he walked out, thinking, hopefully, I won't get caught up in this mess.