

Chapter 81 He Might Like Me

"Christina has been in Hopkins Family for a while."

In the early spring morning, the sun rose earlier than it did in winter, and the grey sky gradually turned white. The old man stood beside the carved wooden fence in the corridor with the help of a walking stick, looking at a large area of precious flowers and plants which had just sprouted and overflowed with vigor in front of him.

Time flew.

The butler felt that the climate early in the morning was wet and came over with a thin coat in his hand. He smiled faintly. "Young Madam will give birth to twins at the end of the year, and

Hopkins Family will be very lively."

"My mind is clear and my body is still very strong. I don't need this coat." Mr. Hopkins raised his right hand slightly and asked the butler to take the coat back. Mr. Hopkins turned his head and looked straight at the east side. With his mind full of thoughts, he muttered, "There's one thing..." There was one thing that Mr. Hopkins couldn't figure out.

"Old Master doesn't understand why Patrick is trying so hard to marry Christina?"

The butler remembered the old man's question in the dining room that did Christina and Patrick know each other before.

"It seems that Christina has no impression of Patrick..." The old butler paused and his expression became more solemn as he knew that his Patrick clearly kept her in mind.

"Do you remember that Oreo before?"

Mr. Hopkins walked slowly towards the pavilion at the end of the corridor and asked in a deep voice.

The butler followed behind him. When the butler heard the word "Oreo", he was startled for a moment, then nodded and answered, "Yes."

Of course, the butler remembered...

Oreo was the name of a puppy in Hopkins Family.

"Grandpa, he wants to eat my cookies."

When Patrick was three years old, he brought back a filthy Labrador from outside, which looked like an abandoned stray puppy.

How could their only Young Master in Hopkins Family have such a thing around him? It was too dirty and dangerous. The servants at home immediately nervously took the puppy away.

"It's mine."

The three-year-old boy's voice was a little childish, but his words were clear and his tone was firm.

A group of servants felt helpless as they saw their Young Master pull a

long face, hold the dirty puppy in his short hands, and refuse to let go of it.

"You want to raise him?"

Mr. Hopkins did not dislike the stray puppy much, so he looked at the child and asked in a low voice.

Their Young Master was straight-faced. He thought about it, raised his head, and told the old man in a childish voice, "He has been following me all the way, secretly following me all the way..."

Before their Young Master could finish speaking, perhaps the half-month-old puppy was a little heavy for him, he placed it on the bright clean floor.

He squatted down and opened a bag of

Oreo cookies in his hand to feed it.

The little dog may be really hungry, and it nibbled on it hurriedly.

He pinched the dog's ear with his little hand. "Grandpa, I think he might like me." He seemed very happy and told the old man happily.

"You think he likes you, so you bring him home. Do you ask him if he likes living here?"

Facing his three-year-old grandson, Mr. Hopkins was very kind and he smiled. "If you take him home, you have to take responsibility and take good care of him. Can you raise him?"

"I have a lot of snacks." He raised his little head, very confident.

Mr. Hopkins shook his head and deliberately lowered his voice. "A dog can't eat chocolate. He will get sick if he eats too much of the biscuit."

The child's expression froze instantly and he spoke nervously again. "Then, I have something else to give him. He will like me."

In the end, the stray dog was kept in the Hopkins Family. The servant carried it to take a bath and get vaccinated. The dog had white hair and two earlobes that looked cute.

Labradors were docile and stable. They were neither slow nor active. They were friendly and loyal to people. The old man felt that it was good for his grandson to develop a sense of

responsibility as his grandson raised this dog since he was young.

In fact, there was a more important reason for agreeing to keep the puppy. The Young Master of Hopkins Family was too lonely.

Ordinary people were not allowed to approach him. Although there were always a group of servants following him, the old man suddenly realized that this kind of overprotection was a kind of harm to the child.

"He has been following me."

"I think he might like me."

The children's simple and direct words made them understand that perhaps their Young Master of Hopkins Family

had always been eager to get in touch with others.

Hopkins Family was different from ordinary families. Even if one just walked in the Hopkins Family, he/she would make others feel a bit more serious and solemn. Their Young Master had been growing in this kind of atmosphere since he was young, and he was very serious about taking care of the dog.

At that time, everyone felt that it was a good thing to have this stray puppy in the Hopkins Family because their Young Master was more lively than before.

But good things didn't last for long.

When Mrs. Hopkins returned from

abroad a month later, she saw Oreo running around the house and her expression changed suddenly. She was afraid of dogs.

"Dad, where did this mongrel stray dog come from? Patrick is still a child. What if he goes crazy and bites Patrick one day?"

Although the adults would not discuss things in front of the children, their Young Master was very sensitive. He could feel that his mother did not like his little partner.

One morning, their Young Master's mother's high heels were bitten and played by Oreo as a toy. When this was found out by her, she scolded Oreo seriously and asked the servants to catch the dog and throw him out.

But the servants couldn't find that Oreo for a long time that day. He was hidden by their Young Master.

Hopkins Family's three-year-old child had to start receiving education. Every day, a teacher came to class, and the Young Master kept the dog in a storage room in a house in the west of the Main Residence.

Perhaps he was worried that the dog would be chased away by his mother. He hoped to wait for his grandfather to come back and then he could plead.

But when Mr. Hopkins returned, he was told that his grandson's dog had died.

It was trapped in the storage room.

Perhaps he was out of unfamiliarity and hunger, the dog tried to run out many times, but the main door was closed. However, this remote storage room used to be connected to a rockery. A big gap was left under the wall. The gap was simply blocked by workers with barbed wires which rusted over time.

The puppy probably wanted to get out of this hole, but it was stuck in the middle by the sharp wires. As he bled, he was unable to get out or get back in. He bled a lot. He probably struggled and screamed for a long time. When the servants finally found him, he could not move.

"Grandpa, Oreo said he knew he was wrong. He promised that he wouldn't dare to do it again."

The child finished class at four in the afternoon and immediately went to the old man to talk about the dog biting his mother's high heels in the morning.

Mr. Hopkins's expression was grave. He did not say anything but nodded at the child.

The child was very happy as he ran to the house in the west of the Main Residence. He opened the door saw that the creamy white fluffy Labrador huddled in fear in a corner. "Are you sick?"

He felt that his little friend was a little timid today. He touched his fluffy head with his shorthand and held him in his little arms. He took him all the way

back to the dining room of the Main Residence of the Hopkins Family, brought his dinner down, and put his dinner in front of him.

"Eat. Hurry." He squatted next to him and looked at him with big clear eyes.

But the little dog seemed to be a little afraid of strangers. He wagged its tail and walked to the corner of the wall, shivering and ignoring him.

Mr. Hopkins looked at him with a hesitant expression. But then Mr. Hopkins saw that the child was very patient and ran to the dog again and said, "Oreo, are you angry with me? Don't be angry. I will treat you well in the future..." Murmuring the innocent words of the child, Mr. Hopkins felt sorry for the little guy.

But three days later, the child stopped playing with his little friend.

"Patrick, the teacher said that you were not in the mood for class these days. What happened?"

Around five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hopkins went to the back garden of the house in the west of the Main Residence and found the child. The child was squatting in the rockery with his head down. The child's expression was sullen.

"Grandpa, I'm not happy."

The child spoke childishly in a low voice.

The old man's expression froze. He

squatted down and softly coaxed, "Tell grandpa what happened."

He raised his head, looked at the old man with big clear eyes, and said nervously, "Grandpa, where did you hide my Oreo? I can't find him. I've been looking for him for a long time, but I still can't find him..."

For a moment, the old man did not know what to say and his words were stuck in his throat.

The child came out of the rockery, shook the old man's arm nervously, and begged the old man in a baby voice, "Grandpa, does mother dislike him. Does mother drive him away? Go tell mother, I will teach him and he will be good... Grandpa, can you tell mother to let her return Oreo to me?"

Their Young Master in Hopkins Family rarely acted coquettishly. The housekeeper stood by and watched, his eyes turning red.

At this moment, a puppy ran over happily. "Young Master, look. Oreo has come to play with you..." The housekeeper squeezed out a smile and gently coaxed the little boy.

The child did not even look at the dog next to him. The child exerted more strength at his hands which tugged at the old man's arm anxiously. His childish voice was full of grievance and he retorted, "He is not Oreo."

The housekeeper was stunned.

"He's dead. I asked someone to have

him buried." Mr. Hopkins remained silent for a long time before he spoke slowly.

A three-year-old child could not understand the meaning of the word "dead" which was too heavy, but the child in the Hopkins Family must be precocious, less naive, and childlike, and shall learn to accept and bear.

His eyes were dark and bright, and his handsome white face showed some puzzlement. The child asked childishly, "Is he not coming back?"

"If he dies, he won't come back."

"How could he die?"

"He tried to escape, but he got stuck in the wires of the gap." Perhaps they

shouldn't have lied to the child from the start because the child in Hopkins Family was very sensitive and he would know that the substitute was not real.

That day, Mr. Hopkins watched the sun slowly setting with the child. When the last piece of light disappeared, the old man took the child's hand and went back to the Main Residence together.

"Grandpa, I shouldn't have brought Oreo home. He probably doesn't like me..."

The words that the child said in a low voice that day made Mr. Hopkins and the housekeeper unable to forget.

"We haven't had any pets in Hopkins Family since then," said the butler.

Then, the butler looked down at Mr. Hopkins who was in the pavilion and sighed with some emotions. "Patrick has a cold temperament, and he doesn't like to be close to people ever since..."

So, Christina...

This was really strange.

"Send someone to find out how they met in the first place."

"Since six years ago, in C City..."

His grandson was no longer the naive child he once was. He would definitely try to get what he wanted immediately. Why did he keep waiting for six years and why did he try to snatch Christina from Cory six years later?

Chapter 82 April Fool's Day

"Patrick..."

Christina suddenly opened her eyes. She breathed an inward sigh of relief and wiped the sweat off her forehead. It was a dream.

It was still that nightmare. That year, she went on a high school graduation trip and went camping in the suburbs.

At dusk approached, she was suddenly attacked by five violent bandits from the mountain village. They covered her mouth, dragged her to the depths of the mountain, and tore her clothes...

She was so scared that she shivered. All she knew was that a man rushed over.

"He seems to be injured..." She sat by the bedside, frowning and reminiscing about the past that she did not want to remember.

Christina's mind was in a mess. She grabbed her long hair with her right hand and couldn't remember.

At that time, she was only 17 years old. That year, too many misfortunes happened. Her father brought his mistress home. Her mother committed suicide in prison, and she and her aunt left the Dickens Family to live all by themselves... She tried to get used to it, but reality didn't even give her time to breathe, forcing her to face such a cruel scene.

Did Patrick save her?

She was in a daze. She really wanted to ask him those questions, which she had never dared to bring up.

She subconsciously looked to her side, her expression slightly gloomy.

Patrick had returned to the country for almost a week but had never gone back home.

'What is he busy with?'

The last time he took her to the basement of the entertainment center in the east of the city... He seemed anxious to find someone.

Her eyes darkened. He was always like this, hiding so many secrets. Wouldn't he be tired?

She got up from her bed, went to the bathroom to wash up, and spent the whole week in the Hopkins Family listless. Today, she wanted to go to a place...

"Where do you think he went?"

Charles paced restlessly around the top floor of his company's president's office. "Patrick has turned F City upside down, but there's still no news of him."

"He doesn't want to be found. Even Patrick can't dig him out."

Chandler sat on the sofa drinking tea. Strangely enough, after lying alone in an American hospital for six years, the man unexpectedly woke up and

disappeared.

Charles was still very upset. He grabbed a cup of tea from the coffee table and took a swig.

"Chandler, do you think he's been a vegetable for too long? Something's wrong with his brain!" Charles suspected that something was wrong with his brother.

Otherwise, how could he leave without a word, causing them to keep looking for him?

Chandler chuckled unhappily. "Charles, don't forget who he is. Don't worry too much. He's been sleeping for so many years, and maybe he has something on his mind."

"A man like him is more difficult to understand than Patrick. What will he have on his mind?"

Charles put on a long face, and could not help but complain, "What a freak."

"Oh right, I have something to do." Charles suddenly remembered something important today. He almost missed it. He immediately grabbed his phone and edited the text message.

"Christina?"

Chandler saw his sneaky expression and glanced curiously at the screen of his phone. He was texting Patrick.

The next second, Chandler sighed, shook his head, and coldly said, "Charles, you really like asking for

trouble."

Chandler wondered, 'How dare you lie to Patrick about Christina? You're going to hell for this!'

Charles sent the message out with a righteous look on his face.

He looked up and smiled slyly. "Christina has been bullying me all day long. Today is a special day, and I want to take the opportunity to retaliate against her."

"Charles, don't you know that Patrick brought Christina to the basement himself last week?"

Chandler's silver-rimmed glasses glowed. He smiled gently and gloated.

Mr. Shepherd's smug smile froze, and he immediately became nervous. "That's impossible!"

How could Patrick bear to take her to that place?

"I called Mr. Hopkins and confirmed it. Christina was so scared that day..."

It meant that Christina made Patrick angry again.

Charles's heart sank when he heard this.

He was done.

He glared at the text message he had just sent, regretting. Why couldn't the text message be retracted!

"Christina, remember that today is April 1st! If Patrick wants to see you, just tell him..."

Christina was sitting in the car and her phone kept ringing. As soon as she pressed the answer button, there was a howl of anguish on the other end of the line.

After a while, there was some problem with reception. She got disconnected after hearing the buzzing sound.

Christina looked at her cell phone with a straight face. The coverage was terrible probably because the place was too remote.

"What was Charles doing?" She couldn't help but complain.

Without much thought, she turned to look out the window at a vast field. The farmers in the field were bending over to plant rice. The surrounding environment was very quiet and peaceful.

Christina's eyes suddenly fell on an old locust tree in front of her. As if she remembered something, she suddenly shouted to the driver, "Stop here."

She got out of the car and walked to the old locust tree in front of her. She reached out and stroked the rough, dark brown bark of the tree. The tree trunk was very sturdy, perhaps a hundred years old.

"This locust tree looks a little like the one in front of the high school gate in C City..."

In the past, she used to like to climb up trees and hide from the school's relentless pursuers, and...

"Ma'am, it looks like it's going to rain heavily." Suddenly, the driver in the car shouted at her, interrupting her thoughts.

"Got it." Christina didn't insist on staying there and immediately walked back to the car.

She looked up at the horizon, and as expected, the wind was blowing and the clouds were scudding along. The sky was getting darker.

In a short while, dazzling lightning flashed across the sky, and thunder rumbled. It rained suddenly and

heavily. The farmers in the field did not have time to pack their farm tools, and they were drenched.

"Ma'am, are we going to the sanatorium now?" The driver in front looked at the heavy rain with a worried expression.

Christina looked out the window and saw that the rain was getting heavier and heavier, and even the air was getting cold.

"Back to the Hopkins Family," she said, resting her chin on her right hand in boredom.

She thought, 'Forget it, I'll go back to the Hopkins Family given this weather, lest Mr. Hopkins would worry.'

The driver turned the steering wheel. It was raining, so he didn't dare to drive too fast. The car slowly drove out of this remote suburb and headed for the expressway ahead...

But suddenly, a black Bugatti rushed towards them at such a high speed that the driver immediately stepped on the brakes.

The car stopped abruptly and Christina was scared.

"It's raining so heavily yet you're driving so fast. Are you insane?" She cursed angrily.

She turned to look through the window fiercely to see which immoral bastard it was.

However, the window of the car was blurred by the heavy rain and she could only vaguely see that the black Bugatti opposite also stopped and a man came down from the car.

This figure was somewhat familiar...

Chapter 83 I Miss You Too

At night, it was raining cats and dogs. A tall figure in the rain was approaching step by step.

She sat in the car, pursed her lips, and stared at the figure from the window. She was so nervous that she shrank back subconsciously...

Bang.

Christina was startled when the door was violently opened.

She opened her eyes a bit wide and stared in shock at Patrick, who suddenly appeared.

He was in an expensive dark purple shirt. His black trousers and shirt were

drenched by the heavy rain, clinging to his skin. The water in his short hair dripped down along his cold face. He had white and stunning features. But from his brows, she could tell that he was anxious.

"Who did you meet?" He looked straight at her with mixed feelings in his deep eyes.

She could tell that he was eager from his hoarse voice but she didn't respond to him.

There were thick dark clouds rolling in the sky. The thunder was rumbling and it was pouring with rain. He stood outside the car and stared fiercely at the woman, who was panicked in the car.

Patrick didn't have too many expressions on his grim face but he quietly tightened the phone in his right hand.

He curled up his thin lip in a self-deprecating manner. It was ridiculous.

He turned and left without waiting for her answer.

"Wait..."

Christina didn't know what to say, but she stretched out her arm to grab his shirt

subconsciously.

He stopped.

"Mr. Hopkins." A bodyguard rushed out

of the black Bugatti in front of Christina's car. He held an umbrella and walked to Patrick. He didn't keep up with the young master just now.

It rained suddenly. He was drenched by the cold rain in early spring but he felt a bit warm.

Patrick stood with his back to her. He looked down and saw her white fingers grabbing his shirt.

"Leave me alone." He said in a deep voice.

He seemed to be colder and more distant under the heavy rain, but his tone was light. It seemed that he had mixed emotions and was expecting something.

She didn't grab so hard, and he could just leave.

Hearing his cold and clear words "Leave me alone", Christina lowered her head and tightened her fingers. She was very upset and confused...

Suddenly, there was a rumble, and it thundered constantly.

"Leave me alone!"

Patrick was a little agitated. The cold rain slid past his lips. He scolded her coldly. And then, he turned sideways and was about to shake off her hand.

Patrick, you haven't been home for a long time!"

Christina did not know how she was so

courageous and she tightened her grip on his shirt and wrinkled it. And then, she said the words, which she didn't know why to say.

You haven't been home for a long time.

He was slightly stunned and gazed at her passionately.

She flushed because of his gaze. And she added awkwardly, "Grandpa misses you very much."

'I miss you too...'

The rain was blown into the car. Christina was refreshed due to the cold rain.

She opened her lips slightly and said nothing. Her right hand slowly

loosened because she did not dare to pester him.

What was she thinking about?

She didn't know what she was thinking...

The bodyguard shared the umbrella with Patrick by his side. Patrick did not speak again. He stared at his wrinkled shirt and went back to his car.

In a moment, the bodyguard slammed the door.

Christina raised her head and looked at Patrick's blurry face from the window. She opened her mouth but didn't know what to say...

His car was started quickly. He must

have a lot of undone things to deal with.

"Patrick."

Just as the Bugatti was about to run, Christina suddenly shouted, "Patrick, it's April 1st, April Fool's Day."

She said anxiously. Her words were weird and illogical. But it seemed that she wanted to explain something to avoid misunderstanding.

He didn't pull up for her words and the car was slowly driven away.

Patrick, who sat in the back of the car, heard every word. He glanced down at a text message again and was stunned for a second.

Leaning against the back of the car, Christina closed her eyes and felt a little tired.

So... It was just a prank.

"Why did he suddenly look for me?"

Christina didn't understand him. She turned her head to look out the window. She was still thinking of Patrick, who was drenched.

An hour later, her car was pulled up at the house of the Hopkins Family. Before she got out of the car, the butler, who was anxious, came quickly with an umbrella.

"Ma'am, what's wrong with you?"

Christina was confused. "I'm fine.

What happened?"

The butler found that she was fine and took a long breath. "It's fine."

"Patrick suddenly rushed back to Hopkins Family to look for you." The butler held an umbrella for her and walked towards the house with her. "We don't know what's going on, so we're all worried about you."

"I told grandpa today that I was going to the sanatorium..." She was puzzled.

"Patrick sent someone to the sanatorium. But he didn't find you and Patrick failed to call you... So he rushed out in a car. Didn't you meet him?"

Christina was stunned and murmured, "I met him."

"Didn't that nerd come back with you?"

As soon as she entered the living room, Mr. Hopkins glanced at her and frowned slightly. He was puzzled that Patrick didn't come back.

Christina didn't know how to reply to him and she said, " He's busy with something important."

Seeing that she was embarrassed, Mr. Hopkins's face darkened. He was exasperated at her and scolded her, "If you ask him to come back, he will do it."

Christina was frozen and startled.

"I asked him to come back, but I failed."

She went back to her bedroom. She

felt wronged after she was scolded by the old man.

'How dare I pester Patrick?'

Her clothes were wet from the rain, so she changed into pajamas. She sat cross-legged on the bed, muttering in a daze, "Did he change his clothes..." His clothes were soaked.

"Why did he look for me so anxiously..."
And he didn't tell me just now.

Christina was very upset.

All of a sudden, she thought of Charles, "April Fool's Day."

She didn't know what was going on just now. She was so worried that she thought of Charles's call. "Patrick is so

serious. He will not pay attention to the dull holidays."

He called Charles furiously. "Charles!"

"Charles, what did you say to Patrick?"

As soon as they got through, Christina growled at him as if he was in debt.

After Mr. Shepherd heard her roar, he was not uneasy anymore.

He replied very irresponsibly, "You're fine, aren't you? Don't worry. Patrick loves you so much and he won't beat you. Even if he wants to teach you a lesson, he will just warn you. It's okay..."

"Charles, what exactly did you say to him?"

Christina was so furious. Her face

darkened. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. "Charles, I'll tell Patrick later that it is you who cause my stomachache in my pregnancy!"

"Christina, don't be so shameless!" Charles immediately became nervous.

Mr. Shepherd was gloomy. He gritted his teeth and yelled at the phone unwillingly. "I just sent Patrick a message. It's April Fool's Day. I was just joking with him. I told him that you were dating the mysterious man who saved you in the abandoned factory."

'The mysterious man who saved me in the abandoned factory...'

'It had been a month, but I didn't expect Patrick to care about it.'

He was the man who called her by her
nickname 'Tina'.

Maybe Patrick and other people didn't
believe her. She really didn't know who
the man was...

The phone vibrated.

It was a new message...

"Sleeping beauty?"

Chapter 84 Here for Me?

"Sleeping Beauty, is that you?"

Christina suddenly received a friend request, so she hung up Charles's phone, and logged in the WhatsApp.

Pig Is Rising, "Sleeping Beauty? How can I have such a lame name?"

The person was a little agitated and sent several messages in a row.

Pig Is Rising, "Christina, you're so cruel. Don't you remember me? I am Crystal."

Pig Is Rising, "I used to be your roomie in high school, you used to skip classes all day. I was forced to pretend to be you to sign in."

Christina suddenly remembered that she had a soft comrade in high school, Crystal.

Invincible Tina, "Why don't you change your name to Pig Is In Love? Didn't you go abroad? Did you return to your country's arms?"

Pig Is Rising, "Bah. I don't even have a boyfriend. How can I be in love?"

Christina watched her send a bunch of growling expressions of pain and she chuckled. It was as if she was back in high school. She and Crystal used to be close friends, and then after attending the university they had lost contact with each other for some reason.

Pig Is Rising, "Christina, are you married?"

Christina replied expressionless,
"Twice."

The woman on the other end of the phone was about to collapse. "Are you kidding me? You've married twice. Why can't I have a boyfriend?"

Invincible Tina, "Men are shit."

Pig Is Rising, "Who are you married to? What do they look like? Are they one-tenth as handsome as our former teaching assistant?"

Invincible Tina, "Who's the teaching assistant?"

Christina remembered that her high school had its directly affiliated college. In the second half of her senior year,

the school would ask some professors from that college to give the top students extra lectures. Most of them were bald middle-aged men.

Pig Is Rising, "Christina, I bet your husband must be a super fat nerd... You dare not to remember that handsome teaching assistant."

Christina felt that her roommate's temper had not improved at all after all these years. She was still as optimistic as before and favored pretty men.

Christina had a slight impression since Crystal was so excited.

In the second half of senior year, there seemed to be a male teaching assistant who was even fairer and more handsome than an international

model. The most important thing was that the assistant's background was very strong. It was said that even his voice was very charming, and all girls in the school were crazy about him.

However, Christina had never met the legendary handsome assistant because she was busy working part-time at a milk tea shop in the second half of her senior year.

Pig Is Rising, "Christina, I'm working in a very outstanding company now. You can go to meet me tomorrow, and I'll treat you to lunch..."

Invincible Tina, "Where?"

Pig Is Rising, "I'll treat you to a feast in Gordon Hotel! Remember to dress better. The waiters there are a little bit

supercilious. I got my salary today.
Tomorrow, let's have fun."

Christina looked at "Gordon Hotel"
with a thoughtful expression...

Crystal added arrogantly, "I work for
IP&G Group now. Am I really
awesome?"

Sure enough.

The largest hotel near the Hopkins
Group's IP&G Group is Gordon Hotel.
"Patrick usually has meal there..."

She put down her phone and was
surprised that this good friend was
working at the Hopkins Group.

She turned to look out the window. It
was still raining, and the sound of the

rain made her sleepy.

Holding the soft quilt, she closed her eyes.

She couldn't help but mutter, "What is he doing now..."

He still did not return to the Hopkins Family.

Christina went to bed early last night and woke up early in the morning. She was energetic, but she turned her head to look at the empty bed, feeling inexplicably disappointed.

"Grandpa, I'll have lunch with an old classmate." Now she had to report wherever she went.

Mr. Hopkins did not care much about

where she wanted to go but just reminded, "Don't eat anything you shouldn't eat."

"Got it."

As she went out with the driver of Hopkins Family, the old man seemed to suddenly think of something and shouted at her back, "Christina, if your classmate is a man, be smart and don't let Patrick know!"

Christina paused, her expression startled.

Mr. Hopkins continued saying, "That bastard will be angry!"

"Oh." She replied with an embarrassed expression.

Christina was a little nervous. She didn't know if it was because she was meeting her best friend she hadn't seen for years, or... Because the entire IP&G Group building was right in front of her.

The driver sent her to a coffee shop across from the IP&G Group building. Crystal had a 12:00 lunch break and Christina arrived here 15 minutes earlier.

She had never been to the IP&G Group, and she guessed that Patrick's office should be on the top floor.

Subconsciously, she raised her head. It was so high.

The building was solemnly styled, its dark glass walls reflecting light, and its

striking metal logo, IP&G Group, was too dazzling, which made people fear.

It was almost lunchtime, and the wide road was gradually crowded. These commuters rushed out of their companies, chatting and discussing some things at a fast speed.

"Now over 70 % of Dickens Family's projects are backed by the Hopkins Group. They messed up a big project last week, but the president didn't lose his temper today."

"I don't know what that Donald is capable of. Why is our president helping Dickens Family..."

Christina looked down at her phone. It was already 12: 03, and most of the employees had already been off work.

Crystal was still nowhere to be seen.

"I haven't seen her for so many years. She won't have plastic surgery, will she?" She looked up at the building across the street and suddenly froze.

The man standing across her recognized her at a glance, and his grim face was slightly startled.

"Here for me?"

He strode over and said something in a deep voice that sounded casual.

Christina looked at him with a nervous expression. She didn't expect to meet him.

He thought she was coming here for him?

She turned her head away, not daring to look into his deep eyes. "No." She decided to tell the truth.

She whispered, "I have a date with my old friend today.."

But before she could finish her sentence, the man in front of her frowned slightly, his face not looking very good, and in the end, he was impatient. "Christina, you really like to piss me off." He grabbed her wrist and dragged her away.

"Patrick, where are you taking me..."

Christina was dragged away by him, afraid that he would take her to that horrible basement like last time, and hurriedly explained, "I really have a

date with a friend, a former high school classmate, a girl!"

The man in front of her suddenly stopped. Christina was rushed forward so the tip of her nose hit his back.

She lowered her head and reached out to rub her nose, feeling innocent. Patrick turned around, looking down at her, and pursed his thin lips, as if he wanted to say something, but he didn't.

Chapter 85 Go Home, Our Home.

Gordon Hotel.

In the luxurious private room, there was a table of delicious food, but Christina was very restrained. She put down her knife and fork, nervously took up a glass of milk in her right hand, took a sip, and secretly glanced at the man opposite her.

He didn't eat anything.

Christina hesitated for a moment and couldn't help but say, "Patrick, you..."
'What does he want to do?'

She was just waiting for someone at the IP&G Group, then she was inexplicably dragged hereby Patrick. He had the manager serve a table of

food, but he just sat there with a straight face and he didn't eat.

Patrick leaned back against the chair, his brows slightly furrowed with weariness, and lazily glanced at the food on the table as if he had no appetite.

Hearing her voice, Patrick looked up at the woman opposite him. He was a little strange today, and his burning eyes stared straight at her.

The corners of his lips were slightly pursed, as if he was hesitating if he should say that.

All of a sudden, a series of crisp ringtones rang from the coffee table in the private room. Christina was stunned and immediately stood up and

walked over.

It must be Crystal.

"Hey, it's my phone!"


Patrick moved faster than her. He walked up quickly, picked up the phone on the coffee table, refused the call, turned it off, and threw the white phone on the sofa.

Christina stood aside, annoyed. "What are you doing? That's my friend..."

She didn't finish her sentence when Patrick suddenly put his arms around her waist...

Christina was astonished.

He held her in his arms...

8:54 AM 

Christina was pushed onto the sofa. She lowered her head, opened her eyes wide, and looked at Patrick in disbelief.

Patrick's head rested on her legs, his face buried in her soft belly, his hands around her waist, and he lay on his side on the wide sofa, then... Fell asleep.

"Hey..." She called awkwardly, her cheeks reddening.

He didn't respond. His breathing was deep and gentle, as if he was exhausted, and he wanted to have a good rest.

"Patrick."

She lowered her voice and called his

name again.

Christina didn't know if he was just ignoring her question, or if he was really tired. She didn't believe this man just treated her as a pillow.

Christina was very embarrassed. She looked around the luxurious room and looked down at the man lying on her lap. Her face was redder and redder...

'What does this guy want? He doesn't say anything!'

With her eyes falling on his side face, somehow Christina was obsessed with his handsomeness. She was not a boy crazy, but this man was really amazing enough to make her eyes fix on him.

He was a Eurasian hybrid with deep

facial features and fair skin, and his figure was very... Without a doubt, he could make any woman scream because of his appearance, not to mention his background and decisive temper.

'Such a man is mine...'

Christina was a little confused. She would never forget that a man like him was dangerous.

"Christina must be afraid of him..."

"Patrick usually kept her at home, so how could he bear to take her to the basement..."

There was a faint sound coming from outside the private room. Christina could not hear it clearly, but she felt

that the sound was familiar. When she looked up, the door was opened.

All of a sudden, their eyes met. Charles was standing outside the door, staring at the sofa with his eyes widened like he saw a ghost.

Christina felt awkward. She looked down at Patrick on her lap and opened her mouth, intending to say something to Charles, but she failed.

Click.

The door to the private room was quickly closed by Charles!

"Is there anyone inside?" It was Chandler's voice.

Charles lied, "No."

Christina, in the room, was furious with Charles. He must have said it on purpose!

Christina wanted to shake Patrick awake, but...

"My legs are numb!"

Christina struggled in the private room, while Charles, who was outside, smiled insidiously and was happy because they did not disturb Patrick.

Last April Fool's day, he accidentally offended Patrick. This time, if he obstructed Patrick again, he would "commit a crime".

Chandler glanced at the door and chuckled. He knew that Christina must

be inside.

"Patrick is not feeling well these days. Don't disturb him." Chandler said lightly and turned around to walk back.

Charles strode beside him and spat, "If Patrick is sick, it's caused by Christina."

Chandler went down to the lobby with him for dinner. "Charles, you only blame it on Christina. You also should be responsible for that. The last time you sent that tricking message to Patrick on April Fool's day, then he thought it was true and rushed to find Christina. I heard from his assistant that he was caught in the rain, and that night his migraine flared up again..."

Charles was forking a piece of beef and suddenly felt guilty.

When he saw Patrick lying on the sofa with that witch in his arms, he would have thought he was dreaming.

Munching on the small piece of beef, Charles became serious and muttered, "Patrick seems really nervous about her..."

"The mysterious man from the abandoned factory," Chandler took a sip from a glass of water, his eyes heavy and indifferent. "Patrick ordered his people to investigate for so long, but they still didn't find any information of that man. That man is not simple..."

If Christina really dated such a man who was strange, Patrick would certainly care about her.

But to their surprise, he was really... quite nervous about her.

They both frowned and fell silent.

Patrick had a fever.

In the private room, Christina was thinking about how to wake up the man on her lap. She gently pressed the back of her hand against Patrick's side of his face and felt his high temperature.

Patrick was usually very strong, except for the last time he had a high fever because of falling into the cold river, she had never seen him sick. He seemed to be very busy and tired recently...

"Patrick, do you have a headache?"

Seeing him frowning and his pained expression, Christina asked him gently.

Her hands were slightly cold and pressed against Patrick's forehead. Probably because he felt the gentle touch, Patrick opened his eyes which were not as cold and sharp as usual, and then looked at her face.

Christina felt a little shy when she was stared at by him. She was about to say something when the man on her lap sat up.

Patrick's body was indeed hot, but he did not sit up straight. Instead, he leaned sideways and put his hands around her neck. His body was very heavy, and his big head just rested on her shoulder.

Christina was stunned.

What was he doing!!

If he were a child, she would think that he was acting coquettishly, but this was Patrick!

He seemed to feel that her body was very soft and comfortable to hold. He made a deep sigh, seeming he was tired. He breathed weakly and hugged her tightly. "Christina." He called out her name.

His voice was a little hoarse.
"Christina..."

Her whole brain was buzzing, unable to think, only to hear the deep voice softly calling her name over and over again.

Patrick's voice was low and deep as if he just wanted to call the name.

About five minutes later, he closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

Christina turned her eyes stiffly and her face was now red.

His body was heating up, and she could feel it clearly, including his breathing and the powerful heartbeat.

Christina was so worried that his brain would be damaged due to the fever. After thinking about it for a long time, she shook him gently and whispered in his ear, "Patrick, let's... Let's go home."

'Go home, our home.'

Chapter 86 Bad Counsel

"He's not awake yet."

In the evening, when Hopkins Family was ready for dinner, Christina added with an embarrassed expression, "He asked me not to bother him..."

Nanny Faang put the porridge on the table and looked at her in surprise, "Patrick kicked you out?"

She sounded not to trust Christina.

When the driver drove them home in the afternoon, Patrick held her shoulder in his right hand, almost leaning all his body against Christina. She helped him into the bedroom step by step.

At that time, they thought Patrick was seriously injured, finally it turned out that he had a high fever and was coming down with a migraine, but this was the first time they saw Patrick willing to rely on others so intimately.

Christina felt as if she had been weighed down by him. The man was so heavy that she made a strenuous effort to carry him home from the hotel.

It was quiet in Eastern Garden of Hopkins Family. Patrick was resting in the master bedroom, and the servants were all gone. Christina was staying in the lobby on the first floor of Eastern Garden, and she glanced at the stairs from the corner of his eye.

Patrick was sleeping in the master bedroom on the second floor.

As soon as he came home, he fell asleep on the bed. His lips were still a little pale. It was the first time she had seen him being so weak.

"Young madam, then you will be bothered to take care of Patrick." Nanny Faang dared not enter the master bedroom, so she had to caution her.

Christina looked a little embarrassed and muttered, "He doesn't seem to like to be disturbed. He scolded me and I came out."

Nanny Faang was stunned. Did he really kick her out?

In fact, Patrick only said three words, "You're noisy."

After Christina helped him lie on the bed, she quickly checked his temperature.

Mr. Hopkins was obviously worried about him, but he refused to admit it, pretending to be cold. She had to approach Patrick's ear and ask him what was wrong with him and whether he wanted water or not.

She thought that Patrick was probably fed up with her too much.

"Ma'am, it's just that sometimes men are more..." Nanny Faang looked at her and wanted to laugh. "tend to say something they don't mean."

Christina widened her eyes and watched Nanny Faang turn around

and leave.

What did she mean?

She looked up at the stairs, pondered for a moment without expression, and finally head towards the master bedroom.

Gently opening the door, she poked her head out of the door and looked inside. Patrick was still asleep in bed, so she slowed down to get closer to him. His temperature had dropped, and now he was 38 degrees celsius, and he looked better.

Perhaps because of his previous high fever, the quilt covering his body was lifted by him. He was lying on the side with his strong figure. A few buttons on his dark purple expensive shirt were

undone, revealing his muscular chest faintly...

Patrick really had a great figure... She blushed hotly at the sight. Christina had been lying in the same bed as him for months, but she usually didn't have the guts to stare at him like that.

Suddenly, the phone in her coat pocket rang.

Frightened, Christina quickly turned her head away, pulled the quilt over him, and slipped out again.

"Fortunately he didn't wake..."

No sooner had she just closed the door than her phone rang again as if someone was looking for her urgently.

Christina was bored. Her phone was turned off by Patrick, and she just turned it on...

Suddenly, she was startled as she remembered someone else.

She immediately took out her cell phone from her pocket. Sure enough, Crystal was in a hurry to find her.

Two missed calls, a text message, and at this time new messages were kept sent to her on her WhatsApp account.

Pig Is Rising: "What are you doing!"

Pig Is Rising: "Christina, why did you turn off your phone? You won't forget that we have an appointment to go to Gordon Hotel to have a feast, will you?"

Pig Is Rising: "Christina, I really have enough money to pay the bill." Followed by a little emoji that swore.

Christina swiped through a dozen messages from her on the screen, and it seemed that Crystal had been looking for her from midday.

Invincible Tina: "Sorry, I met my husband downstairs at the IP&G Group." It was quite easy for her to type the word 'husband'.

When Crystal saw that Christina finally replied, she immediately became furious and excited.

Pig Is Rising: "You forget your friend after you meet your husband. You just treat me like this despite our deep

friendship!"

Pig Is Rising: "Besides, at noon, you obviously get through but you didn't say anything, directly hang up. Why? When I called you again, you turned your phone off. I thought you were robbed."

Pig Is Rising: "And here I still want to take you to eat that expensive but sexy food..."

Christina didn't know what she said about the sexy food, but it was definitely not a good thing when she thought about it.

Seeing that Crystal was so angry, she had to send her several expressions indicating her deep apology, but Crystal said that the verbal apology

was insincere.

Invincible Tina: "Let's rain check. It's on my treat."

Crystal's eyes lit up and immediately replied, "Okay, I forgive you."

Christina had already seen through her - a money-lover and was about to say something to mock her when another message popped up on her WhatsApp.

Brother Charlie: "How are you doing with Patrick now, Christina? Be gentle with him. It's better not to be too presumptuous as the sofa in the private room is not wide enough."

Charles teased her the moment he was active on WhatsApp.

When Christina saw the WhatsApp photo of Charles, she immediately remembered his sly smile at noon when he did nothing to help her.

New and old hatred.

Invincible Tina: "Charles, let me introduce you to my friend."

She quickly clicked on the screen a few times and invited Charles to the chat group.

Pig Is Rising: "Who is this? His nickname seems so narcissistic."

Crystal mocked Mr. Shepherd at the first sentence. Christina was in a good mood as it was exactly what she wanted to see for Charles.

Before Charles could say something to restore his image, Crystal added, "A psychologist said that a person's nickname might reflect his inner desire. Brother Charlie, are you really a creepy person?"

Charles sat on the sofa in his living room and his handsome face immediately darkened.

Invincible Tina: "Crystal, tell him what we were planning to eat for lunch."

Crystal immediately became excited. "American geoduck! Christina, we have to eat it next time. It looks basically the same as a man's penis. Every time the bald-headed guy at the company bullies me, I go to buy a few geoducks and go home to cut them with a kitchen knife to relieve stress."

Woman.

Charles did not speak. He was surprised to see the two women discussing how to cut and bite the poor geoduck. He felt his loins ached a little for no reason.

Pig Is Rising: "Hey, I heard that our country's divorce rate has risen again this year, being much more stable than the A-share rise."

Crystal's imagination run wild as she changed to another topic that she was quite emotional about, because she couldn't find a husband easily while others who got married chose to divorce, which stimulated her.

Invincible Tina: "If the couple doesn't

match, then they should divorce."

Christina felt not that upset by the word "divorce", probably because she was mentally prepared to be abandoned after giving birth.

Pig Is Rising: "Christina, you're wrong. Life is hard as couples cannot divorce simply for trifles. It's necessary and common for couples to tolerate each other. Nobody is perfect."

Crystal's attitude towards marriage was very serious, and that was why it was hard for her to get married.

Brother Charlie: "The divorce rate only rises after women become financially independent." Charles sent the message wearily.

Pig Is Rising: "That's because men are too incompetent!"

In any case, on the Internet, Crystal became so bolder that she dared to directly retort him.

However, she suddenly came up with a good idea. "If the law mandates that the property owned by a couple was immediately confiscated and owned by the state after the divorce, no one would choose to do so."

Charles opened her eyes wide and looked at the messages. When did Christina make such a tough friend?

He clicked to sign out, and then he immediately sent a message to Patrick.

"Patrick, you have to be careful of

Christina's treachery..." But soon, Charles felt that it was inappropriate to say something like this. So he deleted and edited another message.

"Patrick, someone was giving Christina some bad counsel."

Charles felt it too well that could never say something bad about the witch directly, so he had to give him a hint politely.

Patrick was sleeping soundly in the master bedroom on the second floor. His fever had gone down and he could vaguely hear his cell phone ringing a few times.

He frowned slightly and rubbed his temples with his right hand. When he opened his eyes, he found that the

master bedroom was silent.

'Where is she?'

8:55 AM 