

## Chapter 285

In the night market, the shops and restaurants were all brightly lit, and there were many old-school billboards shining above their heads. There were also many sidewalk snack booths, in front of which, there was a local chef frying seafood in a big black pot.

It was still very lively on the streets in the cold winter. The neon lights around the streets were shining brightly, and the crowds were surging. The smell of stir-frying wafted in.

Christina looked around curiously.

Probably because of her outstanding appearance and her strange clothes tonight, the diners would look at her when she passed by several stalls.

"Beauty, are you interested in trying my special dishes? I guarantee that you will like it." All of a sudden, the owner of a restaurant called out to her with a smile.

She stopped and turned around to follow the voice.

She saw the middle-aged owner with a big belly smiling kindly. It was said that fat chefs usually cook better.

So she nodded.

The tables and chairs were all open on the street, making it more comfortable than dining in the luxurious restaurants.

The seats around were all occupied. Everyone enjoyed their meals and was at ease. Several men at one table were talking about something and they laughed while eating.

She stared at them for a long time. It was not until they turned around to look at her that she realized it impolite and immediately turned around awkwardly.

"Have you ever been to a stall before?"

The owner came over with a menu.

"Our food and kitchen wares are all clean and up to standard. But still, it is not like dining in a luxurious restaurant. There's no need to worry about food safety, the most important thing in life is to enjoy delicious food."

She blushed and felt a little embarrassed at his words.

She couldn't speak the local dialect and was unable to understand many of it. But she could guess that he had asked her if she had ever been to a stall.

In fact, she had been to one before. At

that time, she had just left the Dickens family. Back then, she was very poor, but the new environment was novel to her.

The reason why she looked at the men just now was that she suddenly thought that people like Patrick Hopkins would definitely not eat like that in public, and they even rarely laughed.

"What a total of some?"

The owner's voice interrupted her thoughts. Her eyes widened slightly. She was a little nervous and embarrassed because she really didn't know what he was talking about.

He, who was already seen many customers like her, smiled gently and pointed to the suit jacket she was wearing. "Did you come here with your boyfriend?" Then he drew out two fingers. "Two people?"

She subconsciously lowered her head and looked at the man's suit jacket she was wearing. It's from Charles.

"Yes, two. I'm with a friend, he will come over later."

She said so in Mandarin. The owner was a very cheerful and humorous man. At first, he was worried that she would speak English, then he wouldn't be able

to handle it. It was a famous night market in the H City, so there were often many foreigners.

He immediately wanted to show up that he could speak Mandarin.

He patted his chest and said to her with an honest smile, "No problem."

It was funny when people in the H City spoke Mandarin. So she couldn't help but laugh. He blushed and then asked a waiter to clean up a table for her.

She took the menu gratefully. She could recognize the words on it. So she quickly picked out a few dishes and a specialty.

Then she just sat there and waited.

It would be Christmas next week. Now the night wind in December was blowing, and the crowd was bustling. However, she still felt a chill and shrank her neck. Since the last time, her health had become much worse.

"Why Charles isn't here? It's been so long."

She complained in a low voice. Then she tightened her suit jacket and turned to look to the left.

She frowned, not sure if it was just an illusion. She always felt that there was



someone gazing at her, but she looked carefully for a long time and did not see Charles.

There were not many people passing by, only a black Ferrari parked under the streetlights.

## Chapter 286

"What are you looking at?"

A handsome man was approaching from the right. Charles put two packages of congee on the table and sat next to her.

"Why did you take so long to buy this?"

Christina looked away and found that the man was carefully setting the porridge.

It could be said that Charles was a world-class expert in entertainment.

He glared at the woman disdainfully.

"You don't know."

Originally, he went to the hotel to ask her to Central, but she refused. As for the reason, she frankly said that she did not want to see someone. It was not a secret that her relationship with Patrick was weird. Charles may be afraid that she would starve to death in the hotel so he generously said that he would take her to eat the most authentic and delicious food of H City.

" Auntie Wang's Sampan Congee is great. But we couldn't buy it. Sir, are you Auntie Wang's relative? It smells delicious."

The owner of the restaurant personally

brought over a few dishes and looked at the porridge with surprise and joy. He gave them a thumbs-up. "The porridge is fantastic!"

"Ten years ago, after his grandson got money, he quit and enjoyed his life. However, every time I went to H City, I would try it."

Charles was well-mannered, rich, and handsome. He smiled and communicated with the owner fluently.

Christina was surprised.

She quickly grabbed his sleeve and emphasized, "Tell him I want coriander,

more." She loved the smell of coriander.

The owner of the restaurant smiled and praised, "Your girlfriend is so beautiful. She looks like a star."

"No, she's not my girlfriend."

Charles looked nervous and denied it in a high voice.

Christina turned up a charming smile and said, "Because he likes men." Everyone heard her.

The owner was frightened, staring at Charles with complicated eyes, and immediately said loudly, "Don't worry! I

support homosexuality!"

Charles's face darkened.

Christina ordered two dozen beers. As she drank, she slapped the table and laughed.

"Christina, remember, don't let it get to your head."

Mr. Shepherd was angry and got back into his old habits of narrow-minded mind. He snatched the Sampan Congee. "I begged people to make them."

Christina reached out her hands, hanging around the table, where several

dishes were there. She said solemnly, "All of these are mine. Give me back the Charcoal Rice you ate."

"Do you want me to throw it up for you?"

Mr. Shepherd may be so angry that he lost his mind. "Okay, I'll spit it out now." He grabbed her with his right hand and pulled her closer to him. He rubbed his big head against her, making a gesture of vomiting.

"Go away! Stay away from me."

Seeing him become serious, Christina was anxious and pushed his big head hard. "Charles, go away or I'll beat you

up."

"If I throw up you, it will be great."  
Charles's resentment, which had been building up all year round, was about to explode. He had long wanted revenge. Holding her waist tightly, he didn't let her go, looking like an angry child.

This man was shameless.

How could Christina let him get away with it? She stepped on his shoes with her high heels, which was so hurt that he shouted.

So had to let her go. "You bad woman!"  
He was so angry that his voice was



trembling.

Seeing he was embarrassed, Christina said, "You should be glad I didn't kick your crotch." She patted the table hard, guffawing. Seeing what happened, people around burst into a laugh.

Charles gave up and grabbed a bottle of cold beer, opened it, and poured it into his throat, cold.

D\*mn it. Fortunately, people barely knew him here.

"Charles, have you ever been to such a roadside restaurant before?"

Christina had drunk five bottles of beer. Her cheeks were red and she was drunk. Suddenly, she thought of something she was more curious about.

Charles held a grudge and glared at her. "Drink more. I'll drop you on the street."

"I'm serious."

Because of the alcohol, the woman became messy. She moved closer to him. "Tell me, hurry up! Has Patrick ever drunk at a roadside stall?" She looked curious.

Charles didn't expect her to mention Patrick suddenly, so he didn't react for a

moment.

Christina shook her head. "Of course not, right?" Her right hand waved wildly in the air, and her voice became more determined. "He's different from you. Although you're a playboy, you're easy to get along with. He's different."

"He's always indifferent. I never knew what he was thinking."

Charles fell silent and knew that she was an alcoholic. But love drinking didn't mean to be good at drinking, such as this woman.

He was surprised to hear what she said.

"You behave badly after drinking." He complained helplessly.

She kept drinking and her fair face flushed, which was like her stubborn temperament. Charles suspected for the 100 times why Patrick had taken a fancy to her. This unreliable woman did not match him at all.

However, she was really a special woman.

Looking at her blushed face, he raised one hand to drink. She frowned slightly as if she was thinking about something. Her casual and serious eyes were

beautiful, and the twinkling of her eyes was enthralling. Moreover, Christina was gorgeous and probably looked like her mother, the Miss Eisenhower family, who was said an incredible beauty.

Charles felt a strange throb in his heart so he quickly looked away and didn't look at the stupid drunkard.

"Hey, Christina, to be honest, did you take part in this advertisement for Patrick?" He suddenly became serious.

The cold winter night wind blew, sobering them up. She shook her head and said, "No."

"So what if I don't have him? I am fine."

She looked up and shouted, laughing brightly.

Charles touched his forehead and sighed. "Christina, do you know what? It's really embarrassing to be with you."

"What are you talking about? Dare you say it again?"

Christina pulled his tie tightly, so Charles was almost strangled. Evidently, she got wild with wine.

She immediately remembered the hatred, old and new. "Because of you, I

had stayed at the hospital for half a month. How dare you say that who will be unlucky if he was with me. You haven't apologized to me yet. Apologize, now!"

Charles was furious. "Why are you holding grudges for so long?"

"I can remember it forever."

Christina burped and roared at him, which was weird for Charles, so he suddenly quieted down.

Her phone sounded.

Her phone was vibrating in her rose-red

handbag on the table, with a ringtone.

It was a text message.

Saying that "Stay away from Charles."

It was like a sixth sense, Christina suddenly woke up. She quickly turned around and looked in that direction, where a black Ferrari was parking there.



## Chapter 287

Charles suddenly reached out to snatch her phone.

"Who has been texting you lately?" He suddenly questioned her with a serious look.

"Give it back to me."

Christina had drunk six cans of beer before, but now she was sober and said word by word. No one knew it was due to the cold night wind or the text message received.

Charles ignored her words, stood up

directly, took the phone, and took a step back.

She was immediately anxious so she pounced on her to get it back.

"What's the password?"

Charles raised his hand so that she couldn't reach it, but he needed the password to open it.

She was relieved to see that the screen was locked.

But he kept asking, "Did anyone ask you to participate in this advertisement? Who?"

His question shocked her.

He was not a playboy who was only interested in eating, drinking, and pleasure-seeking. He had asked someone to check her number since he saw her receive a text message by the fountain last time.

The result was very surprising. "I sent someone to check your communication records. You recently have contacted someone many times. It happened to be around the time of this advertisement. Who was he?"

"Why are you secretly investigating my privacy?"

Hearing him say so much all of a sudden, she was in panic, especially seeing his burning questioning look. "Christina, I'm asking you, who are asking you to participate in this advertisement?"

Nervous, she compressed her lips and did not speak.

She felt afraid that he would find out something, especially when the text message contents flashed through her mind.

A few simple words, "Stay away from Charles."

It was from LUCY.

But now she was not sure if it was LUCY herself. At this moment, the cold night wind blew, and she turned around in fear to observe the surroundings. She felt she was under observation.

Fear and anxiety overtook her. Someone was watching her.

She was like a puppet manipulated, and she hated that feeling but no one would help her.

Charles kept asking, "Who has asked you to participate in it?"

She looked at him with horror and guilt. She stood on this busy street, looked around, panted, and shouted herself hoarse, "What on earth are you wanting me to do?"

"What the hell are you wanting?" She was on the verge of tears anxiously.

She was trembling all over. In the end, she fixed the cold alley with a stare. There was a black Ferrari. She had an intuition that someone was staring at her over there.

She hated that feeling of being trapped in a maze and never being able to walk out.

When he was stunned, she jumped up and snatched the phone back. Then she ran away in a hurry.

He did not chase after her, just looking straight at her escaping figure. He did not see the text message on her phone just now, but suddenly he had a presentiment.

The people around looked at them curiously, the owner of the restaurant was also surprised, but they all thought that she had drunk too much so she quarreled with her boyfriend and ran away. Afterward, Charles paid the bill and left.

He suddenly thought of something and turned around to look in the direction of the streetlight at the entrance of the alley.

Just now, she had been looking in that direction intentionally or unintentionally, but now it was empty there. Under the dim yellow light, there were no pedestrians at all.

Charles looked around carefully, only to see a black Ferrari slowly driving away as if there was nothing strange.

The night wind blew against him. Charles was only wearing a dark blue shirt and



suit pants. He walked along the street towards the parking lot, tall and handsome. But he couldn't help but shudder with chill. His overcoat had been taken away.

"Idiot, you have caught a cold before, and now you haven't kept yourself warm. Troublemaker."

He came to his car and took the key to unlock it. Suddenly, he remembered something and cursed in a low voice. In his right hand, he was holding a rose-red lady handbag that didn't match him.

Christina, the unreliable woman, took her cell phone and ran away in a hurry,

leaving her bag behind.

"I have to clear up the mess for her all day..."

Charles angrily threw the bag into the passenger seat and quickly started the car. He drove slowly along the road and looked out the window from time to time to see if she was there.

Charles was almost thirty this year, and his mother had been urging him all day to take a wife. But there was no need to worry too much because his three elder brothers had not been married. Because they had been suppressed by the power of their mother all year round, he and his

brothers had sworn from an early age that they would either not marry anyone or marry those who were lovable and obedient. They would not marry a girl with a bad temper just as their mother.

Charles was in a bad mood because he thought that she was as irksome as his mother.

He didn't find her. So he simply parked the car aside and called his assistant.

"Mr. Shepherd, do you want me to call Miss Dickens now?"

The assistant on the other end didn't understand. "Aren't you with her? I

remember you drove out..."

"Why are you asking so much? Do you want me to deduct your salary?" Charles was a little angry. "Just call her. Ask where she is, and then pick her up to the hotel immediately."

"Yes, sir."

The assistant was in a daze by his roar. But the capitalists were inhumane so the assistant did not dare to contradict.

Anyway, the original image of Mr. Shepherd had disappeared after this advertisement shoot. The assistant sighed, "I don't think she has been kept

as a mistress by him." His boss always played up to Miss Dickens.

"Patrick, where are you now? I have something to talk to you about..." He said calmly.

Charles propped his right hand against the window, looking at the bustling city with a complicated look. Suddenly, he didn't want to go back to the hotel quickly, so he immediately called Patrick to make an appointment with him.

"I'm driving back to the A City."

Patrick on the other end of the phone replied coldly.

"You drive yourself back in advance?"

Charles changed his expression slightly and was shocked.

"What's the matter?"

"It's not an emergency. It's just about Christina..."

Charles was thinking about how to organize his words, but the man on the other end seemed to be impatient and said coldly, "Oh."

Noticing his indifference, Charles was inexplicably annoyed and reminded him, "She remains your wife!"

"You care about her?"

Compared to Charles, who was agitated, Patrick's voice was low and powerful, as if he was hurling a question at him.

"I care about her?" Charles himself was stunned for a moment, but instantly, he became extremely angry. "As a friend, it's my responsibility."

"I hope your concern will not go beyond the normal level." He replied coldly.

Charles's face darkened. "Patrick, what are you trying to say?" He was so angry that he forgot his previous respect for him.

Patrick went silent.

However, Charles, on the other hand, was about to lose his temper. And he yelled at the phone, "I am caring about her. If she hasn't been in trouble, she wouldn't have run away so frightened just now."

He hung up and looked straight ahead. The prosperity of the city did not belong to him, even a floor tile. The more successful one was, the lonelier he would be.



## Chapter 288

Christina was taken back to the hotel.

Outside the dim car window, a chill wind blew, announcing the arrival of winter. She remained in silence all the way. Through the rearview mirror, the assistant who was driving carefully saw her clutching her phone with an uneasy look.

When she got out of the car, the assistant hesitated and reminded, "Miss Dickens, if it is convenient to you, please call Mr. Shepherd."

Charles, his immediate superior, told him

to drive her to the hotel. He guessed that they were at odds.

"Give him back his coat."

Christina stood outside the car and did not respond to him. Instead, she took off a man's suit and threw it back into the car.

The assistant took the coat with an uneasy look.

"Miss Dickens, if you need anything else, call me anytime..." stammered the assistant, but Christina was out of his sight.

He sighed, not daring to chase after her.

"Christina is indeed different from those three models..." She stood out in her temperament among Charles's ex-girlfriends. He was astounded by her arrogance, thinking that she seemed to be spoiled.

She was not good at socializing at all. In particular, the other women didn't like her. But he was surprised she didn't seem to care about it.

The assistant was curious how she developed such a character.

Christina knew very well that she was

unlikable among girls.

So at this moment, when the two female models in front of her walked towards her enthusiastically and even held her hand, the first thing came to her mind was that they might have ulterior purposes.

"Christina, you just came back? It's a pity you didn't have dinner with us tonight... Your hands are so cold. Come into our room."

Invited for no reason, she did not resist and was dragged into her "Best friend's room" by her two colleagues.

"Would you like black tea or coffee?"

"She caught a cold a few days ago. Make her hot cocoa..."

It was not until Christina took the hot cocoa in her hand that the temperature of the hot cup made her concentrate a little. She stared at the them for a long time before she made sure that it was not her illusion.

"Thank you," she said.

Then she quickly recalled if she had lost her memory, because twelve hours ago, the two women said they hated her with disgust.

When did her become so popular?

"Christina, in fact, you have a good character. You're not gossipy and never compete for anything..."

"That's right. Unlike some scheming bitch!"

Hearing this, Christina probably understood that they were pointing at Renee.

"Do you know how shameless Renee is tonight? She dared to walk to Patrick table by herself. She sat next to him. Director Parker put a long face at that

time..."

Christina took a sip of the hot cocoa, lowered her head, and replied them merely a word.

One of them sitting on the bed scolded excitedly, "In the end, Patrick left with Renee holding her his arms. She took advantage of everything. Renee, the bitch, really showed me what a frenemy is. Before we went to have dinner, she hypocritically reminded us not to get close to Patrick and said that he hated women the most..."

Christina, who had been unresponsive, looked up upon hearing that. "Patrick left

with Renee?"

"I was pissed off. I had an impulse tell everything about Renee's ungraceful things. She thought she would become Patrick's woman if she slept with him. It's disgusting."

Christina put the hot cocoa on the table, feeling very complicated.

"Damn it, it's disgusting that I treated her as one of my best friends and told her everything."

The woman was speaking with indignation when her cell phone rang. She excitedly went to the bathroom to



talk about it in detail, leaving no chance for Christina to speak .

"Poor taste."

She was not very good at quarreling. Christina scolded her in a low voice. She wondered if he had forgotten her and even his taste changed.

When they got married not long, she had thought that Patrick would probably cheat on her. It was common for a rich and powerful man... But later she found that he was rarely involved in any scandals. What the model said frustrated her.

She was so annoyed.

"Hey, Christina, why do you look so much like Cecilia?"

Another model seemed to be interested in her. "You know Cecilia, she was so popular in the first half of the year, and the only one who was said to have an affair with Patrick. "

"Are you related by blood? Or have you had plastic surgery based on her? You'll be regretful. She's having a hard time right now. Television companies won't use her..."

"Hey, where are you going?" she shouted

at the door.

"I'll go first."

Christina just wanted to get out of here.

As soon as she left the room, the woman in the bathroom came out and exclaimed, "I just got a call and I have good news!"

"Where's Christina?"

"She doesn't want to hang out with us." She said sarcastically, "Who does she think she is? Charles has so many women around him. He can get rid of her anytime."

Christina closed the door with no expression on her face.

"Leave her alone. You know what. It turns out that Renee was left on the side of the road. Patrick drove a black Ferrari himself and left without waiting for her to get in the car. She must be so embarrassed..."

A black Ferrari.

"... Patrick drove his black Ferrari."

Christina suddenly opened her eyes in a daze. She realize that she had taken a nap after returning to the hotel last night, but she had been having

nightmares, and the the conversation between the two female colleagues echoed in her dream.

Last night, she saw a black Ferrari in Temple Street.

Was is a coincidence?

"Miss, are you feeling unwell?" The stewardess's sweet voice came.

The crew was in a hurry to arrive at the airport early in the morning. Everyone was taking a nap on the plane. Christina was startled and woke up with a pale face.

"I'm fine. I'll go to the bathroom."

She got up and walked to the bathroom. She wanted to sober up with cool water, only to see Charles.

"Christina, don't think you can get away by playing deaf."

As Charles approached, he glared at her and said, "Tell me, who have you been in contact with recently?"

They chartered a plane back to A City, and Charles was on the same plane as her.

Christina, who was not in a mood to talk

about it, bypassed him and went straight to the bathroom. However, Charles blocked her way and said through gritted teeth, "Christina, this is not just about you. If you get into big trouble, it will be difficult to deal with!"

Trapped by his arms, she raised her head and said in a low voice, "Things won't get worse."

Charles did a double take.

Then he roared angrily, "What do you mean?" How terrible it was now.

She did not explain, but a surprised scream came from the bathroom aisle.

"Wow, look at them..." When the crew members saw them who were so close to each other, they dashed away.

Christina, who was embarrassed, gave him a push.

"Charles, stay away from me."

"Oh, why didn't you say it when you wanted to take advantage of me?"

Charles seemed to suddenly realize that they were too close, so he immediately let go of her.

"Charles, I'm serious. Stay away from me from now on."



She said coldly, grasping her phone in her right hand. She lowered her head to avoid meeting his eyes.

Her words sent a chill to Charles' heart.

He glanced at her clenched phone and said, holding back his anger, "What did those people order you to do again? Do you know something?"

There was a silence between them.

After a long time, she replied, "I don't know."

## Chapter 289

She had been quite tired these days.

It was unknown that who would get the IP&G commercial until three days later. Christina could only wait anxiously. After rushing back from Hongkong by air to apartment 402, she fell asleep. Her mind was in a mess and she had a mentality of escaping.

Who was Lucy?

What if I couldn't get the advertisement for IP&G?

Why did you want me to participate in

the advertisement audition? Why did you want me to stay away from Charles...

A lot of information and questions had been bothering her. They became her nightmares. These dreams were like a maze with no way out.

"Christina, don't make me angry."

"Don't do what you shouldn't do. Stay away from those men, because I don't like it."

She suddenly woke up and lay flat on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling above her.

She was very slow in reaction, and Patrick's voice echoed in her mind. His voice was low, deep, and a little angry, just like what it was when he got extremely angry with her previously.

She had dreamt about her life in the Hopkins family before. She actually missed it a little.

She turned to look at the window. It was so gray that she could not tell whether it was morning or evening.

"Achoo..."

The cold wind blew in. She shrank and quickly got up. She took a thick coat and

put it on her body. Christina guessed that she had probably woken up by the low temperature.

She quickly closed the window. When she looked down, she saw that the street lights in the neighborhood downstairs were all on. It turned out that it was already evening.

They rushed back in the morning by air and returned to A City at about 8 a.m. . She was so tired that she forgot to turn on the heater. Christina pulled out a few tissues to cover her nose and found she had caught a cold again.

"Christina, you caught a cold again!"

The phone showed that Crystal had called her at noon. When she called back and just said hello, Crystal first questioned her angrily.

"Do you have a fever? Do you have any medicine at home?"

Christina listened to the loud question with her mind in a daze. She admired Crystal's quick reaction. It seemed that Crystal had got quite an imposing manner after she came to serve as a nanny at the Stephenson family for a few months.

Christina held an electronic

thermometer in her left hand and stared at the temperature of 38.2 degrees shown on it.

She paused for two seconds and said, "I don't have a fever."

"Don't think I don't know about it. You're lying." Crystal refuted her angrily, "If you have a low fever, you should lower your temperature physically. Drink more hot water and rest more. If your temperature is over 39 degrees celsius, you should rush to the hospital immediately."

Christina was surprised even at the other side of the phone, but she refused

to admit it, "I'm fine."

"Christina, you probably don't know. Every time you lie, you sound very guilty. I really don't know how you survived... You are just like that little bastard Geoffrey."

Crystal complained about her. Christina listened to her quietly. She felt that Crystal had changed and seemed to become mature.

"Crystal, you're becoming more and more like a mother." Christina sighed with a heavy twang.

She remembered that Crystal's change



seemed to have started since she went to the Stephenson family. So Christina cared about her best friend and asked, "Crystal, last time you said you wanted to quit. How are you now..."

There was some noise from the other side of phone.

"Aunt Zhu, I'm hungry." It was the voice of that little guy Geoffrey.

Then Christina heard that Crystal gritted her teeth and asked, "I saw with my own eyes that you ate three pieces of pizza just now. How can you have the nerve to say you're hungry? Since you are full, go aside and stay alone."

Children also had human rights, and he explained to Crystal in a childish voice, "But my stomach is hungry. It coos. If you don't believe me, listen to it. It's hungry."

Crystal glanced at his round belly and sulked, "That's because you have been stuffed."

"Christina, what did you just say to me?"

Christina felt speechless.

She hung up the phone in silence. Geoffrey was pestering Crystal to play tricks on her. It seemed that it was not easy for Crystal to resign.

Crystal was very good at taking care of people. "Crystal must be a good mother." Inexplicably, Christina was a little depressed.

If it were her, she really didn't have the confidence to be a good mother.

She was the only one in this small apartment. It was very cold and she felt lonely.

She ordered a takeout of porridge on her phone and sat absent-mindedly at the small tea table to eat it. The TV in front of her was playing some entertainment news when she suddenly remembered another friend of hers.

"It seems that Charles hasn't been on the entertainment section for a long time." He even didn't appear in the tabloid news these days. She was really not used to it.

She didn't have many friends, and Charles was one of them.

She didn't mean to chase him away that day, and now she wondered if Charles would get angry with her. Probably not. He was innocent and optimistic so that it might be easy for him to recover.

She didn't dare to tell Charles about LUCY. What if LUCY turned to deal with

him?

If Charles knew it, Patrick would soon know it as well...

"Patrick Hopkins." She put the spoon back into the bowl and repeated the name over and over again. She was a little lost in thought.

"Miss Dickens, I said I had the child with me. Do you believe me?"

"You don't have to know who I am... You'd better cooperate with me. Don't ask why. I'm just informing you."

"Mr. Hopkins drove a black Ferrari

himself..."

A series of ringtones brought her thoughts back to reality. Christina looked at the caller's id shown on the phone on the table and pursed her lips, feeling a little disappointed.

She thought of him and thought the call might be made by him.

It was not him.

"Auntie." The call was from Betty.

"I heard from Crystal that you were very busy at work a while ago. Are you still getting used to it? Don't make yourself

too tired..."

Betty spoke gently. In fact, she had already known that Christina had recently gone to work at IP&G, but she avoided all sensitive words related to the Hopkins family because she did not want to make both Christina and herself feel awkward.

Christina knew clearly that Betty was a very considerate and dignified woman.

Betty was always willing to wait for others to tell her something that other people would choose to ask directly. If they were unwilling to talk about that, she wouldn't force them. Christina liked

her aunt because she was as considerate as Betty.

This made Christina even more confused about why Betty hated the Hopkins family so much.

Christina replied politely for a few words. Ever since the car accident happened to the child that day, there had been a barrier between them. They could not go back to their previous intimacy and were on guard against each other.


Christina couldn't find a topic to talk about. She wanted to end the awkward conversation. As for the accident that



day, she didn't hate it anymore.

Betty was not good at finding topics either, but she had something serious to talk about today, "Do you remember Zerger? He was a comrade of your grandfather's. Our Eisenhower family had a good relationship with them. Later, their whole family emigrated and we lost contact with each other. Recently, they specially came back to find me. After learning about the situation, they wanted to invite us to go to Iceland together. They said that life there was very comfortable and peaceful."

"Christina, do you want to go to Iceland?"

9:58 PM 

"I don't want to leave A City for the time being."


Christina herself did not know why she added 'for the time being'. Perhaps she was tired of this city deep down in her heart.

She was not sure if she would stay in the city in the future, but she was reluctant to leave.

"It's okay. You can think about it."

Betty didn't force her and even hung up the phone gently and slowly.

Christina went into the bathroom to

9:58 PM 

take a shower. There were so many things bothering her that she tried to empty her mind and not to think about anything. The warm water dripping from her head gradually calmed her down.

She simply put on a bathrobe and came out to the small living room. She was busy tidying up the takeout boxes on the table. There was a lot of garbage in the kitchen, so she decided to make a clean-up and she even cleaned the bedroom. Finally, she packed a few bags of garbage and prepared to go downstairs to throw them away.

One bag of trash, two bags of trash...

Christina rarely did housework so seriously. However, when she stood outside her house and saw the door slam shut, she realized that she had forgotten to bring the key out.

"Oh no."

A nervous expression which was rarely seen appeared on her face and she immediately rummaged through the pockets of her coat. They were empty.

There were no keys, no money, no cell phone... And she hadn't worn the underwear.

In the middle of the night, she was alone

at home. She planned to put on a long thick coat and go out to throw away the garbage. After that, she had intended to immediately come back to sleep. So she was too lazy to put on her underwear...

She stared at the door of Room 402, feeling homeless.

Christina suddenly thought of something. She raised her head. What about the resident of Room 502 upstairs...

## Chapter 290

Misfortunes never came singly.

It never rained but it poured.

Christina carried two bags of trash to the first floor of the community and threw them away. When she was in the elevator, a few male residents stared at her. She was afraid to be found out, ill-at-ease all the way.

She was simply wearing a lavender silk nightgown. Fortunately, in such a cold winter, she had remembered to put on an overcoat, a dark green one in the Korean style, which made her much

more stunning. She was very attractive but in blue.

She had forgotten to take the money and her cell phone... No underwear, either.

Most importantly, the key to her home.

Wondering if these bad things would happen to others who rented a house, she lowered her head and stared at her fair and tender feet. She could not help but sigh, walking in the neighborhood in flip-flops, sloppy.

She was so ashamed that she wondered how she had survived all those years.

Maybe due to her catching a cold and getting a low fever, she forgot all these things.

For the first time, she did up all the buttons on her overcoat conservatively and went to the property administration office for help.

But it seemed that she was unfortunate.

"Hello, I'm a novice, so I don't know where the spare key is. Why don't you wait a minute?"

She looked at him and said, "When can I get the key?" She subconsciously wrapped her overcoat, feeling



awkward... "Please call someone and ask. I am in a hurry to go home."

The officer didn't know the reason but confronted with such a beautiful woman, he promised to deal with it as soon as possible. Additionally, he asked shyly if she wanted to sit in the rest room to wait.

"No, thank you."

She decided to go back to her apartment to wait.

It was 10 p.m. Looking at the elevator entrance, there was a group of commuters who had just returned

waiting for the elevator. So she rationally decided to take the stairs.

She didn't want to take the lift with others due to the underwear. She sighed again.

There was some dust in the staircase, probably because there were few people passing by, the cleaners didn't sweep it. At this time, she was the only one there, with her footsteps echoing. With the lights on one by one because of her footsteps, it was very quiet.

She had to climb four flights of stairs. Since she was not in a hurry, she lowered her head and walked slowly.

Just now, she heard that the officer called. It seemed that the other officers had gone for a midnight snack. So they would not come back within an hour at least. "It means that she has to wait for at least an hour..." She was upset.

If they forgot to return, she might spend the night in front of her door.

"Why not borrow a phone from a neighbor and ask Crystal to come over?" She always thought of Crystal at critical moments.

Thinking about it, she suddenly bumped into a person because she never looked

ahead while walking.

She was shocked and looked up.

"You..."

She felt even more confused. It was a little dim, so what she saw was blurry. She wondered if he was an illusion or real.

"Walk carefully." His voice suddenly broke forth. So familiar the tone was, low but powerful.

She recognized his voice and screamed in panic, scared or astonished, "Why are you here?"

Patrick ignored her.

He turned around and continued walking up the stairs.

She stood there in a daze for a second. She noticed that her home was on the left, but he kept walking...

"Patrick, you're the psycho in 502!"

She remembered something so her tone was a little complicated. She quickened her pace and caught up with him.

At this moment, the man standing in front of room 502 turned to look at her, as if he was dissatisfied with her

"Psychopath." He frowned with his eyes sharp in the dark.

She hesitated and stopped at the exit, five meters away from him.

"Why, why are you living here?"

His gaze made her uncomfortable, but she chose to ask.

She waited nervously for his reply. She had suspected that the tenant upstairs was an acquaintance. She had wondered if it might be him. At that time, it was just a guess, but now she met him here.

Her heart beat faster, with an

indescribable emotion: nervousness, confusion, and a little joy.

However, he didn't say anything. He just took out the key and opened the door.

"Patrick, why are you living here?" His indifference made her anxious.

She did not believe Mr. Hopkins would come to such a small apartment in the old district for no reason. He could own this neighborhood by writing a project plan. She had an idea in her mind, but she did not dare to fantasize about it.

Everything had been different. She was just an ordinary person now. She did not

dare and did not have the confidence to fantasize if he had done this for her.

"Patrick, I'm talking to you!"

The truth seemed ready to come out at her call. She really wanted to know the answer. So she shouted his name and became more anxious.

He was the one who was caught, but why was she the one who got nervous and anxious?

He pushed open the door calmly and turned a deaf ear to her words.

However, he entered the room but



paused to turn around, with his sharp eyes clear and unfamiliar. "Do you want the advertising of the IP&G Group?"

She got completely silent.

If she had been forced to be anxious just now, it was really ironic, compared with his calm tone now.

She cared about him very much. But he simply was not to give a rap.

She did not understand why he suddenly asked her about the advertisement. An idea flashed through her mind: she had never understood him.

She looked at him quietly. The man seemed to be as far apart from her as heaven and earth.

"If you want it, come in with me." His voice was colder and he became more agitated.

"Why are you calling me to go in?"

Her expression was a little indifferent. Suddenly, she didn't want to get close to him.

She felt that he was really strange to her. She didn't want to see him and didn't want to believe that he had become so cold. Every time she saw him, she

couldn't help but feel happy but there was more disappointment waiting for her.

It seemed that he didn't like her expression, so he reminded her angrily, "Miss Dickens, what do you think we would do in a room?"

"You've been doing well in the crew lately. You've made it to the top four thanks to Charles Shepherd... You should know the rules very well. Haven't you learned how to cater to a man?"

She didn't know how to react but just froze.

Then she heard him stride straight into room 502. The sound of his footsteps was a little loud.

She had thought that he was just pouring ridicule on her. She was not good at counterattacks when it came to speech. So she held back her anger and prepared to go back home.

"No matter how Charles protects you, it's useless. If you don't come in tonight, you'll be out immediately tomorrow morning."

"Patrick, don't go too far!"

She was furious and rushed in regardless

of everything. She said angrily in darkness in room 502.

He did not turn on the light, standing in the room. He was like a demon in darkness as if he had guessed she would be provoked. And when she ran in, she would fall into his arms.

She felt herself useless. The moment she embraced him, all her emotions were gone.

In fact, she had been missing him very much.

Patrick directly began to kiss her.

She could not tell what she was feeling, as if her soul had been emptied.

She was a little angry, so she reached out to push him, not wanting him to succeed.

In the end, she was tired and somehow she fell asleep, with a funny idea in her mind when she closed her eyes.