

Chapter 294

"Is Miss Dickens Mr. Hopkins's wife?"

Everyone was surprised. "Director Parker, is this true?"

Barbara looked grim. If the light in this corner wasn't so dim, they could even clearly see her gritting her teeth and staring at the uninvited guest opposite her.

"Miss Jones, this is an exclusive party. May I ask why you're here?"

She emphasized the last words with a voice that only the two of them could hear.

"I've been too idle lately. I happen to have the membership of this club, so I come in to take a look."

Cecilia did not care how others think about her at all. She lit a cigarette and puffed out white smoke. Then she turned around with a

charming smile, looking at the others.

"As soon as I came in, I heard that your friends were very interested in Miss Dickens. They are asking you questions about Miss Dickens, why don't you give an answer?"

She shrugged her shoulders. Her style of conversation was unhurried and mature and she spoke as if she were joking, "Then I should remind them of Miss Dickens's identity, preventing them from offending Mr. Hopkins's beloved. otherwise, it would be troublesome."

Everyone present heard what she said clearly.

Everyone here was smart, so they did not ask Barbara any more questions. Their eyes fell on this stranger.

Everyone present knew Cecilia, an arrogant woman. She was once a very popular female artist because of her identity as Patrick's

girlfriend. However, it was heard that she seemed to have offended Patrick, and then no film and television company dared to use her again.

As soon as she appeared, everyone was looking at these two women.

Everyone was brooding over their own matters.

"So, so Miss Dickens is Mr. Hopkins's wife. That's why Mr. Shepherd has been taking care of her so much."

"Yes, I've already noticed that Miss Dickens is quite different from the other models!"

The second-guessers smiled brightly but said the fakest words.

If they had known that Miss Dickens was Hopkins family's granddaughter-in-law, they wouldn't have pestered Barbara. Why would they hold the open audition if the right

person was here? However, it was too late to please Miss Dickens.

"Director Parker, since this is about advertising, shall we vote again..."

"Yes. I think Miss Dickens did a good job in the last shot."

Businessmen always wanted to optimize the benefits. They would change their decisions as soon as they found who the big boss was.

"It's up to the director to decide. Our company has its own principles."

Barbara's face was getting even paler after hearing their words. Although Renee was chosen for the advertisement, she was afraid that Renee would not dare to take it now.

"Miss Parker, it seems that you don't get along well with Mr. Hopkins's wife. It's not wise."

Barbara was very angry as she noticed that Cecilia was picking on her. She thought that Cecilia was supposed to be down and out. However, she was wearing luxury brands all over her body, and the fire diamond on her finger was especially ostentatious.

"It seemed that you have already found another man. You looked good today."

"Not bad. There were men giving me money, and buying jewelry that I was interested in in the auction for me. What's the best, I don't have to work so hard and wear a smile all day like you."

Cecilia spoke in a very leisure tone, looking like a rich wife. Barbara didn't like her attitude, and she was also confused. "Cecilia, I don't think there was anything wrong between us. Why did you speak like that? Plus, shouldn't you hate Christina more?"

"I hate her. Of course, I hate her."

They sat opposite each other, separated by an exquisite wooden table. Suddenly, Cecilia leaned closer to her ear, whispering a curse filled with resentment, "I wish Christina to die!"

A woman who was jealous was terrifying.

Barbara also hated Christina, but she did not hate her.

"Cecilia, you've gone for so long. Why did you suddenly show up?"

"I've been around all the time. Who said I disappeared? I've been busy all the time."

The jealousy and hatred on Cecilia's face had disappeared. She pressed her fair fingers against her red lips and smiled, still looking charming.

"Look over there..." Cecilia pointed in the direction of the shooting range.

Barbara looked down with a complicated expression, and she was surprised.

Christina was the only one practicing at the shooting range. No one dared to interfere with her, even for those who had already made an appointment to practice shooting.

Especially now, the head coach, who was very skilled at shooting, seemed to have no choice but to move backward. It was their Mr. Hopkins who was forcing Christina to hold the gun with both hands. Mr. Hopkins stood behind Christina, put his hands on her fingers, and taught her to control the direction of the gun.

"Calm down and look ahead."

"Forget all your thoughts and keep your eyes on the target..."

Christina's cheeks suddenly flushed. He tilted his head and whispered in her ear. He

was not very gentle, but absolutely serious.

"I can do it myself." She was a little awkward and didn't want him to teach her.

"Be good!"

Patrick blurted out.

Her heartbeat missed half tempo, and with a bang, she missed the target again.

She didn't know how many bullets she had wasted. Christina began to wonder if she was too stupid in the aspect of shooting. She lowered her long eyelashes slightly, and her bright eyes were filled with inferiority.

At this moment, she wanted to get out of the people behind her and strode out of here. She felt ashamed here.

Then suddenly, Christina heard his deep voice sound in her ear. She was not sure whether she was hallucinating.

"Christina, I want you to... learn to protect yourself."

Feeling surprised, she quickly turned to look at his face. But he looked cold, only his deep eyes were filled with some emotion.

Bang -

She hit the red heart.

Be quiet.

He stood right behind her, making her unafraid of anything.

The head coach cheered and said with some approval, "Miss Dickens, you're very talented at shooting."

The purpose of the party had changed a little. Everyone was staring at the shooting range, wondering if they should go over and praise Miss Dickens a little bit.

She was Mr. Hopkins's wife.

There were voices all over the place. No one paid attention to Barbara anymore.

"Miss Parker, why don't we make a bet?"

Cecilia suddenly talked to her in a weird tone, acting as she was chatting with a friend. She continued, "I bet Christina won't get the IP&G advertisement no matter what."

"Really? Are you preparing to lose to me on purpose to get a favor?"

There was some sarcasm in Barbara's words. It was obvious that Christina could win.

"Barbara, you really don't know him." Cecilia flicked the cigarette between her fingers and took the last puff. Thinking of the past, she impatiently extinguished the cigarette in the glass cigarette tray.

She smiled charmingly when looking up again. "Patrick has a habit. He is used to hiding his favorite things and he will not share them with anyone else."

So the more he wanted to hide Christina, the more she wanted to tell the world about Christina, letting her die without a whole body...

Chapter 295

When Christina got up the next day, her right arm hurt.

And it was also so sore that she had no strength to hold the chopsticks now.

In fury, she stared at the ceiling blankly for a long time. If she had a gun in her hand now, she would shoot at the ceiling.

She now recalled that Patrick said she couldn't go back home until she learned it. And her anger surged.

Patrick was a bastard!

If she hadn't practiced karate since she was a child, she couldn't stand the training at all. She felt that he wanted a rush for quick results, or maybe he was just teasing her.

And the shooting coach friended her Whatsapp account. This bulky coach had said

friendly to her before she left, "Don't be late next week."

She was shocked and asked him why.

"Miss Dickens, don't make things difficult for me."

The coach stared at her for a long time, imploring. And then she relented.

She then suddenly realized that Patrick had always been good at dealing with her.

She did not forget that back in the Hopkins family, he deliberately found two maids born in poor mountain areas to serve her. The maid looked at her innocently and then said in a pitiful tone, "Don't make things difficult for me." Therefore, she didn't cooperate, she would feel guilty.

When she thought of the past, the mixed feelings seethed throughout her whole body in an instant.

She was still very resentful to Patrick. The whole day, she had to use her left hand to do everything, including brushing her teeth, washing her face, and typing on her phone.

Now, she felt like she was a disabled person. Due to the overwork last night, all she wanted to do now was to eat. Without enough food intake, the hypoglycemia would only make her grumpy.

Therefore, after changing into casual clothes, she then went to a restaurant in the neighborhood for breakfast.

Just as she pushed the restaurant's door open, her cell phone rang.

It was a call from Jack, an employee of IP&G Group. "Miss Dickens, the result of the advertisement... is out..." His voice was trembling.

Ever since last night, Cecilia, a has-been

artist, told him Christina's identity, he had used all the connections to thoroughly investigate Christina. And Cecilia was actually true.

Christina was his boss's wife.

It was probably she got bored. These rich people liked to make trouble for their employees. In the meeting last night, Jack was chosen to report the results to her today.

"Miss Dickens, they chose Renee to shoot the advertisement." He lowered his voice, hoping that she would not care too much about the result.

"Why!"

Right now, she seemed angry.

He then immediately explained to her, "Miss Dickens, you know our rules. After all, Renee is a professional model, and she is relatively better in all aspects. In fact, your

performance is very good, and everyone thinks this way as well. Really, we want to choose you..."

However, their boss was very determined not to choose Christina.

It was heard that they were going to divorce. They must have quarreled.

But why should they have to drag Jack and the others into their own business?!

Jack tried his best to praise Christina for her clumsy acting. In the end, he didn't know what to say and kept silent awkwardly. "I see." Christina said coldly and hung up.

Patrick actually sifted her out!

Although she knew very well that she couldn't compete with Renee professionally, but that night, Patrick had clearly said...

He had said to her that if she didn't come that

night, she would be eliminated.

Right, this wasn't a promise at all. He never said that she would get the lead role in this advertisement.

He tricked her!!

She was furious, and she didn't expect that he would really do this to her.

Then what should she tell Lucy?

And what should she do now?

She was very annoyed. Maybe because she was really hungry, she felt that the buns were especially delicious. The delicious food could make people happy. And now she had suppressed her anger. But her phone rang again.

She found out that someone had transferred 300 to her.

And it was Patrick, which made her shocked!

There was also a message from him. He was asking her to bring him breakfast.

How dared he! Was he treating her like a servant?

And soon, she sent back a message, which said that she wouldn't do what he asked, with a punching emoticon!

However, Patrick was so knowledgeable. How would he be frightened by this emoticon?

And he quickly sent another message. In the message, he asked her if she was trying to get close to him since she lived so close to the company and now that he was willing to give her a chance to please him.

Christina's face darkened. And she clenched her phone to restrain her anger.

She hadn't asked him why he moved to this old district yet. How could he be so narcissistic!

Just then, Patrick sent a message again. This time, he said that Charles had told him she wanted to get this role so bad because of him.

"Patrick Hopkins, don't flatter yourself!" She sent this message.

And she was so angry that she yelled at him on the phone, "Then Charles was wrong. Don't think that everything was about you. You're not that important at all."

And she even want to say that she could forget him soon. But she held back and did not say it out.

He forgot her now, could she forget him as well?

She had no answer to that. In fact, she didn't expect he would take the initiative to contact

A flash of guilt went across Christina's beautiful face. She said hurriedly, "Nothing important. It's just a normal friend."

She stuffed her phone into her bag, zipped it up, and the WhatsApp prompt faded. Christina collected herself, looked around the shops, and casually changed the subject.

"The Christmas turkey is actually not delicious. I'm more willing to have roast duck and goose."

Crystal was puzzled and she said, "I didn't talk about the turkey. I just said that you behaved strangely these days."

For example, this morning, Crystal called Christina to go shopping together, and she heard Christina muttering on the other end of the phone that she seemed to have quarreled with someone and was shouting to poison that person.

Chapter 296

As Christmas approached, all shops, decorated with lanterns and streamers, offered discounts to attract customers.

"Christina, what are you going to buy for Christmas?"

The weather was fine today, and the sun was shining brightly. The winter sun was not dazzling, and it only made people feel warm. The two women were walking side by side on the shopping street. Crystal was light-footed and in a good mood.

But the other woman was absent-minded. Christina hesitated and asked, "What did you say?"

Crystal found her weird today.

She glanced at Christina suspiciously and asked, "Christina, who are you texting to on the WhatsApp? Your phone keeps ringing."

shut.

Shocked, Christina stood in front of the door.

And she was so angry that she pounded on the door. "Hey!"

Yet the man in the room didn't seem to want to talk to her. He only said indifferently, "Buy me some fried noodles tomorrow."

Tomorrow, she had to give him breakfast!! She was now provoked by his words.

After the elevator door was opened, she then walked to his room, with the breakfast in her left hand. Her right hand wasn't recovered yet. So she was about to kick the door with her right foot to vent her anger.

As her right foot was raised, the door was opened. She couldn't help but wonder if he had installed a surveillance camera at the door.

When she saw this familiar face, her heart beat wildly.

Meanwhile, a group of office workers passed by. Seeing her lift her right foot and stop in midair strangely, they looked over curiously. She then blushed, immediately withdrew her foot and stood straight.

While seeing her, he only took a step forward without saying a word and snatched the breakfast from her left hand.

Then with a bang, the door was slammed

her, but he didn't respond to her message.

Just as she stared at his childish nickname, "Cold Pag," which did not match his character, she suddenly realized that when a woman fell in love with a man, she would always forgive him for hurting her.

Then a minute later, he seemed to be confident that he could see through her thoughts and suddenly replied, "Christina, don't forget, it's you who don't want to divorce."

She didn't want to divorce him, so she had to serve him!?

She stared at his message and angrily slammed the table and stood up.

Finally, with a gloomy face, she walked to the dining table and asked for a take-out.

She then rode the elevator to the fifth floor.

her some products. "Miss, how old is your son?"

Son?

Crystal's blood froze. She didn't give birth to that mischievous Geoffrey.

"I don't get married. He is my friend's son. He's almost six years old."

The shop assistant felt sorry for that. She heard them chatting and thought she was talking about her own son in such an intimate tone.

"What is his personality? Is he introverted or extroverted? Every child has their own inner world, so they like different toys. I can introduce them to you."

Crystal didn't know how to answer her.

Was Geoffrey an extrovert or an introvert?

Crystal taught the little guy a lesson for this.

She blamed him for talking nonsense and calling it a retarded dog.

"But it only knows a few instructions. I don't like this kind of pet. It is retarded." Geoffrey retorted stubbornly.

Crystal didn't know how to refute his righteous words for a moment. Chandler, his father, watched this scene and walked over to pat his son's head. He nodded and said, "It is."

"These toys are not suitable for Mr. Stephenson and Geoffrey."

Crystal looked discouraged. As she spoke, she turned away and looked around at the shelves full of toys. "It's not easy to buy a Christmas present for Geoffrey."

The shop assistant asked her, intended to sell

The left part was decorated in light blue. Christina was very surprised to see all kinds of toys, including electric cars, huge Transformers models, and the latest AI electronic pet dog.

"Buy this! I want this!" Christina was excited.

She thought that all boys liked high-tech gadgets. These electronic dogs didn't have fur or pee. Moreover, they were artificial intelligence.

Crystal glanced at this familiar dog.

She said with mixed feelings, "Geoffrey already has one."

That dog was bought by the Stephenson family elders for their grandson. Geoffrey was very happy to receive it. But seven days later, the young master threw it directly into the locker, and said before leaving, "Retarded dog."

"Who provoked you?"

Crystal was suddenly interested, but Miss Dickens obviously didn't want to say anything more. Her beautiful face was flushed with anger. But she seemed not that angry.

"I remember a big toy store over there." Crystal had always been considerate and did not continue this topic. Instead, she took her hand and went in the opposite direction.

This international chain toy store was very big, and there were all kinds of toys for all ages. The store was decorated like a fairy tale world, colorful and attractive to kids. On the right was a dazzling display of girls' toys. There were lace toys, barbies, and other cute plush toys.

"The boy's toys are on the left. Please follow me." The shop assistant said with a smile and led them there.

Christina was embarrassed by her stare. She quickly changed the subject, "Did you say that you wanted to go to the toy store to buy a gift for Chandler's son?"

When Chandler's son was mentioned, Crystal became interested.

Not happy, she was furious!

"That little rat. I kindly asked him what he wanted for Christmas. He dared to despise my tastes."

Christina had fully the same feeling and echoed angrily, "You're right. How dare these stinky men to ask for so much? What a pain in the ass!"

"What? She said a pain in the ass?"

Crystal was dumbfounded.

Christina, a beauty, even said such vulgar words.

to see what you look like. You look like a servant. You don't have the right to please my son."

Erica's attitude annoyed Christina. She didn't want to cause trouble, but it didn't mean that she could be bullied easily. In particular, Erica treated her friend so badly.

Christina wanted to argue with Erica. But to Christina's surprise, Crystal, who had always been tolerant, was even more agitated.

"It's my own business who I buy a gift for. Erica, you have no right to ask."

"And Erica, you keep saying that Geoffrey is your son. But the last time you took him out to play with water. It was the winter but you actually took him to an indoor swimming pool. You only care about wearing that sexy bikini to hook up with other men. Although Geoffrey has learned some swimming skills, he is only six years old. You didn't take care of him at all. If the lifeguard hadn't found out in

Chapter 297

"Why are you here!"

"I'm shopping here. Do I have to ask for your permission before?"

Generally, Crystal didn't like to argue with others, but she suddenly became angry when she saw the woman. She quickly walked to Christina and tugged Christina to signal her to leave. She didn't want to stay with such a woman.

But it seemed that Erica didn't want to let them go. Wearing her ten-centimeter high heels, Erica rushed over and stopped Crystal. Her tone was rather arrogant.

"You came to this toy store to buy a gift for my son, didn't you?"

"Geoffrey is my son. You can't buy him any gifts to please him. You want to marry Chandler, right? Tsk tsk... Look in the mirror

advertisement. It was really unexpected." Barbara was by her side. Her voice seemed to contain other feelings besides ridicule.

"Why are you here!"

Erica suddenly raised her voice and shouted. Her voice became even more shrill and unpleasant to hear.

Christina thought that she was exposed. While she turned around with a vigilant look, she realized that Erica was shouting at Crystal who was walking down the aisle.

She worked so hard and won nothing. In the end, she still couldn't get the advertisement from her own company. Ooops, it seems that she and Patrick are completely over." The shrill female voice obviously sounded gloating.

Damn it! Christina stood up straight, clutching the box with both hands and holding her anger back in order not to scold in return.

"Erica? It's none of your business that I failed!" Christina thought.

Christina didn't want to cause any trouble. She wanted to wait for them to pass by quietly, but then Erica asked, "Barbara, what's wrong with you? You should be very happy to see Miss Dickens be sifted out. Didn't you deliberately cause trouble for her during the primary election? What eyes do not see is regarded as clean."

"Well, I thought that Christina would win the

Suddenly, Crystal was confused. Geoffrey didn't like to go out. But if he was introverted, how could he be so insidious? That was impossible.

"What about Lego? This is fun."

Christina liked this place very much. Her childhood toys were all the toys for boys. This place reminded her of that memory. She walked quickly to building block shelves to her right hand and browsed Lego.

"I heard that your last advertisement chose a model named Renee. Christina was sifted out in the last round."

Christina was holding a box of Lego blocks in her hand. Facing the shelf, she pricked up her ears and heard someone mention her name. The voice sounded very annoying.

"I also heard that she spent a lot of effort on this opportunity. The director blamed her several times for being too stupid. Poor girl.

couldn't bear to be provoked and immediately grappled with Christina.

Christina moved so quickly that she quickly threw Erica to the ground.

Did Erica want to quarrel with her? Christina was not good at quarrelling, but she could fight!

Anyway, she was once imprisoned because of fight.

Her grandfather taught her not to be bullied.

Barbara was astonished. She knew how good Christina's karate was and immediately ran to the middle to stop them.

She tried to stop them from fighting each other, "Christina, Geoffrey is Erica's son anyway. Although Chandler divorced her, the relationship between mother and son can't be broken. She spoke a little rashly, but it was also because Crystal was so close to her son

my husband and tried to take my son away. Do you want me to apologize to such a bitch? Dream on!"

"Let's see. That woman is the bitch who destroys my family." She pointed in Crystal's direction.

Crystal was at a loss, and there was a commotion around them. The people around looked at them with suspicion and whispered to one another.

"Who did you call a bitch? Erica, if you dare to defame her again, I won't let you off!"

Christina was so angry that she pushed several guests away and grabbed Erica's long hair. She slapped Erica in the face with her right palm.

There came a loud sound and there was a red palm print on Erica's face. Erica was shocked.

"How dare you? How dare you hit me?" Erica

"Erica, do you have the guts to stop?"

Christina ran over angrily.

Erica always took bullying Crystal for granted, as if she despised Crystal background from the bottom of her heart. But to be honest, Erica was a little afraid of Christina.

"What do you want to do?"

Erica had just walked to the cashier, where there were the most guests. She expected that Christina would not dare to act recklessly here.

Christina's face darkened and she gritted her teeth, "Apologize to Crystal. I want you to apologize to her in front of everyone!"

"Who is she? Why should I apologize to her?"

Erica was also a hot-tempered woman and laughed at Crystal bluntly, "Do you want me to apologize to her? Ridiculous. She seduced

It was the popular AI electronic pet dog that Christina had strongly recommended her to buy before. It seemed that Erica just bought it casually. After all, it was a popular one, so it was placed in the most conspicuous position.

Erica knew very well that it was not proper to quarrel in public.

With a sinister look, Erica pushed the cart with both hands and left as if she was about to call a truce.

Crystal didn't want to make a scene, but as soon as she was distracted, Erica hit her foot hard with the wheel of the cart. Crystal's face turned pale from the pain.

When Christina saw this, how could she let her go easily?

Did Erica want to quarrel in public? Didn't she have a sense of shame? Christina also wasn't scared of her.

time, Geoffrey would have..."

Crystal scolded angrily. She gritted her teeth when she said the last sentence. She really didn't understand why there was such a mother.

Christina was shocked when she heard this. Even Barbara Parker, who was standing next to Erica, frowned slightly. Erica did not like her own son. She even regretted giving birth to him.

"Miss, this is the domino you want."

The shop assistant finally brought over a large box of dominoes from another corner, and then she saw that the guests here looked rather hostile.

This was Crystal's Christmas present for Geoffrey. According to her understanding of him, he should like this.

There was also a children's toy in Erica's cart.

Chapter 298

In the end, she got into his car and followed him back to the Stephenson family.

The car drove smoothly. Crystal and Erica were in the back seat. Chandler was driving, while Erica was glaring at Crystal fiercely. Silence reigned.

Crystal sat close to the window and looked at the scenery outside expressionlessly, but her hands were tightly clasped together, revealing her nervousness.

With her hair scattered and clothes messy, Erica looked very disheveled after being slapped by Christina. And her heavy makeup had faded, making her look like a shrew. She must have been treated so badly for the first time.

Crystal tensed up stiffly and looked at the Stephenson family gate in front.

me."

Christina was afraid that she would be bullied, and Crystal's right thumb was hurt by the bitch, Erica, and was bleeding, "Ignore him."

"Crystal, take your Christmas present and come back to the Stephenson family with me."

Chandler seemed to be very insistent today, and his tone was a little tough.

go."

The two male waiters in the store also took the opportunity to hold her. Christina's face turned dark. She stared at Chandler who suddenly came. She calmed down for a minute and finally let go of her hand.

"Look at your ex-wife. Don't let her come out to bite others like a wild dog."

Christina scolded angrily. Chandler nodded at her with a gloomy face. He was glad that Miss Dickens didn't continue to make a scene. Otherwise, it would really be in a mess.

Erica seemed a little frightened. Chandler helped her out of the store and took her into his car.

Just as Christina and Crystal were about to turn against him and leave, Chandler suddenly shouted in their direction, "Crystal, come back to the Stephenson family with

Erica panicked and her eyes were filled with shock.

Crystal came to her senses and immediately ran over. She grabbed Christina's arm and told her let Erica go, "Christina, forget it. Don't argue with her. Let's go. Let's go..."

The waiter in the store also came over to persuade her, "Miss, if you have any conflicts, have a good discussion. Don't be impulsive..."

Christina didn't seem to hear it. She looked so angry and she had to settle the score with Erica today!

"Apologize--" she was so angry that she lost her patience and roared.

At this moment, Erica's face turned pale and blue. She was embarrassed and was a little scared. She really saw what it meant to be unscrupulous.

A tall figure rushed over, "Christina, let her

harbouring evil motivations that she felt uncomfortable."

"Who has evil motivations?"

Christina raised her head and asked coldly. She had a bad temper towards Barbara.

"Let me tell you, don't think that Crystal has to tolerate you because she has a good temper. No one is nobler than anyone else. Do you think you are noble? You just have some money. Do you think you are capable? Crystal can stand you, but I can't!"

Christina grabbed Erica by the back collar and lifted her up. Erica was wearing a pair of ten-centimeter high heels today and she couldn't stand steadily. Her hair and clothes were messy and she looked embarrassed.

"Apologize to Crystal immediately!"
Christina raised her right palm and grabbed Erica's throat, warning her fiercely.

As they went to the study together, Crystal stood in front of the desk, pursed her lips, and said hesitantly, "I... I'm sorry about what happened today..."

In the end, she apologized. She felt that she was right, but in her life, as long as something happened, she would be the one that compromised.

Christina fought with Erica because of her...

"You don't need to apologize. I saw it all."

Chandler took a pen and wrote something. Then he raised his head and stared at her timid face with a sharp and complicated gaze. He didn't say much to blame her, but he looked cold.

Then he handed her a piece of paper. "This is for you. You won't be coming tomorrow."

Crystal looked at the 100-grand cheque and

Senior Mrs. Stephenson seemed to have gotten used to the way Chandler and Erica got along. She walked over and held Erica's hand into the house to check her injuries.

"Come with me into the study."

Chandler looked at her with mixed feelings for a while, until Crystal lowered her head like an innocent child. Then she followed him step by step.

"Calm down and then have a conversation."

Senior Mr. Stephenson suddenly called out to the back of the two of them in a low voice.

"Dad, I'll take care of these things." Chandler didn't look back and replied irritably.

Crystal did not dare to say anything. She liked the two elders very much. Perhaps since their family did not have a daughter, the seemingly stern Senior Mr. Stephenson was actually very tender to her.

Erica was very dissatisfied with his attitude and warned, "No need to. But about today, Chandler, you have to deal with it!"

Then Erica turned around and left as arrogant as usual.

"Erica, stop!"

It was rare to hear Chandler speak so angrily. Crystal looked at the former couple in astonishment, thinking that Erica would run away according to her personality, but she stopped.

It turned out that Chandler could handle his arrogant ex-wife.

Or rather, it turned out that Erica would listen to him.

This feeling was very strange. Crystal lowered her head and felt stuffy.

But Senior Mr. Stephenson looked grave, for he could see the palm print on Erica's face.

People in the Stephenson family lived a life indifferent to fame and wealth, and they had educated their offspring not to get into a fight, especially a girl.

Although Erica was used to being arrogant, she felt shameful being bullied by Christina today. She looked gloomy but kept her mouth shut.

Then she cursed, "There is an ingrate at home. You must be careful!"

"What's going on?"

Senior Mrs. Stephenson could sense the implication. Although Erica had a bad temper and divorced her son, she was at least the biological mother of her grandson.

"Mom, check the trauma for Erica." Chandler suddenly spoke in a mixed expression.

So Chandler took her back to the Stephenson family to ask her to apologize to Erica or serve as a vent to Erica's anger?

"Wha, what's wrong?"

As soon as they got out of the car, the parents of Chandler came over. They were surprised to see Erica's disheveled appearance.

They were both from traditional scholarly families. They were invited abroad to be visiting professors before, and they just came back last week. Crystal, after being in contact with them for a few days, was filled with admiration for their knowledge and gentleness.

"Did you fall?"

Senior Mrs. Stephenson looked worried. Then she turned to Crystal and said, "There's a medicine box at home. Crystal, help get it for me."

But her hand trembled and she couldn't hold it steadily. The heavy dominoes fell between them with a bang. She guessed that the 10,000 wooden small dominoes inside must be messy.

It was a gift she had considered for a long time. Not expensive though it was, it really took her a lot of energy.

"Dad."

"Dad, why is my mom injured?" Suddenly, a small figure ran in from the door.

This innocent voice frightened her. Crystal couldn't help but cry out. She didn't take the cheque, nor did she pick up the gift on the floor. She ran out in bitterness.

nothing more."

He had already seen through her feelings for him.

"Between you and Erica, we will only choose Erica. No matter how incompetent Erica is, we will forgive her. And Geoffrey only likes the gift from his mother. Take this yourself."

Crystal was stunned and humiliated as if she had been taken as a fool. He was mocking her sincerity. All her concern was so worthless that it even made them feel troublesome.

She felt ashamed to stay here.

Crystal wanted to walk away with disdain and dignity, but she found that she couldn't do it now.

She choked and didn't say a word. She reached out to get the Christmas present and just wanted to leave quickly.

in the corner of her eyes. She held back her tears.

Chandler didn't seem to look at her. He walked out quickly and came in with a large box of dominoes.

Crystal sniffled and pretended to be fine.

Seeing him holding the huge dominoes in both hands, she did not know what he was going to do, but the next second, she understood.

"Crystal, I know your initial intention here is to be an informant of Christina."

His eyes were very clear, under the silver-rimmed glasses and reflected light, looking very cold.

"No matter what your purpose is, thank you for staying and taking care of us. But I hope you understand that there is just an employment relationship between us,

Suddenly, she felt reluctant to leave.

Crystal didn't know what her existence in the Stephenson family meant, maybe just a nanny. At first, she felt unwilling, then secretly had a crush on him, wanted to escape, and finally, she really didn't want to leave.

Even if she didn't have any title here, she was happy to take care of them like this. Sometimes she felt herself stupid and despicable. She felt too humble to tell Christina about all these.

Because she liked them.

She never thought of doing anything bad.

Really, she really didn't want to destroy the harmony of this family, let alone being a mistress.

Crystal lowered her head and tears welled up

listened to him dismiss her in a calm tone. She stood up stiffly in a daze.

"You mean I'm making trouble for you, so you think..."

Crystal tried her best to calm herself down and talk to him. A sour feeling welled up in her heart.

"I know I am responsible for what happened today. And I shouldn't have quarreled with Erica but run away the moment I saw her. I didn't want to make trouble for you. I went there just to buy Geoffrey a Christmas present." Her voice was choked with sobs.

It would be Christmas in a few days. Geoffrey was very excited and kept pestering her about having a Christmas feast. And he was going to cut down a Christmas tree and decorate the house with her.

She had offered to leave once before, but now...

Charles reached out to grab his glass. Usually, Chandler was very rational, and he would not drink too much even when he was socializing.

But now Chandler was a little annoyed, and he got rid of Charles with anger as if Charles was a busybody, "Charles, I asked you to come out and drink with me. I didn't want you to care so much. You now really become the butler as Christina said."

Charles was furious at the mention of Christina.

He retorted quickly, "Chandler, don't forget at that time when your brother was not there, and you drank so much that you suffered from stomach... Even the doctor has said that you will have stomach cancer if you keep drinking like this!"

"Charles, shut up!"

Chandler seemed to be provoked by some words, and his whole body trembled. He

waved for a glass of rocked whiskey.

Chandler raised his hand and finished the half-glass wine. He usually didn't drink much, and now he was a little drunk and his mind was a little muddled. He shook his head and muttered to himself in a mixed voice.

"Damn it, I've treated him so well since he was born, but now he goes against me."

"Against what?" Charles asked curiously.

But Chandler took another glass with a gloomy face and continued drinking. Obviously, he did not want to talk about it.

Charles frowned and looked at his face, "Hey, don't drink if you can't."

His cheeks were red and his face was pale. Charles really didn't know how much he had drunk before.

Out of consideration for his friend's health,

Holding his present, the more young master Stephenson thought about it, the sadder he became. He cried aloud and swore to his father in a domineering manner.

"This is my gift. Why did you lose my gift... I won't let you touch my things in the future. This is mine!"

In fact, Chandler was innocent, and he didn't mean to lose the gift.

It was late at night. In the early morning, the bar was bustling with singing and noise.

"Why did you offend your son?"

Charles Shepherd received a call from his good friend and rushed to the bar, only to find that Chandler, a gentleman in disguise, was drinking sullenly.

"Doesn't Geoffrey listen to you very much? Is he in his rebellious youth?" Charles also

in his arms and threw himself into his grandmother's arms. The proud young master actually cried too, and he could not stop crying. No matter how the two elders coaxed him, he still kept shedding tears.

"I didn't realize that you little brat is quite patient."

"That's for sure." He squirmed and blushed.

"If I give you a lot of dominoes, you won't have the patience to put them together."

"I can definitely spell it!" He knew this foolish Aunt Zhu was trying to make him angry.

"That's true. Both you and your father are so perverted. You can put them together even if there are 1 million dominoes. You will definitely end up with a flick of your fingers and watch those dominoes falling down sinisterly. It will be very refreshing in an instant." Crystal knew their peculiar interests very well.

Chapter 299

The atmosphere in the Stephenson family had been rather oppressive and heavy recently.

It was mainly because young master Geoffrey had fallen out with his father.

Geoffrey scolded his father in a very childish voice, "Why are you bullying Aunt Zhu?"

As he spoke, he became anxious, "I saw her crying. I chased after her and called her, but she ignored me. She has never ignored me before. Apologize to her quickly... I do not want to speak to you. I don't take you as my father anymore!"

"Geoffrey, don't talk nonsense!" If the grandparents of the Stephenson family weren't at home that day, the mess would have been endless.

In the end, Geoffrey held the huge dominoes

there are probably several people who know your nature of the evil tongue. You usually look like a gentle scum. If I hadn't known you so well, tsk tsk, I wouldn't have seen it. You're just lying to those ignorant little girls."

Whiling teasing, Chandler was silent for a moment.

Charles looked at his buddy with an ambiguous expression, "Don't tell me that the reason Geoffrey has been messing with you recently is because of that shrew Erica?"

Among so many women in the world, the ones that made Charles feel hated were very few. The number could be counted with fingers. Erica was honored to be one of the hated women because her conspiracies were really disgusting.

"What the hell is going on?" Charles asked, not only out of curiosity but more of concern.

"Nothing." Chandler's tone was faint.

Christmas was around the corner now, and his friends kept bothering him and asking him where he was going for fun.

Charles was a little bored and annoyed, "I don't know if I'm old or not. I think they're annoying."

Chandler was originally in a heavy mood, but seeing Charles saying "if I'm old or not" seriously, he was suddenly amused.

"If you are feeling old, hurry to find a wife and settle down. Follow the trend and learn to get married quickly."

Charles shook her head seriously, "No way. I must get married for true love."

"What kind of messy true love do you have? After all, you like women with a slim waist and ample breasts." Chandler was in a good mood and spoke ill of him.

Charles glared at him gloomily, "Chandler,

like a bee, reminding him to remember to take his medicine. Crystal also did not allow him to drink wine and coffee.

Chandler held the glass tightly and his expression became more and more complicated.

Finally, he put the glass down heavily and did not touch it again.

"Patrick seems to be angry with grandpa. It seems that he is not going back to the Hopkins family for Christmas. I wonder who he will spend Christmas eve with..." Charles was bored and muttered to himself.

Thinking of Christmas in the past, Young Master Shepherd had indulged himself with all kinds of pleasure. Back then he held his newest girlfriend and bought things with cards, buying jewelry and famous cars. Or he would go on a cruise with his friends for three days and nights.

this.

Charles also had a temper. He had so many friends anyway. What was so great about this man named Hopkins?

Then a few days ago, the old master of Hopkins family actually called Charles. Grandpa Hopkins was also stubborn as he was obviously concerned about his grandson, but he didn't say it directly. He beat around the bush for a long time before asking Charles what Patrick was doing recently.

"Grandpa said Patrick hasn't been back to the Hopkins family for a long time. Where does he live now?"

"I don't know," Chandler told the truth.

His stomach ached faintly. This was a sign before the onset of his stomach disease. For some reason, he suddenly remembered that stupid Crystal Zhu. It was probably because Crystal had always been around him, buzzing

gripped his teeth and roared, but it also seemed that he was running away from something.

Charles also realized that he had said the wrong thing and did not dare to mention "His brother" again. Everyone had a past that they could not bear to mention. Those wounds were too painful, and the carrier of the wounds would bleed once the wounds were uncovered.

Christmas was supposed to be a very happy festival, but it seemed that everyone was in a bad mood during Christmas.

Charles shook the rock in his glass in boredom and asked, trying to clear the atmosphere, "Do you know what Patrick has been up to recently?"

Last time in Hongkong, Charles argued with Patrick on the phone, afterwards Charles did not visit Patrick again. For many years as friends, it was the first time they fought like

to rely on men. Those managers are a bit like toads lusting after a Swan's Flesh."

A few women were flattering their superiors. Barbara was not interested in their conversation. Suddenly, a colleague from the Office of the Secretary exclaimed.

"Ah, I see. Mr. Hopkins also said he was coming today."

Ting.

Just then, the elevator door opened.

Two colleagues of the advertising team got off on the 42nd floor, leaving only a female colleague from the Office of the Secretary and Barbara.

"Is Mr. Hopkins going to work today too?" Barbara asked casually.

"Yes."

Parker. When they saw her, they immediately greeted her. Barbara was competent in work and polite to her subordinates. She enjoyed immense support among employees.

"You don't go out with your boyfriend today?" Several female colleagues walked into the elevator with her. Today was Christmas eve, so that question sounded reasonable.

"Men don't even like me." Barbara smiled and chatted with them.

"Director Parker, if you say that, singles like us will be ashamed. As long as you agree, most of the colleagues in our company will line up waiting for you."

The elevator was going up, and Barbara responded casually, "I just want to do my current work well."

"Director Parker is right. We women can also be financially independent. There's no need

Chapter 300

It was Christmas eve, the 24th of December.

Though the night before Christmas sounded like a very romantic day, it was not.

It happened to be on Sunday. What a coincidence! However, some unlucky ones had to work overtime until they were exhausted. The sales team also had to negotiate with the customers to sign the contract.

At IP&G headquarters, many employees went to work early this morning. The competition was so fierce that anyone could be replaced if he did not work hard. Even during the holiday, no one dared to relax at all.

"Director Parker, you are also working today?"

Most of the employees here knew Barbara

would be beaten down if they fight with her.

"Oh..." Charles nodded in agreement. Then he hesitated for a while and asked, "That witch Christina... Why did she fight with Erica?"

Although Christina was fierce and Charles was angry with her, Charles believed that Christina would not start the fight without proper reasons.

Chandler did not continue speaking, as if he had deliberately ignored the name of Crystal.

Charles generously asked the waiter to refill his glass. He then took a sip, and sighed, "Do you think Patrick know that Christina fought with someone?..."

"What tricks did that woman Erica use again? When she shamelessly said she wanted to marry you, you actually endured it. Now that she's had enough, what else does she want? I've never seen such a disgusting woman like her..." Charles cursed.

"It's really nothing serious."

Chandler looked at his buddy who was even more excited than him, then sighed, "The day before yesterday, Erica went to the toy store to buy a gift for Geoffrey. Then she met Christina. They had a dispute before, and then Christina fought with her."

Charles was shocked. "Erica fought with Christina?"

Chandler recalled, feeling embarrassed and amused, "Strictly speaking, it was Christina who beat up Erica unilaterally."

Judging by Christina's skills, most people

realized that Patrick was not there.

This office was spacious but looked cold without normal human nature, just like his way of handling work. Barbara turned around and wanted to leave but found a slanting document on the bookshelf on her right-hand side as if it was about to fall.

People who worked intensively always had some obsessive-compulsive disorder. She walked over and organized it.

The door creaked.

"Who is so interested in my private life?"

At this moment, the thick door of the president's office opened abruptly, accompanying a cold and deep voice of asking.

The footsteps coming in were extremely heavy and filled with anger.

her face.

Patrick had not been living with the Hopkins recently. He said he lost some of his memory, so he treated his family and friends more coldly. But where on earth did he live now?

It was not easy to investigate Patrick's private assets. Besides, he didn't like others to interfere.

Today was Saturday, although some employees came over to work, the office seemed relatively quiet at first glance. When looking at the door of the president's office in front of her, she felt hesitant.

The chief secretary didn't work today, so there was no need to do reporting to him.

Barbara opened the door. In fact, she didn't think too much. She just suddenly wanted to see him. That was all.

But as soon as she got in the room, she

Old Master Hopkins personally asked her about it, as if she was just purely curious.

The elevator stopped on the 68th floor with a "Ting" sound.

Both of them got off.

The secretary didn't think much but told her directly, "I don't know where Mr. Hopkins has been to after work, but he's been driving himself recently."

Then, she added jokingly, "Last week, Chandler happened to come over when we were about to leave for home, but Mr. Hopkins said he didn't have time to see him and left through the VIP Corridor. It seems he doesn't want others to disturb him in his private time."

He didn't want anyone to disturb him in his private time.

Barbara stopped with a mixed expression on

The secretary should tell the truth when asked a question by a superior like Barbara. However, it was inappropriate to do so this time.

Although she was a newcomer, she knew the rules. Moreover, Mr. Hopkins was a rather difficult person, so she didn't dare to say anything about his privacy at all.

Barbara realized that immediately. Upon noticing her misbehaving, she smiled kindly at the secretary.

"Yesterday, when I was having dinner in the house of the Hopkins family, I heard the driver say that Mr. Hopkins had been driving himself recently. Old Master Hopkins asked me about this, but I was not sure. I thought people in the Office of the Secretary would know it." Barbara explained casually.

She even mentioned that she went to the house of the Hopkins family for dinner, and

"Because of the company's project?"

"I don't think so. But I not sure."

Barbara was very influential in IP&G, so everyone would like to please her. "It should be a private matter, but we don't dare to ask." The secretary replied deferentially.

In fact, in IP&G, especially the secretaries, they all knew that Barbara had feelings for Mr. Hopkins.

The Office of the Secretary was full of adorable women, and each of them was talented and charming. It was understandable that those women somewhat admired Mr. Hopkins. But mostly, they only thought of it in their mind. Few women could get close to Mr. Hopkins, and Director Parker was an exception.

"Do you know where Mr. Hopkins has been to recently after work?" Barbara suddenly asked anxiously.

Chapter 301

It was Christmas eve, not April Fool's Day.

Christina had just put on light makeup in the bathroom and was about to go out in new clothes. She glanced at her phone and suspected that it was a trick.

There was a weird message on her phone.

"Christina, this is Barbara Parker."

"I... I want to ask you out today. If you hear the voicemail, call me back."

After Christina played it several times, she was sure that it was indeed Barbara's voice, who sounded a little nervous.

She didn't get along well with Barbara. So there was no need for her to meet Barbara.

Besides, a few days ago, Christina had a fight with Barbara's best friend Erica. Were they

However, when she saw Barbara leaving hurriedly, she felt something suspicious.

Working this weekend was not compulsory. Besides, today was Christmas eve, so everyone only worked until noon, and no one should be working at this moment. However, Director Parker's expression was really strange.

She was in a trance. Her body was stiff, but she did not dare to move, hiding behind the huge office desk until her legs felt weak. It was not until Patrick had left for a long time that she slowly stood up.

Her breath slowed down, but it was suppressed and short.

Her heart beat so wildly that her face went pale.

"Director Parker, you haven't gone back yet?" A sudden voice coming from the back startled her. Barbara turned around with her neck stiff. It was that secretary.

"I'm leaving now." She replied, and her voice stiffened uncontrollably.

The secretary didn't ask further. She organized the documents herself and planned to leave too.

"The relevant medical staff are out of contact. So you don't think it's necessary to continue?"

He walked to the French window with an increasingly cold tone.

Nobody knew what the person he was talking to had reported to him. Suddenly, he angrily threw an antique vase down to the ground. With a smash, the vase broke into a million pieces.

Barbara was terrified, then heard him ordering furiously.

"The USB drive is definitely not in Derek's hands. Expand the scope and keep looking for it. If you can't find it before the new year, then you will be fired."

The USB drive.

Patrick was looking for a USB drive. Barbara pondered.

Barbara squatted down immediately and hid behind the huge office desk.

She knew better than anyone how much Patrick hated others interfering with his privacy. If he found out that she had run into the office without permission, it would only make him alienate her more in the future.

Barbara didn't know who he was talking to on the phone. However, his tone had hinted that he was very impatient. "The USB drive hasn't been found yet!" He said.

"You wanted to tell me the USB drive suddenly disappeared? Or you didn't try your best?"

The USB drive?

What was that? Barbara thought.

She quickly recalled the recent major projects but couldn't find any clue.

Barbara drove her white Mercedes steadily at a low speed, looking straight ahead. She seemed to be struggling in her heart.

While Christina was sitting in the passenger seat, seeing clearly Barbara's weird behaviours today.

Since the two of them were actually enemies, Christina felt a little ironic that they could sit in the same car.

Half an hour later, the car slowly pulled up near the eastern shopping mall.

Christina's beautiful eyebrows drew together even tighter. She didn't know what Barbara wanted to do.

"Barbara, I'm actually not interested in your business. Whether you want to talk about your work at the IP&G Group or your help for Patrick, I'm not interested at all."

Christina really didn't like to stay in such a

can drive you there."

Was Barbara so kind to be her drive? Christina doubted, "Hey, you sounded so strange in the voicemail just now. What is it you want to see me about?"

She didn't want to fall into Barbara's trap.

Seeing that Christina was so straightforward, Barbara gave a professional smile and said, "Well, think I've set a trap for you?"

Then Barbara opened the car door.

"Christina, if I say I want to give you a Christmas present today, will you take it?"

Give me a Christmas present? Christina felt surprised.

Christina kept staring at her until both of them got into the car. Then Christina said, "To the eastern shopping mall."

pretend. Christina stood a meter away from her and teased her in a cold voice.

Barbara stared at Christina with a serious face and mixed expressions as if something had really happened.

Christina also had a straight face. Christina noticed Barbara's clenched fist as if she was holding something in her right palm. She looked as if she was struggling with something.

"Barbara, if you have anything to say, just say it. I have an appointment with Crystal. I don't have time to talk with you... By the way, if you want to make trouble for Erica, then I need to remind you that since you are so smart, you must know that I could let you lie in the hospital within two minutes."

Christina sounded casual and cold cause she didn't want to waste time with Barbara.

"Where are you going to meet Crystal Zhu? I

was about to call a taxi, she saw Barbara.

Barbara was standing across the road, staring at her with a serious face.

Christina paused, frowned, and looked at her.

Finally, she crossed the pavement and walked towards Barbara.

Christina never expected that Barbara would personally come to see her. What did she want?

Barbara felt relieved when she saw Christina walking towards her. She had already guessed that Christina would not call her back given Christina's personality.

"Didn't you go out with a man on Christmas eve? Is there anything important that makes you, Director Parker, wait for me in this shabby old district?"

Christina didn't like her and didn't bother to

angry and looking for trouble again?

Anyway, Christina's first thought when she received the message was to ignore it.

One should have spent the romantic Christmas eve with their boyfriend or husband. As a single, Christina might not go out lonely during this festival. However, Christina seemed to be in a bad mood. So Christina went out at her invitation.

Christina shoved her phone, change, and credit cards into her bag and walked out handsomely.

Before closing the door, she habitually glared at the ceiling and wondered what would Patrick do tonight and thought maybe he would go on a yacht with Charles for several days.

Jerk!!

As soon as she walked out of the gate and

Chapter 302

The Christmas Eve this year seemed destined to be boring or rather depressing.

Christina felt as if a stone had been pressed against her chest. She wanted to push the stone away, to breathe smoothly and freely, but it had always been there, making her nervous and anxious.

"... Got it."

Crystal had asked her to go shopping in the East Mall, but then Crystal called to cancel their appointment, saying that something had happened.

"Alright. I haven't been out for a long time. I'll walk around myself, then I'll go back." Christina held the phone, thought for a moment, and asked curiously, "Crystal, what happened? Did you happen to meet someone?"

up for some unknown reason and kept watching Barbara's white car until it disappeared.

Barbara was very smart and rational. She knew the balance of gain and loss clearly especially when it came to businesses. This was why she became a senior executive of the company at such a young age. She would not do unprofitable business, nor would she pester herself with bad debts.

"What exactly did she want to say to me just now?" Christina wondered.

A gust of wind blew. Christina stood still with her hair becoming a little messy. This winter seemed extremely cold.

fist.

Christina didn't care too much about her taking back the USB drive since it belonged to her after all.

However, Christina noticed that Barbara turned stiff as if her nerves were tense.

"What's wrong with you?"

Christina was not a heartless person. Seeing that Barbara didn't look right, Christina wondered she might feel so stressed at work that something was wrong with her mind.

"It's the company's secrets. I'd better go to the Hopkins family to talk with grandpa."

Barbara said quickly in a very formal tone and drove away.

Standing in the middle of the bustling eastern square with Christmas music playing around her ears, however, Christina wasn't cheered

Christina had known her for a while, but Christina had never seen such a mixed expression on her face and even her right hand was trembling.

Then Barbara took a deep breath and unfolded her right hand. A small black USB drive was in her palm.

"This ...!" Barbara's voice was hoarse for nervousness.

Christina did not reach out to take it but just looked at the change in her expression. Barbara seemed to be afraid of something.

"What's in this USB drive?"

"You want to give it to me?"

Christina asked in a natural tone. When Christina reached out curiously to get it, Barbara seemed frightened and unwilling. Then she immediately withdrew her hand and clenched the small black USB drive in her

small space with Barbara, so Christina opened the door and was about to leave.

Barbara was struggling in her heart. Seeing that Christina was about to leave, she grabbed Christina's wrist anxiously. "Christina, you must be interested in it. Don't you want to know that day in the operating room..." Barbara spoke so fast and even a bit unclearly.

"What operating room?"

Christina reacted quickly at some special words.

"Barbara, what the hell do you want to tell me today?"

Christina stood outside the car, looking at Barbara sitting in the driver's seat. Barbara seemed hesitant under Christina's gaze. Barbara closed her mouth and stretched out her right hand silently.

She walked towards them step by step. She rarely walked so softly for she had never been a gentle and considerate woman.

So, she was definitely not cut out for a good mother.

Her head was in the clouds, especially when the cries coming from the two baby carriages in front of her were getting closer and closer. The babies seemed to be afraid and cried loudly.

Who left them in such a secluded place?

Their families were definitely not competent parents. Just like her, they lost their children, too.

Something from the past occurred to her. She quickened her steps and wanted to run straight to check on the babies.

She really wanted to and couldn't wait to get

compensation.

Christina ran very fast. The Christmas music was playing around the square. Coupled with the noise here, she did not realize that she was in trouble. Instead, she kept running to the secluded rows of trees.

It was a place for people to rest in the square. Under the trees, there were many wooden benches, and there were two strollers next to one of the benches. They were left alone by the side.

It was cold and no one was around.

She slowed down and stared at the light blue top-brand baby carriage ten meters ahead.

Her first thought was that the babies must be from wealthy families. She knew that this kind of baby carriage was very expensive because it was the same as what the Hopkins family had prepared for her babies in the past.

It was getting late at night, and the night market outside the mall began to set up stalls. The small businesses were busy, and more and more people were gathering.

She ran towards the faint cry. She ran so fast that her breathing quickened.

As she ran through the rows of stalls, her right arm accidentally bumped into the vendor who was holding the balloons. The vendor was caught off guard, "Ah." As soon as he loosened his hand, a bundle of fifty or sixty colorful balloons flew into the sky.

So many colorful balloons flew into the sky at the same time, making the night sky so beautiful in an instant.

"Hey, pay for the balloons..."

The vendor was in a daze for a minute before he regained his senses and immediately caught up with Christina to ask for

bustling city lit up one after another, which made Christmas Eve more romantic.

Shuttling through the crowd, especially when she saw those families passing by her happily, she felt depressed.

There were some memories that she deliberately wanted to forget and ignore, and she did not dare to even think of them.

Even if she struggled desperately to recall the memories, it was all in vain.

She had long been tired of running in the mental maze and never been able to find a way out. She hated the feeling of despair to the extreme.

But it did exist.

All of a sudden, she heard a baby cry. It was as if the cry had some magical power, Christina immediately sobered up and turned round to follow the cry.

"Could it be Erica again?"

"No, I can handle it myself." Crystal sounded a little guilty.

"You don't have to be polite to someone like Erica. If you're bullied, just make her pay for it!"

Christina told her so sincerely before hanging up.

In fact, it's not necessary for her to go shopping. The East Mall was bustling because of the Christmas discount. Most of the people were families or cute couples. There were also several stalls selling roses on the stone steps.

She did not enter the inner part of the mall but just walked casually outside.

Night fell earlier in winter. It was only around four in the afternoon, the sky began to darken. Then the colorful neon lights in the

Chapter 303

A tall black shadow flashed past.

Christina stood up and tried her best to catch up, but she failed.

From that strange Barbara, she met at noon, and the two baby carriages that suddenly appeared and disappeared, to this strange shadow ran away in front of her, everything seemed to be weird today.

Christina was tense and annoyed.

After wandering around the square for about two hours, her face was a little cold from the chilly wind, and her slender fingers turned red.

She decided to go home. Sure enough, she shouldn't have come out alone to embarrass herself on Christmas Eve. The more she found others' joyous reunion, the more miserable she felt for herself.

She didn't know what she was being stubborn about.

She walked around carefully again and finally squatted down. She turned on the flashlight with her phone and saw a few dents on the grass beside her feet.

"It was where the strollers were placed just now." She thought. The wheels left a few dents on the lawn.

So, it wasn't her illusion just now.

There were really two strollers parked here, but just within the few minutes that she turned around, they were taken away.

"Who?!"

She suddenly realized something and turned to the left vigilantly.

children or the elderly, it won't be as easy as paying with money." Finally, he turned around and left.

She sighed as she watched him leave. She thought that she had lost money for no reason.

When she turned around, she was shocked to find that the two strollers were missing.

"They just disappeared?"

She frowned and looked around carefully again.

It was relatively secluded here. In addition, the winter this year seemed particularly cold, and the wind was blowing piercingly. Only a few people would pass under the trees, especially now. Except for the flashing lights hanging on these trees, it was cold and lonely here.

Did she have an illusion just now?

She didn't like being touched by strangers. So she shook her left shoulder and pushed against his chest. Then she moved quickly and broke free from him.

"You want to run, don't you? There are more than 60 balloons. I'm doing a small business... Today's Christmas Eve, I can make 600 dollars tonight. You have to pay me, or I'll take you to the police station."

She was a little annoyed by his yelling, "I didn't say that I wouldn't pay you."

She immediately took her purse and looked for cash, but she was used to paying by electronic means, and there were only more than 300 dollars in her purse. Of course, the vendor was not satisfied with it.

So they took out their phone and she paid the remaining 300 dollars to him through it. After confirming the receipt, he muttered, "Be careful when you walk. There are so many people here today. If you bump into

to them.

"Miss, you made my balloons fly away. You have to pay me for them." She was stopped and her shoulder was grabbed by a stranger.

She turned around in astonishment and found that she didn't know him.

But he pointed angrily at the gradually darkening sky, "Those balloons, it's all because of you... You made my balloons fly away. Don't you dare to deny it!"

"I made your balloons fly away?"

"If you want to deny it, let's ask the vendors over there. They all saw it clearly. You just bumped into me, causing the bundle of balloons in my hand to fly away into the sky!"

He was afraid that she would not pay for it, so he grabbed her shoulder and refused to let her go.

Then in her ear, she heard a low laugh.

In the end, she didn't remember anything.

On the same Christmas Eve, Crystal Zhu, who was in a different place, was not in a good mood.

"Why did you trick me out?"

She glared at the man beside her in dissatisfaction and perplexity, "Chandler, you said Geoffrey wanted to see me. Where is he? Why did you ask me to go so far with you to C City?"

Chandler turned around and stared at her for a long time with a complicated expression.

"Miss Zhu, I asked you to come to C City with me, and you were tricked by me. I was really worried that you would be sold and help the kidnapper count money."

The doors and windows were closed, and the room was heated.

At nine o'clock in the evening, she had already laid down to sleep.

Perhaps because of the medicine, Christina fell asleep quickly, but her pray for no nightmare wasn't responded.

In fact, she didn't know whether it was a nightmare or not.

She slept soundly all night, but she felt that someone had lifted her quilt, and then a tall figure lay on her side. She would be uncomfortable if something unfamiliar came close to her. But in the illusory dream, she felt that the breath and the temperature of the body beside her made her feel familiar and even nostalgic.

Christina did not resist, nor did she feel afraid. She even moved her body and adjusted to a more comfortable posture.

kitchen. After eating expressionlessly, she nestled on the small sofa and was in a daze for a while.

The property of this community also held a small Christmas party. It looked like that the parents, children, and old people downstairs were playing a guessing game, and their chattering and laughing came from time to time.

It had been a long time since she took antidepressants.

Tonight, she felt her heart beating a little erratically as if it was palpitating. She felt uncomfortable.

After searching in the drawer for a while, she found the medicine bottle and took two pills.

She didn't know how others spent this Christmas Eve, but she just wanted to sleep, as long as she didn't have nightmares.

respond, thought that her appeal had failed.

Just as Christina was trying to get some change from her bag, the girl ran away.

"Roses should be sold to boys. Only boys will send girls roses. You're silly. Come over here quickly.."

Another boy in his teens ran over, and then two small figures left.

Christina was once again depressed. She felt that she was definitely not a good mother. Even these children did not favor her.

She called a taxi and went back to her Apartment 402, feeling frustrated.

Everyone else was having Christmas dinner tonight, so she had to go home and eat herself.

She was not even in the mood to order in. She cooked herself some instant noodles in the

"Miss, would you like a rose?"

Christina was walking away with an ashen face. But as she reached the fountain in the middle of the square, a little girl around seven or eight years old, happily ran to her with a basket of red roses and called out to her in an innocent and adorable voice, like other children who sold flowers.

Christina was slightly surprised and looked down at the little girl at her feet.

The girl with two cute braids was wearing an old red cotton-padded jacket and a pair of tassel boots. The boots were a little too big and shabby for her. And the girl was gazing at Christina with innocent eyes, trying to please her.

Christina admitted that she was a little slow at times. She just stared at the girl curiously a bit longer. But the girl who was busy with business, seeing that Christina did not

She didn't feel unwell but she was a little dizzy. She turned to look at a bottle of antidepressants on the coffee table.

Any such psychoactive medicine would have side effects, such as hallucinations, temporary memory loss, brain dullness, and even an effect on the rhythm of the heart caused by overdoses.

Christina was not sure how the "marks" on her neck and earlobe were caused. Maybe it was because of the medicine, or maybe she had pressed something on her neck before she went to bed and didn't remember it.

The doors and windows were closed for the whole night, and the heating was on all the time in winter. Especially in this small apartment, it seemed a little stuffy when the air was not circulated.

Standing in the middle of the living room, she was a little dazed and looked around the

Chapter 304

It was 6 o'clock in the morning.

After Christina woke up, she stood in front of the bathroom mirror for a long time, being absent-minded.

She tied up her long curly hair, turned her body sideways, and stretched her neck so that she could see some clear marks on her skin in the mirror.

She gently stroked them and felt nothing.

These marks were like hickeys.

Her frown even deepened. Suddenly, a sense of vigilance rose in her heart. She immediately turned around and ran out of the small living room. She carefully observed the rooms in the small apartment.

She locked the doors and windows last night so she was the only one in the apartment.

"You, you... Chandler Stephenson, you went too far!" Even good-tempered Crystal couldn't stand such a shameless man!

"You lied to me again!!"

Chandler felt that this girl was about to slip away again, so he reached out and grabbed her.

"Hey, let me go."

Chandler didn't take her warning to heart at all. He explained seriously, "If a man chases after a woman, it looks silly."

"How dare you complain about being silly!!"
Crystal was frustrated inside.

As soon as she muttered, Crystal's face immediately changed. And she completely forgot about her dignity.

She rushed over and nervously held his lean body, "Chandler, are you having a stomachache again?" Crystal was worried about him.

Chandler was still squatting on the road. He slowly raised his head, and a bright smile flashed through his deep eyes.

He replied briefly, "No."

He was not sick.

Probably because Crystal had been teased too many times by him, she was dumbfounded. When she realized it, she saw that scum in a gentleman's disguise standing up straight and flicking the creases in his clothes.

Crystal was so angry that she was about to explode. How could there be such a shameless person?

It was he who harbored evil intentions. How did it sound like it was her fault?

"Yes, it's all my fault, Mr. Stephenson. I promise you, I won't flatter myself, okay?" Crystal grunted angrily. She couldn't stand it any longer, so she turned around and left in a dignified manner.

"Wait a minute."

"Crystal, wait." The gentle voice behind her called.

"Who cared about him?" Crystal thought to herself.

But when she reached the bus stop, she couldn't help but turn around and secretly look behind her. Why was he squatting on the side of the road?

was not ashamed at all. Chandler looked at her blushing face with an interest, and then Chandler smiled like a polished scoundrel. "Miss Zhu, are you afraid that I fuck you?"

Crystal was petrified.

This shameless guy actually said such words!

"What the hell did you do last night..." Crystal trembled angrily.

Chandler kindly explained to her, "I went downstairs last night to book another room, but the hotel told me that there was no available room at Christmas."

"There was no available. Why didn't you tell me first?"

Chandler saw that she seemed to be irritated. He sighed. "I did it for taking care of you."

Glaring at the man, Crystal gritted her teeth.

with a common cold?

"What happened?"

Crystal was startled when a figure suddenly approached her. She looked up at the man in front of her and was dumbfounded for half a second. "Why, why are you in my room?"

Chandler looked at her frightened expression and shrugged indifferently. "Exactly. Do you think I slept on the road last night?"

"You slept with me last night?!"

Crystal was even more frightened. She raised his voice and her tone became a little shrill.

"Chandler, you pervert, you came to my room for no reason..."

Feeling that the following words were a little awkward, she shut up.

"Why are you so nervous?" The perpetrator

Crystal asked her on the phone if she wanted C City's specialties. "I'm in C City now. Why did you go to the hospital at Christmas? Are you sick?" She heard the medicine-taking broadcast on the hospital radio.

"I wandered around the square for a while last night, then I caught a cold and had a fever."

"Is the fever serious?"

"Don't worry. It is not serious." Christina's tone was so calm that Crystal stopped getting worried.

"I'm in line to pay the bill. It's almost my turn. I'll talk to you when I'm free."

So the call ended.

Crystal thought for a moment. Christina's tone was normal. Thinking of her stubborn character, would Christina go to the hospital

been very fair. When she stepped on the red flowers, the red color was rather obvious.

She bent down to pick it up with mixed feelings.

The thorns on the rose were carefully removed. "Who put it here?"

Who would put a rose in front of her apartment?

A scene flashed through her mind at once. Last night at the East Mall, a little girl was selling flowers to her.

Such flowers were the same as this rose.

Christina had a gloomy expression. She held the rose tightly until a petal fell gently. She took a deep breath, turned around, and entered the room. After changing her clothes, she went out again.

At 9 a.m., Christina received Crystal's call.

terribly quiet space again.

Even her breathing became difficult, and the oppressive feeling in her heart was very irritating.

It was easy to daydream and desire to get rid of the predicament in the closed space.

She turned the door and rushed out.

The temperature difference between inside and outside made her shiver all over. The cold winter also made her feel much soberer as well as security in an instant.

But soon, Christina found that she had stepped on something.

She looked down and was surprised for two minutes.

It was a bright red rose.

She ran out barefoot. Her skin had always

last time, I will afford your cost of a one-day trip to C City, the most expensive food and the presidential suite."

Chandler mocked in another way that Crystal was so poor that she probably would never have a chance to enjoy it in her life.

she had been deceived.

Chandler told her in a strange tone, "I didn't handle it last time properly. Geoffrey likes the Christmas present you gave him."

Crystal didn't expect him to apologize. She thought about it seriously. They were adults. And when some things happened, it was difficult to tell who was right or wrong.

"Why did you trick me into C City?"

Chandler took it for granted. "I don't have a holiday at Christmas. I want to meet a client here."

Crystal gritted her teeth and wanted to scold him that it was none of her business.

Every time she felt that she was reasonable to scold him, Chandler would tell her calmly. "Miss Zhu, from what I know about you, you don't want to spend money on yourself even if you are rich, so I apologize for my rudeness

smile." Sure enough, even Crystal's face was soft.

Crystal's expression turned even sullen. She felt this man was even more childish than his son.

Yesterday afternoon, she left the neighborhood and was going shopping with Christina in East Square. Then she met Chandler in the garage. Chandler was standing next to her car.

At that time, Crystal was surprised and embarrassed because when she was fired by Chandler a few days ago, she ran away crying.

He said that Geoffrey was sick and lost his temper to see her.

Maybe Chandler's expression was too serious at that time, so she really followed him foolishly.

When they arrived in C City, she realized that

don't worry. I won't fuck you."

Crystal stared at his gentle and handsome face. How could this man speak so viciously?

Damn it!

Early in the morning, Crystal, who had always been very well-educated, wanted to swear.

If she spent an extra second with this man, she would go mad.

From the first day Crystal met him, Mr. Stephenson was such a character. What a polished scoundrel!

Few people knew the true features of Chandler's evil taste. Looking at Crystal, a soft woman, who dared not speak out, he was instantly in a very happy mood.

Naturally, he and pinched Crystal's face with his big hand. "Miss Zhu, don't be gloomy. We're going to see the client later. Come on,

No one would believe that this scheming man was so kind!!

Chandler raised his eyebrows and asked bluntly, "If I told you last night that I wanted to share a suite with you, would you be able to sleep?"

Crystal was bemused.

She was very unwilling that she couldn't refute Chandler every time.

If Chandler was in the suite with her late at night, of course, she couldn't sleep!

"In such a big suite, you have occupied such a big double bed by yourself. I didn't cram with you last night. I just slept on the sofa."

Chandler spoke in a serious tone with a little grievance.

At the end of his words, he added, "Miss Zhu,