

Chapter 309

"Don't worry. No police will arrest you."

The damned man actually scared the innocent little girl like this. It was estimated that the brother and sister had been in a state of anxiety all night yesterday because of the large bundle of money.

"Just give the money to your parents."

"I don't have parents."

Perhaps it was because the girl in front of her said it too naturally, or perhaps it was because she said it in such an innocent and childish voice. What she said really made Christina feel heartbreaking. Christina was surprised for a second and did not know how to

answer.

She really didn't know how to comfort people.

The girl seemed to be used to not having her parents. She was not very depressed, but a little happy to tell her, "My brother and I live in a welfare home. We live together with many children."

Christina looked at her dress. Just like last night, she was wearing an old red cotton-padded jacket with a pair of large tasseled short boots, and there was a touch of dust on her fair and tender face. But at this moment, she smiled innocently and brightly.

Last night, when Christina saw the child's dress, she knew that the girl was

from a poor family, but Christina didn't expect that she and her brother were orphans.

The girl continued, "Last night, my brother gave the money to Nun Zara in the welfare home for safekeeping. Nun Zara is an adult. We need to follow her words."

"Did those nuns ask you to sell flowers?" Christina asked her because she thought of the darkness of society, and then she asked, "Did those nuns bully you?"

When the child heard this, she quickly shook her head and said, "Nun Zara is a good person. We have food to eat and can go to school. My brother said that we have become big children and we should take care of other children in

the welfare home. My brother took me here to sell roses. So we could earn some money to ask the nun to buy textbooks and rice for us."

Christina looked at the seven-year-old girl in a daze and listened to her talk seriously about life in the orphanage and her selling flowers to make money.

She felt that the girl's smiling face was really satisfied.

Like an instinctive reaction, Christina reached out and wiped the dust off the girl's face. Such a beautiful little life deserved better care.

Christina bought a basket of roses from her. In the end, the girl insisted on charging Christina for only 200 and ran away. She hopped and happily ran to

find her brother.

Christina held a basket of roses and took a taxi back to her No. 402 Apartment.

Perhaps beautiful things could make people feel a little happy. Christina looked at the dozen roses in the small bamboo basket in her hand, and her previous depression also dissipated a little.

She turned on the TV casually. The sound from the TV made the cold room less empty and lonely.

At first, Christina didn't care what was playing on the TV. She was fiddling with the basket of roses.

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A piece of news came to her ear. When

she heard the words IP&G, she looked up and took another look at the screen.

"The spokesperson of IP&G group promised that this year, the group's charity fund would vigorously support orphanages with more investment, especially in the areas of education and medical treatment."

Christina watched the news on TV and frowned. Suddenly, IP&G Group increased its investment in the children's fund.

She subconsciously raised her head to look at Apartment 502 above her ceiling. She rarely paid attention to the affairs in IP&G Group. Perhaps the group had invested in funding for children a long time ago, and she had probably thought too much.

Christina put the basket of roses in the middle of the tea table in the living room. The roses were fragrant and the stunning red petals were in full bloom.

As for the withered rose by the tea table, the pale pink rose bud on its stem was exactly the same as the one on the roses in the basket.

Christina looked at the roses and was lost in thought.

Her stomach growled, and she realized that she hadn't eaten anything since this morning.

She picked up her phone and wanted to order takeout, but when she tried to decide what to order, she didn't know which one to choose with the dazzling

so-called Christmas dinners on the APP.

No matter how expensive the takeout was, after you ate it many times, you would lose interest in it.

After thinking for a while, she threw her phone on the sofa and turned to the kitchen.

She went to wash some rice and cooked porridge in the automatic electric pressure cooker. The pressure cooker was very easy to use. Even if she was not good at cooking at all, she also knew how to use it.

Other people had a big meal at Christmas, and she had mere porridge. It was a little sad.

But the porridge was so warm that she could finish it even if it was tasteless.

Others said that she was picky about food, and Christina felt that she was not that difficult to feed, but they did it in the wrong way.

She remembered that Derek had personally cooked her scallop porridge the last time. She didn't know if it was telepathy because when she scooped the porridge with the spoon and thought of him, the cell phone on the sofa rang with a "ding".

Derek happened to send her a blessing message with WhatsApp.

The words in the message were very simple, "Merry Christmas, baby."

Christina was in a daze for a long time. She was a little surprised, but she began to think about it deeply.

After about three minutes, she put down the spoon with complicated emotions. She tried to put on a calm expression and sent Derek an invitation for video chat on WhatsApp.

Christina waited anxiously for him to accept it, but the invitation for a video chat was rejected by him.

She pursed her lips, feeling a little unreconciled and angry. She was about to press the video chat invitation button until he accepted it. On the other end of the phone, Derek seemed to know her very well and he called her directly.

"Baby."

Derek still called her in that way, but today his clear voice was a little hoarse.

Christina was in a complicated mood. She did not listen carefully to his strange voice. She gritted her teeth and endured some of her anger. Suddenly, she asked him, "Do you want to give me a Christmas present?"

The man on the other end of the phone was silent for a while. It seemed that Derek hadn't expected that she would suddenly ask for a gift from him.

She could ask for gifts from others in such a natural manner. This was his Christina's character.

"What do you want?"

He asked casually with a light tone and a soft voice, unlike those passionate promises, but Christina knew that no matter what gift she asked, Derek would try his best to give it to her.

He was such a calm and resolute person, a man who was unworldly and extremely intelligent.

Christina held the phone tightly, and her voice was a little flustered and eager, "Eric, you know exactly what I want."

She waited for him to answer her.

"Achoo -"

The man on the other end of the phone ruined the atmosphere. It seemed that he really could not help but sneeze.

Then Derek said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry."

Christina didn't know what he meant by "sorry." She wanted to press him further for an answer.

But the man on the other end of the phone seemed to have caught a bad cold and sneezed again and again.

Derek was not pretending to have a cold, because he never pretended.

He was really sick.

"Do you have a fever?"

"I have a low fever."

"Take an electronic thermometer to take your temperature. What's your temperature now?"

After a while, she heard some sounds as if he was looking for something, and the person on the other end of the phone answered honestly, "38.4 degrees celsius."

When Christina heard this, she was a little anxious and said, "How did you have a fever? Have you forgotten that you had a high fever of more than 40 degrees celsius when you were a child? Go eat something immediately, and then take the antipyretic. After you take the medicine, go back to your bedroom to lie down and rest."

"Okay."

Derek's reaction was a little slow, but his voice sounded especially obedient.

Chapter 310

After hanging up on Derek, Christina was absent-minded on the sofa.

It was not until the clock on the wall rang that she suddenly came back to her senses and realized that it was almost midnight.

There were only a few hours left for Christmas. Christina hoped that time would pass faster. She was in a mess on such a beautiful day. Looking at others' celebrations, she would rather today was just an ordinary day.

She turned to look at the roses on the coffee table and thought of one thing.

Christina walked out of the room with a basket of roses in her right hand and

went straight up the stairs to apartment 502.

She stumped closer and closer.

She bent down and put the basket of roses in front of apartment 502.

Then she stood up straight and turned around to leave.

"That's right. I should do it this way ."
Christina thought.

Putting down the basket of roses enigmatically, she turned around and walked away gracefully.

It was Christina's original plan. Like countless enigmatic figures, she had to be calm and she had to be careful at every step.

Bang -

But as soon as she turned around, Christina couldn't help but turn back and kick the door hard.

"I'm not doing that!"

"Bastard!!" She cursed angrily at the door.

After taking a deep breath and calming down, Christina turned around and went downstairs to apartment 402.

The sound of Christina kicking the door just now was so loud that the residents upstairs and downstairs all came out with fear and looked around nervously. Only she opened her door without changing her expression and then slammed the door.

It was as if she had worked off her grudging feeling.

Christina had to admit that she really wasn't a calm and farsighted person. Kicking the door was childish, but she was really upset today, so she had to vent her anger. If she had met that bastard Patrick just now, She would do more than a kick in the door!

Sitting in the small living room and drinking half a cup of warm water, she originally wanted to calm herself down. She wanted to be calm...

But the ticking sound of the clock became more and more annoying.

During the lively festival, the feeling of the only one in the house was probably called loneliness.

Christina surfed on the Internet for a while and found that WhatsApp was full of pictures of couples showing off their love. There were also some families who went out to travel happily, she was really envious.

Christina couldn't help sending congratulatory messages to a few friends of her. Usually, she wouldn't do such a boring thing, but now she felt that she was too lonely. It was better to find someone to chat with.

In the end, no one replied to her.

Even Crystal and Charles went to have fun somewhere. Christina was holding her phones and waiting. She was disappointed and a little angry at herself.

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It was rude to disturb others during the festival.

She got up and went to the bedroom to look for a nightgown. She planned to take a hot shower in the bathroom and sleep until dawn.

With the sound of water in the bathroom, misty moisture filled the entire glass cubicle. Christina stood under the showerhead. She was fair and beautiful, with long black hair down to her waist. She raised her face and let the warm water drip down along her skin.

Christina did not know how seductive she was when she stood in the glass cubicle to take a shower.

But Patrick knew it, and he knew it very well.

In fact, Patrick didn't expect to see this scene when he came in 402. He leaned against the wall and waited quietly, looking at the woman in the mist.

Christina had just taken a hot bath. Her skin was warm and her cheeks were slightly red. She took a deep breath comfortably and opened the glass door of the bathroom cubicle. She reached out to get the large bath towel beside her.

"Ah-" as soon as she took a step, she screamed in fear.

"You, you pervert!"

Christina rarely panicked in this way,

but now she was trembling with anger.

"I've seen your whole naked body..."

Patrick glanced quickly at her beautiful body. His tone was as ordinary as he was talking about the weather. Then he threw a large white bath towel on Christina's head. "Put on the bath towel."

Hearing what he said, Christina became even angrier. She was so angry that she felt blood rush to her head.

She pulled off the bath towel on her head and immediately wrapped herself tightly.

"Why are you in my apartment?" She glared at the man in front of her angrily. Christina really wanted to grab

the shampoo and shower gel bottles to hit him.

"You sent me such a big basket of roses. Didn't you want me to come?" He said righteously.

Christina gritted her teeth and glared at him.

"How, how did you get in!"

She asked him in anger. As she spoke, she immediately rushed out of the small living room to check on her door. Sure enough, the door was still locked.

"Patrick, tell me, are you that pervert I meet every night?" Now that Patrick was caught with evidence, he couldn't explain anymore. Christina shouted, "Why did you sneak into my apartment

at night?"

Patrick was stared at by her for a long time.

"Patrick, I'm asking you!" Christina couldn't let him fool around. Patrick was pretending to be sophisticated all day long. She wouldn't let him go without admitting his guilt today.

"It's my habit." In the end, he just gave a weird explanation in a low voice.

"Your habit?"

Christina was so wrathful that she clenched her fists, "How did you get in? I want you to explain!"

Compared to Christina's anger, Patrick was very calm. He seemed not to feel that he had done anything wrong at all.

Patrick asked in a lazy voice, "If I remember correctly, we haven't divorced yet."

"I sleep with my own wife at night. Is there a problem?"

Christina was shocked. Maybe it was because he was too confident, or maybe she had never thought that he would say these words.

Right under her nose, Patrick went into the kitchen, spooned the porridge she had cooked, sat on her sofa, and began to eat.

"He is really familiar with her apartment!" Christina thought.

He regarded her apartment as his own place.

"Patrick!" Christina gritted her teeth and shouted his name.

"I haven't eaten anything all day," Patrick said.

Christina yelled at him, but he didn't even look back. He continued to eat the porridge calmly. Patrick added, "Be quiet."

Quiet?

At this moment, he only knew to tell her to be quiet!

"Fuck you!"

Christina couldn't stand him any longer. She rushed to grab the bowl in Patrick's hand.

"Patrick, make it clear to me why

you're here and why you..." She kept asking angrily. She had endured it for a long time!

But he was still expressionless and did not want to explain, or rather, there was no need for him to explain.

In fact, it was easy for Patrick to enter apartment 402. He didn't have to unlock the door. With his agility, he just climbed down from the balcony of apartment 502 and jumped into 402, and then he could get in.

As for Christina's sound sleep at night, it was because he burned some special spices.

Patrick felt that Christina was sleeping too restlessly.

"Christina, do you want me to give you a Christmas present?" Patrick probably thought she was too noisy and suddenly asked.

Christina stared at him wrathfully, trying to look for a weak point from his cold face. She didn't know whether Patrick played his cards too well or she was too shallow. She really didn't know what Patrick wanted to do.

She hated the feeling of being played around and being hoodwinked by so-called smart people.

"I wonder what you, Mr. Hopkins, want to give me?"

Christina gritted her teeth. Her voice was full of anger, but also with a little hope.

Seeing that Christina was interested, Patrick raised his eyebrows as if he was joking, "What do you think of giving myself to you?"

"I don't want you." Christina retorted almost subconsciously.

"If you don't want me, then who do you want?"

Perhaps even Patrick himself did not expect that he would be angry because of a joke.

In fact, he could have guessed Christina's answer. He just wanted to tease her during such a festival, but she answered too fast with an extremely firm tone, which irritated Patrick.

He sat on the sofa, and Christina was

standing. Christina was clearly much taller than him when standing. Patrick raised his head and stared at Christina with his deep eyes.

"Christina, I'm your only choice..."

He pulled Christina onto the sofa swiftly.

"Patrick, tell me how long you want me to play with you..."

"Is it you or not..." Christina said.

Patrick put his head in her neck and chuckled naturally, but he didn't want to let go of her at all and hug her tighter.

Even if she was angry, even if she went to extremes sometimes, Christina could only belong to him.

Chapter 311

It was also late at Christmas, and Crystal was embarrassed.

At first, she was waiting for the car to go back on the side of the road. Not long after, a sapphire blue Lamborghini rushed straight towards her. Thinking that someone wanted to kill her, Crystal was afraid. To her surprise, after sudden braking, the car stopped and a familiar figure immediately jumped out.

"Aunt Zhu, why do you go to C City? I've been looking for you for a long time today."

"So you and my dad were secretly enjoying the vacation in C City... How could you forget me?"

It was unexpected that Geoffrey would actually come to C City to look for her.

Faced with the child's sincere questioning, Crystal blushed. "No, it's not what you think..." She stammered to clarify.

Turning her head, Crystal looked helplessly at the man beside her and wanted him to explain something. But Chandler looked gentle and kind, reached out to touch his son's little head, and said, "Let's go back now."

He didn't even say a single word to explain.

Seeing it, Geoffrey's driver Charles smiled and glanced at Crystal with a meaningful look.

Well, Crystal couldn't clarify anymore.

Since Charles drove over, they didn't need to wait for the taxi. It would take at least four hours to drive back to A City from C city, so Chandler and Crystal came here by short-distance plane.

"Not busy at all?"

Chandler sat in the driver's seat to drive Charles's eye-catching Lamborghini.

"Do you think I enjoy driving such a long distance by myself? Your son is so worried. He said Crystal was missing. And your parents said you were on a business trip, so they asked me if I knew anything. As a result, I've been driving around all day. I'm exhausted as

well. I only ate one hamburger on Christmas!" And it was quite miserable because he ate it while driving.

Charles stretched out his arms and rested in the passenger seat. As he spoke, he secretly glanced at the rearview mirror and grinned.

"... I didn't expect you two to really have an affair."

Charles said it directly. Chandler was driving calmly. Hearing Charles's words, he just raised his eyebrows silently. However, Crystal in the back seat was embarrassed after hearing their conversation.

"Aunt Zhu, I've finished half of the dominoes you gave me..."

Geoffrey, also in the back seat leaned closer to Crystal. It seemed that after not seeing Crystal for a few days, the little boy suddenly became much closer to her.

"You've already played five thousand dominoes?"

Geoffrey nodded proudly. "It's easy. I just spent some time in the children's room every day."

"I was worried before that ten thousand dominoes would be a difficult task for you."

Geoffrey became even more excited, "I can finish them tomorrow."

Crystal was proud of Geoffrey's excellent performance, then reached

out to pinch his little face. "You're really fantastic."

"A piece of cake." Hearing the praise, Geoffrey was happy but looked calm.

The two men at the front remained silent. Charles glanced at the man in the driver's seat with a meaningful look, and gestured silently, "Then you have to work overtime."

Seeing it, Chandler who was driving looked straight ahead and seemed resigned as well.

His son was too "Arrogant." It was actually Chandler and Geoffrey who cooperated and stayed up late every day to make half of the dominoes. And now Geoffrey boasted that he could finish them all tomorrow.

The little boy was getting more and more arrogant.

At first, Charles wanted to drive all the way home without having a rest in the service area. To his shock, there was a traffic jam on Christmas day.

"I'm hungry!!"

The rich second-generation Charles shouted regardless of his image.

Geoffrey, in the back seat, handed a bag of French fries hidden before to Crystal courteously. "Aunt Zhu, it is for you. It's a little cold but tasty."

"I'm not hungry. Eat it yourself."

The hungry Charles turned to stare at them, but the little boy said in his

childish voice, "We are men. Men are not afraid of hunger."

What did he mean?

Men were not afraid of hunger. He would not be considered a man if he couldn't stand hungry?

Charles was heartbroken that Geoffrey was so scheming at such a young age.

"Chandler, this is your good son." Charles had been Geoffrey's driver all day, but the little boy hid a bag of fries and refused to share it with him. The bad guy!

Charles was angry. Chandler and Geoffrey, the dad and the son, were both scheming. Damn it, he regretted

getting involved, and his Christmas had gone.

Chandler who was driving around the corner retorted leisurely, "Charles, you can give birth to one yourself."

"My son won't be a schemer," Charles muttered in a low voice.

Crystal understood Charles's anger at the moment and said suddenly, "The child must behave like his parents. If I give birth to a child, he or she must be lovely and honest..." She couldn't help complaining about herself.

"Ah, you dislike me?" Geoffrey was smart with a quick reaction. Hearing Crystal's words, he gazed at Crystal nervously with his bright eyes wide open.

Chandler seemed to be nervous at what Crystal had just said, looking up from the rearview mirror to gaze at her.

Crystal felt a little embarrassed and immediately changed her words, "I mean, Christina's child would naturally be active..." And strong.

Charles was frightened, thought for a moment, and sighed. "Christina... Her child will be more than a schemer."

Everyone paused for a second and burst into laughter.

In order to stop Charles's rude shouts along the way, Chandler was smart enough to find a fast-food restaurant on the side of the road. He decided to

have a meal before going back home.

"I didn't expect that my Christmas dinner this year would be fast food."

Charles sat down, grabbed Geoffrey's bag of fries, and ate them directly as if he was starving. Although Geoffrey was more mature than other kids, he liked to eat fast food as well, so Chandler took him to order the children's meal.

Crystal who was sitting and waiting for the meal couldn't help teasing Charles when seeing his funny table manners, "Why didn't you go out for Christmas today?"

A young and rich man like Charles should be surrounded by beautiful girls at this lively and romantic festival.

"Didn't you celebrate the festival with Patrick and the others?" Crystal asked casually.

Charles suddenly stopped reaching out his hand to grab the fries and looked up with a mixed expression, "I'm not familiar with him." Then, he lowered his head and continued eating, a little annoyed.

Crystal was surprised. It seemed that Charles and Patrick were at loggerheads.

Crystal wanted to gossip, "How is Patrick doing these days?"

"Do you like Chandler?" Seemed really unhappy with Patrick, Charles asked her seriously without answering her

question.

Well, it was Crystal's turn to be embarrassed.

"You don't have to care about Erica. She's a lunatic."

Charles said directly, "Chandler married her because of his brother."

Crystal was shocked.

"Does Chandler have an elder brother?" Why hadn't she heard of it? It seemed that Chandler's parents hadn't mentioned it either.

Charles glanced at Chandler and Geoffrey who were waiting in line, then turned to stare at Crystal. After a while, he explained, "Chandler's elder brother has passed away."

Crystal was still confused, but she was not stupid. When Chandler and Geoffrey came over with fast food, Charles immediately changed the topic. Obviously, it was not appropriate to talk about this.



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Chapter 312

On the third day after Christmas, Christina was forced to practice shooting in the club.

"Actually, the sign on the door says 'rest!'"

She was somewhat angry. There were no guests in the club. Why did he call her so many times to ask her to practice shooting?

The burly middle-aged American head coach smiled resignedly.

"My wife complained all morning because I didn't go shopping with her as I promised. It's killing me to buy clothes and bags with women. Now I have to work overtime temporarily, it

should be what you Chinese call a blessing in disguise."

"Work overtime temporarily?"

Christina became alert. "Who said you have to work overtime? Are you working for Patrick?" The bastard is the owner of this club. It must be him!

The hefty coach didn't say anything, just looked happier.

Although the American coach looked like an affable person, he did not make do with the training. Christina was urged by him to go to the shooting range. Then she aimed the gun at the target. However, after some simple actions, her hands were sore.

Being drenched with sweat, she gulped

down three bottles of mineral water and panted heavily, "When will it be over..."

She was exhausted. However, the coach behind her handed her a gun and asked her to continue. Then he said casually, "I heard you practiced karate, so let's go to the boxing ring later."

Christina nearly swore and immediately held a grudge against the head coach. She became so petty that when she arrived at the boxing ring, she started boxing before he could put on the gloves. More importantly, she was extremely serious.

The coach might not have expected her to be so fragile but strong. She threw him over her shoulder to the ground in two seconds, so he was a

little embarrassed.

After that, the coach could not treat her as an ordinary woman, or he would be sent to the hospital.

'You're basically a professional player. Ordinary men don't dare to get close to you.' When today's class was over, they panted and guzzled water, teasing each other casually.

Christina performed very well. She was tall and slim, moreover, she had a good foundation since childhood. What's more, she not only had quick reactions but also was very agile and talented.

The coach said very pertinently, 'However, people can see through you since you don't have fierce eyes.'

Christina grabbed a clean towel and wiped the sweat off her forehead. She looked up at him and began to contemplate.

Suddenly, LUCY came to her mind. The woman had sharp eyes as she fought, and she was cold and heartless.

LUCY hadn't contacted her for a long time. LUCY disappeared after inexplicably asking her to participate in the IP&G advertisement audition last time. At that time, she was worried that something terrible would happen if she didn't get it, but nothing special happened

It seemed that LUCY was just trying to make fun of her.

The coach beside her also noticed her serious expression and asked concernedly, "Did anything happen?"

Christina came back to earth at once and stared at the coach with a complicated look for a long time.

"I don't think you're an ordinary shooting coach in the club, aren't you?" She suddenly asked.

He didn't seem to expect to be questioned, so he was in a daze for a while and told her the truth, "Strictly speaking, I'm a retired soldier."

"Which country, the United States?"

"I don't come from any country." He smiled.

"Mercenary?"

Christina guessed and asked. At that moment, a strange look flashed across his face, but he did not continue.

Christina did not ask again. They walked out of the club side by side and became a little close probably because they practiced shooting and boxing together.

"Miss Dickens, will you come here next week?" It took him nine calls to get her here this time, which was not easy.

"I won't come if I'm in a bad mood."

Christina turned to look at him unnaturally. What she said indicated that she wasn't angry with him, but another person.

Why should I be obedient every time?

Why?

Christina became angrier. She disliked every corner of the club, especially it was run by that bastard.

"Miss Dickens, exercise is more effective than any medicine in treating depression and it helps people become more firm and persistent, don't you think?"

Christina's face fell when she heard this, "Oh, so you know that I have depression. It's my honor." She gnashed her teeth as she said the last words.

Only then did the coach realize that he had said something he shouldn't have said, but he didn't seem to have any scruples.

The casual words revealed his deep meaning. "Miss Dickens, you're very outstanding, but that's not enough for being his girl. Maybe you'll be a drag on him..."

Christina turned to look at him only to find that he had walked towards the staff passage.

She didn't go after the coach but looked at him. He walked steadily, so he was certainly not an ordinary person.

The people around Patrick were not ordinary people.

"Christina!"

Suddenly, a familiar person skittered through the entrance of the club

excitedly.

Christina was slightly surprised to see Crystal. "How did you get in?"

Although they had made an appointment to meet here, she remembered that the club was not snobbish. She was not allowed to enter last time because it was only for VIPs. Anyway, it bothered her.

"I said I was your friend, and then they let me in respectfully." Crystal said proudly.

"Christina, why are you suddenly practicing shooting here?"

Hearing this, Christina's face darkened.

Then she said stiffly and reluctantly, "Exercise is good for treating

depression." Actually, she was compelled by the man!

Crystal didn't doubt it. "Guns are legal abroad. Your character is quite suitable for living abroad." However, their character was totally different. Crystal would be afraid of such a challenging life, so she was not suitable for it at all.

Crystal was not interested in boxing and shooting, so she didn't watch and they left directly.

"Crystal, why did you go to C City on Christmas?" Christina asked her casually.

Crystal felt guilty and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't show up that day." Originally, they had agreed to have Christmas dinner together.

There was a complicated expression on Christina's face when it comes to Christmas.

They had their own thoughts, but neither of them wanted to talk about that day. After chatting for a while, they decided to go to the nearby supermarket.

"Christina, have you not cooked for a long time? Hey, I have told you so many times that you can't order takeout all day..."

Crystal nagged as she picked out fresh ingredients in the supermarket's fresh produce area.

Then she grabbed a few large space peppers and asked Christina, "How

about fried beef with peppers?"

Christina did not answer her but kept looking back.

"What's wrong?" Crystal noticed something no matter how dull she was.

Christina frowned and said uncertainly, "It seems that a man has been following us..."



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Chapter 313

"Why don't we go back now?"

"Wait a minute. I have to buy something..." As Christina spoke, she walked to the sportswear section.

Crystal followed behind her and looked around nervously. Then she saw Christina pick up a huge baseball bat expressionlessly. Christina weighed it in her hand and went to pay the bill happily.

They went back with two bags of groceries and a baseball bat. They got into a taxi, and Crystal was no longer interested in cooking tonight. Instead, she kept looking out the window stealthily.

She lowered her voice and asked Christina mysteriously, "Is that guy still following us?"

Christina leaned against the seat and said calmly, "Don't worry."

Crystal was still overwhelmed by nervousness.

Just now, in the supermarket, Christina said that a man had been following them. Crystal was holding her cell phone and was ready to call the police for help.

The car soon arrived at Christina's neighborhood.

After getting out of the car, they each carried a shopping bag and walked side by side as usual.

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"You hide here. Don't come out." Just as they entered the stairway around the corner on the first floor of the building, Christina pushed Crystal to the corner.

Crystal looked at her worriedly. "We'd better call the police, or we can find the security guards in the neighborhood. We don't know who the man is. It's dangerous..."

Christina clenched the baseball bat she had just bought in her right hand and hid on the left side of the entrance wall. She turned to look back at Crystal.

"I know him. I'll deal with him."

Christina was grim, and she gripped the baseball bat even tighter. She could not wait to beat the man up.

what are you going to cook for dinner?
I haven't eaten your cooking for a long
time. I'll stay for dinner tonight..."

Geoffrey was getting more and more
shameless.

Charles had planned to leave instantly,
but he thought about it. He brought
Geoffrey out, and he should have
watched Geoffrey enter the bitch's
house before leaving.

He took the elevator unwillingly with
the others and watched Crystal and
Geoffrey walk into the house.
Christina stood in front of the door and
stared at him.

"Do you want to come in?" She asked.

Charles wore a long face as if he

disdained to talk to her. When he was about to leave, he couldn't help but look inside and shout in surprise, "Why do you live in such a doghole?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Christina was dissatisfied and raised her voice.

Charles ignored her and ran in. He looked around and finally stood in the middle of the small living room and muttered in disgust.

"Is this a place for human beings to live? It's smaller than my bathroom. I've never seen such a mini balcony..."

"Do you want me to hit your other shoulder too?"

Screenshot has been saved to/Pictures/Screenshot

Christina had found the medical kit

and put it on the coffee table with a bang.

Charles glanced at the baseball bat and was still frightened. He decided to call a truce for the time being. He sat down on the small sofa and couldn't help roasting, "I heard this is still a haunted house. I wonder if it will be haunted in the middle of the night."

"I saw the video on the Internet. I heard that a couple used to live in 502 of this building. One day, they quarreled. The man used a knife to stab the woman in a moment of extreme. The woman was bleeding profusely in her abdomen. The man blocked the door, so the woman climbed down the pipe to the balcony of 402 to call for help. This balcony was full of the woman's blood."

When Crystal thought about that video, her hair stood on end.

Geoffrey, who was beside her feet, added excitedly, "I saw the video too! The man climbed down to the balcony as well, and then they fought. The man pushed the woman, and she fell off and died."

Yes, Geoffrey found the video, and Crystal regretted watching it.

Crystal ran to the balcony where the crime had happened and looked at it. She timidly raised her head and looked at 502 upstairs. She asked with a trembling voice, "Christina, who is living upstairs now?"

"The ones who dare to live in a

haunted place like this are definitely not good people." Charles took the opportunity to scare Crystal.

It was rare for Christina to be calm.

She had long heard of these old rumors. She was afraid of ghosts, but the one who lived upstairs now was strictly a pervert.



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