

Chapter 314

At 7 pm, everyone was busy preparing dinner, and Christina was pushed out of the kitchen.

Crystal warned her seriously, "Don't come in."

Christina was very confused. She was in her own home.

"... There are some people who only know how to make trouble." Mr. Shepherd in the small living room immediately gloated.

Christina ignored him. Instead, she curiously leaned closer to the kitchen door and looked carefully at the two people inside. Crystal was cooking beef with green pepper, while Geoffrey

handed Crystal soy sauce in a decent manner...

The more she looked, the weirder she felt. She turned to the lazy Charles on the sofa.

"Hey, why does Chandler's son always pester Crystal?"

Charles raised his eyebrows and showed a strange expression when she asked.

It would date back to Christmas Eve a few days ago.

That day, he accompanied Geoffrey to C City to look for someone. But they ended up tragically eating Christmas dinner at a fast-food restaurant on the highway.

Then he said something about Chandler's brother.

"This is a family photo of the Stephenson family."

After everyone was full, Chandler took Geoffrey to pee. As soon as Charles saw Chandler's wallet on the table, he immediately showed the photo in Chandler's wallet to Crystal.

Crystal was surprised to see the man in the photo who looked somewhat similar to Chandler. "I have never seen a picture of his brother in the Stephenson family, but the two elders of the Stephenson family have never mentioned it."

"Chandler Stephenson's brother died

by accident. They were too sad at that time... "

" What was the accident? "

Perhaps Crystal was too unlucky. As soon as she asked, Chandler came over with a gloomy face and grabbed his wallet back. Crystal was then given a cold and sarcastic lesson.

" Miss Zhu, I don't think you have the right to know too much about my family affairs. "

There were a lot of people in the fast-food restaurant. Chandler had seldom been so out of character as to lecture people. Crystal was scolded even though she did nothing wrong, but she lowered her head and did not dare to refute.

Finally, they returned to the car, and no one chatted along the way.

Crystal got out of the car first. She smiled reluctantly at that time maybe she was probably really sad. She said, "We all have our own lives. I wish you a happy life." Then she went back to her home.

What she actually meant was, go about your business and don't contact each other in the future.

Geoffrey and Chandler who were left in the car all had strange expressions. Geoffrey accused his dad of going too far and had to go to apologise, but he was taken home by Chandler.

" It's been so many years. Geoffrey is

six years old. Even your parents have let go. Why can't you let go? "

"Are you going to live the rest of your life in a daze? It's rare to meet someone you like. Why don't you have the courage to pursue happiness?"

Charles tried to persuade him.

But Chandler only said in a low voice after silence, "I don't deserve to be happy."

"Why do you say that... Can you really control yourself?" Charles muttered as he thought.

"What are you mumbling about?"

Christina walked over and looked at the thoughtful look on Charles's face.

She guessed and asked, "Hey, let me ask you, why is Chandler's son pestering Crystal? Did Chandler do something wrong to Crystal?"

Charles came back to his senses. He looked up and snorted angrily.

"Christina, don't get close to me!"

Charles said coldly, "Stay away from me. Don't talk to me."

Christina's face darkened and she was about to lose her temper but she endured it. It was for Geoffrey's sake that she didn't kick Charles out of the room.

In the kitchen, without Christina messing around, Crystal quickly finished dinner.

Geoffrey was very obedient and helped set the dishes. Charles and Christina could just wait for them to eat. Crystal made an ordinary home-cooked meal with five dishes and a soup, which was not only looked good, smelled good, but tasted good.

Crystal first spooned a small bowl of Stewed Black chicken soup with Astragalus for them, "Drink half a bowl of soup first, then eat... The soup is suitable for winter..."

Geoffrey held the spoon in his little hand and looked happy.

Christina didn't have to care about table manners at home. "I want a big bowl of it!" She held the bowl in her arms and ate like crazy.

"I will also look for a virtuous wife with good cooking skills in the future..." Charles also praised. When he turned around and saw Miss Dickens beside him, he was immediately shocked.

"Christina, Don't tell me this is how you eat when you were in the Hopkins family..."

"It's none of your business."

Christina didn't like people mentioning the Hopkins family. She glared at him, "These commoners' food can't get into your stomach. You'd better go to the side and let us eat."

Charles was so eager to protect the food that he unfolded his hand to stop her from grabbing it and ended up

tearing the injury on his shoulder.

The pain caused him to change his face.

"Charles, how's your shoulder?"

Seeing that Charles was too pained to hold his chopsticks, Crystal asked with concern, "Didn't you apply the ointment in the medicine box just now? That works."

"He didn't because he said the ointment smelled too bad." Geoffrey immediately betrayed Charles.

Charles had no strength to scold Geoffrey now. He covered his right shoulder with his left hand. He endured the pain and did not shout out.

"You're really useless."

Christina stood up first, she complained as she was about to help him up, "How can a man to be so weak."

"Who did it!"

Charles raised his head and cursed. There was still some cold sweat on his forehead. It seemed that he was really in pain.

Christina said awkwardly, "Let's go to the hospital."

"No."

She asked again coldly, "Are you not going?"

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"I said no!"

Charles was stubborn.

A minute later, Crystal and Geoffrey calmly drank the soup by the side. Then they watched Christina angrily grab the back collar of Charles and drag him all the way to the sofa. Then Christina stood in front of him and took off his shirt...

"You, you..." Charles was shocked and stared at the woman in front of him as she undressed him.

Was this considered harassment on a man?

Charles was so shocked that he forgot to struggle. It was not until Christina applied the ointment on his bruised right shoulder that he felt the sharp

pain.

"Ah - She's killing me!!"

"Christina... Ah, you, stop... Ah -"

Charles roared in pain. The more Christina listened, the more impatient she became and the more strength she used to apply the ointment on his shoulder. Crystal and Geoffrey looked at each other and felt extremely sympathetic to Charles.

"We, we will see!!"

After a round of suffering, Charles was covered in cold sweats, and even the collar of his shirt was almost wet. He was breathing heavily as if he were half dead and even lost the strength to scold Christina.

"Does it hurt that much?"

Christina packed up the medicine box and turned to glare at him. "Derek had never screamed like you before. After wiping the bruises away, you will be fine soon. You're really troublesome."

Charles had been taught a lesson by Christina and didn't know how to refute her. He lost his temper all of a sudden. Geoffrey obediently brought Charles half a cup of warm water and Charles drank it quickly.

Crystal was curious. "Christina, Did you often heal Derek's wounds?"

"He used to be covered in bruises when he was a kid at the Fisher family."

Christina told them that Derek had no friends, and no one would take him to the hospital, and she was the one who took care of all his injuries.

Charles drank half a glass of water and regained his breath, "Shouldn't you avoid that now then? You're not kids anymore." She was the only one who could strip a man!

"Don't be surprised." Christina glanced at him.

"I'm used to it, and Derek is very clingy."

Crystal was surprised. "Derek can't be clingy, can he?"

Christina was silent for a moment. Her expression was a little strange as if she

was sighing but more helpless.

"... That's because you've never seen him when he has a high fever."



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Chapter 315

After being forced to accept the intimate touches, Charles awkwardly found that his injury had really improved a lot.

On the other side, Crystal was pestering Christina, asking about Derek.

"Derek was also very awkward at the first time... He even wore a larger size of long clothes and trousers to cover up the bruises and scars on his body..."

"Did you just drag him over, press him to the ground, and apply the medicine to him forcefully?" Crystal somehow was a little excited and was imagining the details.

"Yes."

Christina was straightforward.

The more Crystal asked, the more excited she became, "Then when he grows up, will you still do the same..."

"Do you all like him?" Charles interrupted them in a strange tone.

"Of course, it's not that you don't know Derek..." The charming man! It must be a pleasant experience to apply medicine to him when he was injured!

Crystal was excited imagining the scene. She knew a few handsome guys. The Hopkins was too scary, and Charles was too unfaithful. In the end, she realized the best among them was Derek. Besides, she was lucky to

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interact with him for a while earlier. It was really exciting.

Charles looked unhappy and wanted to speak for himself. But suddenly his phone rang.

He was going to pretend not to hear it. But when he lowered his head and glanced at the screen of the phone, he found it was a big figure calling him!

Charles picked up his phone and walked to the balcony with caution. Then he pressed the answer button.

"Mr. Hopkins." He called out in a serious voice.

It was unknown if the Hopkins family were too powerful, Christina and Crystal immediately stopped joking.

They looked at each other and calmed down at the same time.

Patrick's grandfather called Charles?

Christina couldn't help glancing at the ceiling and then at Charles on the balcony. She wondered why Old Master Hopkins called Charles.

"I don't know what Patrick has been up to lately. Maybe it's about the company..."

"I have asked Chandler and the others. They didn't know either."

"Didn't Patrick go back to the Hopkins family for Christmas? Hasn't he been back lately?"

Because the apartment was very quiet, the sound of Charles speaking over the

phone on the balcony could be heard very clearly, "I checked. I haven't found out where he lives now..."

Crystal also focused on listening to the talk, then tugged at Christina's sleeve and whispered, "Old Master Hopkins asked Charles about his grandson. It seems that Patrick hasn't been back to the Hopkins family for a long time."

Christina looked a little complicated. Looking at Charles, she hesitated for a moment, then she stood up and approached him, trying to say something.

... She knew where Patrick was.

"Bang, bang, bang."

Suddenly, the sound of playing ball

came from the ceiling.

Christina was stunned and looked up at the trembling ceiling. Charles, who had just hung up the phone, immediately frowned irritably. Crystal scolded, "What kind of person is it? Playing ball at home."

Mr. Shepherd couldn't stand the noise, "How can you live in this lousy place. Move out tomorrow!"

The sound of the person playing basketball above really made people very impatient and drove them crazy. Christina probably heard too much of it, so she did not get angry and just look complicated.

Charles's face darkened and he walked towards the door, "Damn it, I'll go up

and see who's making the noise."

"People who live in that kind of ominous apartment upstairs may be from the underworld," Crystal came up to him and suggested, "Don't make a scene. We are just downstairs. What if he retaliates..."

"Retaliating? That depends on his ability!"

How could Charles stand such noise? He scolded angrily and was thinking of buying the building.

"Don't bother."

Christina rarely had such a good temper. She pulled Charles back and sat down with him on the sofa. She made him a cup of black tea and told

him calmly, "The one upstairs, I'll deal with him myself."

Crystal thought it was amazing. When Christina said she was going to handle the person upstairs, the sound of playing basketball upstairs stopped.

Maybe the person upstairs thought it was not a good thing to really provoke her.

"Psychopath."

Charles glared upstairs, took a sip of hot black tea, and calmed down a little.

Christina nodded in agreement. She had been so annoyed by the noise upstairs before that she almost went up to hit the person.

She thought about it seriously, "He's

probably bored, wanting to catch others' attention."

Crystal looked at her and didn't say anything. She felt that Christina was quite familiar with the person who lived upstairs.

After dinner, Crystal made them some deserts. Tasting the deserts, Christina felt better gradually. Charles also felt much better. Geoffrey happily took out his cell phone and took several photos of them.

Crystal said casually, "Boy, don't spend too much time playing with your phone. Otherwise, your intelligence may be affected when you grow up."

"This is my dad's phone."

It was getting late after they finished their food. Children should go home early to sleep. Geoffrey was then asked to go back home, but the little guy didn't forget to emphasize before he left.

"Aunt Zhu, I'm different from my dad. If you really want to be angry at somebody, just be angry with him alone. Don't be mad at me. I'm innocent."

Geoffrey pretended to be an adult and his tone was too serious, causing them to laugh.

"Geoffrey likes you very much."

Seeing Charles and the others enter the elevator, Christina also closed the door. Now that there were only two

women in the apartment, they could open their minds and talk about personal matters.

"Crystal, you and Chandler..."

"We are just friends." Crystal looked embarrassed.

Christina looked at her with silence, and Crystal seemed to have no confidence, who then sighed, "We really are just friends now. We've made it clear and we have never done any intimate things ... It's not good to procrastinate about relationships. I know how to deal with it."

"Be that as it may, but you really..."

Christina felt that when dealing with their relationships with others, women

usually wouldn't believe what they themselves had said.

"Christina, I really can handle my things myself. You'd better figure out your own thoughts first..." Crystal seemed to be a little evasive and changed the subject.

"You think it's just a habit to apply medicine to Derek and Charles. Have you ever thought that the person who stays by your side must be very insecure because he thought he might just be a habit of yours?"

"Christina, you don't understand love."

Christina was dumbfounded. Then she watched Crystal wave at her and leave.

She didn't understand love.

Her aunt Betty also said that she did not understand love.

Christina hated these affections the most. Grandpa once said that if anyone treated you well, then you should treat him well too. That was all.

"Have no sense of security..." Christina pondered for a while and looked up at the ceiling for a long time.

She didn't believe that Patrick felt insecure.

Someone like him... That was impossible.

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Recommended gay friend bai xixi's novel "The president is on the left, I'm on the right." The arrogant president was very black-bellied, extremely sweet and pampered.



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Chapter 316

Chandler couldn't sleep in the middle of the night.

He felt bored and started looking at other people's updates on Facebook.

Chandler was surprised to find a new update which he didn't know.

Chandler could probably guess that it was Geoffrey's prank and began to reflect on whether he spoiled his son too much when most boys were strictly educated.

Chandler read this message posted by his son, "A happy day for us." and had to admit only a pupil can write the sentence.

Then six photos and a 10-second video were attached.

Chandler, lying on his side on the bed, seriously read other people's updates on Facebook. Obviously, Charles and his son went to Christina's house to eat and took these photos tonight.

However, photos and videos taken by Geoffrey all included Crystal. For example, Geoffrey and Crystal were cooking in the small kitchen, and they were sitting together waiting to have dinner. When Crystal gave them a spoonful of soup, Geoffrey smiled happily.

After seeing these pictures, Chandler couldn't remember what he had eaten tonight.

"Brat," Chandler said.

Chandler knew that his son had deliberately shown these pictures to him and made him jealous.

Chandler used his slender fingers to find Crystal's Facebook and checked her updates.

He pondered for a moment. "She's not angry."

Like other girls, Crystal posted daily on Facebook, including every interesting and happy thing she saw. Chandler guessed she should be fine after he scolded her that day.

Chandler thought for a moment and suddenly smiled. "She is so simple and cute." He turned off his phone and

went to sleep.

In fact, Crystal was in a bad mood.

She tossed and turned in bed in the middle of the night and couldn't sleep.

She began to think if something was wrong with her and wondered why she had fallen in love with a man who had a son. She never thought of being a stepmother.

"I'm not very ugly either. Are all the men blind?"

Crystal rolled around with the quilt in her arms and sighed.

Crystal spent her days with a beautiful woman like Christina and therefore felt that she was mediocre looking

Recently, Crystal had another thing to worry about. After her snobbish and greedy mother had arranged a blind date for her on Christmas Day, she didn't go and therefore had been bothered with blind dates for the past few days.

Crystal felt bad because she had no money, no boyfriend, only poor relatives.

By the way, Crysta hadn't even found a job yet.

"Why is my life so miserable? I didn't do anything immoral." Crystal ruffled her short, fluffy hair, buried her head in the quilt, and went to sleep.

Grown-ups spent long nights worrying about something. For these people, it

was often difficult to sleep peacefully and comfortably.

Christina had insomnia recently.

After Charles brought Geoffrey to her house for dinner that day, Christina felt her apartment had been quiet and cold and she hated the silence sometimes.

And Christina found that the one upstairs seemed to have not come back for a long time.

Now that she got up every morning, she was used to looking at her Facebook subconsciously. Patrick hadn't asked her to buy breakfast for many days and didn't play basketball these days.

"Go upstairs and find him." She decided

not to go to find him though she wanted to see him.

She didn't think she could reach out to him.

That was too stupid.

Then it was the weekly shooting practice at the club. This time, Christina arrived early without the American coach's urging.

After she finished today's shooting practice, the coach packed his things and chatted with her in unfamiliar Chinese.

"Miss Dickens, You seem distracted. What are you thinking about?" The coach asked.

"How can I be absent-minded?"

Christina answered.

Christina was very awkward. She raised the gun in her hand and aimed at the distance. With a bang, the coach beside her laughed heartily.

"You won't need to come over soon." The coach said.

"What do you mean?" She suddenly became vigilant.

The coach looked at her stubborn expression and smiled. "What's wrong? When I asked you to come here before, you were reluctant. Now you've got a pretty good shot now and are unwilling to leave here. Are you Chinese women so reserved and shy?"

Christina was expressionless and did

not agree with him.

She looked at the seemingly honest coach and hesitated for a long time before she asked, "Where's Patrick?"

"Has he been abroad recently?" She added.

The coach opened his eyes wide as if he were surprised that she suddenly asked about his big boss. Seeing that she was a little abnormal today, he smilingly asked jokingly, "Do you care about him?"

"Who cares about him?" Christina was annoyed.

"He doesn't need to care. He doesn't need my care." Christina replied because she thought too many people

lined up to serve him.

"I just want to say that I'm not a puppet. I have my own ideas." Christina said.

"He appears whenever he wants, disappears whenever he wants. He never tells me anything and regards me like a doll. Tell him, everything I'm doing right now is not for him. I just want to know that I care about!"

Christina was angry and left after venting her anger.

As the coach stood there and watched her leave angrily, he sighed, "Miss Dickens doesn't look as obedient as a chinese woman. It is not easy to deal with her."

After leaving the club without dinner, Christina suddenly felt a sense of despair.

Anyway, she was very upset.

At the beginning of the night, she bought a dozen of beers and a large bag of peanuts in a convenience store. Holding her wine, she walked to a small park opposite and sat on an empty bench to gulp down beers.

Christmas was over and new year's day was approaching. The weather is getting colder and colder at night. Besides, winter in A City was bone-chilling cold.

she hiccupped after drinking when her beautiful face turned red.

"Are you drinking alone here?"
Someone asked.

A man came under a dim street lamp and asked in Chinese with difficulty. Christina did not recognize the man for a moment.

"Are you in trouble? Maybe I can help you." The man asked.

She looked up but could not see his face clearly when facing the light. She knew that he was a man, and his voice was a little playful.

"Get out !" She angrily said.

Christina was in a bad mood and was very tired of meeting too many men.

"Honey, you shouldn't be so vulgar."
The man answered in a cold and

sarcastic way.

The man stared at Christina from her face to her whole body and seemed curious about her.

Christina didn't care who he was and grabbed an empty bottle and threw it at him. "I told you to go away. Stay away from me!"

Knock -

The empty bottle was nimbly dodged by the man.

Under the dim yellow light, he walked away, leaving the cold voice echoing in the empty street.

"Your man is coming back soon. Aren't you going to ask him about it?"

When Christina felt the man's words were too strange and suddenly looked up again, he had already gone far.

The cold winter wind sobered her up a little. She frowned and threw the empty bottles into the trash can. Then she went back by taxi.

Instead of going back to her apartment, she went upstairs to room 502.

Then she slammed the door.

"Patrick!"

"Patrick, open the door!"

"I have something to ask you. I must ask you clearly today. Open the door for me!!"

Bang, bang, bang -

Though Christina was slightly drunk and shouted angrily at the door for a long time, no one responded.



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Chapter 317

Last night Christina went to Apartment 502 in a drunken fit.

Her neighborhood complained that she was too noisy, so the security guards had to carry her back to her own apartment. It was really embarrassing.

When Christina woke up the next day, she still had a headache. She began to regret that she was too impulsive yesterday. She rarely lost her temper like that. After thinking for a moment, Christina got angry and hated Patrick even more.

"You'd better not come back, damn Patrick!" Christina yelled angrily at the ceiling early in the morning.

She rubbed her temples and still felt a little sleepy. Christina leaned against the bed and frowned. She vaguely remembered meeting a man last night when she was drinking in the park.

She didn't know him, but he seemed to know Patrick.

Who was that man?

Christina didn't want to think about it and lay down again, about to rest.

Everyone had different troubles.

Crystal's biggest trouble now was to find a job.

She participated in interviews with several companies this morning, but she felt that the opportunity was very

slim. Generally speaking, most companies wouldn't recruit new employees at the end of the year.

It was getting colder and colder. Although the sun was shining at noon, the cold wind still made people tremble.

Crystal had been waiting at the bus stop for half an hour. When she finally saw the bus she was going to get on and wanted to rush over, other people got on before her. It was a pity that she was too short and thin.

The bus carried enough passengers and left. Crystal was left behind, unfortunately. She looked at the bus and felt so desperate.

The next bus would come half an hour

later and her car was at a 4S Store to be repaired. Crystal quickly calculated her savings and expenses. She helplessly realized that she couldn't afford to take a taxi, so she decided to walk back.

Crystal walked straight down the road and looked around, hoping that she could notice some shops seeking new employees.

In fact, Crystal also knew that she couldn't be a long-term nanny for the Stephenson family. It was good to resign now. She wouldn't regret it. However, it was almost the new year, and big companies rarely hired.

During the new year, some shops would recruit some part-time employees. Crystal was not afraid of

hardship or tiredness. She just wanted to find a short-term job that would make ends meet. Busy work could kill time, and she did not have to think about the Stephenson family all day in a new environment.

However, just as she was thinking and walking, someone suddenly poured her a large basin of cold water.

Crystal was drenched, and her coat was dripping with water. She was so cold that she trembled and could not react at all. She even had water on her eyelashes. What the hell? Crystal looked up.

She was so angry, but the one who suddenly attacked her was more ferocious. He cursed her first.

"Bitch, you want to ruin me? Let's see what you will suffer today!"

It was Simon, Crystal's stepbrother.

Crystal found out that it was Simon and became even angrier. She wiped the water off her face and took a step back. "What are you talking about?" She shouted.

"Are you mad at me? Have I been too nice to you?" Simon roared in a deep voice.

"You said you were going to give me money, but you haven't done that. Bitch, people come to my family and threaten me to pay the debt. Your sister-in-law wants to divorce me now! It's your fault!"

"It's none of my business." Crystal tried to hold back her anger and said, "I never promised to help you."

Passers-by all stopped and looked at them, especially Crystal, who was drenched. When they heard Simon's words, they gossiped and looked at them curiously.

Crystal felt so embarrassed and ashamed.

There was an alley behind her and someone suddenly dragged her in.

She turned around angrily and wanted to push that person, but as soon as she turned around, she was slapped. It was a loud slap.

"You useless bitch! All you can do is to

embarrass me!" A woman shouted with her thin voice. It was Crystal's mother.

Simon and Mrs. Zhu stood in front of the alley. Crystal lowered her head as usual. Her eyes turned red, but she did not refute her.

"They said we could pay 10-million-dollar interest first, and the rest of money can be paid later."

"I don't have money."

Crystal gritted her teeth and said.

Hearing Crystal's words, Simon was furious and cursed, "Damn it, how dare you say that!" His thick arm was tattooed with the dragon and tiger patterns. Simon grabbed Crystal's

collar and was about to slap her with his other hand.

Mrs. Zhu was afraid that Simon, a gangster, would hit Crystal hard, so she immediately stopped him, "Simon, at least she's your sister. Don't fuss about her."

Simon was not willing to let Crystal go, so Mrs. Zhu continued, "Don't worry about the money. Let her go first. I'll make sure she gives you the money."

Simon pushed Crystal away in disgust. She stepped back and hit the rough wall behind her. Her fair neck and jaw were scratched and bleeding.

Crystal lowered her head. Her face was burning with pain. She held back her tears and did not speak.

Mrs. Zhu walked to Crystal and talked to her in a soft tone. "Crystal, we raised you. Your brother now owes usury. You have to help him. Besides, when we get old, we still have to rely on him. If you have money, you must give it to him. We can't be heartless and ungrateful."

Crystal still lowered her head. The cold wind blew her pale face, making her look so weak and desperate.

"Also, where did you go on Christmas day? I told you I arranged a blind date for you. I'm so embarrassed that you didn't appear. Do you know?" Mrs. Zhu complained.

Then, her voice became firm and she said, "Fortunately, he didn't blame you. I've already told him that you will go

tomorrow."

"I won't go."

Crystal said lowly after a while.

Mrs. Zhu knew Crystal would refuse, so she didn't get too angry. She just continued to persuade her daughter patiently.

"He has a house and a car. Besides, he is the manager of a big company. I mentioned to him that you are jobless now, and he immediately agreed that if you marry him, you don't have to worry about work. He would help you find a job, and you wouldn't be fired for no reason like before. Besides, which company will want to hire people like you? You need to depend on your husband in the end. You are lucky to

marry him."

Crystal's eyes were red swollen. She couldn't help but argue, "Mom, he's in his fifties!"

"What's wrong with his age? Isn't it popular to marry an older man now? Besides, his children all live abroad. He just wants to find a companion for the rest of his life. All you need to do is to take care of him. How leisurely it is. After he dies, he will give you half of his assets."

Mrs. Zhu kept lobbying, "Crystal, we are not wealthy. Tell me, who do you want to marry? How old are you now? The younger a girl is, the more valuable she is. Who will want to marry you after one or two years?"

"Don't learn from those vain women. You can't find a rich or handsome husband. Just look in the mirror and check your appearance. You have to be self-aware. Don't daydream all day. You should be satisfied."

Crystal couldn't help but shout, "Who says I'm not satisfied?" Her eyes were filled with tears, and she stared stubbornly at her mother.

"Mom, even if I am not noble, I still have dignity. Don't think about exchanging me for glory. I won't agree to it even if I die!"

She roared out all the grievances and suddenly pushed her mother away. She ran deep into the alley quickly and desperately.

Simon immediately chased after her and cursed viciously at her back, "Bitch, how dare you run! I will break your legs!"

Crystal was scared and she was getting more and more panic.

She was afraid that Simon would really break her legs. In the past, she was often beaten up until she was bruised and swollen. No one stood up for her in her family. She didn't dare to speak freely or refuse anyone since childhood. She was already very quiet and tolerant.

She ran for a long time and panted. Not until there were no more terrifying chasing steps behind her did she stop.

Crystal didn't know where she was. So

she sat casually on a stone step and sobbed. She hugged her head with both hands and suddenly cried loudly.

"I'm really useless."

"I've already worked hard. I have been so tired. Why do you do this to me? I just want a little happiness."

She liked Christina very much because Christina was the first person to help her. In fact, she secretly envied Christina. Christina was very beautiful, confident, and straightforward. She would do whatever she wanted. Unlike Christina, Crystal was useless and cowardly. She lowered her head all day and did not dare to express her feeling even when she was angry because she was afraid of offending others.

This was a dilapidated old community with few pedestrians, and the cold wind was especially strong, blowing her hard from all directions.

The cold wind blew her wet clothes to half dry. Crystal sat down on the dusty stone steps and lowered her head. She felt so dizzy. Suddenly, someone stood in front of her.

When Crystal realized what happened, she couldn't move her body at all.

Before she raised her head, she heard a familiar gentle voice. "Why are you here?"



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Chapter 318

"Why are you here?"

When Crystal looked up and saw clearly the man, she asked him with hesitation, "Why are you here?"

Chandler rushed over with a briefcase. He frowned and watched her squatting on the dirty stone steps in a mess.

Seeing her tear-stained face, he suddenly became angry and raised his voice, "I'm asking you. Why are you here alone?"

Perhaps because he suddenly raised his voice with anger, Crystal looked at him with redder eyes. Her eyes were full of grievances and tears. Crystal

couldn't help but cry. "I, I... I don't know. I seem to mess up with everything. I'm useless."

As she cried, she tried to speak, but her voice was vague. Crystal seemed to be a quiet and timid person who was frightened. She couldn't stop crying.

Seeing her aggrieved face and crying, Chandler was panicked. He once teased her but she didn't get angry. He didn't know which bastard had bullied her.

"Why are your clothes wet?"

Chandler put the briefcase aside and squatted down to look at her carefully. Then he found very obvious finger marks on her cheeks.

Chandler was so furious that he asked anxiously, "Who did this?"

For a long time, no one squatted in front of her like this and spoke to her in that gentle voice. Crystal was touched and rushed over to hold the person in front of her. She muttered to explain, "I, I really don't have money. They want millions. What should I do? I can't make that much money. I know I'm useless..."

Chandler could not hear what she was saying. Her sudden hugging him tightly scared him stiff for a second, and there was nervousness on his handsome face.

He rarely touched women's bodies.

Chandler sighed and was hesitating if he should push her away now, but soon

Chandler noticed that the woman had a high temperature. He didn't know how long she had been wet in the cold wind.

It was also a coincidence that he came here today. A company wanted to cooperate with his company. And after signing the contract, he left with his assistant to go back to the city center. He glanced at the window in boredom and found a familiar figure.

In fact, he came over with uncertainty. He didn't expect it to be Crystal, the little fool.

The woman in his arms was still crying as if she had suffered a great grievance. It was probably because she had been a punching bag for too long and was bullied very badly today.

Looking down at her cheeks with tears, Chandler hesitated for a long time before saying, "Crystal, don't rub your tears and snot on my clothes." He teased her as usual, but this time he said that with hesitation.

Perhaps because Crystal had cried for too long, she burped in Chandler's arms. She reacted slowly and shouted angrily, "Why do you always say inappropriate words?"

Chandler was surprised. "Are you getting bolder when you're sick?"

"A dead pig is not afraid of boiling water!"

The "Pig" in his arms actually dared to refute. Chandler didn't know whether

to laugh or cry. He wanted to scold her, but he couldn't say it when he saw the woman's red nose and aggrieved look.

Chandler took the phone from his pocket and called his assistant to come to pick them up. He held the half-asleep woman in his arms and went into the back seat of the car. Then he told the assistant Crystal's address.

After Crystal was sent home, she was already asleep.

He quickly assigned his work to his assistant and stayed at her place.

Looking at the woman who was sleeping soundly on the bed Chandler sigh.

Christina had left a lot of medicine in

his house before, so Chandler rummaged through the boxes and quickly found the medicine for cold and fever.

With half a cup of warm water in his hands, Chandler sat at the head of the bed. He lifted Crystal up and leaned her against his chest. Chandler whispered into her ear, "Crystal, wake up. Take some medicine before you sleep."

Chandler felt as if he was coaxing the child to take medicine, and the only thing he was glad about was that Crystal was very easy to be coaxed. She almost instinctively cooperated obediently. just as her temperament. If it was Christina, it would really be a headache for Chandler to handle.

Chandler gently put her back on the bed, covered her. Looking at the dried tears on her face, Chandler had mixed feelings and was a little angry.

Chandler turned around and went to the bathroom quietly. He wet the towel with warm water. Then he walked back to the bedside and carefully cleaned Chandler's face. Chandler didn't seem to be used to that, so she turned over uncomfortably.

"You're always restless when you are sick," Chandler complained in a low voice.

But when she turned over, Chandler thought of something else. Her clothes were wet. How could he help her change them?

Although he had stayed in the same suite with her in the C City last time, Chandler slept on the sofa for the night and didn't look at her at all. But now he had to face her...

Chandler was shocked for a minute. He, who was calm in the face of countless business problems, suddenly became a little confused.

In fact, he and Erica slept in different rooms. Only he and Erica knew about this.

"Crystal, take off your clothes," Chandler said to the air playfully, thinking that this woman could solve the problem automatically.

Of course, that was impossible.

Chandler looked at the sleeping woman. He began to suspect that his thoughts were getting more and more childish because he had been a father for too long. No, actually, he became like this after he had met Crystal.

In other words, this woman made his IQ lower and lower.

Five minutes later, Chandler came to the conclusion that being in his thirties, he still dared not take off a woman's clothes.

It was really embarrassing.

Chandler took off his glasses. He hoped that he could not see things clearly in this way. He walked to the bed, bent down, and lifted the quilt. Then he unbuttoned her coat, threw it

away. And for the bottomed shirt inside, it had to be pulled out of her head...

He took off her shoes and her black tights, which were a little wet. It was not good for her to sleep in them... Chandler sighed again and turned his head with a complicated expression. His movements were very stiff.

"You idiot wouldn't know anything even if you had been raped."

In the end, Chandler did all the job. Standing by the bed and looking at the sleeping face angrily, Chandler wanted to complain very much.

Although he wanted to complain, staring at her face, Chandler couldn't help but curve the corner of his mouth.

Crystal looked very ordinary. She was 1.58 meters high and had nothing special. She was just a very ordinary girl.

Having a good temper, Crystal was kind and positive. Occasionally, when he saw her secretly collecting coupons, Crystal would be happy all day as if she had taken a big advantage.

The world was too impetuous, so he felt that such a simple girl was very good.

Crystal slept soundly and had a dream. Perhaps she dreamed of something beautiful. There was a satisfied smile on her sleeping face. She looked quiet and obedient.

Looking at the clock on the wall, Chandler saw that it was 6 pm.

Christina had been waiting at home for a long time. Crystal had said that she was coming to go shopping with Christina. Why hadn't she arrived yet? Christina had made several more calls, but Crystal still hadn't answered.

"What is she busy with?" Recently, Crystal often stood her up.

She guessed it might have something to do with Chandler or Geoffrey.

However, Crystal had always been very considerate and would tell Christina if she wasn't able to come. Even when Crystal suddenly missed the appointment last Christmas, she called Christina to inform her.

Christina suddenly felt that something was wrong. She had to go to Crystal's house to see what happened.

Quickly packing her wallet and phone, changing her clothes and shoes, Christina opened the door and ran out.

But as soon as the door was opened by her, Christina was shocked.

"You..." Christina was shocked. She didn't expect Patrick to be at her door.

"Where are you going?"

Instead, Patrick was a little hurried with his deep voice. He questioned her suddenly and he suddenly grabbed her wrist with his right hand, as if he didn't want her to run away.

Patrick held Christina's wrist so tightly

that Christina felt pain and wanted to show her anger. But then she saw his deep eyes, and his cold face, which was fair and looked a little red.

Christina frowned and stared at him. Even his palm was burning. "Patrick, are you sick?"



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