

## Chapter 32

Patrick's face darkened gradually.

He didn't say a word more. He turned around and strode away.

Christina looked a little confused when she watched him leave without a word.

Christina didn't understand what was wrong with him, but she felt that he might be angry.

What was he angry about?

She stepped forward and suddenly wanted to catch up with him. But she remembered what happened between him and Cecilia, and Christina's heart was blocked. Forget it!

Patrick was indeed very angry. With a sullen face, he strode forward, took out his cell phone, and ordered in a cold voice, "Send me the WhatsApp password of your company's entertainer..."

Charles, on the other end of the phone, received the call and felt that Patrick was obviously in a bad mood, "Patrick, what do you want the WhatsApp password for? It is not good..." After all, this was about the

privacy.

"I will find someone to crack it."

Charles became nervous when he heard this. "What happened?"

"Send me Connie's WhatsApp



password..." Patrick sounded impatient.

Connie? Charles looked thoughtful when he heard the name.

Connie was indeed an entertainer under his company. But she happened to be robbed of the role of the leading actress by Cecilia last time, and Connie was a member of the Dickens Family...

"Patrick, you've registered for marriage with Christina. After all, Connie is also a member of the Dickens Family. Now Cecilia is very popular in the entertainment circle, and she can win the award at the end of the year without any threat. There's no need..."

Charles said weakly, but... In the end, Patrick didn't bother to explain.



Charles had to resign himself to having someone send Connie's password to Patrick, lest Patrick really found a technician to crack it and made his company's database revealed.

However, Charles didn't understand why Patrick wanted Connie's WhatsApp password for no reason.

Moreover, people like Patrick might never use WhatsApp.

Christina sat in the pavilion in the back garden for a long time, and she looked a little angry. "Why should he be angry? I'm not angry yet!" She was unpleasant when she thought of Patrick's callousness.

He went out to fool around and had an



affair with another woman. Why should he be angry with me?

But just now, Patrick's look was very strange when he gazed at her.

Christina was distraught and was about to go to the study to ask Patrick about the reason when a tall figure strode towards her.

As soon as Christina turned around, she became wary when she met her father----Donald's stern gaze.

"Do you have any sense of shame?" The moment he opened his mouth, he scolded her sarcastically.

She had been used to his father's scold. Christina's face was grim and her hands were clenched in fists. She



walked away as if he wasn't there.

"Stop!"

Donald seemed angry. "You married Cory three years ago. Why didn't you tell me?" His tone was cold and inquisitive.

"Why should I tell you? You have had nothing to do with me since I left the Dickens Family the day my mother died!" Christina couldn't help but turn back and retort.

Had you ever cared about me? Where were you when I was starving and freezing? Did you want to care about me?

He didn't care about her, and she disdained his care.



Donald glared at his own daughter. He had only one daughter, Christina, but now they had a confrontation and viewed each other as enemies.

"Have nothing to do with me? The Old Master of Hopkins Family asked me to come here today because you are acting in the name of Miss Dickens. Every word and action of yours affects Dickens Family. Don't embarrass me outside!"

Christina retorted angrily, "My marriage with Hopkins Family had nothing to do with my identity as Miss Dickens. Hopkins Family accepted me only because I was pregnant. Don't think that your Dickens Family is very powerful. I don't care!"



"Do you still have the face to talk to me about this? You climbed to Patrick's bed in order to marry into a rich family!" Donald's face also darkened.

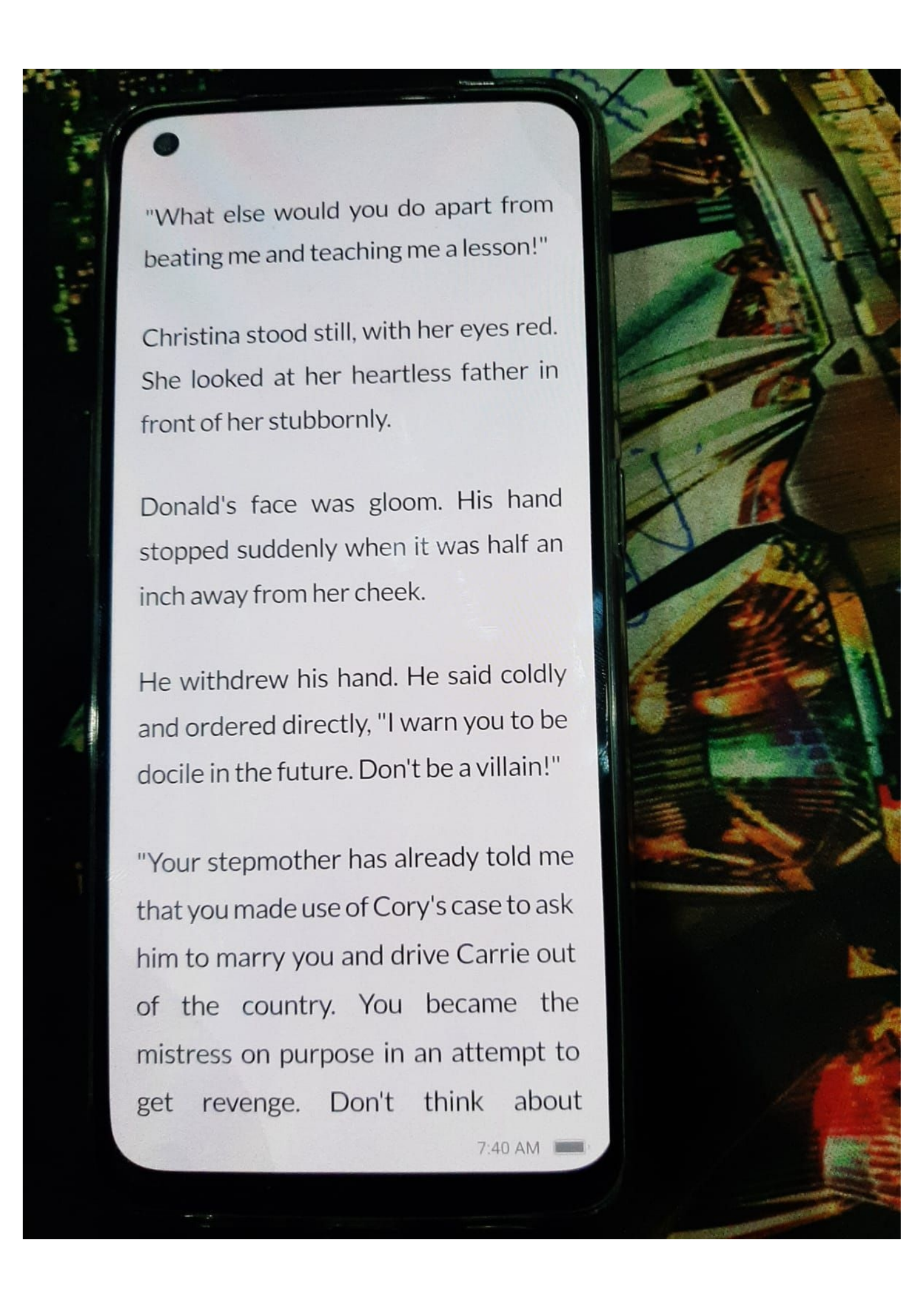
"Yes! I love vanity. I climbed to Patrick's bed on purpose!" Christina bit her lips and asked back cynically.

"Why should you teach me a lesson? When my mother helped Connie and her sister go to college, Connie was only 20 years old. She had climbed to the bed of you, a 50-year-old old man at that time. Why didn't you tell her what shame was when you were fooling around?"

"Shut up!"

Donald's face was dark, and he raised his big palm and hit her in the face.



A smartphone screen is shown, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, abstract painting with various colors like green, blue, orange, and red, and some geometric shapes. The text message is in a clean, black font on a white background.

"What else would you do apart from beating me and teaching me a lesson!"

Christina stood still, with her eyes red. She looked at her heartless father in front of her stubbornly.

Donald's face was gloom. His hand stopped suddenly when it was half an inch away from her cheek.

He withdrew his hand. He said coldly and ordered directly, "I warn you to be docile in the future. Don't be a villain!"

"Your stepmother has already told me that you made use of Cory's case to ask him to marry you and drive Carrie out of the country. You became the mistress on purpose in an attempt to get revenge. Don't think about



malicious provocation all day, or I won't spare you!"

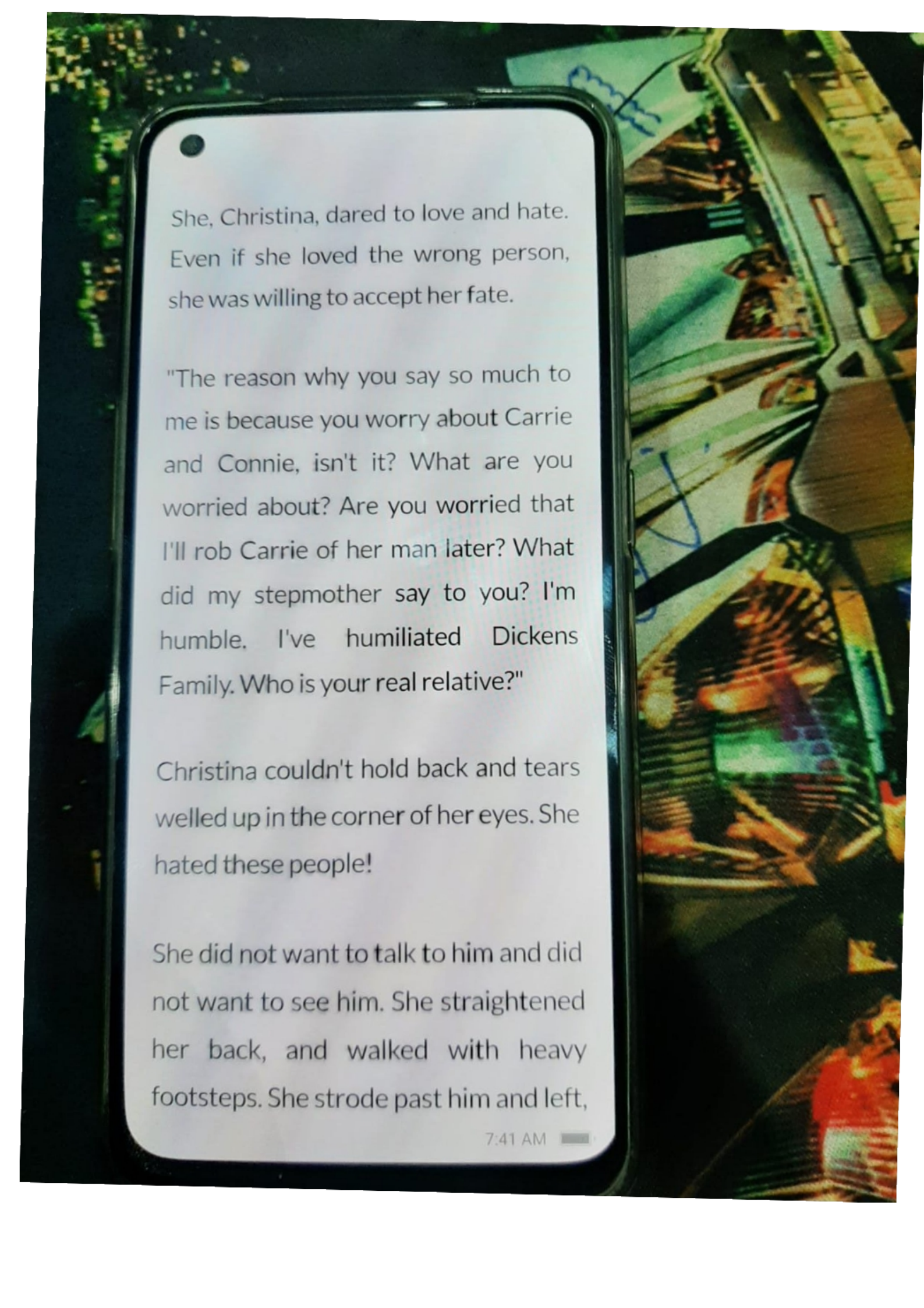
"Who is the mistress!" Christina held back the tears in her eyes and roared.

"Carrie's daughter has been over three years old this year. Do you still want to argue!"

Christina suddenly fell silent, suppressing the grievance and resentment in her heart.

She took a deep breath and suppressed her emotions. "I helped Cory back then. I didn't regret doing all the stupid things. I loved him back then. I was willing to bear everything. I didn't need his gratitude, and I didn't bother to fight for it with such dirty methods..."



The image shows a smartphone screen with text from a book. The background of the phone's home screen is a colorful, abstract, and somewhat blurry image, possibly of a city or a large structure. The text is displayed in a clean, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the screen, the time '7:41 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

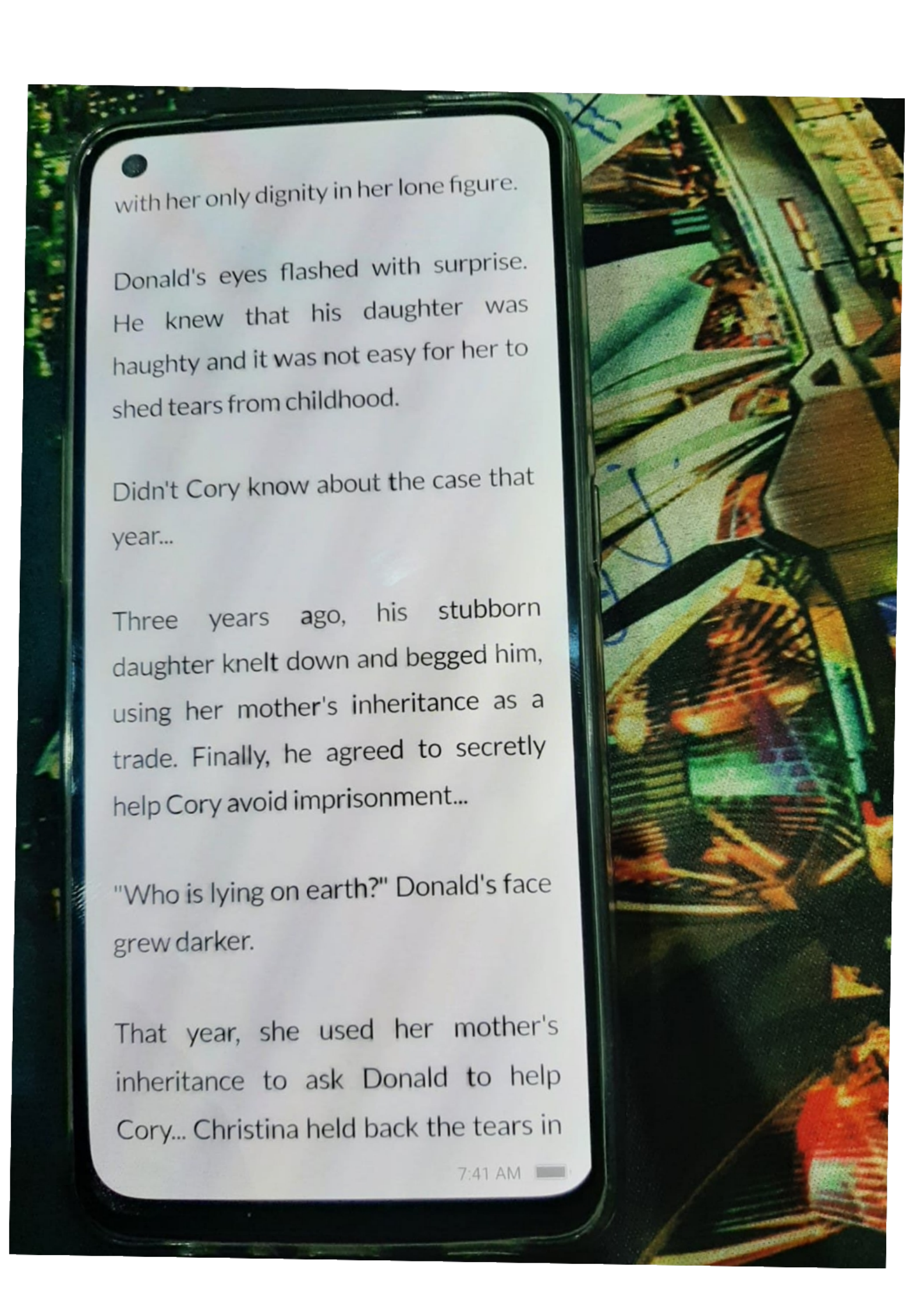
She, Christina, dared to love and hate. Even if she loved the wrong person, she was willing to accept her fate.

"The reason why you say so much to me is because you worry about Carrie and Connie, isn't it? What are you worried about? Are you worried that I'll rob Carrie of her man later? What did my stepmother say to you? I'm humble. I've humiliated Dickens Family. Who is your real relative?"

Christina couldn't hold back and tears welled up in the corner of her eyes. She hated these people!

She did not want to talk to him and did not want to see him. She straightened her back, and walked with heavy footsteps. She strode past him and left,





with her only dignity in her lone figure.

Donald's eyes flashed with surprise. He knew that his daughter was haughty and it was not easy for her to shed tears from childhood.

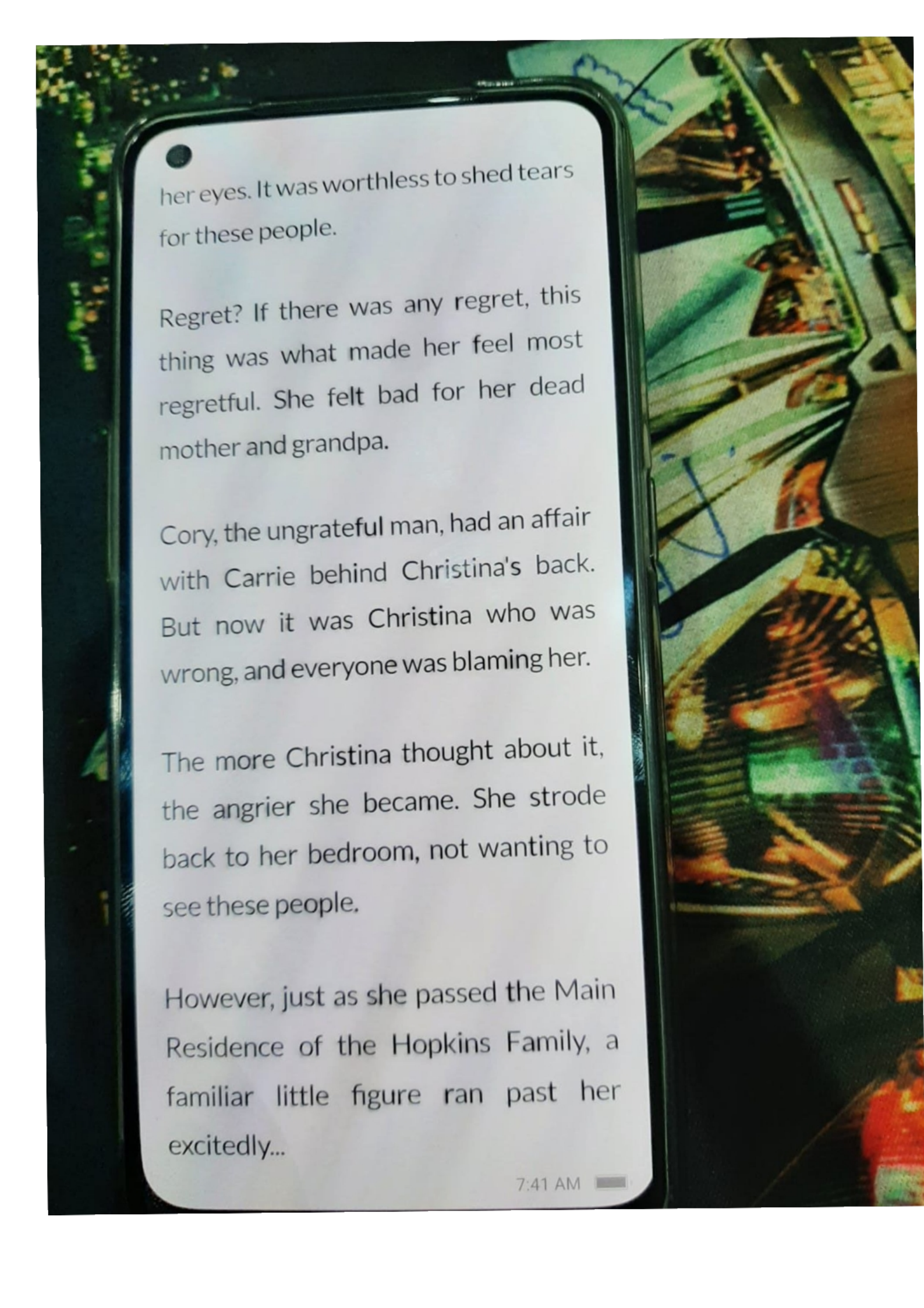
Didn't Cory know about the case that year...

Three years ago, his stubborn daughter knelt down and begged him, using her mother's inheritance as a trade. Finally, he agreed to secretly help Cory avoid imprisonment...

"Who is lying on earth?" Donald's face grew darker.

That year, she used her mother's inheritance to ask Donald to help Cory... Christina held back the tears in



A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying text from a story. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, abstract image with green, blue, and orange tones, possibly depicting a cityscape or a large-scale event. The text on the screen is in a clean, black, sans-serif font. The phone's status bar at the bottom right shows the time as 7:41 AM and a battery icon.

her eyes. It was worthless to shed tears for these people.

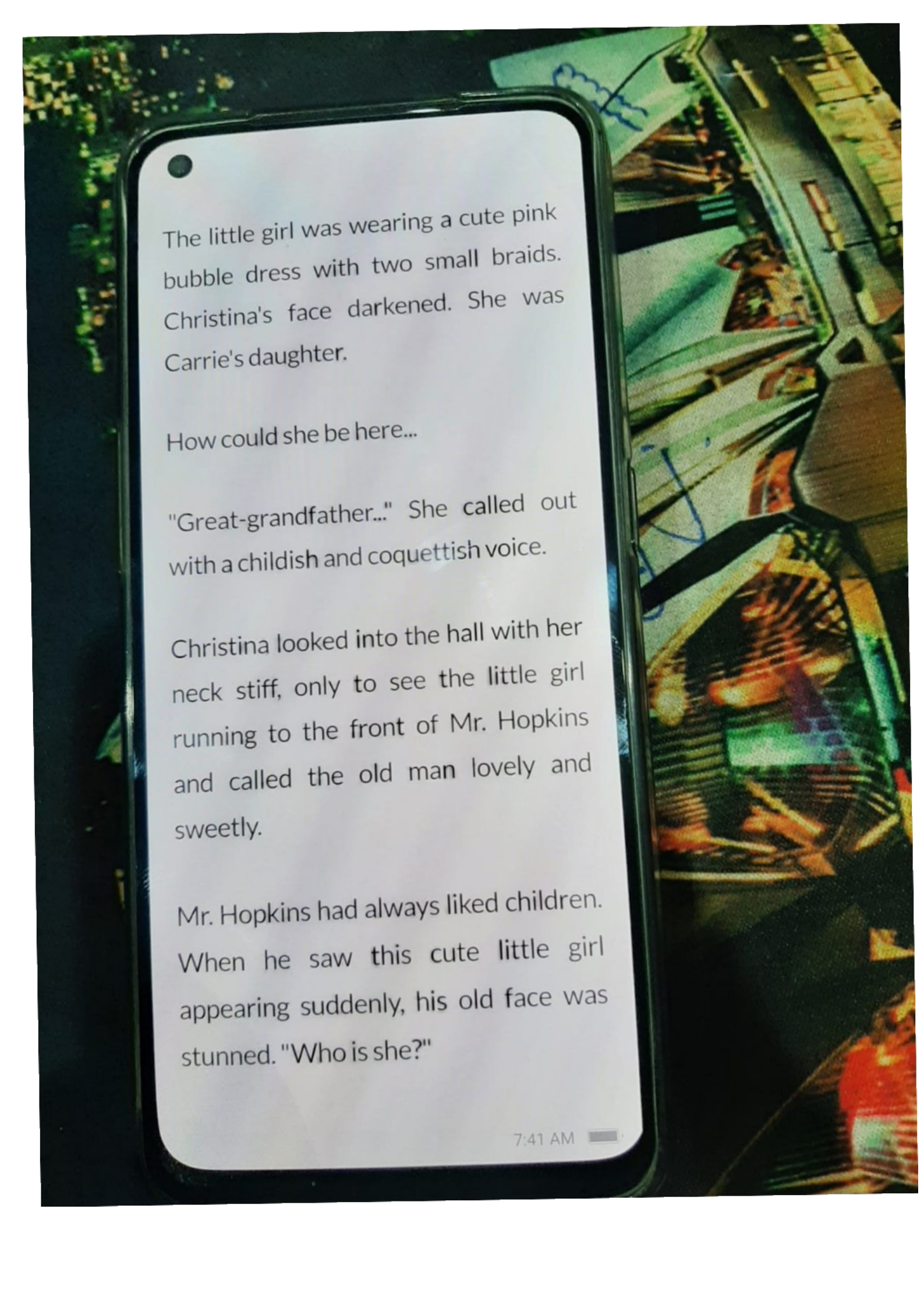
Regret? If there was any regret, this thing was what made her feel most regretful. She felt bad for her dead mother and grandpa.

Cory, the ungrateful man, had an affair with Carrie behind Christina's back. But now it was Christina who was wrong, and everyone was blaming her.

The more Christina thought about it, the angrier she became. She strode back to her bedroom, not wanting to see these people.

However, just as she passed the Main Residence of the Hopkins Family, a familiar little figure ran past her excitedly...





The little girl was wearing a cute pink bubble dress with two small braids. Christina's face darkened. She was Carrie's daughter.

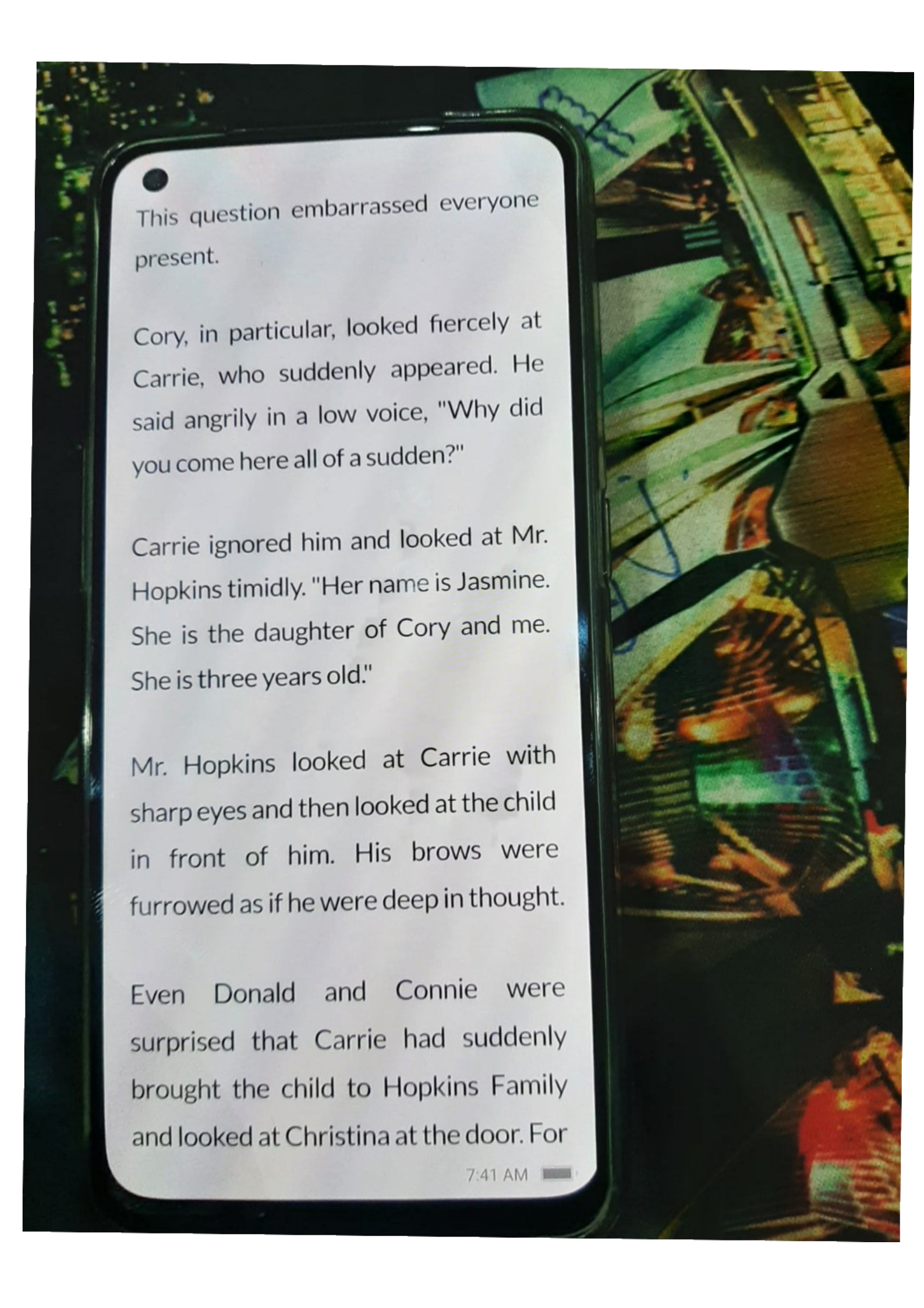
How could she be here...

"Great-grandfather..." She called out with a childish and coquettish voice.

Christina looked into the hall with her neck stiff, only to see the little girl running to the front of Mr. Hopkins and called the old man lovely and sweetly.

Mr. Hopkins had always liked children. When he saw this cute little girl appearing suddenly, his old face was stunned. "Who is she?"



A smartphone screen is shown, displaying text from a book. The background of the phone's home screen is a colorful, abstract, and somewhat blurry image, possibly of a city street or a large structure. The text on the screen is in a clean, black, sans-serif font. The phone's status bar at the bottom shows the time as 7:41 AM and a battery icon.

This question embarrassed everyone present.

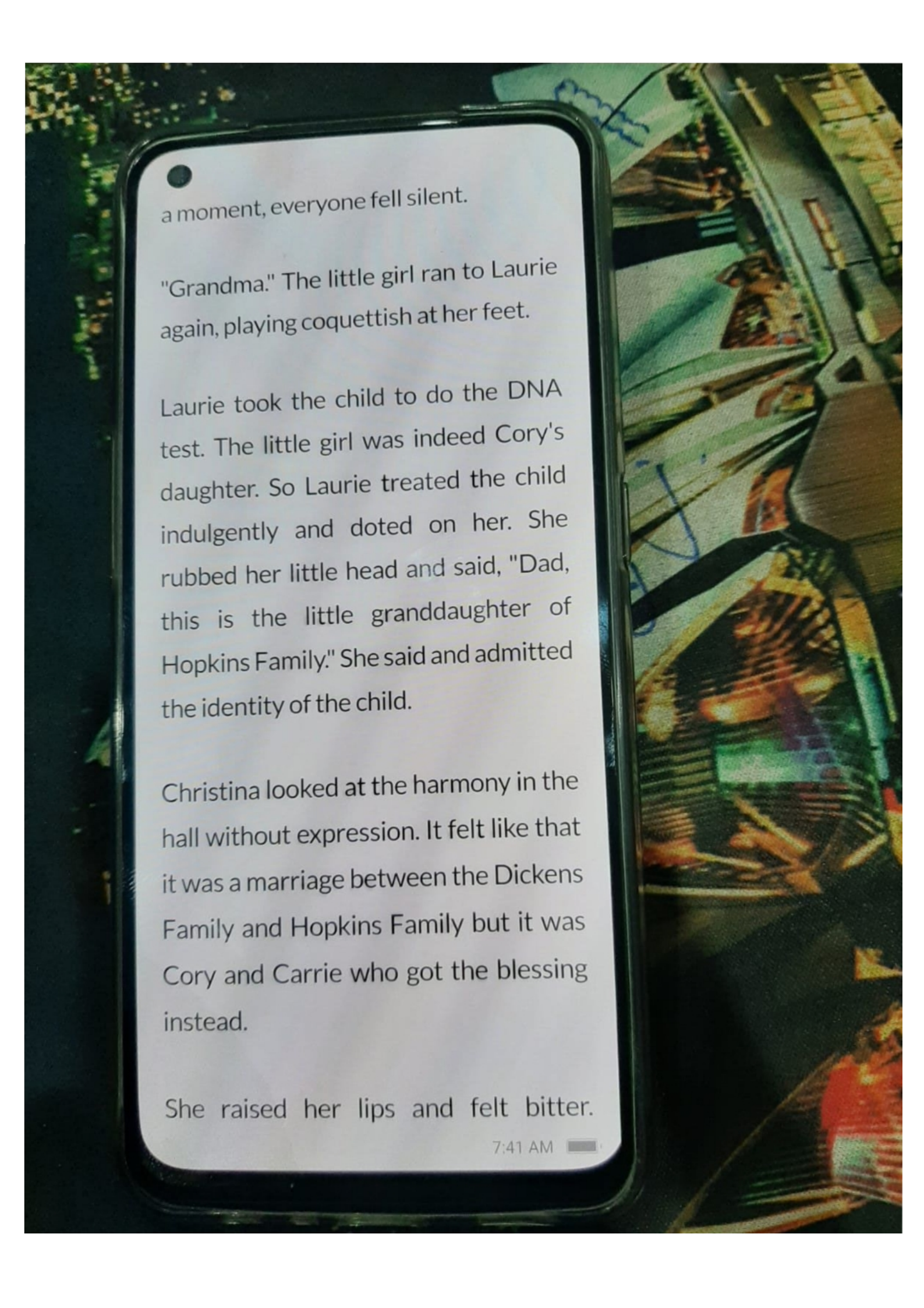
Cory, in particular, looked fiercely at Carrie, who suddenly appeared. He said angrily in a low voice, "Why did you come here all of a sudden?"

Carrie ignored him and looked at Mr. Hopkins timidly. "Her name is Jasmine. She is the daughter of Cory and me. She is three years old."

Mr. Hopkins looked at Carrie with sharp eyes and then looked at the child in front of him. His brows were furrowed as if he were deep in thought.

Even Donald and Connie were surprised that Carrie had suddenly brought the child to Hopkins Family and looked at Christina at the door. For





a moment, everyone fell silent.

"Grandma." The little girl ran to Laurie again, playing coquettish at her feet.

Laurie took the child to do the DNA test. The little girl was indeed Cory's daughter. So Laurie treated the child indulgently and doted on her. She rubbed her little head and said, "Dad, this is the little granddaughter of Hopkins Family." She said and admitted the identity of the child.

Christina looked at the harmony in the hall without expression. It felt like that it was a marriage between the Dickens Family and Hopkins Family but it was Cory and Carrie who got the blessing instead.

She raised her lips and felt bitter.



Mistress. Everyone thought she was the mistress.

Whether it was as for Cory or as for Patrick, she always seemed to be regarded as the mistress, pushed out by those women but she couldn't win...

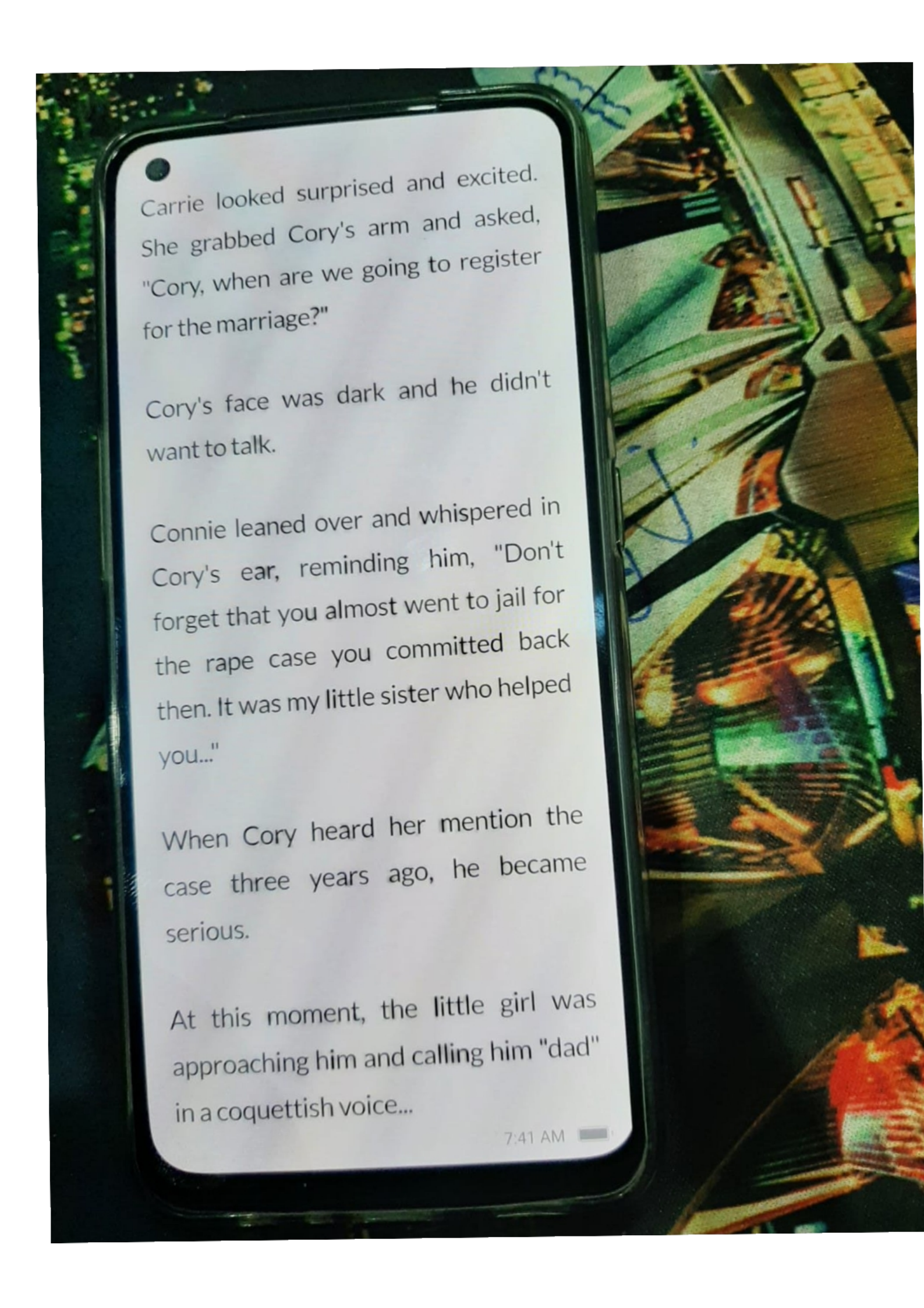
Christina turned around and ignored the people in the hall.

Just as she stepped forward, she heard Mr. Hopkins say in a calm voice behind her, "Since the child has been three years old, you should get married as soon as possible..."

Christina found it ridiculous that Mr. Hopkins actually urged Cory and Carrie to marry in person.

In the hall of the Hopkins Family,





Carrie looked surprised and excited. She grabbed Cory's arm and asked, "Cory, when are we going to register for the marriage?"

Cory's face was dark and he didn't want to talk.

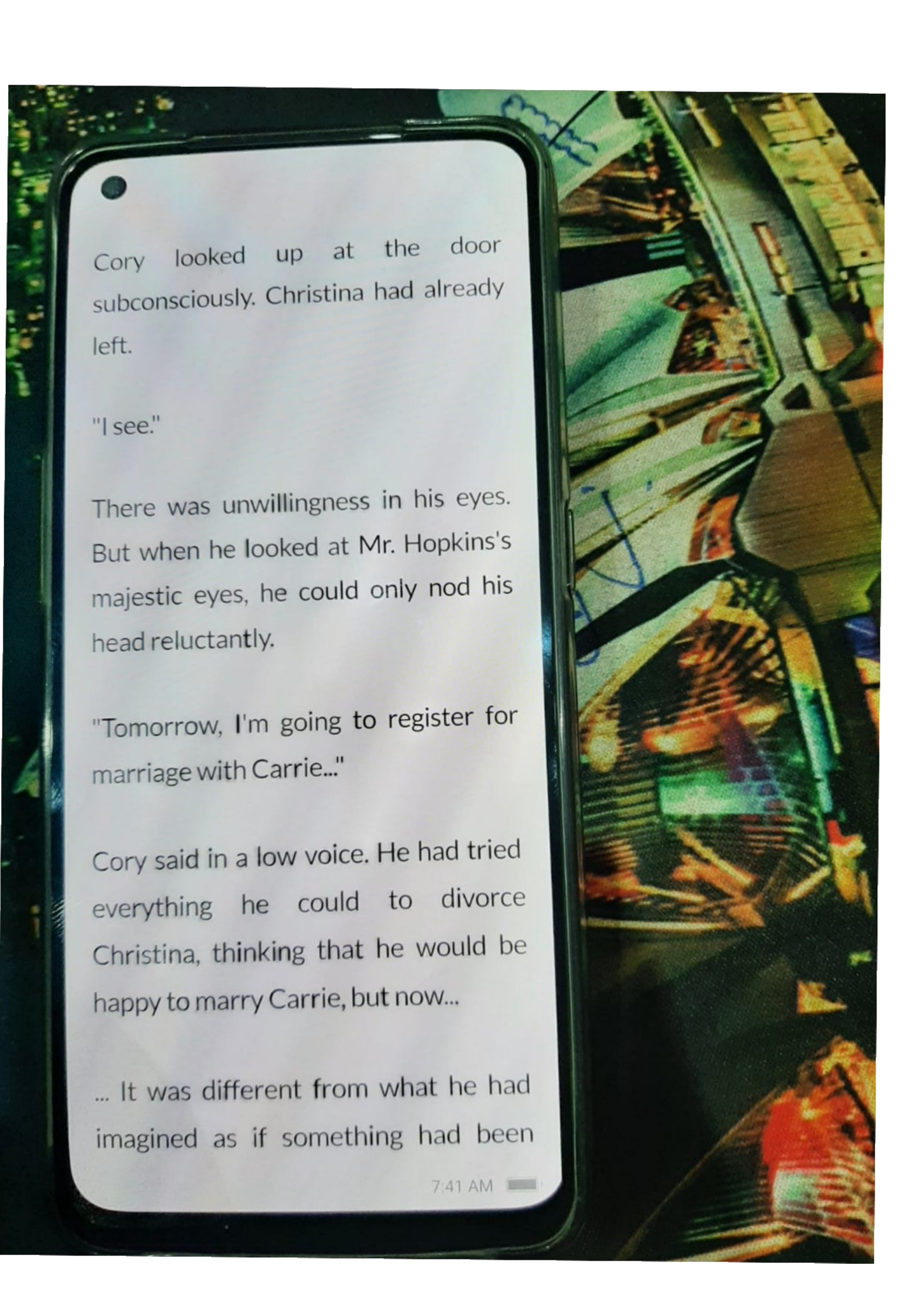
Connie leaned over and whispered in Cory's ear, reminding him, "Don't forget that you almost went to jail for the rape case you committed back then. It was my little sister who helped you..."

When Cory heard her mention the case three years ago, he became serious.

At this moment, the little girl was approaching him and calling him "dad" in a coquettish voice...

7:41 AM





Cory looked up at the door subconsciously. Christina had already left.

"I see."

There was unwillingness in his eyes. But when he looked at Mr. Hopkins's majestic eyes, he could only nod his head reluctantly.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to register for marriage with Carrie..."

Cory said in a low voice. He had tried everything he could to divorce Christina, thinking that he would be happy to marry Carrie, but now...

... It was different from what he had imagined as if something had been



intervened and schemed.

When Carrie heard that he was going to register for marriage with her tomorrow, she suddenly looked excited. She walked to Connie and they went to the bathroom together.

Carrie took her arm and thanked her. "Sis, thank you so much this time."

"Why did you thank me?" Connie was confused. After thinking for a while, she asked, "By the way, why did you suddenly bring the child to the Hopkins Family?"

Carrie's happy face froze after hearing Connie's question.

Immediately, Carrie nervously took out her cell phone. "It, isn't it because



you just sent me a WhatsApp message saying there was an urgent matter and asking me to bring my child to the Hopkins Family immediately..."

"I didn't send you any message!"

7:41 AM



Chapter 33

"How is that possible? This is your WhatsApp account..."

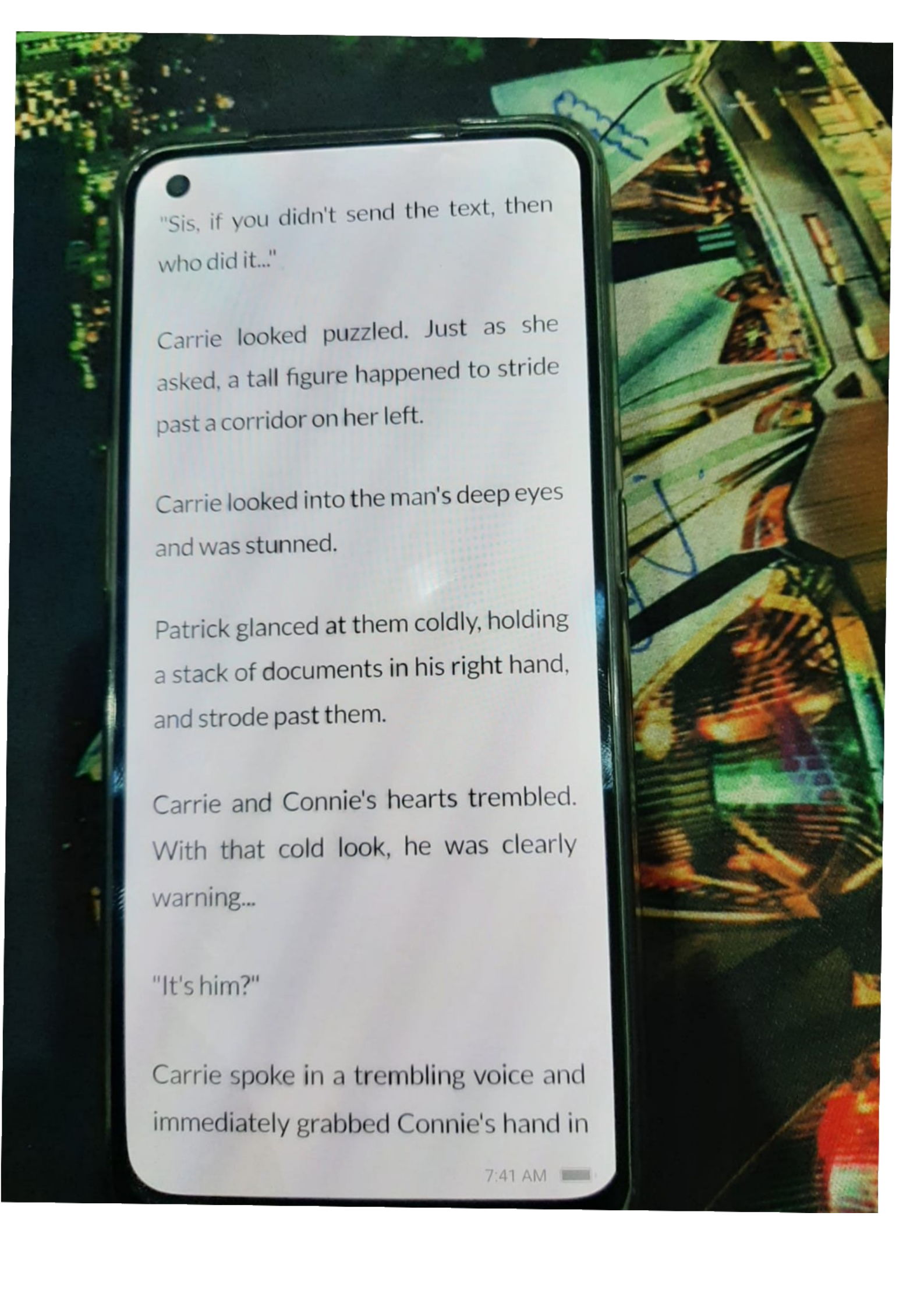
Carrie handed her the phone. Connie looked at the screen and immediately became nervous.

"It's usually my manager who helps me with my Twitter and WhatsApp," Connie felt that someone was manipulating it and immediately called her manager, who said that he didn't post it today.

Connie was in a panic.

She suddenly thought of something. She knew that some people could easily get her password...





"Sis, if you didn't send the text, then who did it..."

Carrie looked puzzled. Just as she asked, a tall figure happened to stride past a corridor on her left.

Carrie looked into the man's deep eyes and was stunned.

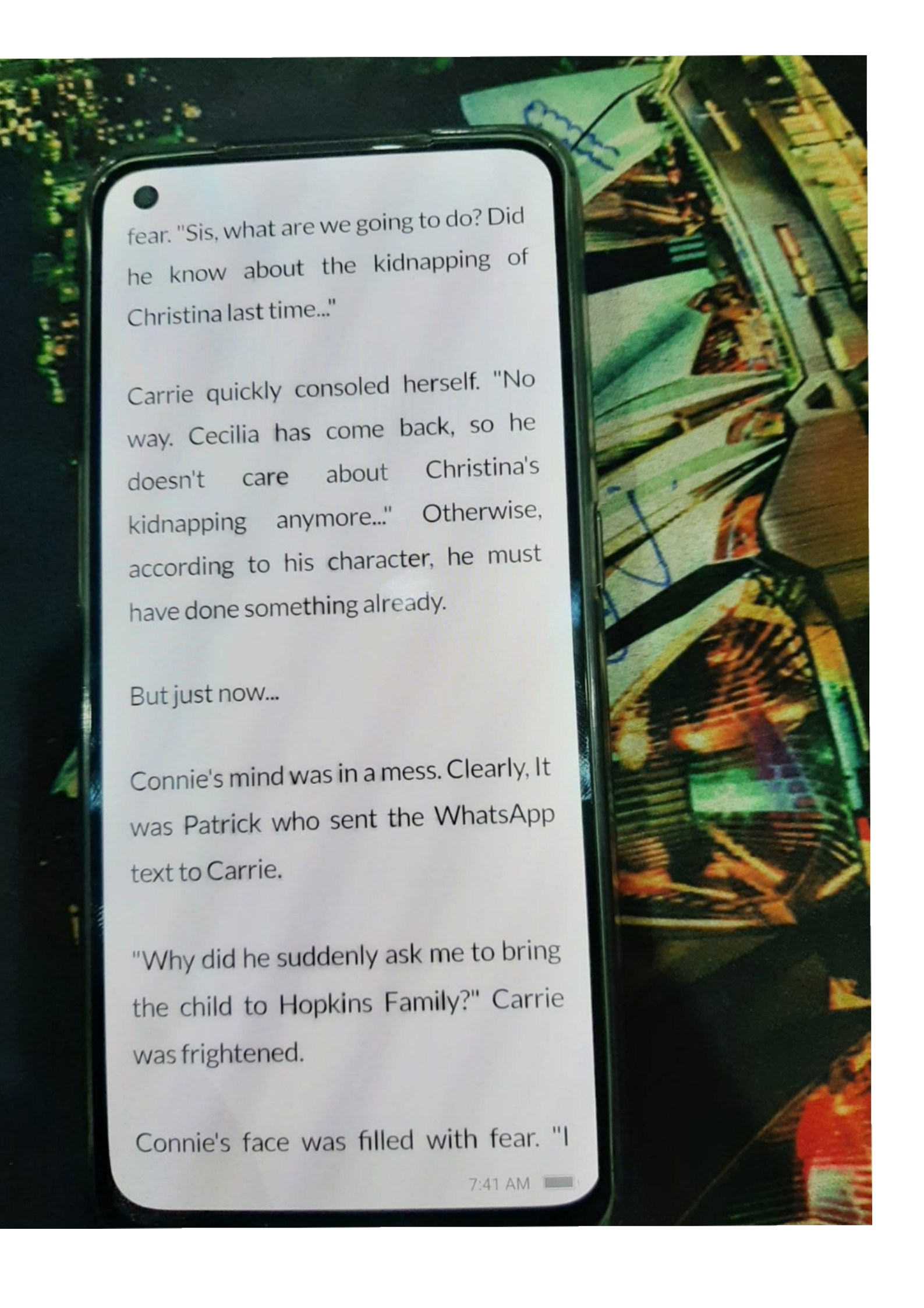
Patrick glanced at them coldly, holding a stack of documents in his right hand, and strode past them.

Carrie and Connie's hearts trembled. With that cold look, he was clearly warning...

"It's him?"

Carrie spoke in a trembling voice and immediately grabbed Connie's hand in





fear. "Sis, what are we going to do? Did he know about the kidnapping of Christina last time..."

Carrie quickly consoled herself. "No way. Cecilia has come back, so he doesn't care about Christina's kidnapping anymore..." Otherwise, according to his character, he must have done something already.

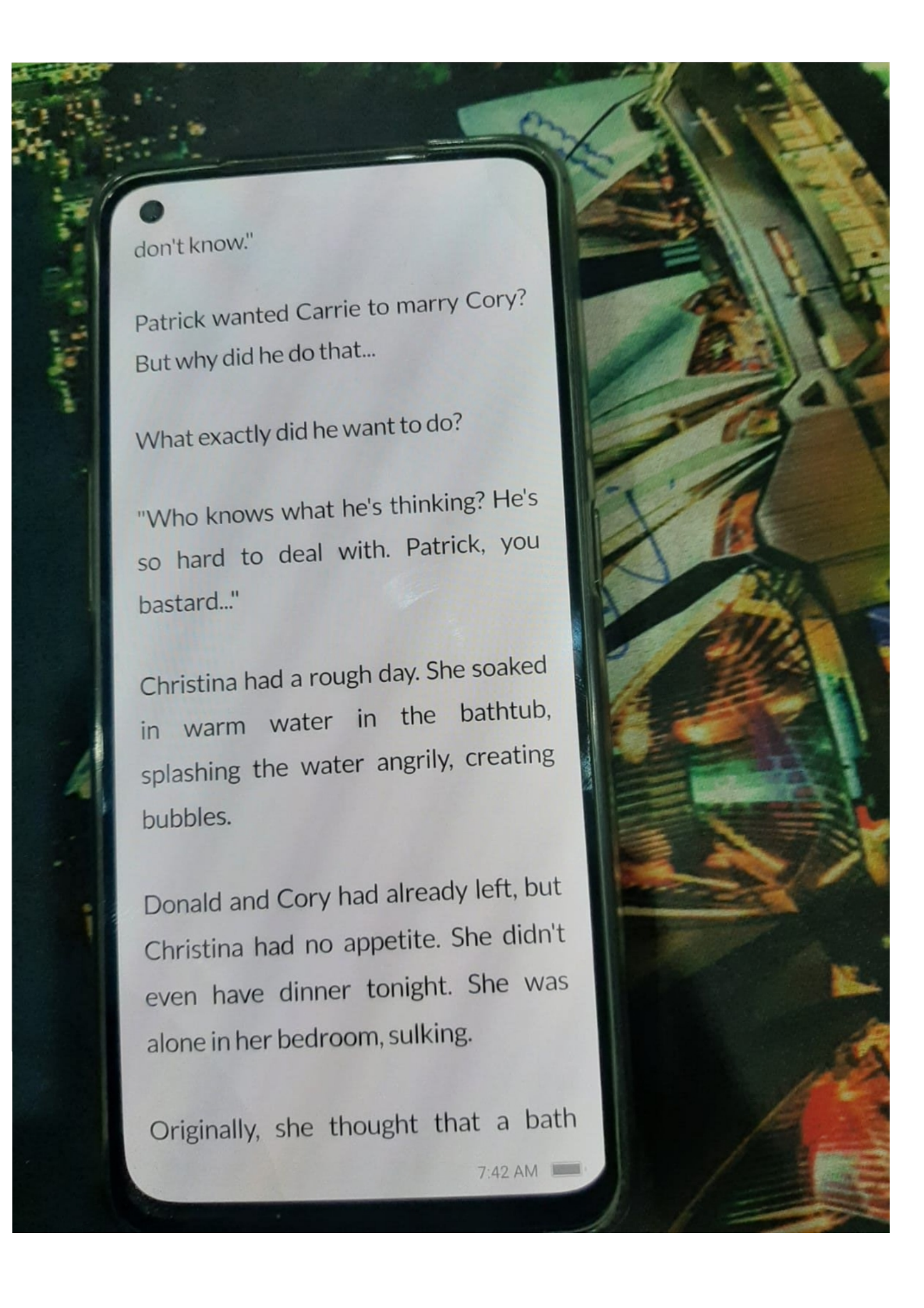
But just now...

Connie's mind was in a mess. Clearly, it was Patrick who sent the WhatsApp text to Carrie.

"Why did he suddenly ask me to bring the child to Hopkins Family?" Carrie was frightened.

Connie's face was filled with fear. "I





don't know."

Patrick wanted Carrie to marry Cory?  
But why did he do that...

What exactly did he want to do?

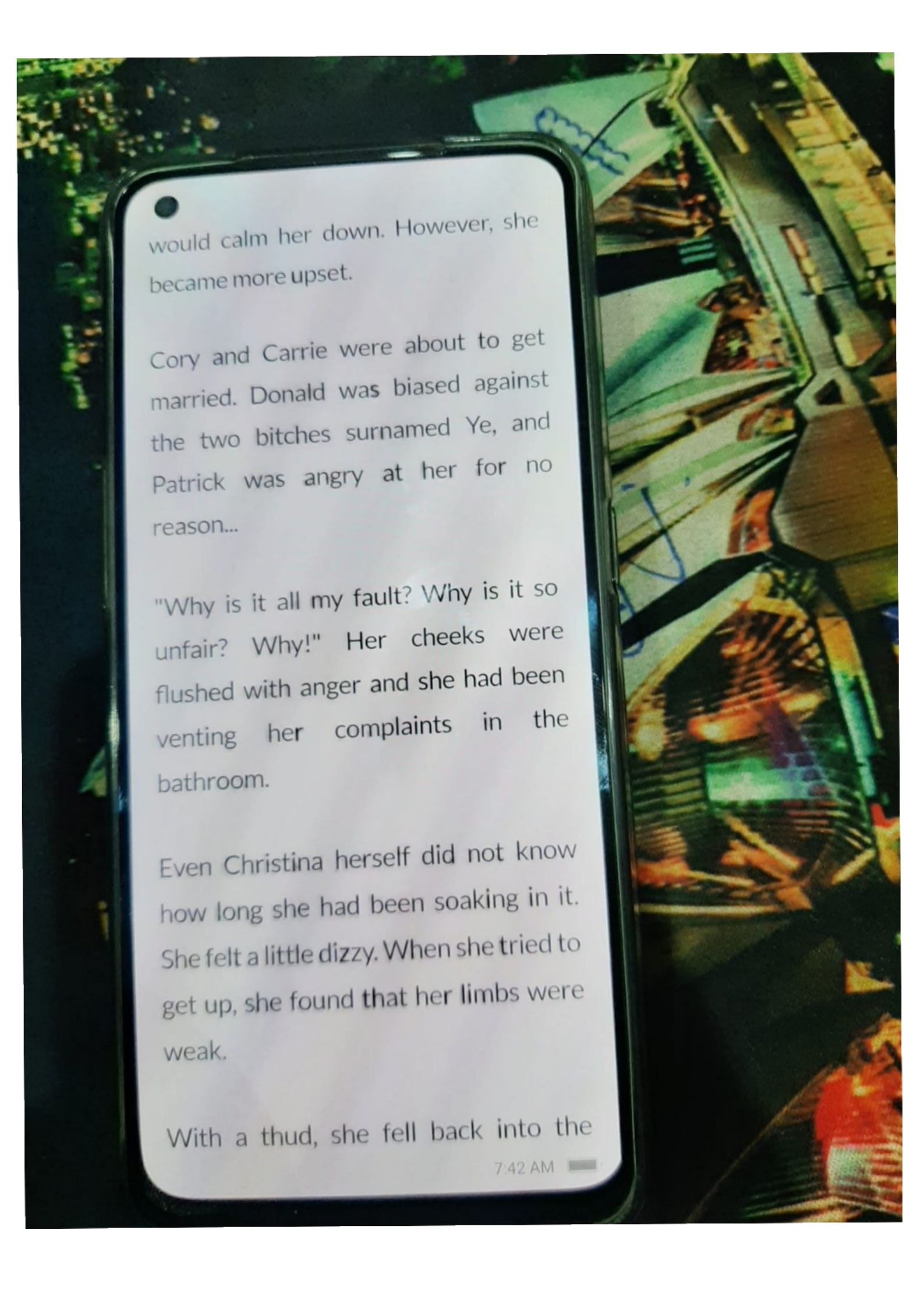
"Who knows what he's thinking? He's  
so hard to deal with. Patrick, you  
bastard..."

Christina had a rough day. She soaked  
in warm water in the bathtub,  
splashing the water angrily, creating  
bubbles.

Donald and Cory had already left, but  
Christina had no appetite. She didn't  
even have dinner tonight. She was  
alone in her bedroom, sulking.

Originally, she thought that a bath





would calm her down. However, she became more upset.

Cory and Carrie were about to get married. Donald was biased against the two bitches surnamed Ye, and Patrick was angry at her for no reason...

"Why is it all my fault? Why is it so unfair? Why!" Her cheeks were flushed with anger and she had been venting her complaints in the bathroom.

Even Christina herself did not know how long she had been soaking in it. She felt a little dizzy. When she tried to get up, she found that her limbs were weak.

With a thud, she fell back into the



bathtub.

With water in it, she was not hurt. Just as she was about to call the maid, she heard the door open quickly.

"Can you help me? My legs are weak..."

She was soaking in the bathtub, playing with bubbles in boredom.

"You! You've been here since afternoon!" The voice was cold with suppressed anger.

Christina's mind went blank. She raised her head and looked at the person in a daze.

Before she could see the person clearly, the person seemed to be in a rage and went forward to pull her out



of the bathtub...

He acted in a rush. Christina hit his strong chest with the tip of her nose. "What are you doing? Can't you be gentle..." She rubbed her nose and immediately complained.

The man was so angry that he wanted to scold her...

"I feel a little cold..."

Suddenly, the woman in front of him muttered fearlessly.

"Christina, if you catch a cold, I'll..."

As soon as his threatening words were spoken, Christina instantly looked up, only to see that the man in front of her was Patrick.



Patrick looked at her dull appearance. His face was darkened. He immediately grabbed the large towel beside him, wrapped the woman up, and carried her out of the bathroom.

"Don't move!"

He carried her to the side of the bed and wanted to throw her directly onto the bed, but her long hair was wet!

Christina had bathed for too long, and her whole body was weak and powerless. It was rare for her to be obedient and let him do whatever he wanted.

Forgot it. She just lied in his arms and rest her head on his shoulder. She felt it comfortable to lean on him. From time



to time, she complained, "Patrick, don't pull my hair so hard. It hurts a little."

Patrick lowered his eyes and glared fiercely at her reddish face. He grabbed a towel in his right hand and dried her hair.

Mr. Hopkins had never served a woman, let alone blow-dry her hair.

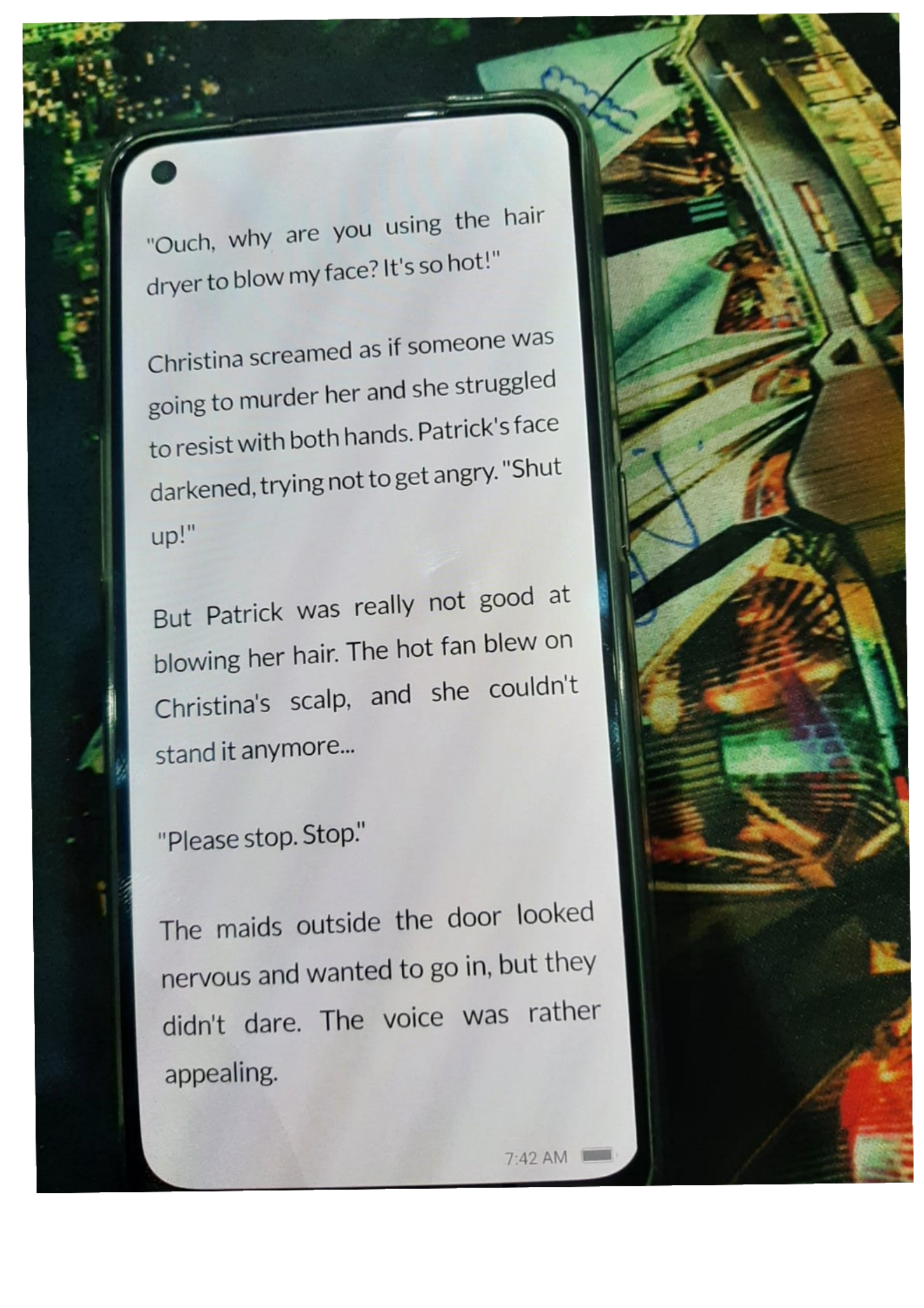
Therefore, it took Patrick a lot of effort to dry her long hair.

"Christina! Turn over."

Her hair was still wet on her forehead. She lay on him like a koala, not even bothering to move.

Patrick had no choice but to hold the hairdryer and point it at her forehead...



A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying text from a story. The background of the phone's home screen is a colorful, abstract, and somewhat blurry image with green, blue, and orange tones. The text on the screen is in a clean, black, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the screen, the time "7:42 AM" and a battery icon are visible.

"Ouch, why are you using the hair dryer to blow my face? It's so hot!"

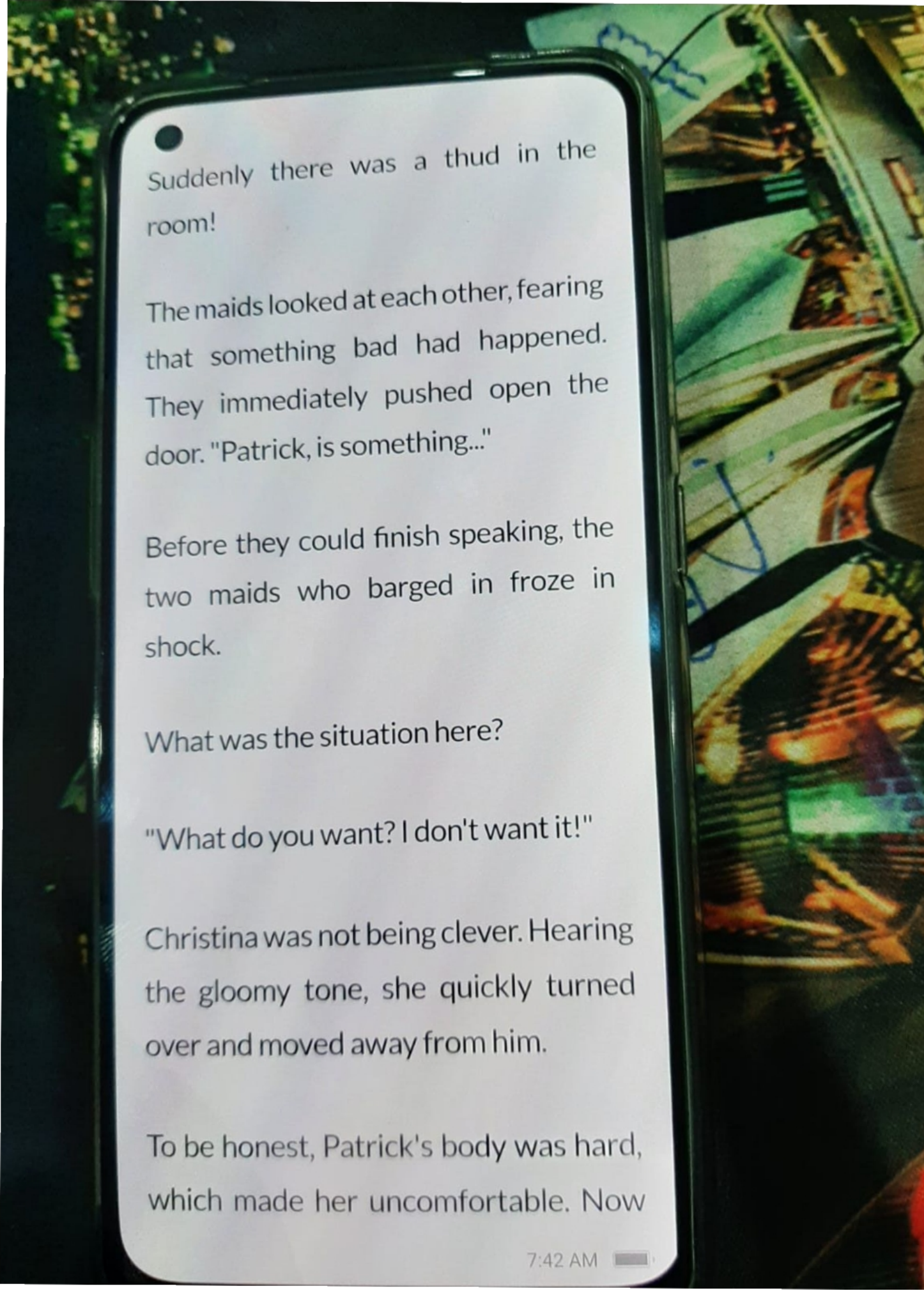
Christina screamed as if someone was going to murder her and she struggled to resist with both hands. Patrick's face darkened, trying not to get angry. "Shut up!"

But Patrick was really not good at blowing her hair. The hot fan blew on Christina's scalp, and she couldn't stand it anymore...

"Please stop. Stop."

The maids outside the door looked nervous and wanted to go in, but they didn't dare. The voice was rather appealing.





Suddenly there was a thud in the room!

The maids looked at each other, fearing that something bad had happened. They immediately pushed open the door. "Patrick, is something..."

Before they could finish speaking, the two maids who barged in froze in shock.

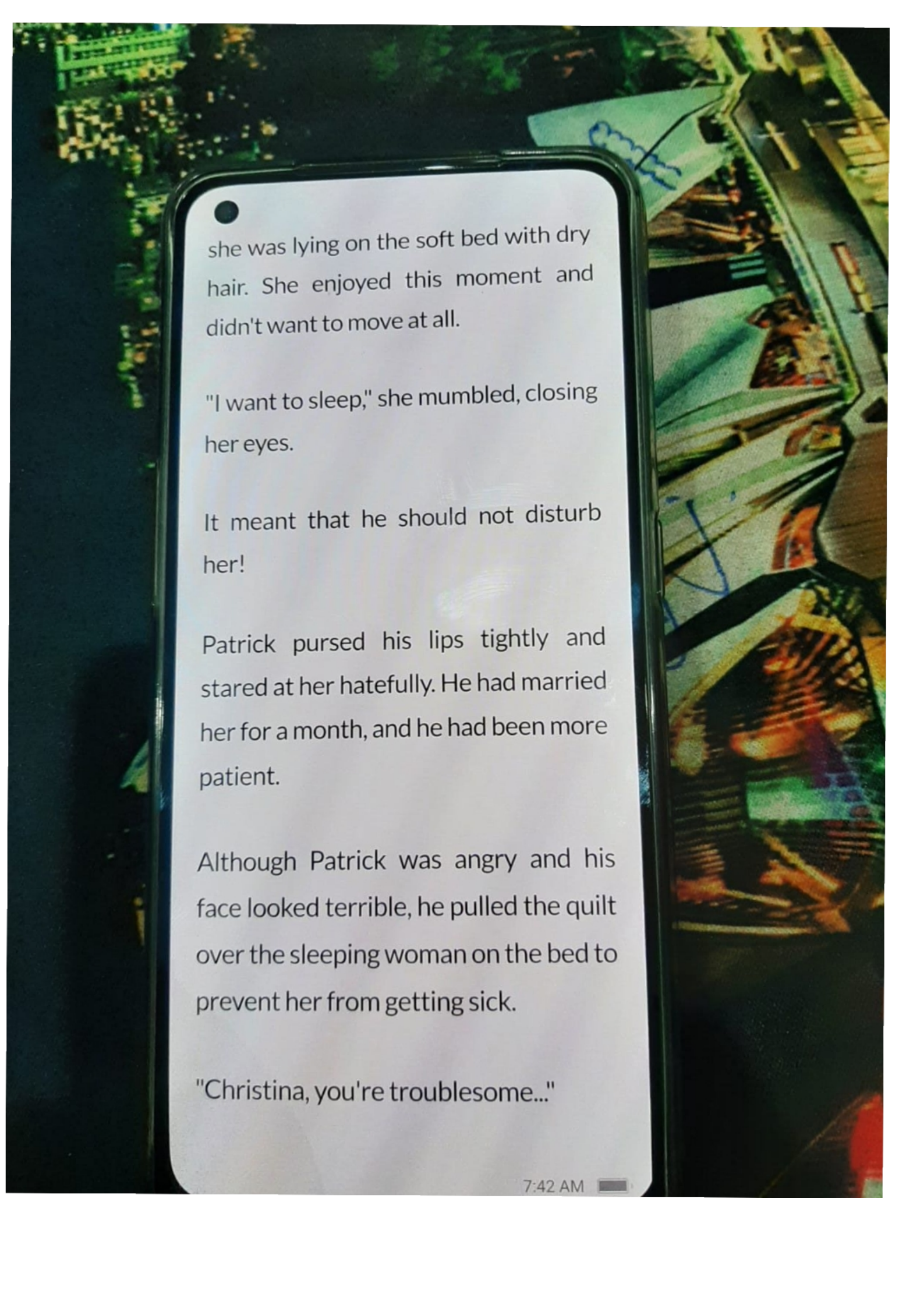
What was the situation here?

"What do you want? I don't want it!"

Christina was not being clever. Hearing the gloomy tone, she quickly turned over and moved away from him.

To be honest, Patrick's body was hard, which made her uncomfortable. Now



A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying a story snippet. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, colorful image of a city at night, with buildings and lights. The text on the screen is in a clean, black, sans-serif font. The story snippet is as follows:

she was lying on the soft bed with dry hair. She enjoyed this moment and didn't want to move at all.

"I want to sleep," she mumbled, closing her eyes.

It meant that he should not disturb her!

Patrick pursed his lips tightly and stared at her hatefully. He had married her for a month, and he had been more patient.

Although Patrick was angry and his face looked terrible, he pulled the quilt over the sleeping woman on the bed to prevent her from getting sick.

"Christina, you're troublesome..."



"It's itchy..." She was half awake and felt a pair of burning eyes staring at her. She turned away from him and prevented him from touching her face.

Patrick was unhappy and stared at her.

"Christina, is Cory getting married soon?" He propped his head up with his right hand, his eyes still on her side face. And he asked that for no reason.

"I'm not going to his wedding."

Christina could hear his question. The name Cory had provoked her, and she immediately groaned unhappily.

"What? You don't dare to go because you care about him, right?!" Patrick's voice immediately cooled down.



"I don't want to see them," she mumbled, "I don't want to. I don't want to see the Dickens Family. I don't want to see Cory..."

Suddenly, she thought of something unhappy and she felt depressed.

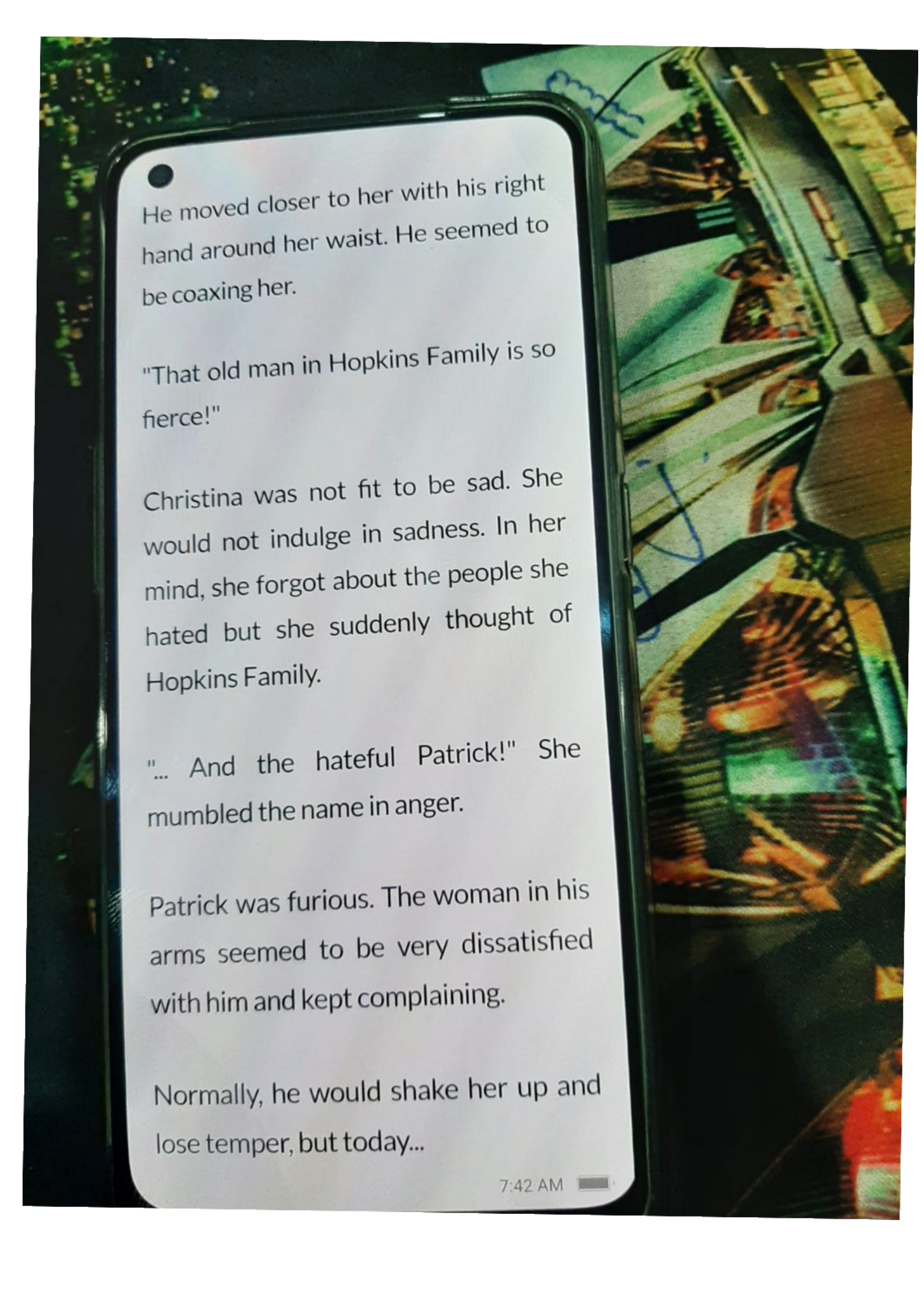
"They bullied me..." Christina rarely spoke with such grievances. She usually pretended to be tough, and she was very tired from meeting them on her own.

Her words shocked him.

Patrick had known her for a long time, but it was the first time he had seen her so fragile.

"Who bullied you?"



A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying several paragraphs of text. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, abstract image with green, blue, and orange tones, possibly depicting a cityscape or a complex structure. The text on the screen is in a clean, black, sans-serif font.

He moved closer to her with his right hand around her waist. He seemed to be coaxing her.

"That old man in Hopkins Family is so fierce!"

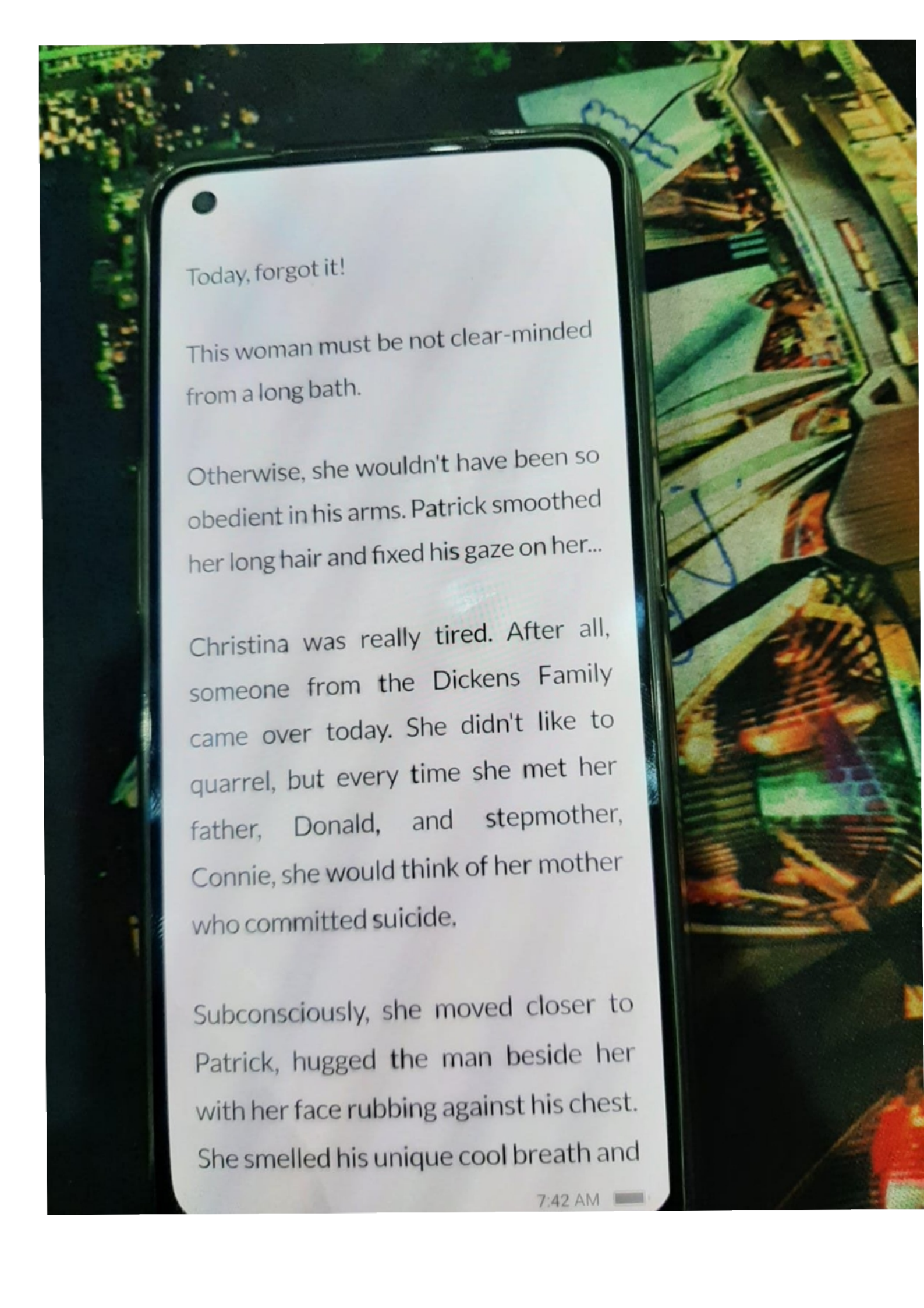
Christina was not fit to be sad. She would not indulge in sadness. In her mind, she forgot about the people she hated but she suddenly thought of Hopkins Family.

"... And the hateful Patrick!" She mumbled the name in anger.

Patrick was furious. The woman in his arms seemed to be very dissatisfied with him and kept complaining.

Normally, he would shake her up and lose temper, but today...





Today, forgot it!

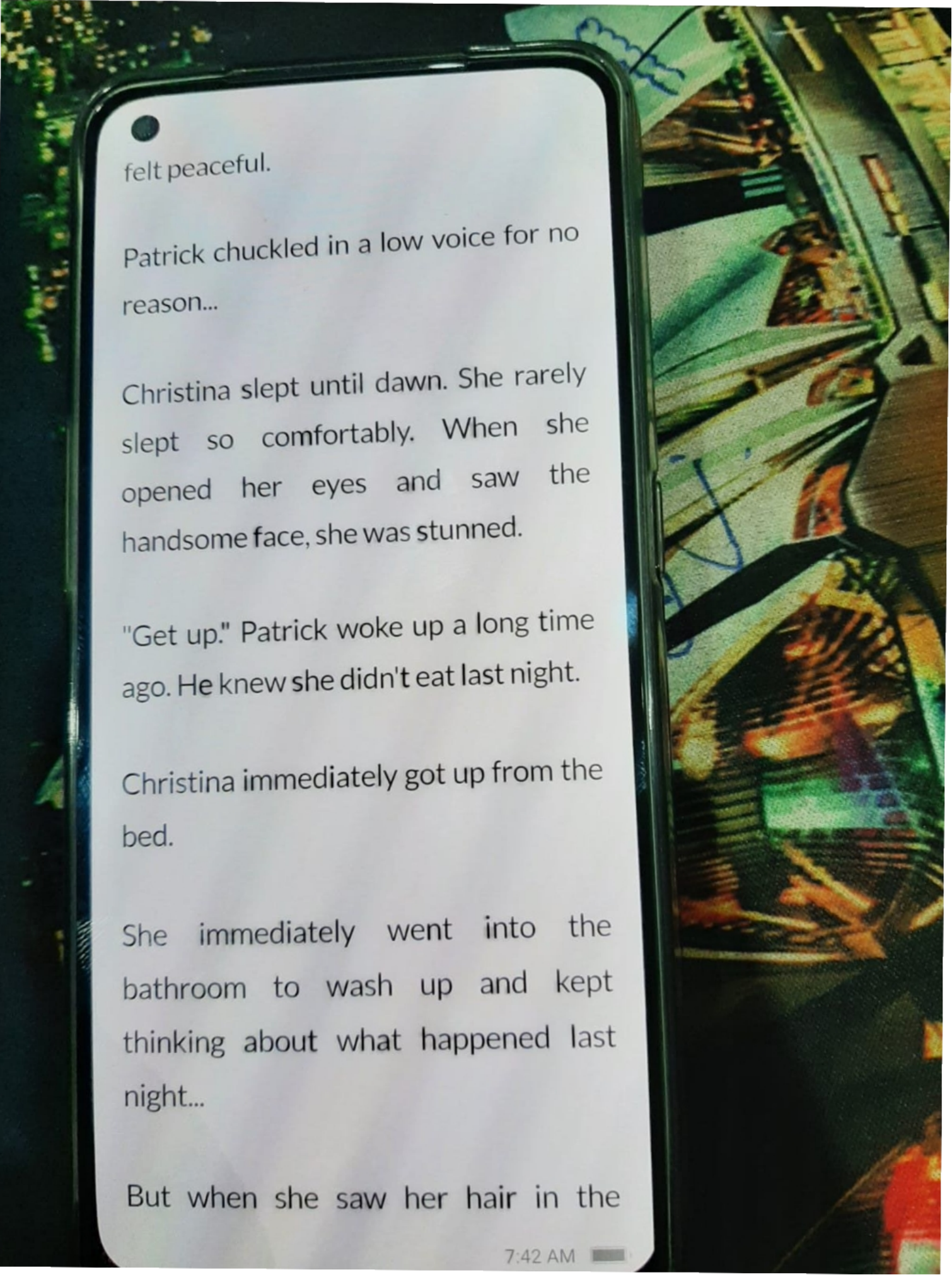
This woman must be not clear-minded from a long bath.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so obedient in his arms. Patrick smoothed her long hair and fixed his gaze on her...

Christina was really tired. After all, someone from the Dickens Family came over today. She didn't like to quarrel, but every time she met her father, Donald, and stepmother, Connie, she would think of her mother who committed suicide,

Subconsciously, she moved closer to Patrick, hugged the man beside her with her face rubbing against his chest. She smelled his unique cool breath and





felt peaceful.

Patrick chuckled in a low voice for no reason...

Christina slept until dawn. She rarely slept so comfortably. When she opened her eyes and saw the handsome face, she was stunned.

"Get up." Patrick woke up a long time ago. He knew she didn't eat last night.

Christina immediately got up from the bed.

She immediately went into the bathroom to wash up and kept thinking about what happened last night...

But when she saw her hair in the



mirror, she immediately ran out and yelled, "Patrick, what did you do to me last night?!"

Patrick was a little angry at the thought of her attitude last night. "Christina, you hugged me forcefully all night!"

Hugged him?!

Christina's ears turned red. Why did the man say that way?

She went back to the mirror with her head down and combed her hair, which had blown up. "Son of a bitch, he must have retaliated on purpose to torture my hair..."

She didn't know that Mr. Hopkins didn't know how to dry others' hair,



especially women's long hair. It was too difficult for him.