

Chapter 35

It was Lantern Festival today.

After breakfast with grandpa, Christina returned to the villa and sat on the sofa of the living room, looking a little depressed.

"So today is Patrick's birthday..."

Yesterday, they went to the parent-child prospective parents' classroom to attend a class. At that time, she noticed that Patrick had some complicated feelings about Lantern Festival and he didn't want to mention it.

"He didn't want me to know his birthday." Was he afraid that I would bother him?

Ever since she met Cecilia yesterday, she had been depressed.

Cecilia deliberately mentioned the tie he left overnight to provoke her.

But Christina knew she wasn't qualified to compete with Cecilia.

"Christina." Suddenly a bantering voice came from outside the door.

She looked up at the door and was surprised. "Charles, what are you doing here? Patrick isn't home. He's probably back in the company."

"On this special day, Patrick can't go back to the company..." Charles said with certainty.

Halfway through, he stared at the

living room table with wide eyes. "Christina, this is the birthday cake you bought, right?" He sounded frightened,

Christina looked down at the birthday cake on the table and sighed.

Charles frowned and sat down across from her, he asked seriously. "Christina, do you know today is Patrick's birthday?"

"Yes." She replied sullenly.

In fact, she only overheard the housekeeper talking about Patrick's birthday this morning, so she picked up her phone and ordered a cake. But when she came back with a cake in her hand, the housekeeper and the Hopkins Family maids both looked terrible.

"Hey, Charles, do you know why..." She asked curiously, pointing at the birthday cake on the table.

"Hopkins Family never celebrates Lantern Festival!" Charles said in a deep voice, raising his eyebrows and looking at her.

Christina looked a little surprised.

"Patrick doesn't like people celebrating his birthday. You'd better not let him see this birthday cake. I advise you to throw it away."

Charles remembered that six years ago, their friends celebrated Patrick's birthday for him and... It was a disaster.

"I see."

Christina answered in a low voice, and she didn't ask much, because Patrick didn't want her to know too much.

With her head down, she carried a one-pound delicious tiramisu cake and walked to the bedroom on the second floor. She decided to go back to her room to eat it!

"Christina, do you know why Patrick hates women so much?"

Charles looked at her fragile back and suddenly shouted, "He doesn't hate your cake, he hates..."

"Who does he hate?"

Christina turned around abruptly and looked at Charles.

Charles looked embarrassed and didn't dare to say the rest.

"Every year on his birthday, Patrick doesn't go back to the company. He might be at a club or a bar. Christina, do you want to go and find him?" In the end, he was only half-joking to tease her.

"Okay." Christina agreed.

Seeing that Christina actually agreed, he asked casually, "Christina, are you very concerned about Patrick?" He got close to her and gossipped.

Christina looked a little embarrassed and immediately denied it. "No! I'll go upstairs and change my coat..." She quickly slipped upstairs.

When Charles saw her coming downstairs, Christina was wearing a light pink Korean coat, white tights. Her long hair was tied up in a ball. She wore light makeup and she looked young and beautiful with delicate features. However, she was still wearing a scarf around her neck...

"Christina, you don't have to dress like a mummy."

The two walked out the door side by side. Seeing that she dressed so much, Charles complained.

"I'm going to dress tight. I'll get scolded if I catch a cold."

Christina took out her cell phone from her pocket and dialed a familiar

number.

Charles looked at the number she pressed and teased, "you're going to apply to Patrick when you go out?"

"Yes, he said I had to call him before going out." Christina nodded solemnly.

Charles was surprised as Patrick had always been indifferent to anything...

No one answered Christina's call.

Suddenly, she became vigilant and looked at Charles. "If he scolds me, I'll say you're the one who's taking me out."

"Christina, don't be unreasonable."

Charles shoved her into the car with a

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darkened face and regretted bringing her out. The car drove smoothly and stopped at the Fire Club in the busiest ninth lane east of A City about 30 minutes later.

Charles led her through the VIP passageway. It was the first time that Christina entered a high-class bar. Looking at the luxurious decoration, she felt that she was a rustic villager.

"It's very lively here."

In the middle of the open lobby on the second floor, there was a huge triangular bath with a light blue mist. Those long-legged beauties were sitting by the pool, and there was a faint sound of men and women laughing in the mist... Wow, Christina looked around curiously.

"It's even more lively in the early morning," said Charles, a frequent guest of honor here. He smiled at her meaningfully. "Christina, the bar is your husband's..."

Patrick was the boss here!

Christina's eyes widened slightly. No wonder he was so rich!

Charles teased her when he saw how surprised she was. "All the women here want to climb into your husband's bed. Christina, be smart. Don't be angry with him all the time. Women should learn to be obedient and occasionally act coquettishly to be liked..."

"I can't." Christina ignored him with a stiffened face.

Charles knew what she was like and threatened her. "You're done, Christina. After you give birth to a child, you'll be kicked out of Hopkins Family."

"I don't need him to rush me. I'll get out myself!" She said seriously.

Charles noticed that she was clearly a little angry. Did she care about Patrick?

Just as he was about to coax her into talking about Patrick, the door of the VIP elevator stopped on the 12th floor. Two guests came in and a man immediately smiled pleasantly at Charles. "Mr. Shepherd, it's been a long time."

"Mr. Shepherd, is this your new girlfriend? She's so pretty... She looks

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familiar." Another man looked straight at Christina.

"This is my sister-in-law." Charles didn't grin but said with a cold face.

Charles's sister-in-law?

There were not many people who could make Charles call her sister-in-law, and none of his childhood friends could be offended, especially the one in Hopkins Family.

"We drank too much. We're terribly sorry..." The people in the business circle were very slick and sly. They immediately apologized respectfully.

One of them seemed to have something important to say to Charles. Christina heard them talk about shares

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and investments. When the elevator reached the 22nd floor, Charles walked out of the elevator with a serious face.

"Christina, go to the top floor with the waiters. I have something to talk to them about. I'll be up soon." Charles called a waitress to take her up to the top floor.

Christina nodded at him, not bothering him when she saw that he was busy.

"Don't run around!" Before the elevator door was closed, Charles said.

Fire Club was actually the biggest nightclub in the city. This is the paradise for the rich and celebrities.

Fire Club was noisy and messy, but the

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status on the top floor was completely different. It was comfortable and quiet, and no one could get in.

Christina was very calm, standing in the elevator and watching the number of floors up. Suddenly, just as the elevator on the 35th floor opened, she rushed out.

"Miss Dickens." The waitress behind her called out to her in embarrassment.

"I'll go upstairs myself in a while. Don't worry about me." Christina was in a hurry, seeming to be attracted by something. Soon she disappeared at the end of the turn.

That woman just now...

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● Christina leaned over and stood in front of the luxurious private room. She quietly turned the door with her right hand and looked in stealthily...

She seemed to have just seen Cecilia...

It was her!

They seemed to be having a party. Besides Cecilia, there were a few other popular movie stars present. They drank together happily.

"Today, we invited Cecilia over to have fun. How can we ignore the main character.."

"Cheers, Cecilia. After you spoke to Director Lee last week, he immediately removed Julia. Every time I think of her angry face, I can't help laughing."

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Christina saw Cecilia sitting in the middle of the sofa with her legs crossed. She held a cigarette in her right hand, looking cold and arrogant. The rest of the people kept flattering her.

Cecilia looked arrogant. "It's nothing." She said coldly, then puffed out a cigarette.

"I can't believe that Patrick actually likes this kind of woman." Christina shrank back and muttered to herself.

How many women in the entertainment circle were innocent? They just pretended to be innocent. Christina knew that her stepmother, Connie, was also good at playing the role of victims in front of her father.

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Why was I eavesdropping here?

Christina's expression was a little awkward. She admitted that she was a little jealous.

Patrick was always cold to her. Christina was curious why Miss Jones was so charming.

When she went back to the top floor, she looked sullen and was about to close the door and leave when she suddenly heard some voices coming from inside.

Christina glanced at them out of curiosity and was startled. The two men and women inside were so bold. "They're taking drugs here..."

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● "Who's outside!"

At this moment, someone inside shouted at the door.

The sound alerted the people in the private room. They were all public figures, and -these things must not be spread...

Christina was stunned. She watched the two strong men inside run over angrily. Their faces were ferocious and they didn't even wear anything above the waist.

Bang.

They flung the door open...

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"The door has not been locked!" He was angry with his rough voice.

"Where is the person?"

After Cecilia finished tidying up her clothes, her face turned pale. And she immediately ran over.

There is nobody in the corridor.

"Did I see a shadow here just now?"
One of them doubted.

"Maybe I was wrong. The privacy of customers is specially protected in the bar. What's more, special protection is provided on the 35th floor..."

"There should be cameras in the

● corridor and elevators. Who is the boss? I'll find him!" Cecilia seemed to be proud but she was still a little worried.

When other people heard her words, their expressions changed. "Cecilia, I've heard that the boss may be... the young master of Hopkins Family..."

Patrick.

I couldn't let him know it. Absolutely not!

The panic attacked Cecilia for a moment, but soon her face turned cold. She shouted at the actors, "Remember that I was only forced to come here today..."

They were puzzled. But when they saw

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how nervous Cecilia was, something came to their minds.

Could it be that the mysterious supporter was...

"Why are you still standing here? Find the person! Did anyone eavesdrop outside the door just now?" Cecilia felt uneasy, so she shouted at them.

"Hey, let me go. I don't know you!"

Meanwhile, Christina was struggling to escape the strange man in the men's room, which was located in the left corridor of the 35th floor of the bar.

Just now, she was eavesdropping outside Cecilia's room. She was almost scared to death when she saw that the people inside rushed out to catch her.

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● Suddenly, a strange man appeared and dragged her to the men's room.

"Cecilia!"

The man was very forceful. His voice was hoarse with the smell of alcohol, and he seemed not to be sober. He grabbed her neck with his right hand and pushed her hard. Christina was against the wall.

"I, I'm not Cecilia..."

Christina was pushed into a narrow cell, and it was hard for her to resist the man who suppressed her.

She pressed hard against his chest, but the man was very excited. His eyes were bloodshot and he glared at Christina, which made her a little chilly.

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"Cecilia, you bitch."

He shouted in a hoarse voice. And then he stretched out his right hand to slam the door.

Seeing his eyes which were full of hatred and suppressed desire, Christina was scared. She hurriedly shouted for help but she was in vain. The customers were experienced and they wouldn't interfere in private concerns.

"Ah."

She reached out to keep the door open. But her fingers were clamped and she screamed in pain.

With the final click, the thick door was

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locked.

Christina was trapped in this small space. The nerves of the fingertips are linked with the heart. And her face turned pale because of her fingers.

At this moment, she was panicked by the man who was full of the smell of alcohol. She looked around nervously, but she didn't know what to do right now.

"Really I... I am not Cecilia." She spoke again, hoping that the man would be soberer.

Perhaps he was so excited that he didn't hear her at all. He seized her by the throat with increasing strength.

"Cecilia, it was you who cut off my part in the drama, wasn't it?"

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His eyes were getting deeper and hotter. He seemed to be acting on impulse.

All of a sudden, he pressed Christina down on the closestool. "You bitch, don't you forget that when you first entered the entertainment circle six years ago, you knelt down to beg me..."

Christina saw that he took off his pants and she was panicked... She was disgusted, so she grabbed the toilet paper and the stand and threw them at him.

However, seeing her resistance, he was more excited. He pressed her with his heavy body. Christina leaned back on the closestool, suppressing the fear.

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● "You said that I cut off your part, so I apologize to you. I can give you whatever you want."

Christina said quickly. She pretended to be Cecilia and negotiated with the man.

"Cecilia, you're on the top. Everyone in the circle has to respect you. You can get any role or be any spokeswoman of advertisement you want, can't you?"

He looked down at her, getting more and more excited. "Bitch!"

With a snap, he slammed hard against her cheek with his thick palm.

"I know that you hooked up with the young master of Hopkins Family, so you could do whatever you want with

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the support of Patrick," he burst out laughing. And his laughter was terrifying.

"Listen, I'm not begging you! You have to obey me."

"If you resist, I'll tell Patrick about your plastic surgery..."

Christina's face was aching from his beating. Although the drunk man seemed to be a little vague, she was shocked once hearing the words "plastic surgery".

The man ahead looked at her beautiful face. He felt passionate with desire in his eyes, and he was about to bend down to kiss her.

"Fuck off;"

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Christina turned her head and pushed him away with both hands.

"Cecilia, if you dare to refuse me, I will tell Patrick immediately that you are not the woman whose photo is in his pocket watch..."

He didn't finish threatening her, because Christina bent her right elbow and slammed him hard on the side of his head. He instantly fainted.

Christina pushed the drunk man away and he fell to the floor. She stood up and took a long breath.

"Bastard, go to hell!"

Christina was angry. She lifted her right foot and kicked him several times

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in the stomach.

Ordinary men couldn't capture her if they weren't in the narrow space. "The bastard wanted to touch me..." She felt sick when she remembered that he almost kissed her.

However, Christina looked at the unconscious man at her feet and contemplated, "Did he just say that Cecilia did plastic surgery?"

Cecilia didn't look like what she used to be six years ago, did she?

It was common that the stars in the entertainment circle did plastic surgery, but... why did she have to look so much like me?

Christina didn't think much about it.

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● People from all walks of life might come to the bar so she opened the door and ran out swiftly.

However, as soon as she left the room, she heard some noise. It seemed that something had happened.

People in the corridor, elevators and rooms rushed out as if they were asked to leave.

"What happened?"

"Is it on fire?" The VIPs asked frantically.

"I'm sorry, there's an accident on the 35th floor. Please follow us in an orderly manner. We will compensate you. This way, please..."

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● The bartenders politely explained to them. They scanned the guests as if they were looking for somebody.

It never occurred to Christina. The bartender looked very anxious and nervous.

She thought of Charles at the moment, but she didn't have a cell phone now. So she stepped forward. She believed that Charles was a regular customer and they should know him.

But before she could get closer, she was grabbed from behind.

She was suddenly gripped tightly by her right wrist and was anxiously pressed against the wall. She was too frightened to react.

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"Why are you here?"

The man in front of her was grim. He scolded her coldly with overwhelming anger.

Christina stared blankly at Patrick, who suddenly appeared. She became dull now.

At this moment, the bartenders and guests in the corridor looked towards them and recognized Patrick at a glance. The whole corridor was silent because no one dared to speak.

"I'm asking you why you came here. Didn't I tell you that you weren't allowed to go out?" Patrick, who seemed to be extremely angry, gnashed his teeth and repeated.

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● He tightened the grip on her wrist and she came to herself due to the pain.

"It hurts, let me go!"

Christina felt wronged for his grim question. He scolded her again for no reason.

He looked at her small face, which was tightly creased in pain. Seeing the obvious palm print on her right cheek and the bruise on her left hand, Patrick's face was even darker and scarier.

He shouted at her coldly. "Christina, you like to piss me off, don't you? You have to make trouble for me. You don't know how to take care of..."

"The baby is fine," she retorted, biting

her lips.

Patrick immediately stopped. Baby? She thought he was just talking about the baby...

He stared at her fiercely with his penetrating eyes. "Get out of here right now! From today onwards, you are not allowed to step out of the house of Hopkins Family!"

His voice was so cold that it made people shudder.

Christina looked at his deep and cold eyes and became sad immediately.

"Patrick, I brought her here."

Charles ran over in a hurry. He had already heard Patrick's words and

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could not bear it.

He thought that Patrick was too harsh and... nervous about Christina.

"You!" Patrick saw Charles, and his face darkened. "Who asked you to bring her out? Did I give you permission?"

Hearing his cold words, Charles was shocked that Patrick was really angry.

"I asked Charles to bring me out," Christina said. She was restraining her anger before. And she immediately stood in front of Charles and looked at Patrick. "Why should I ask for your permission if I want to go out?"

Seeing what she looked like, his expression became increasingly

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gloomy.

Christina looked sideways and saw a familiar figure around the corner. So she turned around and took Charles's arm. "Let's go!"

Charles was shocked. How dare he go with her? Patrick would kill him for sure.

Christina raised her voice and roared, "Since Miss Jones came for him, why should we hinder them?"

Patrick did see Cecilia, who was in the corner. He glared at Christina and walked straight to Cecilia.

Christina and Charles were frozen and other people made way for Patrick.

Just like that, Patrick hugged Cecilia
intimately and left before so many
people...

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