

Chapter 39

"Why can't I play the piano in front of Patrick?"

Christina did not expect that Mr. Hopkins had actually ordered someone to buy a piano and asked her to play a canon. She thought she played well, but the butler on the side was nervous.

The butler looked a little embarrassed.
"Because Patrick hates..."

"Why can't Patrick's birthday be celebrated? The Hopkins Family doesn't celebrate the Lantern Festival?" Christina looked at the butler curiously.

"This, this is actually..." The butler's

voice was muffled.

"Are you very concerned about that bastard?"

Sitting in the middle of the sofa, Mr. Hopkins took a sip of tea, put down the white jade teacup, raised his eyebrows, and asked back.

Christina looked a little awkward and immediately denied, "No."

"Ma'am, Patrick doesn't like others to interfere..." The butler sighed as he spoke.

"Keeping me in dark, poker face." Christina immediately muttered in a low voice.

Mr. Hopkins felt the same way and

cursed angrily, "I don't know his bad temper inherited from who. Putting a poker face all day."

"Old man, that's not what you used to say..."

When the butler saw that the two of them were on the same page, he couldn't help but laugh, then picked up a photo album and handed it to Christina.

Christina took the photo album, opened it, and glanced at it casually. She couldn't help but be surprised. "This kid is Patrick!"

In the photo, a little boy about three years old, dressed in a light blue sailor suit and wearing a small-cap, obediently stood at the entrance of a

private kindergarten. He had a tender, fair face, bright eyes and smiled shyly at the camera.

Christina was a little excited. She grabbed the photo album and took a closer look. "Is this really Patrick's, that poker face?"

The boy in the photo album was so cute and adorable, how could he...

Seeing Christina so excited, the butler could not help but sigh, "Patrick was very quiet when he was a child, but then he was kidnapped..."

At this point, Mr. Hopkins looked at the butler with a serious look in his eyes. The butler immediately shut up and dared not speak.

Christina's eyes flashed with astonishment as she looked at Mr. Hopkins.

She kept asking carefully, "Grandpa, was Patrick kidnapped?" Kidnapping a child from a rich family was an occasional piece of news, but this one didn't seem like a normal kidnapping.

Mr. Hopkins did not answer her, but looked up at the black grand piano opposite him, his dark eyes suppressing a painful memory.

The butler looked at Christina and said slowly, "Ma'am, don't blame Patrick for being too cold. He just hid too many secrets..."

"Maybe someday he'll tell you."

Christina heard him say that and did not ask.

It was just... Maybe there was no such a day because she would leave the Hopkins Family after giving birth.

Thinking of Patrick, Christina felt a little depressed.

Looking at the antique clock on the left, he got up from the sofa and said to Mr. Hopkins, "Grandpa, I'm leaving now..."

"Where do you want to go?"

Charles drove to the airport, looked at the man in the back seat, and asked.

"Go back to the Hopkins House."

Patrick had just gotten off the plane, and there was a sense of weariness between his brows. He looked sideways at the speeding scenery through the car window, his expression somewhat thoughtful.

The car drove smoothly. Charles looked back and noticed Patrick's absent-mindedness. Every time Patrick asked him to pick him up, he must be in a bad mood.

Charles immediately thought of Christina. "Did that woman provoke him again?"

"Patrick, actually, I took Christina to the Fire Club that day. She didn't..." Charles was being a peacemaker and took the blame.

"Am I harsh on her?" Patrick suddenly interrupted him with a cold voice.

When Charles heard his question, he raised an eyebrow and did not know how to answer it.

Patrick, who had always been indifferent to anyone, suddenly asked if he was being too harsh on a woman, which was really strange.

"Patrick, I heard that you almost got into a car accident..." Charles suddenly asked curiously, "Did you know Christina before?" Patrick seemed really nervous that day.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and stared out of the car window...

Charles shut up when he saw him

being like this, but...

"Patrick, you may not know much about women. For women, they know your feelings only when you tell them in words." Mr. Shepherd said in a serious tone.

Patrick should be concerned about her, but he was cold and used to commanding people, and he probably didn't understand how to care about women.

"Well, you know her very well!"

Patrick's face was cold and he suddenly turned to look at him.

Charles heard his displeased tone, weakly distancing himself. "No, I don't."

Since the Lantern Festival, Patrick had gone to Paris on a business trip for five days. He had rushed back because his grandpa asked him to attend the class every Sunday. But today, he rushed home and found the other person absent.

"Where is she?"

Patrick returned to the Hopkins Family, looked at the old man leisurely trimming the potted plants in the back garden, and asked, suppressing his anxiety.

Mr. Hopkins put his potted plant back on the shelf. As if he didn't hear Patrick's question, he turned to look at Charles. "How's your grandfather?"

"My grandfather is in good health.

Thank you." Charles immediately replied respectfully.

Patrick frowned impatiently and stepped forward. "Where did she go?" He repeated.

"How are your father and mother?"

Mr. Hopkins looked at Charles and continued to ask leisurely.

Charles's forehead was sweating a little, and under great pressure, he whispered, "My parents have been on a trip to Europe recently. Everything is fine. Thank you for your concern."

"How are your three brothers these days?" Mr. Hopkins kept asking him.

Charles's face was twisted. The old

man clearly didn't want to talk to his grandson. Why did this old man take him as a shield?

He looked up at Patrick, who looked really angry.

Patrick turned and yelled at the bodyguard behind him. "Where's she? Where did she go? I told you to follow her all day!"

"Do you think she is a dog and needs you to send someone to walk her every day?" Mr. Hopkins suddenly snorted.

"She's pregnant..." Patrick looked at his grandfather with a complicated expression.

When he came back, Christina was gone!

"Do you care about the child in her belly, or do you care about her?" Mr. Hopkins raised his eyebrows and glared at his arrogant grandson.

Then he added coolly, "I don't think you care about her. You even had sex with that Cecilia in the car. How can you care about your wife and your child..."

The two men did not like each other, and their relationship was tense. The rest innocent outsiders were nervous.

The butler sighed helplessly. "Patrick, Mrs. Dickens was sent to the hospital this morning with a sudden high blood pressure, so Young Madam rushed back to C City..."

Patrick's face was complicated.

Christina did go back to C City. She went straight to the hospital to visit her grandmother. The old woman was asleep in the ward, and she didn't go in to disturb her since she was accompanied by a nurse. She thought she should visit again tomorrow.

She hated the Dickens Family. Besides her aunt Betty, Christina felt that she had no other family.

But she was a soft-hearted person, and her grandma was eighty years old, and those things that she hated had passed for so many years...

Every time she went back to C City, she felt a little sad.

Everyone had their own secrets, the

pain that they didn't want to say, hidden in the bottom of their hearts...

She suddenly remembered Patrick. A man like Patrick must have a lot of past that he didn't want to talk about. Maybe he would talk to his beloved Miss Jones. It wouldn't be her anyway.

Christina arrived in C City around 3 pm. It was still early. She didn't want to stay in the hotel, so she called a taxi and went for a drive.

Suddenly, she saw a familiar figure, and she was startled.

"Stop the car!"

She asked the driver to roll down the window and squinted at an alley on the left...

There were two women arguing fiercely over there, and one of them was Cecilia.

Christina looked confused. 'It is Cecilia? Why would she...'

"You have the wrong person!" There was a quarrel in the alley.

"Maria, Maria, I know it's you. Where have you been all these years? Do you know how worried I am..."

"I told you. I'm not! I'm not Maria. My name is Cecilia now. I'm a superstar. I won't come back to live a poor life with you. Don't come to me anymore."

The middle-aged woman was pushed violently and fell to the ground in the

narrow alley.

The woman tried to run after her, but she sprained her ankle and had tears all over her face. She could only shout at the figure running away in front of her, "Maria..."

"Sophie, are you okay?"

Christina got out of the car and rushed over to help the woman.

Sophie looked at the disappearing figure at the end of the alley and couldn't stop crying. She raised her right hand and wiped her tears.

"Christina, I'm fine. Thank you."

Christina knew this woman because she was the owner of the milk tea shop. Christina used to work part-time in her

shop.

She helped Sophie back to the milk tea shop. Christina thought for a while and couldn't help but ask, "The one just now..."

Sophie sat in her chair and looked at Christina's face with complicated eyes.

"She's my daughter," she said in a choked voice.

'Cecilia is Sophie's daughter?'

Christina was shocked. "Is that possible that you mistake her?"

Charles said that Cecilia was adopted by a couple in Canada when she was a baby...

"Do you care about the child in her belly, or do you care about her?" Mr. Hopkins raised his eyebrows and glared at his arrogant grandson.

Then he added coolly, "I don't think you care about her. You even had sex with that Cecilia in the car. How can you care about your wife and your child..."

The two men did not like each other, and their relationship was tense. The rest innocent outsiders were nervous.

The butler sighed helplessly. "Patrick, Mrs. Dickens was sent to the hospital this morning with a sudden high blood pressure, so Young Madam rushed back to C City..."

Patrick's face was complicated.

Chapter 40

Around eight o'clock in the evening, Christina returned to the hotel from the milk tea shop. After taking a bath, she lay down on the bed to rest, but couldn't sleep.

'Cecilia is Sophie's daughter?' She held the quilt and was thinking.

Sophie, the owner of the milk tea shop, was single and had a daughter named Maria. However, Christina had never met her. She only knew that Sophie's daughter had dropped out of school in junior high school and would often hang out until midnight before returning home.

Cecilia was Maria.

different..." What Sophie said to her this afternoon echoed in her ears.

'No wonder every time I worked overtime and someone would order more than a hundred cups of milk tea...' Christina thought of the past and found it strange.

When she left the Dickens Family that year, she was too stubborn to accept the money from the Dickens Family. She worked part-time when she was still in school. In her third year of high school, she had a lot of classes during the day, so she often worked night shifts.

But strangely every time she worked night shifts, there would come some salespeople who said it was for the company's needs or public welfare

activities, and then they directly ordered more than 100 cups of milk tea.

After receiving such a large order, Sophie would come over to help. After that, Sophie would directly ask her to go back to rest. At that time, her so-called night shift was usually two hours of work, and she got the highest commission.

'Who is it?'

'Who sent them to support me?'

Feeling tired, Christina rolled over in bed and didn't bother to think about it. At that time, she was busy with her study and a part-time job and had no impression of the mysterious man at all...

She woke up at five the next morning.

Christina sat by the bed in a daze for a while and found that she had developed the habit of getting up early. She turned her head and looked awkwardly at her side...

She actually thought of Patrick.

She had a quick breakfast, packed her bag, and was about to go to the hospital to visit her grandmother. Inexplicably, she wanted to go back to the Hopkins Family as soon as possible. She didn't know from when she had a sense of belonging to the Hopkins Family.

But just as she walked out of the hotel lobby, she met someone.

"Get in the car."

A white Bentley parked outside the hotel as if waiting for her specially, and the woman's cold voice came from the window.

Christina frowned and looked at the woman in the car. 'What does she want from me?'

"Why? Afraid of me?!" Cecilia in the car smiled with disdain.

Christina thought for a while, then opened the door and sat in. Cecilia stepped on the gas and drove directly to a quiet Western restaurant.

When the door of the box was closed by the waiter, Cecilia said, "Where did

you do the plastic surgery?"

Christina looked at Cecilia in a daze, completely confused.

Cecilia saw her dumb look and sneered. "You're quite suitable to be an actor..."

As she spoke, she cast a disdainful glance at Christina, took out her cigarette from her bag, lit it, raised her haughty chin, took a deep breath, and spat out a white smoke at Christina.

Christina choked and quickly got up from her chair. "Miss Jones, shoot it!"

She was pregnant, and even Patrick and Charles did not smoke in front of her. Now, looking at the arrogant demeanor of this big star, she felt

disgusted.

Cecilia's eyes fell on her abdomen, her eyes full of suppressing jealousy, and she said directly, "Name your price and abort the child."

"No."

Christina looked at her, bit her lip, and quickly spat out a word.

"Christina, don't go too far!"

Cecilia's voice turned colder, and she looked at Christina fiercely. "You are really awesome. You hooked up with Patrick while I was away for three years. But look, Patrick is mine! You want to fight with me, how dare you-"

She slapped the table and stood up.

She was dressed in a famous brand. Her jacket was black leather. The metal rivets on her shoulders were very conspicuous. Her arrogant eyes indeed made her more like a superstar.

This was completely different from the aura she had on stage as an innocent actor.

"I won't compete with you, but the child is mine..." Christina knew the situation, but there were some things that she insisted on and could not agree on.

"Christina, what are you planning? Do you think you can continue to be with Patrick after giving birth to the child?" Cecilia sneered and picked her cigarette in the crystal ashtray on the table with her right hand.

"Let me be honest with you. When your child is born, Patrick will kick you out of the Hopkins Family. And I will definitely abuse your child!" Her eyes were filled with malice.

Christina's expression flashed with mixed emotions when she heard this.

"You should know that Patrick dotes on me. No one in the media dares to report my bad news now," Cecilia said, her tone growing more proud.

With a cold voice, she warned, "No one who goes against me will get any good results. Ted, who had gone against me, was sent to hospital with his leg broken. Christina, if you offend me, I will report to Patrick, and I will make your whole family suffer!"

Christina's right hand tightened slightly and stared at her.

"I'm going to keep this baby. I won't interfere with you and Patrick..." She lowered her head slightly, her voice with suppressed humbleness.

Cecilia was his lover from the past. Christina couldn't help but be humble and she never thought about competing with her.

As Cecilia saw that she insisted on keeping the baby, she immediately lost her patience. She raised her face and said in a ferocious command. "Don't you hear me! I told you to abort this f*cking kid!"

"If Patrick wants a child, I will give birth

to him. Your child is nothing but a bastard..."

"Cecilia, what did you say?"

Christina raised her head, her eyes filled with anger. "You can scold me with any words you want. Don't talk about my child. I'm not a pushover!"

"How dare you!" Cecilia yelled at her angrily.

"Christina, you are just a poor girl. I'm a famous movie star! How can you compete with me? Don't think you can fool Patrick by doing the plastic surgery. I'm his true love!"

"I did the plastic surgery?" Christina looked at Cecilia's face and sneered.

"Maria, this question is for yourself.

Why did you do the plastic surgery to look like me?"

When Cecilia heard what Christina said, her eyes were stunned, and then she became angry. "What did you say? Who is Maria? Don't talk nonsense!"

"Aren't you the daughter of the owner of the milk tea shop across from First High School of C City, Maria? Not only did you get plastic surgery, but you also hid your background from Patrick. You lied to him so many things..."

"Shut up!" Cecilia roared as if she had been stimulated.

"Christina, I did plastic surgery, so what! Plastic surgery is a common thing for a star, and Patrick wouldn't mind if he knew about it!"

8
↑

She glared at Christina grimly, who sat across her. "You saw the photo in Patrick's pocket watch and did the plastic surgery as well, right? But I tell you, I have been with him for three years. What if you did the surgery? I'm the one that Patrick loves..."

He loved Cecilia.

This sentence, for some reason, was especially harsh to listen to.

With a bang, the door was forced open, and Christina looked up subconsciously, and then she was stunned.

It was him...

"Miss Jones, we're not interested in

who Patrick loves, but I'm taking Christina away!"

Before Christina could react, she was grabbed out of here by the man who strode in.

"Let go..." Christina felt uncomfortable being dragged by him.

However, the man held her tightly until she was stuffed into the car and then released her.

Christina looked at him with an awkward expression. "Why are you here?"

"Patrick, why do you come to C City?"

At this moment, in another car, Chandler was driving and looked

suspiciously into the rearview mirror.
"Charles, how about you? What are you doing here?"

The Stephenson Family was in C City, but Chandler didn't think his two friends were just here for fun today.

"Patrick is here for his wife." Charles grinned.

As for him, on the other hand, he was joining the fun.

Patrick ignored them and looked out the window. He looked like if he was thinking about something. His right hand held his phone and he looked down at the screen from time to time, as if he was waiting for someone's calling.

"Christina always throws her phone around. She might not see your text and call..." Charles muttered.

Patrick looked up at him coldly.

Charles tensed up and quickly added, "I was just guessing."

Chandler, who was driving, looked at Patrick through the rearview mirror and noticed that his brows slightly frowned as if he was thinking about something.

"Christina went to the Dickens Family in C City ?" They all knew that Christina had a bad relationship with the Dickens Family.

Patrick's face darkened when he heard "the Dickens Family."

"We went to the Dickens Family and the hospital before. She wasn't there. She didn't answer the phone. I don't know where she is now." Charles said calmly and turned to Patrick. "Do you want to send someone to find..."

"No need," Patrick said two words in a deep voice.

Chandler and Charles looked at each other, not knowing what Patrick was thinking, while Patrick leaned back against the seat and closed his eyes to rest.

"... To the First High School of C City." When the car stopped at an intersection, Patrick suddenly spoke.

Chandler was stunned and turned the

steering wheel quickly.

At the First High School of C City.

They all remembered that when Patrick came back from the United States six years ago, he had been a consultant lecturer at that high school for half a year.

That half-year...